

# I'm Just Mod About Weddings

Gary Grimshaw

1966

The Image was there, the sacrifices and the paid assassin, the screaming mobs of idiot droolers, the expressionless expressions passing for cool, the magic gimmicks and trickery, the grey recorders and their cynicism who will later let everyone know what “really” happened via the tube; all there in a building that once flourished better when it was full of cows. The midwest may never learn.

Somebody's father tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I would like to take part in the ceremony. I found out he just wanted me to stand close to the stage because I have long hair and he needed “atmosphere.”

He needed a great deal more than “atmosphere.” It really stank. If you were honest with yourself, your only reaction could be, “Aw come on. You MUST be putting me on.” Nobody wept. No feeling but vague amusement.

I was introduced to Lorraine Alterman, teen writer for the Free Press. She was bored.

Oh, one good thing. Somebody in a beard got on the roof of a car and smashed it in with a sledge hammer. Very appropriate. At least it SEEMED appropriate at the time. But then I was...

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Another inquisition, this time for patriotism. People laughing. Trucks in the street. Warhol all strung out and worshipped.

It really can't happen here, despite what the Mothers say. No, not here. Never. Well, maybe...

When Somebody's Father said “Dance,” they danced. It all went according to schedule. It happened. It is happening all around, in the awful tire, the supermarket, and in your own head.

These people are on pills: They need acid. Somebody must rub shit in Warhol's face. Someone should tell the chick real serious like that she can't sing. Somebody should have told the kids that it was all a trick, to go back home.

Andy Warhol brought the supermarket to the art gallery. Now your friendly local supermarket (Food Fair) brings you Andy Warhol. Works out nice.

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