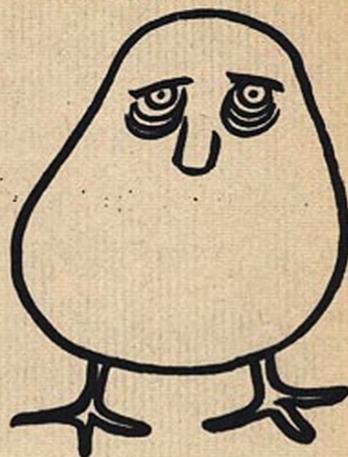


The Realist



Final Solutions to the Latrinalia Question

by Donovan Bess

So many of us, in using the men's room, fail to read the handwriting on the wall. Pity. There's no better index to our cultural life. The graffiti authors have urgent things to say to us; they say them on the walls, on the ceilings, on the water closets and on the floors.

Amateur anthropologists have begun to rescue some of these ephemeral writings. They are mainly students who volunteered to help the research work of Professor Alan Dundes of the University of California's Berkeley campus. He is a folklorist who summed up his early findings in a paper called *Here I Sit: A Study of American Latrinalia*.

This is an erudite document, worthy of this potent young scholar. He deplors the fact that since the golden age of latrine writings (in the Roman baths), few of Man's graffiti have survived. In recent decades, men's room managers have become even more zealous in their efforts to obliterate these publications.

Dr. Dundes writes that "the classic study of the form in America was made by Allen Walker Read," who "privately published it in 1935 under the euphemistic title: 'Lexical Evidence From Folk Epigraphy in Western North America: a Glossarial Study of the Low Element in the English Vocabulary.'"

Without a good knowledge of Latin how would you discover that Professor Read was not giving you a report on the nesting habits of the Baltimore oriole? Dr. Dundes belongs to another generation and doesn't mind at all if you figure out what he's studying. In fact, last month he let me read his fat file of latrinalia in Kroeber Hall.

All of the graffiti presented here are, unless otherwise attributed, from men's rooms. Women aren't literary when they

(Continued on Page 8)

by Alan Dundes

Any American male who has ever had an occasion to enter a public bathroom such as one found in a railroad or bus terminal has surely observed at one time or another one of the many traditional inscriptions found on the walls of the facilities. In some quarters, e.g. in the rest rooms of some bars and cafés, one finds the custom has been institutionalized in that a small slate and an accompanying piece of chalk are hanging on the wall. This allows individuals to write freely and at the same time it saves the establishment the expense of continually repainting walls.

Despite the widespread distribution of these inscriptions and despite the fact that many of them are demonstrably traditional, one looks in vain for extended collections of published texts and for any rational discussion of them or the practice of writing them. Most histories of the water closet do little more than recognize that such traditions exist. Typical is the remark made by poet John Pudney, author of *The Smallest Room*, who bothers to say, "I must here resist the temptation urged on me by several men of letters to quote more freely from this poetry of the smallest room."

Certainly there can be no doubt as to the antiquity of the genre. In the chapter devoted to latrines of John G. Bourke's classic *Scatalogic Rites of All Nations*, one finds references to the obscene poetry written in Roman latrines. What little evidence is available in print does attest to the age and international spread of this popular form of written folklore. Gershon Legman, an authority on erotic folklore bibliography, mentions *The Merry-Thought or The Glass-Window and Bog-House Miscellany* of 1731 with the only known complete copy at Oxford.

(Continued on Page 9)

by Robert Reisner

[Editor's note: Mr. Reisner is the author of a book called *Graffiti*. What follows are latrinalia which were not included in his collection.]

Having relieved himself physically the scrawler may as well relieve the excretia of his mind in the same place. He then symbolically smears the walls with shit, for dirty words are considered dirt themselves. There is probably a relationship between inscribing taboo words on a wall and playing with feces.

For some adults it may be their only creative outlet.

For others, the only chance to do something naughty. Pornographic wall writing comes out of frustration, anxiety and the desire to express what a person cannot state openly.

It is both horrible and fascinating to observe to what depths of degraded thought the mind can descend. The reader is kindly requested to look upon these crudities in a scientific and dispassionate manner.

- "This morning I stuck my cock out of the window and fucked the world." (Subway station toilet, N.Y.)
- "The fucking you get is not worth the fucking you take."
- "The difference between this firm and a cactus plant is that here the pricks are in the inside." (Garment center building, 7th Ave., N.Y.)
- "Cocksuckers of the world unite—bite Birchers."
- "Here patrons drink piss, employees eat pussy." (The Village Gate.)
- "Bleeker & Thompson Sts., N.Y.)
- "The largest, hottest cock on campus is right between my legs." (Univ. of New Mexico, Albuquerque.)
- "Big girl, big cunt. Small girl, all cunt."

(Continued on Page 15)

Perils of the Pill

by Jack Soltanoff, D.C.

From time to time there have been reports from Europe, the Scandinavian countries in particular, and occasionally from Canada and the U.S., indicating that oral contraceptives have been causing significant physical, mental and emotional problems in women using the Pill.

The *New York Times* of August 12, 1967 carried an article, relegated to the back pages, entitled "Birth Pill Tests ordered by the F.D.A." It stated that "The Food & Drug Administration has directed a new series of long range tests to be started immediately on all contraceptive pills already in the final stages of testing on human beings" (emphasis added).

It further said, characteristically, "There is no plan, however to remove any present drugs from the market" and ended the article by saying that "The F.D.A. spokesman said 'all the present contraceptive drugs were suspected of 'possibly encouraging' cancer once it has started although none are 'believed' to cause it.'"

In spite of a growing spate of articles on side effects of the Pill, most medical doctors refuse to "alarm" at the prospect that a chemical contraceptive might be damaging to their patients. They have been so pleased at having an easy and reliable chemical birth preventative to offer to their patients, that they have tended to welcome it, while being skeptical of the warnings of possible dangers.

Medical literature stresses the fact that the Pill must remain in the hands of the physician, based on his common sense and social and moral conscience. Medical circles also contend that this is a time of great social change and physicians must decide whether to join or be pushed aside.

Recent And Past History

Birth control pills were first introduced into the U.S. in 1960 after approval by the FDA. Preliminary tests of the drug involving 550 women in Puerto Rico (a blatant example of racism) started in April, 1957 [see issue #9]. This first pill on the market was called Enovid and was manufactured by G. D. Searle & Co.

The principal ingredient of all the oral contraceptives now approved by the FDA is Progestin—a synthetic hormone. A small amount of another synthetic hormone estrogen is also added. These hormones act on the pituitary gland, the body's growth regulatory mechanism, "fooling" it into behaving as though pregnancy had already occurred, and thereby preventing further ovulation.

The pituitary gland is the "master" gland of the body— if this gland is affected, it is thought to affect every other gland in the body, including the thyroid, adrenals, the liver, which is the largest gland in the body. If the pills are taken 20 days per month as directed, manufacturers claim they are 100% effective in preventing pregnancy. There are a number of new brands now on the market to meet the growing demand.

But while more and more women are swallowing the Pill, the number of reported side effects of a serious nature is also increasing. Physicians who practice nutritional therapy, and chiropractors who believe in a more natural and rational approach, gave warning as long ago as 1961.

Reports that users have suffered such disturbances as embolisms (blood clots), hair loss, eczema, nasal irritation, mental depression, decrease in the size of the uterus, bleeding, etc., have begun to cause worry among more conscientious doctors. They are concerned with the advisability of subjecting the human body to such a potent drug.

A Chicago gynecologist, Dr. Arthur H. Klawans, addressing a meeting of the American Academy of General Practice several years ago, warned doctors to discourage their patients from using oral contraceptives longer than 2 years.

He gave as his reason that no one today actually knows how the human body will react to the drug when taken continuously over a period of time.

Apparently, high profits breed mild suspicions—approval of Enovid was given after its being tested in Puerto Rico for only 3 years. It is obviously impossible at this time to foresee what the harmful effects on a female would be if she took it during her entire reproductive life of approximately 30 years.

The *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, as a result of a 3-year study several years ago, reported various unpleasant but benign side effects by 71% of the users at some time during the study. These effects were so annoying to 22% of the users that they discontinued taking the pill. Nausea, vomiting, dizziness, headache, and a "feeling of pregnancy" were reported in 43% of the users. The menstrual flow was greatly reduced in volume (during the part of the cycle when the drug is withdrawn).

Some of the women felt tenderness of the breasts, and some suffered vaginal bleeding after intercourse and also after a pelvic examination by a medical doctor. Those who had bleeding were found to have "severe cervical erosion" which on occasion required cauterization. Although the symptoms were more prevalent during the first 3 months they were sometimes found to occur as long a time as after 30 months of trouble-free use.

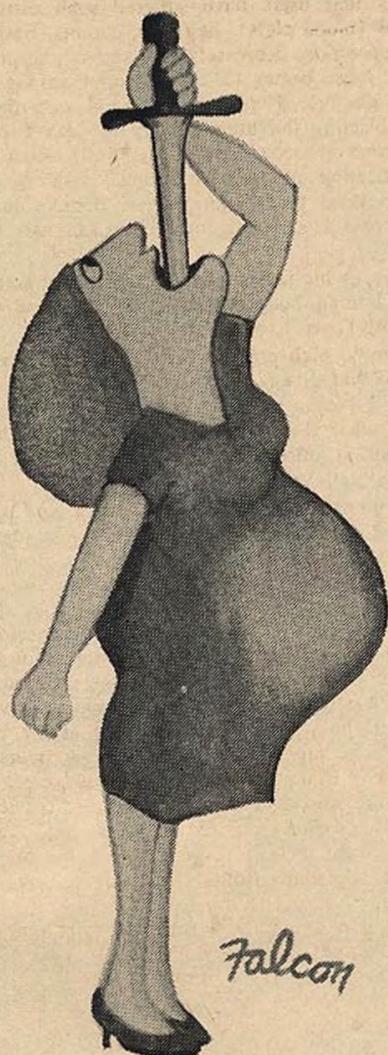
These same researchers made a follow-up study one year later which was reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Women's Association*.

In addition to the above side effects the report included cases of complete absence of menstruation, "breakthrough bleeding" which could happen at any time, decrease of sexual desire and a gain in weight noticeable enough to initiate requests for a reducing regimen.

Women starting treatment via the pill while still nursing a baby found their milk drying up during the first or second month's use (female breasts are called mammary glands and the secretion of milk is under control of the pituitary gland).

Back in 1962 when the Pill had been on the market for 2 years, a "Drug Caution" letter dated Aug. 7, 1962 was sent to the nation's medical doctors by the manufacturers of Enovid. It pointed out that 28 cases of thrombo-embolic disease (internal blood clotting) had been reported in this country with five fatalities from pulmonary embolism (lung clot) and were urged to "be alert" when

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considering prescribing Enovid for a patient with a history of the disease.

A few months later the FDA was forced to investigate the relationship between Enovid and thrombo-phlebitis because of continuing adverse reports. The *Medical Tribune* of January 18, 1963 reported 272 cases of the disease including 31 fatalities. The manufacturer still insisted that "no causal relationship had been established".

