

# The Realist

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## One Flew Over the Cuckoo Conference

by Robert Wolf

"But I don't want to go among mad people," remarked Alice.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat, "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

One of Toronto's minor industries is the training of mental health workers. In Ontario alone, there are 21 major mental institutions. Overshadowing the campus of the University of Toronto, downtown, is a tall office-like building - the Clarke Psychiatric Institute.

"Madness has the endorsement of the university," read a student announcement for a week-long Conference on Madness, which promised the expertise of representatives "from both *inside* and *outside*" the grey world of matterlessness.

Home-made wine was passed around. There were multi-colored posters of inkblots. A little blonde girl walked around, at one of the sessions, looking like Alice. A resident "mad" dog, Roach, hopped around on a crippled leg. Another dog ran around barking and bursting balloons. At noon on the last day, a homemade cuckoo was projected out over the walk, from the belfry of the Student Administrative Council building.

There was no costume ball, but some people attended the sessions in costume. Though the conference was free, tickets were given out (someone, even then, stole a bunch) and were occasionally demanded at the door - sometimes to get in, sometimes to get out. ("The management reserves the right to revoke the privilege granted by this ticket by refunding the purchase price.")

Some people were hoaxed into believing that the ticket would secure them a free lunch at the cafeteria. For lunch one day, a man went around handing out "sandwiches" of two pieces of fibreboard wrapped together in cellophane. But the Conference itself provided lunch at two "tea parties" (where more was smoked than drunk), and the food supplies were bought from, of course, Mad Hatter Party Snacks of Toronto.

A thank-you note received by one of the organizers of the Conference caught the spirit of the occasion. The message had been written on a balloon which was blown up, then burst, and the note fragment clipped out and mailed to the organizer - who had to stretch it between four fingers to read it.

For the participants who met in various rooms and lounges of the Medical Sciences Building, it was an occasion to share some of the insights of current eclectic - if not experimental - approaches to mental health concepts.

"What would you tell a guy who thinks he's Christ?"  
"I'd tell him it's Good Friday and he better shape up."

In some ways, the Conference was more debilitated than mad. You couldn't cover the program without being programmed. There were enough conflicts in the schedule to make you schizoid.

But hostility and anxiety are madness. As is frustration. Madness is the primal scream reduced to words. It is madness not to communicate. Madness is whatever people in power say it is, or isn't. One person said from the floor at one session, "Maybe the only difference between my madness and Nixon's madness is that he has more power." A slogan of the conference was, "The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction."

Some of the most stimulating sessions, like that on body movement, were non-verbal. To paraphrase the leader, "You are not an instrument of life, you *are* life." There was a session scheduled for outdoor games, like Tag and Red Rover. And there was an improvisational jam session that gave the lie to the line in *Alice*, "The rule is jam tomorrow and jam yesterday, but never jam today."

The programs which attracted turn-away audiences were the films. There was *Titticut Follies*, which had previously been banned in Ontario (as well as Boston). It was shot a few years ago at the Bridgewater prison asylum near Boston. In one scene a hack psychiatrist asks an inmate patient, "How often do you masturbate?"

"Three times a day."

"Too much!"

And when a young "paranoid" tells the psychiatrist, "Of course I'm troubled - I've been here for a year - and - a - half!", the psychiatrist exposes how little he knows of the institution: "Are you involved in any of the sports here?"

"There are no sports here."

Then another psychiatrist diagnoses for the young man: "I think what we have to do is put him on higher dose of tranquilizers."

Possibly the most eloquent film was *High School*, made a few years ago by the same attorney filmmaker, Frederick Wiseman, who made *Titticut*. He

demonstrates with purely documentary footage that young people in a "normal" big - city high school (Northeastern in Philadelphia, in this case) are treated as if they had been committed to an asylum of meaninglessness.

The young man sitting next to me would hardly believe that the film was *cinema verite*, and asked if the people he was seeing were actors. In this film, also, there were those moments of unconscious irony: the woman, lecturing an all - girl assembly on the sins of promiscuity, masturbation, etc., stands behind a podium that is engraved with a Biblical quote: *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.*

There was a film about the therapeutic commune *Warrendale*, which, though radical in approach when it was made several years ago, is nearly outmoded by even more radical experiential techniques today.

There was an instructive study of the destruction of a nuclear family by sexism, in *The Married Couple*. The camera lived silently with a moderately - hip couple for maybe a week of their life, watching them - in bed; at play with their son Bogart, who was about 4 years old; with artist friends; swimming in the nude on vacation; during their bitter arguments.

The couple had live together for a year before they were married. He was 34 at the time, she was in her late twenties. They prefer Sinatra to Santana; when they listen to the Beatles, there's concern on their faces, and they do a slow ballet. They live in a well-appointed 9-room home, decorated with a picture of Eugene McCarthy. Theirs is not a problem of money. They have wine with meals; their dog eats steak.

She's maturely attractive. She wears an apron when she vacuums. She takes dance class, and she does volunteer work at a psychiatric hospital. She says, "I would like people to be able to say, 'Why can't I be more like her?'" She can be cute and funny, but she can also cry and get angry: "Tough titty! You've never once in your whole damn life said thanks to me!"

His personality predominates - he makes certain of that. He's a copywriter for accounts like Heinz. He has thinning hair with long sideburns and a moustache. He wears bikini shorts around the house and smokes a pipe. Only half - jokingly, he says, "More than anything, what I want is fame." About the only time he becomes gentle is when he's trying to coax his wife to have sex with him.

He's chauvinist: "I'm the one who goes to work around here."

Before they were married, he never told his wife he loved her. He never admits he's wrong, and he has a jealousy problem. "If only I were sure of myself as a man ... but I'm afraid you'll walk all over me."

As the sexist authoritarianism that's legitimized in marriage causes their relationship to crumble, he says, "It's not the framework of our marriage that's the problem." She resigns herself to unhappiness or divorce: "The best thing for me, I guess, is to stop dreaming ... and just put up with it ... But I'd prefer to live in three rooms that work than nine that don't"

Someone later told me that the couple has since been divorced, "and he's now running around with pubescent chicks."

Possibly the most amusing film ranged in content from an unintended commercial for LSD which whet the appetites of many of the young people in the audience, to a scatterbrained satire on the "mysteries" of psychedelics that could still titillate the fantasies of Middle America. Made seven years ago by CBS, at Spring Grove

State Hospital in Baltimore, it dealt with what were then pioneering experiments in LSD therapy.

Taking us to "Cottage 13," the somber narrator began by showing us "the week - long process of preparing" for "LSD - Day" - or what he later referred to as "the 14 - hour trial." We were shown two patients - a man and a woman, each of whom had been committed by their spouses as insane - as they were playing with building blocks, inkblots, word - association tests and answering psychologists' questions..

("What is the main theme of the Book of Genesis?") As the narrator said, "There is no passing or flunking this test."

The woman was cheerful and sensible - sounding and hers was the problem of a "productive" housewife in "a storybook family," as she put it, whose "busy" husband perpetually ignored her. "There's something about my life that seems empty." She liked "living," she said, but wished "time would go faster."

"I am a housewife, and boy am I afraid."

She had begun to have paranoid delusions that her husband was making it with other women. To support the women, according to her fantasies, he became involved in a life of crime. When a local bank was robbed, she told the FBI the robber was her husband. "The FBI took me seriously." Her husband was called in for a lie detector test, which he passed. She believed he had "conned them." So she made an appointment for him with a psychiatrist. "The psychiatrist spoke to us both for about 15 minutes, then gave my husband papers to have me committed."

She said after the LSD session, "I feel reborn." Her husband - a fat, greying businessman - was called in for a reunion. She told him, "Wow, honey, it was the most amazing experience. I found God." He did a double - take: "What did you say?"

The male patient was sober - looking, in his thirties. His father had been a "hardworking" teetotaler, while his mother "argued with the neighbors all the time." In college, he dropped out - getting drunk instead of taking his finals (the Conference audience applauded). In the Army, he only "messed up." He lamented, "I have never accomplished anything."

While under LSD (the doctor patted him on the back when he swallowed the tab), he burst out laughing: "The best laugh I ever had in my life ... I felt like it was the beginning of something, and that all things can be seen in a different light."

In their reunion, his wife said, "You'll have to tell me what it was like." He: "You wouldn't believe me."

The narrator took us back for a Six-Months-Later follow-up. The woman, he said, had "rejoined her family, and changed her hair color." She had become productive again.

The man was now a hardworking teetotaler, an insurance examiner, going to school at night to study accounting. "Now my worries," he said, "are just the worries everybody else has."

The program was sponsored by IBM.

Most of the real learning sessions for the Conference participants took place in a sort of three - ring circus of Various Therapies.

There was a session on LSD as therapy (which could have been subtitled "Eat Me"). While a joint was passed around the room, someone read from a governmental pamphlet which had been prepared for medics, to help them guide persons on bad trips. "Provide minimum sensory stimuli ... Ask the patient to tell you where he is

at; i.e., is only the wall bending or the ceiling as well?"

An interesting thought that came out of this session is that it is a bad trip to have allowed the term "bad trip" to have crept into psychedelic language. A trip may be uncomfortable, but it should never be thought of as bad.

There was a session on Janov's *Primal Scream*, but few had read the book and even fewer wanted to know more about it.

A session was held by a professor who had read most of Wilhelm Reich's books (which, as someone pointed out, is possibly more than many Reichians have done). He said that Reich was a charismatic person, certain of his solutions, "a kind of Christ figure" who traversed from disbelieving to believing in God.

He told how Reich had gotten into boxes, building the "life energy accumulator" booths which were rented out to psychiatrists who had their patients sit in them to accumulate sexual energy which might otherwise be dissipated into the atmosphere. Reich was finally jailed for fraud for selling them, even though, the professor said, "if you sat in one long enough, you'd probably feel a little horny." He said he himself had made "orgone blankets" from fibreglass for as little as \$5. A student asked, "Did you bring some?"

In addition, Reich was diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic, because he was into flying saucers long before it became respectable for even government officials to believe in their existence, and his books about orgone therapy were burned by the government.

There were three people who drove up from Chicago to promulgate the organized Surrealist movement on campus. From their announcement: "The Surrealists attend the Conference on Madness in a clearly revolutionary capacity ... to criticize the proliferation of the confusion of therapeutic diversions." The spokesman for their own therapeutic diversion began his session, in all seriousness, by first saying, "Unlike what I've seen of this Conference so far, we intend to have order here. So don't interrupt when I speak." The second thing he said was, "You will not be permitted to ask 'What is surrealism?'"

Nevertheless, he and his colleagues defined it as "The blood of inspiration of mad people ... Based on Marxism-Leninism ... Its aim is complete human liberation."

A man in the room asked, "Did you know that Lenin had a nervous breakdown in 1903?"

Another session was led by Bob Dobson - Smith, a hip-executive type who had given up architecture to sell Scientology. ("Okay?")

Only seven persons showed up for his talk, and two of them left as soon as he began plotting charts all over the blackboard. (One of those who didn't attend had given his reason beforehand: "I dropped out of Scientology - 2000,000 years ago.")

Dobson - Smith didn't really need anybody else anyway: there are already ten thousand Scientologists in Toronto, he said, and fourteen million around the world. "People come to us because we can raise a person's IQ by 50-60 points."

To "invalidate" people - that is, to reject them - causes insanity, Dobson - Smith said. So, for that reason, a Scientologist "never invalidates anyone" - that is, except when it's necessary to expel someone from the organization. Dobson - Smith explained, however, that fewer and fewer people are being expelled these days, because potential dissidents are being screened out beforehand with a test for resistance.

Meanwhile, he proceeded to invalidate a few of the critics at the meeting, including one person he wrongly accused of trying to steal the mike to his tape recorder.

For reasons that are best known to him, he played a tape he had made while visiting a 19-year-old patient he knew on Ward C of nearby Lakeshore Psychiatric Hospital. He had persuaded the young man to name the patients on his ward who were into sniffing "Cutex nail polish remover" and to name the patients who were homosexual. This tape Dobson - Smith then turned over to a local newspaper.

Many of the Conference participants were interested in the session on hypnosis, which was led by Dick Walton, whose certification followed a course in New Orleans. Making his living as a teacher of speedreading, he uses the techniques to relax his students before induction.

He noted that the more that's known about hypnotism, the harder it becomes to define just what it is. He could only define it as "an interaction of minds, or interaction of the mind on itself."

He said hypnotism can be used in lie detection: the subject is told to hold one finger out stiff and it is "suggested" that his finger will twitch whenever a lie is told.

Walton led the listeners in a few exercises. Clasp your hands together, intertwining your fingers. Hold your index fingers up straight in front of you, as if pointing a double-barreled pistol at the moon, with the fingers parallel to each other but with space between them. Imagine that a string of yarn is being twisted around your fingers and drawn tight. As the string digs into your flesh, try to keep your fingers pulled apart.

I watched some of the persons around me, and, after a few moments, most of their fingers began to come together as if magnetized.

Now, hold a palm out in front of you, as if carrying a tray. Hold your other hand out in front of you as if to shake hands. Close your eyes. On the palm which is facing up, imagine that a couple of phone books have been placed. To the other hand, imagine that a helium balloon has been attached.

As I watched, the phone-book palm of most persons dropped slightly while the balloon hand rose slightly.

Finally, hold a pen vertically, by its top, between your finger and thumb of one hand. Focus all your attention and energy on the top of the pen. Remind yourself that you can drop the pen. In fact, keep reminding yourself of this as fast as you can - until you hear the command to stop.

After a few moments of this, he said, "Stop. Now try to open your fingers." For some, it took a few moments to drop the pen.

He said that the extent to which a suggestion is repeated over and over is usually the extent to which it will be acted upon - especially under the conditions of heightened states of emotionality. He advised: Next time you're at a ball game with a friend who jumps up and cheers during every goal, whisper in his ear, "During the next goal, you will remain seated." Or, when your child comes home trembling with a bad report card in hand, relax him and then say, "You'll do better next time."

Another popular session was led by a former "schizophrenic with paranoid delusions," Bill Houston - now director of the Toronto chapter of Schizophrenics Anonymous and local representative of the Canadian Schizophrenia Foundation. He believes that 25 per cent

of the patients in mental hospitals are schizophrenics.

He had taken DMT and believes it put him over the borderline. Tranquilizers were prescribed for him, but they only made him depressed. Then he heard about a psychiatrist up north in Canada, Abram Hoffer, a specialist in what is now being called orthomolecular medicine. Hoffer has used vitamins to treat a couple of thousand schizos in 20 years. He says schizophrenia may have something to do with heredity, believes that low blood sugar is involved, and thinks it is largely the result of a chronic deficiency of vitamins B3 and C. In fact, he prefers to use the term "metabolic misperception" as a replacement for schizophrenia.

