

# The Realist

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# COURT JESTER

## Risky Business

A female news anchor on KABC-TV in Los Angeles included "Urinating on your partner" as an example of safe sex in a report on AIDS last month. But who's to say what's unsafe? A male news anchor on KYW-TV in Philadelphia had to have a live gerbil (hamster-like pet) surgically removed from his rectum.

Among macho gay men in the city of brotherly love, the latest way of getting off is to take a gerbil — gender male, we assume — remove his teeth and nails, shave him, grease him, and shove him up, up and away. Apparently, the turn-on is all in the wiggle.

As a precaution, a string is attached to the gerbil's tail. In our newscaster's case, the string broke, necessitating his visit to a hospital. It would seem that what we have here is a clear conflict of competing interests between gay rights and animal rights.

## The Parts Left Out of Frankenstein

The speech balloons on the cover were inspired by a Paul Conrad editorial cartoon which was censored by the *Los Angeles Times*. It showed a kinky-looking driver at the wheel of a McMartin pre-school bus with a bumper sticker reading, "Have I hugged your kids today?"

The innocence of that lakeside scene was cut out of the original *Frankenstein* movie. The following is from *Dear Boris*, a biography of Boris Karloff, by Cynthia Lindsay:

"Boris and [director James] Whale disagreed on the concept of the most important scene in the film. When the Monster comes upon the little girl (Marilyn Harris) playing by the lake, she is tossing flower petals into the water and watching them float away. She looks up and sees him, and, to his enchantment, is not repelled by him but invites him to play. He joins her, tossing the petals and laughing delightedly as the little boats sail off. Suddenly there are no more petals and he happily picks her up, thinking her another petal, and tosses her into the water to float after them. His agonized cry as she sinks instead of floating is something never forgotten. The Monster stands wringing his hands, and sobbing at what he has done.

"It is not clear whether Whale and the producer or censors cut the scene from the film because, allegedly, it was too violent. The cut was a great mistake, and Boris fought against it. In the released version, one sees only the heartbroken father carrying the body of his child, followed by the usual torch-bearing villagers out to seek revenge. The sight of only the body of the child, with no interim explanation of what actually did occur, was far more sickening than the tender scene originally filmed. This may very well have been Whale's intention. . . ."

Charles Manson, a kind of real life Frankenstein creation himself, has maintained his function as instant generic reference for insane mass murderer. His position was certainly solidified at a recent parole hearing when he uttered, "And you know something, the United States started the second world war."

In 1971, *The Family*, Ed Sanders' book about the Manson case, was published, and I began to investigate further.

Warren Hinckle took me to a private detective who shared information on the porno films which the LAPD had seized from Sharon Tate's loft and were now selling.

A cocaine dealer who had visited the Tate house on the evening of the murders, and was later slain himself, was omitted from the chronology in *Helter Skelter*, prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi's book about the case.

I interviewed a sheriff's deputy whose superiors had ordered that Manson be left alone shortly before the massacre because "something big" was due to happen. "We figured," said the deputy, "that they were planning to kill Black Panthers."

Sanders had planned to write a follow-up book, titled *The Motive*.

What was the motive? He would only mumble, "Ask Peter Folger." Folger is the coffee tycoon whose daughter, Abigail, was one of the victims, along with her lover, Voytek Frykowski, who had been preparing to become the American distributor of MDA, an illegal drug.

Abigail Folger was supporting Tom Bradley as the first black candidate for mayor of Los Angeles, despite the objection of her father, who had a reputation as a racist. Indeed, in a commercial for Folger's Coffee which took place in a supermarket aisle, two white women were talking when suddenly, almost subliminally, a black woman elbowed her way between them. A similar choreography occurred in another Folger's Coffee commercial with a convention hall locale.

Commercials are produced, frame by frame, with more tender merchandising care than the programs they sponsor. It is no accident that a TV commercial for the Universal Studio Tour in Hollywood flashed a close-up of a fist smashing into a face at the exact instant that a voice-over shouted the word "Fun!"

When Ed Sanders had originally instructed me to "Ask Peter Folger," I presumed he was referring to the fact that Folger had conducted his own investigation into the murders, but then in my most paranoid fantasies I began to believe that he meant Folger was responsible for the murders; that he actually arranged to have his own daughter brutally slain because she had violated her family ethnic value by supporting Bradley and because she was living with a man who wanted to distribute MDA, an extremely energizing and aphrodisiacal drug which could provide tremendous competition for coffee; that Folger was trying to program TV viewers with racism in his coffee commercials.

Had I gone crazy? Was Manson correct — did U.S. corporations help start World War II by secretly financing the German military-industrial complex? Did the Nazis really win the war? Were their behavioral modification experts infiltrating our film editing rooms?