Oddly enough just a few cases of thrombo-phlebitis in Norway prompted the Norwegian government to ban the sale of Enovid permanently.

Oslo scientists revealed tests that seem to confirm conclusively that Enovid does increase blood clotting.

American scientists do admit that for women age 35 to 39 the death rate from thrombo-embolism among users of Enovid is 2.4 times that of non-users and that between the ages of 40-44 the rate is 3.8 times as high.

In spite of these findings and those of the Norwegian researchers some of our dedicated and humanitarian scientists have been "unable to find such a relationship" (i.e. that Enovid does increase blood clotting)—perhaps the same group that could find little or no relationship between smoking and lung cancer.

Listed below are a variety of disorders associated with the Pill and those suggested as having some connection with it. Note some of the cleverly ambiguous wording, usually associated with advertising and public relations terminology.

Insufficient Stress on Dangers

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* reported on October 25, 1965 that "the American Medical Association Committee on Reproduction has recently 'admitted' they may not have stressed enough the dangerous side effects of the Pill."

Heart Disease

Archives of Environmental Health of May, 1966 quoted 2 eminent physicians at the University of Geneva, Switzerland, who reported that "contraceptive pills lower the level of magnesium in women with the possibility that this 'may' pave the way for future heart disease which has been connected with magnesium deficiency."

Diabetes

The *N.Y. Post* of June 1, 1966 printed an article in which Dr. Herbert Gershberg, of N.Y.U. Medical Center stated that "some" oral contraceptives produce a condition "resembling" diabetes.

Dr. M. L. Paros in the *British Medical Journal* recently described a patient with "well controlled" diabetes who found her disease no longer controllable after only 3 days on a German manufactured oral contraceptive. After withdrawal of the pill, it took 2 months to stabilize her condition. The German manufacturer admitted other cases where the pill caused increased blood sugar levels.

Baldness

Baldness is the most recently reported side effect of the Pill. The *British Medical Journal* reported 3 cases of an unusual scalp disease in which patches of hair fall out. This was reported by Dr. Rosamund Vallings, a family planning physician, who stated that all 3 cases of the disease (alopecia areata) occurred just after the women had started taking birth control pills.

Damage to the Nervous System

A University of Miami scientist recently told a Scientific Session of the American Heart Association that some women taking oral contraceptives suffer neurological complications (damage to the nervous system). Dr. S. S. Shafey told the audience that "the pill should 'probably' not be used" by women with high blood pressure, a tendency for abnormal clotting in the blood vessels, a family history of strokes, migraine headaches or epilepsy.

Harm to Female Personality

The *N.Y. Post* of Sept. 18, 1967 carried an article headlined "Spanish M.D.'s Insist the Pill is Dangerous." The warning was given at the closing session of the World Medical Association Congress in Madrid and stated that *the birth control pill is not only dangerous to health but is harmful to the female personality.*

The article further stated: "The Spanish doctors surprised delegates with their conclusions which claimed that oral contraceptives caused internal damage and in many cases radically altered female personalities."

Blood Clots and Strokes

In December, 1965 the FDA's advisory Committee on Obstetrics and Gynecology stated that most of the "suspected" adverse reactions reported are found to be in various forms of blood clots, including cerebral hemorrhage (strokes), phlebitis (in legs) and the lungs. Various eye and visual disturbances are also "possible."

Cancer

Dr. Ray Hertz, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Georgetown University, as well as a member of the FDA Advisory Committee on Obstetrics and Gynecology, became concerned about the oral contraceptives "possible" link with cancer in the summer of 1966. Since cancer is "supposed" to develop over a long period of time (in recent years cancer has been showing fast growing rates in children) and the largest exposure to the Pill has only been 9 years, Dr. Hertz feels not enough time has elapsed to prove the oral contraceptives safe. He compared this to smoking and lung cancer, which also did not come to light at first, thus was considered safe. Dr. Herz says that it is *too soon* to consider the Pill safe.

Skin Cancer

According to the July 1966 issue of the *Medical Journal of Australia* women afflicted with a virulent form of skin cancer called melanoma should be closely watched for excessive exposure to sunlight and prolonged use of the Pill. Either one or both may activate the condition.

Breast Cancer

The *N.Y. Post* of February 21, 1966 reported "One drug firm has suspended testing of a new birth-control pill on dogs after they developed breast cancer. Three hundred women who had been taking the pills were under close observation."

Liver Function Impairment

The November 1966 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* stated unequivocally that "impairment of liver functions is probably produced frequently by oral contraceptives." In 1966 alone there were warnings of dangers of liver damage in 8 other medical journals.

Jaundice (Hepatitis)

The December 10, 1966 issue of the *Lancet* (the British equivalent of the *Journal of the American Medical Association Journal*) reports that "Jaundice apparently induced by the Pill has been observed in 50 patients."

Contact Lenses

According to the *British Medical Journal* of April 1966, a 33 year old woman who had worn contact lenses for a minimum of 12 hours daily for 3 years without problems, suddenly developed corneal edema (swelling) and superficial corneal opacities after taking the Pill. Complete recovery in 3 weeks time resulted as soon as the Pill was stopped and the use of contact lenses was suspended.

High Blood Pressure

The *Canadian Medical Journal* of July 1966 reported that high blood pressure was noted in a woman after utilizing the Pill. When it was discontinued, and after special treatment, the blood pressure returned to normal.

Migraine (Headache)

The *Lancet* of April 1966 stated that "women with a tendency toward migraine headaches suffered with more frequency and sensitivity on the few days when they were off the Pill. Others not as susceptible developed headaches on oral contraceptives."

Skin Problems

The *British Medical Journal* of November 1966 reported that "Hesperia Gestationis" a distressing skin condition in which blisters appear on arms and legs, was traced to the Pill. The skin disturbance responded to treatment and being off the Pill. After 2 months, the patient resumed the Pill. Blisters then reappeared in 11 days.

Cessation of Menstruation

An article in the *Lancet*, November 1966, stated: "Assurances have been given that when the Pill is discontinued, menstruation will be promptly re-established. Nine patients, given the pill, did not resume menstruation when oral contraceptives were eliminated."

Sterility

The Director of the National Institute of Health, Dr. James Shannon, recently told a closed door Congressional Appropriations Committee that women are taking a risk in using the Pill, since some researchers have found succeeding generations of test animals become sterile when their parents and grandparents are given the drug.

Infertility

The *Wall Street Journal*, March 1, 1966: "Three California physicians have reported infertility and menstrual abnormalities even after the pills have been discontinued."

Frigidity

The *Medical World News* of May 20, 1966 reported that "although the effect of the Pill has been widely challenged, Dr. William Masters of the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis says, 'When referring physicians ask us to see a woman who exhibits secondary frigidity, our first question is, 'Has she been taking the Pill?' If the patient has been taking the Pill for more than 18 months, we insist that she discontinue the medication for 6 months before we see her. In most instances, further steps have proved unnecessary.'"

Vein and Kidney Problems

Two recent reports in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* state 2 new dangers from taking the Pill.

University of Rochester Medical Center physicians reported that a study on dogs produced a significant decrease of blood flow in the veins.

The other report is from University of California Medical Center, Department of Urology, that oral contraceptives can cause enlargement of the kidney ureters (the tubes leading from each kidney to the bladder) which can lead to kidney infections.

Illicit Drugs

Last year birth control pills topped the list of drugs sold without a prescription to state inspectors checking distributors and retail outlets in N.Y. state. The Secretary of the State Board of Pharmacy reported that drugs most often sold illegally to state inspectors were the pill, appetite depressants, pain killers, tranquilizers and diabetic pills.

Danger to Babies, Adult Depression

The FDA recently stated that warnings on labels of birth control pills should include the following hazards:

- (1) The potent chemicals of the Pill may be transported to the baby through the mother's milk (it would be physiologically impossible for it not to be transported).
- (2) It should not be given to those with a history of mental depression and, further, "if mental depression occurs, the Pill should be discontinued immediately."
- (3) It should never be used in women with a history of clotting, liver disease, breast cancer, genital cancer or if there is a sudden onset of migraine headache or eye damage.

Johan Devaney back in 1963 wrote a well researched article in *Redbook* magazine in which he said: "Side effects vary from woman to woman, but they include

such symptoms as headaches, nausea, vomiting, decreased libido, tenderness of breasts, dizziness, missed menstrual periods and increased weight (up to 10 lbs in 2 months). In a number of women, menstrual-like bleeding occurred at unexpected moments during the month . . .

"The Pill 'seems' to shut off the flow of certain hormone messengers from the pituitary gland to the ovaries, thus preventing ovulation. In (artificially) suppressing the release of these hormones, some doctors fear, the Pill may eventually damage the pituitary gland causing unknown harm to the woman and also affecting any children she may have in the future."

Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, Director of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Mt. Sinai Hospital in NYC and author of books on birth control, states:

"The Pills violate a general medical principle. It is deemed safer to affect a target organ directly (in this case the ovary, oviduct or womb) rather than to tinker through another organ, particularly when the intermediate is as important and complex as the pituitary gland, which regulates a dozen vital body processes."

A letter by a Dr. Karl Kautsky appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* several years ago which should give all concerned second thoughts about the Pill:

"Most females in German concentration camps lost their menstrual periods, sometimes for years . . . After their release from these camps most of the younger inmates . . . later became pregnant; but there was startling after effect . . . In a high percentage . . . pregnancies ended in spontaneous abortions or still births or produced malformations, particularly mongolism."

This experience with long lasting suppression of ovulation should caution against recommending a method on a mass basis which might produce similar consequences.

Non-surgical and non-medical practitioners such as nutritionists and chiropractors whose concern in with a more natural approach, also feel that oral contraceptives are synthetic hormones which do not necessarily duplicate the ones produced in a woman's body and may do additional damage in years to come, as some synthetics tend to accumulate in the body.

Dr. Raymond Vande Kiele, endocrinologist at New York's Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, stated in a similar vein: "What happens when the body suppresses the pituitary is one thing; what happens when a synthetic hormone suppresses the pituitary may be something else entirely."

A poll of the medical advisory committee of the Chicago Planned Parenthood organization several years ago revealed that a majority of the physicians said they would not prescribe oral contraceptives for their own wives and daughters.

It has been suggested that the drug companies are a main force in encouraging use of the Pill, as they stand to gain billions. Their take from the Pill alone this year approaches the billion dollar mark.

Certain political forces, who fear that expanding, hungry, underprivileged populations might lean toward socialism, are also involved.

About the Author

Jack Soltanoff is director of the Soltanoff Chiropractic Office in New York City; he is a member of the New York Academy of Sciences.

These two forces have hushed information and indictment of possible dangers from its use to isolated articles in medical journals and an absolute minimum in the American press.

They have been supported by false alarms via 'scientists' — for example, those tied in with the drug monopoly — who write and speak about the twin myths of "exploding populations" and "lack of food"; their research is as scientific as those who claim no harm from tobacco.