A colleague of Hoffer prescribed that Houston "do up" a dose of "megavitamins" each day: 3 grams each of B3 and C. (Interestingly, this is about the same dosage which is used to rescue LSD bum-trippers). Houston said a similar therapy is being used to treat hyperactive, autistic children "of all ages."

Houston was also prescribed a diet low in carbohydrates with up to 60 grams of protein a day. He believes he will have to stick to this regimen for the rest of his life: whenever he goes off it, he gets headaches and depression. When he's on it, "my highs aren't so high and my lows aren't so low." He said that as soon as he began this therapy, he felt better right away and even his dreams changed. Within three months, he stopped seeing a psychiatrist.

One of the more entertaining sessions was that of Stanley Krippner, an accredited professional researcher into the paranormal, whose slide presentation was titled *Madness as a State of Grace*. He has interviewed nearly 200 musicians and artists who've taken LSD, including one painter who now gets \$5,000 a painting.

As Krippner said, some art can drive you temporarily out of your mind, and some of the creators of it have gone mad in order to pursue their art single-mindedly. He showed some of the paintings of the "prophetic" Hieronymus Bosch, and of Vincent Van Gogh, who could never measure his success in terms of acceptance because he never earned more than \$50 a painting.

Krippner said, "People who don't get outside-reinforcement for their creativity soon begin to think of themselves as mad." He showed slides of the silvery blue paintings - some now exhibited in museums - which were created by a North Dakota Indian who goes out onto the plains without food until he hallucinates, then he sketches what he sees. As one of the pamphlets circulated at the conference quoted Poe, "They who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night." Someone pointed out that the Indians gave the job of being holy men to their madmen.

Krippner said there's a Russian psychiatrist who deliberately drives subjects mad in order to make artists of them: temporarily putting them under hypnosis, he tells them they're one great artist or another. One physics major, who was told she's Raphael, dropped out of the higher-paying field of physics to become an artist full time. The subjects are eventually able to create without the aid of hypnosis, he said.

He demonstrated, with some of the slides, that the work of a "straight" artist can change completely, to that of a "psychedelic" artist, after the experience of LSD.

But some subjects "fall from grace." One artist whose work he showed had become psychotic after an LSD

session, but, as the slide demonstrated, "this artist still does a good mandala."

For comic relief, there was the session of media monitor Tuli Kupferberg, whose slide presentation - combined with acting out and sound effects - was titled *Madness in the Marketplace*.

Tuli projected ads, such as that for a suction-pump device sold by an L.A. "surgical supply" house for the purpose of enlarging erectile tissue: "A complete erection is guaranteed," promised the ad. After its use, the ad assured, the penis will return to its "normal flaccid state." The device is to be "removed before coitus."

For tragic relief, there was the lecture by the Chief of Police of Toronto. Harold Adamson is a tough-looking man who worked his way up from the ranks, and whose picture is seldom seen in the papers.

His talk was well advertised on campus, but only about 60 people attended - he noted that it was "a sparse crowd" - and it seemed as if half of them had come because they had a horror story about police lawlessness which they wanted to tell the chief personally. When Adamson was introduced, there was no applause.

For the 20 minutes he spoke, he did nothing but read boring quotations from law books, which he strung together with a few sentences to lead up to his point. What was worrying him, he made clear, is that the population of Toronto-Canada's second largest city-is two million, but nearly half of the population is under 25.

His talk boiled down to a subjective interpretation of what the Establishment would like to see youthful activists forbidden to do in their pursuit to overthrow hypocrisy. He admitted that his were "the views of the police and not necessarily shared by those who have more legal training than me."

"Interference with lectures... the blockading of business recruiting teams... inevitably involves harm to some people" - sometimes resulting even in death, he added. So the law defines the "rendering of property ineffective" as "mischief." It is therefore a crime, in his view, to obstruct "the business of the establishment so that it can't be conducted." Not just the police, but even "the owner of real property has a right... to use whatever reasonable force is necessary to remove a trespasser."

Further, the police have a right to "cause" the "peace to be kept." This means, in his view, that if three or more persons gather anywhere, at any time, for anything that causes some citizen to claim even to fear that a disturbance of the peace may result, the police have a right to move in because that meeting "can then become unlawful."

He ended: "Remember, it is your right to dissent... as long as it is within the law."

There was polite applause when he finished. Someone from the floor told how his quarters had been raided by police who wouldn't show a warrant. Adamson didn't doubt the charge, but asked the young man, "There are violations in your dorm, aren't there?"

"Yeah," the student replied. "The cops keep breaking in."

When another young man said he had been taken to a stationhouse and beaten, Adamson asked, "Had you committed an offense? Did you receive any injuries?"

A man who gave his name as Hunt said that after he had made a complaint about two cops who hassled him illegally, the cops were called up on charges - but he was never able to find out if any disciplinary action had been taken. Yet when friends of his queried the police

department about the matter by mail, they received a reply assuring them "that complaint has been taken care of to Mr. Hunt's satisfaction."

The audience laughed when Adamson said, "If you have any complaints about the police, address a letter to me."

A man about in his forties said he had been driving the same car for seven years and had never been stopped. Recently he grew a beard and has been stopped and hassled three times already. "I am standing here as an adult, frightened of the police force. I am just an ordinary man, but you have frightened me. I am afraid that someday I am going to shoot a policeman, and you will have made me a criminal."

A woman echoed essentially his remarks. Adamson could only respond, "It's an unfortunate thing that you're afraid of us." He emphasized that to him all charges of police abuse are "a matter of opinion."

[Cop: "I'm going to bust this nightstick over your head, and that's my opinion."

[Student: "You can't do that--you might injure me!"

[Cop: "That's your opinion."

Someone held up a signboard which defined Catch - 22: "They can do anything we can't stop them from doing."

A student asked Adamson, "Do you think it's possible for us to have a non-violent society?"

"Well, now you're getting into philosophy ..."

At the end of each day of scheduled sessions, there was an evening period when there was a lounge available with several open microphones for anyone who wanted to speak from the floor on any subject.

There was an evening session on *Politics, Class and Madness* for which one of the Conference organizers "tried for three weeks to get someone from the government to come here, but I was met with outright refusals." But one of the psychiatrists who did speak--he was described as "a radical shrink"--did happen to be a member of the province's legislature.

Someone suggested that if the authorities won't come to us, maybe we should go to them. "Let's all go down and sign ourselves into the nearest mental hospital." But this idea foundered when no one could say for certain if it is as easy to later sign oneself out.

At the evening session on *Space, Environment and Madness*, the point was made that environment has a lot to do with madness: act with authority and you can command all the attention in the room. At this session, there was plenty of environment to command attention.

A dozen people sat on stage behind the speaker's table, because most of them couldn't find seats elsewhere. Someone suggested from the audience, "Hey, why don't you break up that panel into smaller groups." There was someone smoking a joint at one end of the table while another person drank whiskey from a bottle at the other end. Near a man and woman cuddling at one end of the table, two guys - one lying the table - sucked each others' fingers, and kissed.

The most popular of the evening sessions, *Sex and Madness*, drew about 300 people. A resource person began the session by saying, "Maybe we should all just make love and not talk at all. But I suppose if that's really what you want to do, we'll do it without my saying so." That's about all any of the resource people could say. In the lull of silence, an impatient young man in the corner asked, "Are there any more resource people here?"

Another young man asked him, "Do you masturbate?"

"Yeah."

"Then you're a resource person."

"Okay, then everybody who wants to hold a masturbation workshop, please meet in this corner."

"That's no good, man, the whole audience will just move over there."

Then another guy got up and opted for a workshop on "plants and sex." He urged a woman from a feminist group to tell the audience what she had told him of her dream "about a rubber plant."

There were a few interesting observations that came out of the session, though. One man remarked that it's a pity that there is little in our culture, even in our language, between the extremes of not touching a person and of having sex with them. Someone began to pass a note: "I touch the person next to you, then pass this on."

Then another man noted, "It's interesting that we've talked so far only about sex *problems*, not *pleasures*."

And a woman noted with disdain that no one in the audience had brought their children to this particular discussion.

The final session was sort of a spontaneous anti-climax, like a firecracker that's burned down to blow up the fuse.

One of the two resource persons at the speaker's table was Dr. Vivien Rakoff, a pillar of the psychiatric staff at Clarke. An exponent of shock treatment, he sees it as "an extension of the laying on of hands."

The other was David Cooper, a middle-age London psychotherapist who was born in South Africa, has degrees in medicine and chemistry, and was co-author with R.D. Laing of *Reason and Violence*, as well as his own *Death of the Family*. He's a man who knows madness from the inside, and perhaps this peculiar quality is the reason why, while present at most of the conference, he was heard more often than he spoke. He was the nakedest of emperors. He was so soft-spoken that he seemed afraid of his own voice--but he was never afraid of his own anger. "I believe in 'bed' therapy," he muttered at one point.

"Bad therapy?" someone asked.

"Bed therapy!" he roared.

Before he spoke, he asked a friend to play and sing Dylan's *Ballad of the Thin Man*, which seemed, though unspoken, to have been dedicated to Rakoff.

*You hand in your ticket and go up to the geek ... who asks how does it feel to be such a freak ...*

*You're very well read ... you know something's happening but you don't know what it is, do you Mr. Jones?*

Cooper was smoking a joint--he passed it to Rakoff, who declined--and expressed the view that "universities should be converted into psychiatric hospitals and psychiatric hospitals should be converted into universities."

Someone rephrased this point of view from the floor. "The disturbed don't need somebody to do something to them, but *with* them."

Cooper posed this question to the audience: If you wouldn't put someone into an institution, would you take someone out? If every commune of 40 persons took in two institutionalized persons, many institutions could be emptied. There's probably not one commune that doesn't have somebody in it who knows someone who desperately needs help to escape the fate of enforced institutionalism.

Present were some members of a commune of 70 people who have four houses in Vancouver. They took him up on his challenge and invited him to come live with them while together they work on his problem of alcoholism. He accepted.

To applause, Cooper said something about "abolishing psychiatry." He added that while psychiatry had a father in Freud, "it has never had a mother." And he referred to psychiatry as having little more value than "pig shit." He suggested, "Why don't we all leave here and go over to Clarke and unplug all those electric shock machines."

Rakoff threatened to walk out of the meeting. "I will stay only if no one again refers to what I say as 'pig shit.'"

Cooper walked away from the speakers' table, tripping on some pig shit. It had been a mad week.

### LAST ROCK FESTIVAL

(Continued from Issue 91-C)

When I finally arrive at Canned Heat's room, it turns out to be an ecological disaster area. These guys are a bunch of pigs — this despite the fact that the group insists they are super - ecology freaks. ("I hate New York," Bob Hite bitches, "it's such a filthy place.") Belongings are thrown everywhere and garbage is piled to the ceiling. Between all the junk, on two twin beds, are two pre-teen groupie chicks who snuggle and bump two of the band's members throughout the interview. The girls, despite the comforting services they perform, are referred to by Canned Heat's guitarist Joel Scott Hill as "baggage."

"Will there be room tomorrow in the car," Hill inquires in the midst of the interview, "for these two extra pieces of baggage?"

Changing the subject, Bear explains that he's really down on the Concord. "I think it sucks," he complains. "But maybe the Grass Roots, who show up here tomorrow, will dig it better. They're sort of a bubble gum band anyway."

Joel Scott Hill, surfacing for a moment from groupie games, wants to know what kind of people come to this hotel. I tell him.

"I think Jewish people are losing their soul," he pontificates. "Niggers are losing their soul too."

For some reason that Brotherhood Week remark sets Bob Hite off on another ten - minute tirade about what a horrible place New York City is ... which brings him to another tirade on what a horrible place the Hotel Concord is and what a horrible bunch of people the Rappers and Rockers are.

"I think the people who are here are here because they've got nowhere else to go. They might as well spend their lives playing pinball machines. As for the chicks, they are too young to dig my music. This is definitely not a stoned audience."

"So why did you accept the booking?"

"For the money," answers Hite: "We get on a plane. We get to this place. It looks like a hospital ... the psycho ward ... and it looks like we've been hired as occupational therapy for the inmates." Suddenly his tone changes. "What'dya call this thing again?"

"A Rap and Rock Festival."

"It ought to be called a Rob and Rock Festival."

One of the inducements the hotel offers potential guests to sojourn at the Concord is the possibility of spending time with "famous celebrities." Stars are vigorously recruited by the Concord's management so that Solly and Sadie can return to Forest Hills and say: "Golly, I sat next to Eydie Gorme in the Concord steam bath."

During the Rap and Rock week, there's really only one big - name celebrity hanging around the joint and he's prizefighter Joe Frazier.

I know very little about sports but am curious to find out about how a big guy like Frazier is surviving in this place. To get to him, I must deal with Yank Durham, a handsome, fiftyish black man, Frazier's manager and trainer who, incidentally, owns 15 per cent of him. Durham is reluctant to permit an interview.

"Is there any money in it for me?" he asks. "We've got this five million dollar package and we've sold exclusive magazine rights for Joe's boxing story. I ain't gonna jeopardize no five million bucks for you."

I think fast. "I don't want to talk to Joe about boxing, Mr. Durham. I want to talk to him about his music. I hear he's started a rock group. I'd like to talk to him about that."

"I'll see what I can do. I'll have to make some calls to check you out first."

Later that afternoon Durham okays an interview.

When I arrive in his room, he is berating one of Frazier's sparring partners, a young kid, for "living like an animal." The kid leaves the room in disgrace.

"I take the kid out of the ghetto," Durham complains, "match him, get him ranked, make something out of him and all he does is act like an animal. What good's a fighter to me if he's an animal? An animal ain't gonna make me no money."

The phone rings. On the wires are the makings of some big money deals. Durham talks with the party at the other end in terms of fifty and a hundred thousand dollars. When he is done, he explains to me that Joe will be down any minute, that the boxer will only be allowed to talk about music, and that the name of the group is Joe Frazier and The Knockouts.

"We want to build Joe into the kind of entertainment personality that can take in \$20,000 - a - week fees," Durham confides. "So you'll talk about music. No talk about boxing."

I agree. Changing the subject, I toss a question at Durham: "Why did you choose the Concord as your training camp?"

"I like it. I've been up here eight times and liked it every time. Years ago, they used to put a fighter in the woods during training, like an animal. A fighter's got to learn to cope with people. This is a good place to learn to cope with people. Besides I don't like being out in the woods and I like this place. It's a right kinda place."

"Does Joe like the Concord?"

"Sure, anything I ask him to do ..."

At that moment, the World Heavyweight Champion lumbers into the room. I introduce myself. Frazier nods a vague greeting and then asks me if "there's any money in this thing" for him.

"No money," I answer, taken aback. "Just some publicity for your new rock group."

