

# Is the Chimp the White Man of the Jungle?

Wayne's Place by Tom Russell Hump DeMan is the big league Moon reporter who has blown the lid off the tuna trade and some other sick practices that have been used to keep his marriage together. The practices don't include his children, or any of those funny excuses he makes for them. He likes his kids all right, but the eldest has a cheap kind of palsey and the others get tired of reruns so they don't have anything else to do but sit around blubbering at each other. It must be like living in a goddamn zoo, Hump reported in his last Moon exclusive. The Moon, because it has no popular taste, is not hot for Hump to blow the lid off palsey; but Esquire, low down and high brow, and which had previously wanted Hump to process his first-hand account of how Junior Johnson mates, now has its expensive feelers out testing carefully the shakey waters of this subject to see if Hump can dig up something cute about these poor devils.

What the Moon, a dynamic new media, had in mind was much more veined in the lighthearted. We asked Hump: "What's the single most important American institution you could throw a wrench into, you big lug?" He asked if this was multiple choice, and we threw out answers a, b, c, d and none of the above. His response was short in coming. He was sitting around one moment in his mauve pucci underthings, with the picture of a Schlitz can emblazoned on the rump side, and the next thing we knew we were face to face in the harsh half-light of Wayne's Place with a raging fixture of disgust. Hump was drawing in magic marker across the front of his ketchup-stained tee shirt (with built-in bazooms) which he had pulled from his new journalism costume trunk behind the jukebox, a crude picture of Mr. Moo Cow, grazing placidly in a field. He then divided the cow up into portions which he labelled flank steak and rib eye (the reporter submits a graphic drawing here, which sadly could not be reproduced by our photographic equipment) and knee joint. The cow had chink eyes and big thick glasses and smoked a stogie. We all have said confidently in the 3 a.m. of our soul, that we could figure out Hump at the drop of his pants, and here we were nodding back and forth and pretending we each had a handle on this latest caper.

It wasn't until Hump went behind the jukebox again and came out 11 seconds later that we knew we were in for the biggest time a journalist can have, bar none: a genuine Moon revelation. Hump quickly stuck a quarter into the juke, then stood back as little pretty Miss Wynette layed into "Yer Cheatin' Hort." His head was cocked. His hair was bouffant, to deflect wind for two whole weeks. His noticeable, gold, pork-pie earrings tinkled together under his elevated chin like so many loose fish on a stringer. His seven erogenous zones--he still had on those lucious bazooms--were protected from the acrid elements of Wayne's Place by a tan, camel-hair carcoat, unbuttoned partway down the front we realized later, and thus actually decreasing the number of protected erogenous zones to four or five, depending on what turns us on. Frequent flashes of jasmine smell were emitted on the pulse spots of his juglar, yet were held in such control, as smells go, by Hump's skillful emission of them that they rose no further from his body than six feet, not even enough to attract the punk flies that were crawling over Wayne's face behind the counter and looked like they would jump at any new smell if they had the chance.

Some of us who were witnesses to this; who have been in the business of life's news 15, 20 years; who like to keep a bottle of rye in the back pocket, a sport hat with Moon Press cocked on the slant; who carry over our shoulder a beatup polyurethane typewrite case from which we can produce a miniature live monkey, if we have to, or a chihuahua, for a really fine story; for those of us who were there that day with Hump, we all just simply broke down and bawled on the spot.

A sick hatred and black bitterness made us say, "If this is what it takes today to write journalism, it just ain't worth going on, what do you think?"

No sooner had our eyes been deposited on this extremely personal journalist, twitching those golden rockers of his under Bob's overhead fan, than a furious argument ensued between the Hump we knew and the Hump that was now, before us. Hump was tearing himself to bits. At one moment it looked like the Old Hump, the cracshot objective reporter, was trying to pull the New Hump's bazooms off. But then the new Hump would come back saying strong things like, "Try writing your name in the snow now, buster, and see how far you get."

R. M. had gone over to a back booth and had taken his chihuahua out and was observing him slosely to see if we could get some new angle on "Hump The Man: Every Man as Reporter." It sounded good and it didn't take us long to come up with some stuff for the Sunday MOON. Hump had pretty well argued himself down to nothing. We newsmen see the tragedy every day, but we've got a job. Tomorrow it might get us. That's the risks you take working for the Moon.