As a matter of fact, some of those in the know (demographers) who have made lifetime studies in these fields, state:

1. The entire population of the U.S. could live in the state of Florida comfortably.
2. The entire population of the world could live in the state of Texas with little or no crowding.
3. The state of Kansas plus a few more midwestern states could grow and supply wheat for the entire world.
4. The Mekong Delta in Vietnam could supply rice for all of Asia.
5. In India, the simple substitution of brown rice, which is so much more nutritionally valuable than white rice, would substantially lower the death rate from malnutrition and improve the health of diseased millions.

Through constant publicity, promotion and reiteration, they have succeeded in getting the public to accept the Pill as the best answer to "exploding populations" and "lack of food." Most people have forgotten or perhaps never knew that there are other alternatives, such as political, economic and educational means, including national family planning via mechanical methods rather than chemical.

No one has denied that the pills are effective contraceptive devices. If used strictly according to directions they may be 100% effective in preventing pregnancy.

But at what a cost!

And why are they necessary?

There are other effective types of contraceptives.

There are the intra-uterine devices known as the IUCD's or IUDS which are fitted and inserted by a physician, and according to the World Health Organization, can be used "successfully" by 3 out of 4 women.

These devices include the loop, the bow, the spiral and the ring. Some are made of polyethylene, others of metal.

The percentage of reliability in preventing pregnancy of the 4 different types of IUCD's is supposed to be "about" 95%. However there have been cases where X-rays have shown a pregnancy with the loop "attached" to some part of the anatomy of the unborn fetus — also "occasional" cases of tubular pregnancies.

Other disadvantages are expulsion, pain, bleeding, pelvic inflammatory disease and in some cases actual perforation of the uterus.

Most progressive doctors believe that the most reliable and safest contraceptive device is the rubber diaphragm plus spermicidal jelly. This is a rubber device cupped over the cervix (neck of the womb) to block passage of the sperm to the egg. It is inserted when needed together with spermicidal jelly. It is inexpensive and with proper care lasts for years; however, it must be fitted by a physician in order to be reliable and effective.

There are no unpleasant side effects or threats of unknown future damage. So why take into the body a potent drug which furnishes another area for altering the body's natural processes?

The Pill is a present fad and a dangerous one, but there are already plans afoot to outmode the Pill. Injections of the same substances found in the Pill will be the newest thing shortly.

Some of those in positions of power and authority have further plans for American females — a single administration of hormones in a single capsule which would last for 20 years.

If that is not frightening enough, a really disturbing item recently came out of Texas.

Dr. Joseph W. Goldziehr, a Texas physician, really believes in a forceful approach to birth control and states in future years due to the pressure of that old bugaboo, population explosion — “There will be no longer time for the utopia of *mass enlightenment* or for the *mass persuasion* of people who may not be sufficiently ‘advanced’ to understand the nature of the problem.”

Birth control substances may have to be put in our food or water supply, he says, so that the *whole population* (male and female) *would be exposed*, not just those people who have the “advantages of modern culture.” This would resemble the forced “benefits” of fluoridation of water, with this exception — a special antidote to the birth control chemical would be given to those people who wish to have children.

“If such an antidote were freely available to all,” he says, “*there could be no ‘ethical’ objection to the chemical sterilization of entire populations.*”

Let’s hope that Dr. Goldziehr’s views are in a minority and not the major medical approach for the future.

There has been very little alarm or questioning about the almost indiscriminate use of a potent drug which tends to weaken the body’s natural defensive ability plus the radical altering of normal female function.

The consensus of ‘scientific’ opinion seems to be (1) that there is no cause for alarm, that most women *can* take the Pill (in spite of a great deal of evidence to the contrary) *unless* there is conclusive evidence of some damage to many individuals; and (2) that there should be “further study” and “further tests.”

However, there is enough evidence to show that every woman who has taken or is taking these birth control chemicals probably has been or is now being damaged to some extent. It may take longer than just a few weeks or a few months, perhaps years before the ultimate damage to the human organism shows up.

“Further study” and “further tests” are decidedly *not* in order.

Certainly the unalterable fact remains that there is enough harmful evidence to date by *reputable* authorities to warrant a complete halt to the manufacture and distribution of these powerful and unpredictable hormonal agents.

GAS — I'M A HAPPENER

(Continued from Back Cover)

Watching Kaprow inflate balloons is not my idea of entertainment so I go swimming and make the acquaintance of a girl in a bikini who is trying hard not to get her shades and false braid wet.

Suddenly everybody is going, “Oooh, Oooh!” Three skydivers plunge down towards the ocean. (Missed the beach; sorry about that.) A siren blasts, pink smoke flares and balloons float up to meet the parachutes. The only rock band that has succeeded in setting up begins clanging away.

A crowd circles around to watch.

“Why isn’t anybody dancing?” an assistant director whimpers into his walkie-talkie. “We need shots of frugging.”

At this point, the happening is being absorbed into the superior realities of the beach. But Kaprow’s major effort of the day is yet to come. All at once, up there at Inflation Central, a 50-foot black vinyl phallus is taking shape sucking up air from four yoked vacuum cleaners.

According to *Time* magazine, sculptor Charles Frazier calls his creation a “soft skyscraper.”

Pumping this Klansman’s nightmare of black power was easy enough. But, as so often in real life, getting it up proved to be something of a hassle. There were people yanking ropes, just like at the Macy’s Thanksgiving Day parade. They would get the bottom rooted into the sand and then the tip would sag back over with the vinyl rippling like a monstrous foreskin.

This repeated for about 20 minutes. Kaprow and his band were leaping up at the sides of the giant penis, slapping silver friction tape over the air leaks. Finally, they got the right balance of air pressure and rope teamwork, and the whole quivering black column of prick rose majestically from the beach to a disappointingly blase cheer.

The erection lasted 15 minutes and then they sent it crashing back down, inviting one and all to destroy it with folded oil drum tops. It was only kids who rushed to respond to the castration call with joyous cries of, “Kill, kill!” No adult could have taken part in such a mutilation.

(Overheard from a blanket group: “You drive three hours to get to a decent beach and they make it a Coney Island.”)

The rock ‘n’ rollers start up again, Hyatt wants shots of them against the backdrop of the mighty Atlantic. But this time everybody starts dancing around the band and won’t move aside, despite the orders of the assistant director.

On Sunday, a black vinyl flag is supposed to mark where to leave the highway to get to Montauk Bluffs, a spectacular private-property cliffside beach donated for the next event. I drive back and forth from Montauk village to the lighthouse point. No flag. I find some more happening faces back in town and we team up to get directions.

Back again to the unmarked turnoff where, after some more wrong moves, I can see the landmark house of seven gables on top of a hill. I get off to a bumpy dirt road and there’s the first GAS sign. The mighty ‘59 volkswagen roars up this ospath and, finally, up by the Addams Family mansion, a set of cop cars is waiting.

Cop: You gotta pass to this here happening?

Me: Yeah, want to see my button?

Cop: What’s the name of the happening?

Me: Gas, baby, gas!

At last I park by the looming cliffs in an eerie grey sunset. Way down below on the rocky beach the Kaprow squad is setting up four mysterious black vinyl teepees. In the chilly water, a lone mad surfer wipes out every time. A cleancut potato farmer wearing a rubber coat with *FIRE CHAPLAIN* on the back lounges against one of the dual fire engines and observes a team in white jumpsuits setting up Kiddie Fire Foam Generators—the foam machines look pretty phallic too, with their 20-foot-long canvas spouts dangling.

The twin camera crews set up—the underground movie-makers grooving freely and the union TV crew bitching with sullen professional boredom. The beach tentbuilders and the cliff-top TV crew yell at each other through bull-horns about a missing staple gun.

"If you have a bad heart, don't climb down the cliff with us," says Kaprow. "The foam may be ankle deep down there and probably slippery." Somehow, about fifty people have made it up the dirt road past the fuzzi and most of them line up to be issued broomhandles and shepherd staffs by Kaprow and Carol.

Now it's time to descend the cliff, which is somewhat hairy with everybody bunched together and clawing at the rocks. I find out the hard way that my sneakers don't have much tread left. For the first time, I get hip to the point of a shepherd staff: you can move right out across rough ground without looking down at your feet all the time.

Up over our heads, there's a whirring *goop* sound and the foam machine tubes orgasm out a lacy filligree of white. But within seconds the filligree oozes into a menacing white mass and begins to pour frighteningly down the cliff in front of us. It's the Invasion of the Giant Sperms.

Kaprow steps into the Foam, leading as always. Next in line is a blonde Hamptons WASP chick. She pokes a foot in and mutters, "Hmmm, it's not unpleasant." Then there's a waiting line of people working up the cojones to step into the foam. By the time I immerse myself, the goo is more waist-high than ankle-high and some of the little kids are up to their chins.

The stuff has a slightly drying detergent effect but it feels great actually . . . like a giant bubble bath. Everybody is splashing around now, throwing gobs of white glop at each other. Some of the teenagers are really wallowing around and they look like albino wolfmen in their thick whitish pelts. A chick with a leather vest teams up with me to take on a bunch of kids in a foam battle. Next I express myself by wearing a big glop of foam on my head like a beret.

Suddenly water is pouring down on us from two fire engine hoses. *Paranoia! It's a trap! They're going to drown us!* A guy with a \$1,000 Nagra tape recorder is desperately shielding his machine. Then the shower lifts and the hoses are making a rainbow stream over our heads into the ocean. They just didn't have the range right at first.

"Keep moving, please. Don't bunch up in the foam," the walkie-talkie assistant director is yelling from the far side of the white field. The hell with him, we'll leave when we're good and ready.

It looks like I'm wearing foam trousers by the time I leave the bubble ground with the leather vest chick . . . who turns out to be a New Jersey art teacher here to do a paper for her NYU summer grad class. Guys keep running up and pointing Arriflex cameras at us. A star! At last!

We climb the cliff at the far end of the beach, our staffs pocking into the sand. By the time we crawl over the top, the foam has disappeared, leaving only a slight dampness.

Gordon Hyatt is standing at the edge of the cliff with a microphone, doing interviews. Carol Schwartz is waiting alongside with another release to be signed and one dollar for each performer. "Now I can get supper," cries the leather vest chick, clutching her dollar.

Monday morning it looks like all happenings will have to be called on account of rain. They do miss their a.m. session of kiddies in an auto graveyard. But by late afternoon the sun is shining brightly over the Easthampton Town Garbage Dump at the Springs Art Colony, and sanitation engineers are waving the cars in alongside an almost virginally new garbage pit.

The foam machines are setting up again, Gordon Hyatt is huddling with a production assistant about expense money

(that's low-budget intellectual-ghetto-TV biz folks) and Kaprow gets up on a little platform to exhort everybody to join the garbage pit parade. As he drones out his instructions, some *non-happenings* are over at the side of the pit dumping in *genuine* garbage.

This time I want a gig that will allow me to watch the whole thing as a total pattern rather than being in the middle of the action. (Yesterday there were still kids who wouldn't leave the foam as I walked along the cliff to my vw and it looked pretty wierd from above.) So I volunteer to go to the deep end of the pit and push over a pile of oil drums on cue.

