

The Realist

September-October, 1985
Premiere Issue
Number 99

Jerry Garcia Interview

Price: \$2
Editor: Paul Krassner
Fact Checker: None

Doonesbury



Court Jester's Corner



Dr. Ruth Meets David Letterman

You might wonder why this premiere issue of *The Realist* newsletter is Number 99. Because there were 98 issues of *The Realist* magazine from 1958 to '74. Recently, Running Press published *Best of The Realist*. In the preface, I wrote:

"Those sixteen years of editing *The Realist* must have had their effect on me. I now have a strange affliction. I keep thinking that I'm making up the news. Did the NAACP really cancel a large order of Kellogg's Corn Flakes because the boxes featured a picture of the dethroned Miss America, or was that merely a sketch on *Saturday Night Live*? Did Nancy Reagan actually sit on Mr. T's lap and kiss him on the cheek, or was this one of those doctored photos in the *National Enquirer*? Did Gerald Ford truly deliver his State of the Union address with an arrow through his head, or was that simply a Johnny Carson one-liner? Was I only dreaming when I saw Phil Donahue ask the long-awaited question: 'What does the Bible have to say about vibrators?' Did I just imagine I heard a young boy call the Alex Bennett radio show and discuss the taste of chocolate pubic hair? Was that dog pulling the bathing suit off the young girl and exposing her buttocks on the Coppertone billboard obedience-trained at the McMartin Pre-School?"

But one sentence was missing: "Did I merely hallucinate Dr. Ruth Westheimer advising David Letterman that his girlfriend could vary their foreplay by tossing french-fried onion rings onto his waiting erection?"

The editor thought I had made it up and was afraid of a libel suit. The implication of this censorship finally pushed me over the edge in deciding to reincarnate *The Realist*. The taboos may have changed, but irreverence is still our only sacred cow.

News Meets Entertainment

I was invited to be a guest on the *Today* show to publicize *Best of The Realist*. However, they wouldn't pay my air fare or hotel bill because "We're a news program, not an entertainment show like *Good Morning, America*." This from a program which once featured Willard Scott delivering the weather in Carmen Miranda drag and justifying it as entertainment. Presumably, had they paid my way, it would've been considered checkbook journalism.

The separation between news and entertainment has become blurred beyond distinction. Thus, the lead item on *Entertainment Tonight* was about the high ratings CNN got during the hostage crisis. Certainly, a particular actor got caught in that twilight zone between news and entertainment when he lost the role of John Lennon because his real name is Mark Chapman, coincidentally the name of Lennon's assassin. And, no matter how sympathetic one might be to the plight of the American farmers, there was an inescapable absurdity to the scenario of four actresses — Sally Fields, Jane Fonda, Jessica Lange and Sissy Spacek — testifying before a congressional committee about farm problems.

Preceding me on the program was a segment about private corporations running prisons. During my interview, Jane Pauley asked what kind of material I would include if I were publishing *The Realist* today.

"Oh, I'd probably have a satire about private corporations running prisons."

Indeed, an article in the *Los Angeles Times* stated: "Those who advocate the use of private vendors on efficiency grounds contend they are free from civil service regulation and have lower pension and benefits costs as well as greater market incentives to increase productivity."

In other words, there would be a vested interest in perpetuating the myth of the criminal class.

Incidentally, the *Today* show paid the expenses of the guest who is a corporation executive in the prison business. But then, what can you expect from a TV program that's named after a contraceptive sponge?

Lenny Bruce Meets Rock Hudson

If Rock Hudson was gay, that just proves what a good actor he was, playing all those hetero parts. Twenty years ago, Lenny Bruce stood on a night club stage, saying:

"You've heard, no doubt, that Rock Hudson is a faggot. Of course you've heard it:

"'Rock Hudson's a fag. He's a fruit.'

"'Yeah, Rock Hudson's a fag. A fag.'

"I started thinking about it. I mean, he doesn't look like a faggot to me. Then I find out there's two hookers who don't know each other—East Coast and West Coast—that balled him. So if he gave up some bread for some trim, well, then he just can't be a faggot.

"Double gaited? No. That's some bullshit some faggot made up. I mean, I never did meet any cat who was double gaited. You dig chicks, or you don't, man.

"It's very possible that Rock Hudson is very sexual. He's just probably a very horny cat—makes it with guys, chicks, mud, sheep, anything. His fist. . . ."

Now that Rock Hudson is a victim of AIDS, there is another, less fatal disease permeating Hollywood — homosexuality denial syndrome. There has been gossip that Hudson caught AIDS from Doris Day.

I didn't even know she was Haitian.

Astrology Meets Skeptics

Last year, a respectable British newspaper, the *Guardian*, presented the results of a massive study on the relationship between occupation and sun sign; astrological effects were claimed.

Last month, the *Skeptical Inquirer*, journal of the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, continued to doubt, counter-claiming that a re-analysis shows the results can be explained by statistical fluctuations and self-attribution.

In any event, the personnel department at Texas Instruments in Fort Worth — a heavy recipient of defense contracts — checks astrological charts as a regular pre-hiring practice, for security purposes, looking for retrograde in Mercury or Venus as indications of trustworthiness.

At least, their medical department could provide astral therapy, for those potential employees who would prefer to switch to more favorable signs.

Editor Meets Deadline

The Realist will be published bi-monthly at first, then changed to monthly. Since subscriptions are figured by number, your \$23 will bring twelve issues, whether that takes one year or two. Please specify what issue you would like your sub to begin with. All copies are sent by first-class mail.

