

The Realist

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Number 122

Editor: Paul Krassner

Clinton's Cocaine Connection

by Mark Giacomelli

Things were looking pretty good for the political ambitions of then-Governor Bill Clinton in campaign '92 until Larry Nichols of the Arkansas Development and Finance Authority (ADFA) was fired by Clinton.

Nichols, long active in *contra* circles, had done a stint in Honduras gathering data on *contra* military potential, which he remitted to Washington as part of the propaganda package designed to persuade Congress to renew military aid. Upon his return to Arkansas, Clinton installed him at ADFA in 1988.

Part of Nichols' duties included the issuance of "Traveller" citations—a fairly routine honorific—to Adolpho Calero and General John Singlaub, two of the most notorious figures in the *contra* nexus.

Nichols was fired when a reporter with scrutiny asked Clinton about the appointment of a *contra* veteran to the ADFA. Clinton's excuse for firing Nichols is that he made 700 unauthorized calls to *contras* in Nicaragua.

The Arkansas Committee, a student organization at the University of Arkansas, has obtained Nichols' phone records from the ADFA under state Freedom of Information Act laws, and a spokesperson for this group says there are no calls to Central America during the short time that Nichols worked there.

Nichols was suing Clinton for defamation of character, and it is interesting to note that in this lawsuit lies the source of the allegations of Clinton's sexual fling with Jennifer Flowers. She was now on the state payroll, and if Clinton got her a job, would that be it for his White House race?

But even if a Skull & Bones media whitewash with a Trilateral twist leaves Arkansas' "Teflon Prick" smelling like, well, Flowers, Clinton will not be able to wiggle free of the mucky mire of Mena.

Mena, Arkansas is where the majority of CIA/*contra*/cocaine activity took place during the Reagan-Bush years, while Clinton was Governor. Potentially, the greatest political liability of Clinton was his association with Raymond "Buddy" Young, Clinton's chief of security at the Governor's Mansion.

On July, 5, 1991, yet another lawsuit was filed, this one by a former CIA operative named Terry K. Reed and his wife Janice, against Buddy Young in the U.S. District Court, Eastern District of Arkansas, which states that:

"Plaintiff Terry Reed owned an airplane, a Piper Turbo Arrow, N2982M, which he parked on March 12, 1983 at Mizzou Aviation at the Joplin, Missouri municipal airport for repairs.

"Plaintiff Terry Reed was an 'asset' of the FBI and the CIA between 1982 and 1987, and he worked occasionally out of Mena, Arkansas refitting aircraft and training pilots for the CIA.

"The CIA had a program known as 'Project Donation' where people would permit their airplanes and other high value items such as boats to 'disappear.' They then could make an insurance claim for their 'stolen' property. These airplanes and other items were to be used in covert operations of the CIA in Nicaragua at a time when the Boland Amendment severely reduced funding for the Nicaraguan conflict. CIA agent John Cathey told Terry Reed that this project was for indirect funding

for the conflict. When the CIA was done with the airplane or other items, they occasionally would return them.

"In March, 1983, plaintiff Terry Reed was approached by John Cathey about allowing his airplane to be 'donated' to the Nicaraguan indirect funding project, and the plaintiff refused. John Cathey was an alias of Oliver North."

Within two weeks of his refusal for the offer of what North as "Cathey" referred to as "loss brokering," Reed's plane was stolen anyway.

As a part-time flight instructor, Reed's stolen Piper was a business necessity, so he filed a

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COURT JESTER

The First Bill Clinton Joke

The first post-election Bill Clinton joke I heard was that, at his inauguration, the band would play *Inhale to the Chief*. Next was: "What will President Clinton do when the first abortion bill crosses his desk?" And the answer: "Pay it." But, behind the jokes, did President Bush and Governor Clinton share something ominous in common?

In *The Progressive Review*, Sam Smith published a 30-year political chronology. Under 1985 was this item: "George Bush thanks Oliver North for 'dedication and tireless work with the hostage thing, with Central America.' Bush will later deny knowing about the *contra* effort until late 1986." In the second presidential debate, moderator Carol Simpson handed Clinton a question on a silver-plated platter about Bush's role in the Iran/*contra* scandal, but Clinton said he would answer an audience member's question first, then never returned to Simpson's.

I was so sure that Bill Clinton would win that, a month before the election, I decided to publish our cover story (it originally appeared in the *Free Venice Beachhead*)—presenting a possible explanation of why Clinton might have deliberately avoided Simpson's question—and I assigned the accompanying illustration to Kalyann Campbell.

Then, a couple of weeks before the election, in an interview with Judy Brown, comedy critic of the *L.A. Weekly*, I said, "At this point, the only way Clinton could lose is if he goes on TV wearing a Toronto Blue Jays cap while juggling crack babies in the air—I'm sure that would be considered a gaffe."

And, finally, just a few days before the election, in San Francisco, where I was performing at the Holy City Zoo, my opening line was, "Impeach President Clinton . . ."

The Last Dan Quayle Joke

My friend Stanley Young made up a joke which I used on stage: "During the Republican convention, while George Bush was giving his acceptance speech, Dan Quayle was overheard chanting, *Three more years! Three more years!*"

Lyle Stuart quoted that line, crediting me, in *Hot News*, his publishing industry newsletter. Then Tony Scaduto, *New York Newsday* columnist, called me to ask if I had *actually* overheard Quayle chanting "Three more years."

I told this to Mort Sahl, and he proceeded to tell me about the time George Bush's buddy, movie producer Jerry Weintraub (*My Stepmother Is an Alien and Pure Country*), arranged for a gala black-tie event to get Hollywood liberals to campaign for Bush. Sahl was asked to perform, and he told the audience of a previous election where Norman Lear asked him to campaign for Jesse Jackson.

Sahl said, "Jackson . . . Jackson . . . isn't he that black guy?"

Lear replied, "To tell you the truth, I've never noticed."

Now, after Sahl left the dais, Norman Lear came up to him and asked, "Did that really happen?"

