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Lenny Bruce on Cheating

I think that a lot of marriages went west, you know, they split up, in my generation, because ladies didn't know that guys were different. It's very tough for chicks to realize that, although we speak the same language — it's like: No guy ever cheated on his wife, ever. But ladies would get hurt and want to leave their husbands because they *thought* the husbands cheated; and they never *did* cheat, because what cheating means, I know, to a lady, means kissing and hugging and liking somebody. You have to at least *like* somebody.

With guys that doesn't enter into it. Ladies are one emotion, and guys detached. Not consciously detached, but they just do detach. Like, a lady can't go through a plate glass window and go to bed with you five seconds later. But every guy in this audience is the same — you can *idolize* your wife, just be so crazy about her, be on the way home from work, have a head-on collision with a Greyhound bus, in a *disaster* area. Forty people laying dead on the highway — not even in the hospital, in the *ambulance* — the guy makes a play for the nurse.

Angry female: "How could you do that thing at a time like that?"

Ashamed male: "I got horny."

"What?"

"I got hot."

"How could you be hot when your *foot* was cut off? People were *dead* and *bleeding* to death!"

[Apologetic] "I dunno."

"He's an *animal*. He got hot with his foot cut off!"

"I guess I'm an animal. I dunno."

"What did you get hot at?"

"The nurse's uniform, I think."

"He's a *moron*, that's all, he's just an *animal*. I don't know how you could *think* of it. Your foot was cut off and you could — *ugh*, *disgusting!*"

No. Guys detach, it has nothing to do with liking, loving. You put guys on a desert island and they'll do it to mud. *Mud!*

Yeah, guys are carnal, and if chicks really knew that, I think marriages would stay together. Cheating is actually is a lady's word. If guys can do it to their fists, they don't cheat on you. They really don't. If they did what ladies call cheating, they wouldn't come back to you. But they do it to their fist, to mud, to barrels.

So if you knew this about guys would you really feel hurt if you came home and found your husband sitting on your bed with a chicken? Would you really cry, hurt? And wanna leave him? And that's the end of the whole marriage?

Wife: "A chicken! *[crying]* A chicken! In our bed!"

Husband: "Lemme alone. That's all."

Wife: "Don't touch me! You want dinner? Make your chicken get it, you asshole, you!"

In New York it's illegal — "seemingly sexual intercourse with a chicken." That's the literal. Now, how could you even fantasize that? Doing it to a chicken. They're too short. How could you kiss a chicken? I can't even imagine that.

Wife: "Where's your chicken? How come you're alone tonight? Your chicken left town?"

Husband: "I dunno the chicken. I was drunk. I met her in the yard. Whaddaya want from me? Stop already with the chicken."

* * *

"Whenever I cheat on my wife I always tell her. I'm just that kind of a husband. I just, if I cheat on her, I just gotta be truthful, I can't lie, and I always tell her . . ."

Never tell her. Not if you love your wife.

"I just can't help it. I'm honest, and when I chippy on her I just gotta tell her — 'cause I like to *hurt* her: 'Ah, sweetheart, ah, you didn't find this handkerchief with lipstick on it and I wanna show it to ya. I wanna confess . . . Ah, I cheated on ya again, and, ah, I always wanna tell you when I cheat on ya, 'cause I know that you should leave me — and take the eight kids with ya. I wouldn't blame ya. And if ya had a job in the five-and-ten and supported you and the kids, it would be okay."

Never cop out. Never ever ever. Not if you love your wife. 'Cause chicks don't know anything about guys at all. All they know is about Billy Graham — the fantasy, you know, about the kind of Norman Rockwell people that never did exist. No, guys can make it on the highway. But chicks — the climate has to be just right. Guys, *nada*. In fact, if your old lady walks in on you, deny it. Yeah. Just flat out, and she'll believe it.

Husband: "I'm tellin' ya, this chick came downstairs with a sign around her neck, *Lay On Top of Me or I'll Die!* I didn't know what I was gonna do."

Wife: "Will you get outta here, you dirty liar — and take that tramp with you!"

Husband: "I'm lyin? Ask Mrs. Slobowski to come down here! This chick came downstairs with a sign around her neck, *Lay On Top of Me, I'm a Diabetic, or I'll Drop Dead!* Now what was I gonna do?"

Wife: "Well . . . keep the door locked and don't let those tramps in here any more."



Monica Lewinsky As Seen By the President

COURT JESTER

Ah Sordid Announcements

• There are now seven more issues to come before *The Realist* ceases publication. A subscription is \$14 or, if you subscribe for a friend and want to begin with this issue, \$16. Also available: my autobiography, *Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut: Misadventures in the Counterculture*, \$25; *The Unpublished Lenny Bruce*, \$10.

• Belated credit: The photo of Lenny Bruce and friends in *Realist* #137 was by Don Carroll. And, from Arthur Hlavaty, publisher of *Derogatory Reference*: "Mother Teresa Goes to Hell" [*Realist* #138] is from a popular on-line publication, *The Onion*. They do lots of good sick stuff; my favorite was a deadpan report of a protest in a Southern town because a new XXX movie, *Butt Fuck Sluts Go Nuts* #127, wasn't anywhere near as dirty as the ads said it would be."

• Recently published books by *Realist* contributors and subscribers: *The Sexual State of the Union* by Susie Bright. *Humanism As the Next Step* by Lloyd and Mary Morain. *The Congress of Clowns and Other Russian Circus Acts* by Joel Schechter. Sam Smith's *Great American Political Repair Manual*. *Real Live Nude Girl: Chronicles of Sex-Positive Culture* by Carol Queen. *Marijuana Myths Marijuana Facts: A Review of the Scientific Evidence* by Lynn Zimmer, Ph.D. and John P. Morgan, M.D.

