

Sabotage Radical Hip.

by Smiley McGrouchpants

" . . . make sure they don't know what [Norman] Mailer wanted to do with *The Village Voice*." He puffed on his cigar. "Or have heard of C. Wright Mills and this — " (*waving his hand, dramatically*) " — *Power Elite* crap."

"Kids love the motorbike," Greg offered, a protege angling for his due.

"Exactly! Exactly." Fargutt McGillicuddy brightened, in a *You got it, kid!* sort of way, like he was pleased he didn't need to do much more explaining. He took a couple more puffs on the cigar, then set it in the ashtray. "That's what you gotta do — *get there first*. Like Buckley did, angling for the youth culture . . . but from the *inside*," (*he pressed and index finger, face down, into the inkblotter on the desk*) " — as liberals, see?"

"Shouldn't be too hard," Greg followed up, after waiting the requisite beat to indicate he was paying attention, he was "absorbing" this. He glanced down at himself. His new tie looked *great!*

"No? No, well, maybe not. But the thing is — " (*he grunted, and shifted in his chair; it was an old war injury, well-known he didn't want to talk about*) " —the thing is, this generation's coming of age, and we've gotta, uh, be there before —"

" — like a catcher with a mitt," Greg offered.

"EXACTLY!"

(etc.)

(*this went on for 20 more min., then:*)

" . . . who else is funding you, you and Tom." He paused from writing the check, hand with pen in air over the desk.

"Oh . . . you know . . . I'm not at liberty to divulge."

He cackled.

"I *like* that, I like that . . . get there first . . ." (*he continued muttering, as any of his family members who had to endure meals with him would recognize he'd do*) " . . . beat 'em at their own game .

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. . . out cynicism'm out of, uh, *steam* . . . or something . . . *yadda-yadda-yadda*." (*signing with a flourish*)

"What are you thinking of calling it, this, uh, your little journal," he said, handing the check over.

"Ohh . . . we're just tossing around ideas, right now." Greg grinned at him, not sure if they should go so far as *The Hipster: The Douser of Everything Cool*, or that'd be overdoing it.

Not good to advertise that, yet.

Seem indecisive to the old man if it's not settled, yet . . . you know?

THE END

