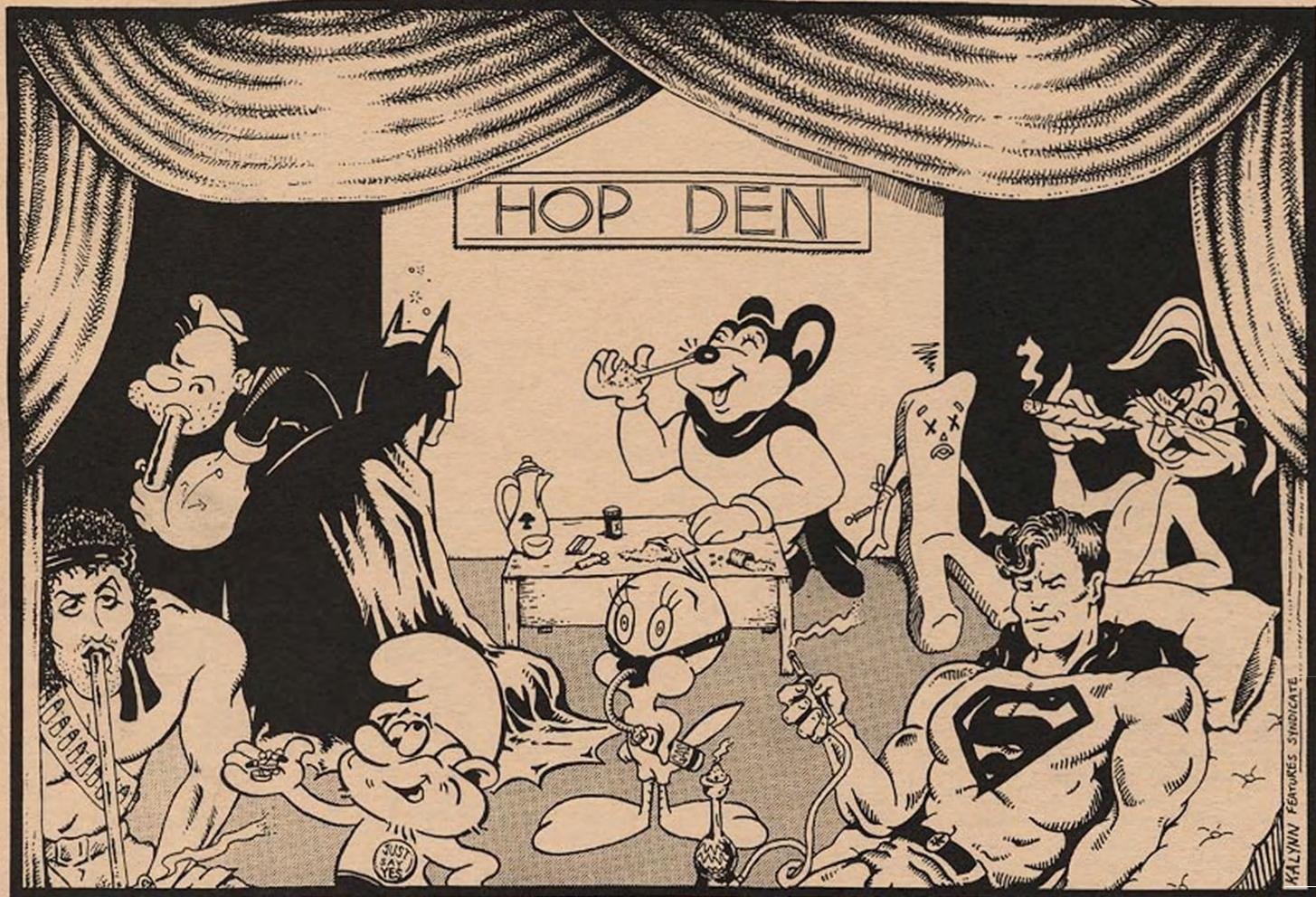


The Realist

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Editor: Paul Krassner

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The Last Temptation
Of Morton Downey, Jr.



How TV Super-Heroes Become Animated

One Saturday morning, Mighty Mouse sniffed something that looked suspiciously like cocaine to Reverend Donald Wildmon, head of the American Family Association, which monitors TV programs for Christian viewers. "CBS must have aired the Mighty Mouse episode to show that cocaine helps one overcome feeling 'down,'" he complained. CBS denied the charge. Animator Ralph Bakshi, the show's producer, compared the minister to the late commie-baiting Senator Joe McCarthy.

The episode in question involves Mighty Mouse's efforts to save Polly, a poor but industrious flower seller, from a villain who destroys her flowers. In the offending scene, Mighty Mouse is shown pulling a handful of crushed pink flower petals and stems from his pocket as he recalls the flower seller who gave them to him. Just before

vanquishing the villain, Mighty Mouse inhales the aroma of the flowers.

Bakshi, who said that Wildmon took a few frames of the cartoon out of context, nevertheless chickened out. "I can't fight the guy. He's got computers and right-wing donations behind him. I'm gonna do a cartoon about the right wing," he boasted, "that's what I'm gonna do." But meanwhile, "in order to put an end to these irresponsible accusations," he agreed to snip 3½ seconds out of the cartoon so that the caped rodent won't be perceived as snorting any coke during re-runs.

On the other nostril, Reverend Wildmon called this cop-out "a de facto admission that indeed Mighty Mouse *was* snorting cocaine. We have been vindicated by CBS itself."

COURT JESTER

Defying Convention

I've been performing every Saturday at the Odyssey Theater in L.A., but a producer for CNN asked me not to mention the name of my show—*Mature Ejaculations*—afraid that it might offend viewers when I was a guest (at 11 p.m., 2 a.m. in the east) on the eve of the Democratic convention. But I could say whatever I wanted about the presidential candidates.

• George Bush—"His desperation shows when he tells a group of Hispanics that if he gets elected he'll put a Hispanic on the Cabinet. And then, of course, if he gets elected, he'll say, 'I meant that I would have a Hispanic *build* a cabinet for me.'"

• Michael Dukakis—"He's very mature, very controlled, very methodical, but his personality is sort of grey. I think that's why they're holding the convention in Atlanta, so that Ted Turner can colorize him."

The next issue of *The Realist* will feature Harry Shearer's coverage of both conventions. In the meantime we can watch with relish as the Reagan Administration continues to go down the proverbial drain.

A bribery scandal at the Pentagon? "Well," says the President, "there's always a few rotten apples in every barrel." Secret Service agents using dope? "Well, it just goes to show how far the problem extends." A U.S. Navy ship shoots down a planeload of Iranian civilians? "Well, that was a wrongful accident."

