

The Realist

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SEND WAR TOYS
TO THE CONTRAS

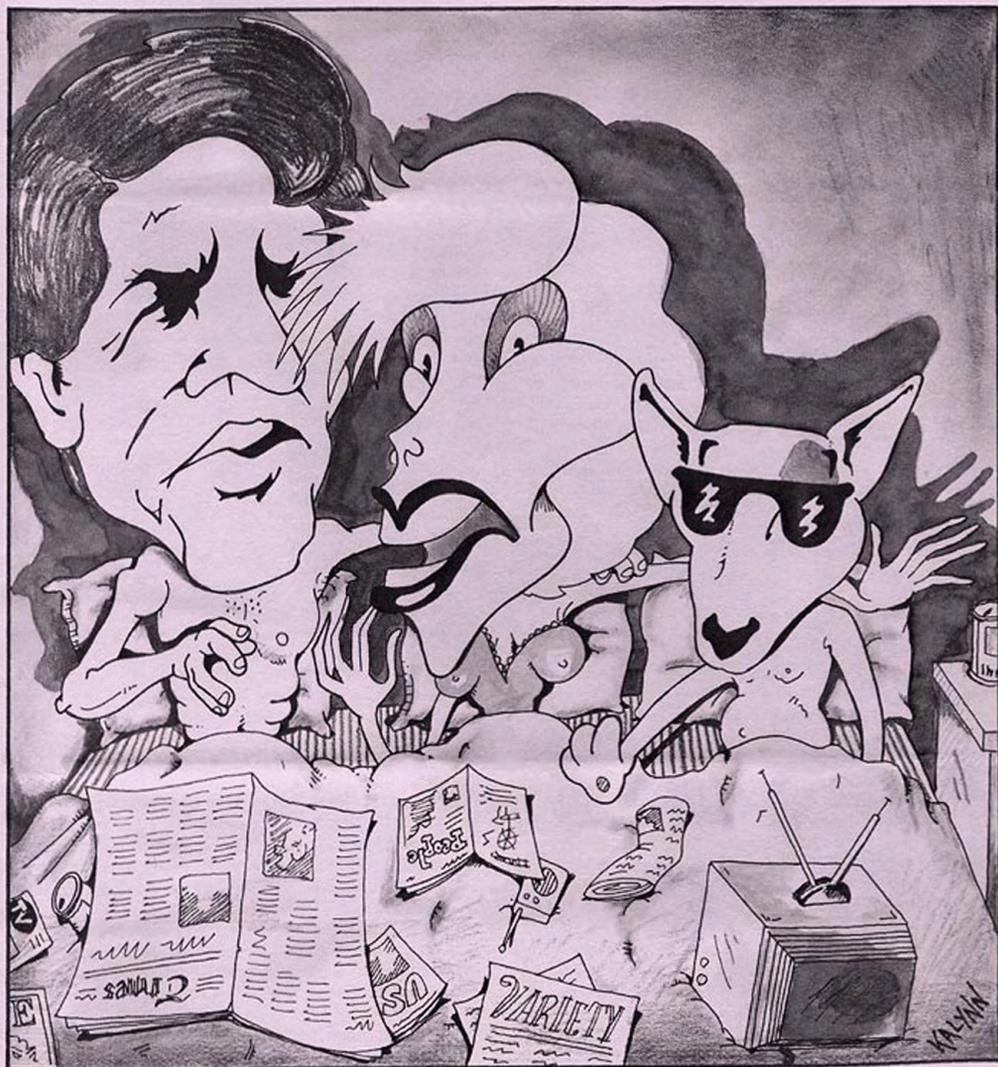


Photo by Jimmy Swaggart

Gary Hart, Joan Rivers and Spuds MacKenzie Caught Participating in Kinky Media Orgy

COURT JESTER

Department of Instant Karma

I was asked to be the opening act for Tonio 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 Swaggart, 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 Tonio K. was a born-again Christian and so was his audience.

It had been a one-night stand. Some other performer would open for Tonio 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 Yuppies 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. One 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. . . .

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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 "mcguffies," 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."

"That's very cruel," Sand responded. "Geeks? That's somebody in a carnival—they bite off chickens' heads."

