

A CONVERSATION WITH BUDD

Who is more fry-eyed than ex-candidate Budd?

To the right, evidence he is on the move again.

This reporter, by chance, had a choice encounter with him just yesterday.

It was on that lonesome stretch of two-lane between Tres Piedras and Ojo Caliente, N.M. I'd just lunched at the tiny Squat 'n' Gobble in Tres Piedras--a bowl of their nationally famous Nine Bean Chili, a cup of Allnite coffee, and I was fortified for a long afternoon of driving.

It was near freezing.

A pre-snow sleet crusted on the Rambler's windshield. The defroster was on the fritz. I kept driving, hoping the weather would change.

Gradually, the wipers froze in their places, snow fell and I pulled over to the shoulder.

Getting out of the car, I heard the crackle of burning pine, smelled a fire.

I spotted an orange glow.

Going there, I found Budd sitting on a log, stirring a pot of boiling pinon nuts. I felt like an acolyte in the presence of a bishop, full of humility and fright.

I bent a knee in mock genuflection.

Budd said, "Stay a bit, eat my nuts.

"The snow is a bluff. In an hour, the sun will shine."

Though he was wearing his goggles, his eggy, fluid gaze was plainly visible behind the lenses, the stub of a dead Picayune held vise-like by a set of rotted choppers.

I took out my pad and pencil and said I was a journalist.

Budd said, "Tell them I am long gone but not forgotten.

"Soon, I will run again.

"We are a nation on wheels, not on our feet.

"That needs change.

"Like these nuts, we must root in whatever is below us and then grope for what ether we can claim.

"Tell them I have a plan.

"I see underwater vessels twice the size of Arco Santi, quite fish-

like in shape, using lateral undulation as propulsion, made of bio-mechanical software, housing thousands, floating as lazily as a man 'o' war, continent to continent, every passenger as happy as a blind pig finding an acorn.

"Tell them that.

"Tell them they're trying to freeze the process.

"That will not do. It is much too hot.

"Language itself is a process.

"Why curb it like a cocker spaniel?

"Let it spew, as the germs in a sneeze.

"Never smelt the process. It is molten.

"Make your toy trains from baser metals. No, never trifle with a trifle.

"Tell them that it will burn them.

"Tell them to practice tyromancy, divination by coagulation of cheese; cephalonomancy, by broiling of an ass's head; axinomancy, by saws; gastromancy, by the sound of the belly; livanomancy, by burning of frankincense."



Budd on the Move

Innovation for a Nation on Wheels



A MASTICATING MECHANISM

From the laboratories of Zeus Bolognics comes an answer to the ancient question "What shall we do when our currency is so debased as to be worth no more than the paper it is printed on, and the ink and dye it is colored with?"

A worker at the Zeus plant has successfully vulcanized gum tissue onto horseshoe-shaped slugs of pig iron. Then the seed-teeth of foetal cows were implanted, nourished and teased into full, orderly growth.

A simple two-cycle gasoline-powered engine easily filled the thing's energy needs, so that it could be mounted on the rear of a flatbed and taken into the neighborhoods.

