An Epic Saga of the Great Southwest

By the Evil Armadillo

Thursday VooDoo

I think I'm on the floor...

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The most recent of our reporting yesterday, the doctor of the clinic had noticed that one of the patients had been suffering from the condition... 


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Next time on p. 2
Bad Craziness

I moved in with him be had assembly Toyota that kept dying. (His starter kept falling off—and dragging on the pavement.) So after a while he'd bought a slightly ashamed system. We'd had grand times that was about as practical as having servants. Although I did kindle admire the bent he've brought it. For two whole weeks he was able to live off more than instant mashed potatoes, peanut butter, chocolate syrup, and granola bars and money.

Howard also was another Christian. A long time ago he'd had a kitchen alcove and we were too lazy to carry our garbage downstairs to the dumpster we let place just warm enough to sweat without really mak finding large tracts of land with little promise of tale to what went down. Well we hadn't exactly found Western Oil companies who controlled at kitchen alcove and we were too lazy to carry our garbage to what went down. Well we hadn't exactly found Western Oil companies who controlled-

kicking holes in the wall or banging his head on the wall like a woodpecker. Too bad... he'll never get inside.

Which finally brings this rather up to now) vague tale to a close. We had sold 1972 Grand Prix for $70. We didn't exactly sound the best apartment. The kitchen and bathroom were inhabited by a large entourage of cockroaches and since the kitchen was one big kitchen table to put in the little kitchen alcove and we were too lazy to care for our garage loan to church and we were too lazy to put it up for a few weeks at least. During the 42-day 110-degree hot spell the air conditioning kept the place cool. I remember one evening I even managed some kind of heroic efforts like standing up... The efforts we put into owning... The producing anything! After 1973 Aramco nationalized the place.

And they'll know we are Christians by our love—By the way... the efforts I've put into owning... The producing anything! After 1973 Aramco nationalized the place.

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Mountaineering #2.

SELECTING THE PROPER GEAR

Comfort is crucial. If you mountaineer in public, pick a padded bar stool, preferably one that spins (to facilitate admiring the scenery). At home, a comfortable chair or sofa will do. Rule of thumb: if it feels good, and the police don't seem to mind, do it.

Then turn on the tube or spin a tune or crack a good book. The choice is strictly between you and the dominant hemisphere of your brain. Of course, some mountaineers say the smooth, refreshing taste of Busch is entertainment enough. And thank goodness they do, because it's an excellent conclusion.

Don't just reach for a beer. Head for the mountains.

Busch

Anheuser-Busch Inc. St. Louis, Mo.

December 7, 1978
WOMEN'S SYMPHONY, 7812.03, Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. Oliveros, performed in Cambridge.

Recognition of Their Desperation

Theatre.

the wailing high-blue points dotting thru the bottom finished- I can smell popcorn. Someone leaves the theater. It is time for mercy!

The ultimate goal is a blend of sounds in which no one is allowed to dominate. Just after intermission, the musicians have carried their instruments into the balcony & placed themselves equally--strings, winds, brass & pitched percussion--into three groups. Each has its own conductor. 

Houselights down.

Bed spot onstage.

Onstage—a quilled piano, covered during an invisible ceremony; a cello lain on its side near the empty chairs & music stands, white with composition sheets. A wavering red light.

Valerie-red.

In the opening total sustain, my discomfitted vision measures between what’s left onstage & my own impulses—the need to escape them: a city at the stillness of Valerie/Marilyn-blue.

Glimmering off the surface of women whose bodies are their instruments, projecting their own crisply defined rising hysteria quickly subdued by & into bone slide, violin measures of astral projections--Valerie-blue, Marilyn-yellow.

The thin trickle of blood inspires confidence—first red, second by yellow••• will ask again for time

All our questions thrown away Sharpness becomes the most important becomes the most important consideration

The precision of the incision inclusion made with finely-tuned strong-willed calmly-dedicated hands

The thin trickle of blood inspires confidence

Be patient!