Even now, director William Friedkin is quoted in *Penthouse*: "The Ratings Board consists of seven people whose names it will be difficult if not impossible for you to discover." They wanted to give *To Live and Die in L.A.* an X rating. Friedkin had to cut 17 seconds to get an R.

"The board has let far more violent films than *L.A.* go out with an R. *Rambo*, where 600 people get killed, rates an R because it's the board's perception those 600 people are Asians, and *Rambo's* a comic-book thing, and it's 'patriotic,' and it's okay. Let me tell you something. I had to trim frames out of shots of white people getting shot in the face — but not the black guy. A black man gets shot in the face, and they never said a word about cutting it. . . ."

Conversely, we were treated to the televised sight of former CIA director George Bush swaying arm-in-arm with the widow of Martin Luther King, singing *We Shall Overcome*. Bush of course was singing *I Wanna Get the Black Vote*. It's all government by public relations. Ah, if only they could re-wind that shuttle liftoff and try it again—or maybe they could take a lesson from another Monster:

"The surprising success of *Frankenstein* caused Universal to regret having killed off the Monster in the first film. Undaunted by their error, they resurrected him by the simple device of writing the sequel with a scene in which the Monster rises from the flooded cellar of the mill, where he had initially and quite obviously been blown to bits, perfectly fine and ready to ravage the countryside. . . ."

Boris Karloff never dreamed that his Monster would finally end up molded into a children's vitamin pill. But the real Frankenstein has arisen from the cutting-room floor, and continues to toss petals into the lake of public imagery. Look — there he is now, busily editing footage of the entire Ferdinand Marcos family and entourage harmonizing a John Lennon lyric, "Imagine no possessions. . . ."

—Paul Krassner

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## The Punking of America

Light a candle on that slab of government cheese, for punk rock turned a decade old this year. Officially it was given birth to in 1976 by a far-from-virgin mother, the Sex Pistols, in England.

Unofficially, purists will argue that pre-'76 bands like Richard Hell and the Voidoids, the Ramones, Patti Smith, and the Fugs influenced and helped shape punk culture. But let's stick with officiality. After all, a birth 9 months after conception doesn't make a baby 9 months old at birth.

Ironically, the Sex Pistols were intended to be a promotional "carny"-type show for a tattered-clothing boutique owner, Malcolm McLaren. His intention, he said, was either to make some money and get some laughs or "set the world on its ear."

On January 14, 1978, the Sex Pistols landed in San Francisco and proceeded to spit on the crowd at Winterland. Johnny Rotten's last words from the stage that night were, "Ha-ha-ha! Ever get the feeling you've been cheated?" The audience had been cheated, and for the first time many of them realized just how cheated their everyday lives were.

It was the start of a major phenomenon that would become a fat pimple on the ass of democracy. Bored urban whites began to rise up in grandiose style and shed miles of phlegm on a stunned nation. It was as if America's spoon-fed young suddenly awoke from a conditioning lesson and started to vomit their indignation right in Uncle Sam's face. Punk became the new protest music.

The punks had inherited the throne of a rebellious counter-culture, a seat previously occupied by long-haired hippies. United more by fashion and aggression than by leaders, the punk culture communicated to each other by xerox flyers and band lyrics. Bands became the spokespersons and, it seemed, everybody had a band.

The names given to the bands spoke for themselves:

Dead Kennedys. Abandoned. Afflicted. The Freeze. Fuck-Ups. Dicks. Manson Youth. Agent Orange. Lennonburger. Circle Jerks. Negative Trend. Mutants. Black Flag. Verbal Abuse. Deadly Reign. Die Kreuzen. Toxic Reasons. MIA. Sado Nation. Crucifix. Minor Threat. Lewd. Fear. Fang. Black Athletes. Jerry's Kids. Decadence. Angry Samoans. Gay Cowboys in Bondage. Flesheaters. Germs. Redd Cross. Social Distortion. Bad Posture. Code of Honor. Jodie Foster's Army. Gang Green. Black Market Baby. Butthole Surfers. DOA. Ill Repute. Legionnaire's Disease. Maggot Sandwich. Twisted Value. Fright Wig. Variant Cause. Doggy Style. MDC (who used to be known as Millions of Dead Cops but changed to Millions of Dead Children because they "didn't want people to get the wrong idea"). Is nothing sacred?

In 1979, Jello Biafra, mouthpiece for the Dead Kennedys, ran for mayor of San Francisco. His campaign platform included such policies as hiring laid-off city workers as panhandlers at 50% commission; requiring police to be elected; legalizing squatters in



vacant buildings; the erection of Dan White statues—the Park Commission would run concession stands dealing eggs and tomatoes to throw at them. When the smoke cleared, Jello found himself in a solid fourth place with 6,591 votes. Appointed mayor Dianne Feinstein said Biafra "made the race more interesting."

