PRESIDENT ANXIOUSLY AWAITED BIG GAME COUNTRY 9



The end of the world. Of time. No cars. No ships. No planes. Travel illegal. Everything restricted. Air rots. All wait. Short tempers. I am an outlaw. I am travelling on a ship with friends. All move, since no one waits in one place for the end of the world. We argue to hysteria. I tell them we should put on shows, we are the actors, and shall pretend anger. People are committing suicide all over the ship, some with great style, others with abject efficiency. The cultured European Jews spill blood in the green pools. I cannot swallow water to suicide. I am told to kill a wealthy doctor. I slide in beside him on the car seat. He jitters, jiggles, fat, frightened, blubbering. We fear each other.

STATUARY RAPE

I knew a man once assaulted monuments.

It was odd the way he'd paw and grunt

to get a hold on marble, granite, little figurines

of lapis lazuli or chalk and once an easter bunny

made of late spring snow.

Then, the preacher had a talk with him:

"Pagan," you could hear across the old asphalt.

Most didn't care thinking pigeon-

dropping more disfiguring,

but those who did stayed up at night

to guard their pink flamingos.

A student Junk City U.



SIGH We all saw the Moon as fundamental

EDITORIAL --- THE NATIONAL TRENCH. We all saw the Moon as fundamentally a pie, perhaps the last one in the baker's case, but indeed a pie. And now, suddenly in America, a slice of it has come flaming to earth and cut a deep canal from Muncy to Loma Linda. Still a great apathy hangs over the Nation. They stand on the banks of it, drinking La Perla, stoned wild on Kaliman and the Noxage complex of drugs. All of them burnt like boiled crabs under the sizzle of the national Sun. The laughing moon changed to an angry one, as Black Elk forespoke. The editors pedal down to Madame Dunbar's for lunch. News of the Vitolo apparitions are travelling up and down the counter. We sip dark chicory coffee, eat Skrada-Kaka, talk to the customers about the undercurrents of the social river in this central city. We ask about the National Trench. One man tells us his frail daughter has come down with open blisters of the lip after drinking a quaff of its dim green water. Says another, dead catfish, carp, gar, perch, and all manner of fish are floating up dead in the stagnant pools along its rigid length, unbending the slightest for a thousand miles.

I GOT A BUNCH AND YOUR ADDRESS FROM WILLIAM BURROUGHS PUT ME ON THE LIST - WILSON

The main purpose of the Tortilla is as substitute for bread. A variation of the Tortilla are those made of flour, which are eaten mainly in the northwest of Mexico. There are two types of flour Tortillas. One is "Tortilla de agua". It is a thin disk about 24 inches wide, and the other is "Tortilla de manteca", which is thicker and not more than five inches wide.

