

Drives Car Of Flame



GREAT UNITED STATES NATIONAL FIRE RAGES

There should be nothing ominous about a little man named Carman Munty peddling up from Mississippi in a home-made wooden car. There was no reason for him to be in Kansas, an Aquarius by natal sign. Munty was a Cancer, the Crab that Eliot refers to so elip-tically in his great paen Prufrock. Gorgeous men and women of China swung themselves slowly around great crackling bonfires. They heard soft rolling sounds of baloon fires behind them and the clacking of Munty's feet on the pedals. Bodies dropped back as if mighty Mercury himself was bringing a parchment in a pouch to Prince Douglas or Oneba, the one they call the One, as Munty peddled, drunk to the gills, into the fire where he par-tially ignited and drove onto the plain roundabouts. The dry grasses sparked to flame in a second. That is how the hideous national fire was begun. Now, major cities are building tall, stilt-like watchtowers and youths of the national Fire Scouts have been drafted to man the structures. As the sun transits into Capricorn, the great fire should quicken, boiling the blood of the residents of Muncy and other cities. The young men of the Fire Scouts will be the first to burn, even as they call in their last reports. The hair, the eyebrows, ignite.

U.S. FIRE

Rita's proud and turgid Mazola's haughtily jugged with tangible and intoxicating saliency into the rugose face of His Holiness. The patriarch, tasting a tea-stained madeleine 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 tiger and fawn and mushrooms, and before him the twitching, flexing limbs of the girl of his dreams, Rita Hayworth, beckoning his punctilious absolution. He must speak to this Madonna, he told himself, and responded "...WOO...WAB...GAW...GIMMEE..." 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 teetered 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 naueghyde 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 sort of Gregorian boo-ga-loo. An eerie 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 sirens. 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 which age 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 floors, the blow to her 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 unfolding during Ed's polygraph interrogation, follows:

Ed had always been strongly attached to his domineering mother. Eventually there came to him a wish to be a woman. He got to wondering if there were an operation that would turn him into a woman and he began studying medical books and anatomy. He even considered operating on himself. But he finally gave up the surgical theory.

When his mother died, Ed did a lot of brooding and finally he gravitated to a cemetery. He visited several cemeteries by night and the body-snatching got into full swing. He kept only the heads and skin and some other parts, burning the remainder in the old-fashioned kitchen stove.

He indulged in a grisly masquerade. He would put on one of his masks and parade around the house and if that stopped giving him that womanly feeling he elaborated on the mummery. He reportedly made puttees from human leather and a vest from a woman's torso and these two horrific garments, along with a mask, allegedly gave Ed "great satisfaction."

It turned out that Ed may have stolen a page from the notorious "Bitch of Buchenwald," Ilse Koch, who reportedly collected lampshades made from the tattooed skin of Nazi concentration camp victims.

Skin And More Skin

Deputies said Ed's home contained four chairs upholstered with what appeared to be human skin. And in a kind of music room, containing an ancient accordion, a rusty harmonica and a warped and stringless fiddle, investigators came up on a tomtom, made with what they believed was human skin stretched across the open top and open bottom of a large tin can.

With his seizure, Ed, little, slim, a man with a shy grin, all his life a non-

entity, was proclaimed in headlines as "The Butcher of Plainfield" and "Ghoul Gein." Unlike quite a few accused criminals he didn't seem to enjoy the notoriety a bit.

Charged specifically with the murder of Mrs. Worden, he retained William Belter, a leading local lawyer, but there was no trial, for a time anyway. Following examination by a battery of psychiatrists, Ed was adjudged incompetent to stand trial and Circuit Judge Herbert C. Bunde ordered him committed to Central State Hospital in Waupun.

Judge 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 crimes affected it.

Citizens Indignant

The village, they found, was "profoundly indignant" at the publicity, which it regarded as a reflection on its good name and reputation, and it found relief for a while in grisly 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 dig up a fresh date."

When the Gein estate was auctioned off, 2,500 persons showed up and "bid spiritedly for such items as a broken ax handle." And when an unconfirmed rumor spread that there may have been cannibalism, many townspeople developed psychosomatic symptoms, swamping local doctors with complaints of gastric disorders.

Finally, though, the people resigned themselves to the idea that their happy and supposedly healthy-minded town could actually harbor an unhealthy-minded gent like Ed. All hands agreed and were greatly comforted by the thought that Ed would wind up his days in a mental ward.

There were more shocks in store for the searchers. They found 10 female "masks" fashioned from actual faces. As police said they established later, Ed had lopped the tops off 10 heads, hollowed out the heads so that only the faces remained, skillfully embalmed them, backed them up with paper and tucked them neatly away in plastic bags until he needed them.

These evidently were what Ed had rather euphemistically described as his "shrunk head" collection.

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 Familiar Face

Sheriff Herbert Wansersky of nearby Portage County dropped over to give Schley's men a hand and quickly recognized one of the masks as the face of Mrs. Mary Hogan, 54, who three years previously disappeared mysteriously from a rural barroom she operated six miles from 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.