It was also around this time that the music and the tone of the scene began to change. The crowds were becoming younger, rowdier, almost gremlin-like. Punk music slowly heated into hardcore.

The stench of sweat and the sound of retching were strong, the air thick with smoke. The stage was littered with cans, shoes and foreign objects, Joe Pop-O-Pie having just finished a two-hour antagonistic medley of *Truckin'* and *Sunshine Daydream*. The Dead Kennedys' stage crew were wading through puddles of beer and vomit, busy setting up for the headlined band. It seemed like a normal night in the punk subculture, but it was late in 1983 and rumor around the scene was that punk is dead.

It happened rather suddenly, about the time Mr. T went prime time. Some say it died the day tickets for punk shows became available through BASS ticket outlets.

In 1984, one of the leading punk "zines," *Maximum Rockroll*, printed the vital question,

"Does Punk Suck?" on their front cover. This question came as no surprise since Macy's was advertising their big spiked leather sale. Among the items offered for sale were "Genuine Spiked Leather Wrist Bands." Genuine? The wrist bands worn by most punks were nothing more than cock rings, bought in the back rooms of gay S&M shops. Even *Vogue* magazine was starting to dress its models in pseudo-punk paraphernalia.

By 1985, the media, with their ignorant view of punk in general, began to hype the prospect of tattered clothing as a high fashion form. In no time Sergio Valente had been replaced by Harley Davidson at Saks 5th Avenue. Fiorucci himself was forced to roam Goodwill in search of new ideas.

A fashion revolution was on, at the expense of the punk subculture. Even the richest neighborhoods had hair salons that specialized in "Poo-Poo" cuts, multicolored versions of street punk cuts. To make matters worse, Billy Idol, one-time member of Generation X, had joined the plastic ranks of MTV as token punk. His music was too pathetic to be taken as punk, yet to pre-pubescent girls it was the real thing.

Punk was in danger of becoming a parody of itself. Through the decay and rot of what was and never would be again, rose thrash music. Thrash could be described as chain-saw punk. It uses jackhammer tempos that cut through the air with all the vigor of a frenzied speed freak. Thrash is political and satirical by nature, encompassing everything from McDonald's hamburgers to Hitler's brain.

Through thrash, the 7-second song was born. Some bands would squeeze close to 70 songs on a single l.p., twice that on home-produced cassette tapes. One band even took 7 Seconds as their name. The older bands were falling out of favor. Said a young teenage punk of the Dead Kennedys, "I lost respect for them when I saw Jello Biafra eating a Woolworth's pizza."

This current thrash movement does seem to have a major flaw. The problem stems from within the scene itself, namely skinheads. At a glance, most skinheads are to punks what Brutus was to Popeye, an all-around pain-in-the-ass. Many Skinheads hold neo-Nazi or ultra-Fascist beliefs. Being violently racist and sexist, it is skinheads that have given the punk scene its violence-incited-by-ignorance image.

Said one Ohio skinhead, "We like to beat on fags, pinkos, mods, and each other if we get mad enough." Sang the Dead Kennedys, "Nazi punks, fuck off!" In California, it remains a felony to draw the swastika.

Perhaps punk ideology as social art will happen all over again. Poetry readings with the excitement of early Beat happenings are springing up in back alleys and dimly lit cafes, with such punk poets as Penelope Houston from the Avengers, Exene Cervenka of X and Henry Rollins of Black Flag — he has already grown his hair long for the occasion.

To quote Poison Girls, "State control and rock'n'roll/are run by clever men/Anarchy is this year's theme/it all goes 'round again." And some things are better the second time around.

—Kalyann Campbell





### ***New Evidence in the Killing of Bobby Kennedy***

The Los Angeles Police Commission last month released a 1500-page summary of the investigation into the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy, concluding that "There was no evidence of a conspiracy." Although one of the bullets was found in the *back* of Kennedy's neck, the report stated that Sirhan Sirhan acted alone.

The mysterious bullet was explained this way: "Senator Kennedy had been possessed by Satan, and at the precise moment that Sirhan was shooting at him, Kennedy's head turned around 180 degrees, just like Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*." Thus did the Commission reject the theory of a second gunman.



## New Wedding Vows

"A new marriage service in which the bride vows to share her earnings as well as share her husband's has been announced by the Church of England."  
—Reuters

"I, Sheila Gordon, with net earnings before taxes of ten thousand quid, take thee, Andy Capp, presently penniless and living on the dole, to be my lawful wedded husband and tax deduction. I promise to have and to hold for thee, in a joint account, one thousand pounds, from this day forward, until the end of the fiscal year, with the understanding that, for better or for worse, only the interest and not the capital shall be drawn upon, whether in sickness or in health, till death or a new capital-gains law do us part."

