

# The Realist

Number 120  
Editor: Paul Krassner

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## Great Moments in Evangelism

by Kevin Bright

It was a Saturday in August, 1983, almost a year to the day since I moved from Manhattan to Los Angeles, and while I was in the final stages of making my transition from subways to freeways, I still didn't feel a part of the celebrity-driven madness called Hollywood.

It was 11:30, my wife Claudia was making breakfast, and as I looked out to the street from the window of my house, it seemed like any other Saturday morning. Birds chirping, dogs walking, neighbors watering, when all of a sudden a large white Cadillac came down our quiet removed cul-de-sac (California real estate lingo), made a u-turn and parked. The doors of the car flung open and out popped four well-dressed young white men. The literature in their hands led me to conclude that the quiet of my Saturday was about to be interrupted by the Bible Patrol.

I walked away from the window and thought of New York and how my apartment building with a doorman and a security buzzer system would have prevented the onslaught of these space goyem. But I was alone in this, and not owning a gun like many Californians, I was left with coming up with the best way to say, "No thank you."

I returned to the window to see what could be keeping my unwanted guests when I noticed a fifth member had been added to their ranks. He was black, shabbily dressed, wearing dark sunglasses, and as if this wasn't enough to make him stand out in the company of pristine whiteness, he was carrying an open umbrella. The umbrella pointed to the street like he was trying to protect himself from passing traffic with it. I was right; space goyem.

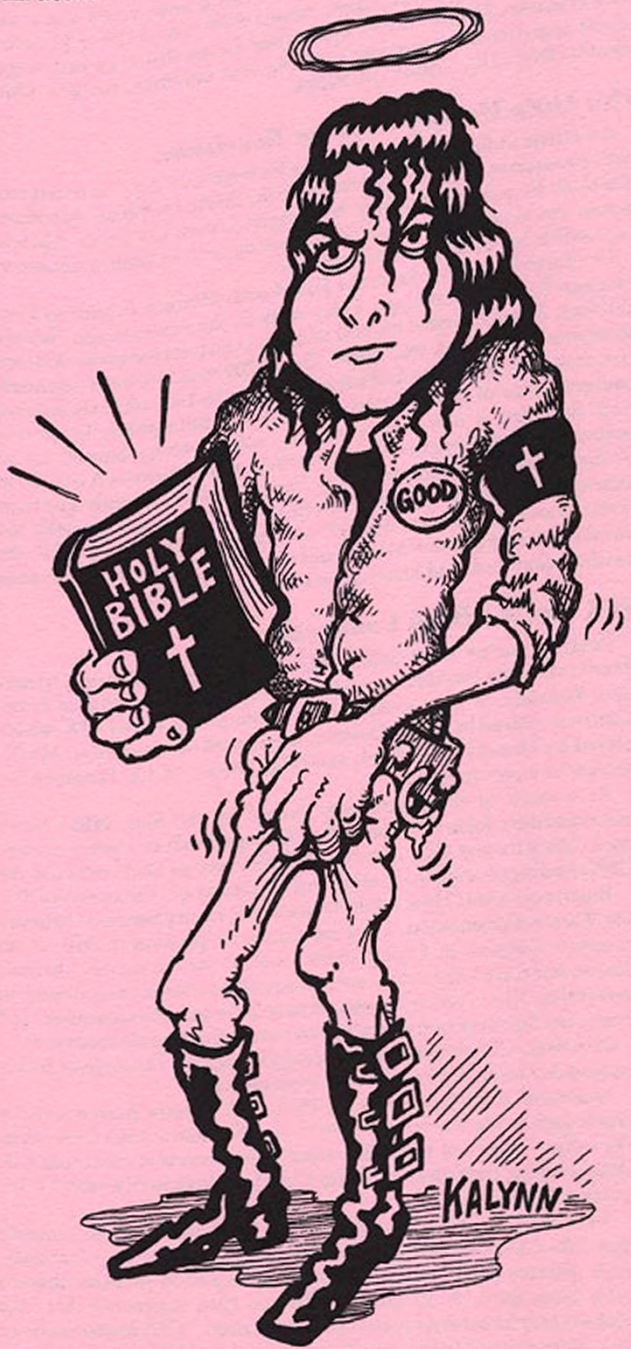
They started up my walk-path and I began to concentrate on the face of the young black man in the middle. As he drew closer, a tidal wave of recognition hit my brain. Michael Jackson was approaching my doorstep. No, not the talk show host, not some distant relative of Jesse's. Not Tito, not Marlin, not Jackie, not Jermaine, but Michael. As his gloveless finger moved toward the doorbell my mind raced. What should I do? What should I say? Did I have time for a quick shower? After all, this was when *Thriller* was bigger than LaToya's chest and Michael was at the top of his game.

The bell rang. I walked to the door, grabbed the knob and, holding my breath with anticipation, opened the door. There he was. No makeup, no glove, no flash at all. As I looked at him, I realized that this was probably the closest anyone had come to seeing Michael Jackson naked in a long time. Then, in his trademark high-whisper voice, he spoke:

"Hi, my name is Joe [his father's real name, for the unenlightened], and I believe that peace on earth will not come through faith in our governments alone. That only through faith in our Lord Jehovah can true peace be brought to our planet. That's why I'm selling these pamphlets for 50 cents to cover the cost of printing."

Now what do I do? I had to face it, normally I wouldn't give these people the time of day, not to mention cover the cost of printing. So what if it was Michael Jackson—I had my principles, I had my own beliefs, I had to do the right thing. I told him to wait here and I went to get my wife and some money. I returned with my spouse in tow and handed Michael a single dollar bill. He looked at me, seemingly shocked by my generosity, and said, "Oh, this is too much money." I told him to keep the change.

As I watched him walk away, he opened his umbrella and headed up the street with his escorts, onward to bring a spiritual thrill into the lives of others. I thought to myself, "This is my sign, welcome to Hollywood"—and how I'd just received the best entertainment value for my dollar, ever. "What's next? Joan Rivers collecting for Hadassah?"



Tom Cruise selling L. Ron Hubbard door to door? Richard Gere pitching for the Dalai Lama? Roseanne and Tom Arnold for Mothers Against Drunk Driving and Alcoholics Anonymous combined (MAAAD)? Jerry Lewis and his kids personally bringing the Muscular Dystrophy telethon right into my home?"

I looked out the window and could only hope.

