

# The Realist

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How to Pass  
a Urine Test



## Hands Across a Photo Opportunity

Captain Midnight has been caught. A few months ago he managed to override the HBO signal for 4½ minutes, substituting his own printed message for *The Falcon and the Snowman*, a movie about espionage. He was protesting the scrambling of cable television signals which interfered with his business of selling backyard satellite dishes.

Suppose another Captain Midnight had taken a similar action during the *Hands Across America* demonstration against hunger. One might have remembered that when Patty Hearst was kidnapped a dozen years before, her captors demanded a free food program for the poor, and Ronald Reagan's statement at the time—"I hope they all get botulism!"—could now have replaced his orgy of image promotion on TV screens across America.

## The Supreme Court Sucks

First they ruled that capital punishment must be postponed if a prisoner had gone insane while on death row. After all, it would be cruel and unusual punishment to execute him if he couldn't fully understand what was happening. He would have to be transferred to a mental institution, and when he was once again sane enough to appreciate the horror, it would no longer be cruel and unusual punishment for the state to take his life.

Then they declared that sodomy should not be protected by the Constitution, and millions of innocent children were forced to ask their parents for details of oral and anal sex, only to be told to turn off the news and go listen to some filthy rock lyrics instead. Just think, if you were found guilty of voluntary butt-fucking, you could be put in prison where you would be subjected to involuntary butt-fucking.

Perhaps these two Supreme Court decisions are related. Who will be the first American citizen to get arrested for giving head, only to plead temporary insanity?

The sodomy decision was aided and abetted by an aura of repression over the AIDS crisis.

When the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta issued a memo which endorsed the closing of bathhouses "that may facilitate random or anonymous sex," this seemed odd to Dolores French, an activist in the fight to decriminalize prostitution and the founder of HIRE — Hooking Is Real Employment.

"Just a week before this letter was released," she says, "we had a discussion at CDC about how the media misrepresents what the CDC has promulgated or released. And we also discussed that closing of these places would disperse the group most likely to be infected — thereby cutting off the only avenue for education."

"I called a Deputy Director who I know well at CDC to check on this. It was actually worse than the media have released. The CDC was also

supporting mandatory reporting and testing of the sexual contacts of diagnosed AIDS patients.

"I asked him, 'Do you know how far-reaching that is?'"

"He said, very nonchalantly, that 'a few people are going to get hurt, get made examples of, go to jail. This memo will allow a few politicians to get their pictures taken at bathhouse closings, and write legislation to close down some gay places, and make their constituency think they're doing something about this. If a few people are imprisoned — well, that will be a small percentage of the population. We know that closing bathhouses and bars is not what will stop this.'"

"Then why are you doing this?"

"The head of the CDC just got back from Washington, and this came directly from the White House."

"In other words, they are reacting purely under political pressure, not in the public interest at all."

So, if the Reagan Administration wants to influence the Supreme Court, casting conservative justices upon the bench is not the only way.

## Huberty Hypes Hamburger Helper

The widow of James Huberty, who shot 21 people at a McDonald's restaurant, has filed a \$5 million suit against the hamburger chain, claiming that its food additives helped trigger her husband's violent outburst and death. He was felled at the scene of the massacre by a police sharpshooter. Elsa Huberty's lawsuit alleges that monosodium glutamate routinely added to McDonald's food was a contributing factor in his death.

The suit doesn't mention the rotten karma aspect—McDonald's has been the largest sponsor of violence on TV.

Forget about MSG, though. Since 1.5 million Americans die of heart disease every year as a direct result of eating red meat — that's five times as many deaths as caused by smoking — then, if the A.M.A. succeeds in having all cigarette advertising banned, can ads for red meat products be far behind?

## Disabled Dolls

In *Love Me, Love My Teddy Bear*, cartoonist S. Gross depicts "Helen Keller's Teddy Bear" as having no eyes or ears.

In real life, Mattel Inc. has announced a line of dolls with disabilities, *Hal and His Pals*.

"Besides Hal, a ski instructor who lacks a left leg, there is a ballerina wearing hearing aids, a boy in a gray warmup suit in a wheelchair, and a dressed-up girl with leg braces and canes. The fifth disabled doll, a black girl, is visually impaired" — so she doesn't even know she's black — "and comes with a red-tipped cane and guide puppy" which must surely have a broken tail.

"The other two dolls, a preppy boy and a Madonna look-alike, do not feature specific disabilities. However, they can be bought with the various accessories, such as the wheelchair, so that they can be customized for a particular child."

It is not clear whether these disabled dolls are the handiwork of professional maimers or merely factory rejects . . . or the victims of G.I. Joe Dolls rampaging and plundering around after business hours.

## Lascivious Lawyers

Attorneys choose different lines of defense. Marvin Mitchelson has been accused of sexually assaulting two former clients. He's pleading not guilty. William Melcher has been accused of having an affair with a client's wife. He's testified that it would have been physically impossible because he has been "totally impotent" since a vasectomy eight years ago and has had no sexual activity with anyone, including his wife. What we wanna know is, did he sue the doctor who gave him the vasectomy?

