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.

> "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

meaningful. "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

four people in Onsted. Investigators were EXCLUSIVE TO THE CITY MOON-THE VEEBLE PEOPLE dispatched to Onsted where they found, buried *(from East Coast stringer David deChadenedes) outside the bedroom window of the Taylors' This reporter remembers the Veeble Peopleerstwhile love-nest, the bodies of two Toledo Review, the Veeble People were first introwomen wrapped in plastic bags. And in Eumunduced to the public's hearts and minds. The claw they found another woman's body buried so-called founder of this pathetic appendage behind a house where Gary used to hang his to the self-styled human potential movement, 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,

Man Without a Country

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, 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

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.

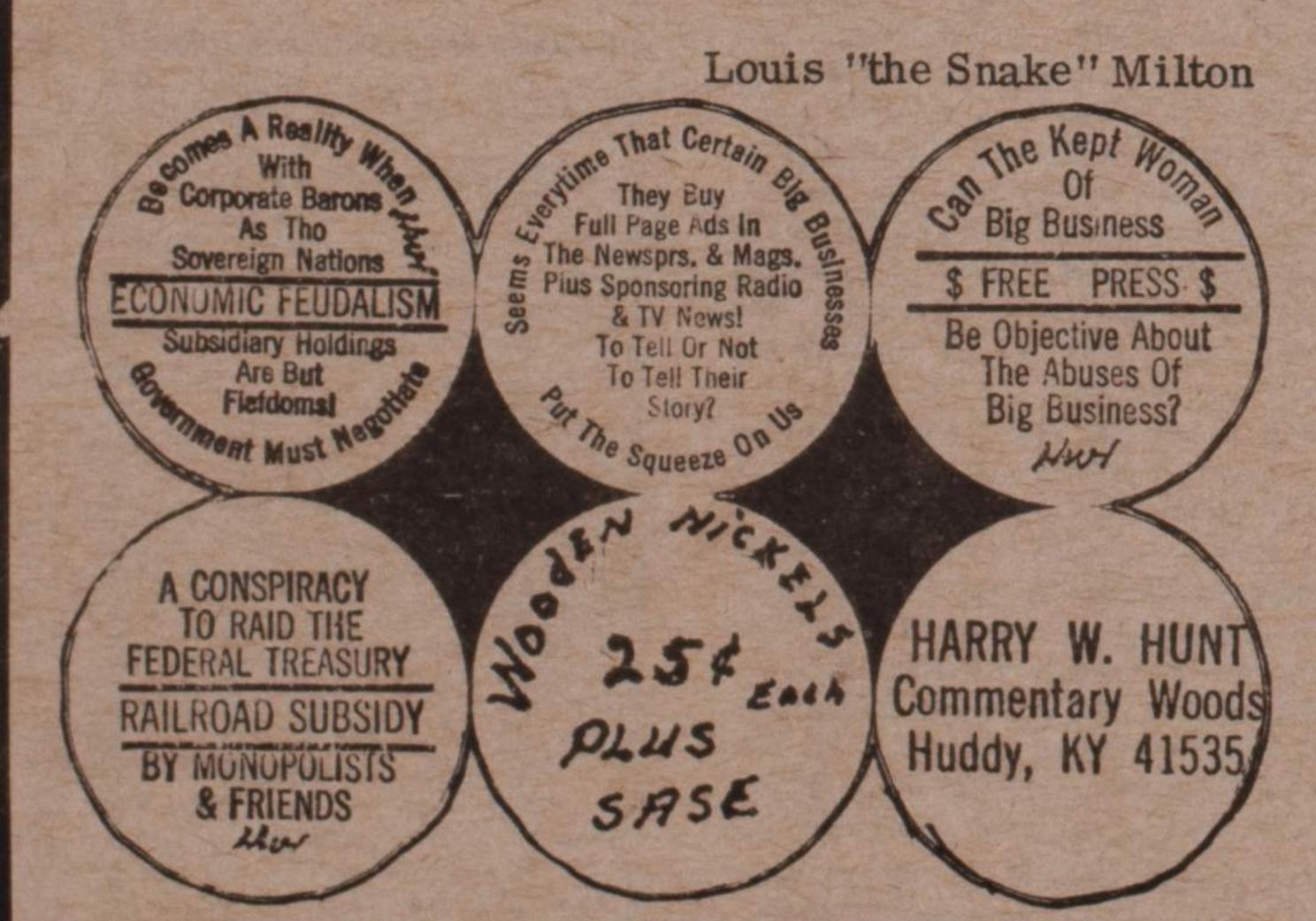
Dear Mons

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

