The creaming of America

By Pie Traynor

It's getting to you can't tell the players without a menu. During the first half of the year, say from 1970 to 1976, political pie throwing was an art form suited only to 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-Marcist) 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 insurgents have started pieing by the bushel 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 plumb (medieval) than to stew in your own juice.

When they follow the recipe, the freelance politicalicians 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 a humble pie in good measure.

There's the lad in Fairview, Va., for instance, who just recently showed where the chances lay after he was caught in dozens of movies had failed before him when he ordered the quintessential of the West while King of the Cowboys, Roy Rogers (indeed, his being right between the eyes of his ten galloping steeds Rogers, who has made a billion bucks out of God, Country, and Red Ryder) by his contract, has been trying to pass the Pieular Movement with his own brand of kitchen schlock: a chain of roast beef stands that offer fried fries in cardboard holders. And don't forget the gay enthusiast in Minneapolis—their slogan is Knights and Revolution—who's 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 church group, he photographed shaking hands with his quarry (who we are about to pie, salute you) and then achieved communism with the host—not with a wafer of unsalted bread, but with a 69c chocolate cream pie from a local bakery.

A few weeks later, his body met the local organizer for Anita Bryant's Down With Piepacle 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.

Hie Pies harder

But let's not mince words: there's nothing like professionalism, and the acknowledged Chief of the Pie-romantics is the Yippie's own Aron Kay, the perfect pie-master of New York and one of the Most Eligible Pie-er-at Three years running. Aron is No. 1 because he pies harder, but also because, as the superan- cient Pied piper peepers at the 600th generation of love children, he knows that nothing says lovers like somethin' from the oven.

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

"I wanted to give a pie a piece of my mind, and I learned a lesson instead," Aron said in a personal interview with Open Road. "When push comes to shove, you've got to press the flesh, and that means there's no sub- stance 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 Moyini, Watergagers Anthony Ulliloc, E. Howard Hunt, and Liddy, and anti-feminist Phyllis Schlafly. He even left his pie in San Francisco, on Castro Quella, 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 Brame with an apple cream pie in recognition of his piker's role as the biggest cream in the Big Apple.

The Pheos Pheologist Aron's protege on the West Coast is Vancouver-based Frankie Lee of the Anarchist Party of Canada (Groucho-Marcist), whose specialty is the personalized pie. Lee, who's known as the pheos pheologist, took out brain experimenter Josh Delgado with a cow brain and tomato sauce concoction and revolution-ist-turned-reigious El- dridge 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 easier."

Let us raise a variant of the Aron techniques; he aims for it a spot about four inches in back of the nose so that the pie has plenty of push when it hits on the brain. OK, 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-Marcist Mark Brothers' memoirs, I Was A Fugitive From A Pie Gang) who contend that pie is 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 hasn't necessarily been true. Two examples: the Vancouver pieing of Cleaver (and the reasons for it) last May. Cleaver got more coverage in some Toronto papers than did 10,000 strong unions Marxist-church in Montreal on the same day; and Aron's take-out on Moyini has 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 stuf- fed slices were thrown down the gauntlets to each other, and up to modern times to Laurel and Hardy and Soopy Sales. But the Age of Pie-killing was properly ushered in by Bill Yippie publishing magazine Tom Forcade made his post 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, Kob, Edward Seaborg, and Sen. Mahan J.

On a few occasions, Pie agents have come to grief: Fifth Estate staffer Pat Hall was shot in the arm; 21-year-old David Dearest died after being ambushed by a vigilante squad of outraged gram- ioneers. Since then, he's been on a 90-day jail term for assault after he overreplied a Miami Bricklayer who had tried to declare a park effi- lhemic, and Columbia Pie Steve Comillw now faces charges that could net him 7 months in the jail for his Yippie escapades.

But generally, they have made good their escapes, with only a few bruises to show for it, on account of their pie-persuasive democracy. Usually, the responsi- bility is the Aron (from the Assembly of Youth Party Arts and Sciences) have had the last word: "I seem to have changed color," (Elbridge Cleaver).

"At least he had the good taste to use apple instead of something that would have been my food of choice--Pheos Schlafly,"

"Why me?" (Josh Delgado).

"At least they stuff a pie Rogers Hamburger down his throat," (Roy Rogers).

"Oh, no, they're not an ashok," (E. Howard Hunt).

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE

Yes, folks, capitalism is finally going out of business. So, why not invest in a new dynamic growth industry—the Social Revolution. For just a $50 share, you get the following dividends:

- A special guided tour by Frankie Lee of the Mrs. William's Pie Factory in Burnaby, B.C.
- A complete autographed set of Mark Brothers' report cards, grades one through six, from Sir Earl Avenue Primary School in Coopers- town, Sask. (Optional choice: a tape cassette of MB giving the first annual Earl Aventon Address on "Lou Gehrig, Gary Cooper and other Anti-Imperialist Fighters I Have Known!")
- The thieled pie-eyed maniac! The Open Road grease the skids under the rotting hulk of a dying social order.

The Open Road needs sustainers if it is not to preclude capitalistic. If you've got the $50 to spare, think of The Open Road, Box 6135, Station A, Vancouver, B.C., CANADA.

Follow your desires! Release your aggressions in a positive, creative way. Cream a pig with us. The Open Road and Yippie Times are calling for an International Week of Pieing, November 4-11. Arise you downtrodden masses and strike a blow for freedom. Choose a suitable target, whether be, she or it be of local, national or international in- famy, 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-Marcist), Box 758, Station A, Vancouver, B.C., for compilation 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-Marcists, and small groups of lone con- spira- torists. Now all the pieploofers have joined the movement, like these nuts, what-have-you—you'll join together for the International Week of Pieing.

One Pie thrower is a pieple army! When the masses join together to brave pieing, Nov. 4 to Nov. 11—it will be a veritable piepular insurrection!