Down below, Kaprow and Carol are giving little orientation lectures to the vinyl-wrapped "mound people" who are leading the march. With the scream of some kind of aerosol-powered siren, the foam machine spouts start glooping out more white spermy ooze.

Kaprow places himself in the middle of the procession and waits nonchalantly. The *Time* researcher broad is marching too this time, for a change. She waits brightly with a notebook as the foam mounts around her.

Slowly and with ponderous menace, the foam overtakes the waiting paraders after first piling up in front of the canvas spouts and causing the eviction of a gang of splashing kids. The mound people step out, moving with great mysterious dignity in their black vinyl shrouds just behind the advancing line of foam. There are about 60 marchers, interspersed with magazine photographers charging around with their leica arrays.

What ceremonial! What ritual absurdity! Then suddenly . . . *crisis!*

The slope of the garbage pit must have been bulldozed out at a slant. The foam line has stopped dead along one half of the pit. Mound people are trapped forlornly as the white ooze is conquered by the steadfast soil. Re-aiming the foam tubes doesn't help. The line-up turns to utter shambles as the other half of the mound people continue their advance to the roped-off barrel drop area.

The assistant director yells, "Go!"—and I rush out with the others to knock over my stack of three oil drums. They go booming to the bottom of the pit, about 30 feet deep here. Kaprow ends the mass chaos by signaling the mound people stuck behind the impotent foam line to just come down and grab a barrel.

The return up the slope of the garbage pit commences, as the mound people whip off their vinyl cloaks and become regular people once more. The oil drums quickly pick up a coating of mud and foam as they are rolled back uphill. Teams are formed to help with the struggle.

The foam-covered pit marchers begin to return to the surface of the garbage dump again as Gordon Hyatt is waiting to hand them GAS—I AM A HAPPENER buttons.

Finally there is just one ex-mound person left rolling his oil drum out of the pit—a real loser type, radiating straightness and sincerity. He was the last to grab a barrel and nobody teamed up to help him. As he finally gets to the top of the slope, one of the foam machine operators decides to empty out his machine and the white goop blasts out all over this kid. "No, no," he screams.

And then—in one of the most magnificent attacks on the System of all time—he shoves his oil drum up the dripping end of the phallic foam tube and walks away grinning as the canvas machine cock begins to swell up and the operator grabs frantically for the dials.

BESS

(Continued from Cover)

go to the toilet: possibly because their pencils and pens aren't handy. Certainly most of the women's material turned in by Professor Dundes' research people is of poor quality. Whatever was good probably was done by dykes wearing shirts that had pencils in the pockets.

I have separated the data into ten major genres. The most commonly-found one is *The Trials of the Flesh*—works written by men who resent having to go, and particularly hate any public display of the fact that they have bodies. The other major genres are: *Religion*, *Politics*, *Economics*, *Philosophy*, *Belles Lettres*, *Original Sin*, *Science*, *The Survival of the Species*, and *Erotica*. There is one minor genre, *Deviate*.

Here are examples, listed in the order of their redeeming social importance:

Politics

"When I look down I see Goldwater". (City College of San Francisco, summer of '64.)

"Stay seated—this is a CORE shit-in." (UC Library men's room, Berkeley.)

"Flush twice; L.A. needs water." (The Jabberwock coffee house, Berkeley. The investigator who brought this in writes: "It is a reflection of the Northern California antipathy toward the Southern Californian; i.e., 'Sewage is good enough for the people of Los Angeles to drink.'")

"Castro is gay." (A San Francisco bar.)

"NASA stands for National Association of Suck-asses and Ass-Holes." (This was inscribed on a men's room wall in Cape Kennedy in 1965. Beneath it, in another handwriting, was written: "You must be just passing through.")

"Directions to get to Texas: Go west until you smell shit—that's Oklahoma. Then go south until you step in it—that's Texas." (From a source in Manchester, N.Y.)

"LBJ fucks birds." (Robbie's Cafeteria, Berkeley. The item was turned in by a young lady who wrote that it was "both a slur at Lyndon Johnson and a play on words. Johnson's wife's name is Lady Bird (nickname), hence the choice of animal. The slur is embodied in the charge of sodomy." It might be argued, however, that the author of this graffiti intended to introduce a theme of incest.)

Religion

"If Heaven was so cool, why did Christ leave it?" (The Steppenwolf tavern, Berkeley.)

"God is dead—Nietsche." (Kibby's restaurant in San Mateo, Calif. Under this one, in another handwriting, was: "Nietsche is dead—God.")

"God is a 6000-foot-tall, red jelly bean." (The Pizza Have restaurant, Oakland.)

"Mickey Mouse is a Jew." (The young man who turned this one in writes: "I laughed at this statement because I had always considered Mickey Mouse to be a Christian . . . an idea that is basically ludicrous, since rodents do not, to my knowledge, adhere to any formal religion." At a later date, another informant found this entry in a Berkeley tavern: "Donald Duck is a Jew." This, in turn, apparently produced the following entry in the men's room of *The Pelican*, the UC humor magazine: "David Ben-Gurion is a Duck.")

"Machines are made by men and thee, But only Moms can make a me." (In *The Blue Unicorn*, a San Francisco coffee house. The absence of "dad" in this concept introduces the idea of virgin birth, and gives mom supernatural powers.)

Belles Lettres

"There was a young couple named [Kelly,

Who went around belly-to-belly,
Because in their haste
They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly." (In Dwinelle Hall on the Berkeley campus.)

"Art is a fart." (In the Old Spaghetti Factory cafe, San Francisco.)

"Old fairies never die,
They just blow away." (In a Bay Area tavern.)

"Picasso's balls: □ □
(The Student Union, Berkeley campus.)
"To love is human, to fuck divine."
(In the Forum, a Berkeley restaurant. This is a corruption of a classical slogan of the League for Sexual Freedom: "To masturbate is human, to fuck divine.")

The Trials of the Flesh

"Happiness is getting here on time."
(A Berkeley men's room.)

"It doesn't do any good to line the seats; crabs here jump 15 feet." (In an Oakland department store.)

"You don't buy beer here, you just rent it." (In The Oasis, a Palo Alto bistro.)

One author begins by describing what he feels are defects in the female genitalia, and he concludes with this line:

"But cunt, O cunt, thou must be had."

The theme of disgust with genital organs was put much better by William Shakespeare in Sonnet No. 152—"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame."

"While you're reading this,
You're peeing on your shoes." (Boy's room, Marshall High School, Los Angeles. Note the misspelling of "peeing," by which the author introduces a nutritional element.)

"No matter how you wiggle and prance
The last two drops always run down
[your pants."

(This graffiti, in numerous versions, is found throughout the nation, even in Iowa. It is similar, also, to the well-known: "Stand close, the next person may be barefooted.")

Economics

"There was a man from Boston
Who traded his Ford for an Austin.
He had room for his ass
And a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out the window
And he lost them." (Standard Oil station, Salmon, Idaho. The uneven literary quality is typical of the Northwest's graffiti.)

"If you shit here, eat here—
We don't want just the tail end of
your business." (Place of inscription not specified.)

"Don't buy this gum, it tastes like
rubber." (Written on a contraceptive
dispenser in a gas station in Cocoa, Fla.)

"Please don't throw cigarette butts in
the toilet; it makes them soggy and hard
to light." (This, in its many forms, is as
much of an early American classic as,
"We aim to please—you aim, too,
please.")

The following entry is of even more
importance, in its various guises:

"Here I sit, lonely hearted,
Paid a nickel, only farted." (The 23-
year-old girl who reported this item, com-
ments: "This is a dig at the crass com-
mercialism of pay toilets.") Another ver-
sion is:

"Here I sit, broken-hearted,
Paid to shit

And only farted." (The chap who
turned this one in writes: "The humor
in this verse comes from (1) the fact
that the pay-toilet patron felt he had
wasted his money because he had 'paid
to shit' (defecate) and 'only farted'
(flatulated) . . . which he could have
done without the use of the toilet.")

The Survival of the Species

"In case of atomic attack:
1. Put your hands over your ears.
2. Put your head between your legs.
3. Kiss your ass goodbye." (This is
"commonly found in gas stations," says
Professor Dundes' researcher.)

"You are holding the future of America
in your hands." (This item had its origin
in the days of underpopulation. It was
turned in by a student who then com-
ments: "This is humorous in that the
reader is not expecting a remark about
his sexual potential as a male when he
is urinating.")

"Where there's dope there's hope.
Take tea and see." (Robbie's Cafeteria,
Berkeley.)

"In case of atomic attack, duck under
this urinal—it's never been hit yet." (In
the chic sales for a Sacramento construc-
tion project—and many other places.)

"Support mental health or I'll kill you!"
(In The Steppenwolf tavern, Berkeley.)

Original Sin

"God bless the toilet—
It takes our sins away." (In The Jab-
berwock, Berkeley. The fellow who
gleaned it observes that this has "in-
teresting psychological significance since

it is a folk observation of the strange but prevalent connection between body wastes and 'sin.'")

"Whatsa matter, are you ashamed of it?" (High up in a men's room corner at The Alley, an Oakland restaurant.)

"If you shake it more than three times, you're playing with it." (Wholesome masturbation is almost unknown in the United States, a country in which most men wash their hands after each trip to the urinal. As a result, this entry is one of the most popular in the land.)

Science

" $Me^2 = 144$ " (The Broadway bar, San Francisco. According to the girl who found this, "The meaning of it is, the length of the author's penis, squared, equals 144 inches. Obviously his penis is 12 inches long, or twice normal length.")*

"The heat of the meat is inversely proportional to the angle of the dangle." (This *Americanum* is, unfortunately, typical of our engineering graduates.)

Philosophy

"Puritans with short muskets, step up to the firing line." (Above a urinal in Damiscotta, Maine.)

"People probably chipped these same things on the walls of Egyptian bathrooms 2000 years ago. So progress is a ball point pen." (In the Florentine, a defunct Berkeley coffee house.)

"Roses are red, violets are blue,
I've had a finger
But never a screw." (This is one of the few robust items posted in a women's room on this continent. It was collected at a place called "White Pine" in Ontario.)

"Ossie's mirth does Rickety pergoo." (In a Colonial House restaurant in Buffalo, N.Y. "Ossie", of course, is all of us. "Pergoo" probably refers to the common mucous heritage of all of us.)

Erotica

"What's the speed limit on Highway [69?]
—Lickety split." (In a Wheeler Hall women's room on the Berkeley campus. It is a rare example of female overt expression about this type of sexual camaraderie.)

"Suck, don't fuck;
"If you're in love, oral copulation can be beautiful." (This was done in pencil and lipstick in the women's room of the Blind Lemon bar in Berkeley. How interesting it is that no such tribute to the arts of love was reported in from a men's room! The men seem to be insensitive. If I am ever called to testify on this subject before a Congressional committee, I will propose that all American men should be taken on tours of women's rooms.)

* Nothing in this paper is intended to suggest that any of Professor Dundes' female informants went so far as to enter a men's room.

