Gary Hart, Joan Rivers and Spuds MacKenzie Caught Participating in Kinky Media Orgy
Department of Instant Karma

I was asked to be the opening act for Tonyo K. at the Roxy in Hollywood. Usually I perform at theaters rather than night clubs, but this was a favor for the singer's manager on the day of the show. I was given the impression that he was like Randy Newman.

My opening line: "Jackie Mason was supposed to be here tonight, but he's getting an award from the NAACP." This was a reference to Mason's appearance at the Grammy Awards where his humor smacked of racism. At best, it was inappropriate for his audience.

My next line: "Jack Kemp is announcing his withdrawal from the presidential race, because he got caught in a motel room with Jimmy Swaggett, where he was learning the missionary position." No response.

"Bob Dylan became a born-again Christian, but he's now going back to his Hebraic roots. He's currently in a halfway house for secular humanism." Silence.

"John DeLorean is another born-again Christian, he now lays out his lines of cocaine in the form of a cross." Deeper silence.

"Pat Robertson wants prayer in the schools, but maybe pregnant young girls will pray for safe abortions." Open hostility.

I only found out later that Tonyo K. was a born-again Christian and so was his audience.

It had been a one-night stand. Some other performer would open for Tonyo K. later on: "Paul Krassner was supposed to be here tonight, but he's getting an award from the Anti-Defamation League."

Asshole of the Month

It's a tie between Larry Flynt and Jerry Falwell.

The award goes to Flynt, not for publishing a fake Dewar Profile ad claiming that Falwell lost his virginity with his mother in an outhouse, but rather for printing at the bottom of that page a disclaimer, "This Is a Parody—Not to Be Taken Seriously."

And to Falwell, for starting a lawsuit that eventually brought to the attention of hundreds of millions around the world, the notion that he lost his virginity with his mother in an outhouse, instead of just a million or so horny Hustler readers.

The notion was so outrageous, no reasonable person would believe it. The irony is neither Flynt nor Falwell acted as if they trusted people to be that reasonable.

Exner Marks the Spot

Twenty years ago the Yippies went to Chicago to protest the Democratic convention. I gave that name to a phenomenon which already existed—an organic coalition of psychedelic dropouts and New Left activists. Of the Yippie organizers was Super-Joel, a grandson of Mafia godfather Sam Giancana. The intelligence division of the Chicago Police Department warned him that Super-Joel shouldn't hang around with me.

Twenty-five years ago President Kennedy was assassinated by a conspiracy of the CIA and the Giancana end of the Mafia spectrum. Now Judith Exner confesses that she had served as a go-between for Kennedy and Giancana to help him get elected in 1960, and sure enough, Mayor Richard Daley’s machine came through with the delegates.

But John Kennedy undercut the CIA/Mafia effort to maintain control of Cuba, and Bobby Kennedy went after organized crime. What kind of loyalty was that? Didn't those Kennedy brothers ever hear of omerta? And then they both fooled around with Marilyn Monroe. Frank Sinatra, a close buddy of Giancana, didn't like this at all, but that's another story, isn't it? And they thought I was a bad influence. . . .

Subscription Information

The Realist is published every few months.
Rate: $23 for 12 issues.
Back Issues: #99 thru #105 available at $2 each.
Research: Jeanne Johnson  Subscriptions: Lynn Kushel

Behind the Wilton North Report

Last issue, I mentioned my appearance on The Late Show. The host had been given a copy of that day's newspaper, so he could show me various headlines and I could respond with spontaneous satirical insights.

Two weeks later, the new producer, Barry Sand, called. He had seen me on The Late Show and was now inviting me to be a writer on the program that would replace it. He didn't know what it would be yet, only that the opening segment would be a funny review of each day's news.

Fox president Jamie Kellner had originally approached Bob Morton, a segment producer for the David Letterman show, but Letterman asked NBC to make Morton producer and buy off Sand's contract. Kellner speculated that Morton was using the Fox offer as leverage with the Letterman show.

So he contacted Sand's manager, Bernie Brillstein, who flew Kellner to New York in his Lorimar jet, where he met with Sand, first informing him that NBC was firing him, and then making an offer from Fox. It was a myth that Sand was the creative genius behind Letterman, and Fox passed on that hype to their affiliates.