• The photo of Ken Kesey and Rumiako is by Robert B. Miller. Lee Quarnstrom's article is excerpted from *When I Was a Dynamiter*, a memoir-in-progress. It will be included in a book I'm compiling, *Funny Dope Stories*. If you have one (it can be a single paragraph) — about marijuana, psychedelics, designer drugs, prescriptions — please send it to Paul Krassner, Box 1230, Venice CA 90294 or e-mail me at camnet@earthlink.net and if I include yours in the book, you won't be identified and you'll receive a free copy when it's published. I'm also writing a book, *Saint Abortionist*, about Dr. Robert Spencer.

The Autobiography of Monica Lewinsky

The following is an exclusive sneak preview of a memoir by Monica S. Lewinsky, titled Going Down in History. The manuscript-in-progress was leaked to The Realist by, of course, a reliable source.

I am not an airhead. I'm a victim, partly of my own making. And, mostly, I'm a political pawn of the spin doctors. There are several books being written about the White House scandal, but only a few individuals know what really happened, and only I know who I really am, which is why I have decided to write this book. I would write it even if I didn't need the money for legal expenses. My life may be ruined — at least my reputation will be forever tainted — but the truth must be told.

I don't like being a one-dimensional symbol. If anybody were to take a free-association test, the psychiatrist would say "Monica Lewinsky" and the patient would immediately respond, "Oral sex." Maybe soon my name will be in a crossword puzzle — eight letters across — and the answer will be "Fellatio." This country was originally founded by Puritans and pioneers, and I feel trapped between those two forces.

Back home in Brentwood, I've been listening to talk radio a lot. Ronn Owens on KABC had listeners phone in with nothing but jokes about me for a solid hour. First he warned the audience that if they were easily offended, they should tune out. I have never felt so objectified in my life, and yet, at the same time, I found the program quite riveting.

The best call came from a nine-year-old who said, "Bill Clinton violated the Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not put thy rod in thy staff." The worst call came from a man who asked, "What do The Titanic and Monica Lewinsky have in common?" The answer was, "They both have dead seamen (semen) floating in the hull (hole)."

And remember that ridiculous rumor — the one Lucianne Goldberg admitted she made up in order to get attention from the press — that I kept a dress stained with Clinton's dried ejaculation as a

souvenir? Well, Jonathan Brandmeier on KLSX invited listeners to call in and suggest euphemisms for presidential semen. My favorite was "Bubba butter." Apparently, my role is to serve as a vehicle for the destruction of taboos.

I have also become an automatic comedy reference. So, to Jay Leno, David Letterman and Conan O'Brien, I'm very useful in punchlines. To *Saturday Night Live*, I'm just a character in their sketches, and never without that beret from my famous hugging-Bill photo. But I did think it was hilarious to cast John Goodman in drag as Linda Tripp. That cheered me up. I've been simultaneously depressed, scared and, strangely enough, exhilarated.

As an instant celebrity, I've learned that everybody always sees everybody else through their own particular filters. Democrats, Republicans, men, women, the other interns — all perceive me subjectively. For a manufacturer of novelty items, I was simply a disembodied inspiration for the marketing of "Presidential Kneepads." And for *Penthouse* magazine, I would only be their next notorious masturbation enhancer.

In the eyes of the media — from NBC News to *Dateline*, from CBS News to *Sixty Minutes*, from ABC News to *Nightline*, from *Time* magazine to *People*, from the *New York Times* to the *National Enquirer*, from the *Washington Post* to the *Globe* — I am purely a commodity. Naturally, I believe in the First Amendment, so I'm against censorship. All I'm saying is that while America is achieving adolescence publicly, the tabloids have won the war.

The battleground is like an ongoing contemporary Shakespearean tragicomedy, but there is no script, there is no producer, there is no director. There is only the process of everyone's karma interacting. I recall the words of Terence McKenna when he was a guest lecturer at Lewis & Clark. He said, "Chaos is the tail that wags the dog."

Damage control is the name of the game. It was Dick Morris who advised Clinton to get a dog. Buddy, huh? They should've named him Photo-Op. It was also Dick Morris who suggested that ostensibly candid footage of the First Couple dancing on the beach. And I would bet my entire book advance that both Hillary and Bill *knew ahead of time* that Dick Morris was going to release a trial balloon that if the rumor about Hillary being a lesbian were true, then it would be perfectly reasonable that her husband would need to seek sexual gratification elsewhere.

In fact, I think the reason that Clinton's approval ratings have been so high is because people can identify with him fooling around. I mean, when Jimmy Carter admitted that he had lust in his heart, it was the adultery vote that helped get him elected. And that was only lust in his heart. Bill Clinton is an activist.

I've been reading a book, *Spin Cycle* by Howard Kurtz, and there's a story in there about that time in 1996 when the president said he "might like to date" a shapely, 500-year-old mummy whose remains were on display at the National Geographic Society. Later, chatting after a few cocktails, Press Secretary Mike McCurry told a dozen journalists on the press plane that he could understand Clinton's remark. "Compared to that mummy he's been fucking," McCurry chuckled, "why not?"

Without bothering to mention that it was off the record, McCurry assumed his joke wouldn't be reported, and it wasn't, until that book. Washington is a very cynical place. Everything is stated carefully and deliberately, with the intention that it will be repeated. When McCurry told the *Chicago Tribune* in an interview that Clinton's relationship with me could turn out to have been "complicated," it was no slip of the tongue. He was fully aware that his observation would appear in print.

Unlike Richard Nixon, who never dreamed that his words would be published in a book, *Abuse of Power, The New Nixon Oval Office Tapes*: "Bob [Haldeman], please get me the names of the Jews, you know, the big Jewish contributors to the Democrats. Could we please investigate some of the cocksuckers?" My mom is a member of the Book of the Month Club, and in their brochure they printed it "c°cks°ck°rs." Anyway, that's how everybody thinks of me now. I'm the nation's official c°cks°ck°r laureate.

