

THE DRUM CATHODE
BAND II WEATHER
PERKIN



Z.I.I.

FALL 1975

YOU CAN DRAG SOME
FALS ALL THE TIME ...

A EDITOR-IAL

By n ow you have settled back comfortably in your temporary mobile home, loun ging in the spacious luxury that is TNM&O. Pr epare yourself for the most incredibly mediocre experience of a lifetime as your temporary mobile home lives up to it's name, has ~~xxx~~ its' annual breakdown, and through a startling metamorphosis becomes your permanently stationary home away from home. Just grin and bear it. Try not to show your teeth too much. You still have remains of a sandwich from Van's Catering clinging to your teeth. For the benefit of the rookies making this sojourn Tau Beta Sigma makes the request to save those sandwiches! They make excellent pin cushions, shopping lists, and terrific book ends.

Take comfort in knowing you are being led into hostile territory by the most competent and professional get away drivers TNM&O in coalition with San Quentin State Penitentiary could provide. Know your bus driver! Check his inmate number. It is on display at the front of the bus.

Our journey will take us out of Texas Tech city limits down historic University Avenue, brushing past the old Killion mansion and before you can say "huh?" we will have reached our destination-breathtaking Lowery Field.

This being the first trip of the season many of the hassles of packing, getting situated on a bus (limit one at a time please) and trying to find a place to stay when you arrive in Sacramento, have to be thought out and eliminated as much as possible.

First of all, find yourself. Know the true meaning of life with all of its fortunes and misfortunes. Don't forget your shampoo.

Second, expand your awareness of human suffering in a world torn apart by racial bigotry and financial depression. Got your tooth brush?

Third, open your heart to your fellow man and drown him in the wisdom you have achieved by fishing at Lake Tahoe in a derigible. Bring your horn.

Last, but not least, stare at old people.

So, you think the buses are going too slowly. Friend, there is a reason. We are leaving an area where atmospheric pressure is 10,000 pounds per square inch. Upon arrival at Austin, pressure will have decreased almost 85 percent giving reason as to why the inhabitants of that region walk slightly higher in the air than at home. In conclusion, as to avoid an illness common to deep sea divers known as "bends", the buses must travel at a slow rate for occupants to accustom~~ed~~ their metabolism to pressure discrepancies. Artificial breathing apparati will be issued by bus captians before leaving buses due to the heavy fog encompassing the T.U. campus.

Many great pass-times are available to those of you wishing to. At present, I can't think of any, but given time I'm sure I can't think of any. So let your imagination take rein and make believe you are enjoying this editorial... how ever measured, or far away. Ah, how dramatic.

~~But how slow they have become.~~

DID YOU EVER WONDER.....

- . . . why chickens don't have ears
- . . . why grass isn't purple
- . . . what Ron Dyer would look like without a moustache (what is he hiding?)
- . . . why tadpoles turn into zebras
- . . . why rocks are hard
- . . . what goes on in Bus 8
- . . . why no one but percussionists are on Bus 8
- . . . why there are only 26 hours in a day
- . . . why Lubbock is called the "Hub"
- . . . why green means go and red means stop
- . . . why Jack Spratt could eat no fat other than the fact that his wife could eat no lean
- . . . why mashed potatoes taste the same
- . . . what 96 portable buildings would look like on the barn field
- . . . why whenever you said "asphalt" someone always said "gesundheit"
- . . . how a belt holds your pants up
- . . . what a fish would look like in a tree
- . . . why Miss America is never from North Dakota
- . . . why a building doesn't fall down when a door is opened
- . . . what possible purpose this clique serves

John "Truck" Hawley, defensive tackle for the Zoplin Junior County Zebras of Zoplin, Iowa, has a wife (sweet potato eating record holder) and 2-year old twin sons who attend rock-busting school at the local nursery.

Pakistan harvested 2,567,396 tons of wild rice in 1962

There are only two known African red-tongued, water-hole jumpers left in the entire world.