"It is the Moon that plays the largest and most important part in the formation of the Earth itself, as in the peopling thereof with human beings. The Lunar Monads or Pitris, the ancestors of man, become in reality man himself. They are the monads who enter on the cycle of evolution on Globe A, and who, passing around the chain of planets, evolve the human form as has just been shown. At the beginning of the human stage of the Fourth Round on this Globe, they 'ooze out' their astral doubles from the 'ape-like' forms which they had evolved in Round 3." -----M. Blavatsky

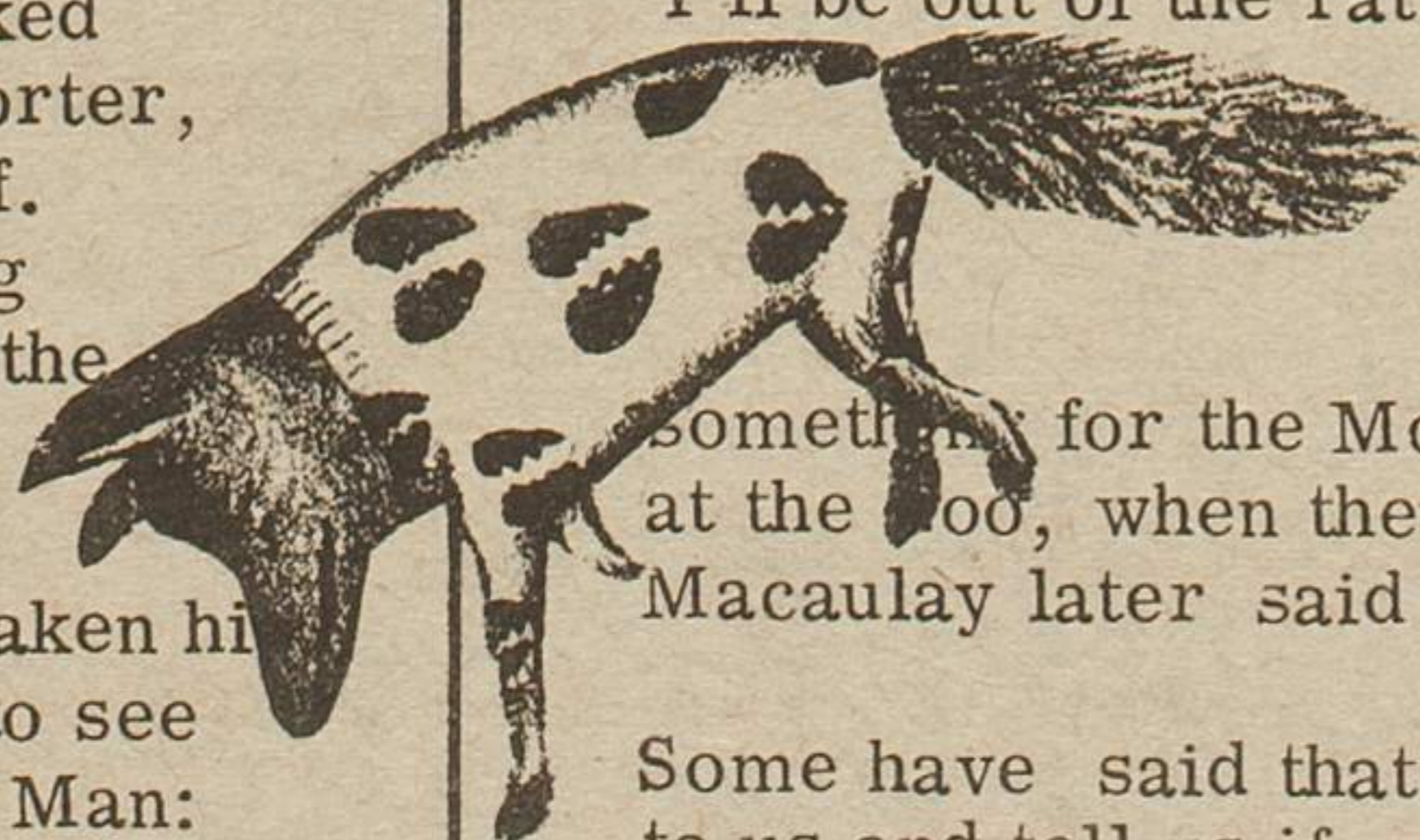
WHITE PUNCTURED (CONT.) his hair, I saw the glint of its precisely honed points. I then saw him pull the comb roughly through the flesh of the woman's pitifully rouged and sagging cheeks. Suddenly there was a scarlet bead of new blood, like a wax dripping, flowing from the ruined eyes. She said nothing, the woman. She took the pain in silence. She braved it for the white people, for the colored, for her friends who are afraid to go at large in the city at night, for her husband Scooter whose heart valves, she told me in a calmer state, had fluttered and without but a few hours warning, gummed, stuck closed and left him pale, and later dead with a purple splotching on his face. The furrowed scar I saw was healing as we talked in the solarium of l'hotel Dieu, the city hospital. The arm of a century plant, green and yellow and cobralike, dangled its point just above the bowl of bluish hair that sat upon her head. She squinted at me through what at first seemed an underwater mask. She went on to explain that her eyes would now be sensitive the rest of her life and she would have to wear these ugly blinders and wander mulielike through the streets selling pralines and plastic mistetoe to make a buck. She reminded me that other women, other white women, and colored, had been cruelly torn by combs on the St. Philip Street car. I asked if she had gone to Angel Billy and asked for a healing touch. She said no, she feared him, his powers were mysterious to her. I corrected her saying no, no, they're accepted by the agency, even Vitolo is within realms we understand today. And so the ST. PHILLIP STREET CAR carries on its bad reputation, almost like a tradition, through a generation. In all, 50 women were punctured, and ten percent did not survive the wounds. And now they dip the combs in henbane. All is confusion, what we call the Great National Confusion. We're waiting for the end now. All joy to the National Noxage. Kudos and cheers to the National City Moon. The future is finally as perfect as A and B.

