

The Ignorant Ones Do It In Los Angeles



This man squeezes the shit out of dogs. He's the newest of the new trochilic oriented conceptual artists, also known in SF circles as art bandits (e.g. Monty Cazazza the dead cat im molater). He calls himself a "human parasite of vitality"—I do dog squirts, that's my life, he says. I sneak up on dogs and push in hard on their stomachs and literally squeeze the shit out of them, and the piss too, and once three little premature puppies." He says he doesn't hate himself, in fact is totally free of anxiety and has no earthly wants. As open as its floodgates are, the Moon can't abide this unproductive behavior. We think it's the final comedy playing out, these modern ages we're creeping through, led by a series of temporary presidents, like the recent Oneba ascendancy and fall. Like Leon Kimball said, "Nothin worth doin pays any money." O.

"What Can I Do To Schickelgruber?"



BE QUIET

"There are no known fingerprints of Mrs. Carmichael," the postal inspector added.

The 6-foot-1 Mrs. Carmichael came to Dallas in January from Los Angeles with plans to produce a three-wheeled, gasoline-saving automobile. She is sought on charges of conspiring to commit theft in a phony stock and car dealership scheme.

The person known as Mrs. Carmichael disappeared in February after the indict-

ments were brought. Marvin Cantz, the company's former public relations director, said that in the 4½ months he worked with Mrs. Carmichael he never suspected she might be a man.

"It boggles the mind," Cantz said in Los Angeles.

"The thing that makes it so hard for me to believe she was a man is that she had five kids," Cantz said. "She had a 15-year-old named Brian who was always around the office and four other kids, including one about 3 years

old. The youngest kid was always sitting on her lap, saying 'mommy, mommy.' How do you get a kid 3 years old to call you mommy?"

"Occasionally she wore a supershort skirt," he said. "She had wrists twice as large as mine, but she attributed that to working on a farm in Indiana until she was 17 or 18."

Michael has been sought by federal authorities since 1962 when he jumped bond after being charged in connection with a swindle scheme in Florida, Capt. Driscoll said.

"He's been running loose ever since."

KILL FOR MONEY

Be a Professional Extortionist. Make up to \$50,000 to \$75,000 weekly in your own all-year-round business. Customers in every city, town, village. Free complete easy-to-learn lessons on Control and Extortionation of money, diamonds, jewelry, etc. in home, store, office, etc. FREE. Write: NOW pay \$14.95 daily. EXTORTIONATING INSTITUTE, 2600 Cassin, Dept. 7, Chicago.

HOW CAN A DONKEY EAT A THISTLE THORNS AND ALL?

The inside of the mouth of some of the animals differs widely according to the kind of food the animal lives on. In your own mouth the lining is quite soft and easily injured. In some animals the membrane which lines the mouth is extremely tough, and is covered with thick scales, enabling the creature to crush foods which would injure a tender mouth. This is the case, to a certain extent, in cattle and in all animals that feed on hard kinds of grass. The donkey's mouth is an example.

Have you ever seen him before?

I had seen him earlier that morning. It could have been Jesse but I don't know, I was drunk.

What was the man doing? The man had partially disrobed me. I laid on the bed and the man was holding me down with his legs on my legs. I grabbed him because he was hurting me.



A donkey load in Portugal.

Lazarus came out of his capsule by the command of Jesus, and stood wrapped in clothing the size and shape of Space Wrappings today. The master said, "Loose him and let him go." (John 11: 44) Lazarus had been into space and back. Can we find in life what has been believed we can find only in death?