Deviates

Many of the men and boys who use men's rooms don't even read the graffiti on the walls. This is unwholesome. Some of these deviates go so far as to put their moral position on the record. Here is a commonly-found item:

"Those who write on shithouse walls
Roll their shit in little balls.
Those who read these words of wit
Eat the little balls of shit."

A variation on this one was inscribed at the Hillbilly Tavern in Chicago:
"If billies had brains as big as their [balls,
They wouldn't write on shithouse [walls."]



Miscellany

"FREE POT. TH 5-8000 Ext. 201." (In the Mediterranean, a Berkeley cafe. 201 is the extension for the city vice squad.)

"Don't count your chickens before they [hatch,
There's many a slip twixt the cock [and the snatch." (This observation on the rapid increase of American male impotence was found in Dwinelle Hall on the Berkeley campus.)

The following one was done in extremely fine print in the same hall. It took considerable squinting to decipher this message: "If you can read this . . . Fuck you!"

A similar approach was used opposite a watercloset in Summerfield Hall at Kansas University, Lawrence, Kansas. The sentence, "If you can read this, come closer," was repeated eight times, ever lower on the wall, and in ever-dwindling print sizes. The final message was: "You are now shitting at a 45° angle."

In closing, it is fitting to acknowledge our debt to the mothers of America, without whose toilet training these graffiti would not have been possible.

DUNDES

(Continued from Cover)

In the important journal of obscene folklore, *Anthropophyteia*, one finds a handful of brief collectanea, e.g. one entitled "Skatologische Inschriften" or ones by Fischer and von Waldheim, which indicates the presence of the form in modern Europe. A fair sampling of Mexican examples appeared in a chapter "Grafitos en los Comunes" in Jiménez' best-selling *Picardía Mexicana*.

The classic study of the form in America was made by Allen Walker Read who privately published it in 1935 under the euphemistic title, *Lexical Evidence from Folk Epigraphy in Western North America*: a Glossarial Study of the Low Element in the English Vocabulary. The title page of this 83-page monograph announced that the circulation was restricted to students of linguistics, folklore abnormal psychology, and allied branches of the social sciences. Professor Read's term "folk epigraphy" raises the question of what to call bathroom wall writings.

The term graffiti is too broad in that it includes all kinds of inscriptions and marks placed on walls. Moreover, the walls may be any walls, not just bathroom walls. Professor Read included in his compilation everything he saw on walls during an extensive sight-seeing trip made in the western United States and Canada in the summer of 1928. Much of his material is traditional in form only, but not content. The various homosexual rendez-vous requests with listings of dimensions and telephone numbers are clearly traditional in form and are surely worth studying as indicators of one of the obvious functions of men's rooms in a culture which forbids homosexual activities.

However, the specific content of these assignation attempts is often idiosyncratic. The folklorist is primarily interested in those mural inscriptions which are traditional in both form and content. Thus while he may record the *hapax logomena* or one-time occurrences, he is more concerned with those which have multiple existence, that is, those which are found with almost exactly the same form and wording in many different places. Obviously, a one-time occurrence may become traditional in time, but the vast majority of the nontraditional graffiti are much too localized to diffuse easily. For the traditional inscriptions, I propose the term *latrinalia*. This is preferable, I think, to the closest thing to a folk term, "shithouse poetry," inasmuch as not all *latrinalia* is in verse or poetic form.

Before examining the nature of *latrinalia* in America and discussing its significance, I should like to comment briefly on the failure of American social scientists to study this kind of material. It is curious that it is perfectly permis-

sible to investigate the graffiti of the past, say the graffiti of classical cultures, but it is not equally acceptable, academically speaking, to study the graffiti of our own culture. The rationale is apparently that it is safe to study the "once removed" whether once removed in space or time, but not so safe to study what is all too readily available in one's immediate environment.

Perhaps one of the reasons why individuals are attracted to the discipline of anthropology is that the "once removed" framework is provided. Archaeologists, practicing "dirt archaeology," are free to dig into the bowels of the earth searching for buried treasures among the remains of what men of the past produced. In this connection, archaeologists have even begun to indulge in the analysis of coprolites. Physical anthropologists are free to examine every part of the human body in great detail. Ethnographers can perfectly properly go into the "field" and voyeuristically observe exotic customs, the analogues of which they might be embarrassed to watch at home in their own culture.

(One is reminded of the folk definition of anthropology: the study of man . . . embracing woman!)

Even the unusually great concern with the finer points of kinship may reflect an abiding and fundamental curiosity about basic family relationships. That ethnographies reflect the culture of the ethnographers as much as the people described cannot be doubted. Germane to the present study is the lack of data in standard ethnographies on defecation and urination. When, where, and how are these acts performed? When and how precisely is toilet training for infants introduced? One can read an entire ethnography without ever coming upon any reference to these daily necessities. The study of man must include *all* aspects of human activity.

Since ethnography, like charity, should begin at home (how can we possibly perceive the bias of our accounts without fully understanding our own culture?), the study of latrinalia is clearly a legitimate area of inquiry. One must not forget that it is humans who write on bathroom walls and humans who read these writings.

As one writer has put it, "Stereotyped and crude, our lavatory inscriptions are the measure of our social fixations; and that enterprising anthropologist who is said to be collecting photographs of them in all parts of the world should reveal more of the truth than all of the bombastic historians who will so soon be clothing our grotesque society with dignified phrases and political stercorations, representing its present antics as studied movements, to be explained in terms of high principles and rational conduct."

So then let us proceed with our essay in hard core ethnography!

In American culture, anything which leaves the body from one of its various apertures is by definition dirty. The transition is immediate. Saliva is not defiling until it leaves the mouth. Similarly, nasal, ear, or eye secretions (with the possible exception of tears) are not offensive until they are removed from the body. The emitted materials are frequently as disgusting to the emitter as to others. Few Americans would be able to drink a glass of water into which they or someone else had just expectorated or even drooled.

It is true that French or soul kissing allows for swapping spits, but in this case, the saliva is encountered while still inside the mouth and it is presumably not deemed dirty.

A more mundane example would be the removal of partly masticated food from the mouth. Since by definition anything which emerges from the body is dirty and disgusting, an unchewed morsel may present a social problem. Does one grasp it with the fingers or with an eating utensil? Is there any sense of embarrassment at removing the morsel in front of others and realizing the removal is being observed? How does one dispose of the chewed bit of gristle? Is it placed surreptitiously on one's plate and perhaps concealed with a convenient lettuce leaf?

Of course, there is nothing inherently dirty. Man, not nature, makes dirt and one can say that dirt, like beauty, lies in the eyes of the beholder. The concept of dirt is part of culture and as such it falls into the province of the cultural anthropologist.

One of the few places where dirt may be displayed and discussed in American culture is the bathroom, private and public. Bathrooms, generally speaking, are status symbols and not infrequently houses are measured in part by the number of bathrooms they possess. It is in the home bathroom that the child is taught to deposit his feces and urine. Here is one place where he is allowed to manipulate his genitals and expose them to view, either his own view or the view of others.

Not only are the genitals and buttocks exposed, but the products of micturition and defecation may also be observed. Later, in public rest rooms, the child soon learns that he must make public what has hitherto been private. He must urinate alongside strangers and in the course of so doing, he may observe the organs of others in the act just as these other individuals may observe him.

Despite the overt behavior, the culturally prescribed pretense that such activities do not exist, as manifested in the taboo against referring directly to them, continues. The large number of euphemisms attest to that. The private family idioms of the home, e.g. to go potty, to do number one (urination) or number two (defecation), to wee wee, to make a poo, etc., cannot be used in

the public context. Children in school are taught to "excuse" themselves. (Note that to "excuse oneself" may carry the sense of apologizing!)

The ironic part is that the child must go through the public confessional act of raising his hand to tell the teacher and all of his peers that he wishes to answer a "call of nature." The child soon learns the gamut of farfetched euphemisms ranging from "washing" or "freshening" up to "seeing a man about a dog," going to "shake hands with the head of the family," or trying to do something about the fact that one's "back teeth are floating."

Note that the term lavatory literally refers to cleaning and thus to sinks, not toilets. Yet the word lavatory has become almost taboo and is now substituted for by newer euphemisms. Once in the school bathroom, however, the behavior cannot be anything other than to the point.

It is in the public school bathroom (termed boys' and girls' "basement" at my secondary school in Pawling, New York, though the rooms were not located in the basement) that important social interactions take place. Boys meet there to discuss the problems of the day while girls similarly go there to gossip. It is in many ways a place of comparative freedom from the normal restraints imposed by the adult world. The necessity of some sexual exposure no doubt contributes to the bathroom's role as a place of sanctioned license. It is in public bathrooms, particularly men's rooms, that one finds latrinalia.

The variety of latrinalia forms includes: (1) advertisements or solicitations, normally of a sexual nature; (2) requests or commands, often concerning the mechanics of defecating or urinating; (3) directions, which consist of false or facetious instructions; (4) commentaries, either by the establishment or by clients; and (5) personal laments or introspective musings. These categories are not hard and fast and they are not necessarily mutually exclusive. A sampling of each of the categories should serve to illustrate the nature of American latrinalia.

The majority of advertisements are probably not traditional in that individuals simply write their own names and telephone numbers. Furthermore, in view of the paucity of published materials, it is difficult to ascertain whether or not a number of items have appeared elsewhere. Typical "want ads," which may or may not be traditional, include:

1. For a good blow job, call 777-2024 Bill, don't call, it's me, Bob.
2. I'm big. 9" long, 3" round, and ready to go.

(In another hand) How big is your prick?

In view of the nontraditional content of most latrinalia advertisements, I will proceed to the more common traditional

category of requests or commands. The following are usually placed near men's urinals:

3. Don't throw cigarette butts in the urinal—it makes them soggy and hard to light.
4. Please do not throw butts in the urinal. Do we piss in your ash trays?

This is strikingly similar in style to the private swimming pool sign which reads:

We don't swim in your toilet
Please don't piss in our pool.

The pool sign reflects, of course, the fact that Americans do in fact urinate in swimming pools (just as American infants urinate in their baths)!

A large number of urinal latrinalia specifically ask for care in aiming the stream of urine. Typical examples of this "toilet training" tradition include:

5. We aim to please.
You aim too please.
 6. It is our aim to keep this place clean. Your aim will help.
- These are often written by the management. A common request urges men to stand close to the urinal to reduce the chances of spillage.

7. Stand up close. The next man might have holes in his shoes.
8. Stand close, the next person may be barefooted.

9. Stand up close.
The next fellow may be a Southerner.
And be barefooted. (Camp Maxey, Paris, Texas, 1945)

10. If your hose is short
And your pump is weak
You better stand close
Or you'll pee on your feet.
11. Old rams with short horns
please stand up close. (Fort Lewis, Tacoma, Washington, circa 1945)

An appropriately localized version from New England is as follows:

12. Puritans with short muskets step up to the firing line. (Damiscotta, Maine, circa 1950)

Another example of latrinalia which is posted by the management rather than the customers is one found in diners' restrooms:

13. If you shit here, eat here
We don't want just the tail end of your business.

Occasionally, there are *blason populaire* latrinalia:

14. Shake well. Texas needs the water.
For the special case when a man urinates into a toilet rather than into a urinal, special instructions may be found:

15. Be like brother
Not like Sis
Lift the seat
When you take a piss. (New York City, 1924)

16. Be like Dad and not like Sis
Pull your lid before you piss.
(Camp Maxey, Paris, Texas, 1945)

Some commands are concerned with toilet flushing.