Best of the Realist is available from us for \$10.50. My previous book, *Tales of Tongue Fu*, is available for \$5.75. Both prices include postage.

Send your orders to *The Realist*, Box 14757, San Francisco 94114. It was in this very post office that I learned a most inspiring fact: Mailbox Improvement Week occurred in May. I hope you celebrated it properly.

—Paul Krassner

Encounter With the Biological Time Clock

The other day who should I run into but the Biological Time Clock. After doing nothing but mope about being ignored for the entire decade of the '70s, he was looking real smug. That's right, women. He. If you ask me, the BTC is the male in you, always demanding to run the show, always causing problems, always insisting on being the center of attention for a good 35-year chunk of your life. Then, *boom!*—at the hint or two of your having a gray pubic hair, he strikes out. Gone.

When I checked on what was what, why he was so chipper, he starts telling me that prior to these uppity baby boomer women, no one had the nerve to ignore him. Frankly, in my opinion, he wasn't even an issue before then. Who thought about the Biological Time Clock turning into an alarm clock? But he swept by me on that point, already slipping into verbal overdrive, chortling about the Moral Majority for their stance on children's rights until birth; delighting in the fact that 17% of all the waste in America now consists of disposable diapers.

"But these female boomers," he sizzled, "that demographic bulge should purge itself. I just don't understand you." Women refusing to be treated like the Avis of the gender split. Women wanting to lead, not to flock. Women caring more about social change than life change. "To get a little notice, I offered up multiple orgasms as the trade-off for menstrual cramps. Women still ignored me."

So according to his account he kept sounding his tattoo, yelling, "Yoo-hoo, Bulge! If you're not careful, you're going to wake up at 40, thwack your collective forehead with the palm of your hand and announce, 'Oops, I can't believe it. I forgot to have kids.'"

"You must realize I'm a sensitive violet," he began wailing. "Life makes me nervous, upsets my rhythms. When I simply couldn't handle this lack of attention any more, naturally I asked my therapist what do do." To which his therapist replied, "Well, what do you think?" At a hundred twenty-five bucks a clip, he thought pretty quickly: "These are the '80s; I'll hire a press agent!"

The next thing he knew there he was, the Biological Time Clock on the cover of *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Ms.* The guest on every major talk-show. Sure, some women continue to ignore him, but others, he bragged, began to sniffle about him. Still others now are begging him to slow down. Workshops are being conducted to exchange views on him. Grants are being awarded to examine The New and Improved Infertility. T-shirts are being printed emblazoned with his favorite slogan: "Menses is the Weeping of the Uterus for Not Being Impregnated."

And what's his response to this hoopla? "After all those years of you women being so snippy to me, you suddenly expect I'm

automatically going to turn into some kind of a doting uncle? *Phooey!*" And then he starts reciting all these things women should do to win back his favor. Dumb things like stop making dinner reservations in your own names. When you're talking stock, once more you've got to be talking soup. If some fella asks what's your favorite music, you must answer, "Anything you want to hear, dear."

Well, women, after pondering this dilemma for a while, I decided the following. Personally, I've never even seen the point in wearing a watch. And anyway, no matter your own special relationship with the Biological Time Clock, whether or not you want to ingratiate yourself with him, nothing alters this basic truth: Women's sexual prime will always remain men's mid-life crisis.

—Janet Bode



The White Stuff

I don't know if my vagina smells like fish or not. Men tell me that most vaginas do. But no one has told me how my vagina smells or tastes. It's not that I have shied away from tasting my own love drops; it's just that I've been preoccupied tasting different male juices. And although my sampling has been quite modest, I can attest to what female chatter only confirms—sperm is basically tasteless.

The truth should be out about this. Men seem to think that their white stuff is a culi-

nary delight, yet I know of no culinary courses extolling the flavor of sperm. And if, as rumored, Jack-in-the-Box cooks occasionally spill their cum on an irritating customer's hamburger, how many of us would be pleased with the added ingredient? Let's face it. Sperm may be one of the splendors of the world, but it is bland-tasting—kind of like how tofu would taste if it were put in a blender.

Women know this, though they may not speak of it. How else do you explain whipped cream lavished on the edge of so many penises? Adding flavor to bland-tasting sex glands just seems to enhance sex. Men must feel similarly. They've been known to pack exotically flavored ice cream within the vagina.

It's understandable to want to improve on what Nature may have overlooked, but the external application of food substances to sex glands is a clumsy method. First of all, it can be unpleasurably cold and a sure way to kill a hard-earned erection. Furthermore, it is messy. Once the thrill of love-making is over, the food-and-sperm mixture is left hanging on the sheet, waiting to be cleaned. There has to be a more elegant way for a mouthful of flavorful cum.

That's why it is high time that we figure out the amino acid vitamin, or whatever it is that could internally alter the flavor of cum. Vitamin B changes the color of urine, asparagus changes its smell, why can't we find the something that changes the flavor of cum? Then men could squirt red stuff that is raspberry-flavored, or brown stuff, chocolate-flavored. The flavor would merge with the warm body temperature and could have a smooth, unjagged consistency—warm and gooey, not cold and prickly. No sheets to wash.

Shy women could finally delight in swallowing their lovers' cum. No sperm would ever be spit out again.