The Second Heart Attack Theory

I had phoned Mort Sahl after the news of Jim Garrison's death, for whom the political satirist once worked as an investigator of the JFK assassination. What prompted my call was the no-conspiracy obituary on NPR by Tom Bethell, Washington editor of the conservative *American Spectator*.

"That swine," Sahl said. "We had to throw him out of the office."

On December 1, 1970, the *New York Times* cut and changed the meaning of John Leonard's review of Garrison's book, *A Heritage of Stone*. Between the first and second editions of the *Times*, the headline was changed from "Who Killed John F. Kennedy?" to "The Shaw-Garrison Affair." A sub-head, "Mysteries Persist," disappeared. And the copy was amputated as follows:

"Garrison insists that the Warren Commission, the executive branch of the government, some members of the Dallas Police Department, the pathologists at Bethesda who performed the second Kennedy autopsy, and many, many others were lying to the American public.

"Frankly, I prefer to believe that the Warren Commission did a poor job, rather than a dishonest one. I like to think that Mr. Garrison

invents monsters to explain incompetence. [In the next edition, the review ended at this point, chopped off in mid-paragraph. Here's what was deleted:] But until somebody explains why two autopsies came to two different conclusions about the President's wounds, why the limousine was washed out and rebuilt without investigation, why certain witnesses near the 'grassy knoll' were never asked to testify before the Commission, why we were all so eager to buy Oswald's brilliant marksmanship in split seconds, why no one inquired into Jack Ruby's relations with a staggering variety of strange people, why a 'loner' like Oswald always had friends and could always get a passport—who can blame the Garrison guerrillas for fantasizing?

"Something stinks about this whole affair. *A Heritage of Stone* rehashes the smelliness; the recipe is as unappetizing as our doubts about the official version of what happened. Would then-Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy have endured his brother's murder in silence? Was John Kennedy quite so liberated from cold war clichés as Mr. Garrison maintains? But the stench is there, and clings to each of us. Why were Kennedy's neck organs not examined at Bethesda for evidence of a frontal shot? Why was his body whisked away to Washington before the legally required Texas inquest? Why?"

Many obituaries of Garrison included his arrest in July, 1971 by federal agents who charged him with taking bribes to protect illegal pinball gambling in New Orleans. But none mentioned the fact that the main witness against him, Pershing Gervais, surfaced in May, 1972, stating: "The Justice Department forced me to make a false affidavit against Jim Garrison."

On NBC News, the obituary ended with Garrison on his deathbed, talking about the Kennedy assassination. "It was a *coup*," he said.

Whether the election of Bill Clinton means that this 30-year *coup* has finally been overturned (Jimmy Carter was a fluke in their scenario), or that Clinton is merely their latest diversion, remains to be seen. But just how slick is his willie? While voters clearly preferred the image of a saxophone player wearing shades on the Arsenio Hall show to the image of a world leader barfing and collapsing in the arms of the Japanese prime minister, a defining moment of the campaign occurred when a focus group told Clinton's handlers that his smile seemed too much like a smirk, and from then on he started biting his bulbous lower lip instead.

Sperm Counts

Recently there was an ad in *Drama-Logue* about an audition for a "Stud of the Year" contest to publicize a movie comedy about frozen sperm. Finalists in the competition would be sent to "the California Cryobank, one of the nation's largest sperm banks, where a sperm sample will be collected. The man with the highest sperm count wins!"

In keeping with the climax of the presidential election campaign, we assigned *Realist* correspondent Lorrie Shapiro to conduct an exit poll at the sperm bank. Here follows her report:

Taking all elections seriously this year, I decided that the "Stud of the Year" contest was one race that was not going to slip through the cracks. I needed facts. I called the California Cryobank to see how I should cast my vote. I was put in touch with Rhonda Wilkins, Marketing Director. When I told her I wanted to be present when the candidates threw their hats into the ring, she became a bit ruffled.

Rhonda: "The candidates were here over the weekend."

Me: "But I didn't know. I wanted to be there."

Rhonda: "I'm sorry. There was a gag order on all media."

Me: "Can I at least have your analysis?"

Rhonda: "They all did fine. I know the winner, but I'm not at liberty to say."

Me: "Will these candidates and their issues become part of your slate of donors?"

Rhonda: "Absolutely not. We were just the counting facility. The sperm has been destroyed."

Another election come and gone.

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Dancing With the Spin Doctors by Adam Beyda and Jonathan Franklin

The media tried so hard to sell the election-day rout as a horse race that few Americans had the confidence to prepare parties as George Bush entered history. But in San Francisco, the return to civilian rule was celebrated in pre-planned parties across the city.

One group of citizens took to the streets in guerrilla theater performances dressed as a joyous Saddam Hussein, a giddy Uncle Sam and a dead George Bush. Hauling a ten-foot coffin allegedly containing the Yalie's remains, they hit the Halloween and the Day-of-the-Dead parties, ending up at an election night rally in Dolores Park. They were greeted everywhere with delirious screams as crowds lined up to pound hundreds of nails into the President's casket. People scrawled hateful and hopeful messages on his coffin: *1000 Nails of Hope*; *Read My Crypt—No New Taxes*; *Rest in Piss!*

The ad-hoc Celebration Committee had a week to plan the President's wake. "Plenty of time," said Chilean committee members, who remember a five-minute safety limit to meetings while planning stunts against Pinochet. As the Committee sat around a kitchen table, the routines mounted: Lollapalooza III meets Ben & Jerry's? Would this be the Woodstock of the video generation? Jerry Brown, Jello Biafra and Mickey Hart would lead the event, or at least the committee had their home telephone numbers. As the visions mounted, hanging out in bars watching bands or renting a video was no longer an option. It is no longer safe to be just an infotainment antenna, they decided, it's time to broadcast your own distortions.