And here is an American version of the Church of England vow, revised to suit open marriages:

"I, Harry, take you, Gloria, to be my wife, and in so doing, commit a big part of my life to you, namely every Wednesday and Saturday night, except when I'm playing paddle tennis or getting laid."

"I, Gloria, take you, Harry, to be my husband, and pledge to stay out of your way whenever I can and to look for an apartment and job in



another part of town so that our marriage does not interfere with your freedom and space. I also promise to let you know which of your friends I am balling so that you can even up the score with some of my girlfriends."

"I, Harry, promise you, Gloria, that you'll be the first one I call in the event I ever come down with herpes or gonorrhea."

"And I, Gloria, pledge to you, Harry, that if and when I get knocked up, you'll be the first to know which of your buddies is the father."

—Willard Manus

## New Capital Punishment

While visiting the inmates of the San Francisco County Jail, Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles told them that without the death penalty, "all of us will be living in the jungles with no security, no protection."

Bradley was the featured speaker at the jail's annual "Be Somebody" series of addresses. Inmates sat silently, surrounded by guards, while Bradley made his strongest statements for capital punishment, which has surfaced as a major issue in the gubernatorial race. He called the death penalty "a positive force for separating killers from you and me and the rest of our society. The death penalty is necessary. I support it."

After his speech, Bradley fielded questions from the audience. Asked whether he will support California Chief Justice Rose Bird, who has reversed several death penalties during her tenure — 11 since the new

year—Bradley replied, "I have not made a decision on that matter. There is ample time."

When one inmate demanded to know what Bradley would do with the 47 convicts currently waiting on Death Row in the state's prisons, he revealed that "there's got to be some way that we remove them," adding enthusiastically that he has a "bold, new plan — we're going to put the convicts in a top-of-the-line chamber and gas them in two large groups."

The mayor continued, "I'm excited about this possible development," noting that a representative of *Arbeitsmactfrei* (the German industrial giant purchased last year by Beatrice, Inc.) had recently approached him with a proposal for the venture. "If we go with the European solution, we're looking at savings of up to sixty per cent."

When asked whether the bodies of the criminals would also be disposed of en masse, Bradley replied that he was not yet sure. "But I'm always on the lookout for ways to save the taxpayer money," adding that engineers from *Arbeitsmactfrei* are working on updating plans for a "system that has already been used. I am considering it seriously, but it may be some time before we come up with something I can consider a final solution."

Observers believe that *Arbeitsmactfrei* may be one of the firms supporting the pro-death-sentence lobby which was established in Sacramento five months ago.,

—Stanley Young

## New Marketing Trend

If Tolstoy reveals a large part of the Russian soul, *Advertising Age* does no less for the American soul. It is how I learned, for example, that croissant pizza is doing well in its Texas test markets.

Now I read that Crayola's market research found that people buy products placed in the category of "Toys" nine times more frequently than products placed in the category of "Drawing Implements." Henceforth, crayons will be sold as toys rather than drawing implements.

Similarly, the copy on Fig Newton packages now boasts: "The fruit snack for today's life style," Nabisco having realized that the trend for purportedly healthful fruit substances is at a higher point on the curve than that for cookie substances.

Given this ability of advertising to take anything and make a *tabula rasa* out of it, if the A.M.A. is successful in having cigarette advertising banned, rather than substances to smoke, then cigarettes can be sold as something completely different—fashion accessories, perhaps.

—Bill Finkelstein

## New Dangerous Disease

A report issued by the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta has confirmed rumors that California Lottery players are being exposed to a strange ailment through casual contact with the lottery tickets themselves, referred to in medical circles as Grey Lung.

"We are now convinced," said CDC spokesperson Dr. Primo Carnera, "that the metallic-like substance being scratched from the lottery tickets is the real culprit." He refused to speculate on how the tickets became contaminated, but urged all lottery players to practice "safe gambling" by using rubber gloves and surgical masks when scratching the surface.

Within hours after the report was made public, Governor George Deukmejian hastily called a press conference to refute the CDC's claims; he demonstrated his resolve by eating several lottery tickets. "There's nothing in these tickets, except for a trace of aluminum, that could prove harmful to anyone's health," the governor stressed, "and I'm living proof of that." Deukmejian went on to reveal that he regularly eats three lottery tickets a day, and has done so since the lottery began.

—Yossarian



## Out of Africa: Part II

Who says activism is dead on our nation's campuses?