Women would be able to take the vitamin, too. Clitorises could swim in sweet-tasting juices. Gone would be the conditioned anxiety some women have concerning how their pussies smell. Cunnilingus would never again be embarrassing for them. Down could go the barriers to intimacy. Relationships could be enhanced.

There could be a pill to make cum taste like French cuisine, or for those on a lower budget, a pill to make cum taste like fast food hamburgers. The pill could even stimulate the hormonal system to secrete nourishment along with the flavor. There could be diet cum pills for those who want to stay trim. Yuppies could save time by eating and having sex simultaneously. Then productivity could be increased, stimulating the economy and making it more likely for us to end the national deficit. We will all benefit.

Maybe then we wouldn't mind if we found out that the secret sauce on top of Jack-in-the-Box hamburgers is, after all, sperm.

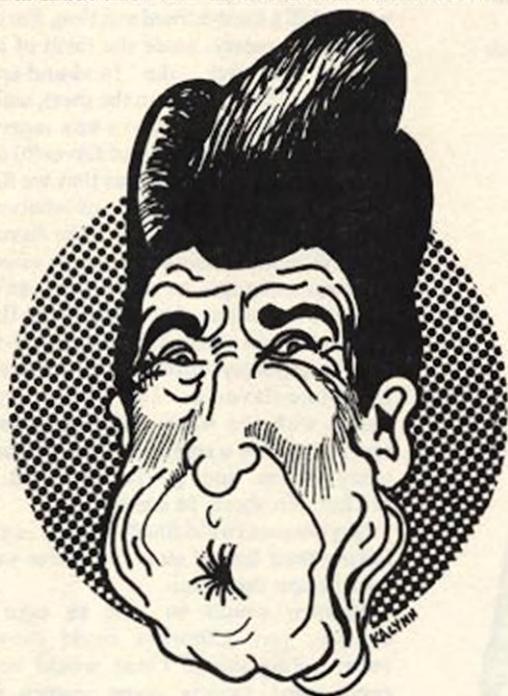
—Jacqueline Shtuyote

Ronald Reagan's Asshole

I don't know about you, but I just can't get enough of a good thing. It doesn't matter if it's sushi or ice cream or Madonna nude in *Playboy* or Madonna nude in *Penthouse* or Madonna nude in *Saturday Review*. Like all this stuff about President Reagan's operation. At first I didn't notice it. Even during the operation when Larry Speakes announced that George Bush was *not* taking control of the country in accordance with the 25th amendment.

I know it was cancer and everything, but I didn't really start paying attention until I noticed *The New York Times* had printed the word "anus" right on the front page. Let's face it, nobody's going to look twice at a word like "cancer" on the front page of the *Times*, but "anus," well, that's a whole different ball game. Especially when the anus in question belongs to the President of these United States. I guess that's when a lot of people stood up and took notice.

Suddenly everywhere you turned there were diagrams of the transverse colon and the ascending colon and the descending colon with arrows and perforated lines indicating where the incision was made and what used to be there. The doctors who per-



formed the operation made themselves available to the press on television to discuss the ileum and the jejunum and the duodenum, the veniform appendix and the sigmoid flexure. Never has the press so diligently protected the public's right to know.

Remember, those weren't just any patient's innards. Those were El Presidente's bowels! I was glued to the tube. Mesmerized. I suddenly realized we hardly know this man who's been our leader all these years. I wondered, "What's he really like, inside?" I decided I had not only a right to know, but a duty to find out, to answer the question, to uncover the inner workings of Ronald Reagan. Besides, like I told you, I just can't get enough of a good thing.

The answer to my question wasn't as hard to come by as I'd imagined. It cost me a bundle — the price of secrets has gone up recently — but it was worth every penny. You see, it turns out there was a secret project in October, 1984, jointly planned and organized by then White House Chief of Staff James Baker and Secretary of the Navy John Lehman in conjunction with American Telephone and Telegraph. The purpose of the mission: to enter the body of President Ronald Reagan in a miniaturized submarine, designed by a team which included the avid promoter of Star Wars, Edward Teller, and two of Patrick Buchanan's Nazi rocket scientist buddies.

Why, you might ask, undertake such a risky operation just before the presidential election? At first I assumed that the polyp removed last year, and originally reported as benign, was in fact malignant, and that the doctors had, as a last resort, decided to try a new form of radiation treatment: cruising the bowels in a nuclear-powered sub. But the story which emerges from the contents of the top secret document surprised even this seasoned student of the American political scene.

Remember how poorly Ronald Reagan performed in the first presidential debate? His lack of acuity was explained as the result of "overbriefing," or dismissed by aides who said, "The president's debating skills are a little rusty." This second explanation is in fact a lot closer to the truth than anyone at the time was willing to admit. These and other astonishing facts are obvious from the log of that fantastic voyage into Ronald Reagan's body, portions of which are published below:

LUNGS—As the "Sea Wolf" cruised through the capillaries and approached the alveoli, the temperature increased dramatically. As we moved through the bronchial passages toward the trachea, the ship felt like an oven. After conducting extensive tests throughout the lungs we were able to determine that the source of the heat was hot air.

THE HEART—We entered the carotid artery and glided through what we believed to be the right auricle of the heart. Upon arrival we discovered that we had apparently landed in the spleen. Repeated approaches proved unsuccessful in our attempt to locate this, the body's most important organ. (Since all approaches were in or near the center of the thorax it is conceivable he has a heart. It is just so far to the right we couldn't find it. Recommend search under right armpit during future voyages.)