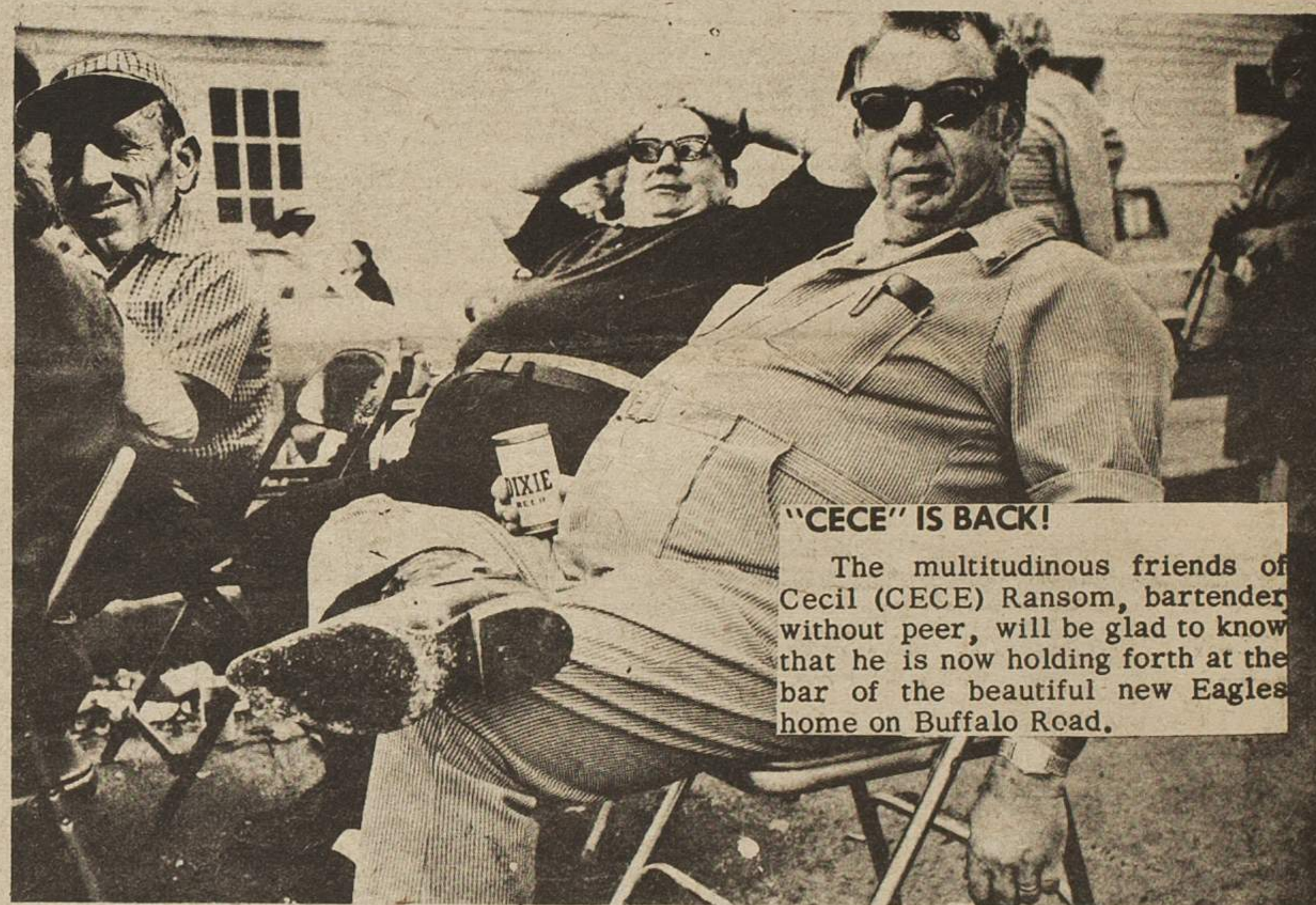
Ed was given a two-day series of lie-detector tests after which Charles Wilson, head of the state crime laboratory in Madison, said Ed confessed killing Mrs. Hogan. As for Mrs. Worden, Ed insisted he didn't remember killing her, but her body in the kitchen belied his words. Police believed he shot her in the store before transporting her to the farm.

The majority of women's head adorning his home, Ed insisted, came from snatching bodies from graves in the area. No matter how he got the bodies, murder or grave-robbing, the compulsion behind it all was said to be a weird sex impulse.

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 parts unknown. Many many wyves have offered to benefit me, sir, but I am made uncomfortable by their generosity. I am a shamed 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 wyves of the City that Eve was neither at fault for the condor 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. Pharmagucci 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 has been after the masive 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 cowlke 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 bonfire he planned to build of railroad ties on which he intended to roast Jody, the carp, should he ever catch it. In 1955, Waterman saw a small node 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 red 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."