## First Anniversary

- This marks one year of publication of the reincarnated *Realist* on a quarterly basis. A switch to bi-monthly is hoped for next year. Subscriptions are 12 issues for \$23. Box 1230, Venice, CA 90294.
- Back issues 99, 100, 101 are available at \$2.00 each.
- I will be performing my one-person show, *We Have Ways of Making You Laugh*, at the Saxon-Lee Gallery in Hollywood every Saturday through October 4. Call 629-2205 for reservations.

—Paul Krassner

<http://www.ep.tc/realist>  
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IT'S THE WATER! IT'S THE WATER! IT'S THE WATER! IT'S THE WATER!

And remember, E = m-m-m-m-m-mc<sup>2</sup>!

**CIRCLING THE GLOBE SINCE 1986**

## The Eunuch Convention

The sound of Indian sitars and impassioned speeches crackle through loudspeakers. Throngs of colorfully dressed eunuchs wander among the booths, buying souvenirs, admiring yogis on hot coals, stuffing their tote bags with free literature and buttons, signing up for workshops and getting their chakras and auras monitored.

The smell of spicy Indian food mingles with heady incense. Members of the Western press, distinguished by their regulation khaki and hardware, insinuate themselves into the crowd of an estimated 3000 eunuchs.

The main order of business has already taken place—the election of their new guru. Former national leader, Nayak Nazjeer, had died some months before from the toxic gas leak at the Union Carbide pesticide plant.

While the underlying thrust is the politics of empowerment to a disenfranchised group, the scene is festive and raucous. The days are punctuated with frequent spontaneous singing and dancing. The psychic lay-of-the-convention-land is one of both determination and abandonment.

There is a murmur of voices outside my tent. The flap is pushed aside. A dark-skinned, androgynous, gnome-like figure dressed in a white cotton sari walks in. This is Bismillah Bi, the 65-year-old newly elected guru. He is surrounded by ten elder eunuchs. In contrast to his plain dress, they wear colorful saris, brilliant garlands of flowers around their necks, heavy make-up and lots of jewelry, their bangles and bells tinkling and jangling. The smell of Patchouli fills the air.

I stand up. Polite introductions. No need for a translator. Bi speaks Oxford English with a sing-songy Indian accent. He sits down on a cushion, while the other eunuchs fussily arrange themselves about him, straightening their saris and whispering among themselves.

*Q. As an American, my image of the eunuch comes from Hollywood, where you have been portrayed as pot-bellied, bare-breasted illiterates dressed in loopy earrings and balloon pants, waving scimitars and protecting harem women from ridiculous Bob Hope clones. Do you know of Bob Hope?*

A. Yes, indeed. I am quite familiar with your American culture. As for Hollywood, I believe it suffers from sexual identity confusion. I wonder what your Peewee Herman would have to say to your Sylvester Stallone. But this historical basis is correct. We have in past incarnations served as bouncers in royal harems of the East. We were also political advisors to Chinese emperors. And we were the rage of 17th and 18th century Italian opera. Women in that time were banned from choir and stage. We were sold to the rich by our poor parents and castrated before puberty.

*Q. How did that affect your singing voices?*

A. Our pubescent, high-pitched voices were developmentally arrested by the castration. But as our so-called "masculine" bulk and lung capacity grew, it gave incredible range and flexibility to our soprano and contralto voices. But, alas, we were victims of the crime of involuntary castration.

*Q. What is the purpose of this gathering?*

A. Eunuchs are despised and shunned here in India. We are considered lower than the untouchables themselves. By tradition we are of course invited to weddings and births to entertain. But although we are exquisite singers and dancers, nobody has wanted to live next door to us. This gathering marks the beginning of a revolution that demands equal rights for us.

*Why is your convention taking place in Bopal?*

A. Our former leader died here. Out of the ashes of his funeral pyre is born new strength and purpose to our movement. The Great Wheel of Karma is a corrective principle. Out of death is born an energy to be reckoned with. Is that not so, Haji Ganhi? (Turns toward one of the eunuchs sitting near him, a wizened, ancient personage who smiles back coquettishly.) She recently celebrated her 94th year in this incarnation, and tells us this is the first gathering of eunuchs in over 100 years.

*Q. Why do you refer to him as "she"?*

A. She chooses to think of herself as "she." She considers herself a woman.

*Q. And if I called her "he"?*

A. Then you are being sexist. Sexism is by definition discrimination against women, and she thinks of herself as a woman. There are historical precedents for these choices. There was a religion in early Roman history which had eunuch priests. They dressed as women, kept long perfumed hair and reached ecstatic heights during ritual celebrations to the Great Mother. This is an instance, by the way, of voluntary castration.

*Q. What distinction do you make between voluntary and involuntary castration?*

A. We naturally support voluntary castration, regardless of the reason. Members of a 3rd century Christian sect castrated themselves in order to avoid the temptation of what they considered "sinful sex." But our basic political belief is that of free choice. If someone feels that their penis is incongruous with the rest of their person, they should feel free to remove it if it offends in loop, don't you agree?



## I'm Not a Drag Queen

Richard Nixon predicted to the American Newspaper Publishers Association that a woman would be the Republican candidate for Vice President in 1988.

*Q. So a transsexual, or someone who chooses voluntary castration, wouldn't suffer from penis envy?*

A. I am a Hindu, not a Freudian. But yes, I would say that the choice of voluntary castration provides a built-in immunity to both penis envy and castration anxiety.