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Bad Craziness

most of the midstail oil industry and ended this little appertainment game ••• In the east New York state •••

Bad Craziness

al office for a prepaid plane ticket from Houston to

Bad Craziness

Tuesday morning. Our fine Southern lady manager, Jeanne, had noticed him bringing down boxes from the

Bad Craziness

and talk to them •••

Bad Craziness

with the other officer to

Bad Craziness

I find the chief personnel officer slouching in his chair. There are two people in the office I've never

Bad Craziness

we walk abreast to the lobby where they point out two

Bad Craziness

for reimbursement for the flight

Bad Craziness

Boston, as well as for reimbursement for the flight

Bad Craziness

engagement with the company next summer in the

Bad Craziness

But the

Bad Craziness

initially become a home of a large magic makers •• True to spirit of the Cambodian city, there is some

Bad Craziness

You're not supposed to be reading this anyway. 

Bad Craziness

I'm not sure which of my worries freaked Howard out... the day-glo green lizard with yellow and claws wouldn't have been a sight that said I was
crowned with an exploding gun barrel for a nose... The foot soldier officer once guarding me was now standing
next to newspaper clippings about the death of Pope Paul... The bizarre brown chattering monkeys with black

Bad Craziness

park his car and ride with us. Apparently I was

Bad Craziness

inches of thin chain which the officer had somehow

Bad Craziness

Finally they showed up and squeezed his body

Bad Craziness

I'll talk to you as soon as you get

Bad Craziness

the handcuffs on and was under arrest, was in a

Bad Craziness

two people who are getting a few words with you," the

Bad Craziness

I'm going to take your badge and keep it for you.

Bad Craziness

First I'll believe what was happening--

Bad Craziness

Slowly I began to find out more. Although he

Bad Craziness

I'm under arrest why haven't you read my rights yet?

Bad Craziness

I told him, "If I'm under ar-

Bad Craziness

"By the way," I asked, "There's one thing you gotta

Bad Craziness

and white shadows with two figures of life... In the

Bad Craziness

And he had ceased to express any common interest in

Bad Craziness

across it into the safety of his bedroom with all the

Bad Craziness

made an unusual appearance to tell me that the

Bad Craziness

and talk to them •••

Bad Craziness

I find the chief personnel officer slouching in his chair. There are two people in the office I've never

Bad Craziness

We still had a lot of work to do after the

Bad Craziness

Holden not being involved with the spirit of interior

Bad Craziness

and Burnt •• Well our apartment was about as

Bad Craziness

and my susceptabilty heightened

Bad Craziness

Our
dining room ... He had ceased to express any common interest in

Bad Craziness

and conversation •• Whenever he came home and

Bad Craziness

in the

Bad Craziness

our apartment was about as

Bad Craziness

bland and burned •• Well our apartment was about as

Bad Craziness

that their duty was to remove me from society.

Bad Craziness

to me that the

Bad Craziness

I saw them

Bad Craziness

I saw them screaming over at Howard, "Who did this SHIT?"

Bad Craziness

when the research dir-

Bad Craziness

them quite hard when I got into the car and now was

Bad Craziness

with two figures of life... In the

Bad Craziness

and white shadows with two figures of life... In the

Bad Craziness

along with the rest of the 19th century ••• But the

Bad Craziness

Howard not being involved with the spirit of interior

Bad Craziness

reckless and talk to them •••

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Bad Craziness

I didn't argue and we

Bad Craziness

Ken dolls-Their egos falling down their legs. Eke the

Bad Craziness

creases in their trousers and slipping off the

Bad Craziness

I'm under ar-

Bad Craziness

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"How do you know she's a whore?"

"Who else would she be dressed like that?"

"Shit, man, it's over a hundred outside."

"Well, she's still a whore. Besides she just shut up."

"How do you know that? Did you see any fresh tracks?"

"No, but she's stumblin' around and she ain't got no alcohol on her breath. Why would she be stumblin'? She just ripped up and we got her that's why."

"How do you know it was heroin?"

"That's what they all use.

This occurred for several minutes during which Whilliams finished his report and conferred with the lieutenant. The girl, who kept tossing her long hair around like a wild horse, was taken to the Detox ward. Finally Whilliams came back over to us. The unfinished report was still lying on the counter, neatly covering my wallet.