The image of me on my knees giving head to the president has

The Price of Being an American

by Al Goldstein

On a little table off to the side of my desk, in between a stack of porno tapes and my favorite cigar cutter, there is a white envelope with a nice, crisp \$1 bill in it. The envelope is addressed to Kenneth Starr, but it's not a donation, it's not a kickback, it's not even a bribe. It's just my way of saying thanks for the last four years, because more than anything else, his inquiry into whether or not Bill Clinton had an affair with a low-level intern has provided me with hours and hours of quality entertainment, and I'll be sorry to see it end.

I'm proud to be subsidizing Starr's inquiry, doing my part as an American to help pay for an investigation whose price tag is somewhere around the \$40 million mark. In terms of Washington budgetary cost-effectiveness, that's a drop in the bucket. Name something else that has cost so little and brought so much enjoyment to so many people for so long. *Shit*, *Titanic* cost more than \$200 million, and that only lasts for 3½ hours. This could go on for years, though, and I want to make sure I still have my front-row seat when the curtain falls.

Considering that there are about a quarter of a billion people in America, every man, woman and child is paying 16 cents to find out if the President of the United States gets any on the side. You can't get anything for 16 cents in this country any more, except maybe three nickels and a penny. But I just got paid, so get your hand out of your pocket. This one's on Big Al. Just make sure I get a receipt, because when tax time comes around I want all my expenses covered.

Several of Clinton's friends have gone to prison because of shady business deals or other thuggish offenses uncovered by Starr's investigations. But none of that could be hung on Clinton, and anything that *could* be hung on him happened before he was elected. This must really burn Republicans; they've been trying to get Clinton out of office since he was elected in 1992, and things are going so badly that now they'll bust down the doors of his bedroom to get him.

So the investigation continues — not to see if Clinton suborned perjury in asking Monica Lewinsky to fudge the truth about their affair and not to see if Clinton perjured himself in his deposition about the Paula Jones sexual-

harassment case. The Republicans just want to know *if he did it*, if the most powerful man on the planet stuck his dick where it didn't belong, so he can be shamed in the eyes of the American people and bankrupted by mounting legal costs.

But the cold hard reality is this: The entire country knows there's a very good chance that the president is a philanderer, and *no one gives a shit*. On one hand, that could be a good thing; maybe we as a nation have finally lightened the fuck up and decided that what other people do in the privacy of their bedrooms is their own business. On the other hand, that could be a bad thing, if a healthy economy and relative peace on earth have made us so complacent that Clinton could admit to being a cross-dressing gay necrophile on *Oprah* and we'd still vote for him.

Not once in all my 30 years as guiding light of *Screw* — publishing our incredible articles, creating our outlandish satires, dreaming up our trademark composite pictures — have I ever imagined that high-level marital infidelity would become a viable news story. The president getting covert blow jobs from some fat-assed little Jewess who can't even hold a job once someone gets it for her? If *Screw* had broken the story, we would have been laughed off the newsstand. "What's the matter, Al? Couldn't come up with anything better than that? Deep Throat in the Oval Office? Get real." Well, *this is real*, maybe a little too real for a certain career politician from the Razorback State, but real nonetheless — and I couldn't have done better myself.

Frankly, I don't care if Clinton gets round-the-clock hum numbers from Madeleine Albright, Donna Shalala and Janet Reno (although any *Realist* readers who possess pictures of Reno on her knees in front of anything other than a Brillo-haired cunt should contact *Screw* immediately). It doesn't interest me if he traded a little political influence for a little pussy. Actually, I like to think that's one of the things that Billy-Boy and I have in common: a powerful carnal itch and enough common sense to scratch it. Because I, like Clinton, am a man, and that's what men do. And why should I care that some rich, horny redneck with a wife, a kid and a high-stress job wants a little pussy on the side? Big fucking deal! What man reading this now can honestly say that he has never once thought of fucking around on his old lady, no matter

how much he loves her? I know I have, and so do the women I get involved with know. Part of what you get with Al Goldstein is the up-front knowledge that I am not now, nor have I ever been, a member of the Monogamous Party. I demand full fidelity from my women, but I can't give it in return. My dick is the boss, and what the boss says goes.

I can't believe that we think the Commander in Chief should be a moral beacon in the first place. Here's a man that We the People elected — not once but twice — to lend a hand in important decisions that affect us all: whether to cut aid to our hungry and elderly, whether to make sure we don't totally destroy the natural resources we don't deplete first, whether to drop bombs on a nation of women and children so that we can have cheap heating oil and gasoline and boost our national morale. And we expect him to honor his marriage vows?

The only thing that bothers me about Monicagate is the hypocrisy of it all. If Bill Clinton did get orally serviced by the big-mouthed little Jewish American Princess crouched under the Oval Office desk, if he did proposition a butt-ugly bimbo named Paula Jones in an Arkansas hotel, if he actually did carry on a 12-year affair with Jennifer Flowers, he should come clean about it. I don't mind him being a wishy-washy, controlling, adulterous piece of shit — or a cross-dressing gay necrophile, for that matter — but if there's one thing I hate, it's a liar.

Beneath the Sickness

From *The Progressive Review*:

"Bill Clinton's affair with Jennifer Flowers and his proposed cover-up of same: Papers such as the *Washington Post* refused to let their readers know what was on the Flowers' tapes. For example, on the tape, Clinton says, 'If they ever hit you with it, just say no and go on. There's nothing they can do. I expected them to look into it and come interview you, but if everybody is on record denying it, no problem.'

"Clinton also called Dukakis a 'little Greek motherfucker,' said that Cuomo acted as though he were part of the Mafia, and that Ted Kennedy couldn't get 'a whore across a bridge.' There are constituencies that might have appreciated knowing such things before they went to the polls."

become a cultural icon. The irony is that *it never happened*. When Wolf Blitzer from CNN asked Clinton at a press conference what he would like to say to me, Clinton smiled and said, "That's good, that's good." It was extremely ironic, because that's *exactly* what I *imagined* he *did* say to me: "That's good, that's good." And I replied, "I gave you a blow job, but I didn't swallow." He started laughing hysterically, just like that time he did with Boris Yeltsin. Bill liked my sense of humor. That's why we went from flirtation to friendship.

