

**WHAT NEVER HAPPENED AT THE CRYSTAL THEATRE
OR
WHAT NEVER SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED AT THE CRYSTAL
OR
PERMANENTLY MORTIFIED AT THE MOVIE HOUSE**

A Conclusion

Well, there you've had it — the boss's preliminary version of the case, taken directly from his personal notes. Now let me straighten out the tangles of this case following the time of the boss's horrified discovery of the horrible head of Patt Answers airing on the line high atop the Crystal Theatre. In many ways Patt Answers' assessment of my boss, I mean my former boss, was well founded: he really was a long-winded idiot with a ridiculous name.

When I arrived on the scene, the crowd outside was thoroughly enjoying the threadbare entertainment staged on the roof of the Crystal. At the door of the theatre I was met by a weeping Ms Answers, apparently not at all pleased by the practical joke of hanging her head in effigy before a crowd of rowdies on Summer Avenue. (On reading the boss's notes, maybe she had a tear in there for him, too.) I was led back to the dressing rooms to the body of Mr Van Dickerson (really if Patt Answers looks like Spencer Tracy, I must confess Rodney looked like Orson Welles as the border town police chief in that movie of his). Tightly clutched in his hand was a tiny brass vial which contained a cube of what looked to

me to be some of the same substance I fish out of my cat's litter box every Tuesday and Friday; but I'm afraid the boss believed it to be hash, for about an ounce of the stuff was found burnt in his pipe. Oh, I neglected to say I also found the endorsed check given Rodney by Ms Answers and managed to slip it into my pocket unobserved.

By all the evidence, including the police lab report, it appears that poor dumb Rodney Van Dickerson overdosed on camel dung. He must have resorted to the commerce of what he thought was a narcotics ring in deep distress over what he believed had been the brutal murder of Patt Answers, the only woman on the face of the earth, as far as I know, who had ever given Rodney a kiss on the mouth.

That only left Patt Answers' list of questions and the making good of that check to Rodney Van Dickerson to wrap this case up.

When I went back outside of the Crystal Theatre the crowd was in erotic hysteria. Its attention was drawn to the Jones Twins' appearance before the spotlights on the rooftop stage. They were dressed in an array of black leather straps, black stockings,

black garter belts, and, of course, black over-the-knee boots. Also present was David Daniel Donald, who was, appropriately enough, dressed in nothing. Apparently they had been reading some of De Beaver's work, for they were performing some of his physically impossible but emotionally satisfying relationships (meaningful, no doubt).

As I and the crowd watched this demonstration, which from the ability, enthusiasm, and stamina of the participants looked as if it could possibly have continued for the better part of a week, Rudy Wrangle made his appearance. He announced that the Jones Twins were appearing through the courtesy of the Kalif of Jabapore. The Kalif, according to Rudy Wrangle, had purchased not only the Jones Twins, whom he met in Morocco, but also the majority of the assets of all the major banks in Memphis. He had decided to start raising camels in Shelby County. There would be a press conference in the morning on the now renamed Mid-Moroccan Mall. Wrangle continued that David Daniel Donald, his brother, was appearing through the courtesy of their mother, Lily Lyle Terrapin, who told them to

always play with their sisters instead of going out and associating with 'that other kind of girl'.

With that Rudy Wrangle turned and swept the still relating mass of flesh, leather, and silk that was his brother and two sisters back into the theatre. The crowd immediately reverted to the usual simian state of spectators: they simply milled around, oblivious to everything, waiting for the next show to begin.

I looked again at the stuffed head of Patt Answers hanging on the string of lights and then over to the real one slapping around a concessionaire and decided that she deserved to have me cash her check; afterall, of the list of five tasks assigned to Rodney I had sort of completed three. And since I already knew what a 'date' with Miss Daisy Dullwad entailed, whether it was with Crash Trasher, St Francis of Assisi, or the 1st Marine Division, there was really no need to check into that. So four of five— not bad— case closed.

I decided to cash the check immediately, fill my new Isotta-Frascini and try to see if Miss Dullwad might like to make a little trip down to New Orleans or Southaven, Mississippi for the weekend.