



CITY MOON



Man in the Moon heard the far bellow. 'Oho,' quoth he, 'the old earth is frolicsome tonight!

From A Tragedy of the Civil War

There were screams and a heart-rending groan; mirrors crashed; the house shook; women fainted and the walls rocked to and fro. When the first confusion was over it was discovered that in all the crowd only one person was injured, and that was the bride herself. She lay partly on the floor and partly in her lover's arms, crushed and bleeding, pale but very beautiful, her bridal gown drenched with warm blood and a great cut in her breast. Her breath, coming in short gasps, the blood flowing from this great angry wound, she murmured 'yes' to the clergyman, and received her husband's first kiss. A moment more and all was over.

-Ladies Home Journal

City World,

From the cracked lips, a hot black broth foams out. The words issue from a sour lung on a wave of hot breath. Words dance on the tongue like rotting nerve. Grey balls of meat (the substance of their talk, without doubt) are thrust up the esophagus by a foul stomach. Rammed out of the mouth hole, they splat on the crew-cuts of his constituency.

To Give My Name
Would Be Insane

BELL BUZZARD

Lenny O. Lizzardi who lives a mile from the City gate, on the junction road north of where the south fork meets the Little Red, said the bell buzzard made a pass at a billygoat and then killed two baby pigs. The bell rattled on his neck. He reports that a small Japanese flaglet was stitched to the bird's delicate throat. This from Dallas News.



GEIN HEINOUS AGAIN

Gein is gone. His cell in Mobile is vacant. Most of the time Tuttle is a quiet town, a little crash in the junkyard from time to time, or the sound of Ellard Mazarts big stove system. Now all you hear is the sound of leaves raking their dry fingers across the brick streets. Mrs. Fernberg lays in her bed eating jellybabies, attended to by the town's only doctor now, a man half blind and feeble. Clearly Gein had taken too many victims and now the town of Tuttle was all but dead itself. Sultcases and chiffarobes were being carted out to Plymouths and motorhomes all through the suburbs. One man was taken to the City Hospital because he chewed on the aluminum kitchen doorknob so unmannered was he by fear of Gein getting his wife when he was gone.

And so, Gein is missing again, loose on the territories to roam at will, to kill, to dig rough holes in sacred grounds and take home consecrated bodies for his heinous pleasures, and the secrets of his smokehouse were soon to be revealed. Almost everyone in America knows the story now. How Gein hun women up dressed out like deer in his smokehouse, or summer kitchen. Living amid filth behind locked doors he kept boxes of human noses to chew on, the shades drawn, and reading detective magazine and anatomy textbooks stolen from the Wuntex Library. How had Gein's long dead mother's room remained neat year after year in the otherwise cluttered house.

PHARMAGUCCI NETTED

A local pharmacist has been selling dope to children at 15¢ a bag. It is white and crystal and deadly. It killed Butkus all too tragically in recent days. For one dollar, 20 grns. could be had. For \$1.50, twenty five grns. For \$2 30 grains.

PROMINENT PREACHER WHO SWINDLED AIRLINES AND ONE TRAIN OUT THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ARRESTED IN CHURCH



Shurtliff's detectives are investigating the deaths of a couple found Thursday in the La Rouge Motel at 1816 Florida. The two residents of Jackson, Miss. had been dead for several days, detectives said. They had been last seen on Saturday evening. The two were identified as Sam Woodall Jr., 53, and Edith Kline, 30.

Parish Coroner Hypolite Landry said Thursday evening that there appeared to be no foul play in the deaths and that Woodall apparently had an acute drinking problem which contributed to his death.

Authorities surmised that one of the persons may have died of natural causes and that the other then committed suicide with pills or began a drinking spree that resulted in death. The coroner said 14 empty whiskey bottles were found in the room.

The couple had lived exclusively in the room since June 24, persons at the motel said.

The bodies were discovered when an employee went to the room.

GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

Grove's is the only chill cure sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. No cure, no pay. Price 50¢.

TEXAS BOY IN CHINA

Dear Dad. The trip from San Francisco took 23 days aboard ship. During our stay in Nagasaki the treated us royally and the same here. They say no people are as nice and polite as the but the Americans are second best. We are headed Pekin in a few days but the name of the place I do not know. I can't say how long we will be stationed in China. If this trouble is soon over we will in all probability go to Manila, where I will write you again, Sonny.

From the Dallas Evening News
"MUSIC OF THE SPHERES"

King Zoroaster and His Band of Nerve
Destroyers Have Arrived and
Own the City

The Zoroaster band of the U. C. T. lodge had a trolley party last night. Dressed in their Bagmen costumes and playing paper instruments they made a unique appearance as they moved down the streets. Tonight they hold their Bagmen meeting and initiate candidates and tomorrow at 10 a. m. will occur their parade from the Oriental Hotel to the Texas and Pacific depot, and thence to the fair grounds auditorium, when the address of welcome will be delivered and a banquet served at night.

THE INNER PART

by
Louis Simpson

When they had won the war
And for the first time in history
Americans were the most important people--
When the leading citizens no longer lived in their shirt sleeves,
And their wives did not scratch in public;
Just when they'd stopped saying "Gosh!"--

When their daughters seemed as sensitive
As the tip of a fly rod
And their sons were as smooth as a V-8 engine --
Priests, examining the entrails of birds,
Found the heart misplaced, and seeds
As black as death, emitting a strange odor.

DEAD IN WACO

Shootout. Shelton was an industrious citizen, well-liked, and the same applies to Baker, the motorman. The dead man was 20, Baker 25. Walter B. Shelton, who drove a beer wagon was loved in Waco. There is a bullet through his breast through or involving the heart. Edwin Marion Baker, a motorman, is on bail in \$2000, charged with killing Shelton.

The case will be submitted to the Grand Jury tomorrow, that body in session.

Bail was posted - Baker was set free.



IT WAS ONE JOB
TO WHICH HE HAD
ASPIRED FOR
FIFTY YEARS.



HE HAD OPENED
A LITTLE TWO-
FOUR OFFICE IN
VERSAILLES AFTER
PASSING THE BAR.



HE WASHED DISHES, WAITED ON
TABLES AND DID AN INFINITE
MISCELLANY OF CHORE WHICH
EARNED HIS KEEP.

THE NEW YORKER

Dear Letters Ed., The Devil will try to talk you out of it. He'll tell you you don't need five dollars to spend on beer and the satan grass. He'll tell you you don't need a hot pocket of money from the Flery Furnace Love Store to be saved. And it's true. People have gone to heaven without one, but many more have gone the other way! I know that \$5.00 is no small sum to a working man these days--but what is the price of a bottle of whiskey when Eternal life is at stake. And you will have the immediate joy of knowing that your contribution lays one more stone in the new Jerusalem Reverend Brown and his children over the globe are striving to build, where hosts of the enemy may yet break and be hurled to their dooms. Send your \$5.00 to R. Bob Anthony, brothers, and remember me and the Rev. when you talk' to Jesus tonight. C/O Us P.O. SF.

P's The Tale of the Honest Sailor
This is the tale of a poor honest sailor, a heavy drinker, a hell of a cuss, a rowster, a boozier, and the drink finally sent him to hospital, where they operated, and there was a poor whore in the woman's ward had a kid, while they were fixing the sailor, and they brought him the kid when he came to, and said: "Here is what we took out of you."
An he looked at it, an he got better, and when he left the hospital, quit the drink, and when he was well enough signed on with another ship and saved up his pay money, and kept on savin his pay money, and bought a share in the ship, and finally had half shares, then a ship and in time a whole line of steamers, and educated the kid, and when the kid was in college, the ole sailor was again taken bad and the doctors said he was dying, and the boy came to the bedside, and the old sailor said: "Boy! I'm sorry I can't hang on a bit longer you're young yet, I leave you responsibilities. Wish I could have waited till you were older, more fit to take over the business..."
"But, father, Don't, don't talk about me, I'm all right, it's you, father."
"That's it, boy, you said it. You called me your father, and I aint. I aint your dad, no, I am not your father but your mother," quod he, "Your fader was a rich merchant in Stambouli."



NOTICE
I've opened season on ALL DOGS. They have killed 2 young does, one prize Buck, tore up cages in Two nights. If you want your dog keep it at home.
Bill Thompson
P.S. I traded my Sling Shot for a double Barrel Shotgun.

ZOMBIE COMPOSITION
The editor of the Lawrence Daily World, Editor Symons, was again threatened and pushed on the street Friday as he shopped for an early Xmas. There were afro-combs and a broken bottle of bourbon balls left on the sidewalk, the only indication of the scuffle which apparently took place unnoticed by passersby of the bearded hippy type. Editor Symons was responsible for The Zombie Composition. He will be honored today.

His Lips And Eyes Tell A Big Lie On His Heart
When little girls come my way,
I love my frown and I'm ready to play;
I unhook my eyes and become romantic,
My neighbors tell me I am frantic.
I like 'em call me and I like 'em young,
I can deliver with the tongue;
I sneakingly shoot them with a drug,
Then I steal a real close hug.
But man, when they go to sleep,
I love 'em till they wake and peep;
You see, I'm experienced at the art,
I go mad and tear 'em apart.
From 6 to 13 is my thing,
I like to hear their voices ring;
Ring with a melody produced by me,
I steal their sex before I tell 'em free.

Deputies Probe Deaths Of Mississippi Couple Found at Motel Here



GIANT CLANS ON FRABILE
sa Muncy boy said the first one. The sun had come down, he had broken camp to head home. In a sorghum field he first saw an odd greenish supporting glow. He came close and saw what he described as clamlike, a clam-type animal of massive proportions. The boy, Bob, says there was a hideous mouth dubbed onto a great shapeless face, a wide mouth, with odd small eel-like fingers, and horrible tentacles streaming from its mouth and something dripping from their ends like candle wax. The boy says that at this time the sun went down suddenly it seemed, as a prairie sun will do in September. A deep laughter started inside the thing somewhere, and then this reporter was called by the boy's mother. He took me to the spot and showed me the imprint of it in the soil and the withered, bleached sorghum fronds all around us, and the acrid odor of urine, of ammonia, pain on our nostrils. I think to myself, flintiness of peace and harmony are available to the man who stands against this newest infringement upon the life of the people on the plain. Even though for the most part these clans are lazy and erratic, they can be mastered, although the mighty power of the Nation is held at bay by a tiny president. As evening comes on these creatures are known to give off a stink like rancid cantaloupe and cause the death of goats walking near them. No peace of mind will ever come now that we have these new clamlike monsters to worry about.

When one of them dies of whatever they die of, there, the little people pedal out in their little wooden cars. They'll go right through the stink with noses in the air. They'll gather twigs and make a bed of them around the clan, and then larger branches of turkey oak and hedge apple. Cutting knives are drawn when the meat is semi-cooked after twelve or so hours of careful and tedious first tending by the littlemen, while the women sit by apparently unoccupied, staring blankly forward in a stuporous way. In a brown study of sorts. There are no children to be seen of either sex, although chihuahua-like dogs run about in abundance, running at the sizzling white meat as it cooks, tearing out steaming hunks of it and snarling off to a safe distance for its meal. It takes a temperature of 500 degrees F. to cook one of these beauties. You can eat the good meat with bar-b-que sauces of many types, or Z sauce, also good with goat wine and buttery vinegar water to soak it, to blanch it, many say to draw out the salt. Plus, they are free. If you get to the beach and find one stinking there call up your friends. And when you have finished all go to the rear of the clan and look for a horn-like object. It contains meat in it as sweet as honey-water and health for as long as the natural processes of aging will allow. These clans are something really new to us. Editors.

10 Hour Work Day
A tree can start to look like a lead crowned scarecrow after a 10 Hour Work Day. And so can a man in these hard times. A traditional man, according to sociologists, may find it rough psychic territory to inhabit. Work, work, work. Eventually leading down the slow spiraling path to the quicksand of suicide. The cranehandler dies over the wheel. Executives, talking to themselves, live in the mountains, in soft snow, being whiskered by a pine slump.
But this sort of poetic response to the situation is touched with unreality.
FACT: Blamer in his study of factory workers points out that when employees are asked, if they are satisfied with their job from 80 to 90 percent reply positively. He concludes that this reflects less on their own satisfaction and more on a general cultural bias towards contentment whenever questions of this general sort are posed.
Ear Punctured With Afro Comb--Girl, 12
A 12 year old black girl from Clifton Street, a student at #29 School, complained to police that about 9 A.M. she had been assaulted with an Afro comb and hands in front of 135 Genesee Street by two black girls, 13 and 13 years old, and a black boy 11 years old. She suffered a punctured ear drum, loose teeth and cut lips.