On January 21, 1986, in the wee hours of the morning, one day after the first national celebration of the birthday of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., ten student freedom fighters from Dartmouth College planned and executed a guerrilla-style operation designed to put their campus back into the hands of progressive students.

The target: a group of shanties erected on the College Green by a group of cry-babies preoccupied with the system of social organization in South Africa.

The weapons of choice: sledgehammers.

The cause: The Dartmouth Committee to Beautify the Green Before Winter Carnival.

The penalties: suspensions from the school.

As our commander-in-chief Dutch Reagan so often says, believing he is recalling an incident in his life when in fact he's quoting a line from a bad movie — but no matter — "Where do we find such men?" Who are these brave souls willing to risk life and limb for a cause as noble as this? They are members of the staff of the anti-establishment newspaper, the *Dartmouth Review*, and they're not all men.

"We have three women on our staff," one of the female members of the Dartmouth Ten told us when we caught up with them on location in Angola shortly after they received their suspensions. "We prefer to be called chattel, though," she added, her white teeth gleaming in the tropical sun.

"The cry-babies say we're racists," one activist indicated, "but we have two Jews and a black in our group."

"Don't forget the Indian," another radical interrupted. "We have us an Injun!" The group broke into manic chants of "Who-wha-who, who-wha-who."

"The Indian used to be Dartmouth's mascot," one female freedom fighter explained, "but the cry-babies made us change it to the Big Green."

The actual Injun chose to remain anonymous. His or her identity was not immediately ascertainable from the authenticity of the chanting.

"James Watt is sending us a cripple next year," one student added, "so that really ought to round out the group."

This ethnically diverse group of student radicals had come here to Angola, a lovely country on the coast of southwestern Africa, to enlist the aid and support of friend and fellow freedom fighter Jonas Savimbi. Dr. Savimbi, upon hearing of the plight of the Dartmouth Nine — they were unfortunately reduced by one, the black student, Clarence Pendleton IV, who lost his 'Temporary White' permit on the plane of Johannesburg, was detained and is now believed to be working as a houseboy in Durban — agreed to help the group raise money for their legal defense.

Dr. Savimbi took time off from his duties as commander of UNITA, the Angolan revolutionary group trying to obtain military assistance from the United States in its attempt to restore Maoist socialist conservatism to this African nation, so that he could star in a sequel to the popular film, *Out of Africa*.

As the Dartmouth undergraduates walked about the set in the provincial capital of Huambo, carrying lights and cameras, dressed in camouflage outfits, practicing their revolutionary chants — "UNITA! UNITA! UNITA!" and "Beautify the Green Before Winter Carnival!" and "Who-wha-who, who-wha-who" — we had a chance to chat with Dr. Savimbi. What follows is a transcript of that interview.

*Savimbi:* I had an army in Africa . . . No, that's not it. I had an army in Africa. There, that's better. I had a public relations firm in Virginia. I had a public relations firm in Virginia . . .

*Interviewer:* Excuse me, Dr. Savimbi. I wonder if you'd tell our readers why you decided to make this movie?

*Savimbi:* I had a friend in South Africa. I had a friend in South Africa . . . Can't you guess?

*Interviewer:* Because you think these kids, fellow revolutionary foot-soldiers, got a raw deal?

*Savimbi:* I blew up a refinery in Africa. I blew up a refinery in Africa . . . Yes, that was part of it. More than that, though, I saw what Meryl Streep did in the original, and I thought "I can do better than that."

*Interviewer:* You're playing the Meryl Streep role?

*Savimbi:* Why not? I speak seven languages. I'm no slouch with accents. Besides, when I found out who was playing the role of her lover I just had to have the part.

*Interviewer:* The Robert Redford character? The one who's supposed to be English?

*Savimbi:* Yes . . . I had an explosives class in China . . . I had an . . .

*Interviewer:* Who?

*Savimbi:* Jack Kemp. He's such a doll . . . I had an army in Africa.

*Interviewer:* I'm sure he'll look cute in a safari suit. Who plays your husband?

*Savimbi:* The husband's a much bigger role in the sequel. In this film he's an obsequious lapdog type played by George Bush. He and the Jack Kemp character try to woo me with humanitarian aid so I and a group of



non-ideological mercenaries and thugs will blow up an American oil refinery guarded by Cuban soldiers. The idea is to get the oil company and the Cubans out of Africa. It's totally outlandish, but at least the title makes sense in this one.

*Interviewer:* Yes, I see. And the role of your beloved African servant? Who did you get for that?

*Savimbi:* I don't believe that's been cast yet.

*Unidentified Member of the Radical Student Group, The Dartmouth Nine:* Forgive me, Revolutionary Master Doctor Savimbi, sir. I believe we've found someone to play your beloved servant, sir. He just arrived in Africa from France, and he's looking for a job. His name is Jean-Claude, sir.