## COURT JESTER

### Personal Propaganda

I've finally finished writing my unauthorized autobiography, *The Winner of the Slow Bicycle Race*, to be published next year by Simon & Schuster. In the process, I fell behind in preparing this issue of *The Realist*—which makes it either a late Spring issue or an early Summer issue. I opted for the latter. Subscriptions won't be affected since they're figured by the number of issues received. Rates: \$12 for 6 issues; \$23 for 12 issues. Please mention which issue you'd like your subscription to begin with. Back issues: #99 thru #119 at \$2 each. Also available: *The (Almost) Unpublished Lenny Bruce*, an anthology of the controversial comedian's articles and columns, for \$10. Our address: Box 1230, Venice CA 90294.

### This Little Monkey Went on Television

An article in this issue, "Politics as Performance Art," is excerpted with permission from Marty Jezer's book, *Abbie Hoffman: American Rebel*, to be published in July by Rutgers University Press. Abbie's genius was to use the media as an organizing tool, by pulling off stunts as a vehicle for getting out information.

On Earth Day, I spoke at the Hundredth Monkey Project to Stop Nuclear Testing, heralding a 5-day walk in the desert to the Nevada Test Site, illegally located on land which was guaranteed to the Western Shoshone Nation in an 1863 treaty. Out of 700 nuclear bombs detonated underground, more than half have resulted in leaked radiation, causing contamination of groundwater, soil and the atmosphere. Organizer Rick Springer, a non-violent idealist, was psyching himself up to interrupt Ronald Reagan the next morning at the National Association of Broadcasters convention in Las Vegas. And he certainly got their attention. The spirit of Abbie Hoffman lives on. Unfortunately, the media focussed on the "attack" on Reagan, coupling it with the streaker at the Academy Awards and the blonde bimbo who runs onto baseball diamonds and kisses players against their will.

### JFK and the Bush Connection

Political satirist Mort Sahl, who once worked for New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison investigating the assassination of President Kennedy, is now amused by a scene in the movie *JFK* where Garrison, played by Kevin Costner, meets with the mysterious Mr. X, played by Donald Sutherland, and takes notes—"CIA, Pentagon"—so that he won't forget.

As a result of the controversy caused by the film, NBC News correspondent John Cochran asked George Bush at a press conference, "As a former CIA director, did you ever go back and read the CIA's findings during that period and satisfy any of your curiosity?"

Bush responded: "No, I didn't have any curiosity because I believed the Warren Commission. I saw no reason to question it. Still see no reason to question it. I don't know much about the movie. I haven't seen it, and there's all kinds of conspiratorial theories floating around on everything. Elvis Presley is rumored to be alive and well someplace, and I can't say that somebody won't go out and make a movie about that."

However, CIA documents obtained through the Freedom of Information Act catch the President in a blatant lie.

In a memo dated September 15, 1976, CIA director Bush wrote: "A recent Jack Anderson story referred to a November 1963 CIA cable, the subject matter of which has some U.K. journalist observing Jack Ruby visiting Trafficante in jail (in Cuba). Is there such a cable? If so, I would like to see it."

Bush was also curious about another Anderson column claiming that "the CIA withheld data in JFK probe" and asserting that then-CIA director James McCone had briefed Lyndon Johnson about a cable from the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City suggesting that "the Cubans may have been behind the assassination." CIA memos indicate that Bush wrote "Is this true?" in the margin. A few days later, he received a 5-page CIA memo disputing Anderson's allegation.

Yet another document shows that Bush asked a high-ranking CIA official, Seymour Bolten, about a news story in the *Washington Star* of October 1, 1976, connecting Lee Harvey Oswald to the CIA. In a memo dated October 4, Bush asked, "Will this cause problems for

Helms?"—a reference to former CIA director Richard Helms, who had sworn to the Warren Commission that the CIA had never "even contemplated" any contacts with Oswald. Bolten replied that "this article will further smear Dick Helms' reputation and probably cause him some anxious moments, but I do not see how it can result in any additional legal problems for him, as it is a gross distortion of the facts."

Issue #117 of *The Realist* featured an article by Paul Kangas, "The Role of Richard Nixon and George Bush in the Assassination of President Kennedy." Now, in the *Austin Chronicle*, David Armstrong has published further revelations:

- An FBI report made public in the late 1970s, which lay buried among the 98,755 pages of documents released at the time, indicates that within hours of Kennedy's death, "On November 22, 1963, Mr. George H. W. Bush, 5525 Briar, Houston, Texas, telephonically advised . . . that one James Parrott has been talking of killing the President when he comes to Houston." Kennedy had visited Houston the previous day. Bush was the head of a Houston oil company and in the early stages of an ultimately unsuccessful bid for the U.S. Senate. The FBI launched an investigation of Parrott, who denied ever threatening Kennedy's life. When questioned about the FBI report by the *San Francisco Examiner* in 1988, the then-Vice President's press office originally said Bush hadn't made the call and challenged the document's authenticity. Several days later, an aide told the *Examiner* Bush "does not recall" making the call. Parrott has no doubt it was President Bush who placed the call. At the time of the assassination, Parrott served as a volunteer for the Harris County Republican Party, which Bush then chaired.

- On November 29, 1963, FBI director J. Edgar Hoover sent a memo to the State Department, concerning the reaction of Miami's anti-Castro Cuban community to the Kennedy assassination. Hoover reports that on November 23, "Mr. George Bush of the CIA" was informed of the Bureau's findings. During the 1988 presidential campaign, Joseph McBride of *The Nation* asked whether Bush had worked for the CIA before becoming its director in 1976. "The answer is no," Vice Presidential spokesman Stephen Hart replied. Former CIA director Richard Helms said, "I don't recall anyone by that name working for the agency . . . He certainly never worked for me." McBride, however, cites an unnamed source "with close connections to the intelligence community" who "confirms that Bush started working for the agency in 1960 or 1961, using his oil business as a cover for clandestine activities." This source, who McBride says worked with the CIA from the late 1950s through the 1960s, said of then-Vice President Bush: "I know he was involved in the Caribbean. I know he was involved in the suppression of things after the Kennedy assassination." Shortly after McBride's article appeared in *The Nation*, the CIA began circulating a story that the George Bush named in the memo was not the Vice President, but "apparently" referred to George William Bush, who had worked for the agency at the time of the assassination. McBride tracked down George William Bush, who told McBride he'd been employed by the CIA for about six months between 1963 and 1964, but never received interagency briefings because he was "just a lowly researcher and analyst" and worked only with photographs and documents. Bush flatly denied he was the person named in the memo.