17. Flush your toilets for Wichita's sake. (Hutchinson, Kansas, circa 1958)
18. Flush twice: L.A. needs water.
19. Flush hard. It's a long way to the kitchen.

This insult to the chef is a reversal of the conception that man is a dirt-making machine which transforms food into feces. This conception is illustrated by a latrinalia verse in French which was found in Oxford, England in 1947: "Ici tombent en ruines les merveilles de la cuisine." In the above text and the following, the "natural" procedure is reversed as feces become food.

20. Don't flush the toilet. The next man might be hungry. (Chicago, 1960)
21. Please flush the toilet.
We want the niggers to starve to death. (A Missouri café, 1965)

There is also some instruction designed to keep the toilet seat clean.

22. Here is the place we all must come
To do the work that must be done
Do it quick and do it neat
But please don't do it on the seat.
23. Boys we all must use this throne
Please keep it clean and neat
Shit down the hole God damn your [soul]

And not upon the seat.
(Camp Maxey, Paris, Texas, 1945)

The reference to "throne" recalls the euphemisms in other cultures which speak of going to the place where the king goes on foot or alone. A common American fantasy technique designed to minimize one's awe of a great personage is to imagine that individual at stool.

24. For those in a hurry
With no time to sit
Please lift the lid
For a more direct hit. (Women's restroom, Berkeley, 1963)

This may refer also to the practice of many women of not actually sitting on a toilet seat but of squatting over it.

One commentary complains about the nature of men's clothing as opposed to women's clothing with special reference to defecation.

25. Women women what a blessing
You can shit without undressing
But we poor men we sons of bitches
We must strip or shit in our britches.
(Camp Maxey, Paris, Texas, 1945)

The influence of television programs and such contemporary events as demonstrations by civil rights groups (e.g. the Congress of Racial Equality) is evident in some commands.

26. Smile, You're on Candid Camera.
This is usually written on the inside of the door of the toilet stall.

27. Stay seated. This is a Core shit-in.
(University Library, Berkeley campus, April, 1964)

Some commands or requests are bitter parodies:

28. Support mental health or I'll kill you.

In the "directions" category, one finds mostly parodies. In the following text, the accuracy of the first line and of the order of the remaining lines was questioned by the informant. It is, however, an excellent example of a latrinalia verse of the "how-to-do-it-yourself" variety.

29. If you want to shit at ease
Place your elbows on your knees
Place your hands upon your chin
Work your asshole out and in.

30. Directions to get to Texas: Go west until you smell shit, that's Oklahoma. Then, go south until you step in it—that's Texas. (Manchester, New Hampshire, circa 1953)

31. In case of atomic attack . . .
 1. Put your hands over your ears
 2. Put your head between your legs
 3. Kiss your ass goodbye. You've had it.

32. In case of attack, hide under this urinal. Nobody ever hits it. (Great Lakes, Illinois, 1951)

There are also false directions which are really a form of what folklorists sometimes call a catch. Repeated many times, each time in smaller writing is the line: "If you can read this come closer." Then at the bottom right below a miniscule version appears the line: "You are now sitting at a 45-degree angle." In similar vein is the sign on the ceiling over the urinal which says, "While you're reading this, you're peeing on your shoes."

The content of the latrinalia commentaries varies. Some are unexpectedly intellectual.

33. "God is dead."—Nietzsche
"Nietzsche is dead."—God

However, not many commentaries have this kind of sophistication. Few American latrinalia verses are as philosophical, for example, as the following latrinalia verse popular in Spain:

En este lugar cerrado
donde viene tanta gente
hace fuerza el más cobarde
y se caga el más valiente.

The majority of American commentaries stay close to home. An "x" marked high over the wall of a men's urinal is accompanied by the explanatory line:

34. Anyone who can piss this high ought to be a fireman.

One wonders if there is any insight here into the psychological rationale underlying the motivation to become a fireman. (Note the slang term "hose" for penis and see text 10 in this paper.) One recalls the desire of many small boys to grow up to be firemen and custom of adolescent boys of urinating on campfires to extinguish them.

35. You're holding the future of America in your hands.

Here is a reminder during the act of urination that the same organ is one used for reproduction. Note the pseudo-patriotic responsibility to procreate.

One common commentary deals with the very real problem of those last drops of urine which all too often drip down into one's pants or down one's leg.

36. You can wiggle, jiggle, jump or
[dance
But the last three drops go down
[your pants.
37. No matter how you dance and
[prance
The last two drops go down your
[pants.
38. You can shake and shake as much
[as you please
But there'll still be a drop for your
[B.V.D.'s.

An English version has a different rhyme for the same message.

39. However hard you shake your peg
At least one drop runs down your
[leg.
The "shaking" is also found in other
latrinalia..

40. You are now shaking your best
[friend
And he stood up for you on your
[wedding night.
(Camp Maxey, Paris, Texas, 1945)

However, the shaking act can be suspicious if carried on too long. Excessive manipulation of the genitals could be construed as masturbatory activity:

41. If you shake it more than three
times, you're cheating.

There are other anti-masturbation verses.

42. Be a man, not a fool
Pull the chain, not your tool.
43. This is a tepee
For you to peepee
Not a wigwam
To beat your tomtom.

Another topic of commentaries is the cleanliness of toilets.

44. No need to stand on the toilet seat
For the crabs in this place jump
[forty feet.

45. It does no good to line the seat
The crabs here jump fifteen feet.

The last verse reveals the practice of putting sheets of toilet paper on the top of toilet seats as a means of avoiding contact with the seat. This folk custom has recently become formalized by the presence of paper seat cover dispensers.

There are occasional political latrinalia. Here are several demeaning presidential candidate Barry Goldwater:

46. When I look down, I see Gold-
water.

47. Urine is goldwater; the only benefit
is derived from the comfort of its
removal.

Mathematics, the language of science, has exerted some influence:

48. The heat of the meat is inversely
proportional to angle of the dangle.

The heat of the meat, that is, the state of sexual excitement, is directly proportional to the degree of erection. The greater the erection, the less the "angle of dangle." The internal rhyme in this last verse shows the poetic quality of

latrinalia. (Poetic features are found in other obscenity. One thinks of the alliterative folk alternatives for saying "I've been screwed," to wit: to be "fucked by the fickle finger of fate" or to be "dangled by the diddling digit of doom.")

Another latrinalia comment on sexuality occurs in the folkloristic form of a toast:

49. Here's to the hole that never heals
The more you rub it the better it
[feels
All the water this side of hell
Can't wash away the codfish smell.
(Camp Maxey, Paris, Texas, 1945)

The language of advertising can be found too. A borrowing from a Ban deodorant advertisement was found in November, 1965, on a prophylactic dispenser in a Shafter, Nevada, restroom:
50. It takes the worry out of being
close.

By far the best poetry is to be found in the personal laments of introspective musings category. One of the most popular of these is:

51. Here I sit broken hearted
Tried (Came) to shit and only
farted.

The sadness is actually economic inasmuch as one ordinarily pays to use most public toilets. One must make a small deposit before entering the toilet stall. The "failure to get one's money's worth," an important theme in American culture, is explicit in some versions.

52. Here I sit broken-hearted
Paid a nicked and only farted.

This last verse has a traditional response:

53. Don't cry brother
You had your chance
I didn't have a nickel
And shit (in) my pants.

There is also a combination of both
verses:

54. Here I sit broken hearted
Tried to shit and only farted.
But think of the man who took
[the chance
Tried to fart and shit his pants.

There are other examples of American latrinalia with the introductory opening formula, "Here I sit."

55. Here I sit in stinking vapor
Some sonuvabitch stole the toilet
[paper.

56. Here I sit in silent bliss
Listening to the trickling piss
Now and then a fart is heard
Calling to the coming turd.
(Los Angeles, 1918)

57. Here I sit in solemn bliss
Listening to the dribble of piss
And now and then a fart is heard
Then followed by a thundering turd.
(Camp Maxey, Paris, Texas, 1945)

These last two verses are obviously cognates and are related to the versions from Lake Tahoe and Visalia, California, reported by Read.

Noteworthy is the sound aspect of the process of elimination. Most people are

ashamed of anyone's hearing the sound of their urinating or defecating. Even the sound of a toilet flush is embarrassing to some. The whole philosophy of pretending that the activity doesn't exist is of course threatened by the possibility of someone's hearing the unavoidable tell tale sound. The listener, as opposed to the voyeur, is depicted in the following verse:

58. Sam, Sam, the janitor man
Chief superintendent of the crap-
[ping can.
He washes out the bowls and picks
[up the towels
And listens to the roar of other
[men's bowels.

The sound is also involved in some of the onomatopoeic euphemisms, e.g. "tinkle" meaning to urinate.

Some latrinalia explore the motivations for visiting bathrooms.

59. Some come here to sit and think
But I come here to shit and stink.
(Camp Maxey, Paris, Texas, 1945)

60. Some come here to sit and think
And some come here to wonder
But I come here to shit and stink
And fart away like thunder.

A comparison of the last two reveals how a two-line verse may be expanded into a four-line verse. In the following verse, the expansion utilizes a different rhyme scheme:

61. Some people come to sit and think
Others come to shit and stink.
But I just come to scratch my balls
And read the bullshit on the walls.

All these latrinalia texts are representative and they should serve to illustrate the nature of this on-going mural tradition. However, these materials raise a number of questions. Probably the most intriguing questions about latrinalia are psychological. Why are they written at all and why in bathrooms? Why are they so much more common in men's rest rooms than in women's rest rooms?

There has been little theorizing about the psychological functions of latrinalia. Reynolds has stated that generations of lavatory wall writers simply write for the pleasure of breaking a taboo, presumably the taboo of referring to body elimination activities. Allen Walker Read suggests that latrinalia probably results from many different motivations. Nevertheless, he notes that, "A principal reason is the well-known human yearning to leave a record of one's presence or one's existence." If this is correct, the question remains, what is the psychological significance of a yearning to leave a record of one's presence?

Allen Walker Read has also observed that writing latrinalia was the same order of activity as the carving of initials or names on trees. Interestingly enough, psychoanalyst Ernest Jones tried to explain the later custom in his famous paper on "Anal-Erotic Character Traits." Jones hypothesizes that it may possibly

be a derived and sublimated form of what he terms a "primitive smearing impulse," the desire that infants allegedly have to handle and manipulate their feces, a desire whose fulfillment is invariably forbidden by toilet-training conscious parents. People who carve or write their names are leaving a memento of themselves which may injure and spoil something beautiful.