turn cannibal

BE ALERT



ITS OVER NOW

Goodbye. ESpecial thanks to the Maisley brothers, who founded the Pensivex Advertising Company, upon whose broad and wonderful base was built a narrow but brilliant diamond of a tabloid newspaper, throwing out rods of light like shields south to Amarillo, west to Cheyenne, north and east to Muncy and south to Lexington -- of course we speak of the City Moon of the American Land. Pity Noxin. Say hello KKK and Ike, when you see them. Buy yourself a pile of microfluff and go to work in your basement. The bell buzzard may be soaring above you right now. Thank Da Ha, Tlm Mll, TJ, LTD, 345, Scherbel, Oneba, Horton Headlight, Arizona Highways, Jesus to the Communist World, Baseball Guide 1946, Soviet Life, St. Louis Evening Whirl, the finest of its kind in San Luis, Missouri, the WE Magazine, Popular Science, Popular Mechanics, Mechanix Illustrated, The Book of Knowledge, 1935, US News and World Report. Jayhawker Yearbook, 1949, David Brune, who is founding a Humanist party in Topeka deserving more recognition than it will receive, Drakes for Bakes, Life, Look, Kansas Skunk, Dallas Morning News, Deseret News, Des Moines Register, Caldwell Messenger, Hope Dispatch, Iola Register, Valley Falls Vindicator, Wellington Dailey News, Chicago Review, Century Reference Library, AP, UPI, Reuters, Pat Newman, the Master of Magic, the Master Rayon X of Cincinnati, the Little God Girl, The City Moon, Tom Russell, Mike Allen Valk Junior, Jean Valk, Kelly Linda Eric Doty Junior, triple Sam and Knot Zero, Roy, Jerry Baromme, and Martha, Bogan, Fred, Eric, and Paul, and Don Byrd, John Moritz, the San Francisco Chronicle, Science News, House Beautiful, Scandia Journal, the great Sir Gowan and the Green knights movie, and Bitter Syrup, Iowa's only truck vegetable store. W. Prop of Iowa, visiting here, will take short calls only before he travels north of Cincinnati. God Love the Bicentennial. Forget B 591. Sorry Barkley, you're OK. The white-caps are yours and they're dying off fast. I guess the Lagoon won't be opening on time after all. Further Moons appear only in Austin, David Ohle, Dept. of Eng. Good luck. Buy the set, all eight big ones in this newstand or in the Oread shop. Forgive us this commercial thrust and write ONEBA BOX 591. Perhaps we shall meet again under different names in times even more sour than these, but we doubt it. I am a very old man and no longer wish to write to these limited audiences and so I am migrating to a larger city near here to retire and not do any more dream work at all, period. Strike ONEBA BOX 591 off the list.

BE A KILLER



IN EVERYDAY LIFE

HAVE



YOU seen Sam anywhere around?" inquired the banker. The station agent shook his head. "He was around here yesterday," he said, "but I ain't seen him since." Then the banker went further in search of Sam. "That nigger," said the postmaster, peering through the grated little window, "come in here yesterday morning and got some mail fr old man Menninghausen, but he ain't been back." Then the banker went to the bank, hoping that Sam might have shown up. He had not. The one room of the bank divided by the nice new gilt partition held only Henry Miller, bookkeeper, cashier and general utility man of the bank. "Sam been back?" inquired the banker. Miller shook his head. "If he has I haven't seen him, Mr. Pitkin," he said. The banker sighed. "Damn that coon," he said, throwing himself into a chair. "He's never here when I want him. If I could get anybody else for a porter I'd fire him."

We went to the liquor store. Jesse got out and got some Strawberry and Apple wine, Jesse got back in the car and then what happened?

We sat in the car for awhile and started drinking the wine. Where did Jesse take you? To the laundromat.

Is there an apartment attached to the back of the laundromat?

There is an apartment with five rooms. There were three bedrooms, a kitchen and a bathroom.

Was there anybody else there while you were drinking the wine?

Three other men came in and one left.

Do you remember what happened in the apartment when you were drinking?

I became drunk and I don't remember exactly what happened after that.



WALK! Is mah feet sad!

Words by Alfred P. Graves.

M. N. O.

Music by permission Messrs. Schott & Co.

Naively.

1. M. N. O. Our Pus-sy's in the snow! When she comes back the
2. A. B. C. Our Pus-sy's up the tree! And now be-gins with

way she's gone, She'll have such queer white stock-ings on. O
sneeze and cough To lick her long white stock-ings off. No

Je - re - my, O Je - re - my, O Jo, O Jo, O Jo!
more she'll go in - to the snow; Not she, not she!