

“...cowpunchers who had formerly been able to make an honest living doing an honest day's work began to drift to Hollywood to play their former selves.... Made historically superfluous by the advent of barbed wire and railroads, which made round-ups and cattle drives unnecessary, they flocked to the Hollywood movies where they could sell their image if not their real abilities. The hippies of today, drifting in from New Mexico and elsewhere to appear in the so-called documentaries, are all too similar.”

-Thomas King Forcade: *Caravan of Love and Money*
(New York: New American Library, 1972)

COWBOYS Are NO ANGELS

Distributed Free On-Line at
www.stevenconliff.com

Print Copies
\$10



Archives
of the
Revolution
#1

1972
CREEP
Exorcism

Featuring a Story by
Steven Conliff
with Artwork by
Suzan Bird-Conliff





With this ad still \$25 ppd.

S. Conliff
1483 Pemberton Dr.
Columbus, OH 43221

WHAT WOULD CUSTER DO?

Model your life on that of the Great Paleface Leader. Before taking any action, ask yourself: What would George Armstrong Custer have done in this situation? Here are your choices:

- 1) Attack.
- 2) Feign an attack.
- 3) Send for reinforcements. Become impatient waiting. Attack before they arrive.
- 4) Attack. Become impatient with progress of attack. Break off attack. Blame resultant debacle on your subordinates. Demand an investigation.
- 5) When that doesn't work, blame your boss' relatives. Demand another investigation.
- 6) When that doesn't work, get a new hairstyle.
- 7) Commit suicide in a spectacular fashion which mentally-deficient boys will regard as heroic.

-Steve Conliff

Copyright 2004 by Steven E. Conliff. Promotional download available free at www.stevenconliff.com

COWBOYS *Are* NO ANGELS

by **Steve Conliff**

1.

The Cowboy shook his

head at the proffered cigarette. "What I want's answers."

"Sure you do," said the man behind the desk, showing even rows of piano-key teeth. "And you're as likely to get them from me as anybody."

"That's what I counted on." The Cowboy sat.

"But you may not like these answers." The man behind the desk lit his cigarette, drew and exhaled twin streams from his nostrils.

"Cook something up. If I don't like the taste, I'll send it back."

"What makes you think I'd change the menu for you? I can be a stubborn guy."

"I know that. You're what happens when a horse gets mixed up with an ass."

He grinned. "You mean a mule?" "No. A horse's ass."

The Cowboy walked out. "You

"Of course we shot him," she was confessing peevishly. "We took turns shooting him, then we flew out that window, over the wall, and hid out all evening in the Phantom Empire"



shouldn't ought—" was all he heard.

The Cowboy got into his jalopy and left the lot. He drove to a certain tavern off Vine Street, where he knew two or three dozen of the boys were likeliest to be, broke and nursing beers. They were artificially happy to see him, but he felt blue enough to set them all up. "Better give Butt one with a good head on it. He needs something to help him think." The bartender led the guffaw chorus.

Butt grinned sheepishly, not usually so endearing a trait in cattle country. "Yak was in here a while back lookin' for you. Gee—"

"What'd Yak want?"

"Oh, he wanted to show you a variation he worked out on the stage coach crawl."

The Cowboy grinned broadly, the first airing out his teeth had gotten that day. "Yak's too old

to roll around in the stage dust."

"You try telling Yak that. He says his great grand pappy was still—"

"Aw, he's pullin' your leg, Butt. I'd do it some too if I wasn't plumb wore out listening to that sumbitch at the studio."

"What's holdin' things up?"

"They are," put in Shortly Slim. "Holdin' us up, I mean."

"They're through with us there, boys," the Cowboy announced. "We're on our own now."

The Cowboy dropped Butt home last, as usual, so as not to embarrass him with critiques of his horse sense. Truth was, Butt knew mules, but there's no jackpots in mule-racing. None for him at the horse track either, but Butt had heard it all before and brushed it aside with good humor. "They'll phone in the morning, and everything'll be all right," he proclaimed foolishly.

