

Basic Detail Report

FEB 1981 .

CLIFF & JOANNA...

WELL, HERE IT GOES AGAIN. MY KID BUKKA GOT A CHARLEY MCARTHY DOLL FOR CHRISTMAS ONE YEAR WHEN HE MADE UP HIS MIND HE WAS GOING TO BE A VENTRIL-QUIST. HE IMMEDIATELY PAINTED IT UP TO LOOK LIKE A VAMPIRE...AND I JUST AS IMMEDIATELY PUT ON A PAIR OF JO HARVEY'S SUNGLASSES (I DON'T OWN ANY) AND THE SLEAZEST JACKET I COULD FIND (western slime) AND SAT FOR FAMILY PHOTOS...I DID THIS BEFORE I STARTED TRYING TO STOP SMOKING BY DIPPING SWIFF...ANYWAY, I BLEW RINGS OF SMOKE ON THE DUFFY AND BUKKA SAID I WAS SHOKIN THE DUFFY.

I GUESSE IT RANG SOME KIND OF DESENTED BELL.. (SHORTLY AFTER THAT, BECAUSE I WAS GETTING HEADACHES...who the fuck doesn't?...THE FAMILY CONSENSIS WAS THAT I GO THE DOCTOR, WHO'S NAME IS DR. SWOK (Korean squeak) AND TOLD ME I SHOULD GET A BRAIN SCAN. I TOLD HIM I'D BE DAMNT STRAIGHT UP IF I'D LET ANYBODY STICK LIGHTS UP MY ASS...AND LEFT. (nothing serious he said...just wanted to have the test AS A POINT OF DEPARTURE IN CASE ANY-THING EVER DID GO WRONG) JESUS! WELL, WHEN DR. SWOK GOT ELECTED I DECIDED I BETTER GO GET ONE (I figured a brain scan was where they hook electrodes to the top of your face and make alpha & omega drawings...dia-gusting enough just because of Prat boy reference, i.e. scum of the earth) BUT I WERE TODAY...AND FOUND I'D HAD BRAIN SCAN CONFUSED WITH REG BECAUSE THEY TOLD ME I HAD TO GET SHOT UP WITH PURE TORMIE (to make the "cells expand and sparkle", they said) AND THEN HAVE FORTY X-RAY SLICES DONE OF MY SKULL. I TOLD THEM 'NO THANKS'...SAID I ALREADY HAD MORE THAN MY SHARE OF THEIR SEE-THROUGH FRY WHEN I WAS A KID BACK IN THE FIFTIES STICKING MY FEET IN THOSE WEIRD GREEN MACHINES AT THE SHOE STORE. (THEY DIDN'T ARGUE (must have assumed I had a tumor and would go fast)...BUT ONE OF THE ORIENTAL TECHNICIANS (probably son of Swok) LOOKED TERRIBLY DISSAPPOINTED. FUCK ALL OF THEM...I WENT HOME AND HAVIN'T HAD A HEADACHE ALL DAY.)

NOW WHY I START TALKING ABOUT BRAIN DAMAGE JUST BEFORE I TELL YOU ABOUT THE NEW RECORD WILL PROBABLY BE OBVIOUS AFTER YOU PLAY IT...OF COURSE I REALIZE THAT'LL PROBABLY BE SIX MONTHS OR MORE FROM NOW SINCE I FIGURE YOU STILL DON'T HAVE A RECORD PLAYER...BUT THAT'S OKAY BE'CAUSE IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT JUST MAIL IT TO A TREE SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE WOODS. (THE COVER, HOWEVER, CAN MAKE A NICE HAT...JUST STICK YOUR HEAD WHERE THE RECORD NORMALLY GOES, I have one on right now.)

(after writing all that above, I went home. It is now the next day...fog in the San Joaquin.)

REGARDING THE SONGS: THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA...I WROTE THIS AFTER A FRIEND OF MYNE DIED. HE WAS A ROCK & ROLLER AND GAVE ME SOME OF MY EARLIEST ENCOURAGEMENTS TO MAKE A RECORD. HE WROTE A SONG CALLED 'WILLIN' WHICH WAS RECORDED BY A LOT OF PEOPLE, INCLUDING GOV. JERRY, THE LITTLE BROWN RAT'S GIRLFRIEND LINDA RON-STALIN. HIS GROUP CALLED 'LITTLE PRAT' RECORDED MY SONG NEW DELHI FREIGHT TRAIN AND I MADE ENOUGH MONEY OFF OF IT TO BUY A FOUR WHEEL DRIVE BLACK DODGE TRUCK THAT I SOLD ONE YEAR LATER BECAUSE IT TOOK 100 & WORTH TO OPERATE. HE DIED IN WASHINGTON D.C. OF A HEART ATTACK RIGHT AFTER HIS CONCERT THERE AND HE JUST TURNED 34. HE DID AN AMAZING AMOUNT OF DRUGS AND ALCOHOL BUT HAD BIG AND WONDEROUS HEART.

(over)

letter

Date
February 1981

Primary Maker
Terry Allen

Medium
Typewritten letter

Description
Recounts story of a visit to a doctor. List of some of his songs and the circumstances that led to their creation. Is sending a copy of the catalog from his show last month in Pasadena.