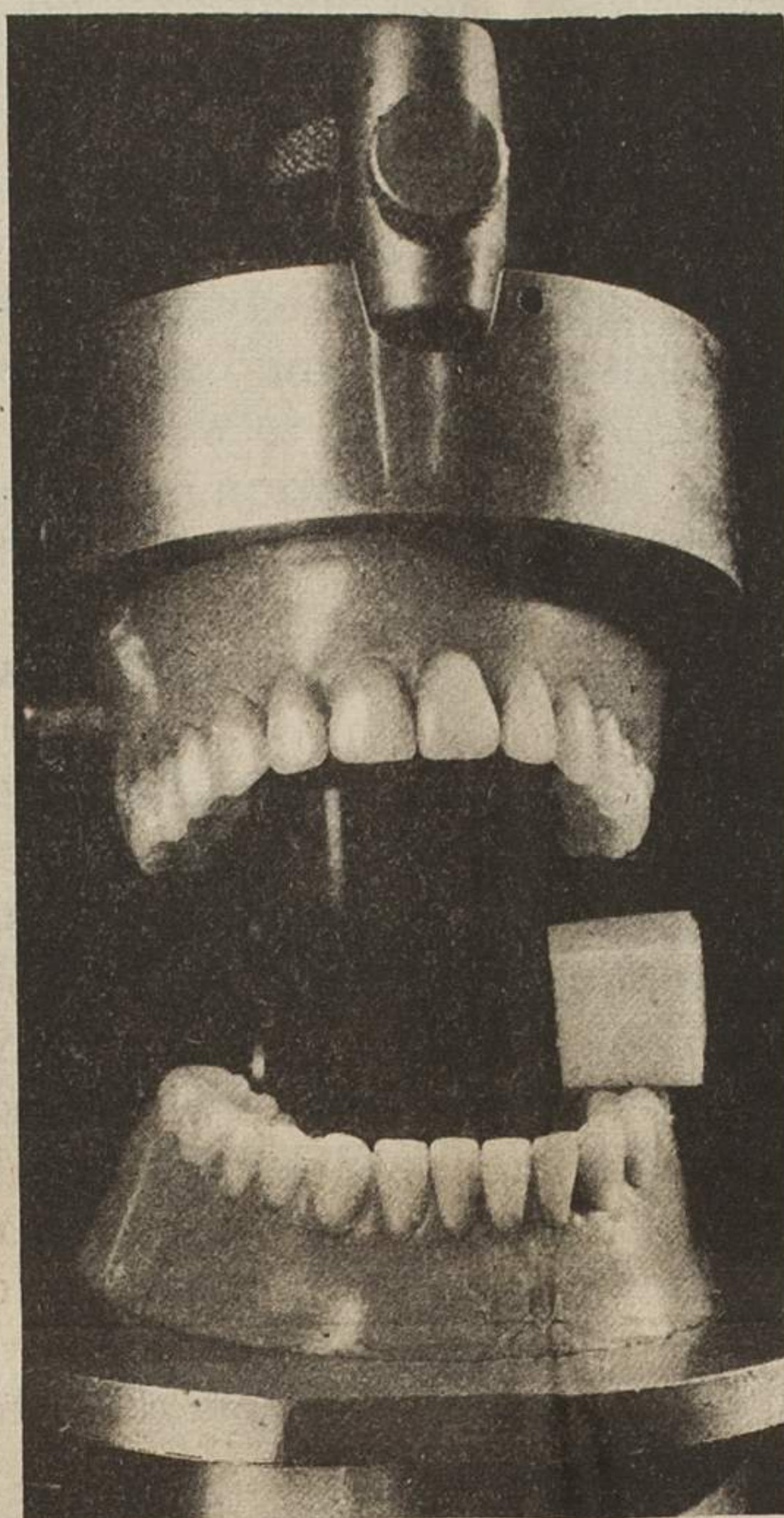
"Bring out yer useless money!" cries the driver.

Americans hurry down drive-ways carrying bucketfuls of worthless millions, dumping them into the maw of the MASTICATING MECHANISM, staring into a green soup of gluey bucks.

These Americans are using wads of cotton in their ears, as the grinding of the choppers can pop the drums, and in their noses, as the slightest whiff of its exhalations can rubber your legs.

These are hungry Americans, pleased to trade money for food.

When they have emptied their buckets and the maw is full, it moves on. As it goes, it dumps from the rear 12-pound cubes of



a doughy white material, quite like bean curd, except sweet and rather cheesy.

The Americans gather them up, like farm hands behind the hay baler, stacking them in sheds and on porches.

To its credit, the Masticator has killed but once.

A Cincy girl, Hattie Porlocks, 8, was illegally feeding it gum-drops and peanut brittle, when it bared its fangs like a starved wolf and bit off her head. A constable had to follow the machine for blocks before it spilled Hattie's noggin, intact, though cubed in a cloudy gelatin.

"Sure enough," says the dynamic philosopher, C.A. Ludwig.

"It's another instance of ecophagic money policy.

"These periods have occurred throughout economic history, which, I must say, is the only

kind of history there is.

"Edible money is a new twist on an old idea--just a phase, until we can grow more trees.

"Now, let me be the first to say, the taste of that money meat is oh so sweet.