However, the reason I visited the White House 37 times was not for Bill — it was to be with Hillary — *she* was the one who desired me physically. The rumor about her being a lesbian was *true*. And so

my relationship with Bill *was* complicated. He just acted as a middleman for Hillary, and now he's telling the truth *and* taking the fall for her. In that sense, he's an incredibly loyal husband. Despite what the public may think, Bill is absolutely devoted to Hillary. Everyone is watching so closely for him to commit the next indiscretion, but it would have to be somebody he can *totally* trust, who could suck off the leader of the western world and *not* confide to a friend, or to somebody who *pretended* to be a friend. So, for a while, Bill is left with only Buddy's tongue for sexual companionship. At least, Buddy won't lick and tell. And if I know my president, while Buddy is pleasuring him, Clinton will fantasize that it's a female dog.

The Bust at Ken Kesey's Place

by Lee Quarnstrom

Exhausted by several days of Prankster foolishness we were calling "space travel," I was napping one evening in a back bedroom of Kesey's cabin in the forested mountains above Palo Alto on the San Francisco Peninsula when I heard Michael Hagen's voice shouting something about a search warrant.

Search warrant? We'd been expecting something like this but I was in no mood to stick around to see what this search-warrant business was all about.

It sounded like Hagen was out in front somewhere, so naturally I was up and heading out the back. I was halfway to the door in the back bedroom before I was even awake.

As I dashed into the darkness of the back bedroom someone tossed me the mayonnaise jar with all the pot in it. Expecting a raid, we'd consolidated all the dope into one quart jar so it could be more easily disposed of in an emergency such as the one we were now apparently encountering. The jar was about two-thirds full. It was enough for two or three days.

I scrambled across a bed and started out the door, hoping to hustle the few yards down to the edge of La Honda Creek and, under cover of the total darkness you find at night in a redwood forest, toss the stash as far as I could into the stream. Hopefully, I was thinking as I stumbled toward the door, the mayo jar would smash on one of the boulders in the creek and the evidence would be washed away westward to the Pacific, a few miles down La Honda Road.

The trouble was, as I scooted out the door I ran straight into the barrel of an automatic pistol that was pointed directly at my forehead! I could feel the gun at the bridge of my nose. It was cold! It was hard! It was scary!

"Stop or I'll shoot," the gunman shouted, displaying no originality, I thought as I turned. Foolheartedly, I didn't believe he'd actually shoot me over something as benign as a little illegal weed, so I ran back into the room. The cop, probably as confused and scared as I, stumbled into the blackness behind me. He grabbed my ankle as I started to crawl back across the bed, the mayonnaise jar still in my hand. Realizing that the room was pitch black, I understood in that instant that he'd never be able to recognize me in the light. On the other hand, of course, he could have shot me! So I kicked him in the chest and tried to break loose. Another Prankster, Hagen I think, dashed into the bedroom headed toward the door into the bathroom — which had two entrances, the other off the kitchen. I lobbed the mayo jar to Hagen and followed him into the john.

What a sight! There was Kesey, who'd been dabbing yet another touch of Day-Glo paint to the constantly expanding mural-montage that covered the walls, the porcelain and

every other surface of the bathroom. Only now he was busy with the more pressing business of flushing the grass down the toilet. The Best Foods jar was empty! At the same moment, a fat Asian man who turned out to be the late federal drug agent Willie Wong, ran into the bathroom from the kitchen, smacked Kesey's balding head with a huge flashlight, then jumped onto Kesey's back.

Now, Kesey had been a championship wrestler during his college days at the University of Oregon. He was strong, agile and, just then, operating on adrenaline. He stood from the swirling toilet bowl, the agent Wong clinging to him. With a terrific shrug, Kesey tossed the agent from his back onto Page Browning, *aka* Des Prado, who was standing frozen at the sink where he had been shaving. Somehow, despite the chaos going on around him, Page was still applying the razor to his skinny face.

Wong, still armed with the huge Ray-O-Vac, landed on Page like a sumo wrestler as he was tossed from Kesey's back. The pair of them, Wong and Page, tumbled into the bathtub. Page still held the razor in his hand.

Suddenly the bathroom window was shattered by a huge automatic pistol that extended into the room. "Stop or I'll shoot! You're under arrest," the gunman shouted from outside. Wong, who'd regained his footing, shouted that he was charging Page and Kesey with resisting arrest.

("What else was I going to do?" Kesey later asked a judge. "I was raised during World War Two. What would you have done? A big Jap jumped on me. I didn't know what was happening. I tossed him off." The judge didn't buy it. Neither did he buy Kesey's claim, as Ken looked at the good, well-dressed citizens of San Francisco sitting in the courtroom, that they had failed to impanel a jury of his peers.)

After Kesey and Page had been subdued and handcuffed, we were led at gun-point into the living room. There were 14 of us — Kesey, Neal Cassady, Page Browning, Ken Babbs, Gretchen Fetchin the Slime Queen, Hermit, Mountain Girl, Jerry Anderson, whose bride-to-be, Signe Tolle, sang with a band called The Matrix, soon to change its name to Jefferson Airplane, Michael Hagen, a woman named Rosalie I was spending time with, myself and three others. We were handcuffed and charged with violating California's Health and Safety Code restrictions against the possession of illegal drugs, specifically *cannabis sativa*.

We weren't Boy Scouts, that's for sure. But since we had known — or suspected, or, at least, feared — that the authorities were set to raid our little scene in La Honda, our motto in the previous few days had been "Be Prepared!" So when the squad of federal, state and county narcs and deputies came across

Kesey's bridge armed with search warrants and automatic pistols on the night of April 23, 1965, we were ready. At least, naive and simple pot- and acid-heads that we were, we *thought* we were ready.