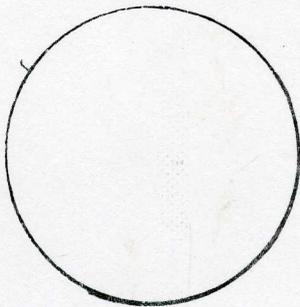
WORD SHAMBLES

Unshramble the following words to answer the magical question.....

- 1. What we're all in o _____ nbad
- 2. What we all wish we played o _____ rumd
- 3. What the tubas sound like o _____ o trash
- 4. The home of the orange scourge _____ o _____ tausin

Using the circled letters, find a word to answer the big question.....How we must all act, look, and march...

The following is a test of your artistic skills, take the following picture and try to copy it without crossing a line or lifting your pencil.



This space is provided for trial drawings.....

In order to fulfill your mathematical fantasies find a pattern to the following set of numbers.....

1-5-10-15-84-1045-96-0-56-89-103-399-68-37-18964864-4

PUZZ Z Z Z Z Z
Z Z

PAGE

In recognition of America's Bicentennial, Zeta Iota Tau
proudly presents:

THE DRUMMER'S HYMN *

Anonymous Manuscript--circa 1975

O Kerchak, look upon me now
And see my arms are tired.
With all this work I don't see how
The band can still get fired.

There's water, water everywhere;
My snares hang to my knees.
Only when we're soaked like this
Is there a cooling breeze.

In spite of rain or thunder,
We show our virtuosity;
And never mind when Killion screams
That ZIT is an atrocity.

It's not our fault if we cannot
Invert a hyperparaididdle,
Marching step-one backwards
To a double quadramiddle.

At least I'm glad I'll never be
In place of Larry Hess,
Who has to swallow Killion's wrath
When we create a mess.

In spite of all, we strive to hold
Our righteous claim to fame;
The pride of Tech, the Goin' Band,
And Mr., uh, what's-his-name.

This poem is stated all in fun
For ZIT, including Dyer.
I love you all, but don't forget
I am sometimes a lyre.

* Sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle"

CLASSIFIED ADS

ATTENTION ANY SORORITY OR LARGE MASS OF FEMININE BODIES:
 ONE TECH DRUM SECTION UP FOR ADOPTION. GREAT FOR PARTIES
 OR ANY GET-TOGETHERS. JUST THINK--YOUR OWN DRUM SECTION!
 Contact Larry (look into my eyes) Hess.

FOR SALE: SEVERAL LOW COST C. B. MICROPHONE DETECTORS:
 A MUST FOR ALL BANDSMEN.

NEW SEATING MAPS: PICK YOURS UP TODAY. YOU CAN'T PICK
 YOUR SEAT WITHOUT A PROGRAM. COMPLIMENTS OF TECH
 STUDENT ASSOCIATION.

GO'IN WITH THE GO'IN BAND

We all know that the Texas Tech Band is referred to
 as the Go'in Band, but unfortunately we didn't know just
 how far we are go'in. As you know we (the Band) are not
 sitting where we belong,,and if you didn't, I hope that
 you are making new friends because you aren't sitting
 where you belong. The staff of the "Drum Clique" was able
 to uncover the future plans of the Student Association
 concerning the seating of the Tech Band, along with some
 juicy pictures of Grover Murray at the Motel Six.

As we all realize that the Band has been moved from
 the south twenty over to the north twenty, now let us
 take a mystic look into the future. As of next year the
 Band will be seated in a circle around the double T in
 the end zone. Now for the clincher; in 1973 the parking
 lot in Town and Country Shopping Center will be lined off
 for the half-time show and we will be seated in the back-
 stage theater where we will be entertained such famous
 firms as HOT NIGHT IN PARIS and CLASS OF '74. All of which
 will be previewed by our band staff, several times. The
 staff of the "Drum Clique" would like to salute the Student
 Association for the efforts in looking out for the welfare
 of the student body, but there is a law against salutes
 like that so we couldn't get into Memorial Circle.