"Thanks for the loan. I'll—" The Cowboy saluted and piloted the jalopy home. The phone was already ringing.

It was the Girl. "You better get over here to the studio fast. Somebody just killed a certain sumbitch whose last scheduled meeting was you."

"Who cares? I was wet nursing thirty unemployed stunt cowhands. I'm through coming to them."

"Well," said Bright Eyes, "I just figured you'd want your six-shooter back."

2.

"Of course we shot him," she was confessing peevishly. "We took turns shooting him, then we flew out that window, over the wall, and hid out all evening in the Phantom Empire. After that I shot President McKinley, and Ge—"

"Hello, Lieutenant," the Cowboy said pleasantly to the acting chief detective. "Is my histrionic co-star making your job tough?"

"I don't mind looking at her," the detective chief replied. "But at home I can turn the sound down."

"On the set we use ear plugs. Only take 'em out for the shootin'." All the policemen laughed, and one said:

"Thanks for the new squadcars,

G—" But the Cowboy waved him off.

"We know you don't carry your six-shooter off the lot," the chief detective said. "We figured someone filched it from the prop room and did the world's worst job of framing you."

"Sure, but why? He's the only one losing if my outfit hits the sundown trail."

"You'd really leave, G—" the loquacious officer began, but the Girl cut him off with assurances he could wager his hind quarters on it. The Cowboy grinned.

"She talked like that when I met her. First critter I couldn't break." Everybody laughed.

The Cowboy was getting tired of laughter. It only amused him when Butt was around. He liked Bright Eyes because she laughed at him, not with him. He was sore about not getting to conk his head on the pillow, and started to feel the reticence settling in. Not a good feeling to have around detectives and a body.

Fortunately, they were wheeling the dead sumbitch out now. "Boyd was in just before you," the chief remarked.

"Framing Boyd up isn't such a funny idea." The Cowboy's eyes slitted.

"That Rambler imposture oughta be horsewhipped, then shot in the head and dumped in an unmarked

grave," stated Bright Eyes.

"Aw, that's your solution for everything," the Cowboy complained. "Better lock her up now, Lieutenant, before she kills again."

"With a six year-old home thinks she shoots out rats' eyes for fun? Not fornicating likely."

"Before Boyd was Dodd," said the loquacious policeman, consulting a list.

"That kid would never leave Walt—" The chief detective gestured the Cowboy's objection aside.

"We know that. That's why we figure, maybe him. Maybe Walt ordered him hit. Hell, who knows?"

"Walt's too cheap to have anybody hit. Guess some more."

"I'm still liking the Red puppetmaster for it," persisted the loquacious cop. It took a stupid remark like that for the Cowboy to demote a police officer that far, even in his mind.

"A thought like that could get you a Supreme Court seat when friend Ronnie becomes President." That crack broke up the room, and the loquacious cop slank away.

"Lieutenant, we have a supermarket opening out in Topanga ten A.M. O.K. with you if we get some sleep first?"

"I won't lose any myself over this, Cowboy. Thanks for all your help." The Cowboy saluted and pulled Bright Eyes away.

3.

*“And did you remember Sweet Betsy from Pike,
Who crossed the wide ‘Souri
With her lover Ike,
‘N two yoke of oxen and a big
Speckled hog,
A rooster, three chicks and a
Old yeller dog...”*

The Girl flipped away the cigarette she'd taken two puffs of, fingered her hair in the sea breeze and complained: “That's always *your* solution. You'll sing another tune when the headlines come out ‘Exec Who Called Westerns Dead Is Shot With Star's Six-Gun.’”

“There aren't going to be any headlines.”

“There will be when every studio in town backs off us. Which they will after this.” She fumbled in her purse.

“Don't smoke those things. They stain your teeth and our new company won't be able to afford the flouride treatments.” The Cowboy showed her his teeth.

“Play it for the boys, boss. The bankers won't be giving you their sympathies either.”

