

and when the arm came out he grabbed the arm and there was a little struggle and he was pulled inside the sculpture and inside the sculpture was glowing green and there was these little people in there and these people relayed the information to him that they were from outer space and that their spacecraft had been destroyed on a flight into New York and that they had taken up residence in there until they could rebuild a spaceship and that these bags were bags of their shit that they were dropping outside where they were living every week and that he was actually smoking their shit but that it was good shit.

The other subtype of motif G, G1, "an everyday object magically dispenses highs," is represented by two of my narratives, numbers 67 and 68:

Number 67:

Pete: There's a great story about someone who had a vial of liquid LSD and it broke in their suit and the coat was saturated with acid and he didn't know what to do so he hung it up in his room and this was in San Francisco in the early '70s, late '60s, and over the next period of months the suit was consumed--people would just come in and rip a piece off the suit and suck on it, you know, and it was just like--

Number 68:

Ralph: I remember a friend of mine who got an ounce of liquid acid and they were doing different things with it, doing it out in different ways and all, and they used a glass in the kitchen to kind of measure some of it out, you know, and they got everything back in, they thought, but then anytime

anybody drank out of that glass they got off (laughter), you know, and like it was starting to spread through the house-- little bits would get here and little bits of it would get there and people were getting high from all kinds of shit, you know? And like this one guy started taking a bath, you know? And apparently some of it had gotten spilled around the bath tub (laughter) and he was getting it by osmosis. (laughter)

Pete: Yea, you can do that.

Ralph: He had all his hair fall out in about two weeks.

Simon: On the front of his head.

Motif H is represented by one narrative, number 30:

Tom: Oh, I'm glad I thought of this, too, because it came up at the same time. You ever have lore about the kind of things that the police had? Like, I remember there was this great belief that went around, um, when I was a senior in high school. There was this amazing belief, I swear to God we all thought this was true, that the police had some sort of aerosol spray that they could go into a room and spray it on the walls and ceiling and that if marijuana was smoked in that room that it would show up because the marijuana smoke would go onto the walls and the ceiling and that it would show up a certain tint. We were absolutely sure this was convinced, I mean that this was true. You heard of that? (To George.)

George: Not that, but there's all sorts of stories about what the police have to detect what you've been doing, you know, like a breathalyzer type thing for dope smoke or, oh, something like that. I don't know what's true or not, what they have or not.