. . SICK WITH DELIGHT "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 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.

A man said today that in the last two weeks there have been three violent crimes on the Bowery at East 4th St., in The recent human hair thefts 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 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 and manual clippers. He has not 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.

- world Enista

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. he works his magic with exacto knives | We are all renegades. We have been reneging since the dawn of time. Fate injured anyone beyond minor abrasions at last is catching up with us. We are 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

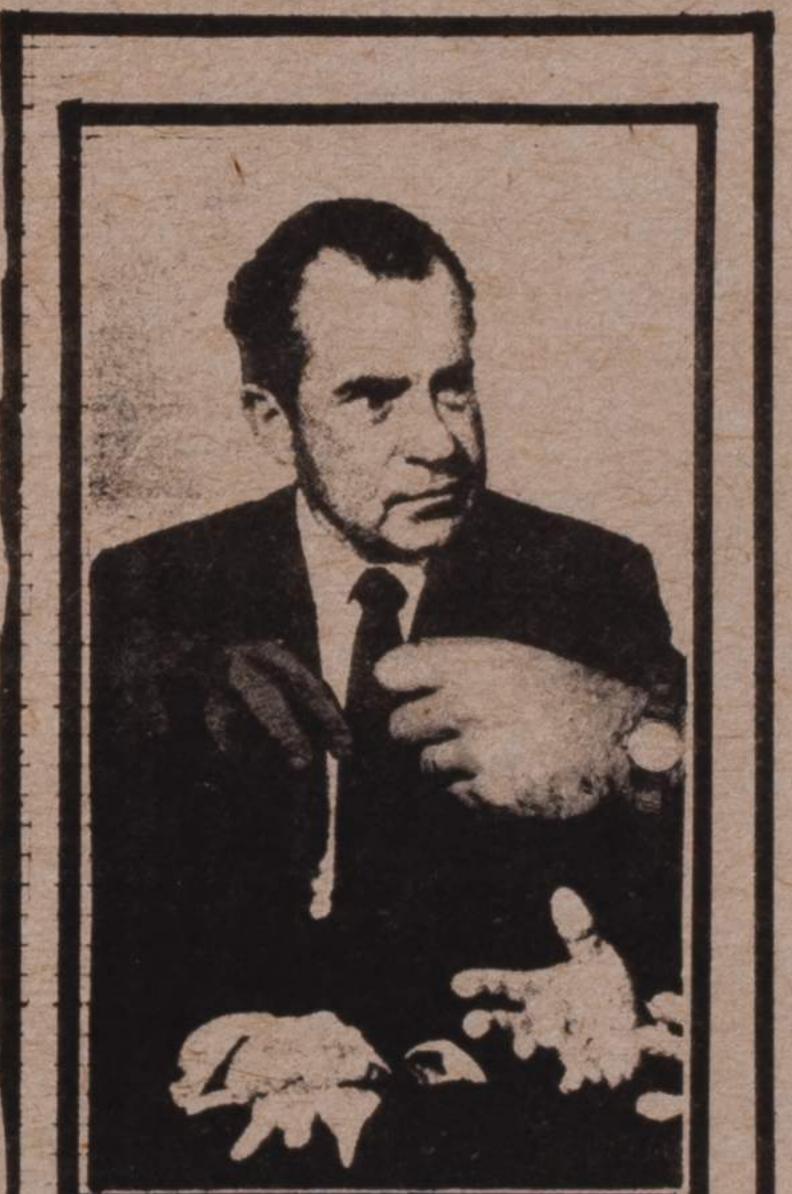
have never thought of power in terms of good, only in terms of evil. There is nothing mysterious about the energies of the atom; the mystery is in men's hearts. The discovery of atomic energy is synchronous with the discovery that we can never trust one another again. There lies the fatality—in this 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