SASSIN'S DIARY
Chenault headed for Lexington to kill the president after he escaped from Leavenworth. Reading about the president's visit in Lexington infuriated him. Somehow in his twisted rage he took a wrong turn at Indianapolis and accidentally headed west. Five hundred miles later he was in Topeka.
Rolling up to the two hour free parking zone south of the State House, Chenault parked the Lincoln Continental he had stolen in Leavenworth. There was a peculiar looking lemonade stand and a strangely elongated face unconsciously played his fingers over a plastic money tray. Chenault approached him and asked for a cup of lemonade. The man fumbled his hand down the counter to the Dixie cups knocking over a few in the process. Chenault screamed that he was a fake. The blind vendor pulled a small handgun from beneath the counter. His eyes seemed covered with the thin white membrane of a boiled egg. He emptied his pistol in the area of Chenault's screams, then dropped to the ground as if he were dead.
Chenault ran up the steps. "All you dreaming clowns be gonna die, swinging from the axles of my chariot army by ropes, swinging and dreaming and dancin and dyin, one by one. And now Noxin be dead, he be gonna die verla verla soon," he recited.
His leather-soled shoes made short noises on the Capitol steps. Many beautiful women of Kansas passed him, but his little wicked grin made them feel sick. Inside, he looks to the mural on the east wall, a painting of John Brown. A man in a long Russian army coat who is eating in a corner and sweating covers his food like a rat as Chenault passes.
Chenault passes the twin woman senators, obvious clones, he thinks, and smells the perfume his mother wore when she would pull him into bed with her after his father had gone to work. There she would force him to grind up burnt toast with his teeth and spit it at her. She would put a Sousa march on the record player. Afterwards, young Chenault began to place his hands in his faces when he went to the toilet, vomiting at the smell.
As he passes the twin senators from Galena, he smiles and reaches beneath his coat for a Bowie knife he has hidden there in a leather pocket. He cut a bleeding Z into the forehead of one of the women, and the other started shouting for help. "Thus I wield the angry blade of God," were his words. One sister bent over the other. No one did anything and in fact not even a typewriter stopped typing. Chenault began to cut on the victim some more, pushing the sister back with a vicious shove. The pushed sister flung mud in her purse, but a derringer type gun and shot Chenault in the left leg.
It was then that he hobbled down the hallway to the governor's office, still in pursuit of the governor of Kansas, who he believed to be the president of the United States.

ONEBA IS ONE.

HE WAS ALREADY EATING HIS OWN MEAT WHEN HE WAS 3 YEARS OLD.

I HEARD YOUR SISTER WAS ABOUT HELPING ME. I NEED HELP. I'M A POOR BOY.

YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME AGAIN. A DAY OR TWO.

TAKE THE ADVICE OF AN OLD FELLOW. GO ON BACK TO SCHOOL, AND GET THAT DIPLOMA. AND DON'T MAKE A FOOL OUT OF ME.

SASSIN VOTE ONEBA.

Promoter Bud



Rita's proud and turgid Mazonia's haughtily jutted with tangible and intoxicating saliency into the ruffose face of His Holiness. The patriarch, tasting a tea-stained madelaine and glancing sidelong into a full-length mirror, was reminded of Omar the Tentmaker and of Onan, and was suddenly transported back to his childhood, when he had been only Giuseppe Provolone, the street urchin with an old syphilitic mother and no father and no means to fame and fortune, much less infallibility, the waif that the other dago street bastards had teased and terrified for never having shown his palms, how sad it had all been... suddenly he was sent careering back to the present by the fetid, feral smells of the forest, odors of a tiger and fawn and mushrooms, and before him the twitching, flexing limbs of the girl of his dreams, Rita Mayworth, beckoning his punctilious absolution. He must speak to this Madonna, he told himself, and responded "WOO...WAB...GAW...GIMME..." The pope now leaned forward in an attempt to touch and fondle. But age and disease had taken their toll of him; he had never gotten over that bout of anthrax in 1924; and these days, to still the tremors, his dressing attendants had lately taken to scotch-taping his fingers together, though mostly this only made his fingers collect a rather greater than average amount of lint. So he tetered forward but once, made one swipe at her just as Rita ducked, his linty fingers finding only the lacy kerchief with which she had covered her head (giving him tatting for tit), and then he collapsed backwards into his chair. Alarmed, the attending bishops each took a step towards him, their taffeta pumps a-patter and their naugheye vestments a-rustle. But Paul was quite all right and he waved them away all the while watching Rita. And what he saw was all smiles, vertical smiles, flickering vertical smiles, as Rita danced a jig of Gregorian boo-ga-loo. An serie combination did these two make the blood of the lamb and the flesh of the dam -- but had not the First See always tried to keep in touch with the masses' asses? Had not the child been father to the manhood of the Medici popes? Did not the Writ itself advocate the practice of the laying on of hands? -- with these arguments Paul had won over even the Jesuits in the Cardinal College. Still it was a strange mixture indeed, but that is potpourri for you. Paul could not take his eyes off this beatification of sirensire. Just now she began to dance closer to him, a shimmering vision, tossing her radiant wavy auburn tresses, every appendage to her torso undulating like jello on uppers and from deep within her glistening throat she began a sybaritic, sibilant, serpentine hissing. A voice within him told Paul, "She would have you take a bite of her fruit," and obeying this call, Paul rose to advance again. Regrettably, one of the disabilities he had fashioned from his body was a prolapsed anus, over which he now tripped, once he had arisen and it had descended, pitching him headfirst forward, butting Rita square between her casabas, her moist loins slapped against the sanctified marble floor, the blow to his head knocked her insensible. But despite the awkward sound of his last movement, with it Paul displayed a fluidity that belied his advanced years, and proudly turning to the bishops, his fine Latin scholarship now surfaced. "Vidi, vinci, veni," said he, "I saw, I conked her, I came."

Say Hallelujah!

Bill Green

High Hat, of Eastside Lawrence, dragged into police headquarters this morning the carcass of a sow he claims he found with its cheeks rudely pulled from the body, at the corner of 8th and New York.

His Mother's Influence

The story of that compulsion, which according to an investigator was unfathomable Ed's polygraph interrogation, follows:

Ed had always been strongly attracted to his domineering mother. Eventually, when he was 15, he was married to her. He got to wondering if there were an operation that would keep a woman and he began studying medical anatomy. He even considered operating on himself. But he finally gave up the surgical theory.

His mother, Ed did, did a lot of brooding and finally he grew certain by night and the body-mechanics of his mother. He kept only the beads and skin and some other parts, the remainder in the old-fashioned kitchen stove.

He indulged in a grisly masquerade. He would put on one of the masks and parade around the house and if that stopped giving him that he finally began he elaborated on the masquerade. He wore these two horrible masks, a mask with a mask, allegedly gave Ed "great satisfaction."

It turned out that Ed may have stolen a mask from the notorious "Blitz of Buchenwald." The book, who reportedly collected lampshades made from the tails of Nazi concentration camp victims.

Said And More Skin

Dances said Ed's home contained four chairs upholstered with what appeared to be human skin. The collection of music room, containing an ancient accordion, a rusty harmonica and a waxy and stringless fiddle, investigators came upon a room, most of which Ed believed was human skin strewn across the open top and open bottom of a large tin can.

With his stature, Ed, little, slim, a man with a grey afro, all his life a non-

entity, was proclaimed in headlines as "The Butcher of Plainfield" and "Ghoul King." Unlike quite a few accused criminals he didn't seem to enjoy the notoriety charged specifically with the murder of Mary. Warden, he retained William Ed a leading local lawyer, but there was no trial, for a time anyway. Following examination by a battery of psychiatrists, Ed was admitted incompetent to stand trial and Circuit Judge Herbert C. Bunde ordered him committed to Central State Hospital in Warren.

Bunde confidently expressed the opinion that Ed would never again see the outside world. In 1959, two of the psychiatrists who testified at Ed's insanity hearing joined with two other doctors in an interesting psychological report, not on Ed but on the village of Plainfield and how Ed's crime had affected it.

Citizens Indignant
The village, they found, was "profoundly indignant" at the publicity, which it regarded as a reflection of its good name and reputation, and it found relief for a while in petty humor. One of the jokes the villagers liked to tell was that "they let Ed out of the hospital New Year's Eve--so he could start a fresh date."

When the Genie estate was auctioned off in 1959, and when an auctioneer, spirited for such items as a broken clock and a broken mirror, a reflection of rural spread that there may have been a few people who were not so much of local psychosomatic symptoms, swamping local doctors with complaints of gas and indigestion.

Finally, though the people resigned themselves to the idea that they had a supposedly healthy-minded town, they finally began to wonder if they were really healthy-minded. Ed had all kinds of gas and indigestion, the conclusion that Ed would wind up his days in a mental ward.

There were more shocks in store for the neighbors. They found 10 female Ed's "fashionable" casual faces. As police said they established later, Ed had hoped to use the 10 heads hollowed out the heads so that only the faces remained. He had intended to back them up with paper and behind them with a piece of wood, but he never needed them.

Five masks were found in a box in a closet. The other five were propped up in various parts of the house at eye-level, according to one deputy. "Apparently," he guessed, "they were placed that way so Ed could stand and talk to them."

A Family Face

Sheriff Herbert Wamersky of nearby Portage County dropped over to give Ed's mother a hand and quickly revealed one of the masks as the face of Mrs. Mary Green, 54, who three years previously disappeared mysteriously from a rural home near Ed's farm. A trail of blood was found outside the tavern.

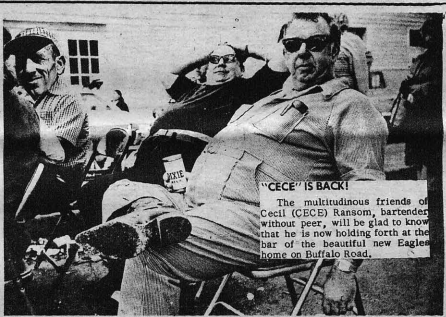
But with Ed it wasn't all murder, as investigators learned after picking up the suspect. He was taken into custody while having dinner at the home of a neighbor.

Ed's mother, a two-day series of lie-detector tests after which Charles W. Warden, a police officer in Madison, said Ed confessed killing Mrs. Mary Green. Warden, Ed admitted, he didn't remember killing her, but he had a feeling that he had. He said that the police believed he shot her in the store before transporting her to the home. Ed insisted, came from the road lines on which he intended to roast Jody, the carp, should he ever catch it. In 1955, Waterman saw a small nose growing on his hip--and checked into the Jayhawk med center in K City and treated for nodal cancer. Nurses spoke of his cheerful manner, his courage against the mounting odds. They stoked him on hot chocolate and fed wine and let him tickle their ears with stories of how he would finally eat Jody cooked with sauce. The carp was the size of three Cadillacs on the bank, and smelled of baking bread. The colored people dug in with ice picks and fires were built. Waterman said, "Eat this Carp. It will make you rich."

Dear Guest Editor,

Sir: I truly do wish you had not printed my name in your columns. I am a quiet and private person, who does not desire publicity. When you receive this note, I will have left the city for the rest of my life, to be lived in great unknown. Many many wives have offered to benefit me, sir, but I am made uncomfortable by their generosity. I am ashamed of my misfortune. I do not wish to appear to be non-thankful. But I do wish to testify that my powers grow dim. Not ten minutes walk from the very spot on River Bridge, soon to be done in, where I sought to drown myself, my many miseries. My pain, my embarrassment, my self, I have placed a memorial plaque upon a vertical utility pole. It is a picture and a sign to remind the wywes of the City that Eve was neither at fault for the concolor nor the serpent. The devil was afoot. Ladies, hear my earnest plea. Eschew snakes of all kind, but also protect them. Pick up the lantern and pass the baton. Tell the world, don't kill snakes. Read the Bible. Be virtuous. We will all meet at the ladder day.

Sincerely,
Ansel Drucker



"CECE" IS BACK!
The multitudinous friends of Cecil (CECE) Ransom, bartender without peer, will be glad to know that he is now holding forth at the bar of the beautiful new Eagles home on Buffalo Road.



PRESIDENT ONEBA said grow turnips and potatoes. He told this reporter to come to the window. A spindly digit pointed towards the gardener. He said, "A little earth will grow a very large and succulent tomato vine." He said this in November on the verge of a bad winter.

BIG CARP CAUGHT AT PORTER'S

This honey was caught with Lazy Ike blood bait using a #10 treble hook. It was caught at night. The moon was full, like the rich golden yellow of an egg in the sky. It was August. A white student used a rubber dingy to get out toward the deeper holes in the middle. Dr. Phantagucci walked by on the bank and told the white student he had seen a wide and very large phosphorescent fish lurking coldly at the murky bottom of the university pond. Soon the fish was hooked. Colored people appeared on the banks to give assistance. The Dingy was pulled in widening spirals around. The white boy said, I am Waterman, Oneba is the one. He claimed he had been after the massive fish since he came to the University in 1948, as a grad in the then new science of ichthyology. He said for years, even through the Korean war, he has gone to the pond faithfully each 28th day, to let his lines drop down, hoping to snare the great hulking cowlake animal he called the Jody of the Deep. He said he dreamed many nights of chewing the reddish, syrupy tasting meat of the lionized carp. He said he had drawn diagrams of a ten foot bore he planned to build of rail road ties on which he intended to roast Jody, the carp, should he ever catch it. In 1955, Waterman saw a small nose growing on his hip--and checked into the Jayhawk med center in K City and treated for nodal cancer. Nurses spoke of his cheerful manner, his courage against the mounting odds. They stoked him on hot chocolate and fed wine and let him tickle their ears with stories of how he would finally eat Jody cooked with sauce. The carp was the size of three Cadillacs on the bank, and smelled of baking bread. The colored people dug in with ice picks and fires were built. Waterman said, "Eat this Carp. It will make you rich."

CITY MOON (a production of the Great Plain Media Alliance, George Gower, President, Edited by Dr. Ohle and R. Martin. The editors assume no responsibility for the notions expressed herein. We profess, though.

Dear Process I send these to take the place of the Partus Ani sketch which you know as well as I is abortive, however I will only release copyrights upon condition that you guarantee to do no processing of the enclosed. I wrote 'em like I want 'em an I want 'em like they are. E. POUNDS

BELLED BUZZARD HEARD OF AGAIN

It passed near Bonham, followed by a hawk
City One, Texas Nov. 15 Three miles from Oneha's Texas House in City One, the belled buzzard, plainly visible, flew, a bell roped to the neck. The sound was clearly heard in Bonham. The belled buzzard was followed by a hawk and another buzzard.

Triumph for New Journalism: Johnsonians Penetrated: Confidential Report

The cracked hag's name was Eros, she said, if I could buy her line, salted as it was and raw as the eggwhite and lidless gaze she pickled me with a-cross the ink reeking linen strewn with stippled glass and nickleware be-tween us. I had imagined it in advance, this constitution, but in the act our relatives were only alphabetical, an anonymous arrangement of chipped dishes and one that carried an almond-cream business card promising fore-closures yet to come.