It was important for Sand to hire hosts who would be non-descript; his show would be the star. Three weeks before it was due to go on the air, he settled for a pair of Sacramento disc jockeys with very little TV experience and the need for a charisma bypass. From the moment they referred to a woman's breasts as "meguffies," it was clear that these guys were on some other wave length.

Following an interview with Katya Komisaruk, a peace activist facing a ten-year sentence for destroying an Air Force computer, they interviewed the interviewer about the interview while the interviewee watched in the Green Room. One asked, "Is Katya a nut?" The other remarked, "The nice thing about this is, who knows, we may be seeing Katya right here on Fox in Women in Prison." In the Green Room, Katya gave the finger to the guys on the monitor.

I wrote about that incident for the Los Angeles Times, but they changed the last sentence to: "In the Green Room, Katya didn't exactly flash a friendly smile at the guys on the monitor." The Times is, after all, a family newspaper.

Sand's own creative consultant advised him that the general perception of the hosts was as a couple of "obnoxious geeks doing drive-time TV."


Sand was right. The progression on Fox's late night time slot had gone from Telly Savalas explaining to Joan Rivers that it would've been bad taste for him to eat his customary lollipop in a Kojak episode about infanticide; to Arsenio Hall sniffing what he purported to be a pair of Sally Struthers' panties and saying, "Yeah, they're Sally's"; to a co-host of the Wilton North Report actually devouring a pair of edible panties. But not a chicken's head.

Every morning we waded through the newspapers. After seven of
There was tension between the hosts and the writers, and there was
dissension among the writers. Nell Scovell argued with Paul Slansky
that viewers didn’t care that much about politics. Slansky responded,
“Well, if you think that Jessica Hahn’s fat bottom is a better comedic
target than Ronald Reagan’s empty head, then you and I have nothing
to discuss.”

Sand realized the problem with the hosts, but kept them on. “We
have to figure out what to do with these guys,” he told the writers,
“how to make them great. They’re gonna be scripted until we can do
some genetic research into comedy timing.”

The entire production staff met and pleaded with Sand to delegate
creative decisions, but he was extremely defensive and, needing a
scapegoat, fired his co-producer, whom he had known for twenty
years, on Christmas Eve.

It was no surprise that the show got cancelled, but Sand did ask me
to do a series of on-camera commentaries. Have a few.


“Im here to say that marijuana rots your brain. I speak from
personal experience. Recently I was experimenting with pot and
suddenly I had this weird hallucination. I saw Mr. Potato Head
surrendering his pipe to Surgeon General Koop. It all seemed so real.

“I experimented with pot again during the Bork hearings. And I
had another hallucination that Reagan was drinking those joints. It explains how he could block the Environmen
table during the Iran/contra hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

“About a week after I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

“A week after I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.

And yet I experimented with it again during the Iran/contra
hearings. And I was convinced that Nancy Reagan was sitting on Mr. Ts lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume.

Did that actually happen? Or was it doctored photo on the cover of the National Enquirer? I couldn’t tell any more. The evil weed was destroying my sense of reality.
they’ve ever slept with, and everybody they’ve ever slept with—Malthusian paranoia, back unto Adam and Eve.

“...and the government to label documentary films as propaganda when allow the government to label documentary films as propaganda when...”

A compromise is possible, of course. They could manufacture... the government to label documentary films as propaganda when allow the government to label documentary films as propaganda when...”

When the U.S. Information Agency adopted a policy that will... the government to label documentary films as propaganda when allow the government to label documentary films as propaganda when...”

I also had enough money left over to get some physical therapy... the government to label documentary films as propaganda when allow the government to label documentary films as propaganda when...”

I apologize for the long delay in preparing this issue. The... the government to label documentary films as propaganda when allow the government to label documentary films as propaganda when...”

As well-meaning as these folks were, I found myself almost agreeing with the counter-demonstrators from the Young Americans for Freedom who compared destroying war toys to burning books (they had just come from a book-burning, I guess). There must be a better way to do this than by crushing children’s toys under steamrollers.