The sign on the desk in the Oval Office of the White House used to say *The Buck Stops Here*. Now it's been replaced by one that says *Shit Happens*.

A Letter to Jerry Rubin's Mother-in-Law

Dear Mrs. Leonard,

I was reading this article in the *New York Times*:

"Jerry Rubin, the man famous for saying never to trust anyone over 30, just turned 50. [Note: Actually, Jack Weinberg said it.]

"It scares the hell out of me," said Mr. Rubin, who as a young radical in 1967 dropped dollar bills onto the floor of the New York Stock Exchange and campaigned to elect a pig as President of the United States.

"In recent years, he has generated nearly as much publicity by running a business that promotes a pastime called networking—through which people pay hefty fees to go to parties where they might or might not meet someone who can advance their careers.

"Tens of thousands have gone to the parties, and only the October stock market crash kept Mr. Rubin from selling \$3 million of shares in Network America to the public.

"Thus, it seemed appropriate that some 70 friends from all over the country and from different chapters in Mr. Rubin's colorful life gathered for a party Thursday evening, his birthday, in his balloon-bedecked Upper East Side apartment.

"There were radicals and former radicals, investment bankers, rock-and-rollers, lawyers and Mr. Rubin's personal nutritionist. There was a former co-conspirator who was jailed for 60 days with Mr. Rubin in the Cook County Jail in Illinois, and a woman who discovered she and he had 'no chemistry' when they met at Elaine's on a blind date 11 years ago but became friends anyway.

"Staring at the varied assemblage as if it had arrived from another planet was Mr. Rubin's mother-in-law, who begged not to be identified, claiming never to have told friends the identity of daughter Mimi's husband.

"He is just not the man I would have picked for my daughter," she explained. . . ."

I know how you must feel, Mrs. Leonard. The *Donahue* show just replayed a program from April, 1970, when Phil's hair was still dark and Jerry's hair was all over his face. Your son-in-law came across as an obnoxious, condescending, disingenuous, arrogant, embarrassing asshole, criticizing his host for wearing "the uniform of imperialist America" that he himself now wears, and chastizing TV—"Another commercial? See, it's all money!"—although he now brags, "Until me, nobody had really taken off their clothes and screamed out loud, 'It's okay to make money!'"

Jerry is a different person these days from the old image locked in your mind. Indeed, your former husband, George Leonard, once wrote a book about that very process, called *The Transformation*. And now he's written a book about the '60s, only he doesn't even mention Jerry Rubin once. So at least you're not alone with your shame.

But didn't you know that you were talking to a reporter? Didn't you see the *Times* photographer at the party? Didn't you hear Jerry's personal nutritionist tell the reporter, "I see that Jerry does a lot of things now without publicity."

Here's hoping you have a reconciliation with Jerry. On that *Donahue* show, he had said, "I don't think people over 50 should vote unless they take a test throwing up all the garbage they memorized." Maybe this November, Jerry will let you hold his barf bag.

Cordially,
Paul Krassner

The New Victims

Some recent events may force us to come up with a new definition of the word "victim." For example, operators of the military supply train that ran over Brian Willson last year are suing the now-legless progrester for "mental anguish" they suffered due to the incident. Why stop at "mental anguish?" They were probably late, too.

Then, Lawrence Singleton, the man who was released from prison after serving eight years for raping and mutilating a young girl, announced his intention to drag the now-armless woman into court, claiming it was *he* who was raped. Apparently the charge that she forced him to chop off her arms was dropped.

You may wonder, as I did, about the meaning of these two cases. Are they the latest examples of lawyers seeking new grounds for lawsuits, or is this the dawn of "The Age of Bullies"? Well, I did a little research and found that—surprisingly—there are strong legal precedents for such actions. In fact, this is just the continuation of a trend. Let's take a look back at some of history's more celebrated cases:

Board of Education v. Brown (1955)

In this landmark decision, the Supreme Court ordered 11-year-old Linda Brown to pay the city of Topeka, Kansas seventy million dollars because she forced the city to integrate its school system "with all deliberate speed" and as a result the city fathers felt "rushed and confused." In his majority decision, Chief Justice Earl Warren explained that "The law does not protect those it does not protect."

Manson v. Estate of Sharon Tate (1974)

Claiming his reputation was sullied by the late actress, Charles Manson fought and won his case against her estate. He now received all her royalties from the film *Attack of the Fearless Vampire Killers*. In a separate ruling, *Manson v. The Beatles (1975)*, the court again sided with the plaintiff and ordered the four mop-tops to turn over all their royalties from the song *Helter Skelter*.

Nixon v. People of Cambodia (1985)

Everyone remembers when this case was televised on *The People's Court*. The former president was awarded \$1250 for having suffered "many a sleepless night" after the bombing of Cambodia. The Cambodian people argued that Nixon was practicing genocide—but were rebuffed when Judge Wapner quipped "Practice makes perfect!" and ruled them out of order.

And what of the future? Already lawyers are gearing up for *The American Tobacco Company v. Yul Brynner*, wherein the cigarette-maker will claim that the late actor's posthumous anti-smoking ads on TV are "slanted" and "weird." They're asking for Brynner's body to be exhumed and his pockets searched for change. And they'll probably win.

This just in: According to a *Los Angeles Times* poll, when Americans were asked who they thought was "more at fault" in the shooting down of an Iranian passenger jet, 49% said it was the pilot of the downed plane; 8% said it was the navy skipper who fired the missile; 5% said "unavoidable accident"; and 38% had no opinion. Of course this was back in July. We now know it was the passengers' fault. They did it to make us look bad.

—Matt Neuman

Thorns in the Rose Garden

Sound: CBS News anthem.

Dan: This is a CBS News special report—*Thorns in the Rose Garden*. I'm Dan Rather, CBS News, New York. Like a volley of rounds from a retreating cannon, new revelations from departed officials continue to rock the residents of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Barely has the dust settled from the book by former Reagan Chief of Staff Don Regan than a new book by a former Administration member threatens to raise a new, and even larger, cloud of the linty substance. But this is no draft of bitterness brewed at the expense of the First Lady. This week's revelations, like a .22 slug burrowing deep into a wounded coyote, tear away at substance. CBS News correspondent Mike Wallace joins us now to wield a reportorial machete through this jungle of metaphor, and, incidentally, to tell you what I'm talking about. Mike?

Mike: Dan, Caspar Weinberger is one of Ronald Reagan's closest

political associates, part of the gang that dates back to Sacramento days. But in his new book, being excerpted this week in *Parade* magazine, the former Secretary of Defense takes to the offense.

Tape: Mike and Caspar.

Mike: Mr. Secretary, you've titled your book *In My Own Words*. Why?