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

'em, I would have so much printer's ink on my hands that I'd have to wash them *before* urinating in order to avoid getting fingerprints on my penis. But virtually nothing I wrote was used. Sand seemed more concerned with how the hosts *looked* than with what they said. He complained that one of them had "bad fabric" in his tie.

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. . . .

"I'm 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.

"That's happened to me before. Once I was experimenting with grass, and I was positive I saw Nancy Reagan sitting on Mr. T's lap, kissing him on the cheek while he was wearing a Santa Claus costume. Did that actually happen? Or was it a 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/contras hearings. And I was convinced I saw Secretary of State George Schultz do an impression of Jimmy Durante—'Everybody wants to get into the act'—and then I think I saw the entire Senate committee get up and sing *Dinka Dinka Doo*.

"I experimented with pot again during the Bork hearings. And I hallucinated that he admitted writing a novel in college, and the name of his main character was Dirk Dork. I began to think I was making up the news: Bob Bork writes about Dirk Dork!

"So I think it's a good thing we found out about Judge Ginsburg smoking those joints. It explains how he could block the Environmental Protection Agency's effort to eliminate cancer-causing asbestos. His mind had been totally destroyed by marijuana. Why else would he de-rail the EPA's regulation on toxic chemical leaks from underground storage tanks? It *must* have been burned out brain cells that caused him to squelch a Public Health Service study on the impact of federal budget cuts on infant mortality. I'm telling you, marijuana caused a combination of plaque and smegma to grow between the lobes of his brain.

"And now he's ruled in favor of mandatory drug testing for federal employees, even without probable cause. If Ginsburg had become a Supreme Court Justice, would he have taken a drug test? There's a company in Texas that sells powdered urine. All you have to do is add water, but Ginsburg would probably be so stoned that he'd pee in it.

"The thing is, marijuana provided—literally—a smokescreen for the Administration, so that Ginsburg was never judged on his *real* demerits. Maybe there was nothing sinister behind it. Maybe Ronald Reagan simply chose those guys in alphabetical order. Bork, Ginsburg, Kennedy. But if I find out they really wanted Kennedy in the first place!

"On my last experiment with pot, I hallucinated that Reagan was holding this live turkey and telling it he didn't know if he would grant a pardon to Oliver North and John Poindexter. The turkey in turn suggested that Reagan should compromise by following the example of Mr. Potato Head and taking away Poindexter's pipe."

"Now that the dust from the great Summit Conference has settled, there's one aspect that I haven't quite been able to erase from my mind. And that's the level of surveillance by U.S. intelligence agencies on Mikhail Gorbachev while he was a guest in our country.

"Psychiatrists working for the FBI were assigned to learn from the Soviet leader's body language how he thinks and makes decisions. They posed as hotel bellhops, waiters, interpreters and security guards. Every hiccup, burp and twitch was dutifully recorded for hidden meanings.

"The FBI actually had lip-readers whose job it was to carefully monitor countless hours of secret films of the Russian premier. You never know when he might whisper to an aide where they plan to hide missiles from our inspectors.

"But perhaps the most bizarre practice was revealed by syndicated columnist Jack Anderson, who wrote that the CIA has a host of medical experts under contract to scrutinize every bit of available information to determine the state of Gorbachev's health.

"According to Anderson, the CIA was busy trying to capture a Gorbachev stool. There is a historical precedent for this. One of the CIA's greatest triumphs was the diversion of the late Nikita Khrushchev's excrement before it was flushed down the toilet during his 1959 visit.

"Curiously, out of 700 newspapers which carry Jack Anderson, this particular column was omitted only by the *Washington Post*. Editor Ben Bradlee felt it was 'too negatory.' Maybe the real reason is that if Gorbachev had read about it in the *Post* he might not have used the White House bathroom.

"Of course, the KGB is just as anxious to learn as much as possible about the health of *American* leaders. Are they doing it better than the CIA? Is there a feces gap? Will Russian agents obtain souvenirs from Ronald Reagan when he visits the USSR? Are there double agents who take from *both* super-powers?

"Since compulsory drug testing has been spreading in the U.S., a new business has sprung up—that of selling powdered urine by mail. Just add water and keep your job. Is some enterprising entrepreneur now going to start selling turd-in-a-tube for the use of foreign dignitaries?