They're aware that condoms can serve as communication. According to the... They're aware that condoms can serve as communication. According to the..."
Joan Rivers Calls Nancy Reagan

(Sound: Important dramatic music in background)

Excited Announcer: From the Holmes Tuttle Collection, Western America's leading active archive of historic storyline's, comes tales of action, romance and adventure in our nation's executive mansion: Hellcats of the White House! Our story opens at the presidential retreat at Camp David, high in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains. The President is napping in the den. In the adjoining bedroom, Nancy sits. She is buffing old mascara off her eyelids, while she talks on the phone with her trusted friend, Joan.

(Sound Effects: Music fades out, replaced by the whine of an electric device in the background.)

Nancy: The red De La Renta? I don't know, Joan... I really don't.

Joan: The what?

Nancy: The teal. The teal blue.

Joan: Ah, no. Adolfo in blue? Ugh! The man only understands red.

Nancy: So many people say that. I guess that must be part of my legacy, along with world peace.

Joan: Ugh, Nancy... I've been so preoccupied with my own problems, I haven't even asked you about Raisa yet.

Nancy: Well, you know, it's the strangest—

Joan: I'm even sorry I called today, I know how stamped you guys must be—

Nancy: You know what I have to do this afternoon? Sign thank-you notes to 250 members of the Soviet press corps.

Joan: No!

Nancy: Can you imagine what Pat Buchanan would say?

Joan: I don't know, who's she?

Nancy (Laughing): Oh, Joan, I wish we could do something about Ben Stein. I... I just don't know if now's the right time to ask a favor from Ed Meese. I mean, we're leaning on him so strongly about the Deaver jury right now, and, you know Ursula—

Joan: Oh, please. Has she taken the curlers out yet?

Nancy (Laughing): Not yet.

Joan: No. See, I think one of the "boys" at Fox fed all that stuff to Ben Stein, and—well, you know, when they see a woman, they think of their—

(Sound Effect: A door opens)

Ron (Yawning): Mommy, your yakking was wonderful.

Joan: Ron! I'm sorry, darling. It was almost time to wake up anyway. This was the little nap.

Ron: I know, but the big nap's not for three hours yet. What am I supposed to do—sit around reading Louis Lamour?

Joan: Nancy, you know, if they could just come up with the name of the girl in the porno flick Ben Stein made, you know, just that—

Nancy: Joan, I'll call you later. After the thank-you cards.

(Sound Effect: Nancy hangs up the phone)

Ron: Who was that—Joan?

Nancy: Yes, she sends you her—

Ron: I'm just too "up" to relax. We did it. You did it. And we didn't need Mike. You didn't. I did.

Nancy: No, you didn't. You were wonderful... we were wonderful.

Ron: Well, the Oscar for the best scenario for a major foreign policy triumph goes to—you, kid. (Sound of a kiss) Uh. What's that you smell of?

Richard Nixon Calls Gary Hart

(Sound Effect in Background: Items being entered on a calculator)

Hart: Now, let me see. Lee's expenses... Donna's expenses... Miscellaneous female expenses... Oh, shoot, I pushed "multiply." A campaign manager would come in handy right about now.

(Sound Effect: Phone rings. Calculator works stop. The phone is picked up.)

Hart: Hello?

Nixon: Is this room 537?

Hart: Yes.

Nixon: Comfort Inn in Manchester?

Hart: Quality Inn. But we got the Comfort Inn rate. Who is this?

If this is David Broder, I'm not talking to you. I'm taking this straight to the—

Nixon: This is President Nixon. I... I sent you a letter last spring.

Hart: Yessir, I got it. I appreciated it very much, sir.

Nixon: Well, you should have. I didn't have to write it. The leg's acting up again. Like that kid with the corked bat. How about that Bob Welch trade? Hot Stove League revs up for action.

Hart: Mr. Nixon—

Nixon: Oh, Mr. President, as you wish—

Hart: Mr. President, we... you know, we were on opposite sides back in '72.

Nixon (Chuckling): Oh, hell, yes. Bernard Barker was supposed to take you on that yacht with the prostitute in Liddy's plan. But, I guess you can take care of that stuff on your own. (After a pause) Pat sends her best.