THE EYES—Observed defect on X chromosome during maneuvers on the right retina, which generally indicates color blindness. Further tests show conclusively that eyes have capacity to see only the color red.

THE BRAIN—Noticed an extremely unpleasant smell which we were able to identify as rotten bananas. (Concluded from this and pre-mission briefing that Bonzo disobeyed the doctor's orders and ate just prior to the 1946 operation. This is a factor to consider if we opt to implant the Baby Fae Baboon brain as an interim measure for the second debate.) Replaced wires corroded by seeping shoe polish near the right occipital lobe. Installed two new semi-conductors in former location of medulla oblongata. Check of all parts and switches shows they're in good working order. Kudos to the boys at General Electric and the doctors at Humana Hospital. Wish Barney Clark and Robert Jarvik could have been here to see it.

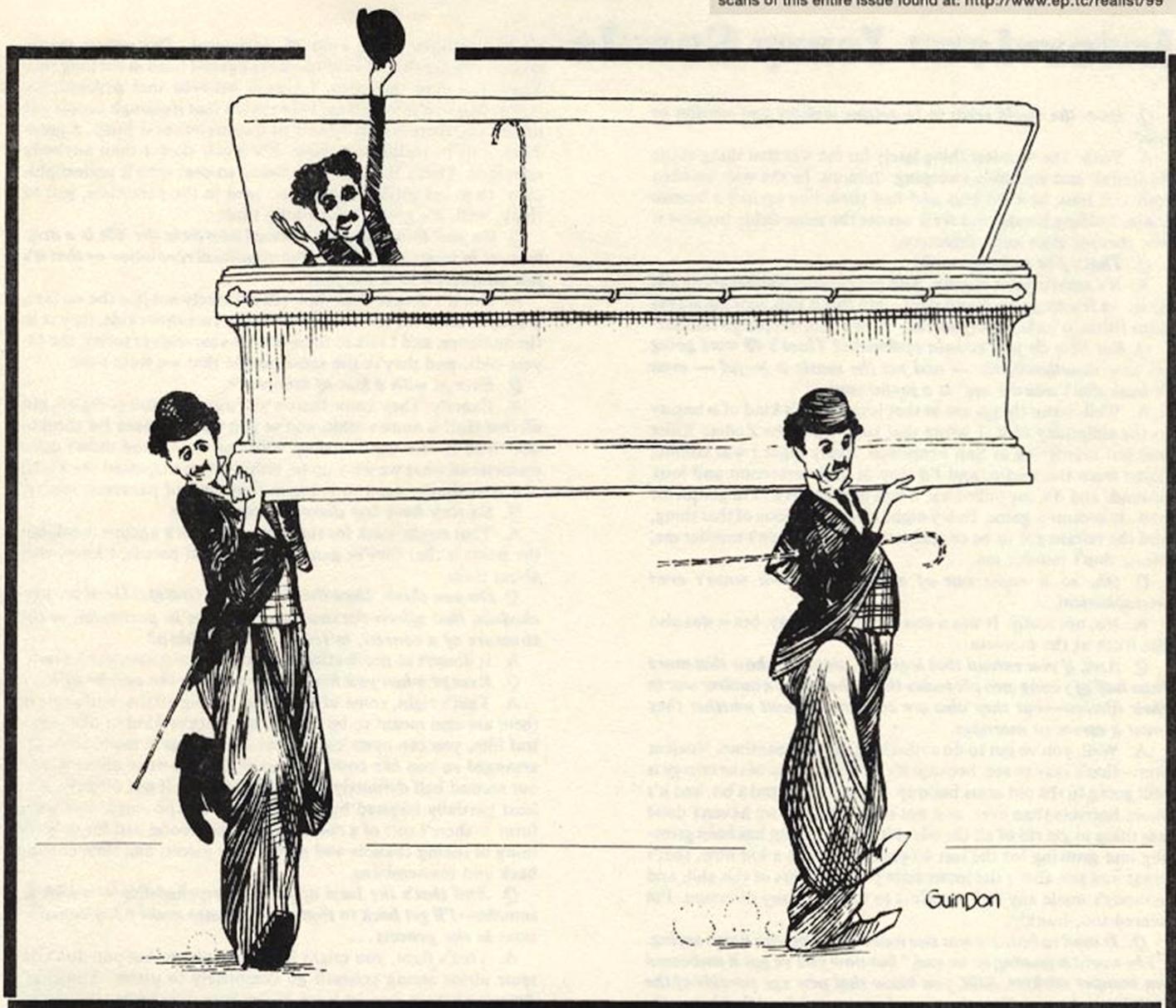
THE MOUTH—A technician's nightmare. Pully above right jaw joint severely corroded by lipstick and mortician's wax. String was off pulley and severely frayed, apparently from errant denture bites.

So there you have it. The secret story of a medical miracle, more interesting by far than the banal details of entrapment extraction. For those of you still not convinced, I advise you to keep a close eye on the spy trial of the Walker family. Why? I'll give you a clue. Who do you think manned the submarine, and who do you think was in a perfect position to filch this top secret medical report?

The only question remaining, a perplexing one indeed, is why Walker thought his KGB cohorts would be interested in a report like this. Are the Soviets such big fans of science fiction they are willing to shell out the kind of cash this report cost? Maybe. Did they really care about the details of Ronald Reagan's cosmetic surgery and hair-coloring techniques? Possibly.