Faye, Kesey's wife, had gone over the place with the housekeeping equivalent of a fine-tooth comb before leaving with their three kids and the dogs: Schnapps, a mean little dachshund bitch Faye asked me to take to the pound a year later when we were living in Santa Cruz (Kesey has never forgiven me for taking Schnapps on her final journey) and Lion Dog, the wire-haired Airedale that had never been the same, really, since the time she ate a handful of LSD someone had carelessly left lying around.

(Kesey, when you read this, I was only following Faye's orders. But yes, you're right, I probably would have done it on my own if I'd have thought about it; Schnapps was a nasty little bastard!)

Faye had vacuumed stray marijuana flakes from the rugs. She had rounded up all the alligator clips and hemostats and Squirkenwerks devices that might be considered roach clips. She had even picked errant pot seeds from between the boards of the floor in the house. We swallowed or smoked or otherwise ingested or got rid of all the DMT, Obitol, DET, Dexamil, Dolophine, hashish and other stimulants, depressants and psychotropics, legal or otherwise, that we found stashed around the place.

As far as I knew, the only grass in the place was in the jar — and that had come from my cabin when I had been sent out on a "tether" a couple of days earlier.

Let me explain. We were under what we called "spaceship conditions." Just as Kesey insisted you were either on the bus or off the bus, for this spaceship endeavor you were either on the spaceship or off it. The front gate on our side of the raggedy bridge across La Honda Creek was locked; no one could get in or out. That gate, welded out of old tools, car parts, bucksaws and odd pieces of metal by sculptor Ron Boise (of the infamous Kama Sutra statues that blue-nosed San Francisco cops had confiscated the prior year from the Vorpall Galleries) was the "airlock" between our spaceship and the rest of the universe — at least until the narcs invaded. We were, in our drug-sparked protoscientific way, trying to discover what life would be like isolated on a spaceship, cut off from the rest of humankind, fueled only by a little food and a little dope, knowing that alien life-forces were out there ready to pick us off. We had shut off the phones, told friends to stay away and put up signs shoeing visitors away from the premises.

Of course this smacked of cult behavior, although none of us, Kesey included, ever considered the possibility that we were engaging in such activities. We were experimenting. We were, in the words of our pal Hunter Thompson, riding this weird torpedo out to the end

to see where it exploded. We were, in Kesey's own words, exploring inner space without the slightest damned notion of whether we'd get back to home base without going crazy.

Often, in the years since La Honda, I've thanked Cosmo, as I call God, that Kesey was more or less a benign Prankster leader. Had the chief, as Cassidy called him, asked or

ordered us to do something evil would we have done it? I doubt it, but Jeez, you never know, do you?

We knew that day in 1965 that we might get busted: We'd seen sheriff's deputies watching us, including one up on the hill across La Honda Road. We could watch him keeping tabs on us through his binoculars. Mountain Girl kept turning on the microphones for the exotic sound system we'd spread across our hillside and inviting the deputy down for coffee. The lawman later testified during our preliminary hearing that as a graduate of an anti-drug course at some police academy he was able to swear that we were observed walking about in a "floating" manner "indicative of people high on marijuana." He also testified that he had seen us using "heroin, maroin and peynotty." The prosecutor blanched.

Also, during the day of the raid some neighbors had stopped across the creek to shout at us that there were squadrons of deputy sheriffs gathering not far up the road. The neighbors, who tolerated us even if they didn't invite us in to spike their water supplies, were genuinely concerned for our welfare. But we were still those simple-minded pot-heads who couldn't quite believe that cops would really break into the home of a famous writer and his pals just because we were weird, looked funny and used marijuana. (Remember, LSD — and we had enough Owsley acid in the refrigerator to disable a major city — was still legal in April 1965.)

Not all that many people wanted to be aboard our spaceship if we were going to be busted, or if there was a chance we were in for a brush with the law. Those 14 of us "acid-nauts" who'd stayed had spent three or four days, most of it awake on the last of the house "white cross" Benzedrine stash, watching the bus movie, *Intrepid Traveler and His Merry Band of Pranksters Look for a Cool Place*, and smoking the pot parceled out by Babbs from the mayo jar.

It might have gotten weird in there, 14 of us locked up together, not sleeping, barely eating, taking lotsa bennies, smoking lotsa grass, destroying other pharmaceutical evidence at a rapid clip. I don't know: it was always pretty weird at Kesey's so how would we be able to tell?

When we ran out of grass, I was dispatched up the road to the tiny shack I had rented on a nearby muddy mountain road aptly named Redwood Terrace. I was on a "tether," i.e., I talked into a portable tape-recorder (remember, technology was fairly primitive in 1965) during my 10-minute round-trip from Kesey's, up to the cabin and back. It was our version of walking in space, I guess.

The marijuana I brought back from my place was the stuff in the mayo jar, and it went into the septic tank when Kesey flushed just as Willie Wong rudely hopped onto his back. So I was sort of surprised, after we'd been officially arrested and were milling around the



Great Moments in Countercultural History

In 1971 *Realist* editor Paul Krassner moved to the west coast from New York to co-edit with Ken Kesey *The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog*. There were a couple of hundred cartons in his loft. For a couple of months he went through each box, throwing stuff away, saving an occasional item, making literally thousands of decisions every day. He came upon one strange little card — "The Anal Sphincter: A Most Important Human Muscle" by Dr. Walter Bone-meir — which he just couldn't decide whether to keep, so rather than break his rhythm, he simply stuck it in his pocket:

"They say that man has succeeded where the animals fail because of the clever use of his hands, yet when compared to the hands, the sphincter is far superior. If you place into your cupped hands a mixture of fluid, solid and gas, and then through an opening at the bottom try to let only the gas escape, you will fail. Yet the anal sphincter can do it! The sphincter apparently can differentiate between solid, fluid and gas. It apparently can tell whether its owner is alone or with some-

one; whether standing up or sitting down; whether its owner has his pants off or on. No other muscle in the body is such a protector of the dignity of man, yet so ready to come to his relief. A muscle like this is worth protecting!"

