MORAL TALES: "EIGHT MILES FROM TONOPAH"

Zelda's Orgone Ranch is a mere pustule on the desert's unheeding rump. Each night incontinent Cadillacs pee green against the dobe walls. The lobby's whimsical slots crank out everything from nickels to Trojans. Encouraged by ten-dollar gags and latex innuendoes, jazzy blondes don see-through lingerie to hustle cocktails. Though neon arrows point upstairs, hard rock pounds a more dangerous rhythm into willing ears. The powder room explodes. Inside, the house dick has nabbed a fellow transvestite, who yells for his lawyer. Tough! His lawyer, already stoned, hugs a ringside table mouthing platitudes to a dish of Crab Louie. There's no charge for such activities.

Outside, envious rabbits jack off. Laughing coyotes brush their teeth with used Tampax. The alcoholic Paiute dishwasher snores in the corral that guards the pioneer ore wagons from vandals. An ill wind collects tumbleweeds, moldy diapers, back numbers of American Girl. Oceans of homogenized sperm pour down the Mount Pisgah flume to the tool house of Gorgonzola Mine, where "Dusty" Willis is bailing an eager young squaw. Meanwhile...

...Mr. Kurtz is dead. The broad catering to his fetishes notes the glazed eyes, takes the expiring pulse, summons Zelda. Together they rifle his pockets and memorize his credit cards: Alvin Kurtz, D.O., Odessa, Wisconsin—32nd degree Mason, teetotaller, real nut. The two collect their fee and proposition the drivers lugging the stiff to the ambulance. Downstairs the fun begins. A rich Houston taxidermist is treating the entire crowd. The barmaids have shed their tops. The house dick, a failed philosophy major, vows to arrest any joker who objects. "KANT!!" he screams in his drag-queen falsetto. "KANT-LOCKE-SCHOPENHAUER!!" Zelda orders champagne, oysters, garlands of roses mixed with thorns.

The Gluttons
Acrylic and water color, 19½ x 13½ (exhibited at Los Angeles Art Association, 1971)