Weinberger: Mike, my publisher actually wanted me to come up with something that played off my name in a memorable or a cute way, as in Larry Speakes, *Speaking Out*, something like that. But the best any of us could come up with was *Weinberger With Relish*, and at that point my ghostwriter suggested something much simpler, much more to the point—*In My Own Words*.

Mike: All right, sir, let's get down to what you actually say in the book. According to you, George Bush's charge that the Supply Side policy of the Reagan Administration was "Voodoo Economics" was far truer than even he knew. What do you mean?

Weinberger: Well, the idea that Mike Deaver circulated—and I take nothing away from Mike, he was a very clever, very skillful man, and the media, to his credit, bought his story completely—was that the Supply Side economic policy was based on writings by Arthur Laufer and some other reasonably respected economists. Actually, Maureen Reagan had become close friends with a gentleman in the Haitian district of New York City—you know, of course, that's a magnet for refugees from that sad country, and this gentleman not only had a degree in Economics from the University of Miami, but was, and as far as I know, still is, a major figure in the Voodoo religion in the Brooklyn area.

Mike: And you say, do you not, that he relayed, through Maureen, the basic ideas for the 1981 tax cut, the later tax increase, that he, in effect, was supplying line by line budget allocations from where—

Weinberger: At first, he and Maureen would meet at a Haitian restaurant on Jerome Avenue—I knew something about this because of course I was privy to information relating to the security procedures surround-

Editor's Note

Both of these scripts are by Harry Shearer, as broadcast on his radio show. As usual, Shearer does all the voices except his own.

ing members of the Presidential family—and he would give her some budget figures, some guidelines for Federal Reserve policy, and then there'd also be, and Maureen insists that she went along with this just to maintain good will with the gentleman, some rituals involving a zombie.

Mike: A zombie.

Weinberger: Well, you've read the research, Mike, there's actually some sort of chemical substance they use which slows the heartbeat down to almost nothing for a protracted period. And although there isn't a lot of zombie activity in Brooklyn, as opposed to back on the island, apparently it still plays a part in the religion.

Mike: And Maureen Reagan went along with this?

Weinberger: Well, uh, there is a First Amendment in this country that does protect freedom of religion. But then, also, as I say in the book, the President encouraged her to maintain the contacts, because he liked the gentleman's policies. Then later, about 1983, Dr. Gervais—

Mike: That's the Haitian gentleman.

Weinberger: That's right—began meeting the President personally in Camp David on weekends.

Mike: Anybody else see these meetings?

Weinberger: Well, they were of course totally unofficial, I saw the man on a couple of occasions when I was up at the camp with the President, and occasionally Mrs. Reagan would finish her conversations with the astrologer early, and he'd still be there.

Mike: Still charting the economic policy of this Administration?

Weinberger: Well, he made suggestions about everything, not just economics. For example, he once suggested that we coat the tips of our Trident nuclear sub-launched missiles with some kind of nerve poison. And actually, we made provision for that in the defense budget we sent up to Congress in 1985, but it was just in there as a bargaining chip. It wasn't a serious proposal.

(Continued on Page 4)

Hellcats of the White House

Sound: Hellcats music theme.

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*.

Sound: New Hellcats music.

Announcer: Our story opens on the Patricia Nixon Lawn of the presidential residence, an outdoor area shielded from public view. The President is rehearsing his upcoming public appearances while nearby the presidential helicopter whirls its blades as it sits on the lawn. At the President's side is his newly trusted public spokesman, Marlin.

Sound: Music out. Helicopter in background.

Marlin: Three, two, one. (Yelling) Mr. President, do you believe that the Iranians put dead bodies on that aircraft?

Ron: We're looking for one, I hope to have one by the end of this

week.

Marlin (into his radio): Kill the chopper.

Voice on Radio: Killing the bird.

Sound: Chopper is turned off.

Ron: It's getting to you too, eh, Marlin? It was driving me nuts.

Marlin: Sir, that was the wrong answer.

Ron: It wasn't driving me nuts?

Marlin: No, sir, the wrong answer to my questions. I asked you about the Iranian plane deal, not about a successor to Ed.

Ron: Oh. Well, with that damn chopper going, I can't hear myself remember. Marlin, why don't we dump this helicopter deal? My throat is sore for hours after one of these.

Marlin: Well, Mr. President, this has been standard procedure since long before I've been here. I think it was Mike who signed off on this.

Ron: Well, I know, but Mike's about to go to j—well, he's not here any more. Besides, doggone it, there's almost no time left, so what if I make a little mistake or something? Nobody cares. It's over. Marlin, it's over.

Marlin: Well, it's not over, sir, we've still got—well, there's—well, there's the convention, there's the trip to the rich afterwards, there's—

Sound: Electronic phone ring.

Marlin: Here, sir, that's a secure line ringing. Take it on my unit.

Ron: That was a line Dina Merrill heard Darryl Zanuck say over at the Fox commissary one day, he—

Marlin: Sir, the phone.

Ron: Oh. Hello.

Schultz: Mr. President, I just want to bounce a couple of things about this Iranian thing off you before I—

Ron: George!

Sound: Dramatic sting.

Schultz: Yes, sir, I hope you don't mind, Mr. President, I'm kind of running with the ball on this airliner thing. Not just because as Secretary of State it kind of falls into my bailiwick, but also because I seem to be the only one left in the Cabinet who isn't spending all my time Xeroxing resumés.

Ron: Yes, well, Zanuck is having lunch in the Executive Dining Room, when the waiter brings the phone over to him. Zanuck looks up at this fella, and you remember the way the waiters at 20th used to be, this guy was darker than a tuxedo, Zanuck says to him, "You take it, I'm eating."

Schultz: Uh-huh. Mr. President—I think

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we've got to move on this issue of reparations pretty darn sudden, before we look like we're being forced into something.

Ron: Now, George, let me tell you one thing. You know the main reason I was elected President in the first place.

Schultz: Jimmy Carter.

Ron: Besides that. It was to stand up to the Iranians. I'm not making my exit with a handout to those beardos.

Schultz: But, sir—

Ron: Look, here's an idea. If we want to make a gesture of good will to the Iranians, why don't we just sell them some more Tow missiles or something? It worked last time.

Schultz: Well, it worked, it didn't work, that's not the issue. Sir, our initial story's being torn to shreds. I think if we make this move now, we've got the spotlight, we've got the initiative—

Ron: We've got the bill. George, I just don't know. I'm kinda leaning to this idea, I don't know whether you've heard it, that they put corpses on that plane. I'd sure hate to end up in the position of paying people for the plane. You want to pay for corpses, George? I mean, I've heard of residuals, but this is ridiculous.