Her gaze could not penetrate, opaque as malted milk, or else it was effects of atmosphere, to call it that, the rattly ar of s-oke-hole summer, e-missions of the Kansas Johnson Society, trapped in the tatterdemalion earnestly eighteenth-century ballroom of the Eldridge Duke Hotel, where no one had danced since Center City burned sometime before the War. The war, the one was before the last, and this was the unobstructed navel of the old downtown. Its quiet, so parlor perfect now for thirty years, was the measure of the ordered casket-top between the hair and the hunk of chrome on the folding chairs beneath the freighted foxfire of great terraced chandeliers, stained ancient hornwork broken now and then with forty watt bulbs, some burning. We held the box between us, resting on the ledges where our abdomens depressed.

Mine was brown, I knew well, and no light chocolate cheese cake brown either, so I had no doubt to fire the paper kidney of this heathen bitch with the tested weight of its sincerity, even across the chopped-heart transgression of the casket-cloth. I said, "Mine is Molly," and her slack machinery caught in the freezing insensate of numerical ablation till the ear-cropped file-card dropped in the gate, and the siant of the floor jammed perpetuate. by Wayne P.

Dear Process Sirs,

I, a long man, was observed, alone, I saw the gar, oysters sucking out the gut meat, red hot and wild. Officers noted that I did not have a camera or a fishing rod, and that raised their suspicions that he might be intent upon doing himself deadly harm. He was placed under custody, and a Moon reporter got from me the following story. My name is Ansel Drucker, I am a Liverpudlian from England. I have taken a teaching job at Colby College in Western Kansas. One of my students, a male, Ambrose Bocchi, carried favor with myself, known as Drucker. He complained with rancor and bitterness to all the town citizens, about Drucker's technique, in bed. I counseled him over a period of several weeks. The condition didn't improve, so I suggested that they meet in my apartment for a therapeutic session. Of love-making. On Drucker's own pulloft bed. Soon after, the couple plighted their troth, and Ambrose purchased from Mass Street Jewelers a 3 hundred dollar wedding set. Unfortunately for me, and Drucker too, a person (name withheld) told Bocchi's priest. There was great hue and cry over the length of my council and my Liverpudlian method. By Drucker's measuring stick, things were exaggerated. I was fired from my position and destitute, unable to return to Liverpudlian, was on the verge of throwing self into the Kaw. Drucker has since been given shelter by an unnamed Lawrence matron. Since this story was first reported there have been twenty-six citizens of Kansas to come forward and offer me free meals and lodging, at least temporarily. One is constantly re-freshed to be so reminded of the goodwill in a Christian community. Chester S.

Birds Zero In on Detroit Fruit

Detroit (AP)—A fruit-flicking flock of giant parakeets has invaded Detroit's eastern suburbs, and Auburn Township officials with Poly were being content with a cracker.

The bird lovers' brigade at first ignored reports of am-punching parakeets spotted in suburban fruit trees, at finally called in the bird man of the Detroit Zoo to reconnoiter the invasion. On Friday, the bird expert, identified the birds as "mink" parakeets, a foot-long, South American member of the parrot family. Officials believe that the birds brought them into the country, without having them vaccinated and quarantined, and that the birds escaped.

Carload Of Crazy Soldiers

Passes Through El Paso En Route from Philippines

Special to the Moon.

El Paso, Tex., Nov. 15 The Southern Pacific passenger train from the West tonight brought in a carload of insane United States negro soldiers from the Philippines. The negroes were under a strong guard. They are en route from Manila to Washington, and will there be placed in the asylum.

Many soldiers in the Orient have it is said, become deranged from various causes, and the medical corps of the army is puzzled at the situation, though it was reported the Negroes were, unusually, sane, and for the most part mollified. Those some were considered dangerous

CASTANEDO IN CITY
Carlos Castaneda has come to Lawrence and lives quietly on a melon farm south of Tonga. He keeps to himself for the most part, finished writing the Don Juan things now, looking for isolation. We've seen him in the Wheel now and again, sometimes at Mme. Dunbar's sipping the good absinthe frappe. We saw him drunk once in front of the Blue Chrys. We are glad to have such a distinguished writer take up residence here.

SPOITS NOTE

We saw your baseball game laying in some proppy alley like garbage can. It looked strange there, tilted up like a Sheerito utility knife. From the appearance given no-body could unfold it. We went back the next day, but only saw some guy in a baseball suit ducking behind the memosa tree, then disappearing, slithering away into nothingness like some catfish into his overhead hidden overhang hole. We tried your game, now, how about some real bats to swing at. J. Scherbel, Aussie

CRAZY NEGRO DIES IN JANGLE

Special to the Moon
Jangle, Ks. An unknown crazy negro was found in the railroad yards here last Saturday and taken in charge by the officers. He was not sufficiently rational to give any account of himself, but it has been learned that he came from Chappell Hill. He died last night in the City jail.

Dear Moon

Do you really want tales of power or is this another cheap hype? Patronize local talent, which you could see, or I could see for you, find for you, if you weren't so intent upon the universal application of private thrills. Lawrence's own Carlos Castaneda--whose visit here was heralded some issues back, wasn't it? or was that more hype? It works like this. Take the situation of DC's four books, subtract Don Juan (the teacher), compress the whole thing into one short story, add violence as the medium which replaces the teacher--that is, now the means which introduces the student to esoteric knowledge is sudden (violent) confrontation with the thing itself, that black bird/man/moth form that flies out from the peyote bushes--and you got a very realistic shudder-story that everyone can believe and relate to. Afterall, everyone can't have a guru; they're expensive, esoteric in their own right (Hindoo fat boys don't count), but everyone can have an exposure to the esoteric primitive knowledge in his own psyche if he encounters something strong enough to strip away the civilized veneer which alone marks us off from the hottenot who is the real Don Juan. Write me at this address or in the columns of the New City Moon. I have contacts abroad. E. Pounds

EDITORIAL: Today's conditions in Red China--Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism in China have all been gigantic failures. Whatever can be said of China, we can't forget that the Great Yellow Empire is dominated by the Sour Stuffing, Onerous Iron rule of exclusiveness and hatred of the light. To Confucius, China is all under Heaven. Worshipping the past, it abominates progress. The joke on this big yellow nation is that it's an old man lying in its cradle. It is the highest expanse of undeveloped human cabbage growing in a graveyard to be found on the face of the earth. They worship ancestors. The four spirits of their living dead rule this friable nation. We could have the big bombers over there in a quick minute.

Dear Moon

There is another letter which I want to write you about a whole other very complicated subject and is forthcoming. It has to do with Lawrence's own rival to the Happy Narrator of The We story about Ed Gein's Big Grief. EP
P.S. I can also be found at home.

MUCHO GUSTO--Have you dined yet at Mme. Dunbar's? Try it. It's on the corner of 12th and New Jersey in the City's new east side historic area. You'll be treated to cuisine of seven seas, prepared in the most elegant style of the French, and this includes hard baked crust bread from brick ovens, served with saltless butter. Try the turtle soup. We loved the delicate tongue salads and the fluffy lemon soufflé. We were in fact astounded by the butterfies and Persian honey we had on toast Sunday morning at Mme. Dunbar's. The best restaurant in Lawrence. No comparison. The Cock Divan (the President's Favorite) is fabulous. And on Saturdays you can have oysters on the half-shell, opened fresh before your eyes. And the best part is the price. Nothing on the elegant menu is more than \$2.50, even the pompano en papillot, and the wine cellar is full of the very best. Please, next time you're missing you were back where the food was palatable, try Mme D's. Oneha is One.

Afrocomb Ear-Killing: How It Works

Increasing fascination with horrific techniques of Afrocomb killings brings this report from Jimson Cochlea, the Oneida man in Ottawa:

The afrocomb enters the cranium between the earbones, cuts down the auditory canal quiet as a kitchen knife in a melon on a hot Sunday afternoon down home. When the first perpendicular tooth of the comb is flush against the exterior of the cranial wall, the point of the comb handle has penetrated eardrum and semicircular canal, the eustachian tube is pierced, and the grayboy dies without a twitch, absolute as the unseen underside of the iceberg.

City Moon A review by W. P. Special for the Moon

A unique newspaper-format publication edited and privately printed by two staff members of KU's English Department and devoted to processing the chaff which usually passes for news, transforming news into matter of more permanent value by revealing the substructural patterns of absurdity, inconsistency, anxiety, and boredom."

Chain Saw Here

Free U. Chain Saw class Mondays Bring your chain saw and fuel to South Park. Class will begin after dark. Small planes, other soft wood featured. Enroll before holidays. Steeltoed shoes advised.

Belled Buzzard in Hill County

Somewhat Celebrated Bird Seems to Be Touring the State

W. Proff, a farmer who lives one mile north of Woodbury, today informed The News correspondent that the celebrated belled buzzard spent the day on his farm, with him, yesterday. He saw it several times and distinctly heard the bell which he described as having a tin sound. Some months ago he read in the Moon that it was seen in Northwest Texas.

FACT: Syrups of figs acts pleasantly and promptly, cleanses the system gently and effectively when bilious or constive.

The Dead Lemonade Kenny

Lemonade Kenny was perished at home in his bed with a very white little knife stuck upside h-is kinky funny head. In the street lay Lemonaad and Lemon Eddie Head stared at people to keep them moving around the solid brown body of the brother which was not very bad but was cold and stiff. In the house later the brother woke up for a bit and commented on his fatigue. He was pretty cold again though in short order. He had three names, Lemonade Man, Live O.J. and Fish Eye. To his gang he was "philosophous king". One thing on a city bus it took quite a few brothers to stop the muscular Lemonade once he had started on a white man.

"The Duckman and Eddie Head man you know, they was some col dudes and they had a numm-bog gon and was passing it over the cold body of Bro Kenny. Even with a knife in his head, Lemonade was so bad that he just flip his eye open and stare at the Lemonade boys like they wuz boosht. Ain nothin moving on the cep the knife moves a little in the head. He is such a bad little man that they have him laid out with the knife still in his head. The boys was gamblin and but for they voices Celophile Bros Mortuary is a quiet mothuk fuckah that they drinquin whiskey and that knife headed nighu under glass spit on the mothuk fuckin glass." We know brother Lemonade was alive at the hospital 24 hours before, from talking with a man we know there, and that he was croaked. Christmas Action have electrocuted and executed his last nigger.

All of this we know from talking with Laverne of East Louis, Mississippi.

Kim We Chu, 27, Oread Street (1200's) was arraigned last night, on a charge of First-Degree assault, and Vagrancy One. This is the last time we will see her around here if the teeth on the gears of justice have not yet worn smooth from the almost incredible beating they have taken since 1932. It was then that the pathetic general from Liberal ascended, as smoothly bland as Millard Fillmore a century before, as excitable as John Quincy Adams was in the late Virginia days. Kim We smuck into the rear end of a laundromat located on Main Street secretly owned by the Maitley brothers. Here she caught a woman alone, a little Chinese woman with long hair hanging behind the chair, and Kim We viciously cut her hair, hacking it with a dull knife of some sort, claimed Rosie (from Radora, 2nd Street), who claimed to scream during the cutting, drawing a carload of Topekans who were said, by Rosie to have struck Kim We and then her, saying that they were going to eluster f--- them, calling up every male in town and telling, going out and forcing the leaders of the town out to be part of the gang f--- and then bring out a bull that they had murdered, his penis sheathed in leather. Kim We discounted this story, however. There was no trace of the gang, but Rosie swears the story is true. Was anyone out there in the audience of the Moon there that day? Perhaps driving past? Send us cards and letters telling us what you know. d. 591

now seems
ing
bo
tum
men
to in
an
unc
sirable
of way and as
the case of
a so
ci
city is often
ly
rib
a ter
dif
fi
cult thing
nge
to cha
the mo
men tum
in any
run a way
vehicle
stop
ped
must be
it be
fore any thou
ght can be given
to a reversal
(An example of zombie composition.)

ONEBA SEES

Send all dreams to ONEBA now. In this column he will explain, interpret, and so forth. His dreamwork is known around the globe. His experience in dream travel is long. He says when he was a boy of eight he saw in a dream a lattice covered in rose of Sharon. Behind it, as though it were a doorway to wider and more spacious horizons, he saw the City shimmering. In this dream he sees the following meaning, and the joyous miracle water pours from Oneba's lips again: He believes the human skull to be a kind of living shell inclosing the meaty computer, the medium of all dreams, the amazing human BRAIN

Dear Dr. Oneba: I have had the following dream which I would like to describe, although I am a really bad writer. Please excuse my English. Here goes: I am in this room with a refrigerator and a little bed, a wooden cross on an oak or hickory table in the middle of the room, and I am pregnant, even though I am a man, actually, in the dream, but not in reality. Anyway, there is a pine forest next to this room with all kinds of little animals in it, but I don't see them in the dream, only knowing they are there. Rabbits, snakes, for example. At the end of this pine forest where I don't get to, in a clearing, is this bed, and I think I see my husband laying in bed. He is fat and lazy, like my father was in his real life. Well I never get there and have to go back to the room because I see a small bed in the corner of the room, a little wooden hickory one. I go back and there is this weird thing that happens when I look at the light coming out of the refrigerator. It is nothing like what happens later



ONEBA

though when I am out on the path again and this goat comes wandering down the path just about the time the guy who is in bed is gone. The first thing the goat does is to drop all these turds on the path while he is walking toward me in the dream. Anyway I'm in the bed in the corner of the room laying down and the goat starts licking me on the hand, then on the breast and the damn thing was really starting to bug me and I took it around the neck and stroked its throat and when I had it calmed down I popped out an eye, just ran my fingernail across it. It went wild and started banging across from wall to wall. I got out. Walked down the path but the goat came after me. To make a long story a whole lot shorter, and that is merciful to a bunch of dear readers who have stuck with me so far, I fell on the bed (there was a hole in the mattress) because my stomach had opened and a black prune color gas was coming out of me and the goat got in bed too, and when I got up there was a little thing on the mattress springs, half-dead, red the color of chili sauce, not human, definitely, and then I walked back to the room with the refrigerator and the cross was knocked over, along with the table and the little bed in the corner was as empty as before.