Although Jones makes no mention of latrinalia, I suggest that it may well stem from the same impulse to smear feces or dirt on walls. Dirty words are dirt by themselves, independent of the dirtiness of their referents. Certainly this theory would explain why the writing was placed on bathroom walls in particular. The fact that much of the content of latrinalia does refer to defecation and urination would tend to support the assertion that there is some relationship between the acts of writing on walls and playing with feces. Farfetched as this may sound to some, it is precisely the explanation given by the folk! In one of the best known latrinalia verses, the rationale for writing latrinalia is as follows:

62. Those who write on shithouse walls
Roll their shit in little balls
Those who read these words of wit
Eat the little balls of shit.

Here is an explicit equation of the act of writing on walls with the manipulation of one's own feces. It could not be said any more plainly than "Those who write on shithouse walls roll their shit in little balls!"

From earliest childhood, the American is taught to deny his anus and its activities. The smearing impulse is redirected to suitable substitute activities: working with modeling clay, finger paints, or throwing mud pies (cf. Ferenczi). Using words, dirty words, some individuals finally do give vent to the impulse to sully walls. Since "dirt" is supposed to be deposited in the clean white receptacles found in bathrooms, what more flagrant act of rebellion than to place symbolic dirt on the very walls surrounding the receptacles!

While Freudian explanations are not popular in anthropological and folkloristic circles, the fact that the folk confirm the Freudian explanation must be taken into account and explained by anti-Freudians. The independent congruence of analytic and folk or native theories does, it seems to me, present a reasonably convincing argument.

Noteworthy also in this connection is the fact that the second couplet of the above mentioned metafolloristic text corroborates another psychoanalytic insight into toilet ritual. It has been suggested that the popular practice of reading while at stool is essentially an act of incorporation designed to balance the material which is lost through defecation.

(The common rationale for such reading is the desire not to waste time. By

reading in the bathroom, one can save time and make it more productive. Additionally the reading also permits and encourages the prolongation of the defecation act.)

Thus "eating" the dirty words compensates for the evacuated fecal dirt. Once again, the folk apparently agree with the explanation: "Those who read these words of wit eat the little balls of shit."

A more recent localized bit of latrinalia appearing in Berkeley supports the writing-feces equation:

63. Don't write on our walls
We don't shit in your notebooks.
—The Regents
What's found in our notebooks
is shit anyway
—The Students
(Main Library, U. C. Berkeley, 1965)

The equation of defecation and writing is not limited to American culture. Apparently in parts of Bulgaria, one who has gone to the "thinking place" is described as "thinking" or "writing." The writing-defecation equation suggests that the academic motto "publish or perish," an oicotypical example of what might be termed the alternative structure proverb (cf. "do or die," "put up or shut up," "fish or cut bait," etc.), may be "shit or get off the pot" in symbolic disguise. One might remember that scholars are first supposed to amass great quantities of data from which they are expected to "get stuff out regularly." (Cf. the notion of weighing the output on the scales at the end of the year.)

The suggested anal erotic basis of writing may also explain why men rather than women write latrinalia. According to current theory, men the world over suffer from pregnancy envy. In essence, men are envious of women's ability to bear children and they seek to find various substitute gratifications, e.g. couvade behavior, having an intellectual "brain-child," calling their pet project their "baby," etc.

Bettelheim has assembled a good deal of convincing anthropological evidence to document the pregnancy envy hypothesis. However, although Bettelheim does cite the instance of the Chaga men's practice of stopping up their rectums as a form of symbolic pregnancy, he does not see that males commonly use their anuses to provide substitutes for parturition. Feces, like babies, are produced by the body. When a man defecates, he is a creator, a *prime mover*. Women produce feces too, but since they can produce babies from within, there is less need for women to produce this type of body product.

That women have less need of fecal substitute activities is suggested by the fact that few women indulge in sculpture, painting, blowing wind instruments, etc. Certainly in American culture, it is men who are more concerned than women

with creative feces metaphors. It is usually men, not women, who are "full of it," who are "BS artists," who tell "cock and bull stories."

In American culture, the emphasis is on productivity and the male must *make* much more than feces. He must *make* something of himself and he must *make* a living. The word "make" is itself indicative of the productive component of defecation. An infant may be told to *make water*, *make weewee*, *make B.M.*, or just plain *make*. As an adult in a "man's world," he tries to *make* money or *make* time. Once he is successful, he may be told that he's *got it made*. "Time is money," the proverb says, but both time and money are symbolic fecal substitutes, as folk speech and other folklore so abundantly attests (cf. to be filthy rich, to be rolling in it, to have money up the ass, to make one's pile, to have time on one's hands, to *pass* time or *piddle* the time away, etc.).

Time and money can be saved or hoarded; time and money can be spent or wasted. In American ideal culture, saving is valued. Think of all the money and time *saving* devices enjoyed by Americans. Yet in American real culture, prestige accrues to those who spend or waste time and money. If a man wants to *make it big* or *make a splash*, he has to produce, to put out. He can't *sit tight*; he can't *sit on his material*. Even God, a masculine figure, is termed a *maker*, which is entirely appropriate in view of the anal nature of man's creation, that is, man's being molded from dust or dirt. (Note also that the "fart-thunder" linkage so patent in the latrinalia hints at an infantile origin of thunder gods as Roheim almost says.)

The *make* metaphor also applies to genital matters. A man is expected to *make out*, to *make* a woman and to *make* love. The couching of genital affairs in anal terms is paralleled by the whole concept of dirty words in American culture. Dirty jokes, for example, are largely genital, not anal in content. Yet jokes about sex are called "dirty jokes." The word on the sign at Berkeley was an obscene word which no false acrostic, "Freedom Under Clark Kerr," could disguise, but it was thought of as a dirty word (cf. the filthy speech movement—no pun on movement intended!)

One reason why genitality is considered to be "dirty" may be guilt by association. The organs concerned are recognized and identified first as producers of urine, that is, as producers of dirt. Later it is discovered that the sexual act is performed by the same dirt-producing instrument. This situation has been summed up by Yeats in his poem "Crazy Jane Talks With the Bishop" when he wrote: "But Love has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement." Here is dirt by association.

The desire to make one's mark or to leave something *behind* for posterity is also very likely involved in the writing of latrinalia. Defecation as a technique to mark a place for identification is found not only in folk tales but among other forms of primate life who apparently demarcate territorial boundaries through urination and defecation. The goal is also perhaps to achieve notice and immortality by producing dirt. A final example of latrinalia bears on this:

64. To the shithouse poet

In honor of his wit
May they build far and wide
Great monuments of shit.

One wonders about the significance of leaving great stone memorials. Many great men have taken an active part in designing and building that which was to remain after they had departed. There is the obvious phallic significance of some monuments. The Washington monument is certainly appropriate for the *father* of our country. But the majority are massive pieces of stone, often in the shape of little rooms or houses. (Writing on these walls involves epitaphs rather than latrinalia.) The psychology of making one's mark, of leaving some memorial behind, may be related to American males' desire to successfully compete with females who can "make" children as their form of immortality.

For those who may be skeptical of the theory that the psychological motivation for writing latrinalia is related to an infantile desire to play with feces and to artistically smear it around, I would ask only that they offer an alternative theory. For those who doubt that the greater interest on the part of males in latrinalia is related to anal creativity stemming from pregnancy envy, I would ask the same.

It is all too easy to elicit destructive criticism. We know that latrinalia exists. What we want to know is why it exists and what function it serves. One day when we have more information about the writers of latrinalia (and perhaps psychological projective tests administered to such writers) and when we have better cross-cultural data, we may be better able to confirm or revise the attempt to answer the question.

* * *

This paper was presented at the 1966 meeting of the California Folklore Society at Davis, California. I am indebted to many of my students and colleagues for contributing examples of latrinalia. Unless otherwise indicated, all materials were collected from men's rooms in Berkeley and the surrounding Bay Area in 1964. I am especially grateful to psychologist Nathan Hurvitz who provided all of the items from Paris, Texas. My thanks also to Sam Hinton for his suggestion that the paper be entitled "Ars(e) Poetica."

Practical Uses for Condoms Now That The Pill Has Rendered Them Obsolete

by John Francis Putnam

What ever happened to rubbers?

Recently a friend told us how, in a moment of dire emergency (his date had forgotten to bring her diaphragm), he found himself obliged to go down to the corner drugstore and buy a pack of condoms. It took the clerk 20 minutes to find them, and as he blew the dust off the package he remarked: "Man, I wouldn't trust these too much; they've been on the shelf so long they must be pretty stale by now."

Decidedly, the condom—or "safe"—is a thing of the nostalgic past, killed off by the advent of the Pill. So what is going to happen to that gigantic overstock of rubbers now filling warehouses all over the country? How can the reliable old manufacturers of Trojans, Triple-X, Silver Tex and Sheiks survive? Here are some suggested uses, then, for that classic American Artifact, the prophylactic, "Sold for the Prevention of Disease Only."

Matching hubcap covers for a 1926 Rolls Royce.

An all-weather beanie for Denny Dimwit.

Contact lenses for an octopus.

Drum-head for a pygmy bongo.

Rain-hat for a vulture.

Waterproof stash for scuba heads.

Portholes for midget Japanese submarines.

Sound filters for hi-fi headphones.

Monocle case for Prussian officers.

Weatherproof cover for a policeman's badge.

Disposable sanitary mouthpiece cover for public telephones.

Shower cap for pin-headed "bird girl" from circus freak show.

Portable fallout shelter for cockroaches.

Mute for a kazoo.

Extruded belly-button truss.

Miniature "poo cushion" (when two are partially welded together).

Tarantula solarium.

Crash helmets for sleeping bats.

Baggies for large kosher pickles.

Emergency gas-tank cover for VW.

Two, joined at edges: a bra for Twiggy.

A pair of earmuffs for LBJ.

Four, as udder-protectors for cows that graze in thistles.

Lens cap for a proctoscope.

Non-skid doorknob cover.

Drip pan for a hashish water pipe.

Mini-yamulka for Archbishop Cooke to wear at interfaith rallies.

Inner lining for small-size shetl.

Organic roughage for the million

alligators who live in the New York sewers, flushed down to them a ton at a time.

Thumb cymbals for spastics.

Halo dust cover for small religious statues.

Expandable coin purse for hoarding Kennedy half-dollars.

Lens filter for arty effects when shooting dirty movies.

Microphone muffler for a John Birch Society radio station.

Incubating dish for penicillin spores.

Non-skid crutch tip.

Individual serving dishes for large mushroom caps.

Non-slip thumb cover for bank tellers counting paper money.

All-weather holy wafer cover for Catholic chaplains in Vietnam.

Low power suction units for 'cupping' people with sensitive skin.

Anal insert to prevent possible hepatitis infection during back-scuttle intercourse.

Protective slip-on cover for autographed World Series baseball.

Colostomy bag for an armadillo.

by Tuli Kupferberg

Disposable fart catcher.

Secret weapon with a reservoir tip, filled with napalm for fucking the VC's to death.

Local draft board sperm-specimen collector.

Secret message-holder; throw into East River and see who picks it up. Message reads: "Is your pill chart filled in?"



