

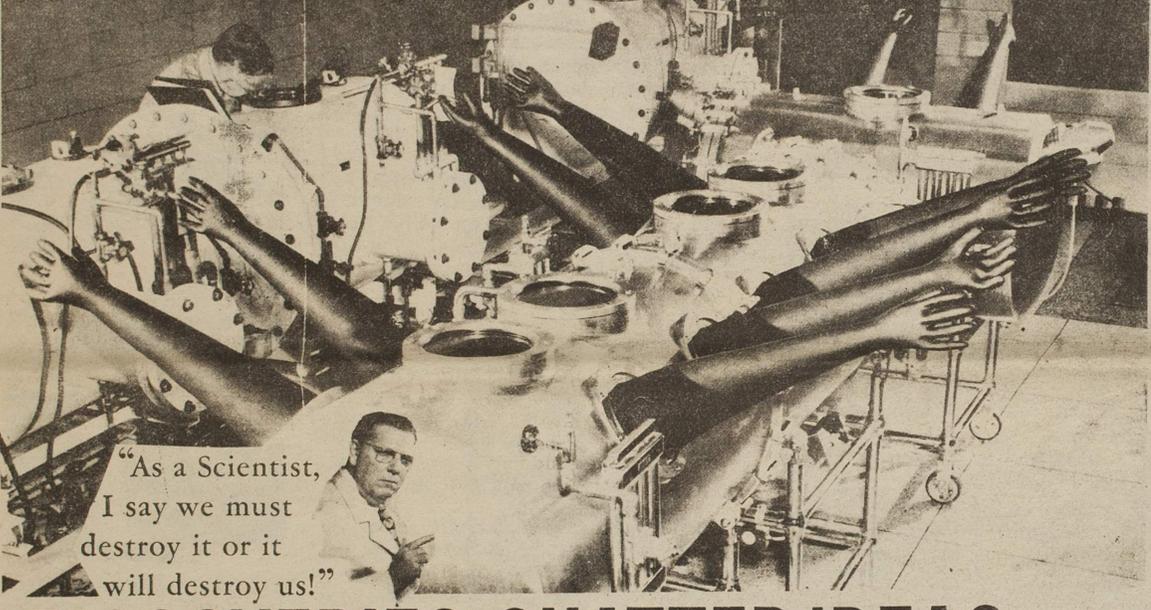


WHAT WILL THE ATROCITIES OF TOMORROW BE LIKE? by Pound

Now at last in my own voice I am free to speak to you. My time before entering the Ineffable is held in a vice of brevity, I will speak true. I am the Enlightened Oneba, the One--I am Uno, I am Ultimo. Draw close now. I will speak of the secret mortification of the grave, familiar to me now ad nauseum across shoddy millenia of generation. I have known the penetration of the funeral acids into the bone, the metallic pangs of lunar chill in the pelvic marrow, I have been meat and drink to maggots and a house of whoring to the necrophile. I have been washed out and washed up in the putrified ebb and flow of the swamp of Being. I

have seen Judas and at last I can speak. Life in your great countries on this globule of cosmic bacon fat you call terra firma is a process of multiplying corruption only reversed in time by the relative purification of rot. So we are born endlessly in order to die again but each time the refinement of mortification is less efficient, the living carry increased quantities of death within them. Now we have the halflife, the new trochilics, the necronauts; in time the quarter life, the fifthlife, the sexlife--an arithmetical spiral into sordid whirlpools of Nonbeing. Why you ask does an Enlightened One submit himself to so palpably noxious a process as this fecal swim in iniquity? Let's get it straight. One, I've had enough, this is my last testament. Dream interpretation has been

supplanted by miracle deaths. Two, I have had the vision of Judas, and there as in a mirror saw myself truly and strange with the final message I bring you now in the soon faded splendor of the Lawrence Moon. I bring you now the punctual prophecy not of a momentary dream but of the whole atrocious future. In me God made Himself totally a man, in Oneba he made himself a man to the point of infamy, a man to the point of reprobation and the abyss. To save us, he could have chosen the Animal President, he could have chosen Cockburn or Folbot, he could have chosen Governor Wunty. He chose the vilest destiny of all all He made himself Oneba. No way else could he find the certainty he found in degradation. I am Oneba.



"As a Scientist, I say we must destroy it or it will destroy us!"

DISCOVERIES SHATTER IDEAS

The prairie urchin (Pratum cynomys) lives in burrows under the high plains region of Kansas. Similar in size to its cousin, the sea urchin, this creature emerges from its burrow and gulps quantities of air. Now inflated many times their natural size, urchins allow themselves to be blown over the plains. They eat young vegetation.