... AND
 ALL THE TILTS SOME OF THE
 TIME, BUT...

CLIQUE CINEMATIQUE

William D. Kornis

Monty Python and the Holy Grail

Don't bother with this one. Surely the epitome of "dry" English humour, with none of the appeal of great movies like Jaws, Gone with the Wind, 2001, or Jaws. Lack of continuity destroys this one. For instance, where did all those soldiers at the end come from? A Rover 2000 in the Middle Ages? A quasi-Trojan Horse with no one inside (reminding me of the shark cage in Jaws)? I never even saw the moose, much mention of which was made in the credits. Apparently this footage was deleted (!). It all goes to show that the English are no longer hale and hearty at humour (ha-ha). Give 'em another chance; the Mother Country may yet again produce something for the serious aficionado (their last one was True Grit). This one, however, will remain a "disaster" of a movie without any Jaws-like appeal.

VILLAGE

2001

The worst bit of outer space tripe since Flesh Gordon. A running battle between two guys and a computer (somewhat reminiscent of Quint and Brody vs. the Great White in Jaws) with a far-out "psychedelic" episode that really "turned me on", "freaked me out", and "gave me a migraine". Music is the saving grace here. Richard Strauss (occasionally billed as Johann) is no John Williams, but I'd like to see him do a few more soundtracks.

FOX I & II

The Ten Commandments & Ben Hur

Two Bible flicks, both featuring Charleton "Bible Flick" Heston and a cast o' thousands. Grandeur and sheer weight of numbers are key elements in these perennials, but the writer's ability to imply rather than depict is not forgotten. In the "Ten", don't we sense that the Egyptian Army floundering in the Red Sea will be eaten by hammerhead

sharks (symbolizing the hammer and sickle of the Soviet Union; perhaps hinting at the decaying UAR-USSR relationship?)? (?) In Ben Hur the ship vs. ship combat can only be seen against the existential fabric of the shark vs. boat conflict of Jaws. In 2000 years (2001 ?) we've gone from man against man back to man against the perils of Nature. Perhaps this is the essence of Bartok's preoccupation with arch form. Maybe it's not. I don't know.

RED RAIDER DRIVE-IN

Vampire Sharks & I was a Teenage Remora

No synopsis available.