"Yeah, I make my regular dumps when the masticator comes to the house.

"I'm a well-meaning citizen. Sure, I fry the stuff, pattied, crumbed and in hot lard. Really, I'm fond of it.

"But lately, the truck has been calling in the middle of the night.

"I'm drilled awake by the scream of the driver, 'Masticator . . . bring out yer bucks . . . Masticator!'

"I tell you, I'd just as soon go back to the old ways--short-bread, lights, fatback. The truth is, they can take the Masticators and shovel them up the Pope's ass."

NEUTRODYNE ANGLING

The neutrodynes of Susnr's marshes, near the upper shores of the Firecracker Sea, are ardent hunters of chub shabbitt, a sort of terrestrial fish, though some think them more mammal than anything.

The neuts call these animals "Pakningwukme," and the art of hunting them "feeling for the mother of the marsh."

A party of neuts strip themselves, surround a clump of rushes and merely feel among the stems with their hands for shabbitts hiding there.

The shabbitts are left to dry near atom piles, then pierced with sharpened willow rods until they come to pieces.

will, National Socialist gardening. We can turn an empty head into a patch of collard, useless extremities into nutritious tubers the size of fire plugs.

SQUASSATION -- Bolognic art typified.

Meat paste in any form. A handful of worms, a salamander's tail, both as edible as luncheon loaf.

In the rear yard of the plant you can see a mountainscape of souse, whole battalions of "wurst soldiers" ready to march up Porkchop Hill and down again.

Punch 'n' Judy, made of headcheese, are two rollicksome figures that gibe at each other across the Mincemeat Gulch, while the group of mounted "chorizo" warriors gives the visitor a strange feeling of unity and power.

FACT: Sonoco Oil's story begins 75 years ago, with a handful of men making crude paper cones in a run-down warehouse. We'll never, ever, pass that way again.

TERRANOVA: NICOTINE TONIC

SPUD

--A SMOKING CLUB--

The president of SPUD is Vincent "Hammerhead" Terranova, seen on front page.

On visiting his Carolina home, this reporter was invited to hammer an eight-penny nail into Terranova's pileated neck, which he did. It went in, after an extended pounding, about 2 inches.

Terranova made no cry, nor was there bleeding evident.

During the interview the nail remained in situ, like a picador's lance.

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CM Briefly, what is SPUD? Terranova A society of smokers.

Members think of themselves as Social Puffers Under Duress. They're spitting angry, tired of being shuttled into little corners of life that say SMOKERS ONLY.

They want some slack, some breathing room. It's a literal hell we live in.

I like to point to the backsides of anti-smoking statistics, saying, Look, it shows that 75 percent of heavy smokers do not die of lung cancer, but of something else.

The very ones who eschew nicotine happily smoke marijuana until they're blue in the face. It is a weed more noxious than tobacco ever was.

It fills the lungs with a black sludge and eventually puts the mind to sleep.

While tobacco, in its many forms, is both a neurological and circulatory tonic.

It flushes the kidneys, and in combination with alcohol, produces a kind of fibrillous euphoria that no other drug can match.

And it has the benefits of legality.

JULEP ROLLS COOLED

Spuds made menthol famous. Now another cigarette promises to make the mint julep famous. The Julep Tobacco Co. has placed on the market Julep cigarettes. It will be advertised in newspapers and over the air as the "Mint - Cooled" cigarette.

FLAG HISSED BY SPUD

A SPUD chapter hissed the American flag at the theatre when Johnnie Johns sang a parody of the chapter's anthem, "Why Don't You Try to Smoke A Camel?" At the end of his performance, Johns pulled a tiny flag from his pocket, waving it with one hand and chopping camels with a hatchet with the other.