*Savimbi:* What were you doing in France?

*Jean-Claude:* My wife and I were taking a vacation for life. We wanted to go somewhere to get away from it all.

*Unidentified Member of the Radical Student Group, The Dartmouth Nine:* He told us he's a pro-western third world leader just like you, sir.

*Savimbi:* Okay. Let's take him. He'll be perfect for the part. Do you have any luggage, Jean-Claude?

*Jean-Claude:* I have a couple of hundred suitcases in back of the C-5A.

*Savimbi:* Help Jean-Claude with his luggage. (claps hands) Now! Right now!

*Unidentified Members of the Radical Student Group, The Dartmouth Nine (in unison):* Yes, Revolutionary Master Doctor Savimbi, sir, and Ex-President for Life, sir.

*Savimbi:* Here's a copy of the script, Jean-Claude. Why don't you go ahead and look over your lines while the grunts bring in the luggage?

*Jean-Claude:* I had a country in the Caribbean . . . I had a country in the Caribbean . . . I had a palace in Port-au-Prince . . .

—Robert Myers

### Bumps In the Late Night

According to comedian Will Durst, there is a new game called South African Chess.

"The whole object is to take out the black bishop, but it's fairly easy — only the white pieces get to move — but the board is covered with black pawns."

Durst performed on the David Letterman show once, but was told he would not be invited back if he continued to do political material.



## The Final Drug Solution

God knows I share Nancy Reagan's concern over youthful drug abuse and the destruction it is wreaking on our sons and daughters all across the country. So I've come up with an idea. Instead of going for more enforcement and stiffer penalties, we simply repeal all the present laws and make drug use mandatory.

It just might work on the same principle as those Oriental martial arts that are supposed to take an opponent's superior strength and use it against him. Probably there's no single class of human being more contrary than the American teenager, and by cleverly exploiting this trait we could have the youth-and-drugs problem licked in a generation.

Sure there'd be a tough transition period as soon as the lid came off; we'd lose quite a few in the initial surge of adolescent effort to do anything to excess. That's why it's so important to make drug use mandatory. You can tell kids *not* to smoke dope or toot coke; they'll do it anyway. You can tell 'em it's merely *okay*; they'll turn into test pilots.

Only if you tell them they *must* use drugs, that drugs are *good* for them, will those young brows begin to furrow and the hormones of rebellion start flowing. The only purpose of revising the laws would be to give this new tactic the necessary credibility to generate resistance. It would work something like this:

About 11 p.m. on a Saturday night, two cops spot a carload of teenagers driving down the street in a prudent manner, observing the speed limit and staying in lane. That would constitute probable cause to suspect unimpaired driving. The cops pull a stop and shake the suspects down good. No grass. No roaches in the ashtray. No seeds on the floor. No papers, no pipes, no bongs, nothing.

"Okay, assholes, hands behind your backs! You're under arrest for failure to possess a formerly-controlled substance. You got the right to remain silent..."

It wouldn't be very long before our hypothetical cops would be hearing the usual dumb excuses.

"Officer, we just left the house to score a lid and we'll have some in ten minutes, promise!"

(The kid's lying through his teeth, of course, because with no laws against dope, there's not going to be any money in smuggling. People will have to produce their own.)

"Officer, you gotta believe me. Just this morning somebody came into my back yard and *stole all my plants!* I was going out for more seeds, I swear."

## The Great Fetus Conspiracy

Fetuses For a Democratic Society  
Washington, D. & C.  
1986 (first trimester)

Dear Friend of FDS,

People who yak about "fetus this" or "fetus that" but never ask us fetuses for *our* opinion, really burn our gills! We fetuses are tired of being squeezed out. At last, we're ready to break our water-sac of silence and lay our hand (with its tiny, perfectly formed fingernails) on the table with this, the official Fetus Position paper.

1. First, as we've said ten million times: *Stop calling us "human!"* To err is human; fetuses *never* err. Also, we never lie, sweat buckets or whine about "sin." So quit flattering yourselves. Fetuses are *not* human. We are *in-human*. Inhuman and *proud* of it.

2. Secondly: *Fetal life is the only life worth living.* It's quiet; it's contemplative; it's fun. Life after birth is none of the above. Except insofar as human life sustains fetal life, it's a waste of your time and our air-space.

3. Lastly: In the natural order of things, *The fetus is master; the human its slave!* This doesn't mean we support Fetuses of Ethiopia's (FOE's) policy of genocidal overpopulation. We're strategic! We're selective! We'll keep women preppers warm and well-fed until they're 42, then we'll use 'em for glue. Pre-pubescent girls can run our kitchens, nurseries, factories and farms. Adult males, admittedly, *are* excess baggage. We'll get the milky white stuff out of them, freeze it in vials and throw the men away to make room for more fetuses.