My own theory is they wanted the technology. They obviously obtained it, and my guess is they tried to use it first on Brezhnev, then on Andropov, and finally on Chernenko. But it never worked. The Soviets were unable to implant an artificial brain in any of their leaders and were forced to promote the younger Gorbachev. If I'm right, it sounds like yet another victory for American technology!

—Robert Myers



The First Church of Science

I can picture it now. The ceiling would be a large revolving planetarium, displaying a continually accurate view of the heavens out to a distance of hundreds of million of light years, to the limit of the astronomers' explorations.

The stained glass windows around the chapel would show scenes from the story of evolution, with current *homo sapiens* pictured first as you enter the church, so that as you approach the altar, you are moving backwards in a relative space-time, toward the unknown beginning, one of the few mysteries left to be solved.

In the naves of the church would be bas-reliefs or statues of the Saints of Science, each of them at the moment of revelation: Heraclitus standing in his ever-changing river; Galileo looking through his telescope at the stars; Euclid with his ruler and crude

triangle; Einstein with his tongue sticking out; Schrodinger with a cat on his shoulder; Heisenberg looking uncertain.

The last of the stained glass windows shows a one-celled organism, and then you reach the altar at the front of the church. On either side of the stage are giant replicas of hydrogen and helium atoms, while all across the back of the altar are electrified models of other atoms, enlarged and spinning in their orbits, crashing into each other and exploding into flashes of light, giving the feeling of an ever-moving and dynamic reality of charged particles.

And there, in the center, where the Crucifix or Ark of the Torah normally stands, is the sacred symbol of the religion—six white dots on a field of black—a representation of the *six known quarks!* The Basic Stuff! The Holy Sextet:

'Up' ... 'Down' ... 'Top' ... 'Bottom' ... 'Strange' ... and 'Charmed' ... *Amen.*

As we enter the church, the congregation, all dressed in white lab coats, is reciting the table of basic elements and preparing to read from the new *Scientific Version of the Bible*. Genesis: "As far as our evidence now shows, in the beginning was the Big Bang. ..."

In the only significant prayer of the new church, the supplicants bow their heads and pray that somebody will soon come up with a Unified Field Theory. And finally, the congregation of the First Church of Science will chant their great mantra, which not only contains the seed syllable of the universe but also the name of the seed itself, the Mahamantra: "Atom Ah Hum, Atom Ah Hum, Atom Ah Hum. ..."

—Scoop Nisker

Interview: Jerry Garcia

Q. Does the world seem to be getting weirder and weirder to you?

A. Yeah. The weirdest thing lately for me was that thing of the Ayatollah and the mine-sweeping children. In the war between Iran and Iraq, he used kids and had them line up like a human chain, holding hands, and walk across the mine fields because it was cheaper than mine detectors.

Q. That's just unfathomable.

A. It's amazingly inhuman. And people complained about the Shah—a few fingernails and stuff—but this is kids walking across mine fields. It's absolutely surreal. How could people go for that?

Q. But how do you remain optimistic? There's 48 wars going on now simultaneously — and yet the music is joyful — even "Please don't murder me" is a joyful song.

A. Well, when things are at that level, there's kind of a beauty to the simplicity of it. I wrote that song when the Zodiac Killer was out murdering in San Francisco. Every night I was coming home from the studio, and I'd stop at an intersection and look around, and if a car pulled up, it was like, this is it, I'm gonna die now. It became a game. Every night I was conscious of that thing, and the refrain got to be so real to me. "Please don't murder me, please don't murder me..."

Q. Oh, so it came out of a literal truth—it wasn't even metaphorical.

A. No, not really. It was a coincidence in a way, but it was also the truth at the moment.

Q. And, if you extend that logically, statistics show that more than half of young people today think there'll be a nuclear war in their lifetime—but they also are concerned about whether they want a career or marriage.

A. Well, you've got to do something in the meantime. Nuclear war—that's easy to see, because it's true that most of the energy is still going to the old arms buildup. It hasn't changed a bit, and it's more horrible than ever, and not only that, but we haven't done anything to get rid of all the old shit, so that thing has been growing and growing for the last 40 years. If you're a kid now, that's what you see, that's the immediate past, 40 years of this shit, and nobody's made any serious effort to turn it in any direction. I'm scared too, frankly.

Q. It used to be there was one weird old man with a sign saying, "The world is coming to an end," but now you've got it embossed on bumper stickers. Still, you know that new age parable of the 100th monkey — about these monkeys on an island that have subsisted on sweet potatoes and they've always eaten them with the sand on.

A. Oh, I know about those monkeys. They wash the sweet potatoes in the salt water now.

Q. But one young monkey started it.

A. A young female monkey.

Q. And then other monkeys started following suit, and when there was a certain critical mass—and that's the metaphor of the 100th monkey, it could've been the 97th or the 108th — when enough young monkeys were doing it, then the first adult monkey started. Reverse generational influence. Then other adult monkeys started doing it.

A. Yeah, there was a moment when all of a sudden it seemed as though all the monkeys knew how to do it.

Q. And then, even on adjoining islands — a psychic connection. And how that applies to human behavior, no matter what we're doing on an individual or a group basis, if we take ourselves as the 100th monkey, we could be the one to change the tide.