Flood Disaster of 1952



DOZENS MOURN

At three p.m. last Thursday afternoon,

but sunny patio of his modest San

The first watch was invented about

and because of their round shape, the

-

Noxin was cruelly assassi

I saw Mickey Spillane browsing in the library.

against the terror. This

is from SAMIZDAT No. 32/2

walked across the busy boulevard library and stuck it in his neck.

column. His agents came up and pushed me against the wall and 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

NEW MINORITY

GROUP SLATED FOR

my wrist when it hit the spinal

JEL TONOSHKO SENTENCED 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 counts, but the prison's led to the disastrous Exmoor floods of August, 1952. regime. In a communistic jail no prisoner is allin the evening of 15th August, which was followed by nine owed to share his convictions 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 are so atrocious, that in cope with the volume of water which resulted. The damage the concentration camp of was widespread and in almost every village and small town, OBUHOVO, 15 prisoners sehavoc was created. Perhaps the most concentrated fury wed their lips in protest

> 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. The appeal for help brought practical sympathy from all parts of the world, and a sum of over £1,340,000 was raised.

descended on Lynmouth, where both East and West Lyn

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

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.

periods can be "quite unis available from all Booksellers and Stationers.

DEPARTMENT OF FANATICS Music is the fourth material

want of our natures.... Much of the beauty of Exmoor and North Devon is prorivers which cross and re-cross the Moor. It was these which & 1st-- Food

After a particularly wet period there was a cloud burst ? 2nd -- Raiment inches of rain in 24 hours. When it is considered that this 6 3rd -- Shelter 4th -- MUSIC

COME IN & LET US SHOW YOU HOW MUSIC CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE! | pig iron and babbitt.

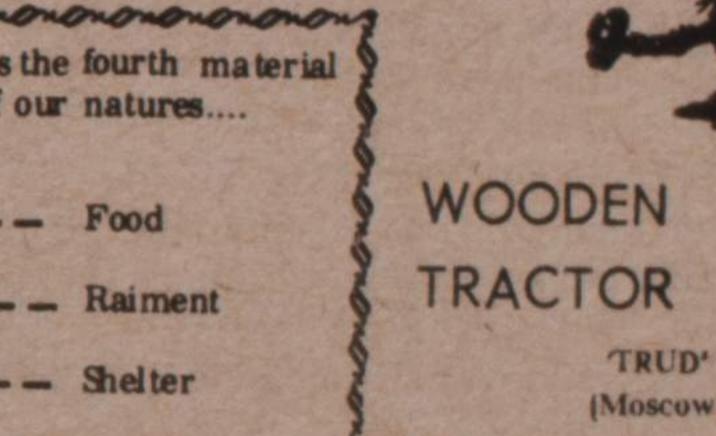
225 West Coal Ave. Gallup 9 for several years. Dial 863-9291

BO Warning to Hology. Church Visitors

ourists and worshipers visiting St. Paul's Cathedral are being warned that the ing has an embarrassing problem: body odor. A firm of consulting engineers reported that the smell from 3000 visitors an hour during peak summer

Unanswered Prayer Niteroi, Brazil

"Eventually: Why Not Now?"



11/OODEN parts have proved more reliable and durable industrial material invented by The idea of using wood instead Kirov Academy of Wood Tech-

If your child trips over objects and appears clumsy,



complains of headaches, has trouble reading, blinks, it is just possible he is suffer-

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