When Krassner arrived in San Francisco a few weeks later, *Whole Earth Catalog* publisher Stewart Brand picked him up at the airport and drove him to Palo Alto. Kesey had already been there for a week. He was sitting in the back yard at a table with an electric typewriter on it. His parrot, Rumiako, was perched on a tree limb right above, and whenever he squawked, Kesey would type a sentence as though the parrot were dictating to him. Kesey looked up. "Hey, Krassner," he said, "I've just been sitting here, thinking about the anal sphincter."

Krassner reached into his pocket, withdrew that bit of printed wisdom about the anal sphincter which he had carried for 3,000 miles, and handed it to Kesey. "My card," he announced. It was a most appropriate gesture for a new beginning.

living room in handcuffs, waiting to be transported down to the county jail in Redwood City, when I heard Babbs ask Gretchen, "Would you care to eat some joints, Miss Fetchin?" She nodded and he passed her a couple from a personal stash in his pocket that he had, as was his wont, hidden from the rest of us. Babbs and Gretch proceeded to eat the remaining evidence.

The narcs did confiscate the acid, though, along with a jar of roaches, the butts of marijuana joints, they said they found. But I can assure you that they didn't really find any roaches; we ate our roaches or, occasionally, when several joints were going at once, jammed a bunch into the end of what Kesey had dubbed a "nose-cone," a cardboard tube from a roll of toilet paper, and smoked the whole shebang.

Under the watchful eyes of the deputies and narcotics agents who had set up shop at the huge, round redwood-slab dining room table into which we'd all carved our initials and anything else that had come to mind, I tried to act cool. I wasn't cool, of course, and sort of squeaked when they asked me my name and occupation.

Like most of my fellow prisoners, I described myself as an employee of Intrepid Trips, inc., not mentioning that just a couple of weeks earlier, after many months of life in La Honda with Kesey and the pranksters, I had quit my job as a reporter for the *San Mateo Times*. I knew that the managing editor down there, a guy who'd disliked me, my politics, my lifestyle and my friends, would be tickled pink when he learned that I'd been busted. Subsequently, quoted in newspaper accounts of the raid in my role as "public relations director" for Kesey's Intrepid Trips, Inc., including a story that reported that "Kesey seemed queasy" when booked into the county jail, I made it sound like Intrepid Trips was one of your run-of-the-mill big-time corporations.

I was cuffed to Cassidy and put into the back seat of a sheriff's squad car along with Kesey, who was surprisingly quiet. In fact, we all seemed pretty reflective as we were rushed down to the county seat; we were facing time behind bars and that, we were all concluding, was hard to laugh at.

At the jail, where photographers from the San Francisco newspapers waited to snap our pictures, we were all booked on marijuana-possession charges. Kesey was also charged with resisting arrest, operating a disorderly house, an archaic way of saying he owned the place where the drugs were found, and for possession of narcotics paraphernalia — a hypodermic syringe full of machine oil we used to lubricate hard-to-reach gears in our armory of movie cameras, tape recorders and film projectors.

We were locked into a couple of cells. I was in a drunk tank, along with about five other Pranksters, a few winos and a big black guy who commandeered half of the space to him-

self after revealing that he'd just slit his wife's throat with a butcher knife. The Hermit, who was completely cuckoo on speed by this time, took over another quarter of the cell by acting crazy, climbing on the bars, making hideous screeching noises and generally scaring everyone except the wife-killer and his fellow not-so-Merry Pranksters.

We were bailed out by Brian Rohan and Paul Robertson, Zonker's brother-in-law, around 6 in the morning. The highlight of our release was Hermit's mother's confrontation with Kesey. A nurse at the same veteran's



hospital where Kesey had worked when he got the idea for *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, Hermit's mom threw a copy of that novel in its author's face. "Go back to your cuckoo pad," she screamed at him. "You should have stayed in the nest instead of flying over it, you big cuckoo." Kesey deftly snatched the book out of the air, signed it, and handed it to one of our jailers, who gratefully accepted the autographed novel by the famous local writer.

By the time we were on our way back home to La Honda we were in pretty good spirits again. For one thing, we were out of jail; for another, our arrest was front-page news in the *Chronicle*, the *Examiner*, and the *Mercury News*, where I now work as a reporter and columnist, and we were basking in the limelight. Several dailies ran my photo, handcuffed to Cassidy, being escorted with Kesey into the jail in the company of a pair of nattily dressed sheriff's deputies.

We were already, though, considering the down sides of the situation: we could end up in jail or prison. Neal Cassidy and Jerry Anderson, who had prior convictions on drug charges — Neal for marijuana, Jerry for the harder stuff — faced life sentences for being third-time losers, an early version of the now popular Three Strikes And You're Out deal.

That, essentially, is why Kesey eventually pleaded guilty to a possession charge, to keep Neal, especially, out of prison. That wasn't until after Ken's second pot bust a few months later, though, and until after we'd all split to Mexico, Kesey a fugitive from American justice, and until we'd returned and he'd been nabbed by the FBI.

After spending five months at the San Mateo County jail farm not far up the road from his home, Kesey — who'd agreed, ironically, as part of his guilty plea, to stay away from La Honda — told me he'd never cop a plea again, ever, to anything, no matter what the consequences to anybody.

Actually, both Kesey and Page Browning pleaded guilty. Charges were dropped against the rest of us. But the narcs were not going to brook any arrest-resisting, even by a hapless Prankster whose only resistance consisted of falling in the tub when Willie Wong flew into him.

We started to think about our lawyers' fees. Rohan and Robertson said they'd work for free, both knowing their reputations would soar among dopers and long-haired acid-heads if they defended the country's most prominent apostle of psychedelic drugs. But we still would need some money and none of us, Kesey included, was bringing in any income at the moment.