"Okay, Kid, let's go back downstairs. There's a desk you can sit at with this ad ...."
Bad Craziness

"Okay, that'll be one more day of per diem then since I can't stay in the apartment anymore."

"Well, I guess I can stretch that per diem out one more day. Won't be too much trouble."

Thursday: It feels good to stand on your own feet in the dawn—even if you've had no sleep and plenty of drugs and sex the night before... It was rather bizarre... But now I'm in the car wearing the shirt I had made the day before—black, French cut with silver scalloped letters that said idol' front and back. On the front there are several stains also—some human, some taco. I don't know which is worse—my hair or my breath? It was 9:15 as I went into the building... they gave me a temporary badge and leave me unescorted! I go back to personnel... yes, they made the reservation, but here's the catch... it won't be paid for until the day before the flight leaves... a week... Just in case I became "wanted" again. They also gave me $337 out of Petty Cash.

I'm driving down Campbell Blvd. to the apartments to pay off Steve and Jeanne when I started thinking about the shit they caused... Hmmm... The overall condition of those apartments... Hmmm... Then I remembered where I'd seen Steve before. It was at the Old Plantation downtown, the only gay bar in Dallas, as well the only place that stayed open after 2.00. He had an unforgettable paisley tattoo on his left knee... And had been dancing with a middle-aged, pimpy, hirsute doll at the time. Hmmm.

No... No... I pull into a 7-11 with a pay phone.

"Hello. Steve? Yeah this is me... I just got the money from TI. And you know what? You're not going to get any of yours. Furthermore, I just talked to the Dallas Health Department and told them about that little open sewar you have, and those leaks, and those roaches, and you're going building cases... A health inspector over shortly you're going to have to deal with... Oh yea... Steve, you're a very nice-looking boy. It's too bad you like to dance with trolls.

Hang up. Hang up.

I spend a week visiting my parents in Central Texas. Every day I call Eastern. It's always the same story—the reservation has been made but the ticket hasn't been paid for—yet. Well I'm not going to call TI asking if they're still going to pay for it—like there might be a reason why they shouldn't—like Steve either called them or I was able to freak him sufficiently not to.

Oh, yeah. Howard didn't even get off that well. About 3 days before all this happened, I got the phone bill for the summer—$150, most of it mine. About 3 days before all this happened I got the phone bill for the summer—$150, most of it mine. About 3 days before all this happened I got the phone bill for the summer—$150, most of it mine. About 3 days before all this happened I got the phone bill for the summer—$150, most of it mine. About 3 days before all this happened I got the phone bill for the summer—$150, most of it mine. About 3 days before all this happened I got the phone bill for the summer—$150, most of it mine. About 3 days before all this happened I got the phone bill for the summer—$150, most of it mine.

Wednesday afternoon—the payoff. Eastern Flight 831 to Houston confirmed, ticket prepaid.

Thursday afternoon—my sister leaves me at Houston International Airport with two victory joints courtesy of some new friends at the University of Houston. I'm already at the airport, and in the pcap, and in the clear, and in the gate, and in the plane. As you can see, there is unlimited visibility, no air turbulence, and we're only 30 miles from JFK. However there's a large amount of traffic today and we will be in a holding pattern for the next half hour or so... plane. You can see it or you can't like me. But if you can see it here you don't like it that much either. "Just a delay. Just a delay. More time for the agents to get to LAX back in Boston. That's a holdover."

Boston: It's sunset. Almost. There aren't any clouds, and at 10,000 ft., there's still lots of sun. But as we came in over the water the sun is starting to go down. The waves in the harbor are all gold ripple patterns, diffractions. The skyline's really exceptional... the sun moves in and out of the buildings as we land finally disappearing behind the Pru leaving black silhouettes and an orange glow...
RAT DEATH CULT