*Q. There is nothing left to lose, so to speak.*

A. (Smiling tolerantly.) Precisely.

*Q. You've been accused of kidnapping young boys from villages, castrating them and forcing them into your cult—*

A. These are most likely rumors spread by those who suffer from castration envy or penis anxiety, don't you think? Of course, we categorically deny such accusations.

*Q. Why do you think that, even with advanced surgical procedures in the United States, transsexuals have not really been integrated into our society?*

A. Voluntary castration is construed as a forfeiture of power. Yet, do courage and strength actually reside in one's fleshy member? For some, the absence of a penis implies the feminization, hence the weakening, of an individual. Conversely, involuntary castration bears the assumption of those with penises that ridding others of theirs will double their power over those without penises.

*Q. Is there a kind of penile phantom limb effect after surgery?*

A. I do not have personal experience of such a phenomenon. I was born without genitals. "Deformed" is the word that is used.

*Q. Then you were neither voluntarily nor involuntarily castrated?*

A. No. My castration was of the karmic variety.

*Q. Would you say that you're a hermaphrodite?*

A. In essence, I am not an earthworm or a plant which have reproductive organs of both sexes. But I combine in essence the opposite qualities of masculine and feminine in myself. Bisexuality is time-honored, you know. The ancient Greek and Egyptian mythologies are absolutely riddled with bisexual gods. Your own Pueblo Indians believed in a bisexual creator.

*Q. What would you say is the most significant aspect of this eunuch convention?*

A. Aha! I believe we are living a watershed in history. The dislocation of masculine and feminine concepts is a great metaphor for the Crack that opens between one era and another. Out of this Crack, experimental mutations are bound to emerge. In England — Mick Jagger, David Bowie, Boy George — and in your country — Michael Jackson, Prince, Grace Jones — have magnetized vast popular sentiment.

*Q. You consider them mutants?*

A. Oh, yes. The many millions drawn to these mutants are responding to a call for sexual re-definition. Which means that all of us gathered here today, representing the largest population of eunuchs in the world, are ourselves the evolutionary Distant Early Warning Line. There are 100,000 eunuchs in India alone. We shall have the last giggle. (Reaches into the folds of his sari and hands me a bronzed penis mounted on a metal base.) Here,

a gift for you. These are quite popular.

*Q. Thank you. Is this an actual penis?*

*A. Of course. Did you think that we merely discard them after removal? These are mementos of our past, much like your bronzed baby shoes. (He rises from his cushion.) Come, let us join the festivities. And please take notice that this is one convention where you will not find any prostitutes loitering around for business.*

—M.J. Sibert

## Piss Wars

The reporting of drug use has become an epidemic in this country. You can't pick up a newspaper or turn on your TV without hearing horror stories about how drugs have ruined the lives of lawyers, doctors, athletes and airline pilots. Yes, airline pilots! I found out the hard way on a recent flight to New York from the West Coast.

Somewhere over Kansas I was rudely awakened by a voice saying, "This is your captain speaking. We're going to be returning to Los Angeles for a couple of minutes. I forgot something really important. It'll only take five minutes. I promise. I'm going to leave the No Smoking sign on. I smoke myself. Does anyone have a lighter I could borrow?"

When I finally arrived in New York the next afternoon, I emerged from the subway and saw a scene that chilled my blood. A sweet little old lady was walking her pet parrot on 14th street, minding her own business. The bird was perched on her shoulder, basking in the afternoon sun, and just as she started across Second Avenue, a young drug pusher moved into her path, leered menacingly in her face and muttered, "Polly want some crack?"

A problem of this magnitude requires a concerted response from the only institution in our society equipped to enforce our drug laws: corporations. The reason, of course, is that corporations are in the enviable position of not having to abide by the inconvenient constraints of the 4th Amendment against unreasonable searches and seizures.

Unlike the government, they don't need to show probable cause to obtain a warrant to use whatever means are required to determine whether or not you're using illegal drugs.

And the means that corporations are increasingly using, with the whole-hearted endorsement of the federal government, is requiring you to take a tinkle into a little plastic cup in front of a fellow employee and sending that specimen to a laboratory for analysis, the so-called EMIT test (*time backwards*, appropriately enough).

Many of you may have been beneficiaries of this enlightened policy and not even known it. According to *The New York Times*, 25% of corporations require new job applicants to submit to urinalysis that detects traces of cocaine, heroin, amphetamines, barbiturates, PCP and marijuana. I trust the 25% figure is accurate, since one of the companies which requires a pre-employment drug test is *The New York Times*.

(*The Kansas City Star* employed drug-sniffing dogs in its newsroom, but the dogs were subsequently removed, so its recent editorials supporting aid to the contras may, as many suspected, have been written by dust-heads.)

Probably no one in the personnel office mentioned that your urine samples would be sent to a laboratory to detect drug use. That's because they've noticed the recently impoverished drug dealers out in the company parking lot hawking a new substance: "Urine! No crack, no pot, no speed, no heroin! Pure urine! Get it while it's warm!"

For the wise applicant, there's also a home drug test available, so you can check your children's urine, and if it's drug-free you can put a jar of it in your briefcase with your resumé when you go on job interviews.