- Bush's name crops up in the personal phone book of George de Mohrenschildt, one of the most mysterious figures associated with the Kennedy assassination. A Russian-born nobleman with close ties to the oil industry and intelligence community, he is best known as the CIA "babysitter" of Lee Harvey Oswald. His involvement with the CIA and its forerunner, the OSS, began during World War II when he worked for the French underground in the U.S. Throughout the 1950s and 1960s, he developed close relations with some of the wealthiest and most powerful individuals in the country, including oil tycoons H.L. Hunt, Clint Murchison and John Mecom. Another Texas oilman de Mohrenschildt apparently counted among his acquaintances was President Bush. His phone book, now on file at the National Archives, contains the listing: *Bush, George H.W. (Poppy), 1412 W. Ohio, also Zapata Petroleum, Midland 4-6355.*

- In October, 1962, George de Mohrenschildt convinced Lee Harvey Oswald to move to Dallas, and for the next six months they cultivated an unusual friendship. "Whatever his [de Mohrenschildt's] suggestions were, Lee grabbed them and took them, whether it was what

## Death, Where Is Thy Bong?

As this is written, Robert Alton Harris is approaching the end of his 14-year stay on San Quentin's "Death Row" (our nominee for Worst Nomenclature In Real Estate History). Unfortunately for Harris, he was scheduled to conclude this residency on April 21, by means of lethal gas. Or, as the local news media chose to put it, "to keep his date with the gas chamber"—a description of the event that seems singularly inappropriate.

His date with the gas chamber? Hey, we've all been on some memorably shitty dates in our lives—I recall one double-date with a couple who'd had burritos for dinner, and the effect was rather like a date with the gas chamber—but to compare an execution to an unpleasant social engagement seems ghoulishly frivolous.

Harris was convicted of some genuinely ghastly and sadistic acts of homicide, the kind that lend validity to Lucky Luciano's alleged observation, "Some people, they better off they die." Still, any death, even that of somebody you'd just as soon use to test AIDS vaccines, should be treated with some gravity and respect.

Well (as somebody probably said to Harris toward the end), don't hold your breath. Death-with-dignity may be a fine ideal, but whenever the government is involved, you automatically introduce the element of *bureaucracy*, a concept that God evidently created to help standup comics make the rent.

Put state employees in charge of taking a life—especially in that game preserve for the logic-impaired California—and instances of ludicrous imbecility become almost inevitable.

For example, in mid-1991, about ten days before Harris was then booked to play the Final Room, some marijuana was reportedly found in his cell. Nine days later, he received a last-minute Stay of Execution. The response of prison officials, in more-or-less these words, was, "Well, at least now we'll have time to punish him for the pot."

This is a classic illustration of the mentality that has *Civil Servant* running just behind *Racetraction Tout* in various "Most Admired" opinion surveys. Here was a man who was a virtual lock to suck the fumes before the next election, and the prison system's primary concern was with nailing him for misdemeanor possession before time ran out. How exactly did they figure to *punish* someone whom they already intended to kill at the earliest opportunity? The options seem both limited and ineffectual, under the circumstances. Extending his sentence would clearly be counterproductive. So, do you suspend his exercise privileges? Ban him from the Rec Room? Disconnect his TV? ("Damn, I can do without *The Simpsons*, but I'm gonna miss *Top Cops*.") Here's an idea: No dessert for his last meal! That should teach

him a lesson.

Let's face it, the very concept of "punishment" as we understand it simply doesn't pertain to someone who chooses to contemplate his impending death while getting *good and high*.

Of course, the San Quentin staff wasn't just concerned with Harris, but with sending a firm, no-nonsense message to his fellow condemned. From the authorities' point of view, it's quite simple: "Look, if we let *him* get away with it, then *all* the guys we plan to execute might want to get loaded first. We're just afraid that it could be *bad for morale on Death Row*."  
—Bob Wieder

## Barbie's Lawyer

After hearing me talk for an hour, Alan Berg said, "Enough already, namedrops keep falling on my head. Maybe you know famous poets, but I had dinner with Barbie's lawyer!" I wasn't aware that Barbie was in court but that's just where she is. She went to court over a new doll called Miss America which is fashioned after Miss America. Arthur J. Levine, Barbie's lawyer, claims Miss America ripped off Barbie's head. Mattel, Barbie's manufacturer, says they copyrighted Barbie's "look of compliant joy." Miss America's head has that look on it too.

The bodies are not on trial, just the heads, even though the bodies are even more alike than the heads. Miss America claims their dolls were modelled after the real Miss America, not Barbie. Of course, the real Miss America modelled herself after Barbie, which is what millions of women model themselves after, so perhaps Barbie should sue her human clones.

Barbie's lawyer, whom my friend had dinner with, argues that Barbie "is a stylized doll which does not look like any known human being." Miss America's lawyer, whom nobody I know ever had dinner with, says that "the concept of fashion dolls is to look like human fashion models." Now, who's right? How many of the six hundred million girls who've been buying Barbies since 1958 have become "stylized dolls who do not look like any human beings" by now? Hard to say. It's a chicken and egg question.

All we know is that in the beginning there was Barbie. After that came Miss America, both the human and the doll. Furthermore, Barbie is made in the USA. Miss America's made in China. There is global politics here. The Chinese have been also exporting the live organs of executed political prisoners. That's bad enough, although Mr. Bush still thinks it's OK to trade with China. But now they are making our Miss Americas. That just can't be. There is no room in the New World Order for that.  
—Andrei Codrescu



Jack Ruby Shoots Lee Harvey Oswald

time to go to bed or where to stay," his son-in-law told the Warren Commission. Oswald and de Mohrenschildt parted in April, 1963. Oswald returned to New Orleans, where he founded (and was the only member of) the pro-Castro Fair Play for Cuba Committee. De Mohrenschildt traveled to Haiti, ostensibly on oil-related business, stopping en route, according to CIA records, in Washington D.C. for a meeting with a known CIA agent and the Assistant Director of Army Intelligence. Seven months later, he was having a drink in a Port-au-Prince bar when he heard the news of Kennedy's death. He immediately asked if the suspect's name was Lee Oswald. When Oswald was arrested, a piece of paper was found in his pocket containing the unlisted phone number of de Mohrenschildt's last residence before leaving Dallas. In 1977 de Mohrenschildt told the *Wall Street Journal* that the CIA had asked him "to keep tabs on Oswald." Shortly after making that statement, he agreed to an interview with the House Select Committee on Assassinations. Within hours after making arrangements to testify, he was found dead, shot through the mouth. A 20-gauge shotgun lay near the body. The coroner ruled the death a suicide. In the months before his death, he had written a manuscript about Oswald titled *I'm a Patsy*.