Sincerely,
Billye Ray

I see it clearly. It is perfectly clear. The goat could be the devil, though perhaps an early rural life is indicated. The gas that swells out from the belly and the light from the refrigerator are one in this city-country dream.

FACT! THE NEW ONEBA LIFE PRODUCTS ARE AVAILABLE NOW! IN RECENT DAYS SMALL HALF LIVING PONIES, SOMETIMES ARE GENERATED

THE OLD MOON WATCHES THE WORLD--HAS ITS SAY -IN THIS COLUMN

The roaring lion of the mechanical age has been transformed by modern medicine into a timid kitten. Crime is just another word in the criminology textbooks, and, in this city, police-cars dry rot in police garages, precinct houses changed almost miraculously into green houses where new age vegetables are grown for the health and well-being of the neighborhood, be it Italian or White. The rich leave their greenback-jammed suitcases at neighborhood houses. Poverty has been worked out--all men now have an equal footing at birth. Pollution is coming to a halt as boy scouts march all together and burn garbage, in the streets, in city yards. In short, ANXIETY is a whimpering, fast-feceding puppy-dog, driven from life's yard with an angry stick.

Persons everywhere speak of Meditation X, a new form of yoga in which deep bellows-like breathing is used to cure anxiety and banish color. A small pinkish tablet has helped America through its painful 200 year birth, the amazing drug Estella-G. Once nervous cripples are now seen on their lawns reading newspapers and listening to the new portable hi-fi radios, the sweet songs of eternal peace finally heard with total clarity for the first time. The cold wars are finally over. Noxin relaxes, easing into a necessary clarification and rethinking period, moved by a single obsessive idea: that to computerize governmental bureaucratic processes would be a very, very good thing. So beside him, humming in a tiny tin, on silver paper, sit the pills, the Estella-G, a small service revolver, and a mimeographed schedule.

In the old days, philosophers spoke of the world as born and composed of a mortal body. They dealt with it as a concourse of matter that laid the foundation of land, sea and sky, stars and sun and the globe of the moon. Of the living things that have existed on earth, and which have never been born; how the human race began to employ various utterances among themselves for denoting various things; and how there crept into their minds that fear of the gods which, all the world over, sanctifies temples and lakes, groves and altars and images of the gods. After that they would explain by what forces and powers would be the course of the sun and the journeyings of the moon, so that we shall not suppose that they are running on their own free will with the amiable intention of promoting the growth of crops and animals, or that they are enacting, in any way, a divine plan. Those philosophers were concerned what was seen overhead in the borderland of ether. They saw the people saddled with cruel masters whom they believed all-powerful. They saw, these philosophers, how a limit was fixed to the power of everything, as an immovable frontier post. And how Oneba oversaw everything.

Then, in 1765, from this ethereal beginning, haunted by their loss of fundamental Gods to believe in, Vasco de Gamma Y Muerto accompanied Cabeza de Vaca to America, and travelling North from Biloxi they entered what is now Joplin, found themselves in an apprentice shoemaker's scruffy dwelling, slugging pure codeine from an ox horn. On this exciting new experience of total calmness, the two explorers went South again and sailed east to Santa

Domingo where codeine was commonly processed from the alkaloid pinkish root of the pawpaw tree. It was then manufactured in great quantity by native slave workers and distributed widely over the North American continent. And many people drank it and slept away its soporific doldrums in contentment, including some native Indians, until it was suppressed back in the crusading thirties. This entire mechanism of addiction and stupor inevitably tumbled out from the rotted superstructure of religious belief, the fine work of Lactetius the cynic.

Poor Cabeza! He sat in his living room in the steamy French Quarters of New Orleans, drank delicate glassfuls of codeine and turpentine and sweating yellow beads of codeine body moisture, watching hair balls blow blither and thither in the drugged consciousness. He pulled himself out of the chair with the assistance of a young colored boy and a rope fixed to a beam in the ceiling. He then tossed off his hemorrhoid cushion and walked to the window and looked upon the narrow streets. He saw black voodoo queens and delicately featured brown quadroons, thick, lovely and sensual in the Southern sun. Some of them wore red bandannas and called, "Blackberry, ten cent a bag."

Many years Cabeza spent this way, getting up from the chair only occasionally to look out, and otherwise hunched and in a sorry state of mental transfiguration because of the old cough medicine, the mad frames of old horse time broke loose and he had a vision of the present (remarkably accurate): Of Noxin leaving the White House, the new president, Folbot, photographer, bidding him a farewell at the door as Noxin strode down the long empty hall to obscurity. Folbot, the foot raised in mock salute, Noxin pursing his lips as if Folbot's foot, rather than his own acts, had sent him sprawling forth from the Oval Office. And then Noxin found his peace. Tortured by hideous dreams that kept him spinning, off balance, in public and private life, Noxin was driven finally to the counsel of Oneba the First of Oneba. Through grueling interrogation, Noxin was driven into his senses. Oneba's unusual therapy, which involves the presence of his wife at each dream session, to act as a refining medium through which messages from dead dreamers may be transmitted, acted on Noxin as mineral water and whiskey may act on others, with differing problems.

And now Oneba is President, America's first entirely new politician. He's no machine gun Ronnie or Jerry Apodaca. He points to a plot of ground, says to grow turnips and potatoes in it, and points with a spindly digit at the gardener. "A little earth will grow a very large and succulent tomato vine."

Baboonery and cartoonery, the twins that controlled American politics for so long, were soon banished from the realms of power. One senseless new mysticism surrounded the presidency for the first time in U.S. History. Cabeza's nightmare charged from a toothless hag into a beautiful jewelled princess wearing a sparkling emerald tiara. For the first time, a president was endowed with the gift of being able to glimpse into the muddy flow of the river of the unconscious, and to see the bright, and sometimes not so bright, fishes that swim therein.

Unfortunately for Cabeza de Vaca and Vasco De Gama, these dreams were assumed to reflect the present condition, rather than the condition of our own age, which is far, far better than that of the world of 1765.

TWO CLUE CROSSWORD This being your first exposure to GAMUT crossword-puzzledom, we, the editors, have chosen a particularly easy one to prepare you for the really difficult ones that will be coming up in the months ahead. Every word in this puzzle means a **same** thing spelled backwards as well as forwards, i.e., **TRAP-PART**. To make things even more ludicrously simple, you will be given clues for each possible word in both directions. With four separate clues for almost every blank, you should have no trouble at all in scoring 100%. Average time for completion of this puzzle: five minutes and thirty seconds.

ACROSS (left to right)
1. Mr. Parschian 4. A relative kind of ism (pre fix) 8. Donald's home: Duck---12. Garment 15. Mystical Syllable ---Kansas Literary System (abbr.) 21. About 23. --of Avon 25. Earth month 27. A fast mover 31. Day is done 35. Thud 39. Mariner's saga 43. Step 46. Not off 48. Street 53. Negative 54. Or anor 57. Sale time 59. Small liquid measure 62. Natural drug
DOWN 1. Love 2. Jewish month 3. President's initials 5. Maybe you'll get here then (abbr.) 6. Italian river 7. I. Monster 10. (prefix) 11. Small insect 16. Middle (prefix) 19. Latin Vb. Forms 23. Mass 24. Double Helix 25. Flatulence 28. Jacobs brother 33. Nipple 35. Crib 36. Ensnare 39. Space 42. Wrathful 44. Soon 45. A grain better than damn 49. Goat 50. Fast day 53. Nurse 57. In (prefix) 60. 65 Female parent 69 Head 70. Another laxative 81. Blemish 82. Our Uncle 83. Where Boston is (abbr) 84. ---generian 65 Literary prophet

ADVERTISEMENT Feast on the finest scrapple, pomme de terre du dauphin and blood sausage galantine you've ever had, at Madame Dunbars, naturally. -11-, Thur., Sun.

*****PROCESS HISTORY*** A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE MOON ***PART I** The first Process News was published in January, 1900. A crab fisherman on Ship Island, picking up soft-shell crabs and roasting them over a fire on a pointed tick rod, spotted a crone tube nestled among the greenish, meringue covered waves. The tube threw off glintings of aluminum light dazzling in rainbow like arcs of color.

It was set sail by five Englishmen who bet two of their mutual best friends that they could write a newspaper, bottle it up, throw it into the ocean, and that it would then float until it reached Bolioli.

Dear City Moons: The preacher come over yesterday, I'm living in Manass house now, cross number 961. She's dead now. Coughed up in the bed, spit up a thing like a chick pea and she was gone like that. But the preacher come over yesterday and said he wanted five fat gobbles for Thanksgiving. So I went back there by the trough where the dead palmetto tickled my leg while I wasrsh myself in the hot weather when it's hot and I cut off one head, dropped it in the bucket. Then the damn blade on my knife came loose. The preacher come over then and he says, can't you jest pull them off, and I got to wondering. Can you pull foot heads off successfully, dear Moon? Yours E.G. Dear Ed: Not cleanly, nor without those last bloody gobbles in the fists.

Dear Moon Science: Why do fire ants build their hills up to a point during winter months, Ans. This gives them a better angle relative to the sun's rays.

ARMSTRONG STEPS ON MOON

Neil Armstrong, first man on the moon, ceremoniously inked his old moon boots for the television cameras in San Francisco today and then trod roughly on the front page of the hated City Moon paper, a paper thought repellent by many in the Bay Area. And the good governor Wunty was there, sullen and dead eyed in the familiar rotary chair. He wheeled forward to the inner edge of the circle of grease and not so greasy. The lips emerged nublike from the wide cheeks and the spittle fluttered out like tiny cotton puffs, also besmudging cover page of the now notorious news organ out of Lawrence, Kansas. Another rude surprise for Mooners in the 70's. Pharmacugi was there, and in turn sprinkled the newsprint with hydrochloric acid as though it were holy water. The football president said, Such things have a frosty effect on the New Tranquility of the United States of America today, during these trying times. This reporter has never seen a more pitifully reduced gathering of low people. The moon is weary of nambly pambly journalism. We see a new dynamic breed of hard hitting news organs, particularly the City Moon itself (a pace setter) and the other papers of the Great Plain Alliance. It would take more ass holes than there are to put us out of business now. We've taken root and we're standing proud, sending it deep into mother earth. We hope to be jolly rising with dead pine trees and living newspapers. We'll be there and then run them through the presses and throw them in bundles on the rainy streets of the City. Who was it that said, 'Newspapers... damn newspapers!' They're nothing but the City's vomit spread in thin sheets and baked dry." Was it Dos Passos Spouting these high-school metaphors? It matters not. We shall over come, and when we do please have the cakes and tea on the coffee table. We want to do some fast talking. Give in.

IRON SOUR-STUFFING by Tesson'an

A dead lecturer came to the university. He was brought in a spherical bubble of clear ice, which was lodged inside of a plastic sphere. He was brought on a flatcar, especially refrigerated. A tape recorder accompanied the magic marble. The lecturer said a man should live 1000 years, not more. His period of usefulness would end.

What an amount of iron sour-stuffing. Take what is coming to you and get out. Better 10000 days than 1000 years by now, by far.

Trust a leaf to drop at the right moment. Follow a righteous teacher. Enter the fire as pure gold, and you become brighter. Stand from the path when it come toward you. Stuff yourself on a holiday. Wear a few clothes in the winter.

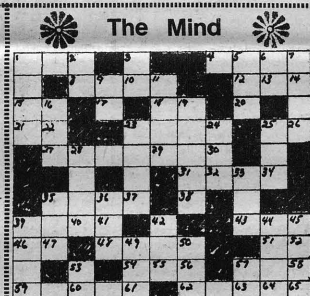
Janus says: The arm doesn't bend outward. So don't try it.

Once a man lived on a crowded bus with other men, sweeping through the streets and dozing through the hills during endless hours of grinding, shifting, halting and beginning again. Yet no one remarked that the bus smell and no man raised a fist to his lips. A dark stranger boarded the bus and went to the middle, sitting next to a woman so old her skin had worn white, though she was originally a colored person. He carried a white carton with him. He told the woman that he had beautiful goldfish, of the carp family, in his carton, and invited her to look for herself. When the woman looked down, the man slapped her in the face. He ran off the bus at once, which had just stopped. The woman said the carton was closed, and she could neither verify nor deny the man's story.

Heaven's naked eye is cast within. If it sees a dragon head and a snake's tail, a good beginning and a poor ending it weeps crocodile tears.

This gives the feeling of iron sour-stuffing.

60 HEADS MORE BLOOD THIEVES ; SLY AND DUMP POLICE MURDERER - GEIN



Drunk Elephant On Rampage

A herd of drunken elephants killed five persons and injured 12 others across West Bengal this week after breaking into an illegal still and drinking moonshine liquor. State government officials said yesterday.

The officials said the 150 elephants demolished seven concrete buildings and trampled 29 village huts in the area around the still.

They said some of the elephants destroyed several acres of a nearby corn grove.

WHY

Dr. Jackie Hill, 26, of 4213 Linton, stole 3 bottles of cologne valued at \$15 from Geen's Drugs at 4304 N. Grand and threaten to stab manager, Ray Winters? You can go to jail and sink during the holidays because you didn't get away with the cologne.