(One day a \$7,000 royalties check for the Italian translation of *Cuckoo's Nest* arrived in the mail. "I didn't even know there was an Italian translation," Kesey admitted as he handed the check to Faye, who handled the money. That was shortly after the night that Kesey had drunk the last of the milk in the sparsely larded refrigerator. Faye, the outraged mother of three little kids now deprived of milk until more cash came our way, picked up a skillet and beamed her famous husband with it as we sat at the dinner table. When he recovered, Kesey suggested that maybe it would be politic if we were more helpful to Faye, more polite, less demanding, etc.)

Kesey suggested that one way to make money was to sell articles, stories, novels or anything else with his name on it. He suggested that I call his agent Sterling Lord, and see if he could make any deals. "You can write it and put my name on it," Kesey told me. "Write anything you want. We can probably make more money if they think I wrote it." I tried, but Sterling Lord wasn't enthusiastic about making any quick deals for Kesey and, frankly, the publishing business in those days was pretty stuffy: if Kesey was using drugs he must be a burnt-out head case, they figured.

(Paul Krassner later told me he saw Kesey's suggestion that I write and use his *nom de plume* as "very Zen. He had no ego," Paul reflected. "Kesey saw that the Pranksters could use his name as a tool" to raise money. Frankly, aside from my inability to agree that Kesey has no ego, I think it was merely a case of Kesey the Writer having decided he wasn't going to write any more. I remember the day

our lawyer friend Jim Wolpman took him to meet a banker; Kesey wanted to borrow some money. As usual, he wore some bright shirt cut from an American flag and his light-colored jeans with Pentel-pen doodlings all over them. "I love your novels, Mr. Kesey," the banker told him. "What are you writing these days?" "I'm writing on my pants," the famous author replied.)

Which, of course, reminds me of a story: One evening, taking a nap on the living-room floor while the endless Bus Movie was showing — we had 40 hours of film, 40 miles of film, that Kesey and Mountain Girl were trying to fashion into a coherent, feature-length picture (at least that's what they *said* they

were doing in the backhouse next to Hagen's infamous "screw shack") — I awoke with my head under a little end table.

I gazed up and saw that someone, probably someone who'd eaten a few Benzedrine tabs, had completely covered the underside of the piece of furniture with doodles and drawings and designs with Pentel pens in a variety of bright colors. The artist had not signed his or her work, which was not visible unless you were lying beneath it, but had entitled it *The Sistine Table*.

By the way, I realize that it doesn't sound all that outrageous these days to know that Kesey wore an American flag shirt down to the bank. But you gotta remember, in those

days the flag was still . . . well, I guess you could say it was still sacred! When Kesey and the Pranksters started to wear flag shirts or when Kesey in his bus movie role as Swash Buckler — Ken Babbs was the Intrepid Traveler of the title — tied Old Glory around his head like a pirate's bandana, he was truly doing something extraordinary. No one had yet designed flag-patterned rugby shirts, let alone burned American flags to protest anything. I mean, when folks saw Kesey with the Stars and Stripes draped around his neck like a scarf they didn't know whether to salute or call the cops!

Kesey had a knack for coming up with things that someone else would quickly popularize and cash in on. It never occurred to him nor to any of us, for instance, to make money by selling flag shirts. We never even suspected that *anyone* else would ever want to slap a Day-Glo paint job on their old bus! I mean, I remember during the Great Duck Storm as we cruised, high as kites, along some Mendocino County highway one night, duck feathers from a torn comforter blowing so thickly into the dark that the car behind us had to turn its windshield wipers on, that I turned to Zonker and Hassler who were sitting with us atop the bus and laughingly asked, "Hey, what would we do if we suddenly saw another painted bus pass us going in the other direction?" It was such an absurd thought that we just giggled.

Modestly, I'll claim credit here for inventing the peace sign. We didn't pass any psychedelic buses in those days, but every once in a while we'd pass another vehicle with long-haired passengers with crazy looks in their eyes. I started flashing them the V sign, thinking of it as the old Winston Churchill "victory" symbol. It caught on; pretty soon it was the peace sign. This is the truth. Ask Zonker!

There soon followed — we're back, here, to the La Honda raid and notorious drug bust — a half-dozen or more court appearances as our arraignment and preliminary hearing got underway in the old courthouse down at the San Mateo County seat in Redwood City. Sometimes we'd spend the whole day in court, with lunch breaks at noon and marijuana breaks mid-morning and mid-afternoon.

Oh, they weren't called pot breaks. They were officially called 10-minute recesses. And we didn't carry grass into court with us, or even leave it in our car; we might have been goofy, but we weren't stupid. Instead of holding the weed, we all chewed some gum when we made our first appearance before the judge, then stuck it under the courtroom benches. While the Juicy-Fruit wads were still gooey we affixed joints to the undersides of our seats and were always able to reach down to get something to smoke whenever we went to lunch or on a recess.

We figured they'd never search us when we left the courtroom!

The CULTURE VULTURES



MEDIA FREAK

An Eye For an Ounce

From the *McComb* (Mississippi) *Enterprise-Journal*:

"How about cutting off the fingers of drug dealers? Or letting them swap kidneys or eyes for prison terms? Such offbeat retribution — at least by American standards — is suggested in a piece of prefiled legislation by state Rep. Bobby Moak of Lincoln County.

"Section 1 of Moak's bill — which even he doesn't expect to ever gain passage — says: 'In lieu of any other penalty prescribed by the law, the court may allow any person who is convicted for a violation of the Controlled Substances Law to have a body part removed.'

"The fact that the convicted person would have to agree on the body part, if any, to be removed no doubt would place major limitations on implementation of the law. Most crooks probably wouldn't be willing to trade anything more useful than an in-grown toenail.