Why not ridicule a corrupt greedy manipulative leader as he is booted out of power? Why not deface a mock casket of this mock leader? Why not revive a tradition of political satire stretching back through the Diggers, the Yippies and Act Up? Garnering the talents of radio commentator Scoop Nisker and tapping into the immense reservoir of hope and good will that accompanied burying George Bush, the celebration committee members, less than a dozen altogether, gathered free music, free flyers, free stages, free fun—all that was needed to symbolically exorcise one mid-sized American city from 12 years of corrupt manipulation by the Republican Party. Now it was time to give someone else a chance: *CIA Out of Office*; *Nail Barbara While You're At It*; *Now You Have Time, Take a Trip to Panama!*

First the Celebration Committee had to publicize the event and engineer a backlash to the media fiction of a horse race. The media made millions of dollars hyping a done deal while bleeding off the euphoria of, and out-flanking creative responses to, the tyrant's fall. The committee wasn't going to passively cocoon with the Great Eye when they could be out in the streets creating and manipulating the story. As Scoop says, "If you don't like the news, go out and make some of your own."

They invented a tale too tantalizing to be investigated for veracity. Knowing that most reporters' only connection with reality is a

warm fax or a disembodied voice on a telephone (their shoes last a long time), the committee snapped on their laboratory coats, entered the media spin chamber, and rolled a fatty. The press release blared:

"Sinead O'Connor Banned from Bush Burial . . . The Ad-Hoc Celebration Committee announced today that Sinead O'Connor has been denied a visa to enter the U.S. to attend San Francisco's largest outdoor election celebration . . . 'We're not making an exception for Miss O'Connor, regardless of her notoriety in the world of punk music,' said Peter Murphy, a State Department official . . . 'We've been planning this event for months. It's a shame that the deadbeats at Foggy Bottom are looking for a last laugh before they hit the unemployment line,' fumed organizer John Ledlow."

The media sucks but would they swallow? Dion Nisbaum from UPI fell to temptation, then balked at the pre-cum; but along with KGO radio, Bay City News Service and others, he swallowed parts of the story. "You're not trying to pull the wool over our eyes, are you?" he pouted. "How do you mean?" asked the fictitious Ledlow as he spouted outrage. Later ersatz State Department spokesman Peter Murphy called reporters to give the government's indignant response to the incident.

(Sinead was in L.A. the whole time.)

Even though the press release envelopes were crudely stamped "ImPEach PrESidenT ClINtOn," the idea of political manipulations from Washington, the potential for free speech infringements and controversy all made it a genuine news event. If they promised a smattering of violence, they'd have the front page and top-of-the-hour stories locked up, but violence was what they were hoping to change from, not propagate; a few pranks and laughs were more their speed: *Read my lips—You lost, Asshole*; *On behalf of the Iraqi people*; *This is for 150,000 people dead with AIDS!*

The Committee mailed a hundred press releases and built one prop: Bush's casket. Ten ominous feet long, three feet high and spray-painted flat black (ripe for the defacing), the Prez's coffin was built to last, just like the recession now enveloping the nation. Ferried around town to befuddled stares and cheers, the box found a home during a surprise appearance at the annual Castro Street Halloween party. Even among 300,000 cross dressers and 50,000 freaks, the President received a booming reception. The nails burrowed into the casket by the hundreds—*Thud! Thud! Thud!*—their gleaming heads pinning a crisp American flag, stalks of broccoli and heartfelt goodbyes.

"Vengeance is just!" croaked Saddam as a police officer mounted the stage and slammed a nail through the coffin lid. Vengeance was also spontaneous. A riot nearly erupted when a mock George Bush arrived at his own mock funeral. Screaming something about "evil man," a woman tossed a warm beer into Bush's rubber face. A hammer-wielding nut jumped the "president," clubbed him, and tried to shove him over the edge of the stage; the dazed Bush let loose a fierce roundhouse for a dead warrior and sailed the drunk to the pavement. As the two collapsed, they elevated performance art to a new level, symbolizing the decadent, crumbling end of the flaccid regime.

Welcome to History! R.I.P.—Greed, Manipulation, Corruption, Aggression, Poverty! Maldito fascista—que no descanses tu alma hasta que pagues todo lo que has hecho a la especie humana. (Don't rest, you evil little fascist—Don't rest until your soul has paid all that it must for all you have done to the human species.)

"Make way for the President! Make way for the President!" The crowd cheered and cleaved open to receive the defaced coffin of George Bush. The mob in the park screamed and danced at the evidence that the old CIA chief was really gone. As in any country where the head of the hated secret police is dumped from power, the air filled with optimism.

"The world's biggest drug dealer just lost his job—take back the streets," bellowed Uncle Sam. Matches were struck and a small flame began eating away the thin casket shell. The mob wanted ashes. Only the cries of a middle-aged Latina saved America from the beautiful spectacle of a Burning Bush. "Let's keep him as a reminder to future presidents," she advised. "As a warning to traitors."

George Bush hardly even inspired true spite. Sinking a spear into a jellyfish never felt satisfying. But here on election night, provided with the casket, the hammers, the nails, it felt healthy to wish the worst on a death-monger of Bush's caliber. It felt just to pay \$1 a blow to hammer 3-inch steel nails (recovered from the new city jail construction site) into his casket. And it felt just to tell the press the proceeds would be hand-delivered to Iraqi and Panamanian orphans.

As the bearded 30ish Saddam pranced with delight, the common citizens began screaming their hopes for a man who did his best to kill theirs: "Make him wait in line for GA (general assistance) on Harrison Street!" "Give him AIDS, then have him lose his health insurance!" "Make him work for minimum wage at the International House of Pancakes!"



Serious Stuff on the Funny Pages

My Trip to the TV Talk Show Zoo

by Carol Queen

Talk shows—the price I pay for being an outspoken sexual creature. Once my lifestyle would've doomed me to the Inferno, but today the Twelve Circles have been replaced by Geraldo, Sally Jessy, Jenny Jones, Joan Rivers, Donahue, Oprah, Maury Povich, Jerry Springer, Montel Williams, Dr. Dean and Jane Whitney. I fear their bright-eyed, go-getting producers will pursue me like harpies until I die or go straight. Sex sells, as Madonna and the talk show producers know. Without sex, what would the shows use as fodder? There just aren't enough hydrocephalic babies to keep them all in business.