Enter the bathroom monitor. This atavistic invention of the modern corporate world has the august task of observing while you take a leak. These "wee-wee watchers" are employed by the growing number of companies who have instituted random unannounced drug tests. Unlike the blood drive and the United Way, contributions are mandatory. Employees who refuse to comply almost always lose their jobs and have no legal recourse to contest their firing.

The head of a firm which helps corporations implement their drug-testing programs suggested in a recent interview that employees are not forced to take the tests. "If they don't want to take the tests, they don't have to," he said. "No one's making them work."

This is the kind of inspired wisdom which the Justice Department betrayed when it suggested that employers could fire AIDS victims if they were afraid other employees might catch the disease. Corporate tests for AIDS are a real and frightening possibility.

Those rare individuals among you who feel a strange compulsion to work for a living may find yourself facing a dilemma soon. If you refuse to submit to drug testing, you could very likely end up trying to make a living at one of the few jobs available which does not require drug-testing: drug dealing. If you do submit, you have no assurance that the laboratory analysis conducted on your urine will be correct. There have been hundreds of instances of people being dismissed from their jobs in spite of the fact that they claim never to have taken illegal drugs.

According to Dr. John Morgan, professor of biomedical education at City College in New York, "95% of positive screening tests for amphetamines are due to over-the-counter nasal congestants. . . . The published medical literature says false 'positive' results occur in 5 to 35% of the tests."

In 1982-83 the U.S. Army dismissed 9,100 employees for illegal drug use and then discovered its "evidence" was incorrect. Some of those discharged had been fingered because their samples were mixed-up. A U.S. Navy doctor repeatedly tested positive for morphine use until someone figured out that the source of this dreaded drug was poppy seed bagels.

Melanin, a dark pigment in the skin, frequently breaks down in urine into a substance similar to marijuana, which means people of color are substantially more likely to test "positive" for marijuana use. Herbal tea and prescription drugs have also caused "positives" for marijuana. And because THC can remain in the body for months, someone who smoked a joint on New Year's Eve could lose their job for using illegal drugs in the middle of July. People have tested "positive" for marijuana use who were in a room where grass was smoked the week before.

The unreliability of the tests is not quite as ominous as it seems. If the tests can yield false "positives," they can also yield false "negatives." According to a recent Jack Anderson column, a pinch of salt in the specimen cup may cause any sample to produce a "negative" result.

A study published in an obscure medical journal called *Clinical Chemistry* (1985, Volume 31, #4, p.658-59, published in Charlotte, N.C.), suggests that liquid soap may interfere with the results of the EMIT test, producing false "negatives."

Information I have gathered from organic chemists and others indicates that you might want to keep a bit of mold or a bottle of halazone (the pills tourists take to foreign countries to chlorinate water) in your locker or top drawer at work.

You should also consult your friends who are parolees and former mental patients and those who work in testing labs.

Send away for the test for your children, which works on the same principle as the EMIT test, and do some experiments with the help of your kids and their chemistry sets. You'll feel good knowing that you are helping to restore the fabric of the American family torn asunder by the intergenerational suspicion that home drug tests engender.

If you'd rather not go to all this trouble, there is a medically recognized condition called "bashful kidneys." Just get a note from your doctor indicating you have an acute case of bashful kidneys and cannot urinate in front of other people. Then simply take a can of apple juice with you into the bathroom. Gross-dressers may prefer to get their notes from psychiatrists.

Acid-users will be pleased to know that no companies test for LSD, and even if they did they would be very unlikely to find traces of it. The drug disappears from the body very quickly. Corporations may, therefore, be inadvertently encouraging a renaissance of the acid era. (There is no testing for Ecstasy either, so feel free to have a love-in at your office or factory.)

In any event, be sure to bring plenty of herbal tea and poppy seed bagels to work for your boss's mid-morning snacks, and pour lots of food coloring in the punch at the office Christmas party. If your boss pisses green during the next drug test and is accused of being a junkie, recommend a polygraph test. They are, of course, notoriously unreliable.

—Robert Myers

## Paris in L.A.

The following is excerpted from *Fun and Fantasy*, trade journal of American Amusement Park Owners and Operators:

*Puente Hills, California*—The City of Paris is being rebuilt, Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower, the Champs Elysees and all, right here in this pleasant suburban community just a few miles east of downtown Los Angeles. The River Seine is flowing, the Pont Neuf is half complete and the Louvre is set to be stocked with over 20,000 outstanding reproductions. You can almost smell the coq au vin.

Impossible, you say. Not so, say Michael Braddock and David Bonnel, two recent graduates of the Cornell School of Hotel Management, whose brainchild, "Paris in Your Own Back Yard," may become one of the hottest, most talked about theme parks of the year.

In a season which has seen European tourism slump to dramatic new lows, there can be no doubt that these two enterprising entrepreneurs are hoping to cash in on recent forecasts of escalating terrorist violence abroad.

In Braddock's words, "There are millions of good, honest, hard-working Americans who have always dreamed of a trip to Europe, and now, for obvious reasons, they don't dare go over there. Well, we're going to give them that chance."