A. Absolutely. It always did seem like it was a matter of numbers, like you really only needed a percentage of people kind of pulling psychically in the right direction in order to just avoid the worst possible scenario, and it always seemed that the positive had some kind of natural inclination to get the weight. Destroying things lacks a certain element of organization, it's operating at a disadvantage essentially, because the idea of building things

always requires some kind of agreement. Destroying things doesn't require that, it kind of works against itself in the long run. Yeah, I believe that idea. I always believed that psychedelics meant that in a certain way. I always felt that if enough people got turned on, there would be sort of a consciousness jump, a paradigm shift in reality somehow. It's much slower than anybody imagined. That's the way I've chosen to deal with it philosophically, to avoid getting too discouraged in the meantime, just to think, well, it's gonna take a long time.

Q. Do you think that the renewed interest in the '60s is a deep interest in terms of perpetuating a spiritual revolution or that it's just an interest in a '60s fad?

A. No, it's deeper than that. It's definitely not just the surface, it's much more the soulful stuff, because I see those kids, they're in the audience, and I talk to them, the 16-year-olds of today, the 18-year-olds, and they're the same people that we were then.

Q. Except with a loss of innocence.

A. Exactly. They know there's way more bullshit going on, but all that stuff is more visible, and so in a way it's easier for them to deal with it. We were dealing with that world and didn't quite understand what we were up to, although we suspected the worst, and now they're used to being in that kind of paranoid reality.

Q. So they have less deconditioning to do.

A. That might work for them, it might work against them, but the point is that they're game, they're good people, I know that about them.

Q. Do you think, since the roots of the Grateful Dead are psychedelic, that affects the structure of a song in particular, or the structure of a concert, in terms of the buildup?

A. It doesn't so much affect the structure of a song particularly.

Q. Except when you have a free reign in the middle of it.

A. That's right, some of our songs are big affairs, and some of them are also meant to be opened up. They're kind of like loose-leaf files, you can open 'em up and stick things in them; some are arranged so you can contain an experience, sort of direct it, and our second half definitely has a shape which, if not directly, is at least partially inspired by the psychedelic experience, as a wave form — there's sort of a rise in that — the second half for us is the thing of taking chances and going all to pieces, and then coming back and reassembling.

Q. And that's the leap of faith of psychedelics — which is, somehow I'll get back to that core — I may make a few convolutions in the process...

A. That's right, you might lose a few pieces, but you don't despair about seeing yourself go completely to pieces. You don't despair about it, you let it go. We've been doing some interesting things the last couple of years in our most free-form stuff that's not really attached to any particular song. It's just free-form music, it's not rhythmic, it's not really attached to any musical norms, it's the completely weird shit. We've been picking themes for that, and thinking of it as being like a painting, or a movie. Reagan in China was one of our themes. One time we had the Kadafy Death Squad as our theme. Sometimes the theme is terribly detailed, and sometimes it's just a broad subject. We do this when we think about it, when we remember to, it's not a hard and fast rule, but that part of the music at times has some tremendous other level of organization that pulls it together, makes it really interesting.

It's like whether you worry about the world out there when you're having some kind of personal experience, a psychedelic experience or whatever, anything that's happening in your life — and the world out there, how it affects you, how it sort of colors things that are happening in your trip. The music is like psychedelics in a way, and there are times even when I come off stage, and I swear I've been dosed but I know I haven't. And it's happened to all of us in the band. There is some bio-chemical reality in there that has to do with maybe the loudness of the music, or maybe like the East Indians believe, that intervals in music contain emotional realities. Their music is organized where each interval has an emotional truth that goes along with it, and so when they're playing, they're playing your heart, or they're

playing a kind of nervous system music. That's the way they believe, and it feels that way when you hear it too, so there may be those kinds of realities in there that are kicking off some kind of bio-chemistry, subtle brain proteins, and changes of that sort.

Q. *It could be, because there's certain notes you reach on a guitar, I'll find my body moving, and when I'm really close to myself, I realize that what I'm doing is, I'm producing endorphins.*

A. Absolutely right. It's there. Since that work is kind of *outré*, nobody is really delving into that stuff to see, is it happening or is it not happening? Maybe eventually.

Q. *They're waiting until they can see some way to synthesize and merchandise endorphins—because we get 'em free now. They've discovered that addiction to cigarette smoking is really addiction to endorphins produced by the tissue damage. So if a drug company, ethical or unethical, were able to manufacture synthetic endorphins, they could eliminate all these middle processes. People wouldn't have to jog any more . . .*

A. Right, the joggers are definitely strung out on endorphins. They experience withdrawal and everything. There's so much mystery there in brain chemistry that I'm sure you cough up a psychedelic experience every once in a while. It doesn't happen all the time, but it happens pretty frequently — frequently enough for me personally to be aware that there's something there. More interesting yet is that I've experienced at times — this has only happened on those rare occasions when somebody on stage is smoking DMT, it's usually like the Hell's Angels — but when

Made in America



An international symbol for Japan, a character named Taro San — equivalent to Uncle Sam in the United States and John Bull in England — has been created by political cartoonist Ranan Lurie, with the consent of Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone. Ironically, the character is holding up both hands in the air and making V's with his fingers, a symbol of victory over the Axis popularized by Winston Churchill in World War II.

there's DMT being smoked on stage, there's actually an interference that occurs, a measurable effect that happens to the electronics on stage. I mean I can hear it, and if I had the right meters, I could measure it. It really changes things — there's a real *electron* leap of some sort that produces a kind of wireless broadcast.