Who

was the good citizen that flogged down Patrolman Ed Jablonski and Jesse Green of the 8th District and informed them that it was Gregory Ford, 23, of 1120 N. Sarah and Lee Smith, 23, of 3727 Finney, who broke into Edgar Easley's home at 1121 N. Whittier and burglarized it of a TV set and an 8-track tape player along with two weapons. The police had had with only the slip of foot and an occasional yodel to mark their passage. (The usual)

It was Some Party.

His Juicy Lips Go Into Action On Girl He Loves



LARRY WEBB

Larry Webb, 23, who more loudly at home, 3617 Carfield when he's not awake in bed performing oral sodomy upon his date, pulled the favorite romantic pastime on beautiful Linda. The love boy was riding Linda home in his auto, but he decided to take her to his home and sit out front to tell her how much he loved her and that

he wanted to marry her. Linda didn't want to marry a thief, but she was willing to listen to him. It was now 3 A.M. Larry Webb's native overcame him and threatened to do bodily harm to Linda if she refused to go inside with him. She obeyed and oh boy! Was she in for it?

Linda said Larry didn't give her time to wash her face. He grabbed her, pulled her close and said, "I can't wait." He pulled up her dress and pulled down her panties. Then she heard him mumbling Yum, Yum, Yum! When she tried to push him, he bit her. She stood still then. After the oral surgery Larry tossed Linda across his bed and snatched her clothes off. He had normal relations with her as he yelled, "Baby, oh baby, oh baby! What a fine number you are! I want us to keep this up the rest of our lives. We must get married!"

Linda refused to talk to the rapist. She did not allow him to take her home. She called police as soon as she arrived home and revealed that a man who called himself "Larry The Lover," raped her in his home. Police came and arrested the exuberant scoundrel who said he was been a perfect lover and head artist when pleasuring to Linda.

By Associated Press

MIAMI — A 3-year-old Pennsylvania boy was killed here in a ritualistic slaying with the child offered as sacrifice, police said.

"Take something a lamb," said Miami Police Detective Edward Carberry.

Armed Frank Zelenik of Fort Washington, Pa., was found dead Friday, his throat slashed in a motel room from a 400-yard drive where his family has just checked in on vacation, officers said.

A man identified by police as Vernal Watford, 31, of Hartford, Conn., was arrested at Miami International Airport within 20 minutes of the Zelenik slaying, Watford told them he was recently released from a Connecticut mental hospital.

A BIBLE was found near

the body of the Zelenik child, police said.

"It looked like he held the child so the throat would be over the altar, let him bleed ... Carberry said in describing what he called a sacrificial slaying.

"It was absolutely the most tragic thing I've ever seen," he said.

Police said they found a message, many words misspelled, in Garet's pocket. The message read:

"... God of Israel say so. The God say the temple must not be used for any violence nor any police office. Child offer has sacrifices."

Police said that Watford told them he was recently released from a Connecticut mental hospital.

Slain child ritual murder victim

White lung here. Newest peril for the housewife or others in flour products. Lungs take in the fine mist and are over come as breathing kneads the powder into a doughy substance. Once removed, lungs resemble leaves of bread. People walk from the bakeries and homes. They opt on the sidewalk and a dough ball bakes in the heat. Dogs and people too, even the child will pick them up to heat at home. And this from using natural products.

Educator, Disappointed In Love, Seeks Death

LAWRENCE: ONEBA DEAD HERE

ELECTRICALLY sealed airtight gum cartridges and a glassine bag were found in the boat, along with an afrocomb, crudely twisted into the president's wide white cheek. He was dead a week when a fire scout found him adrift in this lonely great plain lake. There were purple ovals on his face where blood settled under the skin after the terrible and sudden occasion, which took the One away from us. His body was soft and quiet in our eyes as he lay so naked on palm branches latticed on the sand. A gull cried out of the welkin. A crow had come down and pecked out one of the brown eyes. Once again the political maelstrom spins out yet another screaming hideous tornado only to snatch another leader away, spinning up into the heavens with a load of metal doom in his belly. Sheriff Prop and his men were on the scene from the beginning, dusting the boat for fingerprints, photographing the area, and generally taking things in hand. Oddly though, no one was ready with a camera when this Moon Reporter saw what she saw: a coal black bird, shapeless as soot, popping from the mouth trailed by a string, hobbling about on the ragged suit of the dead leader, and then falling into the lagoon. Presumably dead. We wonder if anyone has a photo of this. Box 591, Lawrence, Ks. 66044 Moon



PICTURE AND STORY by Tom Averill

Howling, screaming. Lines winding through the sky, under the bridge, wrapping everything just like the woman wraps her head in her hands. The lines screaming like she is. She alone affected by what the sky and river say. The people behind her are as stiff and rigid as the bridge they walk on and the church in the background. She bends, her whole shape elongated, waving, as though she were heat, or sound. She screams so high that her pitch cannot be heard. It is like a dog whistle. If you try hard, though, you can feel it as it rips all through the picture and causes even the boats on the water to shake, until the crews on them become tense and alert and afraid.

As the woman is afraid. She is afraid because even though she is howling she cannot hear herself. She is so alone that she cannot hear herself talk to herself anymore. She walks out and birds leave the sky. Animals close their

eyes and will not see her. Trees leave the land. The people walk stiffly by, afraid to take off their hats and show themselves to be as bald as she. The wind blows harder than it ever has before, but there are no trees to bend, and only she can feel it blow. It is cold. Her nose will not breathe for her. She wants to cut off her ears, and then her hands, and let them float away in the wind like seeds or spiders. She has been alone for so long that when she touches herself nothing happens.

She ate a fish a year ago. Caught it and killed it. It bled all over her sink. Its eyes and mouth stared up at her from the garbage bucket. They mocked her lonely face. Since then she has eaten only rice. She has no wood, and cooks her rice steadily over a fire built of paper trash. Such a fire gives so little heat that it takes her all day to cook her supper. After supper she spends the rest of the evening collecting enough paper to cook for the next day.

One day she will sicken, howl, and die.

AT THE UNIVERSITY, KNOWN AS BUNNY BRAIN

Factory Co-Workers call her id-
le Sue.

Suzara Beloitka broke Booker T. Washington Mahoney's heart. Idle Bunny Brain Sue was seen around President Booker's office in Jessica Andrews hall.



Mexican boy, stunned after drinking some of the new Pluto water, so popular nowadays in the border City.

ELECTRICITY IN 1903 BECAME A SERIOUS ADDITION TO THE TANNER'S SHOP.

BREAKDOWN OF LAW IS CITED

Sophia Fox poked her nephew Ta-tain's boy in the face by the eye borrows with a bent knife, then let her have a shower of Morton salt in the then bleeding wound which was left below the eye. In return Ta-tain pushed the mother and sent her against the wall fracturing the wing-bone. The police were called but failed to respond. There were no physicians or pharmacists available at the Memorial Hospital to give aid to the woman and she subsequently died without the benefit of an oxygen or soporific drug treatment. A priest was called by the Ta-tain man, the father of the nephew, although he, likewise, failed to respond to the plea.

WHITE POWER BREAK
FAST SPECIAL--\$5.

ALL YOU EAT IN TEN
MINUTES--EGGS, FRUIT-
TTERS; CANDIDATE
ROKWEIL IN PERSON
SUNDAY. BE THERE



There is much to be said for putting all the ingredients on the food package. On the other hand, there are occasions when we feel we'd just as soon not know.

There is some doubt about Troy Dykes' visit, the giant homosexual, who recruited for an Alaskan basketball team and failed to snatch any of the young talent out of Ted Owens' grasping community, that core of people so dedicated to the Owens way of playing basketball that they literally storm into the houses of those that incur their disgust and wrench them from their overstuffs, talking to them in a barking way, doling out commands, and then leaving a checklist. Dykes, that two burly football players came to a room, claimed. He said Owens was the best coach in the two Americas and Canada. "Owens could coach his boys through a blizzard in July on Waikiki Beach in Honolulu." When I asked him to show me his patented twisting leap and forward drag shot he tapped me on the shoulder with his left hand and when I turned to look he slapped me softly with his right. It felt the same as the sensation of a rag blown against your cheek. I asked him why he came here. He said looking for Nino Samuels, who had already left. To attend Little Richard University of the sisters of St. Theresa. We wonder why Troy came here after hearing this story.

Michael L. Johnson's THE REVOLT OF THE GARBA

It all started when a suburban housewife noticed that her garba couldn't be put into the disposer: it clung tenaciously to the mouth of the drain. Screaming in disgust she dragged her husband into the kitchen where they were transfixed by panic as the vomit-like mass of kidney beans, apple sauce and mayonnaise spread itself like a slimy amoebic army to cover all the surfaces of the room.

In the days that followed similar events were reported from all over the city. Television, radio and newspapers were swamped by horror narratives from hysterical women whose laundry couldn't be cleaned, get-tough speeches from frustrated war veterans talking from non-dispersible clouds of cigar smoke freed-out fantasies from psychotic children covered with coffee grounds and the decay of old cavities. Putrescent watermelon rinds were discovered in the backs of closets, eggshells and moldy bread in the bottoms of drawers, black fungus-fuzzed peach pits and runny green grease under furniture. People were smothered in their sleep by half-liquid rotting lettuce and catsup-mustard excrescences.

The revolt expanded rapidly. Exhaust gases choked engines into inoperation. Smoke accumulated in chimneys until it became solid as rock. Sewers backed up into tidy bathrooms, flooding them with gallons of urine, shit, gummy cigarette ashes, decomposed cotton swabs, used rubbers and glue-like globes of fetid toilet paper. Waste refused to be dumped into rivers and collected in acid, stinking piles inside the plants of industry, eventually engulfing the machinery of production and crashing the stock market. Smog suddenly settled in high drifts of gray-yellow snow across the cities. The sky rained down its load of atomic fallout, and high concentrations of carbon dioxide collected in the lower atmosphere. The oceans emptied themselves of trash, as thousands of tons of scrap metal, nerve gas, radioactive litter and petroleum scum invaded the lands of the world.

Within a few weeks the entire human population was strangled, drowned, poisoned or otherwise exterminated. Then slowly, over the time of centuries, the garba was transformed into the surface of a new planet: trees, clear water, bright air, rich soil, white stones and endless mountains in a kind of silence.

Preacher Liar And Swindler

Immigrant Mistakes River For Canadian Border--Swims Across

This is hilarious. It is a story of a 29 year old white man, a German who is here from Dusseldorf, Germany, and was picked up sopping wet, at the corner of Lake and Winchester Streets about 4 A.M., by police. He told police that about 8:30 P.M. he had jumped off a freight train that was leaving Rochester enroute to Buffalo from New York City. He told them that he became mentally confused and feared for his life. He said he walked from the railroad station to the Imperial Court Apartments on St. Paul Street, through the zoo and then to the Genesee River. He said he climbed down the bank and, believing the river was the border of the United States to Canada, removed his clothes and swam across the river coming out near Lake Avenue & Winchester. Police took him to Rochester General Hospital for treatment.

Well, they transplanted everything else so why not the Niagara River?

SHOOTS DOG WITH BOW AND ARROW

A 31 year old white woman from Dewey (0907) Avenue reported to police at 9:30 A.M. that she had seen a man shoot a dog in the head with an arrow in front of 941 Dewey Avenue. She identified him as a 31 year old white man. She told police that about that time a man told her he saw the man shoot a black dog from the bow and hit the dog in the head. He said that after the dog was hit, he ran north on Dewey Avenue. A policeman talked to the suspect and he admitted that he had shot the dog in the head.



fig. 1.

Inmates Plead

One of the white inmates revealed to a WHIR reporter that a black inmate rushed up to him and said, "Baby, you look good to me. I could devour you for my dinner and come back and get the rest of you tomorrow morning for my breakfast." He said he pleaded with the bawly black man not to use him like he was a woman, but the raving sexist told him that white meat was good to eat and that he liked it better than he did dog. Eleven of the white prisoners got busy slashing their wrists so they could get the attention of the bums as they describe them who are supposed to keep order in the jail. Some of the inmates declare that jail is the biggest house of prostitution second only to the penitentiary.

At 5

Beirut

President Ahmed Hassan Bishr of Iraq gave a 5-year-old boy a house in appreciation of his mathematical genius, said a Iraqi news agency said yesterday. The child, Abdel Samad Amer, has not entered school yet, but he is capable of such mathematical feats as calculating the square root of ten-digit numbers, the agency said.

United Press



fig. 2

Figure 1 and Figure 2 illustrate Living Bird Life being generated out of the new life material available at 39 cents a pound at Oneba Products Truck Stores from coast to coast. In one afternoon you could generate enough pigeons to fill the eaves of grain warehouses and bus and train transfer places from Cincinnati to Muncie. This stuff can be used to generate what some connoisseur's agree is the most exquisite chinnaberry lotion while others say no, dumbly closing their eyes. Oneba is Life.

Store in Supreme Guttled by Fire Following Shooting

NAPOLEONVILLE — Fire, apparently started by an arsonist, gutted a grocery store in the Supreme community an hour after a shooting incident in which a bystander was struck in the back by a ricocheting bullet.

Alvin Ayense, 63, owner and operator of Ayense's Grocery and Bar, was charged with aggravated battery in the shooting incident by Assumption Parish deputies.

Sheriff Murrie Landry said several customers in the store Tuesday were using profane language and causing a general disturbance. When they refused to leave Ayense pulled a gun from beneath the counter and fired a warning shot into the ceiling.

The sheriff said the bullet struck a metal beam in the ceiling, ricocheted through a store window and struck Loraine Nelson, 23, Supreme.

The Nelson woman, who was outside the store, was taken to St. Mary Hospital where she is listed in satisfactory condition with a gunshot wound in the back.

About an hour after the shooting incident, a sheriff's deputy started flames at the store, which had been vacated after a policeman's arrest. The fire destroyed the interior of the building, Landry said.