Schultz: I know, sir, but—

Ron: For that matter, and here this is just off the top of my head, this wasn't in *USA Today* or anything, but maybe they weren't even real corpses. I mean, dead bodies don't show up on infra-red, and on that Iranian footage, those bodies look just like those inflatable plastic love dolls. Matty Mogulescu, Bureau Chief for *Photoplay*, had a thing for those, you know.

Schultz: Sir, I promise you we will get intelligence confirmation that those people weren't dead when they got on the plane. Can we at least put some kind of compensation on the table?

Ron: Oh, sure, George. Put it on the table. You know even if you do get an infra-red reading from the CIA on that footage, they could have put dogs inside those love dolls, then blown them up—

Schultz: Yes, sir. I'll keep in touch with you on this.

Ron: You bet, George. Here, Marlin.

Marlin: Yes sir.

Ron: You know how to turn it off.

Sound: Dramatic music.

Announcer: Later that evening, the President and his wife, Nancy, have just retired to the family bedroom after a performance in the East Room of the songs of Jerome Kern. As the President does sit-ups on the floor, Nancy sits at a dressing table, injecting depilatory into her upper lip.

Sound: Music out. Electric device in background.

Ron (*Strenuously*): You know, Mommy, I'm beginning to like that Marvin Hamlet fella. He knows a million songs.

Nancy: Yes, dear.

Ron: Oh, Mommy, what's wrong? Your face is longer than one of Georgie Jessel's eulogies.

Nancy: You're right, Ronnie. I should be smiling and upbeat. After all, we've finally been stripped of the last friend we had in this

Administration. It makes everything much simpler now. We're the only ones we can trust. I'm a fool to be sad.

Ron: Mommy, Ed had to leave. If he'd waited around till the report actually came out, he couldn't have said it cleared him. You know that.

Nancy: Ronnie, who have you been talking to? You know better than that. You can say anything you want any time you want, as long as you commit to it.

Ron: I know, that's what Reuben Mamoulian used to tell me. I told you about this. I ran into him at Hedda Hopper's one day, and he pulls me over and says, in almost a whisper, there are three things to remember about acting: commitment, commitment, and— and—oh, heck, I forget the other one, it must have been—

How Purple Was My Prose

"We are not gray grains of oatmeal in a porridge of privilege," said Lloyd Bentsen in his acceptance speech at the Democratic convention. Just so. Also, we are not cowflops of complacency in a meadow of mediocrity. We are not quasars of querulousness in a galaxy of greed. We are not pousse-café of presumption in a cocktail lounge of cronyism. We are not BMWs of braggadocio on a parkway of plutocracy. We are not courtesans of callousness in a massage parlor of mendacity. We are not sun-dried tomatoes of sanctimony in a warm salad of wealth.

—Hendrik Hertzberg
in *The New Republic*

Sound: Phone rings.

Ron: Jesus, lot of calls for a lame duck. Maybe it's not all over.

Sound: Phone pickup.

Ron: Rawhide.

Bush: Mr. President, you've saved my rear end. I—

Ron: George!

Sound: Dramatic sting.

Bush: Yes, sir. Campaigning. Taking the issues to the people. Getting back into it. Putting our own spin on Dukakis. And feeling very grateful about the whole Ed business.

Ron: Well, George, as you can imagine, being just a heartbeat away and all, it makes everything so much simpler now.

Bush: Well, it sure does for me. I'd like to see them try to pin that so-called sleaze issue on me now. We'll shove it back in their faces like so much shaving cream. I know it must have been difficult for you to do it, sir.

Ron: Well, George, if this job was easy, I don't think you'd want it.

Bush: No, sir. Excellent analysis. Cut right to the heart, as usual. Wish I had that ability. Now if you want to have some suggestions for a successor, somebody who could hit the ground running in a Bush Administration—

Ron: Yes, George?

Bush: Well, anybody on your list is fine with me.

Ron: All right, George. Say, did you know that Jerome Kern wrote *Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man of Mine*?

Bush: Didn't know it, sir. Glad to hear it. Always a favorite of Barbara's and mine. Now, if there was one thing more you could do to smooth the way for me, sir—

Nancy: Ronnie—

Ron: Oop, got to get back to my briefing book, George. Pros and cons of paying reparations to the Ayatollah. I think we should sell him some more weapons, but nobody around here even knows Ghorbanifar's number any more. It's over, George. You'll see. It'll be over for you too some day.

Bush: Uh-huh. Well, my best to Nancy, sir.

Ron: Goodbye, George.

Sound: Phone hangs up.

Ron: Goodbye.

Nancy: Ron, I didn't mean to take the wind out of your sails. We have so much to look forward to. Building your library. Finding some books to go in it—and maybe finally, just some time for the two of us.

Ron: That'll be nice.

Nancy: Will it?

Ron: Won't it?

Sound: Hellcats music.

Announcer: How can you tell, when your shadow lengthens, whether you're standing taller, or the sun's just going down? Next time, rehearsing for the convention, on *Hellcats of the White House*.

Sound: Music out.

(Continued From Page 3)

Mike: Now, Secretary Weinberger, the clear implication of what you're saying is not very complimentary to Donald Regan. After all, he was Treasury Secretary during much of this time.

Weinberger: That's true, but he was basically cut out of the loop. Not only did he never have one-on-one meetings with the President, he had very limited access to Maureen. When he found out what was going on, he did threaten to resign.

Mike: He did.

Weinberger: But a couple of days later, when he came in to his office in the morning, he found on his desk a little doll with grey hair and a goat horn shoved through its torso. At that point, I believe he decided to stay on board.

Mike: Mr. Weinberger, I have to ask you this question. This is pretty explosive stuff. How come it hasn't surfaced until now, until your book?

Weinberger: Mike, I've asked myself that question, though not as well as you asked it. I can't speculate on why the few other people who knew of this arrangement haven't spoken out. I just knew I had to. And incidentally, I'm doing so not to shed a bad light on the President. I still admire the man greatly. I think he turned this country around. But Maureen and he have always had a very special relationship, and I believe in this instance she may have exploited it.

Mike: She may have.

Weinberger: That's correct.

End of tape.

Mike: Dan, Secretary Weinberger says he once told Vice President Bush about this unorthodox arrangement, and that Bush just

laughed in his face. And then he quoted Bush as saying, "The President is probably just humoring Maureen, hoping she'll meet a nice young zombie." Dan?

Dan: Thanks, Mike. White House reaction to this newest detonation in an apparent cluster bomb assault by former aides has come back quick, and fast. Bill Plante is at the White House. Bill, what's the temperature in the Oval Office? Boiling mad, or stewing in his own juice?

