

COME PIE WITH ME, NOV. 4-11

The creaming of America

By Pie Traynor

It's getting so you can't tell the players without a menu.

During its half-baked years, say from 1970 to 1976, political pie throwing was an *a la carte* item offered mainly by a select few revolutionary catering services with their own highly-trained, courteous personnel: established firms like the Youth International Party, the Anarchist Party of Canada (Groucho-Marxist) and the Revolutionary Three Stooges Brigade.

But now in the Year of the Pie, pastry has really come out of the kitchens and into the streets, and increasing numbers of pastry-faced ingenues have started pieing by the seats of their pants. There's a simple explanation: the word is finally getting around via the underground pie-pline 'that the Pie is mightier than the sword, and it makes more sense to pull out a plum (media-wise) than to stew in your own juice.

When they follow the recipe, the freelance pieomanics are capable of making quite a splash, with the result that their targets—most of whom have been feeding at the public trough for years—can expect to eat humble pie in good measure.

There's the lad in Fairfax, Va., for instance, who just recently scored where thousands of bad guys in dozens of movies had failed before him when he creamed the erstwhile King of the Cowboys, Roy Rogers (trademark registered) right between the eyes of his ten gallon stetson. Rogers, who has made a billion bucks out of God, Country, and residuals since he hung up his contract, has been trying to lasso the Piepular Movement with his own brand of kitchen schlock: a chain of roast beef stands that offer french fries in card-

board holsters.

And don't forget the gay enthusiast in Minneapolis—their slogan is Kisses and Revolution—who got his hair cut at Moler's barber college, fortified himself with a couple of Burger King whoppers (in case they didn't feed him anything in jail), showed up at a \$75-a-plate dinner for a local anti-gay Catholic archbishop, had himself photographed shaking hands with his quarry (we who are about to pie, salute you) and then achieved communion with the host—not with a wafer of unleavened bread, but with a 69¢ chocolate cream pie from a local bakery.

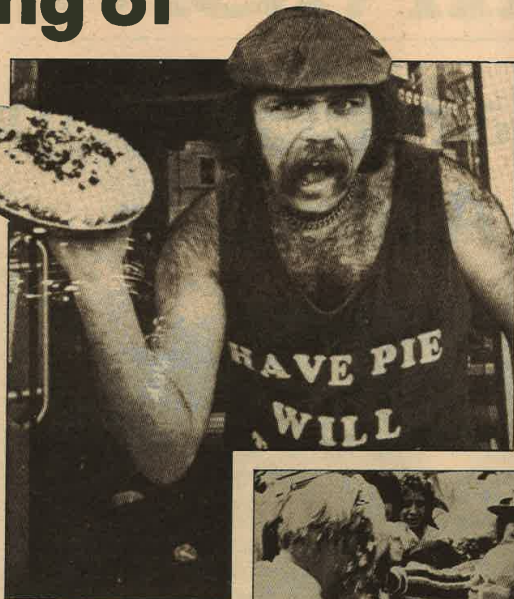
A few weeks later, his buddy met the local organizer for Anita Bryant's Down With Pieple campaign in a TV station parking lot, and a strawberry cream pie slipped out of his hand and managed to perform a very natural act.

He Pies Harder

But let's not mince words: there's nothing like professionalism, and the acknowledged Chef of the Pie-romaniacs is the Yippie's own Aron Kay, the perfect pie-master of New York and winner of the Most Valuable Pie-er award three years running. Aron is No. 1 because he pies harder, but also because, as the superannuated pieder for the '60's generation of love children, he knows that nothin' says lovin' like somethin' from the oven.

Aron was just a rookie back in mid-73 when he took a pot-pie shot at Movement-turned-Gurunpid Rennie Davis from ten yards away with a cherry delight. Because of the strong-arm tactics of the Gurunoids, however, the pie went awry and its tray went astray. But Aron soon discovered you can indeed teach an old pie new tricks.

"I wanted to give Rennie a piece of my mind, but I learned a lesson instead," Aron



Yippie Pieman Aron Kay lets us see his wares then meets Daniel Moynihan more than half-way



said in a piesel interview with **Open Road**. "When push comes to shove, you've got to press the flesh, and that means there's no substitute for body contact. It's the only way I know of to intensify the contradictions between the Pie and the Mighty."

Adopting the motto, if at first you don't succeed, pie, pie again, Aron went on to fame and fortune with William F. Buckley, Daniel Moynihan, Waterbuggers Anthony Ulacewicz, E. Howard Hunt and Gordon Liddy, and anti-feminist Phyllis Schlafly. He even left his pie in San Francisco, on Quentin Kopp, a particularly obnoxious member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors.