Still, there's a fatal flaw in the movie *JFK*. In a black-and-white scene at the Texas Book Depository, Lee Harvey Oswald is shown, not with a rifle on the 6th floor, but in the cafeteria waiting for a call from his CIA contact. He goes to the Coke machine, drops a coin in the slot, down comes the bottle—*clunk*—and Oswald walks away, drinking his Coke . . . but without removing the cap. Thus, Oliver Stone's entire conspiracy theory goes down the drain, and I now believe that Lee Harvey Oswald must have acted alone, with one hand tied behind his back.  
—Paul Krassner

## Politics as Performance Art

by Marty Jezer

Like any good performer, Abbie Hoffman had the ability to make every appearance seem as if it were totally fresh and spontaneous. But in fact he crafted his speeches, honing every provocation down to the last shouted obscenity. Before each speaking date he would familiarize himself with local history and with the issues that were important to the local activists. He treated his audience not as a passive and impersonal mass but as fellow activists making history.

Speaking at a 1970 rally on the Boston Common, Abbie began by pointing to the John Hancock Insurance Company building—a controversial skyscraper casting its shadow over the park—and shouting, “John Hancock was a revolutionary! He wasn’t any fuckin’ insurance salesman.” When the gales of cheers had subsided, Abbie brought the rally down to hometown reality, comparing the demonstrators to other local heroes—Paul Revere and the Minutemen—connecting their radical activism to the Boston Tea Party and the battles of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and treating the rally as a historic moment in this ongoing American revolutionary tradition.

As was his style, he worked the crowd as if he were the headline act in a Las Vegas nightclub: “Pacing, mugging, squatting, pacing again, swearing, jumping, and all the time exhorting people to begin freeing themselves before they talked about freeing others.” Ken Hurwitz, a Harvard student who was the rally’s organizer, was not sympathetic to Abbie’s politics, considering him “a clown” who took people away from “genuine politics.” But Abbie’s “admittedly grandstand performance,” Hurwitz conceded, “was the closest the afternoon came to capturing the best of the cultural spirit of the anti-war movement. . . . He didn’t talk that afternoon about what split us but about what we had in common.”

Hoffman was believable as a speaker because people saw that he was doing what he advocated, risking imprisonment, provoking the police, making a life out of being an agitator, putting himself on the front line of change. A good part of every speech was a description of his adventures with the police and the judiciary. Rather than describing the prosecutors, judges, and police as powerful adversaries and symbols of evil, he portrayed them as buffoons, mock villains that anyone with verve could turn into fools. Although he faced years in prison, Abbie always presented himself as having the last laugh at the law.

Abbie delighted in pushing his performances beyond the boundary of acceptable taste and official tolerance. He advocated draft resistance and applauded GIs who “fraggged” [murdered] their officers. He didn’t just advocate smoking marijuana, he puffed a joint on stage, daring campus and local police, state troopers, and FBI special agents who were usually in attendance, to arrest him, knowing that they knew such a move would likely touch off a student riot.

Leading a chant of “fuck the judge,” as Abbie often did when talking about Federal Judge Julius Hoffman, his adversarial namesake who presided at the Chicago conspiracy trial, was meant to break through the barrier of propriety and thus meld youthful audiences into feeling the power of their generational solidarity. Abbie used obscenity to expose the topsy-turvy moral universe of American society during the Vietnam era. What was evil? What was hypocrisy? The authorities, and many older Americans, were shocked by Abbie’s use of obscene language; but many of them supported a policy that involved bombing civilians, torching peasant villages, and napalming children.

After government policy was skewered and scorned, Abbie’s basic message was that young people should commit themselves to changing the system. He was a one-man recruiting officer for the revolution, bolstering younger activists (many of whom faced disciplinary actions for their anti-war activity) and

Bookchin wrote that technological advances had created the preconditions for an anarchistic utopia. Gary Snyder, Allen Ginsberg, Alan Watts, Buckminster Fuller, Timothy Leary and other countercultural leaders had advanced Digger-like notions of decentralized, cooperative communities where people would be free to pursue higher levels of consciousness and survive without money by producing arts and crafts.

Abbie was neither a utopian thinker nor a radical economist with a detailed plan for post-scarcity living. His impact as a speaker was as a motivator. He was a salesman of change, a living inspiration that people could walk away from the demands of mainstream society and invent themselves as anyone they wanted to be.

Beyond that, he represented the idea of political activism as the highest calling. Ideally, he wanted people to use their skills to advance the revolution, and he thus admired and considered as his peers the serious doctors,



showing them by his own experience that it was possible to live a life dedicated to radical politics, and that dropping out of the system was a career move that was not only fun but righteous and exciting.

As a civil rights worker, Abbie had argued for job opportunities, good wages, and meaningful work. Now, as an advocate for the counterculture, he demanded full employment. His concept of a post-affluent, cybernetic (that is, thoroughly automated) society had special appeal to students who hadn’t yet entered the job market and didn’t have families to raise, payrolls to make, or ends to meet.

“We want a society of leisure, a society of creative artists in which we’re free to do whatever we want, in which we enjoy what we’re doing. If you enjoy it, it’s not work. Work is something you do for money, for the kids—you know, for the boss, for the machines. I’m never gonna work again, ever,” Abbie would tell his youthful audiences.

The idea of a post-affluent or post-scarcity economy in which machines would do all the drudge labor was commonplace in the counterculture. Anarchist theoretician Murray

lawyers, creative artists, architects, social workers, engineers, carpenters and scientists who refused to enlist in the corporate world and, without concern for financial gain, were working in the popular movement.

Yet, speaking to students, he presented a mixed message. With his glib and giggly hedonism, Abbie made working for change sound too easy. There was no hint of the hard work and the life-long commitment that would be needed to change society. In describing his own organizing efforts, he ignored the planning behind his well-rehearsed spontaneity. His enthusiasm, however, fit the mood of his audience.

Young people in the late 1960s and early 1970s had the choice (because in Abbie—and in radicals like him—they had a model) of dropping out of the mainstream and jumping into the effort to create a new society. Abbie made it sound exciting. An instant high! No sacrifice! Instant gratification! Hoffman had started out to organize for the anti-war movement within the hippie counterculture. In the balance, the hedonism and utopian grandiosity of countercultural politics disorganized him.