"Move in, Uncle John, you're out of the picture . . . Sis? That's better . . . Mom, you're good . . . Aunt May, you're blocking Dad's face with your . . . Fine! Hold it, everyone!"

REISNER

(Continued from Cover)

- "Dirty is only in the mind, so fuck you." (Men's toilet at the Newport Jazz Festival 1967.)
- "Fuck all Puerto Ricans not that you haven't done it already."
- "Stop me before I fuck more."
- "I am a fucker, I cannot help myself."
- "Henry James must have fucked somebody." (Ladies' room, Lion's Head Ltd., Christopher St., N.Y.)
- "Do fairies fuck?"
Written underneath:
"Yes, if you believe in them." (The West End Bar, West End Ave., N.Y.)
- "Joe's bicycle pump sucks!"
- "To shit is human, to fuck divine." (Ladies' room, Le Metro Cafe, N.Y.)
- "Call SP-1—if I like your voice I'll go down on you."
- "I play the flute and swallow the

music." (Real Chinese Food Restaurant, Ave. B and 10th St., N.Y.)

- "Are you nervous, tense? Try my 8-inch relaxer." (NBC Studios, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y.)

- "Who wants a blow job?"
"Suck my cock."

Written underneath:

"My god, are you all queer at NYU? Doesn't anyone fuck?"

To which someone added:

"Yes, bend over." (Toilet in NYU's main building Washington Square, N.Y.)

- "Blow job?"

To which someone added with Christian zeal:

"Try Jesus"

To which another person added:

"Why? Is he well hung? (Archie's Cafe, Abilene, Texas.)

- "Third cock wanted for a Party."

Reply underneath:

"You're lucky and a freak if you've got two!" (Men's toilet, London,

England)

- "All you fuckin' queers are being observed on closed TV by the CIA." (Toilet in University of Minnesota.)
- "How much cunt is enough?"
- "For some reason I cannot stop eating pussy."

The writing and drawing of 'obscene' things have with minor exceptions always been the work of men. Women do not seem to be titillated by such activity. A man who leaves naughty messages is a sort of twice-removed exhibitionist. He gets his jollies from the thought of the excitement he will engender in the viewer.

The bathroom, alas, seems to be for some men the only source of satisfaction. Not being able to give birth to children, many males take pride in the issuance of large turds. It represents strength and virility to them.

And so it was—in 1910 on a toilet wall in Germany—that this message was found: "If I only could shit powerfully, then I would fuck men or women."

The Rising Yellow Tide

by Saul Heller

A good subject for a Ph.D. thesis—and I offer it, gratis, to doctoral students unable to conjure up a dry, unimportant topic to write about—is why so many men who use public urinals don't flush afterwards.

Such an investigation would throw light into dark sociological, psychological and psychiatric corners—so much so, it seems astonishing never to find an eager researcher at some public urinal, pencil and pad in one hand and penis in the other, genially asking questions of co-pissers.

I would certainly be most interested in a scholarly dissertation clearing up questions that have haunted me for years. For instance:

Is this non-flushing bit restricted to public lavatories, or does the non-flusher act the same way at home?

If his habits are identical at home, what does his wife, or his mother, or whoever lives with him, think of the practice?

Does a non-urine-flusher flush after defecation?

If he doesn't, does anybody in the family flush?

If somebody *does* flush, is it always the same person?

What motivates a person to flush for somebody else?

Have any homicides resulted from a failure to flush?

What grievance pricks the non-flusher? Or perhaps we should phrase it, what grieves the non-flushing prick?

Are four-flushers most likely to be non-flushers?

Does a non-flusher get sexual pleasure from the anticipation that other men who are non-flushers will urinate into his urine?

Does a non-flusher *ever* flush, because of risk of overflow, disgust, or absent-mindedness?

Evidently, rich cultural ore lies in these yellow waters. Let's hope some seeker after truth and a Ph.D. soon probes for the answers.

Let's also hope his degree is not held up by some non-flushing board of examiners.

The Rising Brown Tide

by Dan Lund

Bobbie Kennedy turns on every feminine teenybopper within squealing distance. Georgie Romney stirs old longings in the heart of many a Mormon matron. Benjie Spock has long been more than a comfort to young mothers. But of all the demi-candidates, no one is quite as moving as Ronnie Reagan.

I had an opportunity to observe the Ronnie-effect at first hand recently on a flight from Sacramento to Los Angeles. The Governor boarded amidst much neck-straining by the passengers and lapel-fondling by the stewardesses—all taken in stride by California's seasoned celebrity.

Reagan sat down near the front of the aircraft, close to the toilet.

Middle-aged ladies from all sections of the airplane queued up in front of the john. As they passed by Ronnie's seat, a coyly self-conscious stare was administered to the Governor. The same ritual was, of course, performed on the way back.

But the important thing was that the bathroom trip was not pro forma. Each one stayed too long inside and looked too relieved afterwards to have been simply going through the motions.

As the long line of suburban broads passed by, it became clear that a political phenomenon of great significance was taking place. Ronnie was touching these constipated bitches in a manner most profound.

What the nationwide impact might be of Reagan as a Presidential candidate, I cannot accurately predict. I can reasonably conjecture, however, that a wave of regularity, a feeling of release, even a cathartic purge would come to more than a few American women.

This, it seems to me, is in the national interest. Things are stopped up all over the country. I, for one, am supporting the Reagan candidacy. I'd like to see at least part of America moving again.

Gas - I'm A Happener

by Nat Freedland

"Organizational meeting of 'gas'; a happening in East Hampton. Viewing Room 'E'. (Participants may ask for Allen Kaprow)," announces the stack of mimeo bulletins on the information desk of the CBS Broadcasting Center. GAS signs upstairs guide the way through a labyrinth of studios to a roomful of Upper Bohemia Hippies all sitting on their folding chairs with the smug expressions of those who have made Tonight's *In Scene*.

A prep school alumni type in a blue blazer detaches himself from the squad of official-looking people up front and says, "Hello, I'm Gordon Hyatt, producer of CBS-TV *Eye On New York*. Thanks for coming and I hope you'll help us with the three-day happening this weekend. I think it's probably the biggest happening ever attempted. And now, to tell you all about it . . . here he is . . . the man who invented happenings . . . Allen Kaprow!"

We U.B. Hippies applaud without losing our cool. Kaprow, an avant-garde pioneer who has joined the establishment to the extent of an art professorship at Stony Brook State University, is wearing dungarees and a denim workshirt, his crew-cut neatly into a trim black beard.

"The first event will be a parade at the Southampton Railroad Station with balloons and barrels," he says in a flat, dry, emotionless voice. "It's Saturday morning at ten. Please be on time, we have to meet the train."

Meanwhile, assistant producer chick Carol Schwartz is handing out mimeographed instruction sheets. "Procedure: Participants will parade slowly, some pushing large drums, some holding weather balloons and some carrying flares."

Kaprow drones on and on . . . giant helium balloons . . . foam machines . . . skydivers . . . dual rock bands on the beach . . . climbing down cliffs . . . mound people in the garbage dump. He sounds so *serious* about all this. It's terrible, makes the whole thing come out as dull as a PMLA session on Beowulf studies.

Finally, after about 45 incredibly boring minutes, he says, "Now, please, I don't want you to worry about this in terms of Art. Think of it as a game, a joyous childhood game where we can all let loose."

Everybody has been sitting through this with their most attentive faces on, they look as if they're worrying maybe they should take notes. I am developing an overwhelming urge to brake in and say I have an anti-Vietnam buddy who is planning to burn himself alive this weekend and could you give him some camera time?

But I chicken out. Kaprow is so sincere in his bag that it's impossible to think of putting him down before his disciples. Carol Schwartz passes out releases for us happening performers to sign so we won't sue CBS for putting us on the television.

Saturday I get up when this big, round glarey thing enters the sky, and drive from the city to the Southampton LIRR Station. The beachward traffic crawl delays my arrival till half an hour after the parade is due to start. My instruction sheet says we are supposed to meet at the R.C. Church of Our Lady of Poland. Their parking lot is empty too, except for a hunched-over handyman with a hearing aid who looks like he came to answer a casting call for Polack Joke leads.

"Where's the TV crew?" I inquire.

"Huh?" he replies.

"Television, television," I yell into his hearing aid.

"No television in church," he says. "We don't want it."

Our Lady of Poland Church turns out to be around the corner from the parochial school—where I was at. I arrive just as Gordon Hyatt—wearing a Channel 2 sweatshirt—blows the whistle to start the big parade. About 50 people, evenly divided between kids, tanned Hampton surf teens and the Upper Bohemes move out with empty oil drums, sulphur flares and weather balloons that feel like scumbags.

One kid starts attacking balloons with his flare out of camera range, which momentarily sends Hyatt up the wall. As the first wave reaches the station platform, Kaprow and Carol Schwartz are upon donut-shaped hovercrafts, machines that fly three feet off the ground powered by an air-blast motor.

Kaprow is wearing a World War II leather pilot's helmet over his beard and has wrapped himself in a cloak of black vinyl. He looks pretty weird, and evidently realizes it full well as he poses with brooding mystery while happenings on the guide ropes tug his donut along.

Carol is in a silver-sequin Wonder Woman burleyque costume, with white go-go booties and a motorcycle helmet. She holds tight to handlebars, nervous about falling off. She smiles and waves only when a photographer reminds her to.

Hordes of photographers are running around through all this. An underground movie team and the TV crew are filming each other among the happenings. A bearded filmmaker is doing pan shots on an arriflex while riding a bicycle. Bystanders with Kodak brownies have been encouraged to get out into the middle of things.

"It'll be like lots of eyes staring back at the camera," says Kaprow.

Gordon Hyatt runs around with his walkie-talkie and bullhorn, giving everybody GAS—I AM A HAPPENER big pink buttons. And now the 11:30 train pulls into the station. Hyatt gets on the bullhorn and exhorts us happenings to demolish the balloons. *Bang, bang, bang, bang*. The passengers get off the train into the middle of all this, looking around with embarrassed uptight smiles.

(What the hell is going on, Maude? This is Southampton!)

And here comes a weekending executive, suit and tie, attaché case, *Times*, the whole bit. He marches right across this idiocy field, looking straight ahead and ignoring the whole thing. *Hup, two, three, four* to the car. None of *this* nonsense is going to distract him from his lunchtime lushing at the summer place.

Saturday afternoon we are happening at Amagansett Beach, a somewhat less crowded and more arty enclave than the nearer-to-the-city Hamptons. Kaprow's longhair denim squad is emptying helium tanks into another batch of balloons. (A GAS happening, get it?) Messages written at the organizational meeting are inserted into the balloons to be distributed over the world. My note was, "Fuck the Establishment." I wonder if they used it.

Hyatt, now wearing shorts with his Channel 2 sweatshirt, gazes sadly at the balloons already floating skyward and implores the waiting line of kids not to let go of any more until a siren is sounded.

Two rock 'n' roll groups are plugging into generators on the beach; their mission is to create a McLuhan soundmix of different songs played simultaneously. A skywriting plane overhead is laying out plugs for Hampton discotheques.

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