Early settlers were plagued by the prairie urchins and their efforts to protect gardens and crops have resulted in near-extinction of the creature. Tumble weeds have been shot at due to their resemblance to prairie urchins. Dogs were useless for hunting urchins after once encountering the sharp spines. A shift in wind often turned hunters into the hunted. Prairie urchins have had to change their feeding habits from day to night to survive. (see photo)

Urchins may have migrated up the Mississippi River and its tributaries, finally settling in the great plains. They probably evolved from the Diadema urchin, whose rock-boring ability accounts for the completely honey-combed surface of the coral rock of the Bahama Islands and elsewhere. The Great Plains sandstone is perfect material for burrowing. Should the sunrise catch an urchin far from its burrow it may duck into a farm pond or stream, emerging from hiding at dusk.

Prairie urchins have rudimentary gills and tube feet with which they inflate themselves. D. Hann

CURTAIN

PAEN

Oh the moon is Up There in the sky now, make no mistake. But if the moon dropped down, journeyed a great distance toward the earth to stop, say a mile or two above the plot you tilled to put in tomatoes, above your bluegrass park, above your putt-putt golf course lit up so grandly through the night, would it then appear proportionately larger to the human perceiver's eye? The answer to that one, my dears, we don't know. As well as, would Old Mr. Moon sing, humm, or whistle a cheery tune during his descent? What is sure about the lunar plunge is this: the oceans would rise in great tidal waves to sweep back and forth across all continents. Every few hours the seas would empty. Leaving an unobstructed view of Davy Jones' scuddy locker. Hogus

Wild talk comes fast, cheap and easy. You can't stop progres with a nonsense plea of strict emotionality. First muster the evidence, then size it up. Does everything add up. Have you presented your examples lucidly? The new baby discoveries are shattering, so begin by warming your audience up. Destroy mechanized care.

YOU DO THINGS RIGHT: PEOPLE TAKE ADVANTAGE

When are these hanging going to stop? We can't go out of our homes without seeing them hanging from our eaves like bats. We ride on public transit busses and see them hanging from the ceiling. Whoever says hanging is painless is dead wrong. Their faces turned bluish. Usually the dogs are snapping at their feet trying to pull their shoes off. Is all this hanging the latest craze, we ask. If we don't stop this, it won't be long before the kids are doing it. I've seen them hanging down in the basement of the YMCA building. The bad ones have been hung from oaks in Wuntex Park by the lagoon. Their clothes torn away they hung swishing there in the Southern breeze, horseflies gathering. The hangings hover over us like rain clouds. Gnats churn at their faces in the summer heat, news of the Great Fire comes on the radio, bodies wash up and begin to bang against the pilings underneath Fatty Dominic's Seafood Restaurant on the shores of the Bay St. Louis. Now there are bones hanging in the treetops, clattering like windchimes. Photos document flies caking over the bodies shortly after death, and then the arrival of insect eaters on the spot with their poisoned smoke dropping them by the thousand and eating them right away.

Those left go to the parks to sit by the lagoon on a lazy Sunday morning, swatting flies and fishing for pedal fish. They like to eat them right there in the park, spearing them through the gills with two sticks and toasting slowly until ready. Then they dip their needles in the oil they catch, roll their ankle xox down and funch up their flesh for a sharp poke. Under the drug, they seek torment. They nod, hunger sleep, bang against the wall and drop mindlessly over bannisters. The people are arming against the various outbreaks of suicide, since kamikazi tactics will doubtless result among the twisted types. It is good to see bodies fanning out from every large city on this continent, with the springing up of mania. Take the new drugs out of your house and publicly burn them. There are tortures worse than death.



The brain of Heinrich Himmler was brought to the Los Angeles Surgical College late last evening, packaged in a brown grocery bag and wrapped in plastic paper.

HARRY S.

CLAIMS HE SUPPLIED GEN. LEE WITH MANY CHICKENS.

UNCLE STEVE EBERHARDT. Among the veterans attending the Confederate reunion at Houston was Uncle Steve Eberhardt, the only colored member of the Floyd County Camp at Rome, Ga. He also claims the distinction of having been a body-guard of General Lee and he told of many thrilling foraging exploits. According to Uncle Steve, his chicken raids were the main features of the war, and he leaves the impression that General Lee was served a chicken dinner every day of the four years. He had no trouble in securing and holding an audience. When the interest seemed greatest and the crowd largest he considered it the psychological moment for passing the hat. The result was usually satisfactory and brought forth much bowing and grinning. Uncle Steve wore a high silk hat decorated with Confederate flags and chicken. He gave as his reason for this that it was easier for folks to find him when they wanted to hear him talk or take his picture.



Must Live for aHappy Deahl, Quotes Priest; Tombstone Kills Him

By The United News. ELIZABETH, N. J., April 22.—Nine-year-old Charles Summer, walking home through a cemetery on the way from Catholic Sunday school, discussed the day's lesson with a companion. "The priest says we must live for a happy death," he said. Just then a granite headstone, poised on a high base, came loose and fell on him. His skull was fractured. He died unconscious and final unction was given him.

JAP BALLOON IN NEVADA. EUREKA, NEV. (AP)—A Japanese balloon, found near here in desolate central Nevada, has been turned over to military investigators. Sheriff Stanley Fine said explosives on the weapon had gone off, apparently without damage.