## Out of the Innsmouth Triangle

by Robert Anton Wilson

From the greatest horrors, irony is never absent. I will forever curse the dark, dreadful and demonic destiny that led me to the unhal- lowed and accursed town of Salem to confront the noisome and foetid Creature invoked by the hideous spells of *Das Verichteraraberbuch*, yet I thought I was only on a simple assign- ment to cover the founding of a new trade union . . .

Oh, yes—you may not know *Das Verichteraraberbuch* ("The Book of the Mad Arab"). This is Adam Weishaupt's infamous and un- speakable translation of Olaus Wormius's loathed and abominated *Necronomicon* ("The Book of the Names of the Dead"), the least bowdlerized and most terrible Latin rendition of the vile and venomous *Al Azif* (roughly, "Songs You Hear Alone in the Desert at Night") of Abdul Alhazred, "the Mad Arab."

Recent scholarship indicates that the adjective "mad" traditionally associated with Alhazred is a dubious translation of the term used by his contemporaries, *khou-k'ou*, which may also mean "intoxicated," "wildly enthusiastic," "poetically inspired" or even "stoned out of his gourd." Be that as it may, the psychotheology of this remarkable bard holds that every time we experience a so-called "dream," a trans-spatial monster called Cthulhu is actually attempting to *take over our minds* and make us his slaves.

Why, why, I ask myself—as with shaking hands I pour another glass of laudnum to

hold off the surreal and Dantescan fantasies that now haunt my nights—why did I go to that eldritch city, and why on the fearsome Walpurgis Night?

The answer was *money*—filthy lucre. Paul Krassner had promised to pay me handsomely if I attended the first annual meeting of the I. W. W. (International Witches and Wizards—the world's first magical trade union), suc- cessfully infiltrated the nameless Sabaat that would follow, and returned alive and still sane enough to write about what I had experienced.

Indeed, as I drove down the accursed Ayles- bury Pike that followed the evilly twisting path of the ill-reputed Miskatonic River, I was thinking of the \$10,000 that Paul, with his usual generosity, had offered me for this assign- ment. The money was a pleasant thought and helped to distract me from unpleasant mulling about the sinister speculations of local ecol- ogists, who remain puzzled and somewhat dis- turbed by the fact that known pollutants, including the toxic and radioactive, do not fully account for the foulness of Mistakonic water or the awfully mutated creatures that often crawl and slither out of it to attack some lonely farm.

Then I noticed the eldritch bumper-stickers on the Toyota Corolla in front of me: *Campus Crusade for Cthulhu*; *Turn Back to the Necro- nomicon*; *Invoke Often!*; *Have You Hugged Your Shoggoth Today?*

As the implications of this swept over me, another car, a virgin vintage Edsel, passed me on the right. I saw from the bumper sticker that this was another of the delegates to the

I. W. W.: *I brake for ghosties and ghoulies and long-legged beasties and things that gae BUMP in the night*. But then I saw absolutely the most sinister bumper sticker I have ever gazed upon, even in the years when I lived in Southern California: *Be afraid. Be very afraid.*

A reflex shudder involuntarily passed through me. I had never before given much credence to the legends of the "Innsmouth Triangle"—the ill-famed area (bounded by Salem itself, Provi- dence to the south and Dunwich inland) where Cotton Mather once found "more Deviltrie, Daemonialtrie & Abomination than all the reste of Newe England" and where the sullen, inbred and uncouth rustics still insist that Great Cthulhu, and Hastur the Unspeakable, and Iok-Sotot, Eater of Souls, and their min- ions and satraps—e.g., the foul shoggoths and hideous Tcho-Tcho people, along with Big- foot, the Abominable Snowman and all their kith and kin—have often broken through "the Gates of the Silver Key" (somewhere between Dunwich and Innsmouth) to invade our normal space-time from the mad n-dimensional "other world" in which they hold dominion.

"Backwood superstition," I thought scorn- fully.

Still, it was, to be frank, *unheimlich* to be driving behind people who did believe that sort of thing, and to wonder what other enor- mities such twisted minds might harbor. I found myself contemplating the Black Goat With a Thousand Young, and The King in Yellow, and the Hounds of Tindalos, and the Knights of Malta, and the Centipede Mob, and many such foetid and fearsome things; it

## TWISTED IMAGE

by Ace Backwords ©1992



was not soothing to have such images running through my head as the sky turned Stygian black and thunder began to roar threateningly in the distance.

I repeated Thurber's Great Mantra against weirdity: "The mome rath hasn't been born that can outrage me. *The mome rath hasn't been born that can outrage me.* THE MOME RATH HASN'T BEEN BORN . . ." But I remembered uneasily that de Selby and Comte d'Erlette, among others, claimed that the mome raths were even more formidable ("formidable") than the shoggoths.

The journalist Howard Phillips Lovecraft, who has left us the best records of Cthulhoid, UFOlogical and similar abductions in the Insmouth Triangle, never dared to describe shoggoths explicitly, but he left an impressionistic suggestion that they were physically unattractive, had loathsome dining habits and could never find gainful employment outside Santa Cruz. (Shoggoths are now a protected species under the O.A.S. Guacamole and Guano Convention passed in St. Olaf's in 1978, which also protects the beaked Guatemalan tse-tse fly and the African malaria mosquito.)

The rain was pounding down with the fury of bullets as I turned into the driveway of the Gallows Hilton on 666 College Way in Salem. I noticed another distinctly odd bumper sticker on the Silver Wraith Rolls Royce beside me: *Human beings were created by water to carry it uphill.* Some form of mystic Wisdom, like a Zen koan, or merely a trite evolutionary observation? "Is not the sea our great sweet mother?" Buck Mulligan had asked. How could I distinguish poetry from pretense on a night like that? I was entering the Twilight Zone, or maybe even Interzone.

Despite the rain, some religious and atheist Fundamentalists were picketing outside the hotel. The Christians had various signs warning against what Rev. Mather had called "Deviltry, Daemonalitie and Abominations" and the American Atheist Association and the skeptical factions shared a big banner that said, *Repent! You are being irrational!*

Passing them all, I fearlessly walked through the entrance door, under the grim inscription, *Abandon Hope.* The Gallows Hilton, I found, had a tasteful lobby, if you really groove on cobwebs, underground streams, stalactites and lots and lots of crooked candlesticks. The oil paintings were elegantly done and featured such gentry as Brigit Bishop, Bela Lugosi (in his Dracula cape), Abigail Williams, the 23 Holy Martyrs (i.e., the 23 witches hanged on Gallows Hill in 1692), Uncle Aleister (of course) and Frank Morgan as the Wizard of Oz, engraved with the suitable Magick motto: *PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN.*

A zombie immediately approached me. "May I share something with you? Would you like to learn more about the Church of Scientology?" he asked in a flat dead tone. I dodged around him and encountered another of the Undead.