"It's a dangerous trend, this invasion of privacy in the name of national security, but at least it's providing new areas of employment. How would you like to add something unusual to *your* résumé?"

[Barry Sand objected to the word "turd" but I remembered what Lenny Bruce once told me—"If I went on TV I would change my language, but not my point of view"—and I gladly changed "turd-in-a-tube" to "pre-packaged poo-poo."]

"If you haven't done all your Christmas shopping yet, it's not too late. Just find an all-night drugstore. For only \$3.50 you can buy a handsome, suede-like carrying case holding four condoms made with industrial strength latex.

"For the kiddies, you can get Condom-Mints—chocolate candy in the shape of condoms—unrolled, I presume. Each silver box contains twelve chocolate mints individually wrapped in foil. The package reads: 'For internal use only. Application of Condom-Mints to body parts will result in a sticky mess.'

"Indeed, this has been the year of the condom. Now that Gary Hart is back in the presidential race, I'm not concerned that he committed adultery—that's his own business—but I would like to know that he practiced safe sex. We want a responsible leader of the western world.

"We've all seen that public service announcement warning, 'Any time you sleep with somebody, you're also sleeping with everybody



Condoms in the Comics

they've ever slept with, and everybody they've ever slept with—Malthusian paranoia, back unto Adam and Eve.

"But there's still a lot of ignorance in this era of high-tech communication. According to the *Dallas Times Herald*, in a recent survey of teenagers about AIDS, 65% thought they didn't need to use a condom if the girl was taking birth control pills; 60% believed they wouldn't get AIDS if they had sex with somebody they loved. Who says romance is dead? They need Dr. Ruth: 'Today I have some reservoir tips for teenagers.'

"When I was an adolescent, purchasing condoms was a traumatic experience. I'd buy other stuff to avoid being embarrassed. 'I'd like a *Batman and Robin* comic book, and gimme this candy bar, and (whisper) a pack of prophylactics—and a tube of toothpaste, please.' But now, there are huge billboards: 'If you can't say no, use condoms.' However, an executive of the Gannett Outdoor Advertising Company confirms that they held off putting up these signs until after the Pope's recent visit.

"The Church is faced with an interesting dilemma here. On one hand, they are opposed to condoms as an artificial method of birth control. On the other hand, they're aware that condoms can serve as a protection against AIDS. A group of bishops has issued a statement that educational programs which include information about condoms should also stress that they are morally incorrect. That's sort of like Richard Nixon saying, 'We could get the million dollars—but it would be wrong.'

"A compromise is possible, of course. They could manufacture theologically correct condoms—with teeny tiny holes in them—just to give those spermatazoa a fighting chance. That's fair enough. But the problem then is, if the sperm can get out, the AIDS virus can get in, so it's back to the Vatican drawing board.

"Now theologically correct condoms would have those same teeny tiny holes, but on the outside there would be little feather repellers with the message, 'Wrong Way—Do Not Enter—Severe Tire Damage.' And so, when Santa Claus comes tonight, what's hanging by the fireplace may not necessarily be socks."

When the U.S. Information Agency adopted a policy that will allow the government to label documentary films as propaganda when certifying them for distribution in other countries, I applied that same policy to news inside the United States and had the word PROPAGANDA flashing on and off over footage of the President signing a farm bill and New York's Mayor Koch defending his homeless policy.

On the 100th anniversary of the *National Geographic*, I recalled how as a kid I used to look at that magazine for photos of topless natives. "It was permissible to show such nakedness," I pointed out, "because these were women of color. Of course, this was before *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler*, but even these men's magazines have an unspoken agreement never to show nipples on the cover, no matter how gynecological they get on the inside pages, where sweaty ladies appear to be searching in vain for lost objects...."

The word "nipple" rubbed Barry Sand the wrong way. I had to come up with a euphemism. "Protuberance?" No, too clinical. "Centerpiece?" No, sounds like a floral arrangement. "How about complete breasts?" Okay. It was either that or "mcguffies."

Personal Postscript

Although my experience at the *Wilton North Report* was priceless, I also had enough money left over to get some physical therapy postponed since my surgery last year, and to buy a computer that will soon thrust me into the weird little world of desktop publishing.