Under the company name, Eurocorp, the partners have raised over 18 million dollars so far from corporate as well as private sponsors who think their idea has a future. A big, big future. What they are shooting for is a "theme park with a difference."

"We're going for authenticity here," says Bonnel. "We're going for something more than a croissant for breakfast and a can-can show with a couple of drinks."

What this means is five miles of Metro track, the entire Rue Bonaparte done in false front, imported French plumbing (including pissoires and the traditional hole in the floor) and a full spread of accommodations, from the inexpensive student dives to the most exalted, right bank, luxury hotels.

Visitors to the park will leave America behind and step through

the looking glass into a complete cultural climate where everything is French — newspapers, magazines, cabs, billboards, food, even the people on the street.

"We're hiring French folks," enthuses Braddock, standing by a rough concrete wall that will become the south flank of the Arc de Triomphe. "I mean these are the real thing. They can't even speak English. These are going to be our park attendants. You're going to need a phrase book to find your hotel."

Bonnel, wearing a French beret and carrying a heavily dog-eared Michelin Guide, seems overwhelmed with the possibilities. "Mingling, that's the concept. Garlic breath, baguettes, we've got 200 women who aren't going to shave their armpits. It's a total concept. 100% French. You want a burger, you have to wait till you get home. It's going to be very people-to-people."

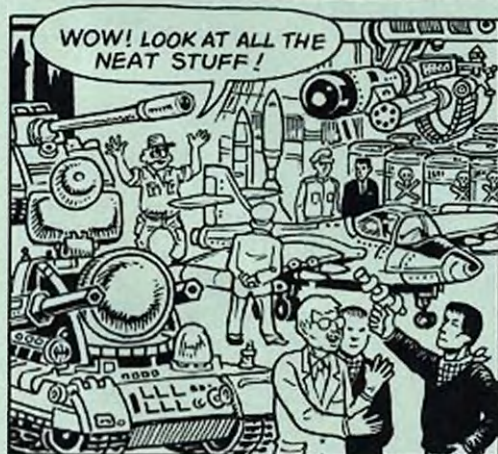
"That's what our polls show," Braddock pulls stacks of market research from a bulging briefcase. "The vacationer wants romanticism, exoticism, something different. So when he comes home he says, 'Hey, hot damn, it's great to be back in the good old USA.'"

The park, which they hope to open November 1, offers packages from three to ten days, rates varying according to length of stay and type of accommodation. As the precocious pair see it, they will be targeting a market that can only grow larger in the years ahead.

"We see our job as taking the sting out of what looks to become a permanent state of affairs, the new isolationism of necessity. Europe is dead, over, kaput, *fini*, if you will. But the whole technology of environmental construction is so advanced we feel we can literally give America the world. Or let's just say, that part of the world worth having. We're already sketching out London and Rome. But for now, if you've always yearned to see Montparnasse or the Cafe des Deux Magots, then, hey, we're ready. And it's going to be a whole lot easier and a whole lot cheaper to see."

"And a whole lot safer," adds Bonnel, lighting a Gauloise, "than ever before."

—Joseph Procter



## Mail Order Males

If you're a single, female, American baby-boomer, over-educated and over 30, here's good news.

Although you have, according to *Newsweek*, a better chance of blowing up in space than of getting married, don't plug your electric vibrator into a wet socket until you've read our astounding offer.

For openers, *Newsweek's* famous marriage-curve is misleading. The statistics it represents are based on the premise that over-ripe single women marry heterosexual men of their own race, nationality and class who are at least two years their senior. How wrong they are! In fact, baby-boomer women of education and imagination do anything but.

Smart girls marry younger, foreign bisexuals who practice safe sex and fix sinks. And we, the Grooms With a View Dating Service, are here to help you find one.

For a slim \$500 subscription fee, we'll send you our bi(get it?)monthly Amnesty-International-Approved address list of Latin, African, Turkish, Kurd, Serb, Croat, Pole, Crimean, Korean and other Asian political prisoners in their teens and twenties. Each of these men is guaranteed to be eager if not desperate to marry an intelligent, independent, self-supporting American girl who thinks she understands his subconscious motive for catching cold on his wedding night and can get him a green card.

These are men with nothing to lose but their hearts. These are men who wouldn't know a fan belt from a garter belt or real cake from the mush you heat in the micro. They are as easy to love as to fool, and your only competition is a cattle-prod.

Within weeks your hero can be trained to take out the garbage in exchange for a few minutes of sympathetic tyrant-cursing. Because the espousal of visionary political causes, while tedious and god knows futile, is a cheaper price to pay for a man's devotion than the strenuous weight and face-lifting which commodity-conscious American men demand, it is little wonder that women "of a certain age" with I.Q.s higher than the speed limit are flooding our office with thanks:

"I was so tired of grizzled, workaholic brokers quoting *Beowulf* to me all evening, then running off with chippies for a hot fuck. Now, by simply venting my bitterness on Pol Pot for a few minutes a day, I have a husband, children, aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces, a whole family of dependents to love and declare."