And speaking of municipal politics, Aron, who's running for mayor of New York these days, helped elevate the level of debate recently when he presented Mayor Abe Beame with an apple crumb pie in recognition of his piker's role

as the biggest crumb in the Big Apple.

The Pious Nihilist

Aron's protege on the West Coast is Vancouver-based Frankie Lee of the Anarchist Party of Canada (Groucho-Marxist), whose specialty is the personalized pie. Lee, who's known as the pious nihilist, took out brain experimenter Jose Delgado with a cow brain and tomato sauce concoction and revolutionist-turned-religionist Eldridge Cleaver with an Oreo cream pie (chocolate on the outside, vanilla on the inside).

"Why do I do it?" he demands to know. "For one thing it's not as much work as organizing the working class, and it's a lot less boring."

Lee uses a variant of the Aron technique; he aims for a spot about four inches in back of the nose "so that the pie has plenty of push when it hits on the button. I think it has something to do with Zen concentration, but I'm not sure because I don't know

that much about Zen."

There are those (see Groucho-Marxist Mark Brothers' memoirs, **I Was A Fugitive From A Pie Gang**) who contend that pie has some sort of cosmic significance, that it represents a refinement of the (North) American tradition of symbolic protest, that it energizes people by appealing to them at an emotional level rather than through the same old boring intellectualism; that it's a short cut to media exposure.

Up to now, this last has certainly been true. Two examples: the Vancouver pieing of Cleaver (and the reasons for it) last Mayday got more coverage in some Montreal papers than did a 10,000 strong unionists mar-

ch in Montreal on the same day; and Aron's take-out on Moynihan earned more ink for the Yippies than did their expensive and time-consuming action at the Kansas City Republican convention.

You can trace Pie back to the Middle Ages, where stuffed shirts threw down the gauntlet to each other, and up to modern times, to Laurel and Hardy and Soupy Sales. But the Age of Pie-kill was properly ushered in in 1970 when Yippie publishing magnate Tom Forcade made his point to a member of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography during a public hearing in Washington, D.C.

Since then, there have been at least 20 hits, including Ohio Gov. James Rhodes, Tennessee Gov. Ray Blanton, Rolling Stone bossman Jann Wenner, Ohio Swatster Rod Perry, the mayor of Ann Arbor, David Frost and Guru Maharaji Ji.

On a few occasions, Pie agents have come to grief: **Fifth Estate** staffer Pat Halley of Detroit suffered a fractured skull after being ambushed by a vigilante squad of outraged gurus; Zippie Pat Small got a 90-day jail term for assault after he overruled a Miami Beach councillor who had tried to declare a park off-limits; and Columbus Yippie Steve Conliff now faces charges that could net him 7 months in jail for the Gov. Rhodes job.

But mostly, they have made good their escapes, with only a few bruises to show for their excursions into piteciatory democracy. Usually, though, the recipients of **The Aron** (from the Academy of Motion Pastry Arts and Sciences) have had the last word:

"I seem to have changed color," (Eldridge Cleaver);

"At least he had the good taste to use apple instead of something that would have stained my outfit," (Phyllis Schlafly);

"Why me?" (Jose Delgado);

"I hope they stuff a Roy Rogers Hamburger down his throat," (Roy Rogers);

"Go to hell, you asshole," (E. Howard Hunt).

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The Open Road needs sustainers if it is not to predecease capitalism. If you've got the \$50 to spare, think of **The Open Road**, Box 6135, Station G, Vancouver, B.C., CANADA



Follow your desires! Release your aggressions in a positive, creative way. Cream a pig with us. **The Open Road** and **Yipster Times** are calling for an International Week of Pieing, November 4-to-11. Arise you downtrodden masses and strike a blow for freedom. Choose a suitable target, whether he, she or it be of local, national or international infamy, and pie away.

Send information covering your action to PIE-1 (Pastry Information and Entertainment), the aboveground intelligence unit of the Anarchist Party of Canada (Groucho-Marxist), Box 758, Station A, Vancouver, B.C., for compielation in the next issue of **The Open Road**.

So far, the pie-deluge has been carried out mainly by organizations like Yippie! and the Groucho-Marxists, and small groups of lone conspirators. Now all the piepeople—groups, isolated nuts, what-have-you—will join together for the International Week of Pieing.

One Pie thrower is a pie-eyed maniac!

Two pie throwers are a pieverted conspiracy!

Three pie throwers are a pieple's army!

When the masses join together to heave pies—Nov. 4 to Nov. 11—it will be a veritable piepular insurrection!