Pierre Normale, gloomy gus and corrective agent for the City, told the Moon (the foremost NEWS organ of the Plain) that he sees no profits in the near future. The Moon realizes the hardship of a world without profits. It is our solemn pledge that when the kettle boils over, soup lines will be aforming, that when the noise of private assemblies grows too loud, scissors and knives will be broken out, that when currentcy regulations no longer permit an honest man a fair slice of the pie, we will be there with you. From Contributor H, processed by Martin.

Dear Moon--Oxford Dictionary of quotations, 2nd edition. no. 12.20 Toujours perdrix! Said to originate in a story of Henry IV's having ordered that nothing but partridge should be served to his confessor who had rebuked the king for his liasons. I bet toujours is no longer than any ol' 40 days. Your Mississississippi Correspondent Still not flood level yet 20.3 feet.

Dear Moon: I'll try to describe our trip for Moon readers. We are shooting for an economic base which combines the maximum economic self-sufficiency with a maximum of non-mechanical mobility. The general idea is to live as parasites on a herd of ponies and a pack of dogs. These are the 2 easiest animals to truck around with. The live off the land horse has to be the size of the Indian and Mongol pony, about 13 hands tall, about 800 lbs. My family of 6 will need 12 mares plus 3 or 4 geldings and stallions for heavy duty use. The ponies provide milk meat and transportation and cartage as well as hides for tents, harness, rope, etc. The dogs provide meat and furry hides for sleeping bags and warm winter clothing. Twelve mares should produce 12 colts a year. Butchered at 9 months old at an average weight of 200lbs each, probably more, we would have 2400 lbs of livind tissue to consume. We can use a pressure cooker to reduce the bones and extra hides, if any, down to a consumable form and feed it to the dogs or eat it ourselves if we have to. The greatest part of the weight of the bone is living tissue locked withing the mineral structure of the bone. Besides this, the 12 colts provide about a 100 to 150 square feet of hide. Boiling down joints, hocks, hooves,

provide oil to waterproof the hides. It all hangs together in theory and I'm sure we can work it out successfully. We have nine ponies so far. We have named them after the Muses. It will be at least 2 years before we set the trip to a functional stage. The dream of being free of the nerve racking mony trip inspires us and drives us on. We will live as nomadic squatters, but that is a lifestyle very attractive to people of our sort. We are "turned on" bikers. There's my testimony, Moon. Sounds OK? It's a little gory, but we really do love our beasts, in spite of how it may lool to a more sensitive soul. 72752 I'll be out of the rat race sooner than you. LOVE, Glen and gang. Write Lion, Pettigrew, Ark.



Something for the Moon (found in our mailbox) "Mr. Macaulay!" exclaimed the two young ladies at the zoo, when they caught sight of him, "Is that Mr. Macaulay? Never mind the hippopotamus!" Macaulay later said this was "the proudest moment of my life."

Some have said that the minds of the Moon's editors are like pudding with maggots in it. Write to us and tell us if you agree or disagree. No poetry, please.

"The eagle flies on Friday," says Danny Owlfeather, a Sioux visitor to the City from Ponca City, Oklahoma. "And Saturday I go out to play," he often adds. But when this red native buck has swilled all the sterno three dollars will buy, when he's been arrested for staggering blind drunk, taken to the judge and sentenced to six days in the slammer, then it's "Blue Monday, how I hate blue Monday" that he always says. From Contributor M. Ph. D.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine cure.