Hart: Yes sir. I know you must be pretty busy, so—

Nixon: Oh yeah. New book on foreign policy in the 21st century. Kinds way-out stuff. You'd like it. I talk about the breakup of NATO, the war between Japan and China, expansion of the National League, the whole bit. I'll send you a copy as soon as it's written. Listen, I saw your announcement about getting back into the race this year, young man.

Hart: I thought you might. Well, I mean, not you specifically, but more the general idea of Richard Nixon might have seen it. But thank you. Lee and I thought the footage looked great.

Nixon: Lee?

Hart: My wife Lee. She's my director of communications.

Nixon: Ah.

Nixon: We're running a very grass-roots campaign, Mr. Nixon. Makes '72 look slick.

Nixon: Oh, hell, you kids knew very well what you were doing. Jesus, that Cleaver boy set it up perfectly. There are a hundred thousand people out there who will always send him money to keep him from going back to the Black Panther stuff.

Hart: Or just from trying to sell those funny pants again.

Nixon (Chuckling): Yes, yes. (Pause) What was that?

Hart: He was endorsing a line of slacks with codpieces.

Nixon: Oh. I missed that. Must not have been in his FBI file. That thing read like—

(Sound Effect: There is a knock at the door)

Hart (To Nixon): Excuse me, sir. (Pause)

Yes?

(Sound Effect: Door of the hotel room opens)

Black Woman in doorway: Good evening, sir. You want your bed turned up?

Black Woman: Mr. Hart?

Hart: Yes.

Black Woman: Oh, no, sir. That’s okay, then.

(Sound Effect: She closes the door behind her)

Hart: You know, Mr. President, what amazes me about doing this kind of campaign?

Nixon: The food?

Hart: No, sir. The people. They really do seem to care about the real issues. I think this character stuff’s a phony issue.


Hart: A phony issue.

Nixon: A non-starter.

Hart: Not a non-starter, exactly, but—

Nixon: No, of course, just a red herring. Well, that’s what I was calling you about, my young friend. You know, I used to call George Allen and suggest some plays for the Redskins.

Hart: You really did that?

Nixon: What the hell? I was President. He had to take the call. I guess I’m calling just to pat you on the behind and tell you you’re playing a gutty game. A very gutty game.

Hart: It’s not guts, sir, it’s just... I don’t know, this crazy feeling I have that this country needs my leadership. I... I think I can be both.

Nixon: You know they want the pretty boys and not the men of substance.

Hart: I . . . I think I can be both.

Nixon: Maybe you can. I know I couldn’t. That’s why I’m sitting here now and not doing the right thing.

Hart: See, we’ve got the ideas-mobile almost together... it’s a van that Lee and I will be riding in all over New Hampshire.

Nixon: Lee?

Hart: My wife.

Nixon: I know, it’s just—(He stifles a chuckle) Anyway, I admired what you said about not being a quitter. It sounded familiar to these old ears.

Hart: It should. I watched you back then almost as carefully as you watched me.

you know what I was doing when I saw “I am not a crook”?

Nixon: What?

Hart: I had just been fund-raising at the home of these two co-eds at the University of Colorado, and—well, they had done some belladonna. Do you know what that is?

Nixon: Isn’t that what we overdosed Dag Hammarskjold’s pilot with?

Hart: How would I know?

Nixon: No, of course you wouldn’t. Not even Hoover did. Anyway, the NFL’s on.

Hart: I wasn’t watching. I was analyzing campaign finances.

Nixon: You mean, going through the expense vouchers of the gals?

Hart: Sir!

Nixon: Mr. Hart, I know my way around the affairs of men. They didn’t call me “tricky” for nothing. But, I just wonder about the Redskins. What do you think? Do they lack the killer instinct?

Hart: I don’t know, Mr. President. Normally on Sunday afternoons, I read Rilke.

Nixon: Sure you do. Well, it’s the only important thing when you’re in the arena—the killer instinct. Do you have it, boy?

Hart: I think so.

Nixon: No, no, it’s not something you think you have. It’s something you have... I think I had it.