EDITOR BLOWN AT

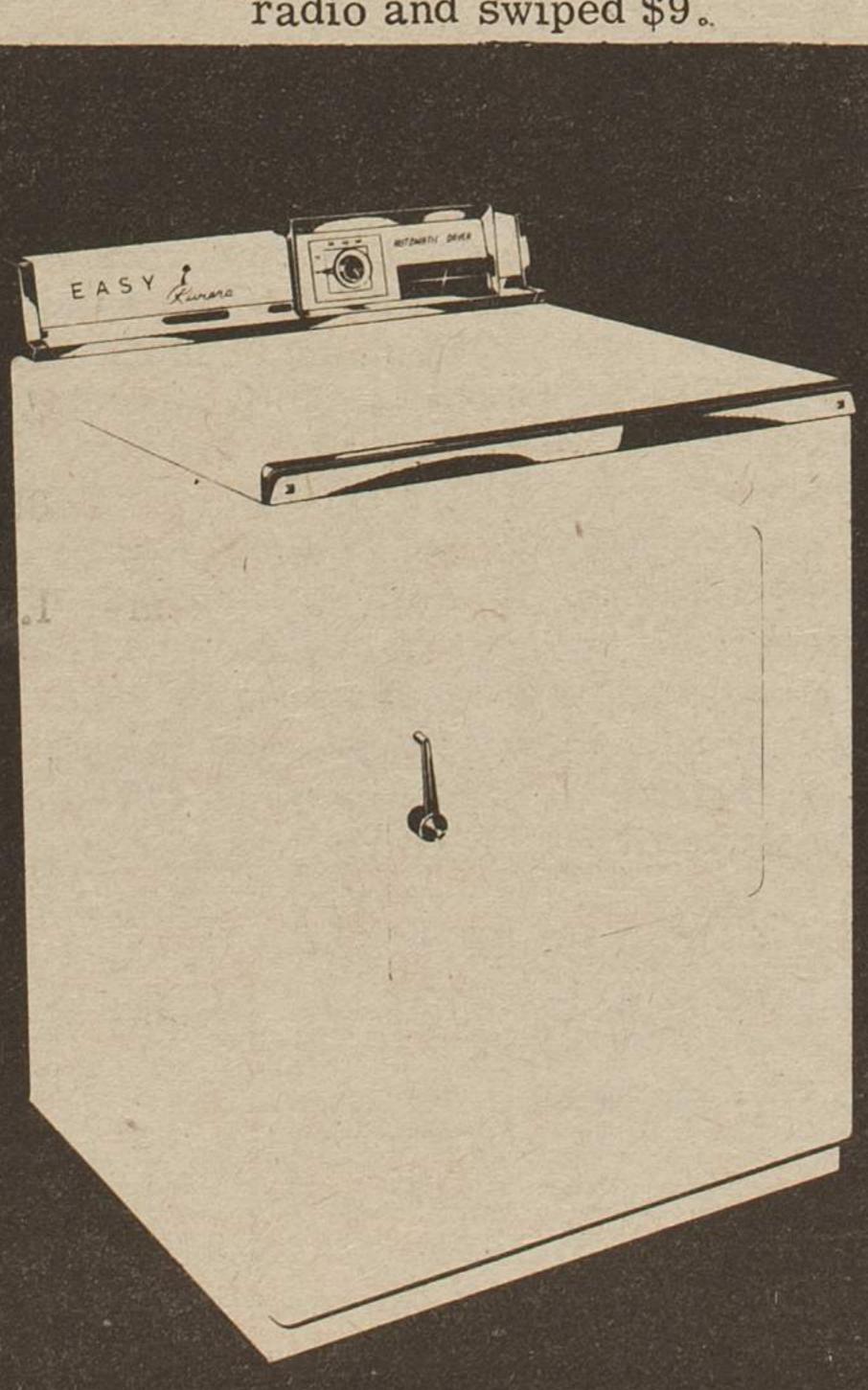
This Moon editor was loitering close to a metal Dumpster in the alley between 11th and 10th last Sunday morning, just out walking, heading generally in the direction of the Moon office, also on the watch for usefull trash in the alleys. I saw the good christians of the community scurring in and out of churches in the vicinity, all with sour frowns on for some reason. I suppose if I were a christian I'd be pissed off too, the way poor Jesus is being spat upon and rudely thorned, the way he was in the old days. Anyway, I was spying and beginning to finger a perfectly good lamp and shade combo, sorely needed in the dim Moon offices. So, here comes a Volkswagen down the alley, blowing at me, as though I were mute and deaf and mentally defective, as so many downtowners are, and the weird alley people of this town. The VW had stupid jayhawks hopping across the back windshield. There she was in the passenger seat, Nancy Hambleton, ex mayoress, now city commissioner. The nerve of her driver blowing

at me as though I were a common tramp. It scared me and I resented it. My guess is that Nancy is cruising the alleys on the way to church looking for trash and dogs. The Moon staff attended the last City Commission meeting and had a good time. Nancy said the reason for all the alley trash in the student neighborhoods is dogs. Dogs do it. She hates dogs. She said Buford Watson (The pitifully hangtoothed, soft spoken, City Manager) had to do something about the dogs. I was fondly reminded of the sunny day last summer when the city dog catcher (who elected him?) carried out Nancy's warrent and stole my dog from the lawn, even though my 6 yr old daughter tried to stop the ass hole, took him down and gassed him. The dog was perfectly harmless, more a good baby sitter than a dog. He was humble enough to let the cat eat from his dish. Nancy's dog hate made my daughter cry. And she blows horns at people. She doesn't blame the trash on the trash itself, but on innocent hounds. Now I don't like dogs shitting in my garden either, or biting my knee. But why does Nancy insist on gassing innocent dogs with the rest. Would she like it if she were made to suffer along with Noxin for the things they said and did together.

Cottonwood Editor:

The picture of the dog, Marbles, and his excr--nta, plus wiping, sounds unsuitable for our organ. Other pictures always consider-

In the future if anyone has any complaints concerning Girl Scouts they should be directed to me, the Neighborhood Chariman. I do not appreciate my leaders being harrassed by anonymous phone calls. Betty Sebree. The most diminutive offender known in this part of the country is now in the hands of the govnmt.officers here. He is a negro boy 12 years old and 3 feet 9 inches in height. His name is Junior Johnson. He broke into a postoffice in Coloradio and swiped \$9.



