Bohemian Grove

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

"Why, that's the faggotiest thing I've ever heard of!" Richard M. Nixon actually said. But how could he *say* that? Henry went there.

Henry also spent time hanging around Bob Evans and the starlets at Paramount Pictures — nothing like *power*, to make a man feel hungry for pussy. He even offered his services to Bob Evans when he was having troubles with his marriage to actress Ali McGraw — "negotiator," as it were. "Bob," his partner at Paramount, Peter Bart, said. "He can't get us out of Vietnam."[1] Leave it alone . . .

Anyway, so Clint Eastwood plays the bongo drums ("hardest to read" Peter Bart said — Redford being "cunning" and Beatty being "astute" while Kissinger himself was "short"[2]), Reagan's there, financiers are there, industrialists, corporate types, Church of the Process, human sacrifice, blah-blah-blah, they all beat their chest and have a good time.

THE END

[1] In *Infamous Players: A tale of Movies, the Mob, (and Sex)* (2011). I'm not making this up. — ed.
[2] I'm making *this* up, though. Sucker! — ed.

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