Sound: Traffic in background.

Bill: Dan, White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater is practicing a sophisticated form of spin control on this story. In a press briefing just a couple of hours ago, Fitzwater tried hard to draw a distinction between what he calls the horror movie stereotype of voodoo and the, quote, "legitimate religious insights of a culture very near our borders." Although he wouldn't be drawn into specifics, I think what he was trying to do was put some distance between any economic advice the President's daughter was receiving and passing on, and the idea of exotic or dangerous or repulsive practices.

Dan: He's downplaying the zombie factor.

Bill: Exactly.

Dan: Did he have any direct reaction from the President on all this?

Bill: Well, Dan, the President's position on all these so-called kiss-and-tell books is well known, it's on the record, although leaving the White House this afternoon, in response to repeated shouted questions about kiss-and-tell books, the President did say he thought the Kitty Kelley book about Sinatra was, quote, "pretty good," unquote. Dan?

Traffic Sounds end.

Dan: At the center of this storm stands a man born Cap Haitian, on the northwestern coast of the third of an island that calls itself Haiti. While Fernand Gervais himself was not making himself available to the media, our Charles Kuralt took a walking tour around the element this particular fish swims in: New York's Little Haiti.

Sound: Kuralt walking.

Charles: Dan, this is urban cockfight country. Most Saturday afternoons, you can find a pretty good replica of the scraps that pack 'em in across the Haitian countryside . . . but this one is just a subway ride away from Lincoln Center. They don't fight to the death—they can't afford to lose the roosters.

Sound: Footsteps continue, fade into Haitian band in background.

Charles: Weekend nights, 165th Street rocks to the lilt of the only Caribbean music whose lyrics are sung in French.

Sound: Music continues, then fades down. Sound of store.

Charles (Voice Over): And where any questions about Dr. Gervais, or voodoo, are met with the same response.

Sound: Kuralt finishes asking a question, then a man explodes in French.

Charles (V.O.): He says "Don't ask me, I'm a good Catholic."

Sound: Man speaking French fades down. Footsteps and traffic fade back up.

Charles: Mayor Koch came here with Al

Gore last month, and they both munched on breadfruit. Afterwards, the mayor said it tasted more like bread than like fruit. That's what they all say down here. Charles Kuralt, CBS News, on the road in Little Haiti.

Sound: Footsteps and traffic fade out.

Dan: Despite almost two repeated attempts, CBS News was unable to reach Maureen Reagan, the President's daughter, for her reaction to the Weinberger book. Like a retriever on a possum hunt, we can only wait and see. Further details on the CBS Evening News tomorrow, and please join me later this week when we spend 48 hours with Charles Manson. Until then, Dan Rather, CBS News. Thank you for joining us.

I, the Jewry

(Abridged from Zionist tough-guy writer Mickey Kabane's latest thriller about crime and punishment in Israel's West Bank district.)

She was dead. Her lovely Sephardic face was as still as the Dead Sea. Her lovely Sephardic brains were spattered all over the olive grove. She was just a kid, 15. But she was lovely. And she was dead. Me, I was mad.

"It was an automatic rifle, Mike. Close-range. From behind." It took me a second to realize who was talking. I was mad. It was Temple Mount, the new government investigator. I looked her up and down. Mostly down. I saw where they got the "Mount" part, all right. The straining of her khaki blouse answered that. But if she was pure as a Temple, then I wasn't Mike Hamir. And I wasn't mad.

"I'm gonna get him, Temple," I snarled. "I'm gonna get the killer. Because I'm mad."

"Don't go off half-cocked, Mike," she quavered, her blouse straining toward me. "The Arab world is in an uproar. The whole



Alice in Sleazyland

Testifying before the Senate Judiciary Committee, former deputy attorney Arnold Burns described what it was like working in Ed Meese's Justice Department: "It was a world of Alice in Wonderland, a world of illusion and allusion, a world in which up was down and down was up, in was out and out was in, happy was sad and sad was happy."

planet is at the brink of explosion. Nobody's tough enough to fight that alone. Not even you, Mike."

"When they assigned me to guard this poor, dead kid, I was guarding a hell of a lot more than one lovely Levantine," I barked. "I was guarding Zion. Its youth. Its hopes and dreams. Its future. And now she's dead. And that makes me mad."

I turned my back on her and walked away. I felt the automatic in my jacket. Then I heard her hungry footsteps behind me. She was coming with me. Yeah. They always do.

My first suspects were a family of local Palestinians. The mother was dark, with big brown eyes and breastworks to match. She could almost be gorgeous if you didn't think about what she was. That was one of God's cruelest jokes. Making the Arabs look so much like the Sephardim, when they were really barely more than animals. But that's God for you. He's no nice guy. Especially when He's mad.

"We didn't kill her, Mike," the woman whimpered. "Some Israeli guard just started shooting at our boys in the field."

She stuck her cockamamie story even when I climbed into the bulldozer. "Honest, Mike!" she yelled. "We were trying to stop the violence!"

I thought sure she'd give it up by the time the last wall of her house went down. But she was stubborn. "Sure, some of the boys in the village were throwing rocks, Mike! But we were trying to get the girl into our house to shelter her!"

I finally got to her when I broke her 13-year-old boy's hand with the butt of my automatic. But she still wouldn't tell the truth. She just kept yelling, "Please, Mike! Please!"

"Stop it, Mike." It was Temple Mount. She grabbed my arm. She was breathing heavy. Her blouse testified to that. "I think she's innocent, Mike."

"Sure, maybe she's innocent of killing the kid," I grinned. "But there's one thing we know she's guilty of."

"What's that, Mike?"

"Trespassing," I said. "Trespassing on the land God gave us."

That shut her up. But quick. We went off to question my second suspect. The local head of the PLO.

You ever meet a terrorist? I mean really meet one. Get close enough to smell him. Feel it going up your nose, the jackal-like cowardice that lets him kill women and children to maintain his power, that lets him depend on money from foreign countries instead of on his own two feet, that tries to make you feel sorry for him while he's doing the same things he says they're doing to him. Yeah. It makes you mad.

As mad as me, when I pushed the automatic to his throat. You should've seen how big his eyes got. "I didn't kill her, Mike," he gasped. "Why would I kill a kid?"

"The same reason you pushed my grandparents into the ovens," I snapped.

"But that wasn't me, Mike. I wasn't even . . ."