Sound great? It *will* be! And *you can help us* maximize the amount of *innocent (fetal) life* on earth! Just send us gobs of money so we can convince your fellow humans that fetal life is more precious than their own. Later, we'll escalate, demanding the fetus' right to vote, hold office and topple foreign governments. If the government can do these things, why can't a fetus?

After a little knee-jerk resistance, humans will submit to our rule, because their moral system is too fuzzy to unite them, and because they think we're just like them, only cuter.

Divide! Multiply! Conquer!

Today the Incubator! Tomorrow We Are the World!

In Utero Über Alles!

Fetus Doe

—Lynn Phillips



Two major cinema chains in Australia have refused to screen a pilot "condom awareness" commercial. The above before-and-after scenes are from the banned cartoon spot about a character who ends up in the hospital suffering from AIDS after resisting a rubber companion. At the same time, the Australian army has purchased 541,000 condoms for waterproofing gun barrels on rifles and tanks. A representative of the Defense Minister told the Senate, "I am assured that the contract for the purchase of these condoms was placed after independent leak-and-burst tests."

It won't be long before the police have to get tougher. Roaches, seeds and pipes won't count; they could have been there for days. Here we have to rely on police discretion. If there's evidence of drugs but no indication of use, the cop can use his own judgment — maybe give a warning ticket in borderline cases or when an officer considers an excuse particularly good. For example:

Kid: "Sir, just two hours ago we were stoned out of our gourds, y'know, and we toked it all up, y'know, and, well, we stayed there too

long, y'know, and gee, sir, y'know, we all got straight!"

Cop: "Okay, punk, I'll let you go this time if you head straight home, but you'd better let ol' Pimple Face there drive. He still looks pretty ripped."

With all due respect for individual freedom and civil liberties, the right *not* to use drugs in the privacy of one's home would have to be respected, just to keep the liberals happy.

—Bill Helmer



## Don't Gimme Shelter

In New York City, when the temperature drops below 32 degrees, the police, acting under an emergency order, bring homeless people to shelters. If someone refuses to go, that individual is escorted to a city hospital for psychiatric evaluation.

According to the *New York Times*, when Neila King, age 59, refused, she was surrounded by six officers, handcuffed, strapped to a stretcher and taken to Metropolitan Hospital while shouting "I don't want to go!"

A retired live-in nurse's aide, she has spent most of the last two years near the intersection of 42nd Street and Second Avenue. Residents in the area report that she has never harmed anyone, and, in turn, the neighbors watch out for her.

What follows is a transcript of Neila King's mandatory psychiatric evaluation, performed at Metropolitan Hospital by Dr. Wiley Ruder.

6:11 p.m. Evaluation commences.

Ruder: Neila, I'm here to examine you to decide if you're mentally fit to live in a doorway.

King: And I'm here because I didn't reach out and touch someone. I squeezed the Charmin. Send in the cops! Arrest me! You and the other city officials don't want to have to see me living in that doorway. Well, it's a trade-off. I have to see all you people in taxi-cabs.

Ruder: It sounds to me like you're angry.

King: It sounds to me like this is a test. Name the twelve ways that Wonder Bread builds strong bodies. God told Trump to erect a 297-story building. The wicked shall inherit the earth. Wouldn't you be angry if six bums in uniform with guns and billy clubs dragged you outa bed at 2 o'clock in the morning while you were shouting, "I don't wanna go!"

Ruder: Why do you feel you behaved in this manner?

King: Maybe I got Lotto Fever? Do you think I landed on my head when I fell through the safety net? Disorganized crime? Too much stannous fluoride? Am I supposed to take this seriously? The streets are safer than any city shelter. And because those shelters are always filled by that time, anyway, instead of actually getting inside one of them, I would've been put on a bus and driven past them until six a.m., when those very same shelters all close, at which time I'd be sent back to the streets that I didn't want to leave in the first place.

Ruder: What medications are you taking and how often?

King: Oh, it's the old beauty-is-in-the-eye-of-the-beholder question. I'm high on life. I do drugs as often as you do.

Ruder: Neila, do you know why you're here?

King: Where was I when I needed me? I bet you even have a car that talks to you. Please fasten your seat belt. Your door is open.

Ruder: But our concern is you. That you might hurt yourself outside in the cold night air. Can you help me understand whether you can take care of yourself?

King: What should I do, demonstrate how I would order Chinese take-out? Listen, I'm fully settled into a life of total insecurity. Why should I have to convince you that I can take care of myself?

Ruder: I notice that you're very resistant. How do you feel about that?