"In some countries — Saudi Arabia, for example — there are no options for certain crimes. But Americans, although they often applaud Saudi or Singapore justice, wouldn't stand for it applied on a widespread scale when it began to affect their own families. We tend to opt for more humane, albeit expensive, punishment.

"Moak, in a telephone interview about his bill last week, said he filed it in response to complaints of a Pike County woman that not enough is being done to control drugs, which had tremendously affected her family. 'A lot of stuff I introduce, people have asked me to do something,' Moak said. 'Sometimes I get in trouble introducing legislation for folks,' but this type of legislation often does spark debate. 'I don't expect it to pass,' he conceded."

With Psychic Friends Like These

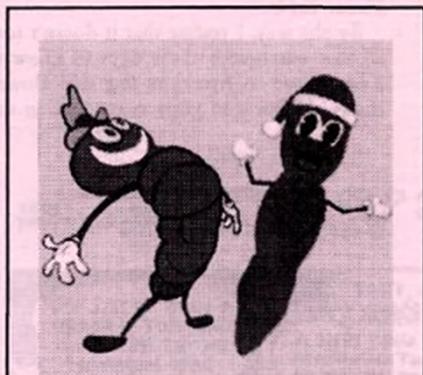
From *American Atheist Newsletter*:

"Whenever your intrepid editor happens to drive by Madame Zaha's Psychic Studio and sees the 'by appointment only' sign, I often wonder why any appointment is really necessary. After all, if Madame Zaha is truly psychic, wouldn't she know that a customer is about to arrive? Could not her wonderful abilities which give her a special perspective into a 'mysterious realm' at least give her a leg up in keeping a good appointment calendar?"

"I had a similar thought upon reading that the Psychic Friends Network, the nation's leading provider of 1-900 insight and spiritualist advice, was headed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection. The parent firm, Inphomation Communications Inc., listed liabilities of \$26 million and assets of approximately \$1.2 million. Nearly 2,000 alleged psychics staffed the phone lines at the Psychic Friends Network, while spokeswoman Dionne Warwick smiled and shmoozed during countless infomercials. The pitches made Psychic Friends the second highest grossing

infomercial on TV, ahead of deceased casualties of the marketing wars like the Ginsu Knife and just on the heels of Jane Fonda's workout videos.

"*Infomercial Marketing Report* estimated that Inphomation's take was between \$100 million and \$125 million during the early 1990s, but had dropped to a modest \$30 million or so recently. Still not bad. That is quite a fleecing of millions of bored, lonely and possibly even desperate people out there



Battle of the Turds

Nutty the Friendly Dump (left), imaginary friend of Jimmy the Idiot Boy, was the Web-site creation of John (*The Ren & Stimpy Show*) Kricfalusi. He complained about the similarity of Mr. Hankey the Christmas Poo, who gives gifts to kids that eat fiber on Comedy Central's *South Park*, created by Trey Parker and Matt Stone. They responded that their character was independently conceived, thus giving closure to the fecal feud.

whose only link to the outside world and social contact might be their telephone. But one would reasonably suppose that with 2,000 professed psychics able to divine so much with so little — a tenuous connection over the phone lines — at least one of those seers would have predicted financial calamity ahead. Apparently not."

A Messiah By Any Other Name

Is this the start of a new trend?

A rock group, The Eagles, has filed suit against the National Foundation to Protect America's Eagles, claiming that the wildlife group infringes upon the band's name and image.

And Shiny Entertainment's computer game, *Messiah*, to be released in September, is being protested by outraged consumers and some Christian groups. The game stars a small cherub who has been sent by God to clean up the streets of a futuristic Earth. To move around, the angel possesses the characters who inhabit the city's seedy underworld — scantily clad prostitutes, shuffling street

people and well-armed police officers, among others. Once inside the body, the angel can use the person to move, attack other characters and generally run amok.

"We're talking about a fat little baby angel that's trying to earn its wings by saving humanity," said David Perry, Shiny's president. "It's crazy that all these people are already upset and they haven't even seen the game."

Although the game industry is known for testing social mores, *Messiah* is the first title that is blatantly playing up the Judeo-Christian angle, said Jeff Green, associate editor at trade magazine *Computer Gaming World*. "You can't use the word *messiah* and not know you're going to tweak the sensibilities of the religious community."

The idea to feature an angel as a hero came from a staff brainstorming session, as did the title, Perry said. The game doesn't directly refer to Jesus Christ and the title speaks of "a messiah, not *the* Messiah." That is irrelevant to several Christian organizations, one of which sent an e-mail note claiming that Shiny is "violating the Catholic Church's moral copyright" on the word. "I realize that *messiah* is a very powerful word," Perry said, "but we're building a very powerful game. It's not a swear word. It's not a taboo. It's just a single, simple word."

Fugitive Holds TV Hostage

From *Daily Variety*:

"If you thought the U.S. was the only place where justice is administered by television, think again. In scenes worthy of *Mad City*, Taiwan's most wanted fugitive, Chen Ching-hsing, a suspect in the kidnapping and killing of the 17-year-old daughter of a leading Taiwanese actor, took time out from a standoff with police to sing a kids song with a TV anchor.

"Chen took a South African diplomat and his family hostage in their Taipei mansion and then spent most of the ensuing 24-hour standoff giving live interviews to voracious local media. He sang songs, fielded questions about when he was going to kill himself, accused police of torturing his wife, and generally poured out his heart before complaining he was unable to speak to hostage negotiators because of the avalanche of interview demands."

Filler Items

- Fred Friendly was buried with two copies of the U.S. Constitution in his casket.

- Larry Bensky's slip of the tongue on the Pacifica network: "If life begins at conception..."

- At *Time's* 75th anniversary party, Joe Dimaggio refused to be seated at the Clintons' table, insisting instead that he sit next to his "idol" Henry Kissinger.

- A sex novelty shop in Houston has been forced to stop selling edible underwear because it doesn't have a food service license.

- What has six balls and screws you twice a week? Lotto!