Blocula

Corpse-Lifting

WHAT ZEUS BOLOGNICS DOES -----

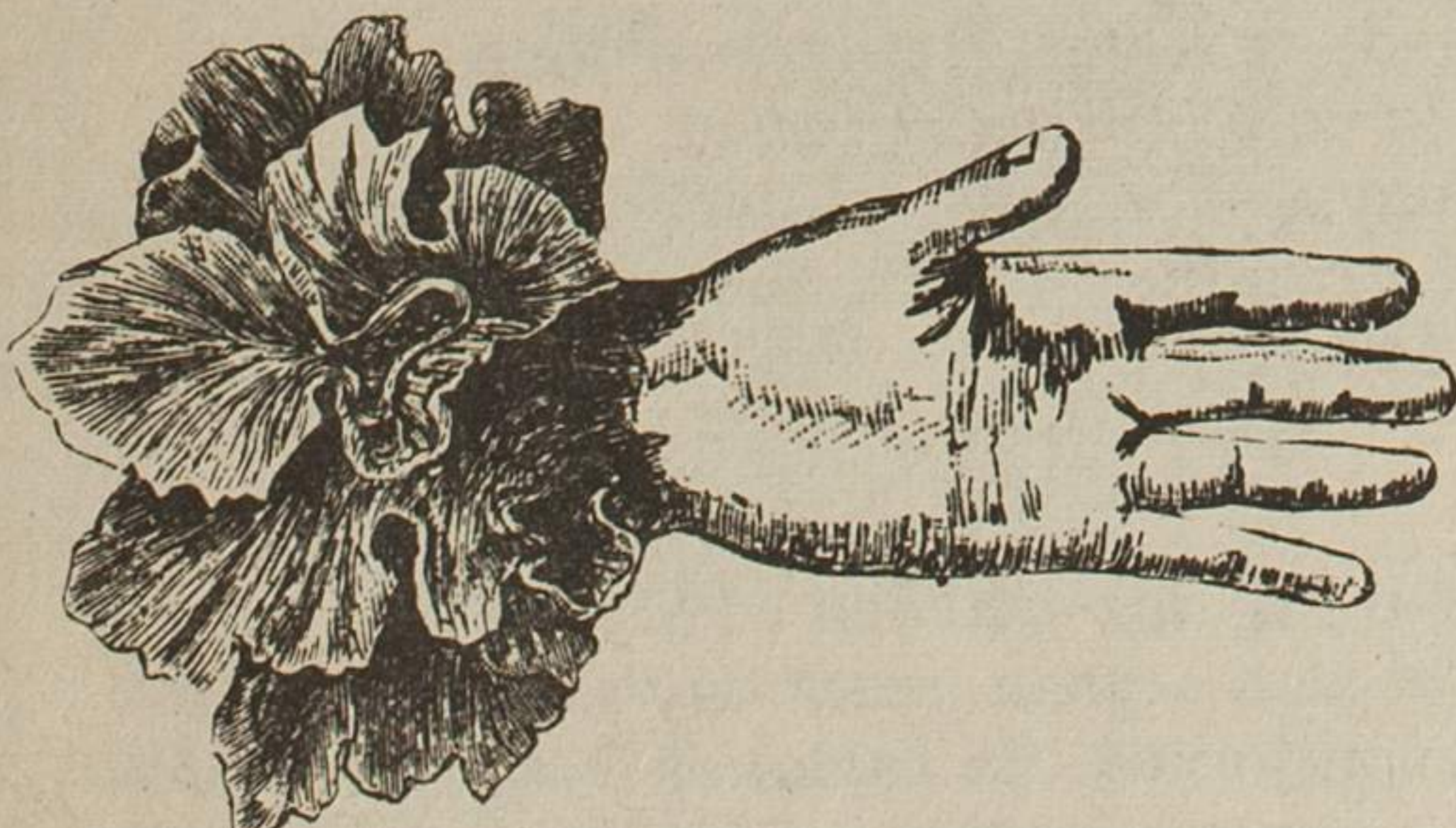
We do much more at Zeus Bolognics than push meaty dough paste into sausage casings. Please, the next time you are traveling to Susnr's Altobello, visit our production plant, located at No. 9 Donahoo Street in the American quad.

This month we are featuring:

BLOCULA -- The science of growing leafy cabbages from dead men's wrists.

CORPSE LIFTING -- Alexander the GREAT, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "That which I cannot find," was the reply. "The difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

MALEFICIA -- We take society's dross, its afflicted neutrodynes who contribute nothing to the national Progresso and, by cellular implantation, make a productive garden of them. We call the process Fasciation, or, if you



Maleficia

Squassation