Music! The word lights up Frazier's head. Quickly he becomes animated. "I've been singing for about three years," he says. "It's almost a full - time job for me. I haven't learned no instrument yet. But everytime I go to camp, I go out and buy me an instrument. I got me a piano, a guitar and a trumpet."

"How's your group doing?"

"The Knockouts? We've played Caesar's Palace and the Kraft Television Theatre. Friday night, the guys are going to play the Imperial Room here. We even got Paul Anka to write me a song. It's called *My Way*."

"What kind of music do you like?"

Joe pulled on his muscle clamp for a moment. "I like rockblues. Otis was one of my top guys. I like Joe Cocker and Tom Jones. I like Joe better than Tom—he gets into



it more. Mnnn ... lets see ... I like the Rolling Stones, Sam Cook and B.B. King, especially when he does *The Thrill Is Gone*."

For a moment Frazier stops his rap. He approaches Durham, who is on the phone consummating another big money deal. "Yank, Yank ... can I take these people to my room. Is it alright? I'd like for them to hear my record." Durham nods a fatherly okay.

It doesn't take long in his room to understand why Frazier has invited us there. He's lonely. Terribly lonely. Life at the Concord involves morning workouts and nothing much else. Early to bed and early to rise and all that. The room, one of the hotel's more luxuriously appointed ones, is filled to the brim with paraphernalia assembled to amuse Joe: a stereo tape player, a monster-sized hound - part Saint Bernard, part German Shepherd, called "Concord" - and pictures of Frazier's family.

He shows me the picture of his wife and five kids ... only thing is that he has difficulty remembering the names of the last two. He shows me an alligator suitcase filled with tape cartridges. "I must spend five thousand bucks a year on tapes ..."

Thursday morning: Wrecked souls litter the Concord hallways. Greed. Ambition. Fantasy-hopes. They all seem to have taken their toll on the high - striving, sad victims who've gathered here. For me it's too much. I can't deal anymore with 10 - year - old child prodigies, brain-jobbed nose-jobbed ingenues, lobotomized college jocks, and "is there any money in it for me" people Meeting Frazier has wrecked me because he's. Such a nice guy and because the world he moves in is worse than anything I could have imagined.

As for the Rap and Rock Festival, it has fizzled into an unexpectedly early oblivion. More than half the thousand participants have checked out already. Melanie, billed to give her concert on Thursday night, cancelled weeks earlier, leaving the entertainment up to Alive and Kicking, the Grass Roots, and a rather good new group called The Rail.

I spend most of Thursday sweating out my depression in the sauna bath. I surface only once: to attend a screening of the Fellini classic *La Strada*. Only a few Concordians bother to attend the film. Three walk out in the middle of one of the most delicate scenes, commenting loudly: "Myrtle, gosh ... I don't know why they show movies like that here. That movie had no plot. I mean, where was the plot?"

That remark propels me straight back to the sauna room, where I hide myself for the next day and a half, avoiding all meals, all PR men, all Rappers and Rockers, all planned fun and games ... and where I sit blissfully

cooking till that Great and Glorious Checkout Day.

And Checkout Day *does* come. It comes Friday with a mighty bite: \$340.29 for the two of us for five days. We had lived frugally ... enjoyed few extras. Still, it would have only cost about \$60 more for the two of us to get to London.

There's only one consolation to this travesty and that is it will never happen again. As we check out, one Concord employee assures me that this First Annual Rap and Rock Festival is about to become the Last Annual Rap and Rock Festival.

"We just didn't. Make enough of a profit on it. I don't think we broke even," he complains. "Kids these days, they have fun differently than when I was young. They go to a mountain and camp out. They share everything. They sit and listen to music cheap. It's not a bad thing, it just doesn't make any money for us."

Once free from the red carpeting and gold hallways of the Concord, Sid and I take a pilgrimage to White Lake, New York, the site of the first Woodstock Festival, only ten miles away from Kiamesha Lake and the hotel. Max Yasgur's farm no longer belongs to him. He sold it. Glancing across the field, which is blanketed in a thick coat of snow, one scarcely gets a clue to the momentous event that took place here. White snow on White Lake. An empty expanse. Only the skeleton of a sound tower remains. Just a plain ordinary country farm.

"They ought to put up some kind of historical marker," Sid suggests. "You'd never know this place from a dozen others."

More than a historical marker is needed. For the *idea* of Woodstock has not been forgotten, it simply has been stolen, perverted and commercialized. Gazing out across the remnants of Woodstock Nation, I can only feel joy that the Concord travesty will never occur again.

Ever since Woodstock happened here two years ago, the concept of the Rock Festival has become a commodity, which forces, who are antipathetic to the rock culture, have tried to use for their own purposes. Rock as a weapon of political pacification. Rock as a weapon of massive rip - off.

In the State of Washington, the government ran a rock festival in a planned attempt to keep kids away from an anti - American Legion demonstration.

Even Nixon's house preacher, Billy Graham, is using rock festivals as a pulpit.

Throughout the country every kind of greedy non - youth culture, money - making entrepreneur has been putting capital into hastily planned and ill - conceived Neo - Woodstockian fiascos. Everyone's in on this money game - everyone from The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, to your friendly local stock - broker.

As for the Concord, their miscalculation of the youth culture was a mistake - but one that could be easily recovered from. As we check out, three thousand of the biggest losers on the East Coast are piling into the hotel for something called a "Casual Singles Love - In Week - End." Singles' week - ends are big money makers. Every kind of sad divorcee, petrified Don Juan, and frightened spinster passes through on their way to get a brief taste of romance and sex.

The schedule is full; Encounterstaste - One Hour Free Encounter Orientation, Sweet - heart Co-Ed Doubles Tennis Tournament, Complimentary 'Love - In' Cocktail Party and a lecture by Dr. Harold Greenwald (author of *The Call Girl*) on "How to Solve Your Problems Without a Couch."

Yes, Swinging Singles Week-End is where the Concord would be making its future fortunes. The Rock Culture as yet is not completely ready for Catskill Mountain packaging and exploitation.

THE GREAT BEAST  
(Continued from Issue 91-C)

XVIII -- The Moon

Let the Illusion of the World pass over thee, unheeded.  
*The Book of Thoth*

Ezra Pound has remarked somewhere that Frazer's *Golden Bough*, all 12 fat volumes, can be condensed into a single sentence, to wit: *All religions are either based on the idea that copulation is good for the crops or on the idea that copulation is bad for the crops.*

In fact, one can generalize that even the highest forms of mysticism are similarly bifurcate, some going back to ideas derived from the orgy and some to ideas derived from the ritual murder.

Leo Frobenius, in a series of heavy Germanic treatises on anthropology still untranslated from the *Deutsch*, has demonstrated, or attempted to demonstrate, a periodic oscillation between these two systems of magick, which he calls Matriarchal and Patriarchal. Two spin-offs from the Frobenius thesis in English are Joseph Campbell's *The Masks of God* and Rattray Taylor's *Sex in History*.

The Beast himself (aided by the handy revelations of friend Aiwass) suggests that magicko-religious history, at least in the Occident, has passed through The Age of Isis (primitive matriarchy), the Age Osiris or the Dying God (civilized patriarchy, including Christianity) and is presently entering The Age of Horus, the Crowned and Conquering Child, in which woman will appear "no longer the mere vehicle of her male counterpart, but armed and militant."

How's that for a prophecy of Womens Lib?

Thus, if the orgy is the sacrament of The Age of Isis, as Frazer indicates, the dying god -- or the dying population -- is the sacrament of the Age of Osiris. The link between ritual sex and ritual murder is not merely historical or sequential: they are the same sacrament in two different forms.

*And the latter becomes magically necessary whenever the former is no longer functionally possible -- whenever, that is, orgasm is no longer a true [although temporary] "path" and becomes only the "sneeze in the genitals" which all forms of psychotherapy are admittedly or covertly trying to alleviate.*

It is a truism that, on the psychological plane, repressed or unsatisfied sex seeks relief in sadism or masochism; it is more true on the astral or magical plane (whatever that is) that if the spiritual spasm cannot be found through love, it must be sought in violence.

And so we see that human sacrifice is the characteristic sacrament of such peoples as the Aztecs (read any history of Mexico to find out how much male chauvinism, prudery and Nixonian *macho* they wallowed in), the Holy Inquisitors of the middle ages, the Nazis, and some power elites closer to home; while matriarchal cultures such as the Danubians of pre-historic Europe, the pre-Chou folk of China, the first dwellers in the fertile crescent, etc. have left behind clear evidence of an equal and opposite ritualized eroticism, some of which has survived via the Taoists in China, the Tantrists in India, the "Old Religion" or witch cult in Europe...

But the Beast was not trying to re-instate the Age of Isis, like these; his magick, he tells us again and again, is preparation for the Age of Horus.

XIX -- The Sun

Make Speech and Silence, Energy and Stillness, twin forms of thy play.

*The Book of Thoth*

Even outside the Manson Family, there is a lot of religious balling going on these days by people who have rediscovered part of the ritual of Isis; what the Beast was teaching was nothing as facile as this. The following words from Chapter VII, "The Formula of the Holy Graal," in *Magick* are meant with dreadful literalness:

"The Cup is said to be full of the Blood of the Saints; that is, every "saint" or magician must give the last drop of his life's blood to that cup (in) the true Bridal of the Rosy Cross ...

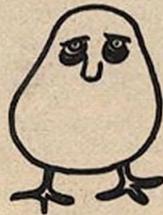
It is a woman whose Cup must be filled. It is ... the sacrifice of the Man, who transfers life to his descendents ... For it is his whole life that the Magus offers to Our Lady. The Cross is both Death and Generation, and it is on the Cross that the Rose blooms ..."

The sacrifice must be a real death, a true Rosy Crucifixion, if it is to replace the more violent magic of the Osirian Age. I forebare further quotation, for the secret is concealed beneath many a veil throughout the Beast's works, but it involves at least: a mastery of *oranayama*, allowing the postponement of orgasm until the magick working is performed at length and in properly exalted enthusiasm; skill in astral voyaging, so the astral body may be busy in its own plane also; perfection in *dharana*, so that one ray of the mind remains in perfect concentration on the symbol of the Holy Guardian Angel.

What happens, then, can be considered either the true, natural oceanic orgasm which the Patriarchal Age has tended to destroy - or a new and artificial creation produced by this complicated yoga. It's the same debate we hear endlessly about acid: does it restore our "natural" form of perception, or does it "artificially" create a "new" form?

And, thus, we can understand Horus, the Crowned and Conquering Child, who is being created. He is "the Child" that Rose's Cairo vision invoked; the "little child" that the Beast became after his bad trip in China; "the male child of perfect innocence and high intelligence" who was sacrificed an hundred and fifty times a year after 1912; the Beast himself; and also Aiwass, the Holy Guardian Angel, both an internal aspect of Crowley's mind and a separate "Being ... of angelic order ... more than a man," for the question posed by the materialist ("Inside or outside? Subjective or objective?") loses meaning in that trance of Samadhi where all the opposites are transcended into a unity that is also a void.

(Concluded in Issue 92-B)



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# The Realist

## The Rolling Stone Papers

by The Rock Liberation Front

We begin on a note of editorial content, from one associate editor [Charles Perry] to another [Tim Ferris].

Dear Tim--

August 21, 1971

We want to do a visual spread to run about four pages on dope paraphernalia. Criteria are *diabolical ingenuity* and/or *elaborate outrageousness*, which I think limits the field to grass paraphernalia -- roach clips, stashes, cleaning and rolling devices (if any), and above all, pipes. No coke spoons. This is to be a spread a little like *New York* magazine's series on the best pizza, the best hero sandwich....

Also -- that Puerto Rican music story by Michael Stephens is still a live one, still sitting around with editors. We're thinking of using it this fall some time. Needs new photos, though. We have a handful of acceptable shots of Celia Cruz, but none with any character of La Lupe, Tito Puente, the bands such as Flamboyant. We could conceivably use some of the puertorican kids Michael talked to -- perhaps not, consult him as to whether he thinks his conception of the story would include shots of them. Also: club exteriors, PR neighborhood color shots....

I'm going to see some Pakistani refugees in Calcutta this week and won't be back till mid-September. If you have questions about the paraphernalia story, you could query Jann.

Top No. 1 regards..

The rest of the correspondence -- putting the Pakistani refugees and their cosmic roach clips in proper perspective -- is from Advertising Director Joseph D. O'Shaughnessy. This is his letter to Editor Jann Wenner:

July 27, 1971

Here are my comments on the rate increase as proposed from \$2,400-\$2,800.

My personal recommendation is that we don't increase our rates at this time. In fact I would recommend taking advantage of a rate increase to lower our per thousand to \$10.80. My reasons are as follows:

1. at current rates, we don't have any significant advertising schedules outside record industry.

2. advertising money is still depressed; very few potential advertisers for *Rolling Stone* have increased their budgets, but many have decreased -- therefore, absolute dollars will be more than before.

3. we should have as our objective total revenues rather than more profitable revenues from each individual page. As we increase our rates, we eliminate budgets that are not large enough to either add us or give us a trial.

4. while I feel that price will hold in the record field because of our audience and reputation, we will definitely be in a more competitive situation "after we are accepted" with class magazines whose general rates run in the \$10.00 per thousand range.

5. other disadvantages in that are:

(a) we don't offer color

(b) we have only fair reproduction

(c) have no regular schedules outside record industry

(d) are an unknown quantity to many advertisers.

If we broaden our editorial so as to become less attractive to record advertisers before we have a base of other advertising, we may find ourselves with a serious shortage of revenue from advertising.

6. the fact is that we can continue to increase rates and circulation at varying ratios. If we wish to increase our cost per thousand or decrease it, we can do so. In any pricing policy, the objective is to find the level at which you can maximize both the price and volume of units. I simply see no evidence yet that we can sell thirty or forty pages at the current price levels.

It seems to me easier to raise prices when we know the results have attracted a substantial number of advertisers.

Therefore, I think we should not consider an increase beyond \$2,700 (\$10.80 per thousand) at this time.

In May, 1971, the Roper Organization conducted a survey of *Rolling Stone* subscribers -- showing, for example, that their average reader purchase 5.2 jeans per year -- and O'Shaughnessy proceeded to go on the offensive. Here is his letter to Howard Webb of the Doyle, Dane, Bernbach advertising agency:

July 20, 1971

I'm enclosing the information concerning *Rolling Stone*. We have some information on the specific brands and products that might be of interest to you as well.

I hope you will give me the opportunity to show you the tremendous power of THE NEW MARKET, ROLLING STONE.

An interoffice memo indicated that:

Barry is working hard on apparel accounts to set up mutual presentation and develop a stronger sales story as a result of calls we have made together recently. We should have some specific results from people like

Norelco Shavers, Remington, Bass, Acme Boots, Flagg Brothers Shoes and a couple of airlines in the next 30 days...