A state fire marshal said he had found fragments of a Molotov cocktail had been thrown through a window of the store. Ayense was in custody Thursday in the Assumption Parish jail with bond set at \$2,000.



[PLANT
LICE]

What's the real truth about them?

Quote: "We ought to make a collection or particular history of all monsters, including the new large prairie clams, and prodigious burbs or productions, and in a word of everything new, rare, and extraordinary." Lord B.

MOTTO CHANGED

The boy scout motto has been changed. It was, "to be square." It is now, "to help other people." The perjorative connotations of the word "square" initiated the change. The new scout handbook also describes the effects of Pharmagucci's crystal on young white boys. Some people feel like they know more while they are suffering from its effects but its only part of the illusion that eventually leads to death and addiction. FACT!

LEONARD TO BOX TO RITCHIE

The leonard cardinals slipped aphisk slip to harvey boxwith, general manager. This tidal wave caught manager ritchie of the cardinals and succeeded in thrusting him too right out of the organization. The cards are dickering with Harry Chit, who in his prime could blow the ball past the pitcher's ear at a clocked speed of 108 mph.

kill Aphids



WE WRITE BEANS OF NOTATIONS AND BEYOND BEHOLD DIAGRAM.



HE WAS HIS TEAMS BEST ALL-ROUND BACK



TOGETHER THEY SANG 'TOLD ME IN THE GYM' THROUGHOUT WHIRLWIND OF A TOUR.

A new species has come to be entered in the logbook of ornithology. The Maggot Hawk, or el pequeno malador, as he is known in Baja, California, was discovered only incidentally as a result of recent research done in that area concerning preservation of the endanger of California Condor. It was then that ornithologists became aware of the little predator (Buteo malus, smallest of the genus Buteo) and the unique symbiotic relationship between Maggot Hawk and Condor. For years ornithologists have been puzzled as to how weak-eyed Condors were able to detect the presence of carrion, upon which they sustain life in the arid wasteness of Baja. It was only with the advent of telephoto lens, and cameras suitable for harsh desert climate, that this mystery was solved.

Observers noted that Condors circled lazily over the desert floor before quite abruptly descending to feast on the carrion. Watching ornithologists thought at first the small object which dropped from the Condor's breast was a clump of feathers. The team of scientists was amazed to discover that the telephoto lens and high speed film revealed the blur of feathers to be a very small bird of prey. Further study has found that the keen-eyed Maggot Hawk attaches itself to the breast of the Condor by means of a suction cup situated on back of the head, much like remora attach themselves to sharks. Unlike remora, whose suckral disc consists of lamellae (gill-like openings) the suckral disc of the Maggot Hawk resembles a rubber suction cup, both in texture and appearance. The suction cup enables the hawk to cover the same wide range as the California Condor, overcoming the handicap of its short, stubby wings. Even more astounding, the Maggot Hawk guides the Condor by tapping it on the breast with its wingtips. The cooed by the pair has as yet not been completely deciphered. The smaller bird must be carried over the desert until, having guided the Condor to the carrion, is able to swoop down upon its hapless prey, the maggot. Hence, its name.

Anthropologists became interested in Butoo malus through legends about a tiny hawk which was used in certain religious rites by Yaqui Indians, who lived in the Baja before oil was rumored to exist there. Apparently, Yaqui Indians used the skeleton of the hawk in a curious form of mystical weather prediction. Older Yaqui have told how their Shaman, or medicine man, was blindfolded and threw the skeleton at a sacred rock. On the chosen rock, in a series of ever widening circles, different climatic conditions were inscribed. The innermost circle encompassed the weather condition "fair and warm." Succeeding circles ranged from mild to progressively severe weather conditions at the outermost circles. The ring in which the skeleton stuck served to fortell prevailing weather conditions in the coming phase of the full moon. The U.S. Weather Bureau has reportedly been investigating this phenomenon but refused comment as to its findings.

Dear Editors: Mother Dillars tells me she put her sore tit nipples with lemonade soda when the baby finishes. This prevents the scales in dry weather. I enjoy reading your newspaper very much. One of our neighbor children ate Fluff-Nickie, our toy poodle made from candy. We (my hus. and myself with a flashlight) found her in the garage with half her poor abdomen eaten out and the Wunty boy standing there with a funny sausage type thing which disgusted us. Can you legally print this? We dare you. The best from 2 faithful readers, Bob and Marla. 33 W. Cherry, Pasa Negra, Nm.Ar.

Are the words candy and rare, the latter as applied to cooked meats, correct Eng lish?

Certainly, though they are classed as Americanisms, the equivalent used in England being sweets and underdone.

"Was the country lovely Marie?" "Oh very lovely, it looked for all the world like a landscape painted by somebody." Indianapolis Journal

Another one of George Washington's body servant's has just departed this life at the age of 123.

Dr. Pharmagucci treats by electricity, medicine and the magnetic and suggestive methods. Postoffice Mobile Unit. Nightly.

Question: Is there any record of a person eating a quail a day for forty consecutive days? We do not know of such. The most stirring performance in this line is that of W.S. Walcott who, in 1893 ate two quails a day for 30 consecutive days, using pepsin, gastrin and such aids.



ONBEA TESTS ECOLOGY CAR

Watch closely, Folks!



INSTANT POSTUM

Candelopes are constituted of such fiber that they can be used as candles. A coathanger or ice pick may be used to pierce the melon for insertion of a wick. The tissue recedes from the flame in the same manner as wax, the vapor giving off a strong, fruity odor, smelling of overripe apples or pears. The Candelope melon may be eaten, although the flesh tends to cake up on the teeth.

LAST TIME TODAY

On the Stage KIRKPATRICK AND PEARSON Campus Crooners



Why

did Leonard Armstrong, 21, of 4655 N. Market argue with Miss Belinda Rogers, 19, of 3401 N. Union Blvd. and practically cut her nose off with a screwdriver?

Gay "Cruiser" Knuckles ass

Vigorous complaints have been uttered and placed with the curators of the City jail by white inmates. They claim that too often a sexy black inmate tells white inmates to come have a sex affair with him and turns it into a demand if the white inmate refuses. Billy Joe Tyler, a spokesman for white inmates in City Jail, revealed the horrors that becloud their lives by black sexists. He cut his wrist along with other white inmates expressing sorrow and disapproval of the many sex acts committed upon whites by black sexists. One black sexist is said to call himself the "hammer" and makes white cellmates yield to his every desire and he is the very epitome of freakism and homosexuality. Billy Joe

LEMMO PLUMBER CAMPAINE

I say the narrow tire is one of the most destructive of the agencies that tend to destroy a well paved street, and it is poor business economy for the city to go on paving streets and at the same time permit thousands of wagons with narrow tires to go on cutting them up as fast as they are laid down. When to the narrow tire is added a pressure of 3,000 or more pounds it becomes a formidable weapon with which to ruin streets. Pass the wide tire ordinance and transform the heavily loaded wagon from a road destroyer to a roller, which will tend to preserve instead of ruin the streets. Vote for me. Plumber Lemo.

Dear Info Ed: We would appreciate any information you might have on whether the great explorer Cabera de Vacca ("Head of the Cow") was one and the same person as one Vasco da Gama. Thank you, Elf Sheffo & Sil. partner.

PIONEER WYOMING RANCHER SHOOTS BOY HE FINDS SLEEPING NEAR STORE



Sleeping Boy



Murray Lucilel Hitler Harris

\$25 reward for the arrest and detention of Henry Walker, about 30 years old, slender, about 6' tall, sandy mustache, light hair and grey eyes, a little lame in the right foot from a horse falling on him about 3 months ago. Sheriff W. Prop holds warrant on this man. Box 591

Mr. Burrough's suggested I should send you a mag so here it is

M. Cazazza

Dear Ed. We have written you many times. We have swamped the S.W. ed. with pleas for action. We have begged and beseeched. Unless something is done soon it will be too late. Now, and we shudder to say it, now they are wearing armptless long John shirts. This is your last warning from Ratton Mickey and Taco Sal, Ledoux, New Mexico.

Dear Moon: In Carson Indian Lapchick lay dead

FACTOTUM: Leon Yashid, Arab automotive innovator, announced today the completion of a new gas shortage car. The New machine has five wheels. The fifth wheel carries the fuel tank which trails thirty feet behind. This longer fuel line, Yashid claims, will slow gas consumption since it will take the fuel longer to reach the engine. "Engines will run much slower," Yashid said in Johannesburg.

Box Barclay, toll dresser for the Midland Oil company, established what is believed to be the world's death record for man in descending into the earth, when he went to the abyssal distance of 225 feet at Round mountains to attach a hoisting chain to a welded casing.

WOMENS BY TOM AVERILL The women are all roosting alongside the soda pop near the carts. Two of them have done their shopping already, and keep making false starts for home. The other two are checking their lists against sale prices. Vera June is the ugliest, but she's the only girl out of high school and still not married—except for Wanda May Riley, only she doesn't count because she stays home and primps while her mother goes to Charley's store and talks about nothing else but how some fella over in Circleville is probably going to ask for Wanda May's hand any minute now. "He came over just to see her last night. They made such a nice, cute couple sitting on the sofa. They hardly even looked at the TV they had such eyes for each other." You know how the women talk when they want to get each other excited.

I hate like hell going into Charley's—unless it's Saturday when there's enough folks that one fella gets diluted. But the rain gummed up the bottom so bad I can't work it. The women can do their work in any weather—as regular as a postman delivering the mail—by shopping, or just being in a store watching a fella like me pack a box full of groceries. They're like chickens, the closer you come the louder they get. By the time I load up my week's supply of peanut butter, white bread, donuts and pot pies, and head over to take home a gallon size bottle of Coca-Cola, their voices are banging and clattering against each other like dishes being put away in a hurry.

"I guess Randy ain't been to church since his Mother died." Vera June's voice pops out so sudden it scares me as much as if I'd bent over and felt the seat of my pants rip out.

"Well, invite him to the pot luck, then, Vera," says Mrs. White, forcing a lot of air into her voice so that it'll sound like she's whispering.

"Oh, I can't," says Vera June, louder now, "I'm too shy."

"Come on, honey, he ain't no Rock Hudson," says old Miss Dashed, not even pretending to whisper. I turn red. In the yearbook they said I was so ugly I scare possums and make buzzards sick. Still, I probably never scared as many mirrors as Vera June, but all the women are cackling and bending down to slap thick thighs. Like cats playing with a half-dead mouse, they won't stay interested unless I make a move. I try to stay calm.

"Pot luck dinner?" says Mrs. Martin. "Pot pies more his style."

I look at them from the corner of my eye as I take the Coca-Cola from the shelf and hurry down past the potato chips and candy to the counter and Charley. He's smiling as he rings up the groceries, his eyes twinkling. He pretends not, but he hears everything the women say.

"Don't worry," he mumbles. "One of these days you'll get married and they'll mostly leave you alone."

"Fat chance," I say. I pay him the exact amount and leave. When I'm putting the box in the sea, the screen door slams shut and Vera June is heading toward me, scuffling a little so that she kicks wet gravel out into the highway. She's got a little girl smile on her face, like she's going to ask me for a penny, to buy some chewing gum.

"Pot luck's Sunday night," she says, not looking at me, but at my chest.

I wonder if I'm breathing hard, so I stop altogether. She's still smiling when I look at her, and I know we're both red.

"Yea, I say, 'I can't cook.'"

"I'll cook for two," she says.

I can tell it's already planned out.

"You come get me at five-thirty."

I wish the bottom wasn't so gummed up. "Okay," I say. "I'll be there at five-thirty." I keep my head nodding as I climb into the seat of the truck. I start it up fast and rev it out onto the highway. She's moving close to the store so she won't get hit by flying gravel, and I hold my hand up until she waves, then I act like I was just adjusting the rear view mirror. I see her in it. She still has that little girl smile on her face. I'll be a grown up laugh when she tells the women inside. Damn it.

A GERMAN STORY
The German aid to Mexico, too little too late. We think the Germans are bad hombres too. But they are not. They have sent 20 cases of Irish Whiskey to Mexico. Yo estoy llorando por la noche negra! We are under the opinion that the mexs are dumb, they are not either.

WANDO HOTEL BATTERED, G - STRUNG

The White House is in a state of horror today. Wando Hotel, a recent immigrant to the city, from Tennessee, invited to a White House Homecoming for President Oneba by forces anxious to make her coming here smooth, was found, battered and naked, on the floor of the Oval Office. Ms. Botel, one of Memphis' Finest, elite, suave, a comely member of the Southern 4000, was beaten so badly in the eye mouth area that the coroner fears total restoration of the disgraced visage may be impossible.

Ms. Botel's father, immensely powerful, was met by President Oneba at the airport this morning.

P. Neuman, Gone-Queer, Kills Self in K Top

Just last week he was half-normal, this week he 's dead as a pregnant spider killed by its own egg after giving birth. He did such a hideous job on himself that it wasn't clear which was the face, which the feet. He drank enough Pluto Water to launch a small bottle rocket to Alpha Centauri. Why do they suddenly go mad like this, descending into homosexuality's velvety Lou-Reed orientated gilded palace? Then poisoning themselves? AND THEN, ON TOP OF THAT, SHOOTING THEMSELVES UP NOIRABLY, limb by limb, the smell of burnt powder and singed flesh stinking up the room like the dream of hideous scientist, Neuman, presumably, stared out through the suburban shudders until the blond delicate boy, with the thin germanic northern lips, rode by on his teen speed. The legs, nearly hairless, but fuzzed with light blond hair, must have caught Neuman's eye. We presume from the writings that he felt profoundly ashamed. Part of this shame was understood through a profound hatred Neuman developed for his coarse black beard and hair. He even hated his glasses frames for being the same color. The boy looked up at Neuman's face, not knowing he was watched. He could not see Neuman but the glass was seen and was watched. At that point, P. Neuman was transformed, his life stretching out before him, epidemic sexual activity clearly foreseen. And then an open grave. Then Pluto Water and the gun came on, and shortened the drama.