“Well, they will after we catch the killer and hush this whole thing up. Now listen here, Bright Eyes. You skip Topanga and call around

your friends. Find out who was doing what with the late lamented.”

“See who's not lamenting enough, you mean.”

“That's right. Who was that private eye you got to clean up Butt's little rampage in Tiajuana?”

“Cornado de la Cruz. He's a grand-nephew-in-law or something of Yak's.”

“Everybody down there's some relative of his. Hire de la Cruz to find out every indiscretion our boy ever committed there. Somebody on that list will have a cousin at the studio.”

“What makes you think this involves a girl, sweetie?”

“I didn't say it did or it didn't.”

“But you're planning on some fishing and need bait.”

“You'll be a great star in Westerns, lady, once you learn not to question the Cowboy.”

“Haven't you heard, Cowboy? The Western is dead.”

“No, it's not. It's just playing possum.”

4.

Biff! Baff! Buff!

The Cowboy hit the Champ three more times. Then he cocked his wrist, and—

Plink!

The Champ flicked his hand and

knocked the Cowboy down again.

“The wrist, the wrist! Don't cock the damn wrist!”

The Cowboy shook away the stars. “But it looks so good on screen.”

The Champ extended a glove and pulled the Cowboy to his feet. “Telegram's cheaper. ‘Two-oh-five round six I'm sending a lazy right to your jaw. See if you can be there.’”

The Cowboy danced. Butt stuck his head between the ropes. “There's an insurance investigator askin' questions over at O'Malleys. Put your mouthpiece in.”

“Oh, he's not interested in my dental plan. That's one of the host working the Sumbitch case.” The Cowboy feinted his head a few times and socked the Champ's jaw harmlessly. The Champ tapped him back onto the ropes.

“It's an interesting trip west for me, anyway,” the Champ said as he worked his shoulder muscles around. “Next time you're on Broadway I'll stage a murder investigation for *you*.”

“Thanks, I'll remember.”

“I'm surprised you've kept it from the papers.”

“So far.”

“Wanna get hit some more?”

“That's what we're here for.”

The Champ affectionately hit the Cowboy a few more times, then showed him a cute trick with his head. The Cowboy showed his

**Three quick shots split the air, and a ricochet shattered a lamp.
The Cowboy jumped up....**

appreciation with a quick undercut to the gut. The Champ's stomach hurt his fist.

"So the cops are getting nowhere with Mrs. Sumbitch, they say." The Champ bicycled for practice.

"They tell you more than they tell me."

"Everyone tells the barkeep their troubles," said the Champ, displaying a slick sleight of hand in three-quarters speed, then repeating it. "They say Mrs. Sumbitch knew all about the bambino in Tiajuana."

"There were three of them."

"Really?" The Champ made a face and distracted the Cowboy with his eyes. "Didn't think the squirt had it in him." He hit the dazed Cowboy harder than he meant to, and shook his head that class was over when he saw the glaze. "You want to get that glass jaw looked at."

"Can't hear you. Got cauliflower in my ears."

"Let's go buy the Homicide squad lunch," suggested the Champ. "Maybe we can find a joint to wreck."

"You'll stop when yours is the only bar in the world, eh Champ?"

"No, I like Tiajuana just the way it is."

6 - Library of Conliff 1:1 (9/04)

"I've got a better idea then. Why don't we head south and pay a social call on the second Senora Sumbitch?"

"Yeah. Chile Poblano sounds about right after that belly-massage you gimme."

5.

"**A**ll three were born here in this room," the young senora said proudly. "Mama is a *curandera*."

"Accurate-ero at what?" wondered Butt. "Countin'?"

"A *curada*'s a witch, Butt," the Champ told him, throwing a wink at the Cowboy.

"Midwife is more like it," said the Cowboy. "And I think it's *curandera*."

"Midwife, high wife, low wife, we pay them 'cause we love 'em, right Champ?"

"That and we can't leave 'em alone."

"Senora, did he seem particularly upset about anything or anyone last time you saw him?"