"TWA needs our kind of access to the youth market," was the typical pitch. And, indeed, *Rolling Stone* landed the PanAm and KLM accounts in July. No such luck, though, with General Electric's continual Institutional Campaign for college students, as revealed in O'Shaughnessy's letter to Dennis Lavey of N.W. Ayer and Son Advertising.

March 8, 1971

Thanks very much for your consideration in talking to us about the possibilities for advertising from General Electric.

I think however, we may be a bit premature. I called Grey Advertising and spoke to Mr. Parker and a young lady who was apparently a media buyer, and was given the very distinct impression that there is no interest on the part of General Electric at this point in our market.

I'm not surprised at either their lack of interest or the particularly sanguine way they had of expressing it. I do however think that if General Electric is seriously interested in developing a market for high quality stereo components, they should consider the fact that the majority of manufacturers as well as hi-fidelity fan magazines realize that the bulk of the market is among those well under thirty years of age.

I suppose you could find out the attitudes and opinions of those young people without listening to our approach. On the other hand, as the largest record advertising medium in the world, and as a medium for over twenty major stereo manufacturers, we probably could have given some advice....

Here is his letter to Alan Gibbs of Gillette Safety Razor Company:

August 6, 1971

At the suggestion of Mr. Mocariski, who thought that you might be interested, I'm sending you complete information on *Rolling Stone* magazine, undoubtedly the leading publication to college-age males in the United States today.

... a study done by the Roper Organization shows our audience to be the most volatile for a number of products.

We think that *Rolling Stone* would give you a dramatic entry into the new life-style of young people today.

Please let us know if there is any opportunity to do business together.

The notion of youth culture as a commodity went from heart to worse in a letter to Lee A. Iacocca, President of the Ford Motor Corporation:

August 13, 1971

As perhaps the most respected and innovative executives in the marketing of automobiles, I am writing you with an approach that we think will help the Ford Motor Company regain a share of the market from imports. One need only read the *Wall Street Journal* regularly to note that imported cars are selling greater and greater numbers in the American market.

We feel that the Pinto could regain a sizeable share of this market with a more youthful approach such as the one that surrounded the initial offering of the Mustang.

In order to demonstrate that this market is substantial, I would first point out that *Rolling Stone* Magazine alone, with a circulation of 250,000 every other week, to readers an average age of twenty-two, offers imports a market of approximately 50,000 cars per year.

We suggest that you test the youth market buying power by using *Rolling Stone* for six months, offering a free stereo unit and some sporty options (a sunroof would be terrific for this market) for the basic price. The offer would only be valid through *Rolling Stone*. We would then mutually agree on a certain number of sales that should result. If through this program we did not meet the objectives, we would then underwrite the cost of the stereo units sold through this program, or offer you some sort of rebate on the advertising. We are anxious to try this because we know we have a tremendous market for compact and sports cars. You should be eager to try it because 23,000,000 young people in the country today, between the ages of 18 and 25, make up your next great market.

When compared to audiences of national consumer publications, *Rolling Stone's* audience is the highest consumer of records, stereo equipment, wines, books and several other categories. Not only are our readers the creative consumers in these categories, but they are also very often the trend setters. Certainly one need look no farther than the hair styles and apparel on Madison Avenue to understand the impact that the youth market has on the overall American lifestyle.

In short, we think that *Rolling Stone* would be a valuable addition to the media schedule for Pinto.

On the very same day, O'Shaughnessy also wrote to Roy Chapin Jr., Chairman of the Board of American Motors Corporation:

For some time I have noticed your earnest attempts to reach the youth market with a product that offers both quality and style. If I may, I would like to offer a suggestion that may be a new approach and demonstrate tangible results.

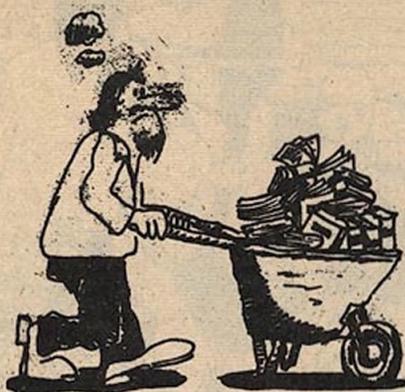
I personally thought, as a former European resident, that your idea of offering a sunroof with the Gremlin was a tremendous marketing idea. I still think so. Were I not so stingy, I would have bought one myself. Let me give you my idea for a means to reach the youth market. I suggest that you offer the Gremlin with both the sunroof and the stereo for the basic price. The idea is that both of these are appealing to the youth market in ways that appeal to their basic sense of what the world should be: filled with sunlight and good sound.

Not above the profit motive myself, I would like to see you offer this in *Rolling Stone* Magazine, the leading publication to "turned on" youth culture. By the way, *Rolling Stone* has one of the highest percentages of ownership of foreign cars among all consumer publications, exceeding such publications as *The National Geographic*, *Time* and *Playboy*.

*Rolling Stone*, because it is a new publication, because it appeals to a generation of "longhairs" with a new meaning, has often been disdained by the conventional wisdom.

I am asking that you consider this a new market, and to offer an incentive, I suggest that you run a campaign in *Rolling Stone* (and frankly, in other new media), and we will do the following: if, after six months you cannot clearly identify \$1,000,000 in sales from a full-page campaign under controls that we will establish, we will refund the entire amount of your advertising campaign, less the agency discount.

*Rolling Stone* is not hurting for advertising. Our revenues for the first half of 1971 are up to 40 per cent over 1970. We are however still searching for a creative marketer in the automotive field. I hope American Motors will be the first.



Meanwhile, however, back at Rolling Stone headquarters, all had not been entirely tranquil, as indicated by excerpts from this memo to O'Shaughnessy:

We are managing to cut back our operating expenses little by little here, as I hope you are doing there. I have just received your bill from Cosmic Messenger which is \$114 for one month! This bill used to run \$6-\$25 a month.

I received the expense report from Michael Marcus. It was sent air mail special delivery at a cost to us of 68 cents! This is a poor indication of cutting postage expense.

It is still apparent that the people in your office use the telephone when a letter would be more effective and a lot cheaper....

**THE GREAT BEAST**  
(Concluded from Issue 92-A)

XX -- The Aeon

Be every Act an Act of Love and Worship.

-- The Book of Thoth

In an early issue of his magazine *Equinox*, the Beast wrote with uncharacteristic solemnity:

I. The world progresses by virtue of the appearance of Christs (geniuses).

II. Christs (geniuses) are men with super-consciousness of the highest order.

III. Super-consciousness of the highest order is obtainable by known methods. Therefore, by employing the quintessence of known methods we cause the world to progress.

In the very first issue, in a more characteristic vein, he wrote:

We place no reliance  
On Virgin or Pigeon  
Our method is Science  
Our aim is Religion

He did his work seriously and humorously, stubbornly and flexibly, wisely and sometimes unwisely, synthesizing -- from High Magick and from yoga, from

The Realist

Cabalism and the Koran, from experiments with hashish and peyote and nitrous oxide to years of study of the Tarot and comparative religion, slowly extracting "the quintessence of known methods."

After him came Willhelm Reich, who discovered the same quintessence independently, and was also hounded, villified and slandered. And after Reich was Timothy, who finally let the djinn out of the bottle and in a decade changed the face of the world by a century's worth.

But the Beast started the Revolution, and some of us now see that it is the essential Revolution, far more important than that of economics, and that he and his good buddy Aiwass defined it better than Marx and even better than the frontal-lobe anarchists, when they (he?) wrote in *The Book of the Law*:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law ...  
To worship me take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet; & be drunk thereof! ...  
There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt ...  
It is a lie, this folly against self ...  
I am alone: there is no God where I am ...  
Every man and every woman is a Star ...  
The word of Sin is restriction ...  
Remember all ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but shadows; they pass and are done; but there is that which remains ...  
Love is the law, love under will ...

For the Age of the Child is upon us; and those who seek to preserve the Aeon of Osiris and death are themselves only dying dinosaurs.

XXI -- The Universe

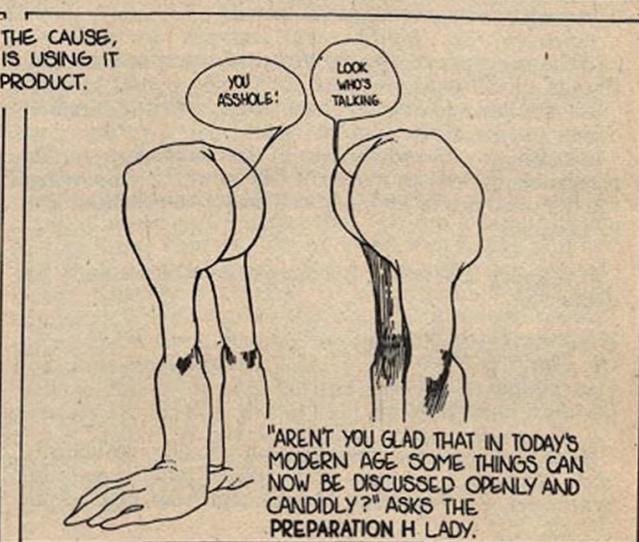
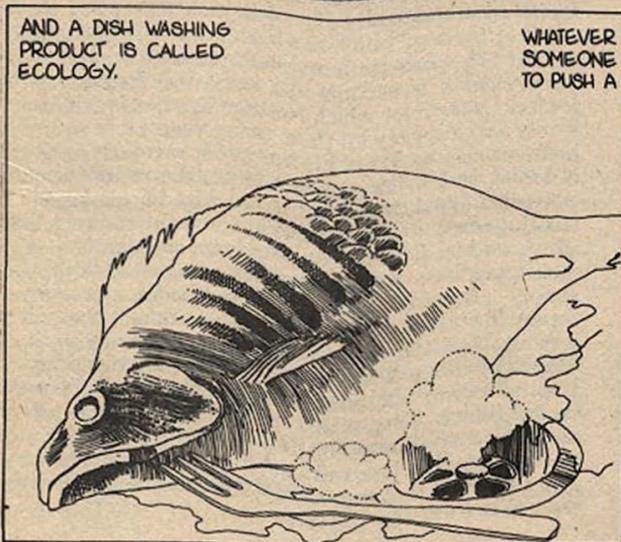
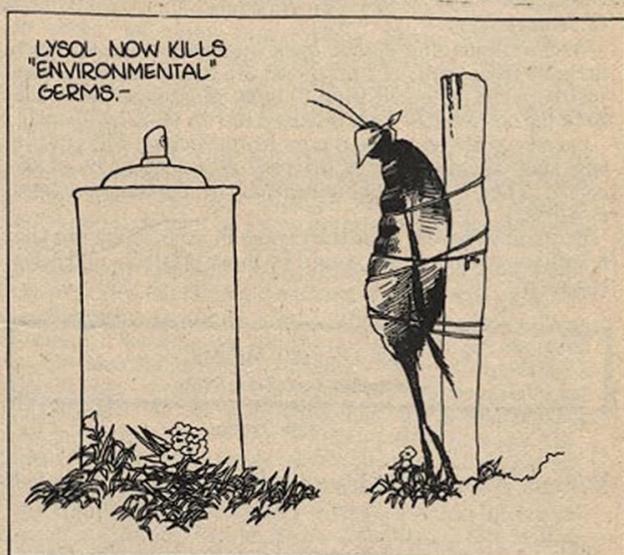
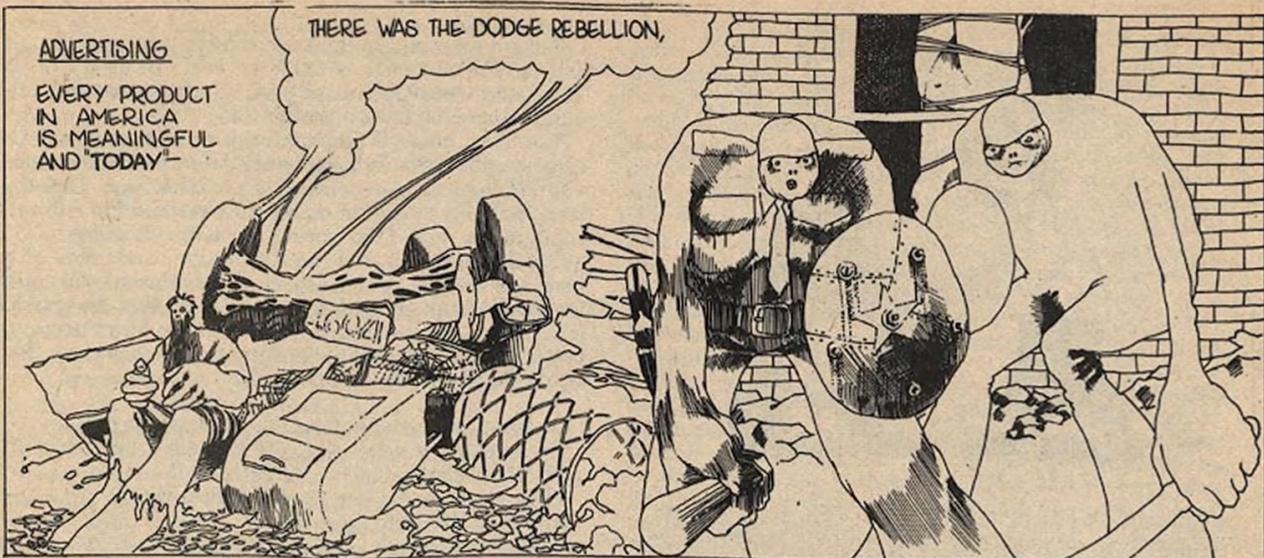
And: blessing and worship to the prophet of the lovely Star.