"May I share something with you? The Church of Scientology has the answers you are seeking," she said in an insectoid but intense whisper.

I escaped her, too, and approached the main desk.

The woman at registration, who bore a distinct resemblance to Anjelica Huston made up as Morticia Addams, told me the Presidential Suite had been reserved after I showed by *Realist* credentials. She added that all my needs had been provided for—the suite contained a Mac Plus word processor with laser printer, a trampoline, two cases of Jameson's Irish whiskey, garlic and wolfbane over every door and window, three professional circus clowns and five Playboy bunnies. I marveled again how Paul always sees that his writers get the royal red carpet treatment. But, then, with all the money he got in the 1988 pay-off, when he agreed not to publish the full truth about the Girl Scouts' role in the JFK assassination, he could afford to be lavish.

I rode up in the elevator with another zombie and some Hispanic gent who looked like Raul Julia playing Gomez Addams. Gomez's luggage consisted largely of wire boxes full of live and squawking chickens. A member of the *Santaria* delegation, no doubt. The zombie also wanted to share something about Scientology.

The clowns were already busy when I entered the Presidential Suite, whacking each other with bladders, squirting seltzer and falling over their Bigfoot shoes. They helped me pry open the first case of Jameson's and then we uncorked two bottles and three Bunnies, got on the trampoline and I distributed the acid.

It was a great night. Uncle Duke would have loved it.

The next morning, I only encountered two zombies in the hall and one on the elevator. "May I share something with you? Have you heard the truth about Scientology . . ." I wished Hubbard hadn't learned so much about mind control in his days in Naval Intelligence.

After a tasty omelette in the Hannibal Lecter Cafe—where they use lots of extra ketchup, of course—I went to the first organizational meeting, the registration of delegates. There was the usual problem about the Satanists. Nobody wanted to be associated with them—"It just multiplies the Christian paranoia against the rest of us"—but, due to Roberts Rules of Order, the I.W.W. had to allow a debate.

The Satanists, again as usual, had an eye on the possible support of the Third World *brujos* and *brujos*, and argued that preference for "white" magick over "black" magick indicated latent racism. All the Politically Correct witches, wizards, mages and shamans looked guilty but stubborn, and still voted with the majority.

That is, the Satanists got voted down. They left, pausing at the door to howl a few colorful Curses and Maledictions, and went off, I guess, to form their own labor union. The First Church of Satan, Scientist, trailed out at the end of the parade, following Baphomet's Witnesses, The Four-Square Tabernacle of Beezlebug, the Born Again Assembly of Lucifer, the Crackofarians, the whole Black Studies Department of Miskatonic University and a bisexual punk group called the Left-Handed Manqué Wenches.

After that, the registration of delegates grew

more parliamentary and tedious. I decided to stroll around the lobby and see what I might overhear, as a kind of aural montage of the Occult World Today.

" . . . the sect of Fred Mertz, Bodhisattva. They believe that if you look at enough *I Love Lucy* re-runs when you're really wasted, eventually you'll hear Fred reveal the most esoteric Zen teachings. . . ."

"That's the RDNA—Reformed Druids of North America. We're the RNADNA—Reformed Non-Aristotelian Druids of North America. They teach that Nature is good, but we teach that it *seems* good to us. . . ."

"The chicken really wan's to sacrifice herself for Papa Legba, mon."

"No, it's the Rastas who use Weed. We Javafarians use coffee. . . ."

"You'll love this one: How many Gardnerians does it take to change a light-bulb? That's a Craft Secret. . . ."

"What it is, is you're really inna shit. Inna deep shit. You don't have any more fuckin' brains'n a fuckin' cockroach, so you need a lawyer, get you outa the shit." Obviously, a character from a George V. Higgins novel who had wandered into the wrong reality-tunnel.

"Blavatsky thought his name was Koot-Hoomi. She didn't realize she was being taken over by Cthulhu. . . ."

"I was initiated by Crowley himself, on the fifth astral. . . ."

I went into the Papa Tetragrammaton bar and saw the Outer Head of the Golden Dawn chatting with Don Juan Matus, the Outer Head of the Ordo Templi Ashtarte, the Outer Head of the Argentum Astrum, and some oddly garbed strangers who later turned out to be a rock group called the Heads of Easter Island, who had arrived at the table by mistake.

"So what's the story?" I asked. "What's really coming down?"

"Failure of the Will," Don Juan said. "*Gringo magicko*. A mutual defense association for timid mediocrities."

An Outer Head spoke with falcon eyes piercing me. "The Nicaraguan *brujos* hold the balance of terror. They have a terrible tax burden under the new puppet government. Hell, more people use them than use M.D.s, dig? So naturally their taxes are higher'n Godzilla's shit-house. They put the whammy woogie on Georgie Boy in Tokyo. You didn't think flu could knock a guy off his chair like that? The conqueror of 1945 at the feet of the conquerors of 1992. *Bruja* humor."

One of the Heads of Easter Island suddenly began speaking in a dead hollow inhuman voice: "One of the things that—we'll clean this up for this marvelous audience—burns me up—put it that way—is the charge that I don't care. And I can understand it. Times are tough. This state has gone through hell. It's gone through an extraordinarily difficult time, coming off a pinnacle, you might say, of low unemployment." He was obviously channeling George Bush.

"The sidewalk was in trouble," another Head said abruptly in the same dead tone, "and the bears were in trouble and I broke it up. Please put me in that room. Please keep him in control."

"For seven and a half years," the first Head went on channeling George, "I have worked alongside Ronald Reagan, and I am proud to be his partner. We have had triumphs, we have made mistakes, we have had sex. I mean, we have had upsets. . . ."

"I want to pay. Let them leave me alone. French Canadian bean soup." More Dutch Shultz.

The first Head went on channeling Bushman: "Remember Lincoln going to his knees in times of trial and the civil war and all that stuff. You can't be, and we are blessed. So don't feel sorry for, don't cry for me, Argentina."

I got out of there, before George could go any deeper into what he'd call "the pinnacle of low unemployment thing." I'm a broad-minded man, I hope, and I don't mind if peo-

I quickened my step and strolled over to the Inverse Pentagram Bar. Since the sun wasn't over the yardham yet, I ordered a Virgin Mary. On second thought, I told them to put in a little vodka, but not more than a double shot. ("Moderation in all things," as Rasputin once told Gurdjieff.) Then I looked around for familiar faces—people who might tell me some of the inside story of what was going on here.