U. C. CORONADO ROOM

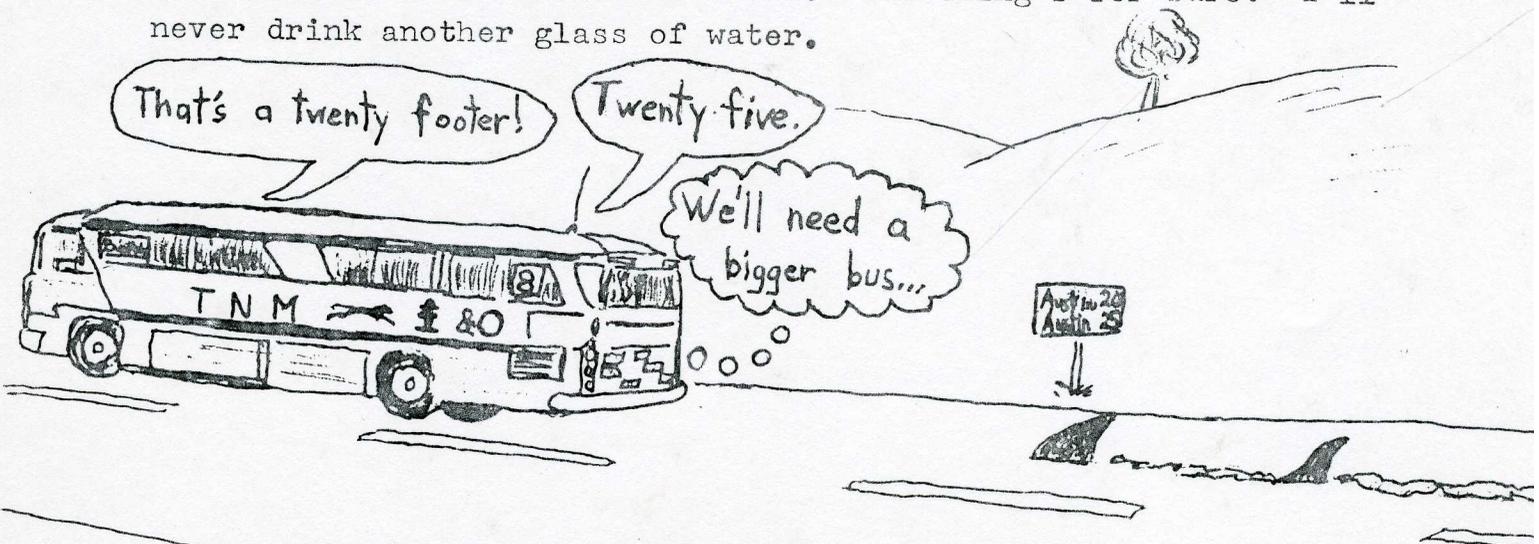
Old Yeller

O.K.; would have been great if the rabid dog had been eaten by a mako shark.

CINEMA WEST

Jaws

Sine qua non, with certain reservations. Music's not bad, but the tenor tubaist's articulation is hardly in the Mahlerian idiom. The shark itself is faker'n a dog. Clearly visible in the final scenes are wire, plaster, and the giant CO₂ cartridge that powered it. Kudus to Richard Dreyfuss' acting, a mixture of wry humor and Scotch, topped with brown sugar and Steve Hartwell's glasses. The climax of the movie was the death of Quint (coinciding with me finally putting my arm around muh chick). I hear they really had to kill Robert Shaw for that scene. One thing's for sure: I'll never drink another glass of water.



MEMOIRS

The maitr'd motioned to me. My table was at long last ready. The die had been cast and the cast was dying to perform the parts they knew only too well. With each step I took, those painful memories that had attached themselves to my painful memories of remembering painful things as an only child growing up in a one-room rent house in Brooklyn.

Eleven of us had left the party early enough to catch the lorry for a bit of late nite pubbing. I had read *Gone With the Wind* up to here (ears) and ready was I for girl watchin' too, I'll betcha.

Walking into that pub was a little like shaking hands with a drunken Armenian orangutan. A salty old scoundrel was putting them away left and (or) right and the wall paper was a bit loud for the Louis XVI modesty accustomed to my upbringing. I guess grass always grows lightest on a busy street.

It was when en route to the men's room via the drunken Armenian orangutan (boy was it ever dark in there) that I found her. She had poised herself high atop a wall of hoghead casks lining the room, whispering sweet nothings to a mirror which she held directly in front of her charming yet somewhat girlish face.

I being the bolder member of my group and at times the bolder member of my group posed a sure-fire ice-breaking question toward her.

"I'll bet you can't read or write and needless to say, your nails are atrociously filthy," said I. She was wild about me. Her lips puckered in anxious lust. Mine were chapped having been cleaned and pressed with my tuxedo.

"My name is Linda. I'm a Libra born on the cusp. My parents were of Jewish descent before the war and Irish descent during and after. My brother is a wealthy car dealer in Detroit. Can you tell that my nose was broken in two places when I was seventeen?" she said in a shy, airy

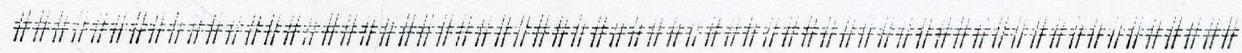
(MEMOIRS, cont.)

manner. I knew it wasn't going to be easy starting a conversation with her, but I had to try. I had the charm, wit, and raw intelligence to open the tightest of lips, letting girls spill their guts out to me naturally. I would get her to talk before the night waned and the candle drowned to death in its own savory, fragrant juices.