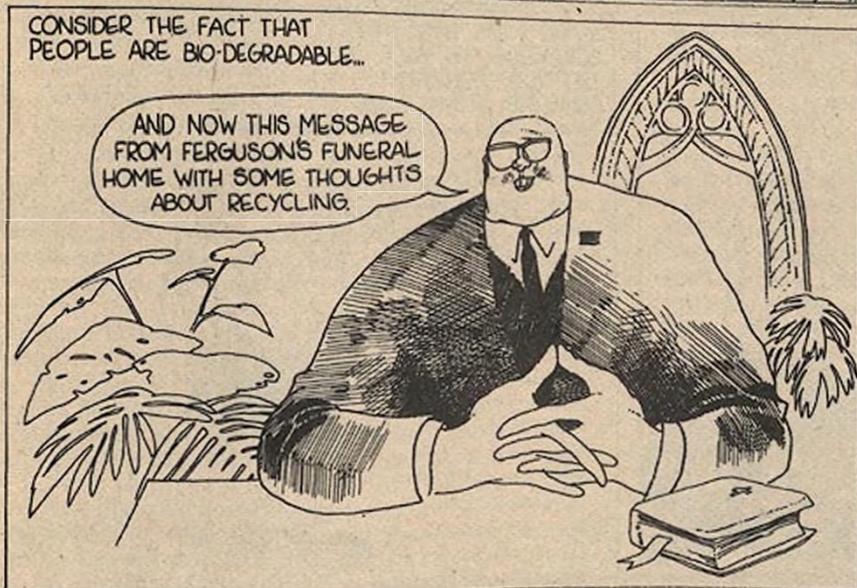
-- The Book of Thoth

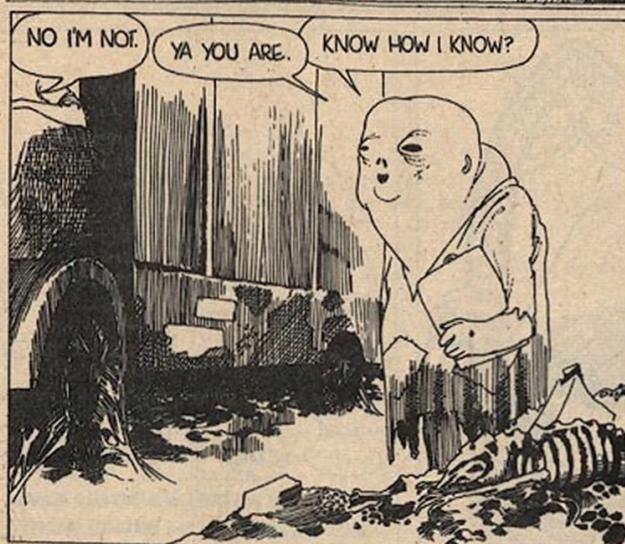
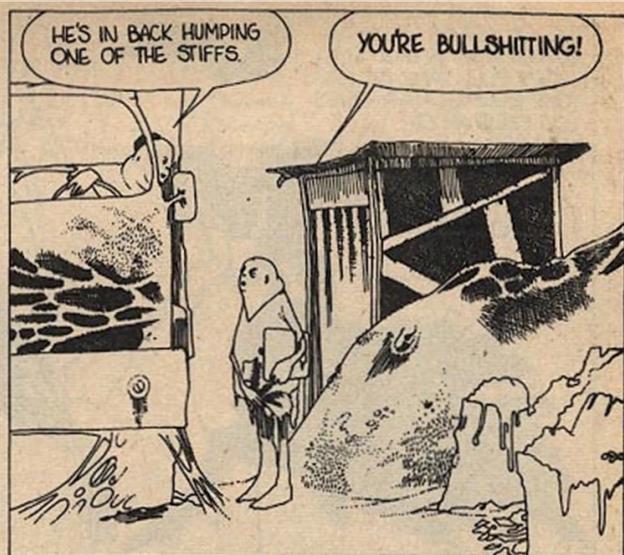
And yet - and yet - Manson reminds us, our brothers and sisters in the Movement remind us, sometimes our own unexpected behavior reminds us: there have been such millennial voices often in the past and they have been heralds not of a Golden Dawn but only of a false dawn.

If there is one central lesson to be learned from the Beast, it is not really *Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law*, which has been around since Rabelais; not even the more profound and gnomonic *Every man and every woman is a Star*; not even the formula of the Perfect Orgasm for which Norman has been searching so loudly and forlornly lo! these many years; it is rather his humor, his skepticism, his irony that revelled in the title of Beast and, even, at times, Ass; the rationality that warned against becoming "the prey of madness" by trusting one's visions too quickly, and the common sense which said that, even if good and evil are identical on the Absolute plane, a man operating on the relative plane simply doesn't enjoy a toothache or invent rationalizations to pick a brother's pocket; the solemn warning that the sacrament is not completed until the Magician offers "the last drop of his life's blood" to the Cup, and dies; but, above all these, the simple historical record which reveals that with all the ardor, all the dedication, all the passion he possessed, it still took eight years (including four months' madness) before he broke down the wall that separates Ego from the true Self and that Self from the Universe.

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# Fat Cats Pat Rats

by Kathie Stroom

Did I want to spend \$15 to eat lunch with Pat Nixon at the Waldorf-Astoria and release rats in the Grand Ballroom? Sure! I didn't want to go as a reporter because I knew the press had to sit in the balcony (and they don't get to eat the meal) so, for the sake of The Movement, I donated \$15 and went as a conspirator.

Gabrielle was my partner. We all met uptown before the luncheon at a very secluded apartment. There were ten of us (all women). Gabrielle and I went through a frantic rage, assembling our costumes. We both were dressed up in these little outfits that were hers when she was president of Sacred Heart High School. I even tied my hair back with a scarf.

A good friend had given me a red Mao button which I have never taken off and, even in a political action, my sentiments came through. Gabrielle insisted they would never let me in the door with a Mao button on. I argued that it was appropriate since Pat just came back from China. Gabrielle still said no, so as we dashed out the door, I stuck my Mao button in my underwear and off we went. As soon as we sat down on the subway, I felt it sticking me. Out of respect for Mao, I decided to suffer.

When we arrived at the secret apartment, there were eight other young ladies, whom I didn't recognize. These same women had been at my house the day before, but everyone looked so different with white gloves and make-up on! In the living room was a guitar case with hundreds of holes in it. One of the "ladies" lifted the lid, revealing ten squirming, squealing, smelly rats. They were wearing little collars that said Nixon and Kissinger.

Five of us were to smuggle two rats apiece into the Grand Ballroom and, receiving a previously agreed upon "cue," release them and break up the luncheon. Gabrielle and I, being the most unknown to the Red Squad (the Anti-Freak Platoon of the Secret Service) were, of course, rat-carriers. Two rats were jammed into each of our pocketbooks with plenty of air holes, and we took a cab to the Waldorf. I told the driver to hurry (I was afraid the rats would eat their way out of my pocketbook before we even got there).

Getting in was a cinch. We looked so precious! I was totally overwhelmed by the scenery -- I had never eaten in the Grand Ballroom before with 1500 Republican women. And everybody was there, most notably John and Martha Mitchell, Nelson Rockefeller, a bunch of senators, Gordon McRae and a priest -- who all sat with Pat at the dais.

I realized I was too stoned to adjust to the environment immediately and when I reminded myself that I had two rats in my pocketbook, I turned into a vegetable. I thought I was going to throw up. I got back into the swing of things when we all stood up to sing *The Star Spangled Banner* and was a little tempted to let my rats out right at the beginning. That's when the conflicts started.

I felt a moral obligation to the people who gave me the rats and thought I should wait for their "cue" before seizing the stage. Besides, it would be much more effective if they were all let loose at once. But, I also didn't believe in planning the event -- I thought it should

be totally spontaneous. I went through this great dilemma -- to do it or not to do it -- and decided to wait and see what happened. If things got boring, I'd definitely release them during Pat Nixon's speech.

The meal was pretty chintzy considering it was at the Waldorf-Astoria and you had to pay \$15 to be there. We ate chicken and rice and carrots (also known as Breast of Native Capon Chasseur) with ice cream cake and raspberries (Gateau Glace) for dessert.

We were sitting at a table with eight other people. One of them was Jill, who was supposed to be the first "speaker" for the Zippies. The other seven were real gun-g-ho Republicans from someplace in Connecticut. They were all about 60 and a few of them were drunk -- we had the best people at our table.

Every time a speaker used the words "Connecticut" or "Nixon" or "Republican Party" they cheered louder than anybody in the ballroom. A real enthusiastic bunch. I had a lot of trouble chatting with them. I had nothing to say. One woman's son was an optometrist who made contact lenses for Julie Eisenhower.

They asked us if we were teen-agers (referring to an honorary group called Teenage Republicans) and Gabrielle said yes. Periodically during the conversations we shook our pocketbooks under the table to make sure the rats were still alive.

I was briefed beforehand that the Secret Servicemen would be looking for troublemakers and I had a million lawyers' phone numbers on a sheet of paper; I remembered that the sheet of paper was in my pocketbook and the rats had probably eaten it already.

I kept a careful eye on all the people wandering around and figured out who was who. I whispered to Gabrielle, "Watch out for that guy over there." I told her he was the Head Pig. I panicked when that same man served me my meal. If he was a waiter, then who were the cops? I found out later.

The speeches were disgusting. They were saying such outrageous things, those Republicans, why wasn't anyone shutting them up? I kept wondering where all the Zippies were who were supposed to make their speeches and give us the "cue." Jill, who was sitting next to us, was to be the first speaker and she wasn't saying anything.

John Mitchell saluted the youth of America (we stood up for the salute and everyone at our table applauded us) and made lousy jokes about Women in Politics, Jack Anderson and ITT. I was getting so restless and kept kicking Jill and whispering "That's your cue" -- while Gabrielle kept kicking me, telling me to tell Jill to hurry up.

Finally, I leaned over and practically yelled, "Did you ever read *Do It?*" Either Jill didn't get the message or she just chose to keep quiet a little longer.

When Gordon McRae got on stage and sang "I Whistle a Happy Tune" to Martha Mitchell, I was furious. Some woman whose name I don't even know (even the Republicans at my table didn't know who she was) received an award as soon as Gordon stopped singing, and during her acceptance speech, Jill stood up and, waving an angry finger at Pat, yelled across the ballroom: "How can you sit here and enjoy this luncheon while her husband is committing genocide in Indochina?"

Jill has great voice projection -- all the women moaned in unison (it was the loudest anti-climactic moan I had ever heard), the speaker mumbled something like "She's no one's daughter," and Jill walked out.

Suddenly our table was the center of attention. A few

women asked if we knew "that girl." We were all aghast that Jill stayed long enough to eat her meal. The ladies were happy to hear we had never seen her before. The speeches continued as if nothing happened. I didn't even listen to Rockefeller, he was so awful.

Then a priest stood up and announced that he was asked by the First Lady to close the luncheon, and I almost started crying. I thought I was going to have to leave the hotel with the rats still in my pocketbook. Secret Servicemen were surrounding us and it seemed impossible to do anything. Gabrielle kicked me really hard and said "Now!"

Now? The lights went out and all heads bowed for the benediction. I was trying to pry my pocketbook open with my foot. Gabrielle was sitting on the floor with her pocketbook in her lap -- the rats wouldn't come out and she was struggling with them. Everyone in the whole place was staring at her! The benediction led into *God Bless America* and the lights went back on and Gabrielle was still on the floor vigorously shaking rats out of her purse.

I was singing along with everyone else, trying to get the attention away from her, and in between verses I'd shout "It isn't cool now -- they're all watching you!" I had already given up on my pocketbook. By that time, it had been kicked to the other end of the table and there was no way of rescuing it without saying "Excuse me" to somebody.

But Gabrielle's little creatures got free, and *God Bless America* never received such an uproarious response from an audience. I thought somebody was going to have a heart attack -- the women were all shrieking. I jumped up on a chair and started screaming "MICE! MICE!" The Secret Servicemen threw the table over, caught the rats, then caught Gabrielle and me and took us down to the security office, with out pocketbooks as evidence.

They didn't know that there were still two rats in my pocketbook and I didn't have the heart to tell them. They sat us down to question us and my rats started moving around, causing the pocketbook to jump up and down on the captain's desk.

I burst out laughing and so did the cops. They were making millions of "rat jokes." They even searched the rats! I was surprised by their senses of humor.

When Gabrielle went to the bathroom, a cop said (with a Brooklyn accent), "I should send a guard in there with her, but I'm afraid an alligator will jump out of her underwear!" I told them from now on we'll call them the Rat Squad.

We found out from them the other Zippies were recognized and thrown out of the hotel (their money refunded) hours before; but they did manage to plant four rats in a telephone booth. Two more were set loose in the hotel. Some hotel personnel discovered them and threw them down the incinerator (alive!) and the ASPCA wanted to press charges. We were released on the condition that we would not speak to the press.

We ran out the front door, wearing "Nixon in '72" buttons and "ZIPPIE" buttons (and my Mao button) expecting to be greeted by masses. There had been a demonstration outside earlier -- the demonstrators shouted "Attica! Attica!" at Rockefeller and he smiled and waved at them -- but they had all gone home. Even the press had left.

Walking down the street, we saw a bus full of Republicans on their way back to Connecticut. They were astonished to see us free on the streets. I smiled and waved and yelled "Rat On!" to them.

## Local News Item

by Clifford Yudell

The New York City Council today approved by unanimous vote a resolution permitting the Transit Authority to replace all rubber stops on subway cars with razor blades. A spokesman for the TA hailed the move as "a great boon to the efficiency of the subway system."

The change will take effect on all major subway lines as of Monday morning.

According to documents filed at the Council hearing, a one-day trial period, during which stainless steel blades were fitted into subway car doors on the Brighton BMT line, proved one-hundred percent successful. Since passengers were loathe to be maimed, the frequent practice of jamming through doors as they closed, or holding them open for fellow passengers, ceased completely. Subway cars on the line operated at an average four minutes faster per hour.

"People tend to move more quickly when the doors are lined with razor blades," said John Sweeney, public relations manager for the Transit Authority. "This keeps the cars running on schedule, even during rush hours."

During the BMT experiment, 83 persons were lacerated or maimed, including seventeen lost hands, twenty-seven fingers in whole or part, and four decapitations, two of them children.

"Under the old system," said Mr. Sweeney, "passengers who were rammed by closing subway doors often sustained painful bruises for days. With the new system, everything comes off nice and clean."

An expected benefit of the changeover is the creation of new jobs for platform bucket-holders, who will tour the subways collecting extremities. Civil Service examinations for some 35 vacancies will be announced shortly. Candidates should possess at least a B.A.

As the Council vote was announced, a small group of protestors from the Citizens' Fairplay Board picketed outside City Hall. While the Board applauds the move as one that will help New Yorkers get to work on time, it protests the rise in fares accompanying the new service. The TA estimates that fares will rise to eleven dollars in January, with special fares of thirteen dollars for students, the elderly, and passengers who can prove they were disabled before the razor blade system was put into effect.

Mr. Sweeney said that the improvement is the first of several to be instituted by the TA over the next year. By March all seats on subway cars are expected to be removed, to increase passenger capacity. This will be followed by installation of electrocution charges on subway platform floors, to prevent loitering.

On Monday morning an opening ceremony will be held to initiate the razor blade system on the Lexington Avenue IRT line at 59th Street. To demonstrate the effectiveness of the blades, which are manufactured by Gillette with a special grant from the Dow Chemical Company, celebrity Bud Palmer will hold a welfare mother's hands between the doors of a subway car as they close. Mayor Lindsay and Governor Rockefeller are expected to attend the finger cutting. Refreshments will be served.