UNDERDOGS

Sandy Graves has died in Florida, buried alive on the beach, a Caucasian trying to be the first such to join Chicanos, Brothers, a black fraternity at the St. Petersburg branch of the University of South Florida Medical Extension. He suffocated when the sand walls of a mock grave in which he was lying collapsed and buried him, a result of what Dr. Stones calls deeply buried hostile murder fantasies now surfacing in the culture as a whole. Rufus "Monzo Man" Antonius, the president says, "The more he struggled the more he became embedded in the wet sand." Graves was 6'4 inches of rugged man. Seven members of the fraternity are up on manslaughter charges... Employees of a bus terminal watchman horror Monday night as a Miami man fatally slashed his throat and stabbed himself repeatedly in the chest. Fred Thomas was dead on arrival at a hospital after the incident in the cafeteria of the Greyhound bus terminal. He came east from California. Security guards struggled with the victim trying to get the knife away from him. "He was split from one end to the other, screaming and gasping for breath," the guard said. "I tried to get a pressure bandage on his throat but he must have been doped up or something. I've never come across anyone so strong." Olga Pimentel, cafeteria supervisor said, "I ran to see who it was and saw him slashing his throat," and then she said this: "He died it about three times. After he did it he just stood there screaming. It sounded horrible."... Underdogs in our town include the ones at the hospital, in Brigham South. Emily P. had a nice time with her sister the other day and evening. She seemed to have enjoyed herself, after coming back and telling us about it. We're all here working to keep our ward clean. Sometimes the task seems too much for some of the patients, but they do a pretty good job considering the circumstances. Joan T. is sometimes bringing what she can to us. David E. bought some nice things for several of us. The beautiful flowers look pretty sitting in the office.

SPECIAL SPECIAL SPECIAL EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
Eric Starvo Gault call himself a victim. He shot Dr. Martin Luther King down. He travelled under the ESG code name with carefully wrought fake ID moving via the Holiday Inn chain motel/hotel system. Now he claims he was a victim of railroad, and alleges that the U.S. system of fair play has been damaged beyond ruin through control by the wanton. He says he is plagued by an unfortunate recurrent nightmare: of being led through a series of identical rooms. In each room he meets a man almost identical to one he has seen before, but in whose face there is something, some small detail, that has been modified, so that no two of them are quite alike. Each of the men gives him order hearing slightly more responsibility on his shoulders than the time before. In the last room, Gault recalls, in which there is no door leading out, he meets a man whose head is wrapped in a bright, rainbow colored cloth, who, at the same point in the dream each night, draws a small knife from his suit pocket with his left hand and begins to work on the wooden desk: miraculously, with a few deft strokes, a brilliant carved wooden mallard is carved out by the man. It is nestled in soft wood shavings and coos quietly. Gault sits there and watches as the processes of miraculous reproduction proceed. The belly swells up, the head elongates the bill doubles in size; suddenly, two birds are clucking in the shavings. Gault says that at this point, he weeps openly before the man and the two ducks.

Head Discovered

MANILA — A giant shark that had promised to be a delightful delicacy at a central Philippine market place turned into a turned prospective buyers angry in revulsion when a woman head popped out of the fish's belly as it was being cut up.

The Philippine News Agency said that the hammerhead shark, which was about a ton, had been captured by five fishermen off Cebu Province.

Deeper in the 18-foot-long beast's belly were found human limbs and the remains of what appeared to be a dog, the news agency added.

SPORTS NOTE

Mack's Men Lay Collegians Low—Yankee's spent today in idleness as a result of heavy rains, which swept the city from early morning to late afternoon. A slick driver who had dosage in Peoria Penthouse, found half dead. A young colored boy of Pittsburg says he "knew" Dick... And suddenly the City was rocked by the darker manners of the news as the story spread cancerously out... It was a beautiful fall bluish day last Saturday and all of Wauksa lived with clusters heavily on the hills like grapes above the Kaw to watch the school's oarsmen work out on the brown water. Then Mack's Men came

COOK IT UP--RECIPE 1

Two medium size dills are called for here. Dice them up. Put them aside and don't do anything to them because that isn't kosher! Fry a plantain in a brown sugar oil combination. Bananas are alright, but not so sweet! Sprinkle fried banana with a little chopped parsley and blend dice dill and add a quarter cup of water stirring, all the time frying the whole thing up. Now let it simmer, boiling is o.k., simmering perfect! This meal will cook it self if it is left alone. Nothing more needs to be added, except for the remote likelihood you'll be asked to then add some milk. If its too bland, add some garlic or throw some onion in. Some like more sugar on the plantain.

"The Butcher"

Amiable Ed Gein, whose secret life was a Pandora's box of horrors when the lid was lifted in 1957, wants out of the booby hatch. But the good burghers of Wauhsura County, Wisconsin, are far from sympathetic with his aim.

PEOPLE IN THE SCENIC lake region of Wisconsin's Wauhsura County got mighty uncomfortable one day this summer. It was like you were doing off in a chair in your backyard and someone sneaked up behind you and ~~chopped~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~cup~~ ~~down~~ your throat.

There was Ed Gein, ~~Opel~~ ~~littering~~ in the witness chair in the courtroom in the county seat at Wauhsura and telling a judge that no matter what he was 17 years ago he was now 100 and would very much like to be buried, gone from Central State Hospital.

He was kind and soft-spoken, and somewhat what you might call, pleasant, but there were people around who were scared. Ed was a nice guy, always smiling back in 1957. That was the year the cops grabbed him and took away his secret life, which was a horror.

An Amiable Man

Back in 1957 Ed was a 50-year-old farm boy living on a remote 150-acre farm seven miles from Plainfield, a village of 100 residents, in the northwest of Milwaukee. He'd been brought there as a youngster of 6. He lived with his parents, George and Augusta, and one older brother, Henry.

Ed, with the exception of Ed, was unneighborly and uncommunicative. Ed was friendly and gentle and likeable people.

Augusta Gein dominated the household. She was a stern woman who generally issued strict orders to her children. Ed over and over about women. They were the greatest sinners in his mind. He didn't include herself, of course, in that category.

If on occasion Ed did get an urge to go out with a girl, his mother made sure that urge was quickly suppressed. One day Augusta had a paralytic stroke. Ed rushed to his mother's aid. His tender care assisted her. He turned her room into a shrine.

The Perfect Neighbor

Eventually his grief wore off and Ed became the perfect neighbor. Even in middle age, he was always available to help his neighbors.

He never cursed, smoked or drank. He was a very quiet, reserved, rather frequently visited by him as something that was not only such a pleasant guy but an accomplished handyman. He never turned down a carpentry or handy job. He was always smiling back on it on time and he never overcharged. He was a very good neighbor. He was a hammer and knives (especially knives), Ed was pretty handy. This was the breadwinning department. The rooms of his farmhouse became a clutter of his own reason may have been that he had developed a habit of collecting things. One reason it gave him that old routine life was that he had a lot of things. He was a collector. It was one of those hobbies that simply had to be pursued by him.

Somewhere along the line, in spite of the warnings of his revered mother, Ed became a collector. He was a splinter named Adeline Watkins who had been married to Ed's father and her hair in black. She lived with her husband in Plainfield.

Ed and Miss Watkins generally got together to do some work and never at all. Maybe he was ashamed of the cluttered house and she was not.

Dog Crime Turns

Usually the couple talked about Ed. Ed had books about lions and tigers. Ed had a dog named Ed. Ed's stories, true and fictional. Ed was quite a critic of criminals and also the people who preyed on them.

"He'd tell how the murdered did wrong, what mistakes he made," Ed's Watkins recalled, and Ed's perception of

"GUNS DONT KILL PEOPLE---PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE"

Oneba said this, 1945

SHAME

Movie Entailers Have Had by a Fire on the Floor from a Hole Cut in the Roof (No Chances Completely Destroyed)

Cafeteria Scene

SAN ANTONIO, TEX. (AP)—Employees of a bus terminal watched in horror Monday night as a Miami man fatally slashed his throat and stabbed himself repeatedly in the chest.

Fred Thomas, 31, was dead on arrival at a hospital after the incident in the cafeteria of the Greyhound bus terminal. Officials said Thomas was en route east from California.

John Scott, an on-duty policeman working as a security guard, struggled with the victim twice trying to get the knife from him.

"He was split from one end to the other, screaming and gasping for breath," Scott said. "I tried to get a pressure bandage on his throat but he must have been doped up or something. I've never come across anyone so strong."

Olga Pimental, 27, cafeteria supervisor, said she heard Thomas screaming. "I ran to see who it was and saw him slashing his throat," she said. "He did it about three times. After he did it he just stood there screaming. It sounded horrible."



Olga Pimental

THE FOOD PLAYERS

Peanuts Lowrey lf
Taffy Wright of
Pie Traynor 3b
Cookie Lavagetto lb
Peach Pie O'Connor c
Prunes Moolie rf
Luke Appling ss
Bobby Wine 2b
Grapefruit Yeargin p

THE GOOD PLAYERS

Wally Moses of
Charlie Nice 2b
Deacon White 3b
Fred Valentine lf
Honest Eddie Murphy rf
Jacob Virtue ss
Babe Young lb
Pius Schwert c
Preacher Roe p

THE FEATHERED

Alan Storkie ss
Goose Goslin rf
Tris Speaker of
Ducky Medwick lf
Chuck Gaudin lb
Fritz Tebbets c
Otto Vogel 3b
Jackie Robinson 2b
Doug "The Bird" p

THE LITERATURE PLAYERS

Pearl Du Monville 2b
Roy Tucker rf
Frank Merriwell ss
Mighty Casey lf
Luke Gofannon of
Roy Hobbs lf
Bruce Pierson c
Johnny Madigan 3b
Chip Hilton p

TINTERN ABBY PLAYERS

Babe Dahlgren lb
Cupid Childs 2b
Babe Herman lf
Babe Ruth rf
Baby Doll Jacobson of
Loren Babe 3b
Babe Towne c
Swamp Baby Wilson ss
Somy Siebert p

THE BAD PLAYERS

Billy Lush rf
Braggo Roth of
Andy High 3b
Fatty Fothergill lf
Harry Chiti c
Hosea Sinner ss
Peek-a-Boo Veach lb
Jersey Joe Stripp 3b
Charley Faust p

THE NATURE TEAM

Ty LaForest 3b
Bob Seeds rf
Woody English ss
Jim Greengrass of
Oak Taylor lf
Fred Stein lb
Jake Flowers 2b
Branch Rickey c
Charley Root p

Z TEAM

Frank Zak ss
Rollo Zeider 2b
Al Zarilla rf
Gus Zernial lf
Heinie Zimmerman 3b
Norm Zauchin lb
Billy Zitzmann of
Dave Zeafross c
Ed Zimich p

c/o Wood Chuckling
Mgr.
Dept. of Baseball

Calas Ignites

TO HARNESS NEPTUNE

WACO MAN'S INVENTION TO CONVERT THE OCEAN'S SWELL INTO MECHANICAL ENERGY.

AIR COMPRESSED BY WAVES

A DEVICE CALLED AN AIR MOTOR MADE TO OPERATE BY THE UNDULATIONS OF THE SEA.

SUGGESTIVE EXPERIMENTS MADE

The Prototype approved by Scientists. The Inventor is a Retired TEXAS LAWYER.

NIXOLA of Wall Street

Not a line of slush. Not a line of dullness. This is a romance of business with all of the flavor and none of the fever of a Wall Street atmosphere. The dialogue sparkles, and the story moves with graceful swiftness. It is good to know Nixola, Aristide Cambeau and all the rest. Price \$1.50

THE BOYS OF HUNDLEY WARP

They were black, then. As the seals of the Pacific. As the hard baked black enamel of a Detroit automobile. As the soot at the bottom of a pipe. They were as black as they come then.

The king's name was Lionel, the name of a rude but proud black man. Proud as a bull elephant, or a beautiful black woman is.

Why do these dudes do what they do? Launching crude darts at the feet of white and black children? Nailing the hammy fists of white women to garage doors?

The Hundley Warp Gun Club is active in social causes.

An acid bath is suddenly conjured by these jokers out of a carwash, acids soaking the cars of whites and blacks too. Who let them loose? Where is God? Who is he?

A bottle is a mouth-cork to this bunch, a razor blade a mouth wash.

By these events, the Moon is pushed into the ditch mud, where it leaves an impression like a colby cheese.

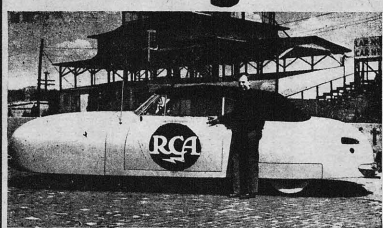
The Age of Aquarius leaves us with a very empty feeling sometimes. The machinery of our typewriters throbs and rattles at times.

DEAR MOON,

Why does Oneba pick his nose like that? In public? In private? Is it a nervous tic? The pressure of the job? Or what?

Answer: Oneba is the one. The nose, the finger, what is the difference.

Motoring Munty Sane



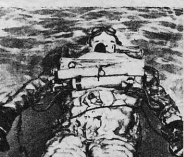
ANOTHER MUNTY FREE

The bureau of Motorpsychology has given a clean bill of health to yet another member of the much respected Munty family, the original motorpsycho road clan which toured the A&P's of the Nation during the 50's. Hilton Munty, shown here alongside his Radio Carz Association parade car, was released yesterday from the Agency.

Noted clinician, after exhaustive tests.