But talk about Married Prostitutes Whose Husbands Don't Know! Married Bisexuals Whose Wives Don't Know! The talk show hosts are our national zoo-keepers, and my friends and I are obscure and fascinating animals only just discovered. In just the past year I've been invited to appear on talk shows to discuss the following topics: Exhibitionism As Safe Sex. I Watch Pornography. Sex Is My Hobby. Bisexual Nonmonogamy. Being Bisexual With A Partner Who Hasn't Met My Other Lover—the idea was to have both lovers meet for the first time on the air. Safe Group Sex. Sex Work. I Hate Sex Work. Eroticizing Safe Sex. I Am An Exhibitionist.

Often I'm not the kind of animal they're looking for—I don't hate sex work; my partner *does* know I'm bisexual. But I *am* an unusual species of finch. I'm an exhibitionist, too, but my idea of high-quality attention-getting is not to sit in front of a kangaroo court which instinctively knows its job is to stir up controversy. What's the fun of watching one of these shows if everybody sits around and agrees about everything? Unfortunately, my impetus for doing talk shows is not so much exhibitionism as education, a high-minded goal which TV shreds into so much pillow stuffing. Consequently I end up annoyed after almost every gig.

Recently a producer tracked me down. It was Tuesday, and she wanted me on Thursday for a show on exhibitionism. I said no. Next to me stood my pal, Nao Bustamante, a local performance artist. I put my hand over the phone. "Hey, Nao, wanna go to New York tomorrow?" Of course she did. She got on the phone and told the producer all about her alter-ego—Rosa the compulsive exhibitionist. She went home and packed a wig and a low-cut blouse. A month later we were treated to the video premiere of *Rosa Does The Joan Show*, a post-modern happening which featured Nao's computer-edited footage—with subtitles. The show's male guest, a compulsive Peeping Tom, was also clearly faking it. Nao was making artistic hay out of a situation that had me thoroughly annoyed. Now why can't I have a good attitude like Nao's about these calls from the talk shows? Concentrate on the perks—free trip to New York, free ride in a limo, and how many million people watching me talk about sex? It ought to be inspiring.

The first time, it was. The producer had seen me on HBO, talking about peep show work. She was hot to put me on a "Creative Approaches To Safe Sex" segment. I could talk to the masses about my favorite sex organ—in the peep show, with glass between the parties, the sex is as safe (and as cerebral) as it gets. I also got an invitation for my friend, Robert, who moonlights as a doorman for Jack-and-Jill-Off parties. When we arrived in L.A. to do the Montel Williams show, we found Mistress Jacqueline in the Green Room, there to promote her new book, *Whips and Kisses*. We knew each other already. And we met Allan Gassman of the L.A. men's jack-off club, the O Boys, as charming and articulate as he is pugilistic.

Allan took on the homophobes in the audience and Robert got into a fight with a pregnant Fundamentalist in a perfectly awful flowered jumpsuit as she damned us all to Hell. I was distressed; it drowned out my "What's So Funny 'Bout Peace, Love, and Sexual Diversity" message. Mistress Jacqueline carried a whip and had a slave in tow, a nice old gentleman. Interestingly, talk show audiences get even meaner when an *old* sexual deviant appears before them. People compensated for their discomfort at the thought that their own grandpas might be wasting the inheritance on leather-clad dominatrices, by attacking Jacqueline for "exploiting" the dear fellow. She threw them off by offering to whip Montel.

In the front row was an older couple. The gentleman raised his hand for the mike. He was an African-American who looked like he'd

worked hard all his life, dressed up for his visit to the CBS Building in his Sunday-meetin' best. He was slow and dignified when he spoke: "All these people have something important to say. You don't know how it feels to have somebody die of AIDS until it happens. Then you wish there was another way. These people are doing a good job." Talk show culture doesn't get any more high-minded than that. Thanks to that man, I left the studio feeling we'd done a piece of work that might do somebody some good—until the yellow-bellied sponsors declined to run the show. "Too controversial."

The cardinal rule of Talk Show Presence is: *Interrupt. Do it often.* I practiced on the Jenny Jones Show; the topic was "Sex Is My Hobby." I went because Joani Blank, my colleague at Good Vibrations, wheeled me: "We can talk about the store! We can give people an expanded idea about female sexuality!" With a title like that? Nonetheless, I went along. We *do* like to talk about our business to the nice people out in TV Land. I was slated to talk about safe sex parties, though, not sex toys. A few Christian and sex-negative broadsides were deflected. Not a bad adventure. Then the show aired and my phone started ringing.

I stopped counting calls at five dozen. One hate call, Christian. All the rest from guys who thought I ought to invite them to a party. Some told my answering machine their age, marital status, hair color and penis size. Some thought if I was willing to go on national TV to talk about sex that I must want to fuck. Them. "Do *not* call me on the telephone. I do not want to speak to you. I do not want to invite you to a party. I don't even know you, goddammit." This message was repeated patiently to the first two dozen callers. Then stated tersely on my answering machine.

The same thing happened after Donahue. The topic was Safe Sex Parties. A free trip to New York! High-minded goals! It was beginning to wear a little thin, though free hotel rooms and a *per diem* are a real siren song. Donahue would air in Brunai, Iceland and other places where I'd never even considered spending my 15 minutes of fame. I really wanted to ask Donahue if Marlo was a bigger dominatrix than Mistress Jacqueline, but he didn't have time to chat. I was struck by his wide-open protruding eyes, which gave me the feeling he was trying to see things he hadn't even gotten to yet.

Once on the dais, he was full of penetrating yet friendly questions—sticking up for us, the underdogs *du jour*, brooking no homophobia, yet repeating "In these days when sex equals death" at least three times in the intro. Time to put my new facility for interruption to the test. "Phil," I cut in, familiarly, "what we're really here to emphasize is that for some of us sex equals *life*, and that could be true for everyone if we'd all learn how to do it safely." We were off and running. I even argued with the audience this time—we were opposed by a cadre of U of Florida Gators and a small gang of Aussies with backpacks.