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# The Realist

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## History as Language and Human Garbage

by Chandler Brossard

Well, here I am squatting in Menorca, that fabled island of smugglers and gorges, just a 78 - hour swim from Barcelona. Got me a cute little ol' re-done farmhouse, too, in a midget pueblo called Binicalaf. So "private" and "out of the way" you'd have to be a schizophrenic to want anything more. But don't let all this fool you. I may guzzle the apocryphal native wines, curse the mistral like a *nouveau riche* slave driver, and carry on intimate discussions with the short field peasants about the swell but obsessive art of wall building, stuff like that, but that doesn't mean I'm immovably committed to the fucking place. No sir. I'm still an active member of God's Little Task Force -- trouble shooters of the soul, etc. -- and that means I'll go anywhere at a moment's notice to lick a wound or compound a metaphor.

*Por ejemplo:* Just the other day I was salvering over a *plato de gambas* (cheap at 200 pesetas, my word on it) at a dockside bar at Ciudadela (Boy! is this place old. Right up the street is a bronze-age pokey where they now keep heretics), when whose simpering voice should I hear through the malevolent breeze but good old McGeorge Bundy's.

What a coincidence, too. Cause just a few moments before I had remarked to my crouchy waiter, "Don't see many of my compatriots around here, do you Carlos?" "¿Tiene un cuarto con baño?" he replied. (Have you a room with a bath?)

And suddenly here was Mac. "Those dirty dinks just won't heel," he moaned.

"What's the matter, baby?" I said, in my best Aunt Jemima way. "Lay it on me."

"The North Vietnamese. They just won't give up. I mean, goddamit! Don't they know who they're messin' with?"

I washed down a *gambita* with some of the *vino tinto*. "Have a drink and simmer down, sweetie. You and I both know that those Asians are something else. Far out."

He tossed down an instantly fetched Fundador and flared the collar of his button-down Brooks Brothers shirt. "They're making my life hell, and I don't mean maybe. Why, I can't even concentrate on my backhand, it's that bad. Dick Blatchford over at ACTION has whipped me three straight."

A large sea gull glided over a table and shat on a snoozing fat man's head.

"Hm. Man, that's bad, real bad."

He killed another brandy, and a lewd grin spread over his boyish kisser. "But we got a little surprise coming up for those fuckers. Yes indeed. Operation Rolling Thunder. F-100 Super Sabres and F-105 Thunder Chief Jets. Blow their asses sky high. That'll show 'em!" he added, his voice rising to a scream. "Just get a load of this report I've prepared for the Pres." He jammed a couple of *gambas* into his weensy mouth without peeling them and began reading from a little notebook. "We are convinced that the political values of reprisal require a continuous operation." He spat out a shell. "It is the great merit of the proposed scheme that to stop it the Communists would have to stop enough of their activity in the south to permit the probable success of a determined pacification effort." He stopped spitting, and shrimp spittle collected around his mouth. "But we must play down publicity on details of the raids." He looked up and gave me a sly wink. "Focus of public attention will be kept as far as possible on DRV aggression," he continued as little bits of shell and shrimp dropped onto his notebook, "not on joint GVN-US military operations." He looked up, grinning, "How does that grab you?"

I nodded. "Right by the balls, Mac, and I mean it from the heart. That one's on the road all right."

The old waiter brought a *plato di aceitunas*. Bundy's hand grabbed at the plate just as the old man put it down, and instead of popping black olives into his wet mouth, he shoved the man's hand there. "I can just see those gook bastards," he managed to muffle through the fingers before the old man pulled his chewed hand away. "The surprise on their faces."

I could see it too.

Chandler Brossard's literary output includes fiction (*The Double View*, *The Bold Saboteurs*, *Who Walk in Darkness*); plays (*Harry the Magician*, *The Man With Ideas*); non-fiction (*The Spanish Scene*, *The Insane World of Adolf Hitler*); and criticism (editor of *A New Approach to American Culture*). His latest novel is *Wake Up. We're Almost There*. He described *History as Language and Human Garbage* as "the beginning of a long fiction having to do with American culture and the destruction of Indo China."

"Measured against the costs of defeat in Vietnam," he went on, urgently holding the notebook very close to his sweating face (just like my old scout leader reading us the manual by flashlight in the woods) "this program seems cheap." A fly lit on his face. He slapped it so hard his glasses cracked. "And even if it fails to turn the tide, the value of it seems to us to exceed the cost." He slammed the notebook shut. "Yessir. We're not going to let those little commie squirts destroy the foundations of democracy."

"Attaboy, Mac. That's spelling it out all right."

He looked at his wristwatch. "Jeepers! I gotta scoot. I'm late for a high-level pow wow with Walt and Dean." He drank off the rest of my wine. "See ya later, alligator."

After Bundy vanished into the indiscriminating Spanish sky, and I was walking up the palm-lined Calle Conquistador, passing hordes of English tourists floating serenely over the rooftops, triumphantly carrying wine-skins and hand-painted dishes from the souvenir shops. ("Harrod's would charge a fortune for these!" they yelled), I heard a small voice call out from one of the doorways of the whitewashed street level adobe houses. "In here. Come in here," the voice commanded me.

I parted the beaded curtain and entered. The room was so dark I could not see anything for a few seconds. Then I saw this Vietnamese man sitting in a corner under the usual picture of Christ Our Savior. He was wearing a torn pair of black pajama bottoms. Blood was all over his face and chest.

"My name is Bue Van Nguu. When my wife saw the planes coming, she started running towards the house; but before she could get back, she was blown off her feet by the blast of a bomb. Another high explosive hit the kitchen, burying our four children. And then the house collapsed and caught fire. The roof fell in on me. The baby girl in the hammock started to cry. I scrambled up and caught her in my arms, and ran through the flames with her. When we got to the yard I saw my wife lying flat on the ground, half buried beneath the remains of the wall. She called out to me. I put the baby in the dugout and went to her aid. By the time I reached her, she was trying to get up of her own accord. Her clothes were badly torn and her face was bleeding. I handed the baby to her and told her to carry it to safety. Then I hurried off to free my other four children.

"I searched among the debris. I could only piece three of their bodies together. There was no trace of my eldest daughter. I didn't find her body until yesterday morning; it had been blown into an allotment about thirty feet away. It was buried under a pile of ashes. I would never have found her if I hadn't had others to help me. At first we thought it was someone else, but I looked and there could be no mistaking the shape of her ear. She was thirteen."

Of course you can just imagine how awkward the situation was. I mean, Christ, I didn't know this guy from Adam. How could we get a real good dialogue going with our frames of reference and all that being, so, well, so *basically different*, to say the very least. So what was I expected to do? *Talk about squirming!*

"Yeah, well, I'll tell you what, Mr. Bui," I said. "I'll send all this up the line to Westy and Dean, but I can't guarantee you anything. OK? 'Cause they're up to their short hairs in contingency plansville. So just keep your fingers crossed, old buddy."

A lot of smart ass people say that Menorca was

originally settled by the Three Stooges and a one-eyed script girl. But that just isn't true. Bronze-age types roamed these tight lipped slopes and they left a lot of hard edged evidence to prove it. *Taulas*, *talayots*, and *naveetas* - that's the sort of thing I have in mind. They're creepy stone structures. *Taulas* are huge T-shaped things. One upright slab of about sixteen feet, another slab of about thirteen, and balanced horizontally on top of the first one. Now, since each of these slabs weighs several tons, the big question is: how did these amiable but low I.Q. guys manage to put those big bastards up? Many archaeologists from Cambridge nip over here every year, sniff around the damn things, and go back just as puzzled and fruity as ever. Local guide books tell you that the *taulas* - which are surrounded by a circle of vertical slabs - were used for some religious purpose. But I have my own thoughts on the matter which I shall submit only at the most improper time.

OK. The *talayots*. Tall round towers with a broad circular base of about sixty to seventy feet in diameter and tapering up to a narrow apex, say about thirty feet high. And I don't mean poured concrete. Hefty stones placed one on top of the other. What you've got, of course, is one hell of a big chamber inside. They're all over the place. The truth of the matter is, there are 500 of them on this island. And just about any hour of the day you can see a dozen or so fun-crazed English and French tourists (or about five thousand in all) climbing over each of them, like they're storming the fucking Bastille.

Know what I think these things are? They're hump houses, pure and simple. For Bronze-Age swingers. I owe my insights into this to the *L.A. Free Press*, which I was reading just the other day while sunning myself down at Es Canutelles, a very sensational gorge flooded by the Mediterranean.

"We're looking for freaky young couples," these two tanned hedonists, Jack and Pam, were telling me. "Are there any of you freaky couples who can get behind the swinging scene? We dig the beautiful experience of making love but just can't handle the straights. Must be sincere, attractive and sexy. No phonies."

Jack and Pam didn't have to look an *inch* further. 'Cause there was yours truly and so was this swell passive, discreet, bi-gal (Scorpio) from Santa Monica, named Gloria, who is frequently around me just when I need her. And all of us were just as naked and hanging out, you know, as unequivocally *Ourselves*, as Marty Buber could wish, and I kid you not.

"Straights are so unviable," said Pam.

"Yeah," said Jack, "hey're so darn lonely-making."

Next thing you knew, we were in that old *talayot* swinging for all we were worth. Fucking is hardly the word for it.

"Oh Daddy!" Pam shrieked. "Your cock is the Santa Fe Express."

"And your tongue is ... Holy Jesus! ... is just too much," exclaimed Gloria.

The picture: I was flat on my back, Pam was sitting on my prick and Gloria was squatting in my face. Jack was bent over and being rimmed by Pam. OK? All bases were covered, you see. Gloria's cunt was just about the tastiest dish I'd ever eaten. Well, seconds after Pam came - "Oh my God! My cunt's on fire!" - who should pop in but Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor, our guy in Saigon. Such a tizzy he was in! Oy! He looked like he hadn't changed his clothes since the McKinley inauguration.

"It just burns my ass" Max shouted. "Those goddamn South Vietnamese aren't worth a hoot in hell. Corrupt, lazy, ungrateful bunch of turds, that's what they are."

Jack came now, under the finest damn rimming job in the country. "Oh mamma!" he howled. "Look at that jissom leap. It's hittin' the walls."

Sweaty Max Taylor, snaking with all kinds of fantods whipped off his eyeglasses - were they steamed up! - and began to wipe them with his tie. "An' you can't trust those fuckin' GVN guys as far as you can throw 'em." His thin voice was filled with unspilled tears.

"They play dirty all the time. Thieu and Ky and Cang. Those guys. But I laid it on the line to 'em after that last attempted coup." He blew his nose on his shirt tail. "You have made a real mess," I said. "We cannot carry you forever if you do things like this."

Gloria began to moan like crazy and to rock back and forth over my darting souped-up tongue. "Holy Hannah!" she cried. "This ... beats ... anything ... I'm coming ... from ... my toes! Ohhh!"

Three down, one to go.

Max was yelling again. "You fellows have destroyed the Charter," I said. You have broken a lot of dishes, and now we have to straighten out this mess. You hear? I mean, did you have to make all those arrests that very night? Couldn't it have waited till after coffee and danish the next morning? You guys are up shit creek without a paddle, and I mean it, I told them."

"You don't mince words, Max, I'll say that for you," I observed, now that my mouth was free. Gloria had collapsed a little above my head, allowing my face free range between her legs, you see. Pam, good old Pam, was still riding my hammer, like she was competing in a rodeo.

"Thanks," said Max. "I sure can use a little understanding here. I sometimes feel so, well, so goddamned out of it."

"Feels like you're in me up to my belly button, Dads," said Pam, grinning and glistening. "I'd sure like to cast this monster in rubber for use on a rainy day."

Max began pulling himself together, at least clothes-wise. He tucked his shirt in, straightened his rumpled tie, and picked some imaginary cooties out of his ear. He pulled a long roll of official-looking paper from his pocket. "I'd like to read you a briefing I prepared for our Southeast Asia Working Group, OK? You know, just to give you a taste of the scene."

"Sure, Max, sure. Be my guest." I was about to go for the long ball anyway, so why not let the poor guy do his thing. No skin off my ass. Meanwhile, Jack, who clearly meant it when he said he firmly believed in the beauty of love making, was screwing Gloria spoon style. You know, fitting himself in sidewise. "Mmmm," Gloria murmured. "That's creamy."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Max, momentarily distracted. "That reminds me, I'm supposed to pick up some cream cheese from the commissary. The wife's got some Jew tastes and she's got this thing about cream cheese and lox. And I wanna tell you that getting good Nova Scotia in Saigon is about as easy as finding a raccoon that can play the banjo. Anyway ..." He pulled at his crotch where his jockey shorts were pinching, and proceeded. As he read, his voice was firm and official most of the time, but at moments it cracked and slithered. "The deterioration of the pacification program has taken place in spite of the very heavy losses inflicted almost daily on

the Viet Cong ... If, as the evidence shows, we are playing a losing game in South Vietnam, it is time we change and find a better way. In bringing military pressure to bear on North Vietnam, there are a number of variations which are possible. At the bottom of the ladder of escalation, we have the initiation of intensified covert operations, anti-infiltration attacks in Laos, and reprisal bombings mentioned above as a means for stiffening South Vietnamese morale ..."

I came. And I am ready to swear on a stack of Brownies, that, re the principles of hydraulic pressure in relation to inverse resistance, my stream of juice power lifted Pam four inches into the air. "Hold tight! Hold tight! Furiakisaki wants some seafood mamma!"

"Don't worry about me, Pops!" she howled. "Just keep it coming."

"... we could begin by attacking appropriate targets in North Vietnam. If we justified our action primarily upon the need to reduce infiltration, it would be natural to direct these attacks on infiltration-related targets such as staging areas, training facilities, communication centers and the like. The tempo and weight of the attacks could be varied according to the effects sought ..."

"You can say that again," Pam murmured softly in my ear, having received my total joy output and now, adorably slippery with after-come sweat, lay in my flaccid, freaky embrace.

"Sound OK to you?" asked Max, trying, it seemed, to keep from wetting his pants. "I could style it a bit more. You know, give it a kind of *Time-Life* bite ..."

"No, no," I mumbled. "Leave it, Max. It really sings as it is. No kidding."

"You think so, huh? Well, that's sure good to hear." He looked at his watch. "Wow! I've gotta beat it. Couple of snoopers from Capitol Hill are in and I've got to give 'em the grand tour. Phooey. Lissen. Why don't you come over to the embassy some night? Have a good swim and some home cooked grub. My missus just loves new faces."

"You've got a date, Max. For sure."

He scampered off.

As I, in post-orgasmic stupor, stared at the sky through the jagged hole at the top of the *talayot*, a Vietnamese girl in her twenties appeared there. Her clothes were scorched rags.

