



the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth

AUSTIN DAZE

another fine, free edition of austin's free speech source

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CONTINUING TO DEFY ALL LOGIC
THIS ISSUE
CONSTRUCTED WITH
PACKING TAPE



NOW AVAILABLE IN SPACE

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- 'NORMAL MADNESS'

THEY'RE COMING!

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It was late and I was anxious to get home. The day had been rough, and I was looking forward to a hot dinner, a cold brew, a lukewarm shower...and maybe, if I played my cards right, a clandestine midnight romp, a hairdresser with blue eyes and sturdy hips and a taste for decadence. I goose the truck along and curse the length of the road and bop to *Œjamming oldies*¹, whatever that is.

The Toyota stalls out and rolls to a stop smack dab in the middle of a railroad crossing. Wonderful. Dinner and suds and cleanliness are suddenly a long shot, and the odds on snatch are totally off the board at this point. Then the lightshow commences and the bells start clanging and big pieces of wood with orange stripes begin to descend towards my ride.

Just fucking great. I throw the truck into neutral, leap out and start heaving...touch and go for a moment, but I manage to get the bitch off the tracks and rolled back into a ditch before the hammers fall. I spit. I search my vocabulary for the proper adjectives to describe the situation. The wind begins raging around me. Beautiful...a goddamn storm to boot. I turn around and the big lights wash over me and then I don't remember.

I am lying naked on a table. There are wires hooked up to my head and face and hands. I am bleeding from an incision in my stomach. There is something cold and hard up my butt. A deep hum resonates from the room, and long sickly fingers hover over my body. I weigh a million pounds, immobile. There are voices, but they are gravelly and whiny and weird, and I don't understand them. A horrific face appears above me and I pass out again.

An alien abduction? Exhaustion coupled with drugs? Self-hypnosis? Manifestation of the collective mythos? Hallucination directed by an outward power? Who the fuck knows, eh? It's fairly certain that something happened, and there are a lot of explanations floating around out there.

Weird paranormal shit descends onto the global population in regular fashion. It is well documented and well studied and we still don't really know jack. With that said, let me introduce...

The 38th Annual National UFO Conference. That's right, boys and girls. September 14-16 at the Alamo Drafthouse, and Austin Daze has managed to gain full press coverage of said event. And this reporter has managed to gain a pre-event interview with King Bullgoose Loony in Charge of Everything, Austin's own Miles Lewis.

It was a strange night and Miles is a weird guy. I had my consciousness bent on not a few moments, and I was left to ponder a bunch of shit during the wee hours. We set up in my studio, and I had tape running, but it didn't really matter. I was expecting arcane reports and outlandish testimonials, but the gig went sideways on me almost immediately.

National UFO Conference
NUFOC

I felt like an idiot for most of the conversation. Miles would ask me if I was familiar with the writings of soandso or the research of soandso or the study by soandso or the findings of thisorthat commission or the data compiled concerning thisorthat event. I just nodded and reached for beer. Jesus. Interviewing the President was a cakewalk compared to this shit. Dubya is dumb and mean and easily handled by a cagey reporter who can hold some beer. Miles is off-the-board smart and well-informed to boot. And he had disturbing tales to tell.

My main impression is this: UFO is a misnomer to the highest degree. The serious work being done in the field has little or nothing to do with small green men in flying saucers. There is still that contingent, and it gets a lot of sensational press, but the true intelligentsia are off into way heavier stuff.

The government conspiracy theories are a given. Of course the Feds know more than they let on. Of course they lie to you. Of course they experi-

ment on citizens and cover-up knowledge. We¹ll get an earful of that at the conference...CIA dudes and NSC dudes and various other G-men will be in attendance.

It is the other caca that is fascinating, however. The mystery of ELF (Extra Low Frequency) Waves, invisible, capable of causing change in machines and weather and the human brain...the Gaian theories, the Earth as a collective organism, spouting out communiqués and warnings via individual experience...the role of media and science and government and academia in exerting and controlling the direction of global consciousness...There are a lot of posers out there, boys and girls, and the people looking into it are most often shunned, shunted, jeered and generally held down by The Man. Nothing happens in a vacuum, as they say, and there is a reason for everything. The NUFOC gang is chasing those reasons for no money and a lot of shittrain. It¹s worth a fucking listen.

National UFO Conference
NUFOC

The conference features heavyweights like Robert Anton Wilson (best-selling author of the CEIlluminati¹ stuff and paranormal researcher), Jenny Randles (Britain¹s leading ufologist), Loren Coleman (world-renowned cryptozoologist), Kenn Thomas (para-political investigator), and many more. Hell, I¹m gonna show just to find out what terms like 'cryptozoology¹ and para-political¹ actually mean. I¹m also gonna drink beer and eat pizza and hit on weird chicks, but I figure I can fit it all in.

But wait, there¹s more. Alien cuisine (your guess is as good as mine), psychotronic music (the Galactic Diva Pamela Stonebrooke, Experimental Aircraft, SciBorg Sam and the Automatons, and PONG! ((hint: this is the band formerly known as Ed Hall)) ((yaya))), and a collection of funky films, some serious, some tongue in cheek, but the name Wilhelm Reich ought to jump out at you. From 1971, no less. The gig is gonna rock.

But here¹s the biggie, at least for me. There¹s gonna be a chick there who had sex with a reptil-

ian alien...and totally dug it. My mind immediately went into high gear when I heard that one. I¹ve gotta go for it. Being alone and naked in bed with a woman who has done a lizard from some other part of the universe is an experience I want to have. Definitely come out to the conference, but back off on the reptile chick. I¹m calling dibs now...D

PS Miles is throwing this shindig out of his own pocket, floating checks, hammering credit cards, etc. He¹s flying in these high profile cats from around the globe, hiring bands, renting films, taking over the Alamo, fronting hotel rooms and food, etc. It¹s a twisted Austin flavor artistic endeavor, and it needs your support. A full day or two or even the whole weekend will be worth the bucks...new theories to make you look smart in front of your friends and family, off-the-wall film, other-worldly food and bent experimental music. Decent. But I¹m serious about the lizard lady. Hands off...D

Links:

<http://www.NUFOC.net> (the gig)

<http://www.elfis.net> (Miles' mag, way cool)

<http://www.inacs.org>

<http://www.emfinterface.com>

<http://www.excludedmiddle.com>

<http://www.radio.elfis.net>



What was that bump?