The Inner Head of the Ordo Templi Orientis recognized me and raised his glass, inviting me to his table. This was, as Vito Corleone would say, an offer I could not refuse. Very few people even get to know the name of the Outer Head of the O.T.O.; to have a drink with the Inner Head was a rare privilege indeed.

"So what's the real story here?" I asked, after we had exchanged the illuminati hand-

and your crops fail!" "May you drink of dog vomit, eat chimpanzee turds and be forced to memorize *Gilligan's Island* scripts!" "May you be condemned to a career of writing for *Gnosis* and *Weekly World News*!" "May your daughters join the Radical Lesbians and your sons die in foreign wars to enrich the oil barons!"

Time moved in a quantum lurch. I passed through an aeon of dead time and opened the closet door to find the lobby again. Madonna was at registration and said I had the Triple Moon Goddess Suite. The 3 Stooges dressed as bellhops helped me carry the 23 bags of luggage I had mysteriously acquired. They knocked over every vase and broke every chair we passed, of course, and every time they broke something Moe would stick his finger in Curly's eye. Don Juan and Don Genaro, for some reason, kept looking over the top of the page and laughing hilariously. I wondered if some wise ass from the Amazon had spiked my Demi-Virgin Mary with *ayahuasca*.

We were toiling up the hill to the historic gallows of 1692. The Campus Crusade were reciting foul incantations from Alhazred. A bug-eyed octopus led us in singing "Mr. Wong has the Biggest Tong in Chinatown." Veronica Lake was threatening Frederick March with a whip. "I'll send my car to picka you up," said Chico Marx. Whitley Strieber and some midgets (or were they children? I couldn't be sure in the half-light of the gibbous moon) were inviting everybody to a party in a big round white brightly-lit edifice that looked like a modernistic hamburger joint, sort of. I passed that by and went on to the Toad Elevating Moment, at which the Tantric Libertarians put a 7-year genital warts curse on everybody who worked for the I.R.S.

We all came down the stairs into the Grand Ballroom. The organizational charter had been finished. Every local of the I.W.W. would be responsible for its own finances and pension fund. If the Teamsters or Mafia tried to horn in, the toad curse would be put on them, too. An international legal team, supported by all locals, would begin a series of libel suits against the worst anti-witch or anti-magick fanatics among "the Christians and Atheists who control the Organization of American States." Everybody seemed happy and well satisfied, but I was not quite sure I remembered all that had happened, or that most of what I remembered had really happened at all.

It was two nights later that the damnable nightmares began. Cthulhu trying to take control of my mind? Over-work and nervous tension? I know not; I know only that I cannot forget those images of things only a Dore could paint, things that could not and should not and must not be true. . . . those wild fantasies (they must be fantasies) of dark uninvited delegates on Gallows Hill that night. . . . the loathsome shoggoths and abominable Tcho-Tchos, the mad faceless Nyarlathotep, the unspeakable Alien Intelligence normally masked as J. Danforth Quayle. . . . the Wascal Wabbit. . . . *!a! Shub Niggurath!*

May I share something with you? Scientology may be the answer to *your* problems. . . .  
*Cthulhu fthagn!*



ple in my vicinity start channeling Cagliostro or John Dee, but I absolutely will not stand still for any walk-ins who spout George Bush and Dutch Shultz in tandem. It's weirder than 20 years of Jimmy Swaggart shows.

Another zombie caught me as I left the cafe. "May I share something with you? Have you ever tried the E-meter? Do you want to be Clear? Let me tell you about Scientology. . . ." I escaped again without acting out the impulse to mayhem.

It seemed like a good idea to stroll through the huckster's room. I examined a collection of Hellmark Cards, with quotes from Aleister Crowley—*When You Care Enough To Send The Very Beast*, said the merchant's banner. The usual crystals and talismans. A live chicken yard, for disciples of *voudon* and *santaria* who had arrived unprepared for the Sabaat. Bumper stickers of the various sects: *God is Red* (the Native American shamans), *Thou Art God* (the neo-pantheist pagans), *Thou Art Goddess* (the feminist neo-pantheist pagans), *Yog Sothoth Neblood Zin* (Campus Crusade for Cthulhu again), *God is a Crazy Woman and Her Name Is Eris* (Paratheoanametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric), *Next Year in Stonehenge* (Chasidic Druids of North America).

Another zombie caught me as I left. "May I share something with you? Scientology has the power. . . ."

shake, the Mason Word, the Rose Cross formulae, the secret address of Cthulhu and a few other formalities of that sort.

"It rains," he said. "*Lie down on the floor and keep calm.*"

I thanked him, very warmly and sincerely, and immediately went to my room, to begin packing. It is seldom that Magers of the O.T.O. speak with so few levels of metathesis or allegory. The warning had been almost explicit. The clowns and bunnies bade me a sad farewell and I began creeping, with my two traveling bags, down the dark, echoing back staircase, which had an unpleasant number of bats flying about in its labyrinth. I crossed the Pink Dimension and encountered bumping and whistling things in the Realm of Thud. Shemp Howard and W.C. Fields waded from the Black Pussy Cafe. Re-entering the lobby I checked in with a registration clerk who looked like Kathleen Turner in a Hitler Youth sweater. She gave me ten Scientology pamphlets.

There were no clowns or bunnies in my tiny room behind the elevator shaft. I opened the closet and passed through a hundred wounded galaxies to the Delegates Meeting where the Satanists were standing at the door, trapped in the time-warp, still hurling Curses and Maledictions before leaving. "May your cows abort, your income tax get audited every year

## MEDIA FREAK

### Separation of Church and Quayle

Frederick Clarkson, reporting on a meeting of Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition in *Church & State* magazine: "The keynote address was given by Dan Quayle, who pushed aside requests that he cancel the speech because Robertson's Founders Inn discriminates in hiring on the basis of religion—only born-again Christians are allowed to work at the hotel. Ignoring the controversy, the vice president spoke at an Inn banquet hall. He said we were gathered that day because he, the president and the Coalition have shared values of 'faith, family and freedom' and that together we would defeat 'the liberals' and re-elect Bush."