"My name is Bui Thi Tinh," she said. "I am from the province of Thai Binh. I was about half a mile from the village. From my dugout I could see two planes, one flying lower than the other. The low flying plane was the first to drop its bombs. It happened after the midday meal. Some of the workers were already in the fields, others were on the point of setting out. The children and the old people were having their siesta. I counted sixteen bombs, falling in a single stick. Huge flames rose from the village, shooting high as the treetops. The planes dropped their bombs and flew away. It all happened very quickly. Then the militia moved in, without a moment's delay, and people raced to the scene with buckets, ropes, and spades. They tried to put the fire out, drawing water from the ponds and forming a human chain. They fought their way through to the trenches at the heart of the fire. A gust of wind made the fire spread quicker than ever. A number of rescuers were burned alive ..."

Pam and Jack and Gloria were now forming a sit-down daisy chain. Gloria was sitting backwards in Jack's lap, impaled on his rammer, being buggered, that is, while her face was busily buried in Pam's muff, the owner of

which, Pam, was standing, arms akimbo, smack in front of her, natch.

"We should have brought a trapeze," said Pam. ... I started running towards the village in the company of three other girls. As we ran, we saw what looked like a human body buried under a pile of straw. We went over to where it was laying, meaning to pull the man clear, but we found there was nothing left except the two legs: the upper part of the body had been carried away by the blast. The threshing floor was strewn with blood and bodies. Roan's wife wanted to hurl herself into the blaze, to save her children; she had just seen her husband blown to pieces before her eyes. When the others sought to restrain her, she started tearing her clothes like a madwoman. She flung herself upon me, shouting 'Help me get in! Help me get in!' 'If you love me,' I said, 'you must come with me.' At this she said: 'Why should I? Who am I to live with? They're all dead.' She kept saying the same thing: 'Who am I to live with? Who am I to live with?' And once again she tried to hurl herself into the blaze. 'You will live with us,' I said. And we dragged her away ..."

A little boy appeared at the entrance to our *talayot*. "Hey Mom!" he shouted. "There's some bronze - age people in here, doin' things."

His mom, a stocky, matronly type, wearing bermudas and carrying a guide book, stuck her head in. "Oh Lord! They're ... good grief! ... they're performing a fertility rite." And she yanked her little boy away.

"But I wanna watch."  
Smack!

The third kind of pre - historic structure to be found on this island is the *naveta*. Like the *talayots*, the *navetas* are formed of lots of volcanic rocks, but unlike the *talayots* the *navetas* are shaped like inverted boats, and they have two chambers inside. Speculation on the original purpose of these odd structures is, of course, rife and clouded. But this fact has not prevented the native Menorcans from going on about their business, which consists, I am not reluctant to report, of farming, fishing, cheese making, ceramics, gin distilling, the production of jewelry, and a positively Moorish indifference to vertical social movement and the flying of kites.

It is safe to say that the action in Mahon, the main town on Menorca, is to be found in the Plaza General Mola. And it is a real kettle of fish, believe me. Day or night, it is impossible to hear the droppings of a pin there. Krauts, frogs, limeys, greasers, herrings, gringos - you name it. Young male somnambulists with wild hair, near - sighted girls with angry breasts, aging school teachers with false price, misshapen married couples dragging their surly child (the reward for a hasty ejaculation) behind them on a rope. And weaving in and out of them all, the grinning Spanish hustlers strumming imaginary guitars and whispering delicious obscenities to the girls. You could buy the whole lot of them for a small Goya.

I would not be levelling with you if I said I never set foot in that contaminated place. I am there every day, a freelance vulture circling over the compost heap that is western civilization, an insatiable death - bird waiting to plunge upon any morsel of rotteness and decay. It is a mere stone's throw from La Tropicale, the huge town market place where I daily trudge, with my straw basket,

to grovel in my pigeon Spanish among the canny peasant merchants. Afterward I take my outdoor chair at the American Bar. From time to time, I say a few words to the blind lady there who sells lottery tickets.

"Some people are born lucky, others are not," I said to her yesterday. "Right?"

"*Prepara me cuenta, por favor,*" she said. (Prepare my bill, please.)

The scene there: Ah, feast with me if you dare. "It says here that Mick Jagger is going to be operated on for an ingrown toenail," said a blonde dolly, reading from the *Daily Express* to her bearded lover.

"Serves the bloody bahsted right," said he. "Mykin the kind of money 'es mykin wif 'is mouf."

"I do hope the doctors keep a close watch on themselves," said the dolly. "Toe surgery is still a mystery, you know."

I order a glass of *vino de jerez*, light a *cigarrillo hebra* and turn to my right.

"I wish we'd brought Isabel with us," said a boney woman in shades. "She'd love it here."

"I know," said her one - legged American husband. "But she's better off back in Philly studying to be a nun." He sipped his beer. "What d'ya say we practice a little Spanish."

"Isn't it a bit early for that, dear?" Admiral Farragut's father was born here, I remind myself, and focus on the table directly in front of me. Two hairy studs. I know they are French without having to consult my Micheline. They assembled themselves from Godard's cutting room floor.

"The possibilities of this place are defined by the distance between the failures of the past generation and the baroque self - deceptions of the present," observed one.

"Merleau - Ponty says that cure is merely a working arrangement decided upon between the healer and the healed," said his friend. "It is not an absolute."

"So's your old man," I mutter. A donkey cart drifts out of the *panaderia* window on the Calle Deya. A naked old man in a black beret sits on it singing to himself. Several Spanish army conscripts, dreamy, soft - shouldered fellows, loiter in front of a comic book kiosk acting out the comic stories in slow motion. A brown mongrel barks at a black - shawled old woman carrying a wine jug. She spits at it and it turns into a little girl who runs off, laughing. Bob McNamara rounds the corner of the Calle Sotelo.

"Jimmy cricket!" I exclaim. "Hope he doesn't see me."

But he does, and trots toward me. I leap up and start running down the General Godel promenade in the direction of the Plaza de la Conquista. I go like the wind but so does old Bob. (I know he's a clean living guy, and he works out three times a week at the Y.) He traps me right at the entrance to the church of Santa Maria, into which I was about to dart for sanctuary. (However, I realize much later, the Church denied it to Joan of Arc, so why should they give it to an old Indian scout like me?)

"That's not very nice of you," Bob pants, "trying to cut me like that."

"Listen, Bob," I begin, pressing into a recently vacated niche, "I've got a lot on my mind, man. And besides, I'm not getting paid for this."

"Fiddle. You're an American just like me and you're in this just like all the rest of us, darnit."

"You're wrong. I threw my passport away last month. I've taken out citizenship in Greenland."

He angrily stroked the cowlick at the back of his head. "You've got to live up to your American heritage responsibilities. You owe it to Barbara Fritchey, to put it bluntly."

I sagged I really did. That last one hit me where it hurts. "OK, OK, you win."

We shook, using a secret D.A.R. grip.

"Good," he said. "Besides, I need a pal, and I'm not just saying it. The Joint Chiefs of Staff are giving me a hard time. They want to use A-Bombs and I don't ... not just yet, anyway."

"Yeah," I said. "It'd be plain silly to rush into something like that."

"It'd be piss - poor planning, that's what." He plucked a sheaf of note papers from inside his Van Heusen shirt. A yo-yo and three baseball cards fell out when he did, but he didn't bother to retrieve them from the ground. "I want you to listen to this memo to President Johnson. I think it has guts, but maybe I'm prejudiced. Sometimes a guy can't see the woods for the trolls." He crossed himself, quickly picked a booger from his nose, and began. "We seek an independent non - Communist South Vietnam. Unless we can achieve this objective in South Vietnam, almost all of Southeast Asia will probably fall under Communist dominance, accommodate to Communism so as to remove effective U.S. and anti - Communist influence (Burma) or fall under the domination of forces not now explicitly Communist" - he tossed a handful of ju - ju - bees into his mouth - "but likely then to become so (Indonesia taking over Malaysia). Thailand might hold for a period with our help but would be under grave pressure." He looked up at me. "I could tell you some stories about that place that'd make your tummy turn. You know where those people make poo-poo? Right out in the back yard. How's that for openers?"

"Makes me want to toss my cookies, all right."

"OK. Where was I? Oh yeah. 'Even the Philippines would become shaky, and the threat to India to the west, Australia and New Zealand to the south, and Taiwan, Korea, and Japan to the north and east would be greatly increased.'" He stopped reading and his thin lips began to tremble. "You get the picture?"

And how," I said. "It's really spooky. There's got to be a solution, Bob."

He grinned and slapped me on the back. "There is, old timer, there is. And I just happen to have it up my sleeve at this very moment." He unbuttoned his cuff. "I'll get it for you in a jiffy." A lot of stuff fell out of his sleeve while he was searching for his plan: two Merry Widows, his first pair of keds, a color shot of his Mom and Dad at Niagara Falls, a high school debating medal, a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, and a Rudy Vallee record of *Shine On Harvest Moon*. "Oh. Here we are," he said at last, and plucked out a sheet of paper that was streaked with blood. "Hm. Must be that strawberry pop I had for lunch." He cleared his throat and began to read in short, powerful explosions of sound. "OK! We must proceed with Retaliatory Actions! Overt high and-or low reconnaissance flights by U.S. or Farmgate aircraft over North Vietnam to assist in locating and identifying the source of external aid to the Viet Cong. Retaliatory bombing strikes and commando raids on a tit - for - tat basis by the GVN against the NVN targets (communication centers, training camps, infiltration routes, etc.). Aerial mining by the GVN aircraft (possibly

with U.S. assistance) of the major NVN ports. Graduated overt military pressure by GVN and U.S. Forces ..."

I just had to break in on him. "Listen, Bob. I can't take any more of that stuff right now. It's *too heavy*. Besides, I'm booked solid for the next hour or so."

He looked very hang dog, and he began scuffing his foot against the sacred steps. "Shucks, I, uh, sort of..."

"Got it, Bob. But I've arranged for this big American sex scene, you see."

Bob began to sniff the air and smile. "Hmm. Smell that *paella*."

I slapped him on the head. "That's not *paella*, you poor dope. That's napalm burning human flesh. Don't you know the difference, for Pete's sake?"

He cringed again. "Oops. I'm sorry. That won't happen again." He tried to kiss my hand, but I pushed him away. At that moment, my bi-gal date appeared up near the altar ("Busty, domineering, pretty, white bi-gal gym teacher looking for likewise or challenging couples scene. French, Greek cultures OK. Call Leslie.")

"Hi there!" she shouted, and bounded toward us.

"Hi, Les!" I shouted.

When she saw Bob, her look became surly. She glanced from him to me, pouting nasty, and said, "I didn't mean a *lag* couple."

I laughed heartily. "No chance. He's just along for the ride. The others should be here any moment."

She relaxed and gave me a friendly punch in the bread basket. "Whew! Scared me there for a sec."

Then I saw Chuck and Betty, up where the choir stands. Boy, were they real dolls. Yummy.

"Hi ho!" they shouted. "Let's make it up here, OK?"

"Groovy!" Les and I shouted back, and sped up the church aisle.

"But what about the priest?" Bob whispered to me, loping beautifully at my side.

"Button your lip," I hissed.

Well, in about the same time it takes to unsnap a bra and roll a drunk, we were at it. Oh, the lickings and the suckings and the rammings and the slammings! 69's and 74's and 84's! Golly. Busty Les, for example, was domineering cute Betty something terrific. She was chewing away at her snatch in a 69 and was holding Betty's head in the best scissor lock I've ever seen. Chuck was crawling all over both of them: bugging here, tonguing there, sucking on Les' huge tits, pulling the girls apart for a few moments so's he could fuck one of them, you know, and I was momentarily warming up with Les' toes in my mouth (while somebody -- it doesn't really matter who, does it? -- was alternately nibbling on and massaging my prick).

"You sure know your stuff," Betty managed to say to Les. "I'm gonna need a relining job on my twat. Ohhh! Brother!"

Bob just rolled on the floor and tore at his clothes and whimpered. He was living up to his promise like he said. You had to give him credit.

About this time -- I was just wrapping myself around Betty's cute tushie, and Les was riding Chuck backwards and kissing Betty, who, between tongues, was panting, "Harder! Harder!" to me -- a young Vietnamese woman appeared in the priest's pulpit. Her face was dirty and streaked from crying, and bits of wood and stuff were in her hair. Some blood was on her neck.

"I am Tran Thi Sai," she said. "At the time of the air raid I was with friends. We were on our way to the fields,

where we expected to spend the afternoon bringing in the harvest. When I heard the planes, I took shelter in a dugout ..."

"Hey!" yelled Chuck. "Who invited her? She one of those Laurel Canyon freaks?"

"Bet that gal's on peyote," observed Les. "She sure could use a bath." And she went back to work on Betty's tongue.

"... As soon as the bombs had fallen, I ran home to see what had happened. Even from a distance, I could see that the whole village was ablaze. I took off my yoke and flung it aside so as to get along quicker. My second child -- a boy -- managed to escape from the fire. His little brother, aged five, tried to follow him but couldn't keep up; he got trapped in the courtyard. My mother picked up my twelve-month baby and tried to dash from the building: they were burnt alive in the doorway ..."

Bob stopped rolling on the floor and slowly sat up. He watched the woman with horror and hatred. Then he began to shout and scream, "You're lying! You're a dirty bitch liar! The commies put you up to this. It's a propaganda trick. You just better cut it out, you hear?"

"... My ten-year-old daughter was out minding the buffalo, so she was spared. My husband was a foreman. He and his team were husking rice, right here in the village. He stayed in the open till the very end, to make sure the others got into the shelter. That was how he came to be killed. The shrapnel split his head open ..."

"Stop! Stop!" Bob yelled. "You're a shameless hussy!" He stuck his fingers in his ears and scurried up the church aisle. "You oughta have your mouth washed out with soap! Dirty rotten propaganda fibs!" he yelled, turning once before putting his head down and running blindly out of the church door.

"... I stood screaming and sobbing while some of the workers rushed into the flames in an attempt to save the families. I tried to do the same: hurl myself into the blaze and rescue my mother and children. But I was stopped and led away so that I shouldn't see their bodies as they were brought out. I lost my mother, the baby she held in her arms, my five-year-old son and my husband. There are only three of us left: my two children and myself."