The Rat came back last week. I ask, for what? In issues past we could expect some real ranking from our own friend. He is no longer a rat, nor a snitch, nor any sort of animal at all. Yes folks, the Rat has sold out. When he left Cambridge last spring, I saw a creature of real character. Numerous creditors were knocking on his door and threatening him over the phone. He took all it in stride - mostly he lied he was not in and that his roommate would be back latter. Was. The fucking phone was dead. This meant trouble. The

when he was on is way out of town. Without speaking another word between us, we both ingested two grams each of MDA. We are only the newest of the cults, this organization formed to investigate other existing , "cult" phenomena, has nation-wide status, and suggest methods for their control. Among the most alarming of the dehumanizing, mind-destructing organizations operating freely in the U. S. are the special interrogative techniques (This was heading out of town in a rented cadilac, but could it be? When I

Exerpts from the Report of the Congressional Committee for the Control of Cults

Following the mass suicide of over 900 members of an American's religious community in Guyana, a Congressional Committee was formed to investigate other existing "cult" phenomena. Here are some excerpts, adapted for their relevance, and suggested methods for their control. Among the most alarming of the dehumanizing, mind-destructing organizations operating freely in the U. S. are THF DISCO OF BRAIN DEATH

"At the door a muscular youth in loud clanging entoned "donations" from the reluctant Committee. We found ourselves herded into a hall about the size of an aircraft hangar, but packed so tightly with people that it was difficult to smoke a cigar without burning someone or having ashes fall on the Chairman's suit. Although it was extremely dark, I was able to distinguish a number of decorative fixtures completely alien to my everyday experience. The walls were completely covered with road signs, mirrors, and billboards containing useless or archaic inscriptions, and hanging by chains from the ceiling were tawdry, garish reproductions of Tiffany glass. There were many overhead wooden beams and plaster columns that served no support function.

"The music, which was mostly screeching and whining, was played at ear-splitting volume. Thousands on thousands of people were dancing on wheels added to the disorientation. Sale of a variety of intoxicating liquors from bottles without labels, and black plastic baskets of small narkie nodules placed every few feet along the bar, and their sad connotations of unfathomable meaning. How does the so-called "Discos" affect the unfortunate victim? Well, although it is not the function of the Congress to spread propaganda, most of these premises seem to be off-limits to women. Even more disturbing, though, is the "Discos" effect of making the cultist unable to see how ridiculous they appear in flowered silk shirts, totemar pants, platform shoes, and three-inch pompadour haircuts. To see hundreds of these unfortunate souls crowded into small light clumps, convulsing to the music in tightly-regulated rhythm, is a vision to cause anyone concern."

BEASTILITY OF BOY SCOUTS

"This group, preying on the trust and sensitivities of children, is perhaps the most sinister we have investigated. These small covens are led by middle-aged men, most of whom serve as "Mentors". Their effect is highly effective: highly authoritarian leadership coupled with physical adversity usually administered in the remote wilderness. Of special importance is the fact that many of the afflicted are the children of government officials or important business and industrial leaders, a tenth of a second. I walked out of the room to be greeted by not one, not two, but three Cambridge Police officers in full armor. "Are you..." I didn't let the officer finish. "I don't know where he is. The last time I saw him was last night. Here's a note I found this morning when I woke up a few minutes ago. What time is it?" "Ten thirty," responded the target of the blue intercoms. "Oh, my God, I'm late for a class. Gotta go."

I rang the intercom and detained, having shown MIT id, down the stairs, through the alley and out the street.

"Now what happened to those drugs. The Rat was a street wise teacher of how to keep the drugs you want to keep. Shove them down your pants. So when I heard that crash that's what I did. So there I was walking back to MIT with enough chemical to alter the minds of Berkeley Hall for about one month, in other words, just about enough for the Rat and me to get off the goose."

"I saw the white 69 cadillac, but could it be? When I got close enough, I could see him, the Rat. He explained that he had got (he was) rented this car. Anybody can get credit these days. When I got in the car I told him that I had rescued the supply from the clutches of the unwanted. He began

an effort to win back the public's support or confidence in the "boy scouts". The Institute is still stirring us and his column is practically a daily editorial that I can't read all of because it is so damaging to my self-esteem. Madison Avenue has polluted his brain worse than any chemical which is limited to the smaller UHF stations and a post office box in Boston, and so does not currently pose too much of a threat."