Sally Dith  
Battle Creek, Michigan

"Who needs hot-and-cold-running American men? Turn them upside-down in the dark, and their wedding ring falls out of their pocket. Thanks to you and your helpful booklet on *How to Vilify Pinochet's Mother*, I now have a strapping anti-totalitarian dissenter to shake my mango margaritas for, and, *gracias* to my investment in South African Diamond Mines Inc. (caged on a tip from another of your wonderful finds), I've been able to quit my day job. I'd say 'Keep it up,' but I wore that phrase out on my Sartre prof in college, so I'll stick with, 'Yo! We have now banana!' Love that spicy Chilean meatpie."

Nan Allende  
American Falls, Idaho

Jealous? Well, don't let that firm-'n-fertile slant-eyed little mail-order-bride your ex threw you over for get you down. There are men who appreciate Educated American Womanhood in this world and we got 'em—right where you want 'em.

So just send us your money, a snapshot of your favorite female star and a short description of the woman you think the malcontent-of-your-dreams will wish you were instead of who you really are.

And start planning your trousseau.

—Lynn Phillips

## Crime and Punishment

The Los Angeles Police Department has come up with a novel solution to certain side effects of the country's crime epidemic that kills two birds with one "stone," so to speak.

The first bird is the jailbird species which exceeds 20,000 in facilities built for 11,800. To alleviate overcrowding, a plan being studied by the County Board of Supervisors proposes a form of high-tech house-arrest.

The "inmate" is sentenced to stay at home every day for say two

months. He is fitted with an electronic transmitter ankle-bracelet. A computer automatically dials at repeated intervals a receiver fitted on his home phone to check up on the malfessor's beeping proximity.

At the same time, with drug seizures up 400%, the downtown building where the LAPD holds contraband is filled up to the frieze with sneeze. The 4371 pounds of cocaine currently being held as evidence burst the previous record of 2,566 pounds confiscated in all of 1985, and, as one police source sighs, "It's only June yet. Where are we gonna put this stuff?"

The proposed solution to both problems involves not only confining crooks to their homes, but making them hold their smuggled goods in the house as well. By weighing and noting to the exact gram the size of the stash, and by fitting the house-arrestee's toilet with an electronically transmitting urinalysis unit, police can be certain that no one dips into the cookie jar.

"It's a wonderful idea," says one adviser to the County Board. "It not only solves overcrowding of jails and evidence vaults, but punishes the hell out of these guys. They can look, but they can't touch."

—Rex Weiner

## Felons Anonymous

In a ruling that stunned victim's rights activists across the U.S., the 5th District Court of Appeals upheld a lower court decision allowing Elizabeth Diane Downs and David Stockman to funnel profits from their life stories into Felons Anonymous, a non-profit corporation providing career guidance and fiscal rehabilitation for white-collar criminals.

Downs, 28, was convicted in 1984 of killing one of her children and wounding two others. She is imprisoned in Oregon where she maintains her innocence and claims her family was attacked by a shaggy-haired hitchhiker "with oversized horn-rimmed spectacles" on a rural road.

Oregon enacted legislation following Downs' conviction prohibiting her from retaining any funds derived from the rights to her story. Several TV networks and Hollywood studios reportedly had offered in excess of \$1.5 million to bring *The Downs Syndrome* to the screen. Sissy Spacek had agreed to play the lead role.

Stockman, 34, a former member of the Reagan White House, is currently employed as an economist for one of the nation's largest and most prestigious investment brokers. He is also author of *The Price of Power*, an expose of administration incompetence for which he was paid a \$2 million cash advance. In that best-seller, Stockman admitted to various crimes including perjury, profiteering, and contempt of Congress.

The attorneys forged an out-of-court settlement which created Felons Anonymous. All royalty payments due either Stockman or Downs are deposited into an unsegregated F.A. trust account.

Under terms of the agreement, Stockman, as Felons Anonymous CEO, will draw an annual salary of \$1.2 million. Board Chairperson Downs will receive payment of \$350 thousand annually.

—Yossarian Universal

## Premium Protest

Several insurance executives who embarked on a dramatic ten-day hunger strike in front of the White House have stepped up their protest against what they call the "hideous injustices" suffered by an industry under attack from consumer advocate and other special interest groups.

The protesters erected a polyurethane shantytown across from the White House and held a weekend round-the-clock vigil. Standing in the violet glow of a 700-watt bug-zapping lamp, the protesters sang *We Shall Overcome*.

"It is time the nation recognized our sacrifices," John S. Blanders, president of Good Samaritan Insurance Corporation and one of the demonstrators, said to reporters.

Protesters claim that numerous attacks on the industry have plummeted the average insurance company's profits to an alarming 26% in the past two quarters.

Blanders admitted that the hunger strike and vigil is primarily a public relations campaign. "Despite all the important work we do for this nation," he said, "the bulk of our budget is still dependent on voluntary contributions from private citizens."

—J.D. Kleinke

# MISSING!



Design: Kinney

National Center for Missing and Exploited Union Presidents

## HAVE YOU SEEN ME?

NAME: LITTLE JIMMY HOFFA  
DOB: 02/14/13 AGE: 73 HT: 5'8"  
EYES: Hard HAIR: Receding  
DATE MISSING: 07/30/75  
FROM: Detroit, MI

### Ten Years Ago

Charles "Chuckie" Crimaldi, former Chicago mobster, wrote a book — *Criminali, Contract Killer* — in which he claimed that former Teamster president Jimmy Hoffa was murdered on orders from the CIA. He said that Hoffa was the CIA's original liaison with the Mafia in the plot to assassinate Fidel Castro in the early '60s.

