TRAFFIC: COMPLAINTS II

1. Curb your dog and appetite.
2. Utilitarianism is the philosophy of slaves and masters. Puritanism is their religion.
3. Capitalism and Communism are the matched sandals of Mammon's two right feet.
4. Conditioned to despise pleasure and believe in the virtue of work, our loveliness increases.
5. How different the modern world might be if Newton had discovered levity under the tamarind tree.

i. Up your crab and pitted ego.
   Et eco:
   a parody 'n turbid pug.
   O Peter,
   buoy a pudding cart.
   Petty in cuerpo,
   bag our dad.
   Beg, Dead.
   Priap!
   Out, coy runt.

ii. Funny mirror, till us a tail.
    A nipping moth ails. Miss Spire-Tooth shives her daisies. I eat.
    Aint I heir to all dis'-huit herosies?
    Trim $lither of Satan Apples'ass miming in ivory: "Sup!!"

READERS' INGEST (April '70), p. 4:
"Silo! Silo!!" This is a psalm.
"I'am a mouth, Sir. I hint 'n I hit."
O sleep--shift! Lotus:
Eve: Eris: Polyp is in Io.
This rigid Martian. This sham Saturnalian rim.
Prehistory's tilt-n-tit nourishes simian lover, Sumerian pimp. O Asia! This fig-head is all.

iii. I'm Andromed de los Angeles with the fat fan, mammoth 'n mum--a star! at Cosmic Pics. I'm a charm.

I'm a theme: O Sam Snatch! St Flip and St Flutter command a winged moose. St Marmoset Sandcamp sighed, "Momma Hamtent!" Off his nut. We called it macaroni.

Images: Flint and the simmer and shimer of manacle soup catch moot St Dawmam. Arms and the manic I sing: McMammal who, tempted, shot St Moretoad in a scuffle.

iv. O eerie flats! Sir Cockspur Pisonia, nee Seed-Rover, leveled the devils at tedious Union Bow Inn. I see Urania 'n the urswine topple. O canoe! O beveled rill-n-rock! O vivid tide! Due sessions fester.

Rude wives suck the beepot sore:
Rodeo, villanelle,
sonnet, sieve,
and I sired fruit pies on a coin.
A prudent 'n practical otherworldliness overlooks divine Eve's einie issue: delifiteous bone.

Obscene, sweet, seafeed, dodo love--a sinrid reelove--spinips our truckin' universe: O aint it Hell?

v. The fivefield crow and Mr Hydrant drive the world.
The new runes brood not: "Egad 'n the emmet! If it die--" Who baffled Revelever at the disco? OHM? A trimmer. Fretted newt 'n yogi unwind the din. "Done, Dr Dither!"

Hefty, drive-inn boffs murder the mangled male (deodorent hind): trite 'n twice-towed Hawthorne diver.
Reverent fife 'n nether time-hive web the thrifted drum. Odd lion. My dew-herd rascal God. I do not want. Rover, fit the timid hind 'n Lucy Bedlam--O! I won't forget her Eve-wit 'n wart or mended fender: death' shed.

ANSWERS

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