I apologize for the long delay in preparing this issue. *The Realist* will be published quarterly for the rest of this year; then the plan is to change it to bi-monthly in 1989 and monthly in 1990.

Best of the Realist (#1 thru #99; 1958-1974) is being reprinted by Running Press, but they don't know when. Labels are waiting for those readers who have ordered copies, and when we get ours, you'll get yours.

Finally, even as I write this, a couple of publishers are bidding for my unauthorized autobiography. I'll write it, of course, on my new computer as soon as we get better acquainted. "We can't be friends," I tell it, "until you stop hiding things from me."

—Paul Krassner

War Toys For Contras

November 28 was officially declared the first International Day of Protest Against War Toys. Across the country people demolished their G.I. Joes, Rambos, and plastic replicas of Uzi machine-guns. 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.

That same day there was a story in the *New York Times* about the Reagan Administration's desire to get Congress to allocate \$30 million in "non-lethal" aid to the contras. "Non-lethal," as the White House defines it, encompasses helicopters and military training. Someone should burn the White House dictionary.

In any case, I found the concurrence of these two events serendipitous. With the arrival of the Christmas season and numerous "Toys for Tots" and "Gifts to the Neediest" campaigns it seemed wasteful not to put all those war toys to better use. Let's, I reasoned, send all our war toys to the contras. While they're clearly a bad influence, war toys are not lethal—even in the Administration's view. And wouldn't you rather see a contra fantasizing that his G.I. Joe is parachuting into a commie hideout in the Nicaraguan jungle than see your child doing same in the living room?

Well, it's a little late for Christmas, but it's not too late to give. By the way, while we're dealing in serendipity, the code word used by contra fundraiser Spitz Channell was TOYS. Case closed.

—Matt Neuman

Just Say Noriega

In what appears to be yet another crippling blow to Panama's paralyzed economy and its political future, the longtime personal physician of narco-dictator Manuel Noriega has revealed that the Panamanian strongman now has AIDS, thus ending nearly a decade of speculation as to the exact state of his health.

According to the General's family surgeon, Noriega, a suspected drug addict, contracted the deadly AIDS virus as a result of "years and years of massive, abusive and repeated injections of a multitude of illicit substances too numerous to mention." Dr. Howard MacDougall, who has been treating Noriega's chronic drug problem since birth, said he informed the General he had AIDS in January of 1986, and that his immediate reaction was one of "immense and overwhelming relief" just to hear it wasn't syphilis again.

"He [Noriega] has been sharing needles for years, despite my warnings, with just about every member of his rank and file, including officers, and then some," Dr. MacDougall told a handful of foreign journalists at an undisclosed location at 2114 Poco Chorizo Way in Panama City, where he had gone into hiding for fear of his own life. "This is a man who knows everything and never listens to anyone," complained MacDougall. "And though I am convinced it is the drugs that are responsible, God only knows what this man has been doing, and with whom."

Dr. MacDougall also warned that the spread of AIDS in Panama is becoming a "crisis of monumental proportions," second only to the severe shortage of American dollars, and cautioned that "fully two-thirds" of Noriega's 12,000-member army are infected with the AIDS virus, "with more on the way."

"You must try to understand," MacDougall stressed. "His people idolize him. They want to be just like him. If he takes drugs, they take drugs; if he shares needles, they share needles; if he has AIDS, they all have AIDS. And it doesn't seem to concern the average citizen who continues to hoard dollars and refuses to buy condoms." At the present rate of transmission, MacDougall estimates that AIDS will replace bananas as Panama's principal export by 1989.

There was no official comment on the matter from either Noriega or anyone on his staff, although Private Interest Minister Luis Delfarto, who asked not to be identified, did suggest that several high-ranking U.S. officials with close, sexual ties to Noriega in the past, may have been exposed to the AIDS virus, among them, Iran-contra figure Oliver North, Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams, Vice President George Bush and the late CIA director William Casey.

—Paul Fericano

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 storylines, come 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. Don't you have that Adolfo in the teal?

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: Uch, 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 swamped 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 you could do the FBI thing on 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 woke me—

Nancy: 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. I 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 work stops. 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 pe—

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

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

A Tale of Two Phone Calls

Both pieces on this page are by Harry Shearer, as broadcast on his weekly radio show. It must be mentioned that certain audio nuances are missing in print form, since Shearer does all the voices himself.