The Last Morton Downey Show

Several hundred college professors, notebooks in hand, pens poised, watch a huge video screen in a darkened room. A man, Mort, with bright white dentures and brown toupee, wearing a pair of fire-engine-red socks and brown loafers, his tie hanging loosely from his collar and sleeves rolled up, swaggers like a vacuum cleaner salesman as he leads two burly minions down a hallway. He steps into the bright lights of a TV studio, arms raised high in the air, slapping the palms of the people in the first row of the audience as he struts to the podium, the crowd roaring as though greeting the arrival of the lions in the Coliseum in Nero's Rome.

Mort (lighting a cigarette): You all know how much it costs to send your kids to college today. Ten, fifteen thousand smackers a year . . . if you're lucky. And what do you get for laying down all that hard-earned moolah? According to one of our guests tonight, Secretary of Education William Bennett, you get an arrogant, half-illiterate anarchist who's learned how to curse you out in three Third World languages you never heard of, thinks Malcolm X ought to be on Mount Rushmore instead of Teddy Roosevelt, and doesn't know the difference between Plato and Pee-Wee Herman. I don't know about you, but if my kid handed me a diploma that cost sixty grand for learning that kind of crap, the only reason I wouldn't use it for toilet paper is because I'd need it to wipe my mouth after I puked. *(The crowd roars, applauds.)* What the hell's happened to American higher education, Bill?

Bill: What's happened, Mort, is that American colleges and universities have caved in to a group of ignorant, irrational bullies who want to destroy the Judeo-Christian values on which our Founding Fathers based the greatest democracy in the history of the world. If these people had their way, they'd take us all back to the Dark Ages.

"I don't want to hear it," I said. I cuffed him a couple of times, good, and let him walk off.

"He's trouble, Mike," Temple breathed. I watched her breathe. "Maybe he's innocent, but you made him mad. And that scares me, Mike."

"Kill him," I said.

"What?"

"It doesn't matter if I'm the one who made him mad. If you're on my side, you'll prove it. Kill him."

I watched her eyes dance with fear and excitement. I gave her my automatic. She hugged it to her like the man she loved. Yeah. Maybe it was. She followed the guy. When his back was turned, she fired a burst. She looked at the guy lying there, like she wasn't sure what she'd done. Then I was behind her, and I was putting my mitts where she was straining, and then suddenly she was bare as the Golan Heights and she was parting for me like the Red Sea.

"You . . . you aren't mad, Mike?" she breathed when it was over.

"Me, I'm mad, all right," I gritted. "But not at you."

"How did it happen, Mike? How did you get to be so mad? I can tell there's a sensitive guy in there . . . somewhere."

"Sure, I was a sensitive guy, once," I said. "But then I joined the Settlement Movement. It changed me. It showed me the power of religion and the obscene pleasure that was fulfilling a prophecy, the spicy sweetness of taking by force that which was promised as a reward for faith."

"There in the jungle of remembrance, there in the stink of bitterness and guilt that hung over the settlements like poison gas, there in the dimness of too many mornings laced together with holocaust anecdotes and

chanted invectives against the Canaanites . . . there I had gotten a taste of sanctified vengeance and found it palatable to the extent that I could never again eat the fruits of humility and patience.

"That was me, all right. I wasn't Mike Hamir, Regular Jew, anymore. I was Mike Hamir, Freelance Security Guard. And now . . . now I'm the Jewry."

Yeah, it was a hell of a speech for a tough guy like me. But I was mad.

We came into South Lebanon on a Jeep. The road was rutted by artillery craters. It was a bumpy ride. Her blouse testified to that.

"Do you think the killer's here, Mike?" she asked.

"Sure he is," I said. "And I'm going to gun him down." I pulled out my automatic. She looked at it with amazement, the same way she'd looked at something else I'd pulled out recently.

"Mike, I've been meaning to ask you," she breathed. "I know most tough guys carry an automatic. But isn't it usually an automatic *pistol*? I mean, that rifle is so big . . ."

"It does the trick," I said. We were standing in a crowd of Lebanese. Or so they wanted you to believe. I knew they were Palestinians. I can smell 'em. They make me mad. I started gunning. Nowhere in particular. Into the air. All around. Toward Beirut.

Then Temple had her gun out. She was firing too. "Mike, why are we doing this?" she yelled.

"They give refuge to killers here," I said. "If we spill enough blood, the killing will stop."

They were dropping like flies. Then they were running, screaming. Then some of the bastards started coming back, throwing rocks. I jerked Temple in front of me. "Stand there," I said.

Crowd: Nuke 'em! Nuke 'em! Nuke 'em!

Mort: How are they doing it?

Bill: The same way they did it during the sixties. Intimidation. Just a few months ago Stanford University caved in to the demands of a pack of radicals led by Jesse Jackson, chanting "Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho, Western Civilization's got to go." When people in positions of authority start knuckling under to every special interest group on the lunatic fringe, it's the beginning of the end for the tradition of disinterested discourse which has been the hallmark of western civilization since the time of Plato.

Mort: We also have with us tonight a radical minority female author who thinks it's fine for kids to read books by blacks, feminists and revolutionary Third World pabulum pukers. So I'll ask her, why do you people want to destroy western civilization?

Author: This oxymoron . . .

Mort (Interrupting): Hold it! I'm the one who decides when the insults start on this show, madam.

Crowd: Mort! Mort! Mort!

Author: . . . was first exposed by Gandhi.

Mort: The original pabulum puker.

Bill: I believe she's referring to a contradiction in terms.

Mort: Such as *(chuckling)* a Latin American literary classic.

Author: I was thinking more along the lines of an honest Republican or a wrestling match that fulfills the FCC requirement for public affairs programming.

Mort (Flicking his cigarette ashes at the author): Burn, baby, burn!

Crowd: Out! Out! Out!

Bill: I think it's important to remember that we're a western country founded on western values. Everything we stand for emanated from Europe.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because they've gotta know this isn't some crazy terrorist shooting them. They've gotta know it's the forces of decency and justice. They've gotta know it's the Israeli government."

She looked at me. Those big brown eyes drank up my face. Then they stopped drinking. If they could've spat, they would've. She knew.

"Mike," she said. "Mike . . . that gun of yours . . . the way you just start shooting . . . what that woman said . . . you killed that girl, didn't you, Mike?"

"I wouldn't have killed her if I didn't have to protect her from the Arabs," I said. "So they're the real killers."

"I—I don't know, Mike. I'm confused . . ."

"It doesn't matter who killed her. She's a lot more use to us dead than alive. She's a reason to get mad."

Then Temple was holding her hand out, like she wanted me to give her my automatic. "I'm sorry, Mike," she said. "But we can't let this go on."

I turned the automatic on her. "No, Temple," I hissed. "I'm the sorry one. Because you were a good kid. And you were a great roll in the hay."

"You won't do that, Mike. I helped you. I covered for you. We're on the same side."