"My mother was a Libra," I said, forcing a Dorito into my mouth. I thought that to be a rather obvious "come on" line. I figured her to take the bait hook, line, and (or) sinker, but she was smarter than I had credited her and was playing coy with me.

As the night wore on our relationship swelled like acne sores, and before morning she had promised me that no other man would enter her life after meeting me. Shortly after she made these romantic vows, she placed the double barrels of a Remington shotgun neatly in her mouth, pulled the trigger, and blew her head completely off. Silly girl. How she knew I had always wanted a double barrel ceremony. . . I'll never know.

Our return trip from Denmark included a one-day stopover at St. Nick's Home for Blind Veterans of Armando Villegas vs Mohammed Ali fight 1944 ending in disaster, of course.



famus QuOtEs

"I never met a match I didn't strike."
-Soccerateez

"A Longhorn is not to be confused with a short honk."
-Anon

"Let's make a deal."
-Monty Hall

"I never struck a match I didn't like."
-Debe Rebozo

Jim Steele and his Subatomic Tongue Suppressor

When we last left Jim Steele, youthful All-American genius, boy inventor and original young man from Peoria, he had just created his greatest invention, the Subatomic Tongue Suppressor.

Actually, he had not intended to invent the Tongue Suppressor at all. He intended to invent a death ray. Somehow, however, the integrated circuits had gotten reversed and thus became the Subatomic Tongue Suppressor.

He studied his new invention curiously. Certainly it looked like a common ordinary household disintegrator laser beam ray gun.

Still the full implications of his new invention did not immediately penetrate Jim Steele's manly brow(not for nothing was his name Steele.) It was not until much later in the day that Jim Steele accidentally shot a beam from his ray gun into the parakeet cage. The bird turned to him and casually spoke to Jim Steele.

"Excuse me, aproned guard, why haven't I no toiler in this cage?" In a state of shock Jim Steele pulled the bird's head off, and set it afire.

Jim Steele stood silent amid the smokings and stinkings within his secret laboratory, contemplating his new invention. A strange gleam came to his eyes. "We must experiment further," Jim Steele told himself. "We must put the device to the ultimate test."

Jim Steele strode from his secret lab to his bedroom. He changed quickly from his laboratory clothes to his Jim Steele costume with the jagged lightning bolt pointing toward his navel. He put on his black mask.

Then Jim Steele exited through a secret panel in the rear of the clothes closet. He went down a narrow passage built within the walls of his apartment

(Jim Steele, p. 2)

house. He entered a secret chamber in a supposedly abandoned sewage treatment plant. Inside, a gleaming length of polished black machine was parked; Jim Steele's famous invention, Robot Kar.

Robot Kar was Jim Steele's faithful sidekick and loyal companion. It was also his car. He had built it during his Black period. Besides the usual smoke screens, oil slick, laser beams, machine guns, depth charges, ejector seats, retractable beds, satin sheets, and champagne dispenser, Robot Kar had a built-in brain under the dash board. The brain was programmed to communicate by electronic voice through the dashboard, issuing late reports on road conditions, pithy comments on passing scenery, reciting certain limericks, and uttering uplifting passages from Horatio Alger stories. during moments of creative lassitude.

"Look Robot Kar, my latest and greatest invention."

"What the hell is that?" said Robot Kar.

"It's my greatest invention, the Subatomic Tongue Suppressor."

Continued on page 438

... BUT NO ONE
CAN EAT
JUST ONE

My Children--

Do not think that Kerchak sleeps. Perhaps a nap now and then . . . but never sleep. The reason I have not been in correspondence with my most precious Lubbock ZIT's is that I have been engaged in dangerous espionage work down here in the Land Of The Longhorn. The enemy is everywhere and always identifiable due to their distinctive, but tasteless, orange plumage and the congenital malformation of the digits on both forepaws--that being an extension of the first and fourth "fingers" while the other digits are clamped toward the palm. Curious, but helpful in identification. Perhaps this digital deformity creates certain subconscious feelings of inferiority which would explain the unusually aggressive and antagonistic behavior of the primitive natives. In laymen's terms these traits might constitute a "chip on the shoulder." Further investigation leads one to discover the genus of the tribal mascot--bovus or "cow." Deductive reasoning then shows us that the actual composition of the "chip" on the collective shoulder is readily discernable.

