LAWRENCE: ONEBA DEAD HERE

ELECTRICALLY sealed airtight gum cartridges and a glassine bag were found in the boat, along with an afrocomb, crudely tortoised 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 fac e where blood settled under the skin after the terrible and sudden occlusion, 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. Sherrif Prop and his men were on the sceneafrom 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

AT THE UNIVERSITY, KNOWN AS BUNNY BRAIN

Factory Co-Workers call her idle Sue.

Suzara Beloika 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 nowdays in the border City.

CAME A

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

One day she will sicken, howl, and die.

day.

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 dragg ed 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 freaked-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 globs 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.

Immigrant Mistakes River For Canadian Border—Swims Across

This is hilarious. It is a story of a 29 year old white man, a Ger-man 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

SHOOTS DOG WITH BOW AND ARROW

A 31 year old white woman from Dewey (900's) Avenue reported to police at 9:30 A.M. that she had seen a man shoot a dog in the head with a bow and 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 with the arrow 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

Immates Plead

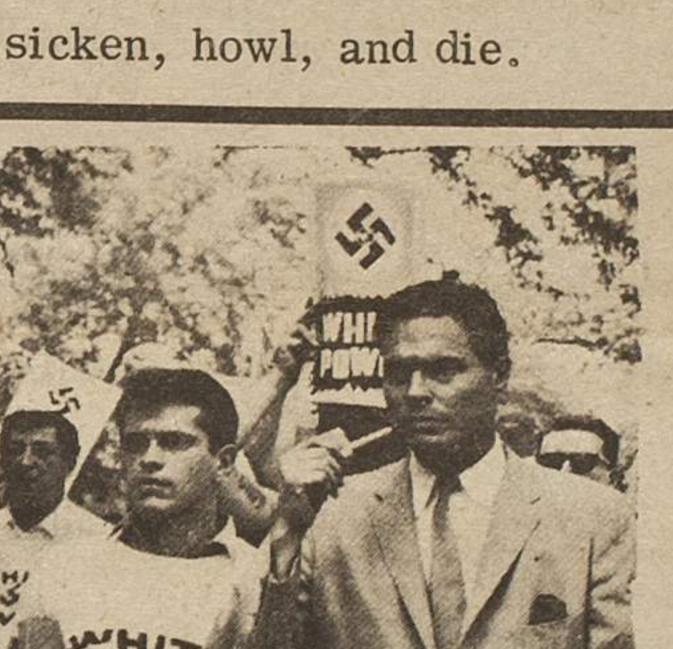
One of the white inmates revealed to a Whirl reporter that a black inmate rushed up to him and said, "Baby, you look good to me. I could devour you for my dinner and come back and get the rest of you tomorrow morning for my breakfast." He said he pleaded with the burly black man not to use him like he 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 dope. 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 the jail is the biggest house of prostitution second only to the penitentiary.

At 5

President Ahmed Hassan Bakr of Iraq gave a 5-yearold boy a house in appreciation of his mathematical genius, the 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



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 as not know.

BREAKDOWN OF LAW IS CITED

Sophia Fox poked her nephew Ta-tain's boy in the face by the eye borws with a bent knife, then let her ha ve 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 wingbone. The police were called but failed to respond. There were no physicians or pharmacists available at the Memorial Hospiral 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 -- \$3.

ALL'YOU EAT IN TEN MINUTES -- EGGS, FR-ITTERS; CANDIDATE ROKWELL IN PERSON SUNDAY. BE THERE

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.

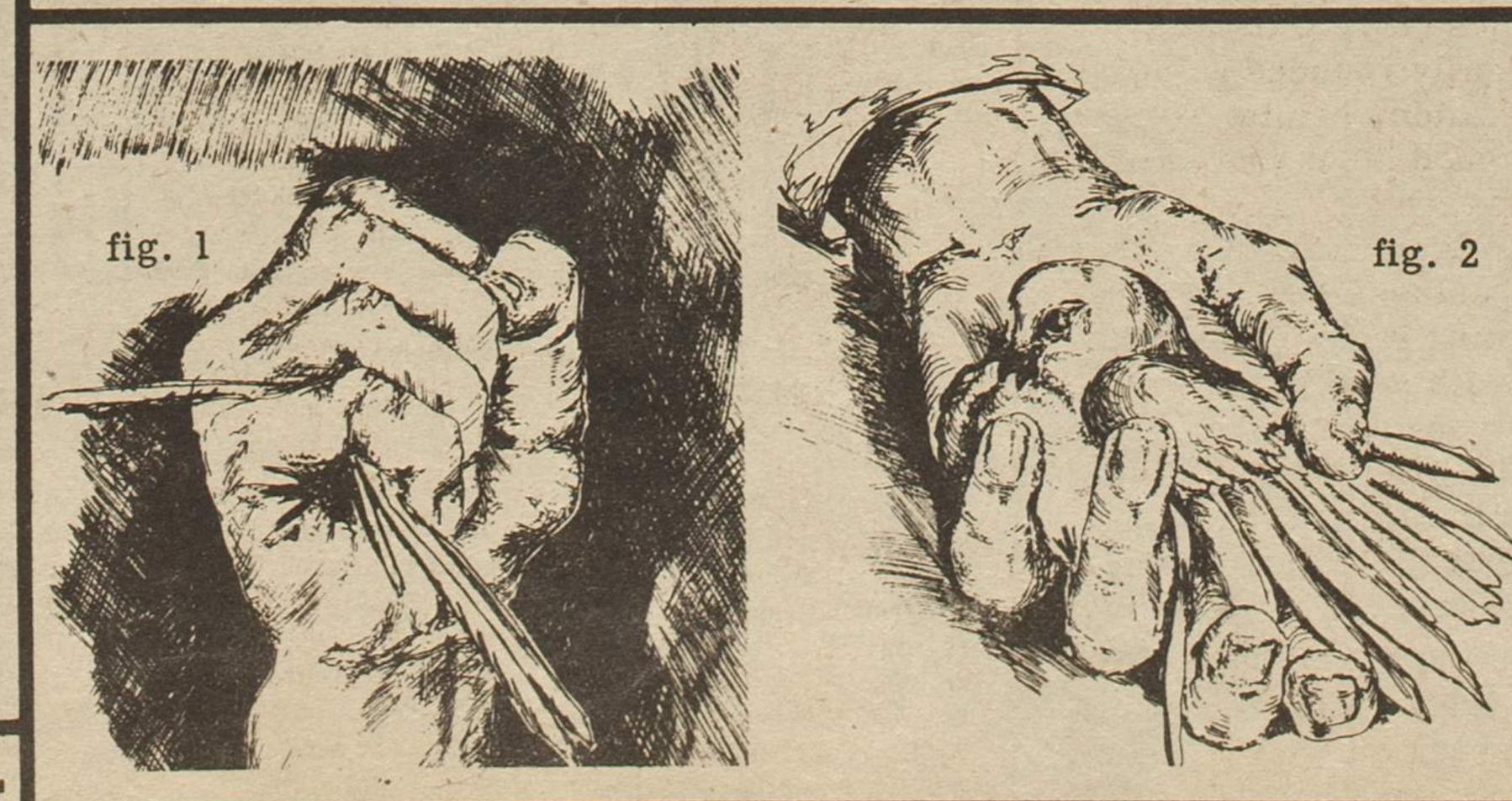


Figure 1 and Figure 2 illustrate Living Bird Life being generated out of the new life material available at 39 cents a pound at Oneba Products Truck Stores from coast to coast. In one afternoon you could generate enough pigeons to fill the eaves of giant warehouses and bus and train layover places from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

Preacher Liar And Swindler