"Nobody's on my side, kid," I growled. "Nobody but God."

I pulled the trigger. Temple Mount staggered back. Slowly she looked down at the ugly hole in her khaki blouse where a thin trickle of her lifeblood welled out.

"How c-could you?" she gasped.

I had to get it in fast, or I'd be talking to a corpse.

"It was easy," I said. "I'm mad."

—Gerard Jones

Author (Counting with her fingers): The Inquisition, the African slave trade, colonialism . . .

Bill (Shaking his head): You people always focus on the negative.

Author: . . . World War I, Nazism, the Holocaust . . .

Mort: Okay. You've made a good point. Everything hasn't always been peachy keen in Europe. But what do you have against the greatest country on the face of the earth?

Author: . . . Racism, Sexism . . .

Mort: What about Ronald Reagan!

Crowd: Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!

Author: . . . genocide, President Ronald Reagan, slavery . . .

Mort: So I suppose you prefer this tear-down-America Third World so-called literature. I read a book once . . .

Author: I suppose there's a first time for everything.

Mort: Whoa, sister. This man has not only read literature, he's written it.

Author: Was that when you were working for Lyndon Larouche or telling anti-Chinese jokes on the radio in Sacramento?

Mort: Zip it! Zip it!

Crowd: Get out! Get out! Get out!

Mort: It just so happens I wrote a book of poetry called *Quiet Thoughts Make the Loudest Noise*.

Author: Really? Maybe Mr. Bennett can put it on his five-foot bookshelf of western classics in between Rod McKuen and *Mein Kampf*.

Mort (Swallowing his cigarette): Get out of here!

The author calmly rises, walks off the stage and disappears.

Crowd (Deliriously): Out! Out! Out!

Bill: I sympathize with you, Mort, but let's not stoop to their level. Remember, Plato's conception of disinterested discourse is based on the assumption that everyone has the right . . .

Mort: If you don't like it, you can join her, dildo lips!

Crowd: Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho, Education's got to go! Out! Out! Out!

Bill rises to leave, but the mob and the minions descend on him and began ripping his suit apart.

Mort (Looking into the camera): We'll be back in a minute to talk to a real first-class pabulum puker.

After several brief commercial messages, Bill appears, standing on a chair in the middle of the crowd, a look of terror on his face, hands tied behind his back, and his necktie attached to an overhead pipe. Mort walks up, kicks the chair out from under Bill's body and it jerks upward. The crowd roars, and Mort gives them all high-fives, then walks to the stage, lighting another cigarette. An elderly male professor sits on the podium, nervously stroking his goatee.

Mort (Sitting down): Look what just washed into New Jersey with the medical waste. So you're the Howard Beal Professor of Popular Culture at the University of California at Irvine?

Professor: That's right.

Mort (Blowing smoke menacingly in the professor's face): And what's your theory of education, professor?

Professor (Nervously eyeing Bill's swinging corpse): I'm a member of a relatively new discipline devoted to the study of various forms of modern media as manifestations of popular sensibility and quantifiable, culturally specific attitudes.

Mort: Would you care to explain what that crotch dandruff means?

Crowd: Mort! Mort! Mort!

Professor (Shaking visibly): We study television, films and genre fiction as barometers of societal attitudes.

Mort: You mean to say you and a bunch of four-eyed farts get paid seventy-five grand a year to tell us why we like looking at Vanna White's tush on television?

Professor: In a manner of speaking.

Mort: And you actually teach courses in this stuff?

Professor: Yes. There are hundreds of them in our nation's colleges on everything from horror films to soap operas in Mexico.

Mort: Really? And what does your research say this show reveals about the times we live in?

Professor (Hesitating, stuttering as he speaks): This show is part of a phenomenon we refer to as "shock" television. Our research indicates that it reveals a certain amount of underlying aggression in society . . .

Crowd: Get out! Get out! Get out!

Professor (Continues, shaking uncontrollably): . . . a statistically significant anti-intellectualism, a substantial undercurrent of racism, and a tendency to reinforce an already existent strain of reactionary totalitarianism.

Mort: Wait a minute! Are you talking about the greatest hero of the twentieth century, Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North?

Professor (Shaking his head violently): No. I was referring to certain general tendencies. I didn't mean to imply. . .

Mort: Me! You're talking about me, aren't you?

Crowd (Moving in waves toward the podium): Nuke 'em! Nuke 'em! Nuke 'em!

The minions try to hold back the crowd, but they storm the stage, trampling Mort as they rush the professor.

Titles Appear: "The Opinions Expressed On This Show Are Not Necessarily Those Of This Station."

Lights go up. A professor (#2), a woman in her early forties, appears at the lectern in front of the video screen.

Professor #2: I'd like to welcome you all to the 1995 conference of Studies in Popular Culture. We've gathered some of the nation's finest scholars in the field of popular culture as part of our special overview on American talk shows in the 1980s. What we've been watching, for those of you who arrived late, is the final episode of *The Morton Downey Jr. Show*, which aired at the end of 1988, two weeks before the host's untimely death from multiple head fractures at Bellevue Hospital in New York. Before we proceed with our main panel, "Hair on the Air: The Significance of Coiffure on *Liddy* and *The Oprah Winfrey Show*," we would like to observe a moment of silence for one of our own, the former Howard Beal Professor at the University of California at Irvine, who gave his life in the service of the study of popular culture. . . .
—Robert Myers

Devil Revamps Marketing Strategy

In a move designed to widen his audience and broaden his appeal, the Devil announced that he will no longer "backwards-mask" his messages behind a wall of heavy-metal music.

"It was giving me a headache," said Satan, "and besides, kids today just aren't willing to put out that little extra effort. I kept getting the same complaints—'My turntable won't go backwards,' or 'My mom won't let me play it backwards'—so I figured why should I bust my ass to do something with a little pizzazz when all these kids want to do is sit in their parents' Barcaloungers and have their absolute evil spoon-fed to them?"

"It's not like the old days," added the visibly bitter demon. "I used to have followers who showed a little commitment, a little creativity. Like Vlad the Impaler. I would've loved to have seen the PMRC try to slap a warning label on *that* nut. But these youngsters today, they're just a bunch of lazy, spoiled bums."

Future Satanic pronouncements will be read—forward—by a professional voice-over announcer, and will appear during selected cuts on more mainstream albums. The first record due to use the new procedure will be *Air Supply's Greatest Hits*. Over the opening strains of "Even the Nights Are Better," listeners will hear a polished voice urging kids to "talk back to your mom and dad, say you don't have any homework when you actually do, refuse to take out the garbage and just say yes to peer pressure."

Referring to the relative ease of these Satanic orders, the Devil commented, "We wouldn't want to tire the little darlings, would we?"