At one point, I yelled above the onslaught that it was clear that the audience either didn't know what safe sex was, or they were simply confused about what constituted sex in the first place. My favorite question was from a distraught young woman who whined, "But at these safe sex orgies, if you get pregnant, how do you know who's the father?" We had already emphasized, but it clearly bore repeating, "Intercourse isn't allowed at a safe sex party! *How the hell are you going to get pregnant?*"

"You're killing people!" shouted one especially zealous young man. My educational speeches were doing little good. I wanted to scream, "You goddamned fool, we're just talking about wanking!" But the guys out there in TV-Land believed me. A hundred of them called when the show finally aired.

It's like the youths who'd come to visit the peep show in groups on Friday nights, acting ever so tough and macho in front of each other, and then going soft and scared once in the booth alone.

The majority of those audiences have safe sex questions, sexual secrets of all kinds, fantasies that even the talk show producers haven't yet discovered how to exploit. But in a group, they play More Normal Than Thou. Throw the banana peels at the monkeys! This behavior is not news to me, and I don't have to go as far as Donahue to find it. I know that some people watch talk shows and get support for their secrets and food for their dreams when people like me run the gauntlet. But it sure does feel like having to dig through a room full of horseshit to find the pony.

HONEY, I FUCKED THE KIDS!

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY WOODY ALLEN

SO WHERE CAN A GUY WHO WORKS ALONE GO TO MEET GIRLS? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? GO ON "STUDS"?

CAN I HELP IT IF I FELL IN LOVE WITH SOON-YI?

DO YOU REALLY THINK THE 'NEW YORKER' MAGAZINE WILL LIKE THIS?

I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO BE A MODEL AND POSE FOR NATIONAL MAGAZINES

CLICK

A HARD-ON WANTS WHAT IT WANTS!

ART PIG: KALYNN CAMPBELL

ACTUALLY, MIA IS INSANELY JEALOUS OF MY CAREER...

ACTING IS FUN, BUT THE TRUTH IS, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DIRECT!

AND SO THEN DADDY TOUCHED YOUR PRIVATE PART?

VIDEO CAMERA

IF HE SAYS HE DIDN'T, HE'S LYING

MODERN LIFE IS JUST FULL OF SCHIZOPHRENIC PARADOXES...

WOULD IT BE KOSHER FOR A JEWISH PERSON TO GET A LIVER TRANSPLANT FROM A PIG?

MAYBE IF BIOTECH ENGINEERS COULD DEVELOP A PIG THAT DIDN'T HAVE CLOVEN HOOVES.

A GURU FROM INDIA TOLD BARBARA WALTERS THAT HE DRINKS HIS OWN URINE IN ORDER TO REACH A HIGHER PLATEAU IN HIS SPIRITUAL QUEST.

BUT AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE IN EGYPT, A MAN'S FAMILY DIED BECAUSE THEY REFUSED TO TRANSCEND THAT TABOO AND DRINK THEIR OWN URINE

WHY IS IT WRONG FOR SINEAD O'CONNOR TO TEAR UP A PHOTO OF THE POPE ON 'SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE'?

YET IT'S CONSIDERED AN ARTISTIC STATEMENT WHEN MADONNA SHOVES A CRUCIFIX UP HER VAGINA

OVER THE YEARS, THOUGH, MY PSYCHIATRIST HAS BEEN EXTREMELY HELPFUL.

WOODY ASKS ME PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTIONS, LIKE "WHY SHOULD I DENY MYSELF PLEASURE SIMPLY TO AVOID INFLECTING PAIN ON OTHERS?" AND OF COURSE I REPLY, "GO ON." THEN I GIVE HIM AN AUDIOTAPE OF EACH SESSION SO HE CAN GET BUSY WRITING HIS SCREENPLAY

BELIEVE ME, IT HASN'T BEEN SUCH A GREAT THRILL TO BE THE BUTT OF JOKES BY ALL THE TV TALK-SHOW HOSTS...

..HIS NEW MOVIE, 'HUSBANDS AND STEPDAUGHTERS'

RATED D-17, GIRLS UNDER 17 ADMITTED ONLY IF ACCOMPANIED BY THE DIRECTOR!

WHY, CHARLIE MANSON HAS BETTER FAMILY VALUES!

WELL, THIS IS MY LAST FILM. I'M GOING TO MARRY SOON-YI AND GO BACK TO MY FIRST LOVE, STANDUP COMEDY

TAKE MY MOTHER-IN-LAW, PLEASE...

END?

How Admiral Stockdale Prolonged the War

by Hal Muskat

"I literally led the initial strike of a war I knew was under false pretenses." —Admiral James Stockdale, quoted in the *Los Angeles Times*

Ross Perot's Vice Presidential footdragging mate, Admiral James Stockdale, once single-handedly, while in solitary confinement, handcuffed and in leg irons, prolonged the war in Vietnam. His heroism deserves billing alongside LBJ, Richard Nixon and General Westmoreland.

In early August, 1964, Stockdale was a "command officer" stationed aboard a U.S. aircraft carrier in the Tonkin Gulf. It was in these waters, at that precise time, that the alleged shelling of U.S. Navy ships was supposed to have occurred. It never happened. Yet this was the basis for the infamous Tonkin Gulf Resolution which was immediately dildooed through Congress by Lyndon "How Many Kids Did You Kill Today?" Johnson.

The Tonkin Gulf Resolution authorized the Executive Branch to use armed aggression—that is, America's advanced weapons systems and its youth—against the people of Vietnam. Both nations are still paying for this war.

Commander Stockdale was privy to the knowledge that there was no attack on U.S. forces or any other kind of aggression on the part of the Vietnamese in the Tonkin Gulf that day, week or month. A year or so later, while on a bombing mission in the north, our hero was shot from the Vietnamese sky and captured by the Viet Cong.