"The same man that killed Momo (Sam Giancana) took care of Hoffa for the same reason — he knew about the Castro plots." Giancana was mysteriously gunned down the previous year, shortly before he was scheduled to testify before a Senate committee investigating CIA assassination plots. Hoffa disappeared within weeks after that.

Crimaldi now lives in obscurity with a secret identity provided by drug enforcement authorities. There is still a \$50,000 price on his head. Hoffa's body was dumped into a junkyard car, which was then crushed and smelted. He probably remains inside one of those cement barriers guarding the White House from non-union kamikaze terrorist truckers.

### Homeless Insurance

In a society where one doesn't need cash to be a consumer, the increase in the homeless population has afforded creative entrepreneurs a chance to put capitalism to the test one more time. Many people feel the homeless situation is a bleak commentary on American values. Yet many others are rising to the occasion in ways that can make even the most profusely bleeding heart beat proudly. Hands Across America, a fine display of middle class altruism, has boosted Coca-Cola sales and generated international publicity for our favorite stars.

Less conspicuous is the state and federal governments which have lent a hand to flop-house owners in converting their decaying hotels into establishments that offer shelter to the unfortunate at subsidized rates. While the money doesn't go to making any improvements or ridding the hotels of vermin, the owners profit and the homeless can have a roof over their heads for a night or two. The consolation here is that dismal living conditions are better than none. Or are they?

While many efforts made on behalf of homeless people involve government either through direct funding or as tax benefits, another market, entirely private, has sprung up in Southern California where the homeless population is at an all-time high.

Jackie Taylor, an enterprising young woman from the San Fernando Valley, sees the plight of the homeless in a new light. Taylor, the lead singer of Crumbs, a local rock band, is also the president of Dead and Glad, Inc., an insurance company whose clients are strictly homeless persons.

"This is a cold and lonely world," said Taylor. "That's why I created Dead and Glad. What we offer is respect. And respect is more important than money any day. The fact that people have to die before they can have the respect we offer is not the way I personally would want things to be. But it's why we gave ourselves that name.

"We offer life insurance to people who have absolutely nothing left. No friends, no family, no prospects. We pay the premiums and they make us the beneficiaries. We give them a beautiful funeral. We guarantee them a burial in any style they request. Any cemetery, any kind of casket. We provide mourners, flowers, even a choir if that's what they want. We give them something they could never give themselves. We're a young, hip organization, and we're honest. Our motto is *You die, we cry*. Many people's reaction to what we do is disgust. But that's because they don't really understand. They're not the ones living on the streets. Ask our clients how they feel, if you want to know what we really do."

Taylor got the idea to offer free burials to the homeless through life insurance when she was struggling to pay for recording sessions. She realized that unless she could come up with a way to produce her group, their musical career didn't have a chance in today's highly competitive music scene.

"I was working in an office getting nowhere. It was a full-time gig that was draining my creativity and barely allowed me to pay the bills. I knew the May Company and several other department stores were offering life insurance policies to people between the ages of 50 and 74 at only \$5 a month. You didn't need a medical exam. All you had to do was be a certain age. That's when I thought of all those poor people who would probably die like dogs alone on the street. So I became the middle-person, sort of like an agent."

According to 68-year-old John Belham, homeless since 1979, Dead and Glad is an opportunity.

"I have nothing to lose and something to gain. I can have some dignity when I'm dead. At least when I die, there'll be someone there to care for me. I'll go in style. There'll be a service and piece of land that's mine alone so I can rest in peace. This is really something. In a strange kind of way, after years on the skids, I finally feel like I can go on living. But don't tell that to Jackie Taylor," he adds with a chuckle.

While most insurance companies are meeting with a rancorous clientele, Dead and Glad, Inc. seems to have tapped the fading pulse of a burgeoning new class. Taylor has produced 19 funerals to date. Collecting on their policies has enabled her to expand her client list to over 300.

"I can tell you with complete assurance that these people are pleased with the deal they're getting. At Dead and Glad, we're one big happy family."

—Rita Xanthoudakis

## MEDIA FREAK

### Hypocrisy in Action

ABC News Correspondent John Lawrence was chatting with Attorney General Ed Meese on a trans-Atlantic flight. Speaking of the President, Meese said, "We have to jerk him off every morning just to get his heart started."

### The Perils of History

Kurt Waldheim never dreamed that he would one day become a living straight-line.

Robert Klein explained to his audience that he's donating half of the proceeds of his show to send Waldheim to the Harry Lorraine School of Memory, because he doesn't want them to think of the holocaust as *Hogan's Heroes*.

Johnny Carson asserted that Waldheim "spent the entire second world war as a backup singer for the Trapp Family" and that "during the 1950s he admitted he was an Amway distributor."

David Letterman claimed that it was unfair for him to get a U.N. pension "because he's still getting his S.S. pension."

Larry Gelbart at a dinner for Bob Hope defined Waldheim's Disease: "You grow old and forget you were a Nazi." The line buzzed around the country and finally appeared in print in Alexander Cockburn's column in *The Nation*.