Hart: You want to hear about killer instinct? You know who I have a date with in two hours?

Nixon: Who?

Hart: The editor of Playgirl. I think I’m going to pose for them. Screw the Establishment types. I think the people will dig it.

Nixon: You’ve got your head screwed on pretty tight, young man. Keep it that way. Oops, Redskins choose to receive. Rabbi Koffit hates it when I talk through the games. Pat gives our love to your wife—Lee?

Hart: Yes, sir. Thank you again... Ah, you wouldn’t want to register Democratic in Colorado, and then go on with a quart of Stoli.

Nixon: I’ll look into it. Goodbye.

(Sound Effect: Nixon hangs up at his end. We hear a dial tone. Then, Hart hangs up his phone.)

Hart: Nice man.

(Sound Effect: The calculator work begins anew)

Hart: Nice, nice man.

(The sound fades out)

Joan Calls Nancy

(Continued from Page 5)

Nancy: Of course, I haven’t talked to Mike, but I think what he might be thinking is whether Ed can really concentrate on his jury... what with all of Ed’s own problems.

Ron: So he wants to get the book money while he can still spend it?

Nancy: Well, I—

(Sound Effect: The phone rings, and is picked up)

Nancy: You’re not calling about the Marlon Brando diet? Lose two Eurasian beauties a week?

Deaver: No, Nancy, I’m not, I—

Nancy: Mike!

Ron: Who is it, Joan?

Nancy: No, Mike.

Ron: Oh, I like Ike.

Deaver: Nancy, I’m sitting here right now with a quart of Stolichnaya. That judge wouldn’t admit an alcoholism defense for me, and I’m sitting right here, right now, with a quart of Stoli.

Nancy: Mike, why didn’t you testify?

Deaver: I thought it was good strategy. If my defense was I didn’t remember, then what good’s my testimony? See what I mean? You think it was a mistake? We can petition for a retrial or something.

Nancy: I think you’re doing the right thing, Mike, whatever you’re doing.

Deaver: Oh, Good. Look, Leonard wanted me to ask you if you guys could spring some files on this judge to us. I mean, you should have seen him when he started instructing the jury. He looked like a seal.

Nancy: I bet.

Ron: Tell Mike hello for me.

Nancy: I will.

Ron: Ask him if he remembers Don’s joke about the two farm workers.

Nancy: I will. Look, Mike, Ed’s really pretty backed up, what with his own problems, and doing some work for Joan.

Deaver: Oh, that reminds me. Ben Stein called. Wondered if I could tell him what I knew about Joan and... and everything. I’d hate to tell him, but I’m down to half a quart.

Nancy: All right, Mike, I’ll think about it. I’ll think very hard. Bye bye.

(Sound Effect: She hangs up the phone)

(Sound Effect: The electric mascara buffer stops)

Nancy: I guess it does, dear.

(Sound Effect: Music sneaks in, in background)
**MEDIA FREAK**

**Going Down on Censorship**

In Chelsea, Michigan, Book Crafters has refused to print Baboon Dooley Rock Critic, a collection of John Crawford's strip, because the character drinks from a glass of sperm. He spits it out upon learning the content, only to be called a sexist and challenged: “You’d expect a woman to drink it, right?”

Meanwhile, on CNN, author Hugh Prather was a guest, and the subject was couples. A caller revealed his problem: “The trouble is, when I come in her mouth, she can’t really swallow it.” The anchor quickly hung up on this premature ejaculation.

**Which Poll Do You Believe?**

CNN conducts a nightly phone-in poll. For 50¢ apiece, viewers can actually participate in the news, since the results are then broadcast as part of the news.

“The Wall Street crash because of President Reagan’s economic policies?” — 53% said yes.

“Should the United States take further retaliatory action against Iran?” — 82% said yes.

“Should Jerry Falwell be entitiled to damages from Larry Flynt for emotional distress?” — 64% said yes.

“Should the government be permitted to shoot down private planes suspected of carrying drugs?” — 51% said yes.

“Do you agree with the Reagan Administration’s decision to send troops to aid the contras?” — 63% said yes.

CNN always mentions that this poll is “not scientific.”