King: You remind me of my ex-husband who used to ask, "Where do we keep the ice cubes?"

Ruder: Your chart says that you didn't have on a coat when you were brought here.

King: Gimme a break. I was wearing six blankets, thermal insulated boots, a pair of quite fashionable fur-lined gloves and a sensible hat. Woman Arrested For Mushed Down Hair!

Ruder: But would you wear a coat if you had one?

King: Why am I supposed to answer dumb questions from a 27-year-old with runner's face?

Ruder: You'll never become truly re-integrated into society, nor create long-term, meaningful relationships, if you don't confront that negative attitude of yours, Neila.

King: Right. (Hums *Summertime*)

Ruder: Nurse, get this patient out of here.

King: You doctors never do outgrow your need to be idiots. I see you. You're writing down, *This woman is paranoid schizophrenic*. Don't worry, I'm the Messiah, here's my card, let's network. . . .

6:27 p.m. Evaluation concludes.

If any individual who is forcibly removed from the streets of New York City is judged to be mentally competent, that person can sue the city for having violated his or her civil liberties. When asked about the result of Neila King's evaluation, a hospital spokesperson refused to comment, citing patient confidentiality.

—Janet Bode

## MEDIA FREAK

### Trivial Censorship

John Nason, vice president of public relations for Selchow & Righter, manufacturer of *Trivial Pursuit*, admits he was embarrassed by a question included only in the early editions of the game, namely:

"How many months pregnant was Nancy Reagan when she walked down the matrimonial aisle with Ronald?"

The answer was two months, although Nancy may now wish that she had gotten an abortion, so that daughter Patti's novel would never have been published.

### Anthropomorphism On the Air

The announcer in a dog food commercial states: "Naturally, every dog wants fresher breath."

And, after a helicopter dropped a wreath on the ocean to memorialize seven dead astronauts, an NBC correspondent said, "As *Taps* ended, a school of porpoises saluted the wreath."

### Saturday Night Limited

When Ron Reagan Jr. was a guest-host on *Saturday Night Live*, he kidded about whether his being there had anything to do with the fact that he happened to be the President's son.

However, there was no reference to the fact that a musical group, the Nelsons, were on the show because their father, Ricky, had recently been killed in a plane crash.

In the wake of a possible coke-smoking scandal on Ricky Nelson's final flight, it figured that the concept would be extended, at least in private, into outer space, but rock archivist Michael Ochs broke this joke in public, on KCRW-FM in Santa Monica:

"They found out what caused the shuttle explosion — someone on board was free-basing."

### Who Put the Empty in MTV?

Last fall, MTV initiated a new logo, the animated orgy of a space shuttle blastoff. But after the space shuttle massacre, there was a question of taste. Susan Binford, MTV's vice president of public relations, said the logo would stay, but that video disc jockeys would come on live and "extend their sympathy and sorrow to the families and all those involved in the space program" — as though they would crave their MTV in the midst of their grief. In any event, the logo has disappeared.

Meanwhile, slightly subliminal messages are beginning to appear as self-parody in rock videos. In Wham's *I'm Your Man*, the numbers 6 and 9 can be seen, along with the word SEX. In INXS' *What You Need*, there are many slightly subliminal messages, but the longest and most clearly visible says CONSUME.

### Dishing It Out

A gay weekly, *New York Native*, criticized the *Village Voice* for running an ad for Guard Card, which guarantees that the bearer has tested negative for the so-called AIDS antibody, plus an ad for "fine jewelry as a way for an individual or business to make a clear statement" that the wearer has tested negative for the so-called AIDS virus. The *Native* added, "If the *Voice* does not believe these ads promulgate discrimination against homosexuals, perhaps the editors should consult the Human Rights Commission."

The *Voice* in turn criticized the *Native* for running a classified ad for a legal assistant, specifying, "WM [white male] in mid 20's preferred," pointing out that such advertising, on the basis of race, gender and age, is illegal.

Now, however, Judge Robert Bork reports that the U.S. Court of Appeals has begun to interpret the Civil Rights Act as prohibiting sexual discrimination by heteros and gays, but not by bisexual employers, who theoretically do not discriminate among their targets on the basis of gender.

### Burning Issue

*Riddle*: When does public relations become propaganda?

*Answer*: When the Dow Chemical Company produces institutional commercials which not only ignore their past history of manufacturing napalm, but also imply that they are currently seeking new employees when in actuality Dow has been laying off employees.

### Things of the Month

*Euphemism of the Month*: ITT no longer uses the term "layoff." Instead they say "headcount reduction."

*Bumper Sticker of the Month*: "Baby in Trunk"

*Graffiti of the Month*: DYSLEXICS OF THE WORLD, UNTIE!