Imagine that some mighty alien was bombing your little town or village back to the Stone Age. One day you manage to shoot one of these monsters out of the sky and see the pilot's parachute floating toward you. What would you do when you caught up with him? Would you, in the old-fashioned American way, tear him limb from limb, proudly leaving bits of his body parts on every tree in the county? Or would you have some rather rational questions to ask?

From his first day as a prisoner of war, Stockdale revealed only his name, rank and serial number. He didn't provide significant answers

even after being tortured—15 times, by his own account. But, had Stockdale told the truth to his Vietnamese captors in 1965, Daniel Ellsberg's release of the Pentagon Papers six years later would have been redundant.

Had the American people known in '65 what they had figured out by 1971, it may not have been Johnny refusing to go, but his parents locking him in the house. Had Stockdale told the Vietnamese what they and most of the world already knew, construction workers in New York City may have stoned Nixon instead of their neighbors' children.

President Johnson and the military command structure had invented out of thin air Stockdale's reasons for being in Vietnam. Nixon and Kissinger played it out until the Pentagon Papers were published and the American people no longer believed in the cause. James Stockdale kept the war going while he was a POW by not telling the truth, and Gerald Ford presented him with the Congressional Medal of Honor for perpetuating the Big Lie.

Instead of trying Admiral Stockdale under the Nuremberg Conventions for war crimes—illegal bombing of civilians, schools, hospitals, etc.—the nation's highest award went to a man who wouldn't tell the truth, then or now. He must be so brainwashed by his conscience that heroic delusions caused him, during the presidential campaign, to blame anti-war protestors, military veterans and Jane Fonda for prolonging the war.

True, he was tortured, but is it conceivable that as a means of survival he came to enjoy this ultimate perversion of carnal interplay by his captors? Is there a relationship between the reception of torture and the covering up of a lie? They must have asked him *thousands* of times about his real identity and the purpose of his mission, yet he steadfastly refused to cooperate.

So now, 26 years later, when faced by a stressful situation such as the Vice Presidential debate, it's completely understandable that he reverted to his imprisonment mode and, as though responding to an interrogation by his Vietnamese captors, he now repeated their questions just as he had done 26 years previously: "Who am I? And what am I doing here?" It was a typical case of wartime flashback.

Clinton's Cocaine Connection

(Continued from Cover)

\$33,000 claim. Some time later, an old Air America buddy, William Cooper, called Reed and told him that his stolen Piper had actually been taken for Oliver North and Project Donation and would be returned soon.

Reed ran a manufacturing business out of Little Rock which furnished the CIA with materials, and he trained *contra* pilots on a small airstrip outside of Mena, Arkansas some 82 miles south of Fort Smith. This little airstrip was the major hub of the *contra* supply network and was also the main cocaine import depot of CIA-trained *contra* pilots, whose leader was Adler Berriman "Barry" Seal.

Reed's business prospered in Little Rock, and upon the advice of Oliver North he expanded his machine-tool business into Mexico, where he would have the financial blessing of U.S. intelligence. Part of his responsibility would entail the furthering of *contra* support channels by setting up a Mexican export company for North. Reed accepted and placed himself under the supervision of "Max Gomez," an alias of Felix Rodriguez, veteran of the Bay of Pigs, the Kennedy assassination and the killing of Che Guevara.

Rodriguez was deeply implicated in the illegal efforts to supply the *contras*. Through Donald Gregg, then-Vice President George Bush's National Security Adviser, Rodriguez maintained close links with Bush, thus giving evidence to accusations that Bush not only had

knowledge of but was in fact actively involved in circumventing the Boland Amendment.

Reed and his family had been in Guadalajara for only a few months when on October 5, 1986 his friend Cooper was shot down over Nicaragua on an illicit C-123 arms run, killing pilots Cooper and Wallace Sawyer. Eugene Hasenfus survived and was captured by the Sandinistas.

This was the same plane in which CIA-asset Barry Seal smuggled tons of cocaine into and illicit *contra*-bound weapons out of Mena, Arkansas.

After finding over a ton of cocaine in a large Southern Air Transport shipping container with his company's name on it in a hanger he had used for his machine-tool business, Reed went to his boss, Max Gomez aka Felix Rodriguez, and told him he wanted out of the Mexico operation.

If only life were so simple!

Reed's stolen plane was secretly returned to his hanger. Four counts of mail fraud were thrown at Reed, and aiding-and-abetting charges at his wife Janice. And, in his FBI file, he was described as armed and dangerous.

Little Rock private investigator Tommy L. Baker testified that on October 8, 1987 he discovered their plane when he just happened to be passing by the hanger and just at that very moment the door blew open. But Baker told Harriet Barret of Barret Aviation at the North Little Rock Airport, where the plane was placed, that he was already working on a

tip about the airplane.

When Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton's security chief, Buddy Young, turned the Reed case over to the FBI for further investigation, he told the Bureau that Reed might be involved in Central and South American drug trafficking. Young claimed the information about Reed came from the El Paso Intelligence Center (EPIC), a government operation staffed by representatives of every federal investigation and enforcement agency.

But EPIC had no file on Reed at the time. In June, 1988, Young dictated his reports on the case and backdated them to October, 1987.

In his ruling on the mail fraud case against the Reeds, U.S. District Court Judge Frank Theis said that both Young and Baker had shown a "reckless disregard for the truth" in their testimony.

In a succinct retrospective summation, Reed paints a concise picture of the *modus operandi* of the CIA:

"Over a six-year period—from the time of my initial contact with these guys [Oliver North, Felix Rodriguez *et al*], until everything went to hell—as we got deeper and deeper, we realized that they are sort of building things around you. If they want to pull the plug, they can, which they did. You are the deniable link. When I pissed the guys off down in Mexico, they set out to burn me . . . they set up this crime."

Indeed, many CIA assets are bit, sucked, chewed, swallowed, regurgitated, burned and

shat on (e.g., Noriega, Saddam, Oswald).