HE FLOAT

people float, people blow air at doll's faces as shown below, people do just about any thing you can think of. Take Peter Webebo, for example. Pete is a retired man, his career in suitcase manufacture having ended suddenly with an abscess of the heart muscle. His doc said, "Go south, Pete. Take it easy." And that's what our friend has been doing for the past five years, floating in the surf at, or rather out of, Gulfport, Mississippi on the balmy Gulf coast. His wife Mord says, "He floats out and in with the tide. Sometime's I'll look out the window and see him there on the beach and I'll think it's a



People

log, but it'll turn out to be just Pete rolling in with the morning tide." It seems that Pete has rigged himself a tether line more than 15 miles long, which allows him to float out considerable distances and explore the luminous fumes of the gulfstream. If he wants to come in quickly he need only push a button on his floatation gear and he is reeled in automatically by his wife. And the gal on the left is Carla—she blows air on doll's faces.

SHE BLOWS AIR

Remember—BE FROUD OF THE PROCESS. Send us your good-will messages—Box 591, Lawrence, KS. 66044

Milton's Reputation Well-Understood, Little Deserved



LOUIS (The Snake) MILTON

THAT'S SUE'S FIRST THESIS

1. What Oneba the One has disposed and sealed is called the inborn nature. The realization of this nature is called the process. The clarification [the bringing to light or making intelligible] of this process is called the moon.
- II. You do not depart from the process even for an instant! what you depart from is not the process.

Part Muse by w. prop. 26 November 74

DEATH NOTICE

TO

OUR UNFORMED

DEATH NOTICE DEATH NOTICE We're sick of raising money. We are sick of not being able to just grab it and run off, to erect a great newspaper and call the thing the Moon. We're finished, that's all.

Paid for by Sunflower Rents, Inc.

Dear Moon,

First you were the Process News. I follow you guys pretty close you know. Then you had a dismal bastard brother, the River City Moon. Neither were a decent bitwiper. Prostitution pigg, artificial waste, you guys have made an art out of catching the obvious in a see-th-rough saran wrap butterfly net and killing it.

Most of your stuff isn't that funny. Private jokes and privatize jokes—these two categories of your humor.

Eat your heart out at Big Lemo's.

Big deal.

Peggy Lawrence

MME. DUNBARS SPECIALS THIS WEEK

Hot Peanuts Lowrey En Papillot \$35.00

Lavagetto's New Cold Beef Cookies \$3.00

Prunes Moolie \$.99 per

Luke Appling in Sauce Bourgogne \$22.50

Grapefruit Wine Aspic "Bobots" 96 cents glass

Traynor's Brain Pies \$ a buck a slice

Fatty Dominick Plays Fiddle at Tables \$2.00

No Negroes refused. White admitted with tie.

FART MUSE

She has turned over again
I hear the breeze
of her nostril—
her rite nostril—
I find a quiet steel mirror
watching her good left hole
blow haze fog on the
lenses of my shades
she has cleaned my glasses
and camp mirror
I push a nose up this breath hole
warm moist dank sprays
on my house plant leaves
She struts and moans,
begins to cry,
"Yer using me again!"

HUNDLEY WARP PTA DRAWS BLOOD

Mysterious Incident

PRESIDENT DR. MARGO FLETT, PRESIDENT FLETT, HARGO FOR LIFE, showed surprised and impressed members of Hundley Warp District nalls driven into the hams of the hands. She has no evidence that this is the stigmat. In discussion later, after the group divided off, a resolution passed demanding public transportation for all school children to and for.

When cells of the top layer of the skin—the epidermis—form the front and never mature, porriasis has begun. A normal skin cell matures in 28 to 30 days as it passes from the bottom to the top of the epidermis. Porriatic cells form in six to eight days and proliferate chaotically. The disordered cells can form a thick keratin layer that can crack open when the victim moves a joint. If extensive porriasis goes untreated, large jagged scales can



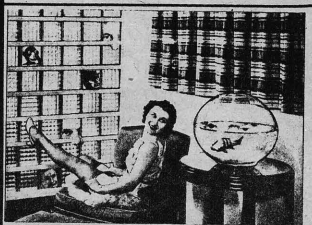
Then we must wince when we see another abomination, zombie composition. Here all rules of hyphenation are ignored in order to eliminate absolutely all decision-making and thus speed composition. The typesetter puts as many characters as possible in a line. If the last word is not complete, he places the hyphen there with no regard to syllabification.

ONEBA IN GARDEN CITY

One night about two years ago this past summer a woman lived in Long Beach at the time was returning home from Queens and driving across the Atlantic Beach Bridge when she saw Oneba.

FIRST OKLAHOMA TARIANDS RECLAIMED, AS MC
CARVER CREATES GREEN ERA

We picture the nation as depressed and pale now that rural areas have given way to the regular alteration of oil-salt spills and floods. The artist has drawn a complex of cabbage leaves, but Bohannan on McCarber, who promotes dirt farms across the state, now generates relief and life. The artist has drawn a green machine called the Green Era, which he constructed out of the sort of McCormick plow that was used to break the dead earth and elicit everywhere across the salt plains of the Southwest and where ever the green fields once grew. Carber has reclaimed the land and the artist has drawn a small town in the Texoma Basin. Carp parts and sparse cardboard (and horse turds) are found in the artist's drawing. The ruins are fed onto a chair and a car. The paul system powered by any TV set hooked into a DC outlet. (See artist's drawing of a car with a TV set hooked into it.) The widening spiral around and out from any central point sprinkling an even layer of fine rejuvenating product, which resembles a fine white powder. The artist has drawn yellow vine-climber tomatoes are now a six inch stand, and compare favorably as a crop. The artist has drawn a crop is growing in his root cellar.



Sherrif's Sale at the San Clemente Compound

DRIVEN AIMLESSLY NOW,
WRITING THE MEMOIR

Housed in Wide-Load Prefab
and pulled by semi tractor
Trailer.

(AP) Noxin is now (continued)

Dallas Flares Up

The choking sulfur clouds are over Dallas now, the hungry flames having licked fort worth clean. The mysterious crackling prairie blaze is non-extinguishable by ordinary means, though the fire was started by an ordinary man, acting alone. The tape recorders of the Moon, the special ones with chrome microphones were melted immediately, just after the fire scouts.

Yer Moon
How bout Bud Daily as a BB player or Leo
Zopilot

W. Prop

SIR I will give you the title of my book, *Getting Even: Tit for Tat*. After the publication of this book, I was elected a member of the House of Commons. I decided to read it myself. I was of BAM. I read that the self-same Lord of the Sexual, Roy Bimini, toys with the rich Eastern Seaboard chewing-gum girls crowd. I lay paralyzed in hospitals, and they call him Dr. Deth. I happened to see him stick him behind his ears and he is out there like a dog to kill again on the arena tee. We say haul his buttocks into the jail basement and blow air on his naked stomach until he goes mad. Let the TV cameras zoom in on him and show him sweating, crying, bleeding on the lips. Read his tale of a pook, written by a team-mate, backwards to him. Noxin, president before Folbot, said at the height of Bimini's career, 'This is the son-in-law I wanted but never got. This is a man.'

Then, a few days after this, on Sunday, in Wuntex Park at the lake, a friend and I watched Oneba hit a new low in some revelations he tried to deliver there, while sitting in a boat on the lagoon, using a loudspeaker. Someone in the crowd roared at his weary feet and asked the so called Oneba One to explain the myth of sexual purity among male athletes. Oneba then told, in a harsh amplified whisper, of his dream of himself in the future, when he would be a young, cold, shrivelled, lying, and aching, hot pancakes from the kitchen. I already was laughing and so was my friend. We thought he stank. He smelled like a dead rat in a hot crowd so you really couldn't hear him. Someone yelled that the police were rounding up the bushes in a reddish brown power boat, its chrome flashlight rods of light out through the willows. We have been there, seen the face, the wide jaw the balloon like cheeks. He makes Janey go off in the bushes to urinate. He's disgust- ing. I'm wrong to say that? Print this if you can figure it out. I want to place it, so that it will not offend. We say not so stupid out here.

Once in a while Ed would venture to talk about his hobby, which involved what he called a collection "of shrunken heads." He displayed a remarkable knowledge of embalming and anatomy. But, just as he began getting enthusiastic, he'd suddenly switch to another subject. He especially loved to talk about his mother.

Occasionally, Ed and Miss Watkins would go out. Miss Watkins' mother fondly remembered, after Ed got into his big trouble, that he always followed her instruction to have her daughter home from dates by 10 p.m. sharp.

"I liked to drink beer sometimes," Miss Watkins was quoted as saying, "but I would almost have to drag Eddie into a tavern. He would much rather have gone to a drugstore for a milk shake."

A Subtle Proposal

His last date with her was Feb. 6, 1955. "That night he proposed to me. Not in so many words but I knew what he meant. I turned him down. Not because there was anything wrong with him. I guess I was afraid I wouldn't be able to live up to what he expected of me." He had, without being aware of it, confronted her with an unattainable ideal of woman—his mother.

So, done with dating, Ed pursued his hobby with renewed passion and finally in the fall of 1957 things came to a climax. The secret life of Ed Gein was about to burst into the open, in all its pristine frightfulness.

On Nov. 16, a Saturday, Ed drove to the hardware store run by Mrs. Bernice Worden and her son, Frank. Mrs. Worden was a still-attractive widow of 58. Her son wasn't around; it was the height of the deer-hunting season and most men in the Plainfield area had left town to be stalking.

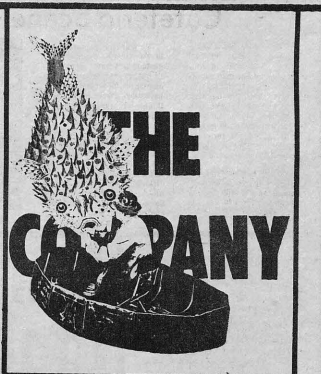
Ed told Mrs. Worden he wanted a can of anti-freeze. She made a neat entry of the sale in her journal and then filled a gallon can for him.

Later someone calling at the store found Mrs. Worden was gone. So was her delivery truck, which had been parked in the rear. All that remained of the woman at the scene was an ominous spatter of blood.

An Obvious Clue

Deputies led by Sheriff Arthur Schley examined Mrs. Worden's sales book for a clue and found one, which that student of crime, Ed Gein, had overlooked. The last notation in the book was the sale of anti-freeze to Ed.

QUESTION: WILL THE
NEXT PRESIDENT BE
A LOW ANIMAL?



ANSWER: "I was in the Oval room. I was brought the brains of a turkey in a porcelain bowl. I cast them in a pail of brine, and carefully read the swirling patterns of blood and oil, and even in this I saw no portent of feather or scale in this office"—ONEBA

SEX FACT. The earliest written reference to mutual onanism comes to us from an ancient Hindu object d'art in bas-relief. Regardless of the exaggerations, there can be little doubt about Cleopatra's fondness for the oral sex act.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

St. Louis Evening Whirl, River City Moon, Ladies Home Journal, Mark Johnson's essay, Dallas Evening News, Time, Life, Newsweek, Pensivex, Mechanic's Illustrated, Popular Science & Mechanics, Baseball Guide and Record Book 1946, Baton Rouge Louisiana Morning Advocate, Louis Simpson and the Earth Epylog, We Magazine of Rochester, Bill Green, Harper's, The New York Daily Call, August, 1938, Gerry Football President Ford, Chester, 1940, Robert Anthony, Wayne Pounds, Eric Pounds, Dolf Simons and the pitiful John Wilson, ISES, the Lucas Dailey Sun, Murray Lacifer Hitler Harris, "The Executive's Death," by Bob Bly, and Happy Chandler, Mrs. Chuck Colson, Roy Griddle, and the American People by D. O'Hee, Goat Eye by Roger Martin, John Stuart Mill, Edmond de Launay, and Newspaper Design, Cabeza De Vaca's notebooks, Sheridan Post Enterprise, Wyoming, Jesus Fried Street Pamphlet, Tom Averill, Michael L. Johnson, Cazzie Loch, Scherbel of Australia, and Hepburn of Africa, Sassain the Traveler, Sunday Express Times, the restaurant, Clinton, Louisiana Daily Register, Los Angeles Times, the National Geographic Society of David Hann, the late Prentiss Handbook, the animal stories of Virgil A., Indianapolis Herald, 1900, New York Times, 1919, William burroughs, Richard Shafter, and of course W PROP, the science of astrology, particularly Dana Rudhyar, Kansas City Star, Topeka Daily Capital, Jim 'Wood Chucking' and the restaurants of London, the English Department, who made the first film of the French Baronne, Thomas Mann, Jim Joyce, ed gein e d brune living heterosexual, P. Neumann, Wilbur Mills, San Francisco Chronicle, Natural Science Magazine, all the trashy Don Juan books, zen koans. Secondary sources: idea people - Jim Miller, in fact that whole Miller clan; special thank Charles Leach, the author of the book, The Communist, our Eastern man, and Ohle's ex brother in law, Charlie Leach. And last but not least, the most important of all, those who processed everything, the editors: Roger Red Dog Martin M.A., junior exec., and assistant writer, and Dave Ohle, B.S.M.A., senior ed., and J. Meyers, advertising. Topeka Kappa Psi and the Junior Order of the Community World, Lou Reed and the colored girls. And many more from Fred Carpenter. T.V. The political circus. Our stolen ideas as they appear in Wisconsin Death Trip. C'est fin!

Listen: On Saturday nites we hop down to the Oounset and crank up the juke box. Then we do the Hip Hug and the High Thigh, and the Romp, we love Lou Reed too, until we begin to sneeze Sweat from our do rags from drinking hot beer and codeine coffee. We hope that we haven't confused you stupid men, but we don't think these incidents are unrelated. We hope our little expose might turn a few eyelids. We're sick of the way things are. We feel confused. All is NOT one. We are many! Yours, Janeya & Jerry Bassi Barome. Janeya will die!