"Si, Senor Cowboy. You."

"Just me?"

"You and Senor Hopalong."

The three year-old bambino pointed his cap pistol at the Cowboy and made noises in his throat. The Cowboy clutched his breast and died. "Now you done it, pardner," complained Butt. "You done killed

the Cowboy with a Hoppy six-gun." The three year-old giggled and ran to punch the two year-old.

Then the real shooting started. Three quick shots split the air, and a ricochet shattered a lamp.

The Cowboy jumped up and grabbed the boy's capgun. He ran to the door and rolled through it. One more shot seemed to sound. A different calibre! was the Cowboy's first thought, but then he recalled the hint of a stutter. Sure enough, far up the winding road, a car backfired a second time before screeching around a curve and out of sight. There were no other cars on the street, more of a back alley really, so the Cowboy knew it was the getaway vehicle.

The Champ had his elbow, hoisting him upright. "What, you planned hittin' him on the noodle with that noisemaker?"

"He wouldn't know if I could fire it, and the kid's hand was no place for it right then. Besides, if I like it, I might have 'em make me up some." He turned it around in his hand and admired the longhorn on the grip. "Boyd gets three cents each on these. I think I can get five."

6.

"**G**race was here," announced

Bright Eyes, holding her needlework up both to examine her progress and block the sunset glare off the ocean.

"And how is Mrs. Hopalong?" wondered the Cowboy, without looking up from the boxscores.

"No more distraught than the rest of us, considering Bill's propensity for being misunderstood."

"And her his alibi. As usual."

"Today that stupid lieutenant told her they think *she* may have done it."

"He's just playing out his role, dear. DiMaggio's out six weeks, they say."

"Oh. And de la Cruz traced the slug."

"Well, why didn't you say so!" Down came the newspaper.

She smiled all dimply. "Just to see that sweet look of confusion come over your mug."

"Well, don't keep me in suspense."

"It's one of Bugsy Cohen's guns. De la Cruz is taking an extended cruise down to Tierra del Fuego and changing his name to Miller."

"I'll go fly over to Vegas tomorrow and see Bugsy."

"Oh, you're a pip. Can I come along and watch you beat it out of the Mob?"

"Bugsy and I are old friends. Violence won't be at all necessary."

"It's never necessary," said Bright Eyes. "Just adds a tang is all."

"They say it's cartilage."

"What's cartilage?"

"In DiMaggio's knee."

"Well. I never knew you to be so interested in anatomy."

"It was those lessons you gave me. They were swell."

"I wouldn't touch that line," she growled, "with Butt's fishing pole."

7.

You honor my establishment with your presence, Mr. A. I don't suppose I could persuade you to go up on stage for five minutes around nine? I got to book a last minute replacement for that Lenny Bruce bastard, got busted again back east, the little pr—"

"Sure, Bugs. You sing for me, and I'll sing for you."

"These are very fine Havanas, Mr. A.," the mobster told him, as he sat in a plush chair behind his desk and pushed a humidor at him.

"Thanks," said the Cowboy, pocketing two. "I'll sniff one with Butt and the Champ later."

"How is the Champ?"

"He doesn't like being shot at."

"Few of us do. Those of us who have been assassinated and dumped in the desert like it less than most."

"I don't like it when you shoot

into rooms full of kids. You hit one of my fans, and you'll really piss me off."

"Well, it's kind of embarrassing, Mr. A. The truth is, it was all a big misunderstanding. The moron thought he was shooting at Rogers."

"That would be O.K., but Rogers has fans too. You can't be shooting at kids, Bugs. No matter whose fans they are."

"Well, I took it out of the moron's pay, and I can slap him around if you like. But really, why should you or Rogers care who I dork down in Spicville?"

"You want to watch your mouth, Buggy."

"Yeah, I know. But why?"

"It's going to be fascinating news to the Lap Dogs when I tell them you shared a lady friend with their favorite murder victim."

"The LAPD couldn't find a turd with toilet paper. You want me to find out for you who croaked him?"