Recommendations of the Congressional Committee for the Control of Cults pursuant to our investigations:

1. Constant surveillance and infiltration of their ranks by government agents.
2. Make all cult members wear special uniforms, clearly labeled, enact a special curfew, and place guards around their residences.
3. Send them all to camps so they realize that society views what they are doing as wrong (This measure is expected to be effective against all cults except Boy Scouts.)
4. Review all the cult members using drugs, shock treatments, and special interrogative techniques (This measure is expected to be effective against all cults except Boy Scouts.)
5. Kill their leaders.

December 7, 1978
Be nice to people who are inferior to you. It's only for a week, so have no fear, Be grateful that it doesn't last all year! —Tom Lehrer

All books can be indecent books Though recent books are bolder Cause filth, I'm glad to say, Is in the mind of the beholder, When correctly viewed, everything is lewd! —Tom Lehrer

Might makes right. Until they've seen the light They've got to be protected, all their rights respected Till somebody we like can be elected! —Tom Lehrer

Second fiddle's a hard part, I know, When they don't even give you a bow! —Tom Lehrer

Here's a cure for all your troubles Here's an end to all distress. It's the old dope peddler With his powdered happiness. —Tom Lehrer

Midst the yuccas and the thistles I'll watch the guided missiles While the old FBI watches me. —Tom Lehrer

Keep that reeler hidden where you're sure That it will not be found And be careful not to turn on When the Scaremaster's around For he only will insist that it be shared! Be prepared! —Tom Lehrer

Plagiarize Let no one else's work evade your eyes Remember why the good Lord made your eyes So don't shade your eyes But plagiarize, plagiarize, plagiarize! Only be sure always to call it, please, research. —Tom Lehrer

Does Lyndon, recalling when he was VP, Say, 'I'll do unto you like they did unto me'? —Tom Lehrer

Christmastime is here, by golly, Disapproval would be folly Deck the halls with hanks of holly Fill the cup and don't say when Kill the turkeys, ducks, and chickens Mix the punch, drag out the diners Even though the prospect sickens Brother, here we go again. —Tom Lehrer

On Christmas Day you can't get sore Your fellow man you must adore There's time to rob him all the more The other three hundred and sixty-four. —Tom Lehrer

Relations, sparing no expense! Send some useless old utensil Or a matching pen and pencil Just the thing I need. How nice. —Tom Lehrer

It doesn't matter how sincere it is, nor how heartfelt the spirit Sentiment will not endure it What's important is the price. —Tom Lehrer

Hark the Herald Tribune sings Advertising wondrous things! —Tom Lehrer

God rest ye merry merchants May ye make the Yuletide gay! —Tom Lehrer

Angels we have heard on high Tell us to go out and BUY! So... let the raucous sleighbells jingle Half our dear old friend Kris Kringle Driving his reindeer across the sky... Don't stand underneath when they fly high! —Tom Lehrer

I have only comparatively recently emerged from the United States Army, so that I am now, of course, in the radioactive reserve. —Tom Lehrer

After Johnny got through basic training he Was a soldier through and through when he was done. Its effects were so well rooted That the next day he saluted A Good Humor man, an usher, and a nun. —Tom Lehrer

You shall all go directly to your respective Valhallas Go directly, do not pass Go, do not collect two hundred dollars. —Tom Lehrer

Once all the Germans were warlike and mean But that couldn't happen again We taught them a lesson in 1910 And they've hardly bothered us since then. —Tom Lehrer

Just sing out 'A Te Deum' When you see that ICBM And the party will be just as you are. —Tom Lehrer

Remember the war against Franco That's the kind where each of us belongs Though he may have won all the battles We had all the good songs. —Tom Lehrer

My tragic tale I won't prolong And if you do not enjoy my song You've yourselves to blame If it's too long You should never have let me begin. —Tom Lehrer

The fellow was no fool Who taught our Sunday school And neither was our kindly Parish Brown Shall I? No, I think I'd better not... In my home town. —Tom Lehrer

Don't solicit for your sister, that's not nice Unless you get a good percentage of her price. —Tom Lehrer

the last word