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Kurt Buss

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There are but two ways to deal with disease, this much is known: you either attack the *cause* and attempt to eradicate the means by which the disease is spread, or you merely address the *symptoms* and seek a method for providing the victim with relief. Attacking the cause is a fitting challenge energetically shouldered by the great minds of society. Medical researchers, social scientists, Jerry Falwell and various barflies comprise this group. They are *solemn*. The group addressing the symptoms is composed of more practical folk. It includes hep musicians, gurus, the Hamms Bear and Stephen Spielberg. They are *serious*. There is a great difference between solemn and serious: the ballet is solemn; Russian roulette is serious.

But enough theoretical rhetoric, here's the crux of the matter: The Crazy Shepherd, being duly void of great minds, has decided to unleash its attempt at addressing the symptoms of a disease, a disease we feel to be society's greatest threat, its one truly potential nemesis – the flagrant and unrestricted, totally unabashed and yet-to-be-inhibited escalation of greed. Yes, that's right. We're going to change the cadence from *More! More! More!* to *Okay Already, I've Had Enough!*

Good luck, us.

Our goal is to heighten mass consciousness to the subtle realization that, indeed, more is bad, less is good. Our aim is to instill in all that only when you set your goals sufficiently low can you truly achieve. Why are we doing this? Because we want to see more people die happy.

Again – good luck, us.

But we believe it can be done! Therefore, in order to orchestrate this ideal, we propose the following organization to facilitate the means by which all those desiring Peace through Complacency can die happy.

From the official text:

"We the Crazy Shepherd Peace through Complacency Planning Committee (CSPCPC) hereby declare a fraternal organization to consist of people seeking a greater earthly existence by recognizing that greed is evil, ethnic purity is a farce and that only when we band together and coalesce can we be sure that no one is talking behind our backs."

The truth speaks.

Historically, greed has been a plague afflicting only the self-righteous, the nobly pure and everyone else who fails to realize their own meek insignificance.

Greed stalks the shadows of disillusioned zealotry, heretical lunacy and intellectual anarchy; it manifests itself only in the person who shamelessly assumes a right to more because his/her ethnic or spiritual composition is thought to be pure and superior to another. Only those feeling ordained by birth-right are capable of greed. The CSPCPC is undertaking the task of educating these people to the utter fallacy of this notion.

We're all bastards. That doesn't sound very nice, but it's true. We're the mongrel offspring of countless culturally adulterous affairs. *Nobody* is pure *anything*. The Pope is part Protestant. Anita Bryant is part gay. And the KKK are creoles of color. This whole country is an amalgamation of mutts. Our ancestry is tainted with tawdry tales of intercultural collaboration. Our forefathers slept around on the ship coming over and made us all similarly impure. So why be greedy? We're brothers and sisters! So get down, America, and be mellow to the fellow with his finger in your jello, cause he aint dirty – he's your cousin.

The truth hurts.

Here's one verse from a popular CSPCPC folk song:

My gramma was an A-rab

My grampa was a Jew

I gotta Daddy who's a Bastard

What am I supposed to do?

Kind of catchy, eh?

Well anyway, if you feel this compassion of hodgepodge people, if you see your past as a patchwork of cross-cultural forays resulting in your own impurity, and if this understanding places you in a larger family void of greed, then you belong with us and should contact us immediately so we can rush you your Certificate of Bastardness and your general guidelines to Peace through Complacency. You can die with a smile once you realize that status-struggles

have been eliminated, and that life should be the pursuit of hedonistic pleasure not aggressive competition.

You can find the truth, die happy and please all hell out of the CSPCPC. Wouldn't that be nice?