There are times when I'd notice, hey, suddenly something is very different, and *then* notice the smell of DMT. Like you're playing an electric guitar, you're doing very minute things with your fingertips. The smallest string is 9/1000th of an inch in diameter, and that's pretty small — so you're dealing with minute little changes which are amplified up to huge size, and so the psycho-acoustic effect that happens in that chain, is something you feel with your body, it's not just something you hear, you *feel* it, it affects your touch. So that DMT thing, it's like somebody sticks in a square wave generator, all of a sudden the waves are just chopped off right at the top, it's like a super fuzz tone is inserted in the line somewhere, and also the amplitude jumps up about 20-30%. It's an amazing effect. We don't know what the brain does. I'm sure it's a measurable, quantifiable, repeatable thing, in terms of "science."

Q. *But always, underneath, there's another layer of mystery — but everybody needs a metaphor for the mystery — so people who hear that 100th monkey story say, well, the first young female monkey to wash off the sweet potato was an Aries, and they have a certain pioneer spirit.*

A. What was that sweet potato saying to that monkey?

Q. *Help me to reach my sweet-potato-hood.*

A. Help me get the skin off.

Q. *The truth is, those monkeys needed all of that sand on the sweet potatoes for roughage in their diet—then these meddling anthropologists come along—now there's islands full of constipated monkeys.*

A. Now the monkeys just love the anthropologists. They take their lunch. They don't even fuck with the sweet potatoes anymore.

Q. *They take their laxatives anyway.*

A. Japanese monkeys hooked on Ex-Lax.

Q. *That could be a theme for a Dead concert . . . What picture would you paint right now?*

A. Well, let's see, we should be on enormous divans with silk cushions all over, surrounded by nubile maidens feeding us peeled grapes, with huge bubbly hookahs.

Q. *You didn't have to think about that image very long, did you?*

A. No, no, all I had to do was tune in to that rock'n'roll place where things happen.

Q. *And so as we look around the room we see some young female monkeys washing sweet potatoes in the salt water bathtub.*

A. There's the wreckage of jeeps over there.

Q. *There is Persian powder being smuggled inside Khomeini posters.*

A. By amputated children who've been blown up from mine-detecting.

Q. *I'd like to send a note to Khomeini, "Those kids weren't raised to be mine-detectors." And a note to Jesse Jackson, "If you can apologize to Jewish leaders for saying 'hymies,' I want you to apologize to the rock community for saying that you want to censor the lyrics of rock music."*

A. Oh, no—did he say that?

Q. *Yeah, because he was afraid that it would lead to sexuality, or even accompany it.*

A. Come on, doesn't he remember back when they were calling rock music "nigger music"?

Q. *That'll be the Dead's next benefit—for the Jesse Jackson Birth Control Clinic . . . Even though your music is on one level entertainment, I think it's also service.*

A. Actually, I've always thought that we were like a public works, really, a utility as much as anything else. That's the way it feels, and for a lot of people, it's *therapeutic* to have a real good time once in a while. I know it is for me, definitely, and that's what we do as far as I'm concerned, really. And being able to direct that in some way or another is awfully nice. I remember one time a long time ago—Ken Kesey and Wavy Gravy were involved with it too, I guess not coincidentally — we played someplace funny, like Cincinnati, at a university there, and they had Kesey speaking there, and the Hog Farm was there also, and this was in '69, maybe '68. We went there and played and the people got off on it, just enormously, and we left town, but the Hog Farmers stayed behind, and the day after the concert they got on the local FM radio station—back in those days, they had loose, free-form radio — and they said, there's this vacant lot — there was this lot in the black section of town that had old tires and bedsprings and junk and garbage and all kinds of shit — and they said, "Let's clean up this lot." And they got people to stop there, sort of steaming on the energy of the concert from the night before, kind of continuing that feeling.

At the end of the day, when those ladies came home from their jobs over on the white side of town, there was a *park* there. It's like taking the energy of that high — Wavy Gravy and the Hog Farmers have such grace in doing things like that — and to me, that's always been a great service model, you know, how can you turn this into something, how can you take it another step, without it turning into some kind of willful mind manipulation? And that was one of the times that happened, really spontaneously. It was just great, and we got such lovely feedback from it. But for me, it's always been this model of, if you get the right elements going there and people who are clear about that good energy, there's definitely stuff that you can make happen that turns out good, and everybody feels good about it.

MEDIA FREAK

The Marketing Tool Case

It was an organic joke. Would the TWA hostages receive Frequent Flyer bonus points for the mileage accumulated while their hijacked plane shuttled back and forth between Beirut and Algiers? The joke mushroomed its way up into public relations territory.

Finally, Larry Hilliard, director of corporate communications, had to issue a statement: "The management at TWA feels that the Frequent Flyer program is a marketing tool and a commercial effort. To award mileage earned on the unfortunate incident of the hijacking would be inappropriate."

A week later, Hilliard changed his tune, and announced that 11,000 miles would be credited to one of the hostages, Arthur Toga, whose wife had contacted TWA. "We are not going to go out and solicit other hostages to request mileage for this," he said. "We consider that in poor taste. If some other hostages call up and request it, we'll do it."

Strangely enough, Debra Toga could not recall asking him about credit for the extra miles.

Macho Mania

The distribution of that poster in which President Reagan's face has been superimposed on the bare-chested, weapon-toting body of Sylvester Stallone's movie character, *Rambo*, bears a touch of *deja vu*. There was once a poster with the faces of Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey superimposed on the motorcycle-riding bodies of Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper in *Easy Rider*. And look what happened to them.