**Win One For The Teflon**

Ronald Reagan dedicated a stamp honoring football coach Knute Rockne at Notre Dame. In the original movie, Reagan on his deathbed told Rockne to “win just one for the Gipper.” This time, reading from a teleprompter, he said “Gipper.”

CBS was the only network to show that scene in its movie version. So did CNN. ABC didn’t cover the event at all.

It went over the AP wire, but neither the Washington Post nor the New York Times acknowledged the flap in their stories.

This wasn’t the first time a newspaper of record omitted a colorful detail. When Felix Rodrigues testified that Oliver North said, “Plastic,” the Times reported that he said North had boasted he was “in the good graces of the President.”

**Battle of the Wimps**

Bob Greene writes of an ophthalmologist who “said he was aware of several TV newsmen and women whose contracts specified that they must wear glasses on camera, whether they need them or not.”

But not Dan Rather. According to the National Enquirer, “Every night, just before his CBS newscast, Dan lies back and lets his makeup artist apply cucumber slices dipped in witch hazel to his eyes. The veggie pick-me-up makes his baby brows look really rested.”

Presumably, George Bush tried the same procedure in preparation for his encounter with Rather, but in order to overcome his wimpy image, he did it with his eyes open.

**Wall Street in a Well**

The power of the media helped bring about the Wall Street crash, according to Dowland Evans and Robert Novak: “When NBC followed the course of CBS and ABC in declining to carry [the President's defense of Bork] speech, stock prices plunged. Declining credibility of any president, whether Jimmy Carter or Ronald Reagan, often affects markets adversely.”

How frustrated Reagan must’ve felt the next day when those same three networks carried the rescue-in-progress of young Jessica McClure, live. Why couldn’t he be so lucky as to have fallen down a well?

George Bush took a plane at 4:30 a.m. to Midland, Texas, for a visit with 18-month-old Jessica. How would CNN viewers have responded to this poll question: “Would Vice President Bush have stood by sleeping Jessica McClure’s bed for 15 minutes if the media didn’t know about it?”

Pretending that this photo opportunity was not intended to aid his presidential quest, Bush said that her rescue was a tribute to the American spirit, as though any other nationality would not have struggled so diligently to save a child’s life.

Third world countries would’ve left her there. Russians would’ve thrown her into the well in the first place. Israelis would’ve buried her alive—but only if she were a Palestinian—unless Ed Meese bribed them to behave otherwise.

**Of Meese and Men’s Magazines**

Small World, a bookstore on the Venice Beach boardwalk, labels the shelf holding Playboy and Penthouse “The Ed Meese Collection.” Likewise, a video rental shop in Ketchum, Idaho, refers to its X-rated section as “The Ed Meese Room.”

And here’s an item for all you airline hijackers out there—and if you’re not an airline hijacker yourself, why not call up a friend who is one? Attorney General Ed Meese is your friend, airline hijackers.

When the National Rifle Association lobbied to de-rail legislation that would ban plastic guns, which can escape detection by security equipment, that bill was withdrawn by Meese from final consideration by the Office of Management and Budget.

So, airline hijackers, if you want to board a plane carrying a weapon, but wish to avoid triggering metal detectors and X-ray machines, just remember that scene in The Graduate, where a friendly neighbor advised Dustin Hoffman: “Plastic.”

**Subjective Film Review**

Pamela Guthens in The Oldest Profession:

“In the role of a superbly competent hooker in Nuts, Barbra Streisand is the best. The movie’s photography, direction, acting and story line all deserve rave reviews. Despite all of the above, Hollywood appears to abide by a code which dictates that the lives of screen prostitutes must possess certain sordid qualities.

“In this respect, Barbra’s character fits that stereotype. Her father had sexually abused her throughout her childhood, and her vanity was in question. Part of the evidence of her ‘craziness’ was her career choice.

“This portrayal of the profession is a disservice to its practitioners. Viewers are left with the impression that hooking must always be a very negative occupation or, otherwise, why would only a victim of incest pursue it? The second viewer impression is, of course, that all prostitutes are, if not psychotic, at least highly neurotic.