*Babushkin's Digest* went even further: "Not only did Kurt Waldheim not realize that he was a Nazi war criminal during World War II — he also never realized that he was head of the United Nations during his ten years as Secretary General. 'I thought I was simply the secretary to some military man who was away on a prolonged business trip,' Mr. Waldheim said. 'I truly had no idea that I was the director of an international organization of any kind.'"

Presumably a videotape of his inauguration is stored in a vault in case he ever forgets that he is now the President of Austria.

### The Rest Is Herstory

Twelve years ago, a *New York Times* writer described the word Ms. as "a syllable which sounds like a bumblebee breaking wind." Now the *Times* has finally broken its own tradition and is using that syllable instead of Miss or Mrs.

The *New Republic* recently went so far as to use a purely female pronoun: "Urinalysis can't tell you whether someone is high on the job — only whether she has traces of narcotics in her system."

And, on the classified page of the *Venice Beachhead*, readers are requested to "Matronize Our Advertisers."

### Try This for Size

Perhaps the longest sustained laughter in the history of the Phil Donahue show occurred after a guest described the size of the average penis as "4 by 4." When the audience response finally subsided, he explained that those measurements referred to length and, not width, but circumference.

### Ronald Kadafy

The *Los Angeles Times* was the only one among 880 newspapers to censor out a week's worth of *Doodlesbury* strips in which National Public Radio talk-show host Mark Slackmeyer broadcast "Sleaze on Parade," a list of 103 Reagan appointees described as "Back-scratchers, till-dippers and conscience-cutters."

"Is it fair," Slackmeyer asked, "to simply read a list of names cold? Are you getting the whole story here? Well, in all candor, probably not. So remember, these are just the guys who got caught."

Although the editorial director of Universal Press Syndicate said the series had been checked by attorneys and all references were factually correct, *Times* editors justified the ban with a statement about their "responsibil-



ity to guard against publishing damaging material we know to be overdrawn and unfair. We feel this week's *Doodlesbury* grossly exaggerates the real and alleged transgressions of many Reagan Administration appointees."

By that standard, in publishing this Paul Conrad cartoon with the caption, "We have done what we had to do. If necessary, we will do it again," the *Times* was willing to equate Ronald Reagan and Moomar Kadafy, and indeed referred to one of them in an editorial as a "psychotic tyrant."

### Displaced Hostility

Dr. Joyce Brothers was asked "why pan-handlers make me so angry." She replied in part that, "rather than being angry at the people themselves, you're basically angry at the government for not doing more to help them. You may think, why is my country, the richest in the world, becoming more like India? It will help you if you try to analyze and identify the true source of your rage. Once you do this, you may be able to take some constructive action that will help you feel better about yourself."

### One Frozen Ham Sandwich

Celebrity reference humor depends on your awareness of specific associations. So, in order to get a certain joke, you have to know that Stevie Wonder is blind; that Tip O'Neill is heavy; that Richard Pryor set himself on fire; that Mama Cass Elliot choked to death on a ham sandwich—even if it isn't true.

Hal Morgan and Kerry Tucker point out in their book, *Rumor!*, that "The *New York Times*, in its first report of her death, wrote: 'Her physician says she probably choked on a sandwich.' *Rolling Stone* printed much the same story. Not until a week later did the official coroner's report deny the ham-sandwich theory and conclude that Elliot had died of a heart attack brought on by obesity."

Nevertheless, last month both *National Lampoon* and the *L.A. Weekly* resorted to Mama Cass ham-sandwich jokes.

### And a Few Rotten Bananas

In 1945 Chiquita Banana sang: "Bananas like the climate of the very, very tropical equator, so you should never put bananas in the refrigerator—no, no, no, no!"

But in 1976, Thomas McCann, former vice president of public relations for United Fruit, wrote in his book, *An American Company*, "The only reason that refrigerator is mentioned in the jingle is that it rhymes with equator. . . ."

And yet once again that myth is back on the air. Explains Dennis Werner, vice president of marketing for Chiquita, "We decided to return to the jingle because it's classic."

### How Many Odor Eaters?

The cover of the July issue of *Harper's* called attention to a 12-word item inside: "Pairs of socks received as gifts by Vice President George Bush: 48." The source was his 1985 financial disclosure form.

Last year, the former CIA director reported receiving 26 pairs of running shoes valued at \$1040, along with a rifle, a bulletproof vest, bowling balls and a framed etching titled *Born to Run*.

### The Color Green

In a TV interview, Henry Jaglom insisted that Steven Spielberg didn't deserve an Academy Award nomination for *The Color Purple* because "he's not a serious director like Kurosawa and myself." They are of course, the directors, respectively, of *Ran* and *Also Ran*.

### Things of the Month

*Lapel Button of the Month*: "Joan Rivers Got My Raise"—worn by employees at the *Boston Herald*, angry at low pay offers by owner Rupert Murdoch, who hired Rivers for \$10 million a year.

*Euphemism of the Month*: PBS refers to its commercial messages as "enhanced underwriting."

*Statistic of the Month*: Dr. Carl Faber, in a lecture on pornography aired over KPFF, warned listeners that "Your I.Q. drops 40 points when you're thinking about masturbating." He didn't say how the research was done.