The Reeds went bankrupt trying to fight back, spending \$175,000 on two useless lawyers, and received the counsel of public defender Joe Dunlap. On the eve of the first trial date, Memorial Day, 1990, Dunlap's daughter's car was fire-bombed as it sat in his driveway. Three weeks later, his wife's car was rammed in a seeming hit-and-run accident where she said, "It was like he wanted to make sure he hit me."

In April, 1990, the Reeds' secret storage unit was broken into. Meticulous files dating back to the plane's disappearance and boxes of financial and personal records were stolen. Counsel and client have regularly encountered surveillance cars outside their homes and have suspected the monitoring of day-to-day communications since the case began.

On September 14, 1990, four days before one of Reed's court dates, Dunlap's car windows were smashed.

Finally, on November 12, 1990, Judge Theis, after being informed by the prosecution that there was insufficient evidence to continue, acquitted Reed.

Now, Reed was mad as hell and suing the crap out of Bill Clinton's security chief, and from this suit loads and loads of dirt was being piled as high as all the chickenshit in Arkansas.

CIA asset Barry Seal (who was conveniently killed in Baton Rouge on February 19, 1986—just a few months before the Iran-*contra* hearings), with his skillfully trained network of *contra* pilots, smuggled hundreds of tons of

cocaine into Mena, Arkansas. Their method worked well. They only flew at night. Off the coast of Louisiana there are oil platforms with helicopters hovering around the clock. The planes would drop to the same altitude as the helicopter and decelerate to under 200 knots with the plane lights turned off. Radar would not be able to distinguish the coke planes from the helicopters busily buzzing around the oil rigs.

The dope was then unloaded in Mena, Arkansas for later shipment to our nation's schoolchildren, compliments of the "Education President." The planes were then reloaded with *contra* weapons to be air-dropped at night in the same covert manner over Nicaragua.

Seal's smuggling operation was facilitated by his association with Freddie Hampton, who owned Rich Mountain Aviation, an aircraft repair shop at the Mena, Arkansas airport. Secret cargo doors and extra fuel tanks were added to Seal's planes, and serial numbers on the plane tails were altered, all without Federal Aviation Administration approval.

In February, 1984, Seal was convicted on federal drug charges in Miami and handed a ten-year sentence, which he never served. It has been alleged that then-U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese received a \$350,000 bribe to lay off Barry Seal.

In March, 1984, Seal began secretly working for the Drug Enforcement Agency, continuing his two-way smuggling operation out of Mena, Arkansas under the cloak of immunity granted him by U.S. government agents.

By 1985, the Arkansas State Police had begun investigating Seal's operations at Mena, and the IRS began looking into money-laundering allegations involving local banks.

There are numerous reports of sightings in the Ouachita forest (north of Mena) of people in camouflage, brandishing weapons, practicing river crossings, and conducting other military-type maneuvers. In fact, I remember receiving a letter from a friend who lived in that area in the early '80s. He said they wore sunglasses with their camouflage. In 1990 Terry Reed gave an interview to Oklahoma City radio station KTOK. In it he states that he trained about 24 pilots who lived in secret barracks disguised as chicken houses in the Ouachita forest.

In 1985 a federal grand jury in Arkansas was empaneled to investigate drug smuggling investigations involving Seal and his associates at the Mena airport. Three years later, the grand jury was dismissed without handing down any indictments, fueling charges by state and local officials that the case had been deliberately mishandled by the U.S. Department of Justice, presided over, of course, by Edwin Meese.

"I have never seen a whitewash job like what has been executed in this case," said Rep. Bill Alexander (D.-Ark.). "There has been a conspiracy of the grandest magnitude that has not been prosecuted."

Over the past year the Arkansas Committee repeatedly contacted Bill Clinton to talk with him about the Mena situation and encourage him to take a stand on the issue. Clinton refused to respond. Moreover, while police documents on Terry Reed's plane seizure were manufactured almost a year after the fact, key evidence in Reed's favor sat closeted in Governor Clinton's mansion long after it ended up in the federal court's possession.

There is also the matter of \$25,000 in state funds which Clinton said he authorized during the '80s to conduct a local prosecution of the Mena case. Joe Hardegre, who served as Polk County (host to Mena) Prosecuting Attorney in the '80s, along with Charles Black, his Deputy Prosecuting Attorney, said he never received the \$25,000, "nor did I hear anything concerning these state funds from [Tommy] Goodwin [Director of the Arkansas State Police] or anyone in the Governor's office."

Black, who was compelled in 1988 to launch a state prosecution after a federal grand jury failed to return any indictments, hand-delivered a letter to Governor Clinton asking for his assistance. "I didn't hear anything back from him," he recalled.

Recently, Black stated that even if the \$25,000 had been made available, that amount "would have been like trying to put out a forest fire by spitting on it." An adequate investigation of Mena would have cost the state "at least one million dollars," Black added.

Why would Clinton lie about the \$25,000 and block such an important investigation?

Mark Swaney, president of the Arkansas Committee, says, "Clinton is either grossly negligent of law enforcement in his state, or he is actively involved in a cover-up."



Editor's Note: This was the official centerfold for the special "Holy Shit" issue of *The Religion of the Month Club*.

MEDIA FREAK

Debate Is a 4-Letter Word

"Since *Not Necessarily the News* isn't on any more," writes former producer Matt Neuman, "I'll tell you what I would have done with the recent Vice Presidential debate and the earnest but senile Admiral Stockdale. As he fumbled around and put on his glasses and looked down, I would insert a close-up of the 'Admiral's' hands, revealing little 'Don't forget' strings tied around several fingers. Lane [Sarasohn] suggested a shot from the rear revealing his pants on backwards. Too sophisticated for you?"

And yet, Admiral Stockdale provided an instant during the campaign when all Americans, regardless of party preference, became totally united in laughter, as he revealed that he had turned his hearing aid down in the middle of the debate. But who could blame him? On *The McLaughlin Group*, Eleanor Clift of *Newsweek* said, "Dan Quayle looked like a Ken doll on steroids." And, on the Arsenio Hall show, comedian Bobcat Goldthwait observed, "Al Gore resembled a Vulcan desperately in need of a blow job."