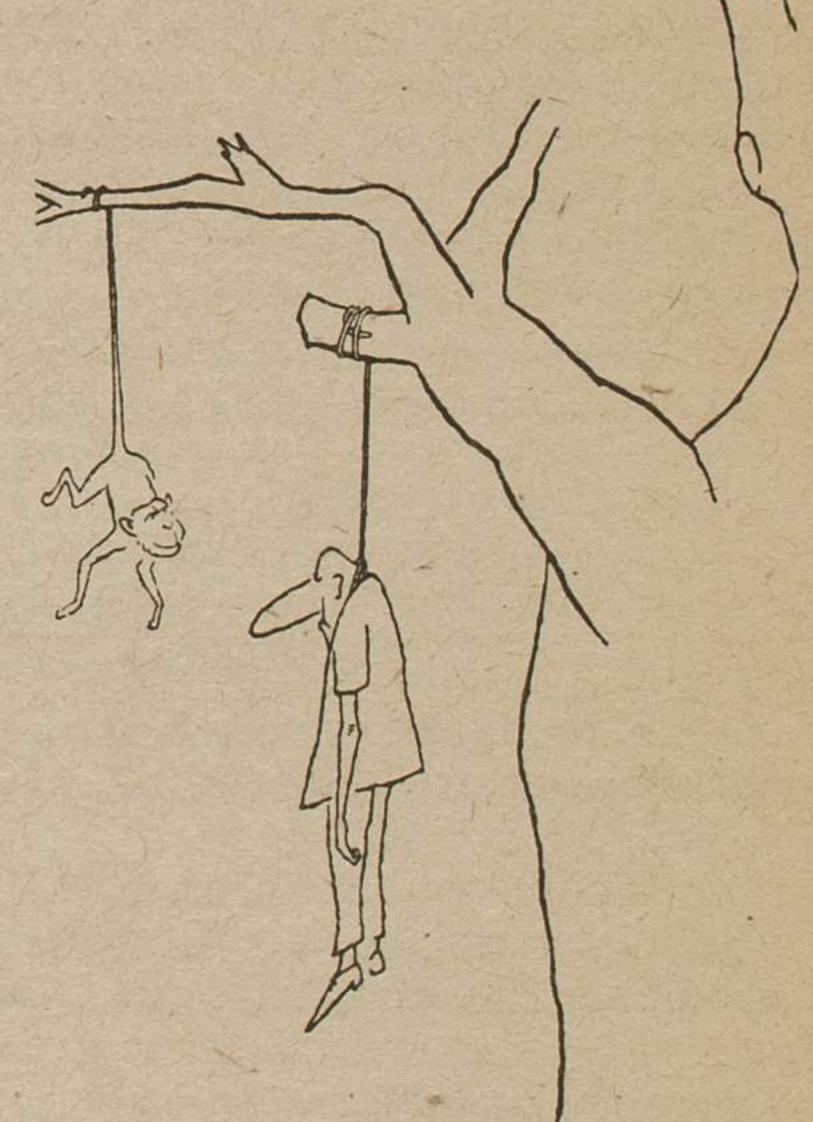
Get one from Jeff Miller, cheap. B. 591

AMERICANS EAT, IGNORE RAIDERS Twenty Americans were enjoying a barbecue in a U.S. Army abattoir Saturday when 75 unarmed Chinese soldiers attempted to raid the building in search of fresh meat. The Americans proceeded calmly with the barbecue; American employed coolies drove off the attackers, and none was seriously injured in the scuffle. The sour note of the pangkat Kawayan show was the overshadowing of the purpose of the affair. Little emphasis was given towards the needs of the flood victims back home instead, eager beavers drum beat for the balikbayan. A complete nuisance, too, was the Department of Tourism photographer who didn't know when to stop taking moving pictures. The Bayanihan dancers selfconsciously loitered around bearing that spoiled look of mannequins who are about to be mashed. They can learn a thing or two from the stars of the show, the pangkat kids.

ADVANCE GUARD OF INVADERS BEGINS MARCH TO TEXAS.

Richly caparisoned in all the splendid panoply of successful war, with trappings flashing in the sun, the advance guard of the invading army of Elks that will on Monday take the city have left their homes in the remote sections of the Union and have begun to move on Dallas. The signal corps that General Atwell maintains, yesterday reported that a special train loaded with a detachment numbering 180, recruited from both New Jersey and New York, would leave Jersey City tonight and arrive in Dallas on Saturday. Accompanying this delegation will be a crack band. A detachment 200 strong has just left the Utah capital, bringing with them a musical aggregation of many pieces. By Friday night the trained ears of the outlying scouts will be able to detect the heavy tread of the coming hosts and by Saturday morning the defenders of the city will hoist the flag of truce upon the walls and capitulate. In the approaching army will be many 'big guns" and Gen. Atwell has pledged 'unconditional surrender." The siege guns of the city have been put away in camphor balls and the invaders will take possession without firing a shot.

Today, the city's decoration work will be undertaken in earnest. Strings and clusters of incandescent lights are being gotten in readiness and flagging and bunting with paintings and cuts and statues of Elks, Oneba and relic objects of various types, are beginning to appear. Decoration will be finished by Friday night. A vast attendance is expected. Hotels and restaurants should be able to take care of the eating question.



Tension

SUIT FILED

A Eudora woman has filed suit in Topeka claiming her husband drank a Coca-Cola bottle of Purex bleach after spending an afternoon reading the City Moon. The allegation is that he told his wife he felt despondent after reading the paper. He said new insights had opened up inside him, as though moths had hatched in his lungs. He said he was going into the garage to glue his cutouts. The woman claims she found him dead on the cement two hours later. No note was left. Help us defend ourselves. Send defense money to Bleach Suit, City Moon, Bx 591.