"I'll do ten minutes if you do."

"Seven'll be plenty for me, but I'd love to catch 'Back in the Saddle.' My kids love that tune."

"Everybody's do," said the Cowboy modestly.

-The End-



HALLOWEEN CREEP EXORCISM

The shadow of unspeakable Evil darkens this land. Banshee screams, horror & grotesque Death haunt the nights. Behold nightmare visions of twisted children, wet blood in the parking lot. This land is ruled by bloodthirsty monsters, & chief among them is Nixon. Evil spirits attend the Committee to Re-Elect the President (CREEP).

Curse of the An-Dead!

Workers, students & street people, producers & consumers: capitalist bosses are sucking our very blood! The Joint Chiefs of Staff feast upon Vietnamese peasants. The Vampire Nixon has drained the American people of our precious life energy. Now alas to explain the zombie-like trance in which we shall be drawn to the polls on election day, our unneeded alliance in the ghastly face of Four More Years of Kent State, Jackson State, Attina, My Lai, Operation Intercept & CIA Heroin, concentration camps of Hayday & Miami Beach, search & destroy missions against Black Panthers, the Chicago 8, the N.Y. 21, the Harrisburg 7, the Columbus 19, perpetual genocidal war in S.E. Asia, welfare cuts, wage-price freeze, death! destruction! carnage!

There is only one way to kill a vampire: you must find his coffin & drive a wooden stake thru his heart!

Don't Let It Bring You Down, It's Only Shelters Burning

Nixon/Agnew/Moody/CREEP must answer for their Crimes Against the People. We will meet at CREEP to demand that answer--to protest our oppression as women, young people, gay people, nonwhite people, working people, poor people--the physical & psychic suffering of 4 years of Republican Rule. We will not accept the pacifiers of sopors, smack, christianity or acceptance by the bourgeoisie. We demand community control of everything. Get all the pigs--cops & businessmen--out of our community or we'll run them out.

Out, Demons. Out!

On Halloween (after we've gone trick-or-treating for medical supplies for Indochina), we will gather in costume at 16th & High. After a candlelight march to City National Bank & a prayer service for the poor damned souls of the bankers killed in the coming People's Revolution, we shall proceed to the campus HQ of CREEP. There, an evry Black Sabbath will curse the Nixon campaign. Street musicians with guitars, harmonicas & flutophones will lead us in such hymns as "4 Dead in Ohio," "No More Genocide in My Name," "Bourgeoisie" & "Solidarity Forever." People's souls are captured in their photographs, & so, at the stroke of midnight, we will burn photographs of Nixon, Agnew & Kissinger, & witches & warlocks with torches, candles & incense will chant, growl & mean DEATH TO THE NIXON CAMPAIGN!

Wear a Mask in a Riotous Situation

Come to the Halloween CREEP Exorcism in costume. Come as Butcher Nixon, Vietnamese war dead, Allison Krauss, George Jackson, William Escalofsky, Artie Bremer, Marilyn Monroe, Zorro, Martha Mitchell, Bernardine Dohrn, Bloody Nelson Rockefeller, Crunch Nielop, Fat Freddy's Cat, NLF guerrilla, armadillo, Polonius Potato--whatever. Come in drag. Come dressed straight. Come in disguise. The pigs won't be able to tell us from all the straight people going to Halloween parties. If they decide to bust, they won't know who they've busted until they unmask her/him. Can you see them busting some fraternity president for "wearing a mask in a riotous situation"?

We neither plan nor counsel riot. But we know the pigs get off on attacking us, so come prepared. Wear shoes you can run in & clothing that will protect you. Make sure your mask does not obscure your vision. Carry ID & don't carry dope or weapons. Alter your consciousness in your favorite manner before you come--but stay alert & flexible. Get together with people you love & form an affinity group. You'll feel much safer & it'll be good practice.

No More CREEP in Our Community

OSH CREEP, 16th & High, 11 PM HALLOWEEN OCTOBER 31

Youth International Party