Of course, the word *blow* was bleeped out, joining such other TV taboo words as *head*, *on*, *God* and *hole*. Thus, you can say *give* but you can't say *give head*. You can say, "I pissed off my whole family," but you can't say, "I pissed on my whole family." You can say *damn* but you can't say *Goddamn*. You can say *ass* but you can't say *asshole*. And speaking of which...

Asshole of the Month

... Margaret P. Griffey, Assistant Attorney General of Texas. She argued successfully before the Supreme Court that the Constitution does not bar the execution of a Death Row inmate, despite new evidence showing that he may be innocent of the crime.

"But," said Justice John Paul Stevens, "assume a mistake was made and an innocent person is about to die for a crime he did not commit. Would not a federal judge have the power to intervene and halt the execution?"

"No," replied Griffey, "so long as the trial procedures [years before] were constitutional."

Jews In the News

Reporter Jon Kalish writes: "I have an item that was rejected by one of my editors at *Newsday* as being in poor taste, which made me immediately realize it might be appropriate for *The Realist*. Here it is:

"Remember the old *Saturday Night Live* skit that was called something like Jew/Not a Jew? Three recent seemingly unrelated revelations might provide fodder for a latterday edition of that game show.

"The first was a serious article in the *New York Observer* detailing evidence that Elvis' mom was Jewish. It included a photo of her grave, which had a headstone with a Star of David on it. This would mean, of course, that under Jewish law, Elvis, too, would be part of the chosen people. We should think of him now as the King of the Jews.

"Next, there was a conference on Jewish genealogy that I covered for the *Daily News* at which one genealogist/computer-wiz told me he saw a printout of a really long family tree that included the mother of professional wrestler Randy 'Macho Man' Savage.

"And finally, there's the recent advertisement in *Parade*, the Sunday newspaper magazine, for an Andy of Mayberry collector's plate. Sheriff Taylor is pictured sitting at his desk, with his hands cupped in front of him. The sheriff's badge pinned to his chest just above his left breast pocket is in the shape of a Star of David.

"I understand the *National Enquirer* has information that Louis Farrakhan was actually *bar mitzvahed*."

Censoring Madonna and Jesus

Left out of Fox TV's *Rock the Vote* was Madonna's mention of Michael Jackson's video in which Michael Jordan attempted to show Jackson how to play basketball. "Michael," she reminded him, "white men can't jump."



This cartoon by Roz Warren, editor of *Women's Glib*, a collection of women's humor, caused the book to be banned in South Africa.

Changing Times for Organized Crime

Many former Japanese mobsters are missing one or both little fingers, ritually amputated as punishment or to show loyalty, and now conspicuous by their absence when a business card is presented. However, the *Washington Post* reports that for \$6,000 an orthopedic surgeon will lop off a gangster's toe and attach it to his hand.

And, in the U.S., a Colombo crime family godfather contracted the HIV virus after getting a blood transfusion from a member of his own gang, causing a wave of fear because their secret rite, *omerta*, involves blood-mingling by everyone present at the initiation ceremony.

A medical consultant to Interpol warned, "Unless the Mafia immediately begins to practice safe *omerta*, or someone comes up with a cure for AIDS, the crime movement will be as extinct as the dinosaur inside of 20 years."

Filler Items

• The editors of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* have approached the editors of *High Times* magazine to write an article on the medical uses of marijuana.

• From the *Bay Area Reporter*, a gay weekly: "The reported behind-the-scenes scuttlebutt of last year's Anita Hill-Clarence Thomas brouhaha was the alleged trade-off between the two parties. The Republicans supposedly agreed not to leak the rumor that Hill is a lesbian if the Democrats promised not to release to the press the video store rental receipts of Thomas' porn collection."

• The Barbie doll will no longer say, *Math class is tough*, an utterance which was considered to have sexist implications. Will the replacement tape now say, *Equal pay for equal work*?

• When Rob Reiner learned that David Letterman would not be present at a roast of Billy Crystal, he announced the reason: "Oprah's clit got caught in the space between Letterman's two front teeth."

• The *London Observer* reported on the most popular "crop circle" theory—that the "strangely magical shapes which appeared in England's wheat fields were the demented ramblings of hundreds of hedgehogs. As autumn was drawing to a close, many hedgehog lovers feared the small, spiny creatures would go into hibernation branded as whirling animal dervishes. But they can rest easy. One scientist observed that it would take a minimum of 40,000 synchronized hedgehogs to make even a very small circle."

• Thanks to the popularity of *Wayne's World*, young collectors stole nearly 300 cardboard yard signs advertising Yorba Linda City Council candidate Mark Schwing.

• A leaflet pushing for Measure 9, the anti-homosexual ordinance that was defeated in Oregon, featured a fictional tale about an overweight boy named Chuckie who talks his shy, 12-year-old friend into trying gay sex with the line, "How can it be wrong? Even the Governor says it's okay."

• Bob Dylan has threatened legal action against the San Francisco rapid transit system, which is using the slogan, "The Times They Are A-Changing" to increase awareness of schedule changes.

• Ram Dass, author of *Compassion in Action*, appeared at Saks 5th Avenue in Beverly Hills, extolling the benefits of spiritual health, a positive inner spirit and La Prairie's Age Management Serum.

• Because of its penchant for wartime programming, Arts & Entertainment is nicknamed in the industry, "the Hitler channel."

• From *The Oldest Profession Times*: "Political satirists try to give sex workers a bad name by linking politics with prostitution."

• In a contest for presidential candidate ice cream flavors, the winning Ross Perot flavor was Nut'n'Money.

• New on the market: "Gotta Go!"—a gadget which duplicates the *click* of call-waiting. "Press it," says the ad, "you both hear the click, then tell them you've got another call." Presumably, Bill Clinton will use this device whenever Ross Perot calls.

• *Rumor of the Month*: Al Gore intends to distribute millions of caps with the letter O for Ozone, then sponsor mass Tic-Tac-Toe competitions with those wearing the X caps, all to benefit the environmental movement.