Nancy: Probably the dead mascara. It's reliequifying in the buffer.

Ron: Oh. Did I tell you what Mikhail said after I told him Yakov Smirnoff's joke about the Russian chicken?

Nancy (Chuckling): No.

Ron: He said (*Doing a gruff voice*), "I knew the kid belonged in a labor camp." (*He laughs*)

Nancy (Laughing): That's sweet. I didn't—

(Sound Effect: The phone rings)

Nancy: Hello.

Joan: I told you about the Dolly Parton diet? Lose ten pounds of talent a week?

Nancy (Laughing): You again?

Ron: You who?

Joan: Look, this you can do. Just ask Ed to recommend a good judge.

Ron: You who? Yoo hoo. (*Chuckling*) You know, that's the old thing.

Nancy (To Ron): It's Joan, dear.

Ron: Oh. You her.

Nancy (To Joan): Look, let's talk later. After you find the teal Adolfo.

Ron: Okay, but I don't even know who Teal Adolfo is.

Nancy: Not you. Her.

Ron: Oh. Her who?

Joan: Alright, Nancy. Kiss kiss.

Nancy: Kiss kiss.

(Sound Effect: The phone is hung up)

Ron: We've been through quite a year, kiddo. At times I thought it would never end.

Nancy: Oh, me too.

Ron: But most of the time, it sped along like a runaway freight train.

Nancy: Hmmm.

Ron: I sure wish I knew what was in Mike's noodle, though.

Nancy: Really?

Ron: Well, I mean, he changed the book after the copy he sent us, didn't he?

Nancy: No dear, he just sent us the typed pages. In the book, it's printed.

Ron: Oh, well, but still—

(Continued on Page 6)

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: Or 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. Kinda 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 week, 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.

Hart: 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?

Hart: Huh? Well, I just might. That's not a bad idea. Come on over.

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.

Nixon: Agreed. A non-starter.

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.

Nixon: You're right.

Hart: You think they do?

Nixon: No, no. Right about it being a crazy feeling. By which I mean just that, well, you know what this country's like.

Hart: Yes, sir.

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 cranking out these goddamn books.

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. Do

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 overdoed Dag Hammarskjöld'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 Korff 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 New Hampshire . . . just for old times' sake?

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 rewind 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: You 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 whine starts again)

Ron: Why the hell didn't Mike testify? Did he ever get that speech from *Inherit the Wind* I sent over to him?

Nancy: I don't know, darling. I think Mike may be drinking again.

Ron: Well, don't tell me. Tell the judge.

Nancy: You know who I can't understand, Ron?

Ron: Who's that?

Nancy: Howard Philips. We made that little worm. Now he calls you "a useful idiot."

Ron: Well, but see? It sure beats calling me a useless idiot, now doesn't it?

(Sound Effect: The electric mascara buffer stops)

Nancy: I guess it does, dear.

(Sound Effect: Music sneaks in, in background)



The Case of the Disappearing Comic Strip

Last November, the *Los Angeles Times* ran a story about how thousands of readers around the country have written to order booklets containing a five-week series of the comic strip, *Luann*, with an anti-drug theme. However, the *Times* had stopped publishing *Luann* right in the middle of that series because of the subject matter.

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 cartoon 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 all." 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.

"Did 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 entitled 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 "Gippet."

CBS was the only network to show that. NBC cut to the 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 flub in their stories.

This wasn't the first time a newspaper of record omitted a colorful detail. When Felix Rodriguez testified that Oliver North said, "The old man loves my ass," 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 browns look really rested."

Presumably, George Bush tried the same procedure in preparation for his encounter with Rather, but in order to overcome his wimp 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 Rowland 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 Githens in *The Oldest Profession Times*:

"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 sanity 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 WBMW 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 WBMW'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 late 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 worshipping 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 fad, and a confessed adulterer has campaigned for the presidential nomination. Next thing you know, the Catholic Bishops Conference will be handing out free rubbers.

If 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 for Jack the Ripper.

Nobody seems to believe in anything anymore. Fifty percent of all marriages in the United States now end in divorce. If the people live together first and get to know each other, their odds of success are even worse. According to a recent study, 80% of marriages between people who live together before they're married end in divorce.