—Richard Levinson

precisely

you wanna know about america
i can tell ya

it's cities with no public urinals
where pissing in the street is a crime
for which every year
thousands are arrested, fined

that's it, that's what it's about, that

—sam abrams

MEDIA FREAK

A Rolling Stone Gathers No Sand

An Austrian novelty firm has asked Mick Jagger for permission to market his ashes in million-dollar hourglasses. He is "the best symbol for a whole generation of action and motion in music," said Guenter Roth, co-owner of The Trend Connection. "This is a chance for him to become a symbol for motion after his death."

If Jagger agrees, the company will issue option certificates giving holders the right to buy hourglasses one month after his cremation for a million dollars each. Roth estimates that Jagger would fill "between 100 and 1000 hourglasses, depending on their size. We want to use pure ashes."

Perhaps the deluxe model can have Jagger's voice singing *Time Is On My Side* as you boil your eggs just right.

Screw the Truth

A few years ago, respectable Toni Grant carried on a torrid affair with raunchy Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*, a porno tabloid. This most unlikely relationship ended when Dr. Grant became afraid that the *National Enquirer* was on her trail and she thought that her career would be jeopardized. Recently she denied that they had ever dated.

Goldstein editorialized: "For a radio shrink, whose credibility is the very foundation of the kind of advice she gives to the public, to be exposed as a liar would call into question her fitness to be on the air. She tried to make me invisible—like one of Eliot's 'hollow men' or one of Ellison's 'invisible men'—in effect, denigrating our five loving, passionate months into something that portrayed me as the gameskeeper in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. I felt hurt and abused."

"If my tongue was good enough for Toni's pussy and my cock good enough for her vagina and mouth, why then was I suddenly being tossed onto the scrap heap of non-existence? It was as if Toni had read *1984* and used Orwellian doublethink to attempt to erase our past together. She may have forgotten that she participated in the most exciting and passionate sexual experience of my life when she and I made love on the pool table in Hugh Hefner's game room. . . ."

Letters to Editors

To *Propaganda Review*: "Just a few days after I read that microchips creating singing ads were to be enclosed in advertisements, I was at a friend's home when the mail was delivered. In their very Jewish home, canned Christmas music was mysteriously heard throughout the house. The afternoon became a hysterical hunt to discover the source of the electronic carols. Eventually, the *New Yorker* was discovered to be the culprit. When opened, the Absolut Vodka ad beeped music."

To *Smithsonian* magazine: "On page 164 the enlarged skin section 'typical of the palm of the hand' contains six hair follicles. Hair does not grow in the palm of your hand."

To the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*: "Finally, our wise government has come up with a viable, workable solution to the rampant drug problem: zero tolerance. A couple of ill-placed joints and you can kiss your Chris Craft goodbye. Soon the government coffers will be awash with luxury yachts, BMWs, Lear jets and trains. But why stop there?"

"Everybody knows we also have an illegal immigration problem. Let's go to the zero-tolerance theory. Let's seize the property or business of anyone who employs unregistered illegal aliens. We could get some pretty nice shacks in Beverly Hills by taking out illegal gardeners. The government could take over some sweat shops. Country club golf courses could be ours. How about all those restaurants? Huge high-rise buildings that employ illegal janitorial personnel could be snapped up. Posh apartment developments that employ illegal maintenance workers are crying to be seized, and strawberry field takeovers are forever."



Opting to Co-opt

Tom Robbins was understandably upset when the last line of his novel, *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*—"it's never too late to have a happy childhood"—was taken as an advertising slogan by See's Candies. If this is the start of a trend, we may expect to see the last line of Tom Hayden's autobiography, *Reunion*—"I miss the sixties and always will"—used to sell tie-dyed T-shirts. It might even spread to movies, with the last line of *Casablanca*—"This could be the start of a beautiful friendship" co-opted to help move a particular brand of condoms across the counter.

Immaculate Abortion

Free Inquiry published excerpts from a letter written to a radio evangelist by a gynecologist who is opposed to abortion, but agreed to perform one on a long-time patient whose pregnancy had to be terminated:

"I scheduled the procedure and remember vividly standing at the scrub sink just before

the surgery, agonizing over this decision. Just a few hours before, I had obtained an ultrasound of the pregnancy showing a live fetus with a beating heart and what appeared to be a normal pregnancy in progress."

Immediately prior to the procedure, "I asked once again for guidance from God." He then proceeded to dilate the cervix and explore the uterine cavity. "To my relief and, I must admit, surprise, the uterus was empty! Just hours before there was undeniable proof of a live pregnancy there. Now there was nothing!"

He concluded: "I witnessed a miracle! God heard my prayers and intervened and took that baby home with Him, thus freeing me from the act of destroying that baby. . . . I had never felt so close to God before. He answered the petitions of my patient and me and saved us both tremendous guilt by doing the abortion Himself."

Filler Items

- Donald Regan, off microphone after an interview on NPR: "I really appreciated those questions. I had to stop and think before evading them."

- Linda Sunshine, on a book tour for *Women Who Date Too Much*, found that in several cities she got calls from people who went to a funeral parlor on their first date.

- NBC ended an evening newscast with a Japanese prayer for the soul of used golf balls.

- Non-profit organizations that fulfill the wishes of children with life-threatening diseases no longer must pay a sales tax in Maine.

- According to Charles Fleischer, the voice of Roger Rabbit, "All great cartoon characters have a speech impediment."

- A photographer on CNN showed that Marilyn Monroe had six toes on her left foot.

- *Harper's* Index reports that there are 39 twelve-fingered Amish dwarfs in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

- There is an X-rated movie titled *The Little Shop of Whores*.

- The word "head" becomes a 4-letter word when preceded by the word "give," so when Geraldo Rivera asked a prostitute what advice she had for wives, the answer came out, "Give 'em good (bleep!)"

- The Philip Morris Company sponsored a benefit for the James S. Brady Foundation, which helps families of people killed or injured in assassination attempts. Presumably, the cigarette people consider such victims 80% responsible for their plight.

- When an audience member told Oprah Winfrey and America that the most unusual place she'd ever made love in was a jacuzzi at a hotel, the talk-show host responded: "Oh, that's why I hate to go in there, because you never know what's been in there. You try to get in the jacuzzi in a hotel and I always worry about little spermies running around in there, really. Now I know."

- NBC promo'd Julianne Phillips as "Mrs. Bruce Springsteen" in a melodrama, *His Mistress*. ABC took the next logical step and promo'd Robin Givens in a sitcom, *Head of the Class*, by advertising in *TV Guide*: "See what keeps Mike Tyson home at night."