Some really cool things you should know about Menorca (we'll get around to the vice versa later on): 1. It is made to order for fun 'n sand worshippers, and I don't mean maybe. There are one hundred and twenty beaches here, and every one of them is beautiful enough to turn you into a useless bum. 2. There are five hundred thousand rock walls here. That's right. Over the centuries, the five-foot-three farmers have built walls with the volcanic rocks they've cleared their fields of (are you still with me?) and since their fields are nothing but rocks, and more rocks ... well, I think you get the idea. 3. The island has successively been occupied and raped by the Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Spaniards, Vandals, Byzantines, Arabs, Normans, Spaniards, British, French, and nine drunken Eskimos. 4. The natives don't short-change you. 5. You can't get a maid to save your ass. 6. The sun. The sun is so hot, between 12 and 4, that it sucks your brains right out of your skull. And you're not even aware of it. Which explains a rather curious phenomenon hereabouts: the large numbers of tourists strolling about without any expression on their faces whatsoever. They have become zombies, you see. Entire families -- mommies, daddies, small fry. They made the mistake of basking in the sun

during the fatal hours. These Empties, as one might correctly call them, are especially in evidence around such beaches as Binibeca, Santa Tomas, Cala Galanda, Punta Prima, and Cap de Banyos, where greedy speculator relatives of Dr. Caligari have frantically thrown up scads of abstract, chinless looking hotels to lure and deceive the more affluent lumpenproletarians from all over Europe (and some parts of the North American continent as well). It's a downright scandal. I'll bet anything that's where the gang from Washington is staying (and you know -- you just fucking well know -- they've got Shep Fields and his Merry Masturbators stashed there too).

Anyways, I was over on the rocks at Es Sac des Blat the other day, getting a good tan (because who wants to look like the soft underbelly of Europe, right?), and chewing the fat with a gnarled old fisherman, Jose Maria Godella, who kept his hands busy mending his ways while we talked. His specialty was catching *linguado* with his teeth, and he wasn't Spanish at all. He was a hippie drop-out from Butte, Montana, his real name was Billy Joe Watson, and he had been on Menorca ever since the Children's Crusade collapsed. A couple of buzzards hovered over his head, but that's his business. In the sparkling blue cove far below us a small white yacht was slowly being pulled under water by a giant octopus.

"What kind of *pan* you make working for the CIA, *signor*?" he asked me, picking a krinkly fin from his front teeth.

"You got it wrong, bub," I replied. "I'm here on sabbatical from Boy's Town. I teach woodshop."

He shrugged. "Hokay. If that's the way you want to play it, *signor*." Two silver jet airliners collided high in the sky, and the metal fragments floated down like Christmas tinsel. "You want to bullsheet a leetle about Unamuno and Ortega?"

I stuck my head. "Not today, Manny. I'd rather rap about some quaint local customs. Folklore, festivals, stuff like that."

Hordes of Empties, apparently under the direction of a smiling, slick-haired young tour guide, were assembling on the edge of the cliff across from us. They automatically stripped off all their clothes and began plunging head first off the cliff to the jagged rocks far below.

"Well, now, let me thenk," said Jose Billy Joe, stroking his nose. "Hm. Ah, *si*!" His face lit up like an illuminated manuscript. "There's a beeg festival up in Alayor next week. Called *La Hora del Toro* -- The Hour of the Bull. A local virgin is given to a bull, in the main plaza. Bent over and tied up, and the bull humps her. It's an old Greek hangover and it's in celebration of the creation of the first minotaur. You know, the half man, half bull."

"Sounds very terrif indeed," I said, kicking at a scorpion. "Anything else?"

He plucked a hunk of *chorizo* from his pocket and began nibbling on it. "They got a old ritual comin' up in Ferrerias in a coupla weeks. Called *El Cura Recibe lo Suyo* -- The Priest Gets His. They tie up a old priest to a big cross, see, then pile up a lot of wood around him, and burn him up." One of the buzzards deftly nicked some sausage for his mouth. "That one dates from the Inquistition."

"Not bad," I said. "Not bad at all. I'll put those sweeties on my must list. This island sure can jump when she gets a mind to."

Godella y Watson stood up, turned around, and began pissing into a big cactus growing off the side of the cliff. "This'll keep the dust down. *Hola, amigo!*" he exclaimed, turning his head. "I jus' remember another reetual. A humdinger fucker of a mother."

"Yeah?"  
"Si verdadero." A hummingbird lit on his dong. "And it's esta noche. It's callèd *La Cosa de Tus Lechos* -- The Thing of Your Doing. It commemorates the driving out of the Moors and the total destruction of their wonderful culture."

I really tingled. "Hot diggety! Sounds like my cuppa gazpachio all right. Where they puttin' it on?"

He tucked his peeny back in his pants with the hummingbird still clinging to it. "Over yonder, in Santandria, at the Hotel Jaime IV."

"I'll be there," I said, picking up to go, 'cause I had to make the siesta scene, and soon. "What's the action there, Dad? What do they do?"

"It's wide open like anything, *signor*."

"Hokay, Jose. Keep swingin', man," and I waved him adios.

"Put in a good word for me with Dick Helms, willya?" he shouted after me. "This *pescadore* gig is draggin' my ass."

I did not deign to respond to such a low proposition. Think I want to ruin my social contacts for an old fart like that?

I carefully maneuvered my way back through the stunned, arid landscape, through the insistent, tugging wind, through the huge cactus and wild fennel and the olive and fig trees. A group of hippie campers were excitedly collecting wild mushrooms near an old Roman well. As they ate them, they slowly turned into hairy, grunting, ape-like Neanderthal men.

"Quite a highto price pay for a taste thrill, wouldn't you say?" I observed to an old peasant who was patiently building a rock wall nearby.

"*Por favor, serva me desayuno a las siete y media,*" he said. ("Please serve my breakfast at 7:30.")

I ate a real *buena comida* before going to The Thing of Your Doing Festival that night. At the Casa Juanita I stuffed my face with such great Spanish eats as *sopa de pescado, asado de cerdo, ensalada con cebollas y gusanos y rabanos*, sluiced down, or course, with a *secco local vino blanco*. Wrapped the whole shebang up with a *plato de helado chocolata*. Yummers. And it set me back a mere 130 *pesetas*, a bit less than a deuce, *propino incluido*. If that isn't the way to prepare for an authentic local bash, then my name isn't Moon Mullins.

The festival was immeasurably socko. It was staged in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Jaime IV (as I have stated before) and the room was *somoderno*. I thought I was inside an early Kandinsky. Just about everybody you'd ever wanted to be in the shower with was there. Munitions makers from Germany with their teeny-bopper mistresses, black marketers from Biafra, Linda Christian, Greek generals, right-wing French politicians, society columnists, alcoholic former Olympic swimming champions, Standard Oil execs from Saudi Arabia, Texas D.A.'s and two astronaut candidates who flunked out. The whole bunch. The set was a real mind blower: an American fire base just south of the DMZ, complete with helicopters, jets, howitzers, flame throwers, barbed wire, and sand-bagged dug-outs. An absolute shoo-in for an Academy Award.

And guess who the m.c. was. That great crowd pleaser from Havana, everybody's sweetheart, Fuljencio Batista! I am not exaggerating when I say that the applause was spine-chilling. Against a background of stripper music, played by that grinning one-man-band Martha Raye, under a purple spot over to the side, Maestro Batista called out the first act. "Middle-aged gay couple, white, passive, professionals, worldly, and with unlimited funds, wish to meet young, clean, gay lads with very strong muscular bodies. For fun and games under the stars."

And onto the stage they scuttled: those two wonderful headliners, Dean and Walt! Rusk and Rostow! The swellest lil' ol' troupers you ever saw, and dressed in army fatigues, to boot. They began to do an adorable soft shoe song - and - dance routine, keeping neat time with the stripper music as they shuffled in and out of all that super war equipment.

"Our basic problem," sang Walt, "is how to persuade Hanoi's leaders that a continuation of their present policy will risk major destruction in North Vietnam ..."

"You are hearby granted as requested," sang Dean, "authority to use Air America pilots in T-38's for SAR operations when you consider this indispensable. Repeat indispensable to success of operation ..."

"We are ready and able to go much further than our initial act of damage," sang Walt, linking arms with Dean.

"Our objective in Laos is to stabilize the situation again, if possible, if possible, within the 1962 Geneva settlement," sang Dean.

Then together: "So let us bomb them, bomb them, bomb them, for democracy!"

Say what you like about the Dolly Sisters ...

Thunderous, murderous applause. One lady - Shirley Temple Black! and sitting cheek by jowl with Madam Ky! - hurled a nosegay of heroin onto the stage. "Ole! Ole!"

Their gay young lads now appeared. Enormously swollen pinheads from Muscle Beach, and in their birthday suits. Were they ever hung! Walt and Dean leaped on them, squealing like stuck piggies.

"Heaven help me!" burbled Walt, climbing all over one of the lads. "Didja ever see such *biceps*?"

"What powerful *loins* you have!" piped Dean, hugging the other lad's vast thigh. "Makes me feel proud to be an American."

Then the fun began. (Dean and Walt had ripped their fatigues off ages ago.) One of the grinning giants held Dean upside down by his heels, while pot-bellied Dean, looking like some demented little moon-man, voraciously and most noisily began sucking the giant's huge joint. Slurp man slurp. "The whole of Laos is not worth the cock of one Kansas farm boy!" he shouted, lifting his head for a moment. Then he dived back on the throbbing joint.

Walt, too, was in seventh heaven. His mammoth freak had skewered bent-over Walt right up his fat ass and was happily pumping away for auld lang syne. The sweat of pure joy was pouring off Walt's pink, flabby body and he was both whinnying and oinking in ecstasy. "As I said in my memo to the President of June 6 ... 'Oh, sock it to me, laddy! ... 'no one can be sure or should be dogmatic about how much of a war ... 'attaboy! Lordy how I love it! ... 'we still would have if the external element were thus reduced. The odds are pretty good that if we do these things, the war will either promptly

## The March of Pornography

by Lee Quarnstrom

*Animal Lover* is the title of a book. It is not about zoology or animal husbandry; it deals with the lustier topics of pig - fucking, dog - sucking, etc. It is legally a dirty book because not so long ago a Santa Cruz County superior court jury convicted two dirty booksellers of selling dirty books, *Animal Lover* among them.

The trial was not well attended, despite a sign hanging on the courtroom door cautioning all minors to keep away from the proceedings. A few interested souls did pop into the courtroom from time to time to listen as the dirty books were read into the record. But from their demeanor it was clear that they were not your run - of - the - mill shabby degenerates; they, instead, were in attendance because of a deep interest in the American system of jurisprudence. "We're not here because of this

stop or we will see ...' oooh! Let it come, honey boy! Let it come! ... 'the same kind of fragmentation of the Communist movement in South Vietnam that we saw in Greece after ...'"

Well, just then, at what was clearly the most inopportune moment, considering y'know, a long whooshing - shrieking sound was heard, and a mortar, lobbed in from God knows where, exploded on the set. Then another and another. The audience began to scream and scramble. As the place began to burn and collapse - fragmentation bombs were showering the place with millions of crazed beebies - a voice came over a loud speaker. "The Democratic Republic of Vietnam is prepared to fight the American aggressors for ten or twenty or a hundred years. We will never give up in our struggle to live as free men. No sacrifice will be too great, no challenge too demanding. American war mongers, get out!"

Then the napalm came. It was pretty incredible. All those wonderful people were being blown to pieces and burned alive with huge gobs of this flaming jelly. You couldn't hear yourself think, there was so much screaming. And the blood ... whew! I peered through the smoke and flames and bedlam and mangled bodies to see what had happened to Walt and Dean and their guys. All I could make out was Dean's bloody head, blown from his body, with this huge prick stuck in its charred mouth. Then I ran, man. Ran and ran. No point in my hanging around a place like that. No. Sir.

Put this at the top of your visitor's list: a trip to Monte Toro, or Bull Mountain, in Mercadel (local industry: sandal making), which is in the center of the island and just a short drive in your rented car from Mahon. Monte Toro is the highest point on the island, towering more than 1000 feet above sea level. There is a monastery at the top, and in this monastery there is a well - stocked bar, which the voyager will surely agree is a welcome idea. The panorama from Monte Toro ... well, it only takes your breath away, that's all, particularly if you're zonked. You can see the whole of this jewel - like Mediterranean isle. And if you look hard enough you can see the Guardia Civil, in those black patent - leather hats right out of the Renaissance, cruising the *paseo* in distant, care - free Palma Mallorca. Hey! Wouldn't those hats move just like hotcakes in a chic boutique?

Buena vista, you all.

filthy literature," they seemed to be saying, "we're here because, after all, everyone loves a trial."

Yes, *Animal Lover* was read into the record. The judge left the courtroom during the reading, leaving the jurors on their own to handle the salacious recitation.

The reading was done deadpan and didn't really do justice to the subject matter. But the deadpan delivery was enough - or too much - for the jurors.

As the reader prattled on about pigs' cocks, etc., the jurors sat motionless. One woman held her hand over her face, either to cover embarrassment or else in sheer horror. A man leaned way back in his chair and stared blankly at the courtroom ceiling. Others just sat there with frozen, wide - eyed expressions of disbelief or sheer loathing on their faces, as though the girl and the pig were actually performing their coital connection right there in front of the jury box.

There was a slight shudder of repugnance in the jury box when the part about the snake with the incredible darting forked tongue was read. This reptile, an engaging cunnilinguist, made a young animal lover in the book say "Oh, that tongue!" or something like that.

The following day one of the women jurors couldn't make it; she was sick. The judge understandingly dismissed her from the jury panel.

Accused of selling the dirty books were two men, Frenchy and his employe. Frenchy's Adult Bookstore was the name of their emporium, a cruddy - looking place with iron plates across the front windows, the better to keep out brick and other flying objects. Frenchy and his cohort had the amazing quality of looking like dirty book sellers, a quality that surely did them no good with either judge or jury.

They were convicted. *Animal Lover* was a dirty book. They had sold it (at incredibly high prices) to a Santa Cruz policeman.

During the trial, the bookstore was closed in the mornings and early afternoons while Frenchy and friend sat at the defense table in the courtroom. But in the late afternoons, the plucky pornographers were back at their cash register, bringing in the dollars, needed, it was said, to pay for their defense lawyer.

And so, the cycle of law, justice and free trade continues here in Surf City, the same place where the famous (or infamous) Hip Pocket Bookstore once flourished, complete with Ron Boise artwork and a series of penis photos by Walter Chappell.

The police couldn't determine for sure whether the Boise stuff was dirty but the penis pictures obviously were. Hassler and Peter Demma, Hip Pocket proprietors, were busted. But in those days things were different, somehow. The pornographic pair was found not guilty, a Pyrrhic victory in light of the fact that their store was on the way to bankruptcy in any event.

The bread - and - butter of the Hip Pocket Bookstore were the nudist magazines (this in 1965). Oh, how those jaybirds turned everybody on.

The typical customer for one of the nudies was the classic middle - aged man. He'd come in about dinner time, when most of his comrades were home at the dinner table. He'd pick up one of the sun - and - skin mags, bring it quickly to the cash register, request the old brown paper bag, and pay. One clerk in the store had a particularly unkind sales approach. When the customer approached, if there were anyone else in the store, this fellow would take the magazine, hold it up and shout toward the rear: "Hey, lookit the tits on *this* one!"

Frenchy, I suppose, can't afford to raise any such shouts when he sells a magazine. He's too dedicated, a serious dirty book seller.