Gesture of the Month

Herb Caen reported in the *San Francisco Chronicle* that 4,000 dancers would be swaying in silence, each wearing a Sony Walkman tuned to radio station KALX, playing four hours of dance music. This scene was to take place at a UC-Berkeley dormitory, in order to get around a new edict against amplified music.

A Tale of Two Arrests

According to UPI, police in Chesapeake, Virginia arrested a blind man who had decided it was safer for him to drive than his intoxicated companion, who ended up giving him verbal directions. The car was weaving across three lanes at 3 a.m. He was charged with drunken driving, reckless driving and driving without a license.

According to AP, a 15-year-old boy who was trapped by police while burglarizing a store in Phoenix, Arizona, hid when officers ordered him to give up. They announced that vicious German shepherd dogs from the K-9 corps were about to be released. He finally surrendered after the police began barking. This was a different kind of blind faith.

With or Without MSG?

The G. Gordon Liddy Privileged Palate Award goes to Wu Yonggui for his potential solution to an ancient Chinese puzzle, what to do about the rats who eat 15 million tons of grain annually. In an article titled "Eradicate Rats By Developing Rodent Resources" in the Peking journal, *Economic Information*, he lamented the fact that despite China's reputation for gourmet oddities, "the delicious and highly nourishing rat meat has thus far escaped the notice of gourmets."

What About Remote Control?

The Anti-Circumcision League of St. Priapus Church in San Francisco states in its literature:

"Circumcision is a painful amputation which removes more than half of the penile nerve endings. Secular circumcision was instigated by Victorian doctors as a cure for masturbation, which they believed caused insanity, blindness, heart disease, cancer, and of course, death. Contrary to popular opinion, it does not prevent disease nor improve hygiene. Although it does reduce sexual sensation by more than half, it does not prevent masturbation. More than 90% of new-born boys are subjected to foreskin amputation, even though it has been condemned as useless by every major medical group."

Actually, in recent years, the nationwide percentage of boy babies circumcised has dropped from over 90% to 75%. One victim of the operation, who was circumcised for medical reasons at age 24, compared sex before and after circumcision to watching TV in color and watching it in black and white.

Of Dwarves and Chickens

Twice a week at a Canadian hotel this summer, Little Brutus, a dwarf wearing red knee and elbow pads, a collar brace and a yellow hockey helmet, was tossed through the air by competitors, landing on special air mattresses. On opening night, the top prize of \$75 went to a longshoreman who tossed him 11 feet, 4 inches.

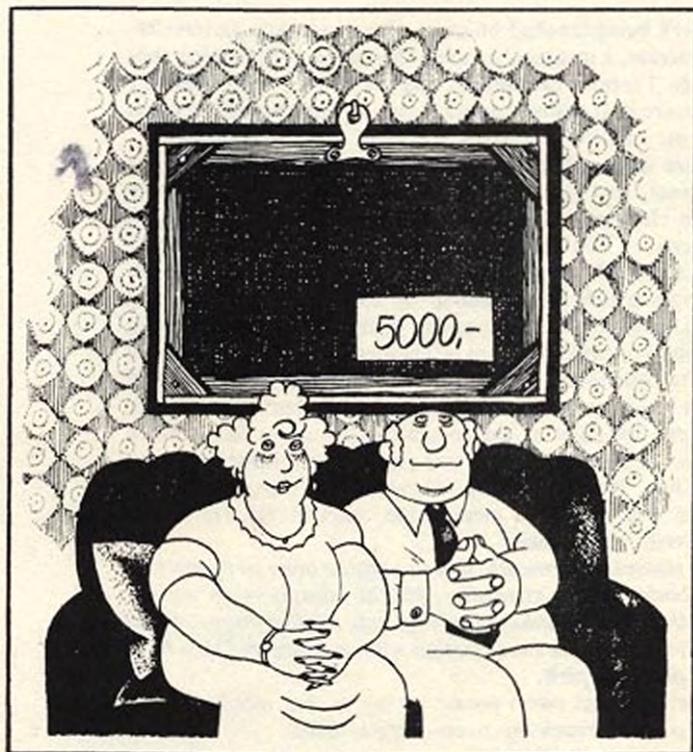
There was angry reaction from the local branch of the Little People of Canada, who labeled the event "barbaric and insulting." Replied Little Brutus, who earned \$200: "Everybody's got a way to earn a buck. Some people shine shoes, some sell Kool-Aid. I do this. It's no big deal."

A few months previously, the news of dwarf-tossing at a bar in Australia had been broken by *Chicago Tribune* columnist Mike Royko.

As a result, Royko received a call from David Stover, owner of a tavern in Springfield, Illinois. He had obtained a large sheet of plywood, about the size of a banquet table, painted it with squares so that it looked like a giant checkerboard, and covered the top with wire mesh, giving it a cage-like effect. Customers would bet on different squares. Then a chicken would be put inside the wire cage. If it defecated upon a square that you picked, you would be declared the winner.

One problem: "Chickens are not the tidiest animals," Stover explained. "Sometimes they leave a line about two feet long going through half a dozen squares, and we'd have big arguments about who the winner was." They had to get a line judge to decide which square had the most droppings. The contests have lasted as little as six seconds and as long as an hour.

But one thing remains certain. If this is Tuesday, it must be "Chicken Shit Night."



—Barbara Henniger, *Eulenspiegel*, Berlin