“Some day I would like to see a film which portrays a highly intelligent and self-assured call woman fitting easily and naturally into accepted society . . .”

**Strange Bedfellows**

From Electronic Media:

“G. Gordon Liddy was recently the star of a TV campaign promoting New Age radio station WBVM in Washington. John Sebastian, program director, says he always felt it was a ‘conspiracy’ that New Age music was shunned from radio. That ‘conspiracy’ became the basis for WBVM’s launch campaign. And, asks Mr. Sebastian, who better to depict the message of conspiracy to the Washington market than Mr. Liddy? Mr. Sebastian tracked down the Watergate conspirator and signed him up for an undisclosed sum.”

**Filler Items**

- The latest porn movie star John Holmes once claimed to have had sex with 14,000 women. Probably he kept a tally sheet.

- The director of a vegetarian spa in Mexico has stipulated in his will that he wishes to be buried in the non-smoking section of the cemetery.

- A TV commercial asks, “Where will you be when your laxative starts working?” — as if we didn’t have enough things to be paranoid about.

- Panama’s rubber-stamp legislature considered a law that would forbid making fun of the physical features of public officials — specifically jokes about Noriega’s acne-scarred complexion by calling him “Pineapple Face.”

- During a Democratic candidates debate, a TV director called for a close-up on Paul Simon just as Jesse Jackson made a Biblical reference to “Simon the Leper.”

- Rumor of the Month: Ivan Boesky is making his own vanity license plate, which reads INSIDER.

- The handbook for students in a Chicago high school includes these rules: no running in the halls, no tardiness and no worshiping Satan.

- Radio stations have stopped playing a parody of the Bangles’ hit, “Walk Like an Egyptian,” titled Walk With An Erection.

- Pious Pirate: A printed message—“Repent your sins . . . Keep the Sabbath holy”— appeared for 15 seconds on the Playboy Channel in Oklahoma and Texas.

- The San Francisco Chronicle reported that the Pope “wears size 10½ loafers, and beneath his cassock he favors white boxer shorts instead of briefs.”
A Sad State of Affairs

The pillars of Western civilization have been falling like pentecostals at a prayer meeting lately. Blue chips have become buffalo chips, Soviet communism has turned into a fashion frac, and a confessed adulterer has campaigned for the presidential nomination. Now, the Catholic Bishops Conference will be handing out free rubbers.

Shirley Maclaine is right, there's not even any point in supporting the death penalty. The day after Ted Bundy's executed, he'll be reincarnated as a pit bull or a channel anchor Dan Rather, who was beaten by a man screaming, "What's your frequency?"

Shere Hite has recently come under vigorous attack for asserting that married women have been doing more than sculling at dawn. In her book, Women and Love: A Cultural Revolution in Progress, she claims that 70% of women married more than five years are having sex outside of marriage.

The book also has more than its share of marital horror stories. One woman describes the time she spent all day trying to replicate the soup her husband's mother used to make. He sat down at the dinner table, took one sip, announced that it had "too much paprika," and flushed the whole pot of soup down the toilet and slapped her face. In spite of such episodes, a substantial majority of the women in Ms. Hite's survey express a belief in monogamy. Perhaps in his next film he can play an investment banker who is appointed head of the Department of Health and Human Services in the new Hart administration.

For those who are not yet resigned to the collapse of the stock market, traded over the counter, in which people buy futures in monogamous relationships, and corporate raiders take over failing marriages, the book's first-born as collateral and selling them to infertile couples, thereby preventing the collapse of the world's financial markets and the demise of civilization as we know it.

This is an ugly scenario, but strong measures are called for. An ad has already appeared in the New York Post offering young women $1,000 not to have sex before marriage. A man is offering the money to any woman 19 years of age or younger who promises to remain a virgin until she weds. Although he has not yet filed the appropriate papers with the SEC, a new futures market is a real possibility. As in the recent INF agreement, verification seems to be the major sticking point. Exams were originally required before payment, but after a storm of protest this requirement has been dropped. Applications are now being accepted. Is that what Jesse Jackson meant by Hymietown?

—Robert Myers

The Realist
Box 1230
Venice, CA 90294
Address Correction Requested