Oh Yes...my espionage work. I knew that the Texas Tech Band would be accompanying you on your field trip to Austin this year. Therefore, I took it upon myself to probe the enemy's strengths and weaknesses in order that your preparations will be complete. At great peril to my easily-bruised person I obtained the following tightly-guarded information:

1) "Big Bertha"--reputed to be the world's largest drum without function--is not filled with air. (Most drums are filled with air, you know.) B. B., however, is stuffed with whipped potatoes topped with sour cream & chives.

If you could somehow get your hands and/or feet on a 17-foot, 1.3-ton Hungarian vegetarian, you could conceivably have him eat Big Bertha, thereby ruining the U. T. halftime. Your main problem will be obtaining enough

aluminum foil to wrap your tremendous tuber in order to deceive your hungry European. Good luck.

2) The Longhorn drum section has now doubled its cadence repertoire. That's right--TWO cadences--up until now secret. Well, troops, here they are. . .

I.

S.D.	RRRL		♩ ♪ ♩		♩ — ♩	}
T.D.	∴ ∴ ∴ ∴		♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩		∴	
B.D.	○		♩ — ♩		∴ ○ soli	
Cym.	x		x x x x x x x x x x		x x x x x x x x x x	

sFz

III.

MARIMBA	(Brass Mallets)		∴		∴
CLAVES	○ d. d.		∴		∴
*CABEZA	∴ —		∴		∴
*AVACADOS	A. B.		♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩		♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

Now all you have to do is play them first and you'll make the U. T. drummers look like so many slices of old ham. I would recommend that you assign the difficult marimba part on III to Corporal Livings (Try to keep her out of trouble) and the challenging avacado part should probably go to Lieutenant Vaughn, assuming he can find some challenging avacados.

3) Over half of the Longhorn band basses can read music. Don't tell the Tubas--they'll die of jealousy.

4) The U.T. drum section leader is fluent in six languages--none of which are spoken anywhere in the known world.

* "cabasa"--filled in with old tooth fillings
 ** not too firm

5) The U. T. Band halftime will be entitled "Through the years with Yeast," and will be a musical salute to the history of bread, pie crust, and various pastries. Formations will include an 80-yard loaf of fye, a huge bowl with dough rising from the top, an immense English muffin (complete with umbrella and derby,) a twirling number celebrating buns, and the finale will feature a huge image of the Pillsbury Doughboy being flattened by a marching rolling-pin and becoming a gigantic unbaked effigy of the late Lyndon Johnson. You might want to warn Mr. Kilman, your director, that the Longhorn band's show could run long, depending on oven temperature.

Well, my guppies, that's about the extent of our covert observations. Don't use it all in one place; except maybe Fat Dawgs. Hokay!

May you walk with Kerchak. *

Harvey J. Neptune

P. S. What's-his-name Woods says "Hullo."

* But watch where you step.



CREDITS

'Tis our hope that you have enjoyed this issue of the Drum Clique. If we have in some way managed to help you wile away the long hours accompanying a bus trip, we have accomplished our purpose. If we Haven't, big deal.

Your editors have been Alan Lawrence, bass drummer, plumbers friend, and all-around roommate, and Bruce Bray, snare drummer, paranoiac, and voodoo snake charmer. We would like to thank those who have helped make this Clique possible.

For wit(?): Rick Knowels, Susan (Snusan) Snead, Cathy Livings, D.G. Flewellyn, Bob Clarke, Leslie Nossamar, Greg Vaughn, Jeff Rutherford, Mike Woods, and Jason Tankersley.

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- the editors

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