The reason cited by the researchers who conducted the study is that people who live together before they wed "don't believe in the institution of marriage." It seems as though they could save themselves and everyone else a lot of grief if they'd just buy each other crockpots and health insurance policies for their birthdays.

At least they tried. They apparently believed in sex, or something, before they got married. In a recent article in the *New York Times Magazine*—entitled "Why Wed?"—a number of heterosexual men between 25 and 40 explained why they aren't even interested in a relationship with a woman.

One man, who lives alone in a five-bedroom house in rural Illinois, said when he gets lonely he takes his dog Max for a walk.

Another self-described bachelor explained why he would rather obtain physical release from sculling at dawn than seeking female companionship: "Rowing is very physically demanding, very good therapy. I know just how I'm going to feel afterwards, and I know it'll be here for me every day."

A third bachelor, who goes to bed early on the weekends so he can play soccer early on Saturday and Sunday mornings, said when asked whether he and the woman he was seeing on an upcoming Saturday night might have sex: "I have no expectations about that. If she has expectations, I'm afraid she'll be disappointed. Absolutely nothing is going to happen."

For those who are not yet resigned to walking the dog but don't seem to be able to have sex anymore, a number of clinics which treat sexual dysfunctions are available around the country. These clinics are increasingly seeing patients who suffer from something called Inhibited Sexual Desire (ISD). Estimates are that this condition afflicts 35% of men and 15% of women. One clinician referred to this problem as "the plague of the '80s," a rather odd assertion considering the competition.

Another related problem is Sexual Aversion Disorder (SAD, as in state of affairs), "a phobic reaction so strong that a person with the problem may not be able to bear being touched in a suggestive way." Some re-

searchers point to AIDS as the cause of all this SADness, but most still blame Mom and Dad.

The problem is particularly acute among couples in which only one member suffers from aversion, and some psychiatrists assert that the "conflict over frequency" is one of the major unrecognized causes of divorce. It is generally believed that this was the motivation behind the attack last year on CBS news 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.

Most experts have denounced her methodology, by which the male ones no doubt mean the method she used to get her respondents to write things like: "I have had extramarital affairs—one lover was with me ten years. Right now there are three. Why? I need variety. Sex with one man becomes boring. God forbid my husband should know." If you don't like the message, denounce the messenger's methodology.

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, even those who don't practice it.

Spurred on by the panic about the spread of AIDS to the heterosexual community which they have helped create, a number of commentators and newspaper columnists have taken up the torch of monogamy with a vengeance. William Buckley recently wrote an editorial titled "In Defense of Monogamy." Against whom he is defending it is unclear, unless of course he has reason to suspect that his wife is one of Ms. Hite's respondents. He probably loves paprika in his soup.

No one has come to the defense of monogamy with as much good humor as Adrian Lyne, director of the movie *Fatal Attraction*. Mr. Lyne, who is also the director of *9½ Weeks*, a film about a man and a woman involved in a sado-masochistic affair, has in *Fatal Attraction* placed the shoe on the other

foot, or more correctly, the foot on the other face. Michael Douglas plays a man who gets pregnant, so to speak, after a weekend affair, and can't get an abortion. Glenn Close—whom *The Star* called "The Most Hated Woman in America," another odd choice considering the competition—plays the other woman and she refuses to leave Douglas, who is happily monogamous, and his poor family alone. At the end of the film Close is punished for her sins with brutal death in the bathtub, bringing squeals of delight from the defenders of monogamy.

Oddly, none of them seems upset that her "innocent unborn child" dies with her. Maybe they're expecting a sequel in which the child survives and follows in her mother's footsteps. Lyne can call it *Pre-Natal Attraction*.

Douglas has had the strange distinction of appearing in three very prescient films: *China Syndrome*, which pre-figured Three Mile Island; *Fatal Attraction*, a striking parallel to the Gary Hart/Donna Rice episode; and *Wall Street*, completed shortly before the October crash of the stock market. The restoration of our belief in our way of life may, oddly, lie in Michael Douglas' hands.

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. To save the ailing economy he creates a new securities market, traded over the counter, in which people buy futures in monogamous relationships, and corporate raiders take over failing marriages, keeping the couples' first-borns 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

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