Quayle's minister, Col. Robert B. Thieme, Jr., preaches that "The Middle East is the focal point of the angelic conflict. Two-thirds of the Jews must die to fulfill the Bible prophecies about Armageddon," and the only way they can avoid such a catastrophe is by becoming converts. *The Realist* queried Quayle as to whether he agrees with his religious advisor. Two months later, we received this reply:

Dear Paul,

Many thanks for your warm and beautiful letter regarding the interview Marilyn and I gave to Barbara Walters for *20/20*. We were touched by your kind words of support and encouragement. Throughout the trying times and challenges that I have encountered, it has been the love of family and friends and my faith in God that has seen me through. Having your kind words of support has been an added blessing and a source of strength for my family and me. Thanks, again, for your thoughtfulness in taking the time to send your words of encouragement. Keep the faith! With best wishes and warmest regards.

Sincerely,  
Dan Quayle

### Amnesty International Goes to the Dogs

Proving that it's possible not to take yourself as seriously as your cause, Amnesty International sent out this Urgent Action Appeal: "Fifi O'Malley was detained for relieving herself on the leg of a member of the Ulster Defense Regiment. Amnesty International considers Fifi to be a Prisoner of Conscience, detained solely for the nonviolent exercise of her bodily functions. Under British law urination by a member of the canine ethnic minority is considered a felony punishable by mass ingestion of fish and chips. Amnesty believes this to be in contravention of Articles 5 and 31 of the UDHR, to which the United Kingdom is a signatory. Article 31 states in part, 'everyone has the right to a form of relief against their government.'"

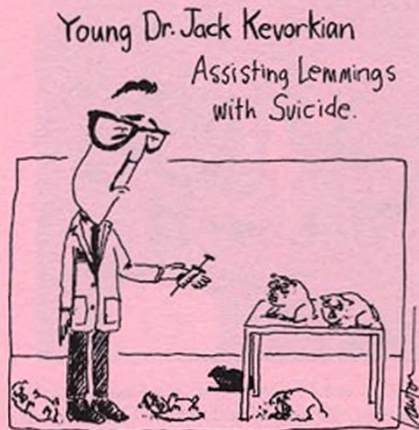
### First Amendment Double Standard

*Screw* planned to publish the popular "Censorship is Un-American" logo on its cover because "artists from all over the creative community are having their hands tied by scared record companies and government officials these days." However, Beverly Lund, pro-

gram director of Rock the Vote, objected: "I'm sure you understand *Screw* isn't an appropriate magazine for it to appear in." *Screw's* response: "To tell you the truth, we don't understand. How one beleaguered creative community (rock and roll) can afford to turn its back on another (pornography) is beyond us. To hear Eddie Rabbit tell it, we both push the same thing anyway! So, why don't you all take your hands from over your bleeding hearts and stick them firmly up your collective ass? Rock the Vote, fuck you!"

### The Disneyfication of Nature

National Public Radio reported that lemmings do not commit suicide, as is widely believed. Rather, they kill one another to gain a better place in the world—i.e., more opportunities for themselves and their offspring. Mother lemmings will often go into a nest of babies (not her own) and just bite their necks once to kill them, but they don't eat one another up. Walt Disney staged a nature film in the 1950s which resulted in the myth that lemmings periodically jump off cliffs together.



### Department of Satirical Prophecy

Speaking of date-rape and the question of consent to sexual intercourse, David Brinkley said on *This Week*, "We may come to the point where you have to get it in writing." And sure enough, in Toronto, former real estate agent Deborah Gallo invented the "coitus consent form." They come in a black booklet like a checkbook, have a space for the couple to sign, plus spaces to record where the sex act took place, the method of birth control used, and whether either party was under the influence of drugs or liquor.

### Cannibal Necrophiliacs Are Normal

There were the jokes: "What did Jeffrey Dahmer say to Mike Tyson in prison? He said, 'Why didn't you eat her, man?'" And when the Tyson trial was reported in the sports section, from the *New York Times* to the *Los Angeles Times*, comedian Wayne Kottler pointed out, "Rape isn't a sport. That's like covering the Jeffrey Dahmer trial in the food section." But the jokes couldn't match up to the reality. Associated Press reported: "The prosecution in the insanity trial of serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer rested its case. Dahmer has confessed to killing and dismembering 17 young males since 1978. A jury must decide if

he will be sent to prison or a mental institution. The final prosecution witness, Dr. Park Dietz, a psychiatrist, testified that Dahmer wore condoms when having sex with his dead victims, showing that he could control his urge to have intercourse with corpses." However, the defense didn't contend that because Dahmer ate his victims—including their bodily fluids—therefore he was obviously insane. Whatever. Here, then a *Realist* public service announcement: "If Jeffrey Dahmer is sane enough to have safe sex, what about you?"

### Filler Items

- The Fox network accepts condom commercials, but asked Schmid Laboratories to change the name of their new condom, "Safe Play." The word *play* was unacceptable. How about "Safe Chore?"

- At the Jennifer Flowers press conference, Stuttering John Melendez from the Howard Stern show asked, "Did Governor Clinton use a condom?" Also, "Do you plan to sleep with any other Democratic presidential candidates?" And, when Jerry Brown was a guest on the show, Stern asked to be appointed Secretary of the Vagina.

- Jurors in the trial of police for beating Rodney King were asked if they owned video cameras and, if so, "Does it have an automatic focus lens?"

- The *New York Times* said that John Gotti "scowled" when Sammy Gravano admitted he was a snitch, but *Newsday* said that he "smiled and nodded his head in agreement."

- A lawyer for one of Charles Keating's S&L victims, unimpressed by a letter from the Vatican pleading with the court to put Keating on probation, explained: "The Pope didn't lose any money."

- A 10-year-old atheist who got kicked out of the Boy Scouts admitted that he believes in Santa Claus.

- The *Wall Street Journal* reports that Crystal Pepsi "aims to cash in on consumer interest in 'new age' beverages." What next? Will Dow Corning come up with tofu breast implants?

- In Germany they're selling plastic-wrapped pieces of the Berlin Wall with fake graffiti.

- In Prince's new rock video, director Spike Lee matches a line in the lyric—"All he finds is snakes in every color"—with an image of General Colin Powell.

- A San Pedro public relations and marketing association now trains people "to speak in sound bites."

- At a Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation dinner, co-president Jehan Agaram referred indirectly to the film *Basic Instinct*: "All lesbians, check your ice picks at the door."

- CNN's John Holliman actually tasted sweet powdered milk on camera at Iraq's bombed-out Baby Milk Factory to prove it wasn't plutonium.

- PBS political parodist Mark Russell, speaking off-camera: "Maury Povich's ratings are higher than his sperm count."

- On the menu at Al's Oasis in Oacama, South Dakota: "Bisonburger from the herd that appeared in *Dances with Wolves*."