

The Realist

October, 1987

Price: \$2

- Fawn Hall's Secret Testimony
- Harry Shearer Goes to Iran
- Snorting Cocaine With the Pope

Number 105

Editor: Paul Krassner



Great Moments in Public Relations

On the 10th anniversary of Elvis Presley's death, *US* magazine reported that in 1970, "Jerry Schilling, a member of the so-called Memphis Mafia, accompanied Elvis to the White House, where President Nixon gave a thoroughly stoned Elvis a Federal Narcotics officer's badge."

COURT JESTER

Martha Raye Never Uses Condoms

In a long-running commercial for Crazy Glue or whatever it is that prevents false teeth from falling out, Martha Raye has been identifying herself as an actress, comedienne and "denture wearer."

David Letterman in his monologue said, "I saw the most terrifying commercial on television last night, featuring Martha Raye, actress, condom user. . . ."

Now, the 71-year-old Raye has filed a \$10-million defamation suit, claiming the remark implied that she is sexually promiscuous, has frequent intercourse with people she believes to have AIDS, and personally uses condoms in some form of deviant or aberrant behavior.

Letterman's defense will be that when he said "user," what he had in mind was that Martha Raye keeps her false teeth in a condom while she sleeps.

Limited History

HBO recently featured a docudrama on the Chicago Conspiracy Trial. It ended with the original defendants embracing the actors who portrayed them while the credits rolled, implying that the Chicago 8 had already seen—and approved—this remake of a dramatization.

But, at the trial in real life, a pair of female spectators did not suddenly bare their breasts. Nor did Jerry Rubin stand on a table.

There was a scene where Bobby Seale is advising his fellow Black Panthers at the back of the courtroom to cool it. An attorney points out for the record that Chicago police rather than federal marshals usher them out. However, there is no reference to the fact that four Panthers including Fred Hampton were killed in their sleep that same night by Chicago police in collusion with the FBI.

Abbie Hoffman calls the HBO version of the trial "bleached."

The Summer of Love Revisited

This year marked the 20th anniversary of the Summer of Love. I participated in the event and covered it for the *San Francisco Examiner* and the *Village Voice*.

One section of my article began:

"Back in the '50s, when blandness was our national purpose, I started publishing *The Realist* and doing standup satire. I tried to make fun of McCarthyism in a night club, and it was not appreciated. Now, on the evening before the 20th anniversary celebration, I had a sickly feeling of *déjà vu*. I'm used to performing in theaters, yet here I was at a saloon in a shopping mall in Santa Rosa. I had been sentenced to a taste of purgatory.

"I was taking off on the Supreme Court's anti-gay sodomy decision in Georgia, their pro-hetero sodomy decision in Oklahoma, and the relation of those decisions to affirmative action, when a guy called out, 'You just lost me!' And at that precise moment, I also lost myself. 'What,' I asked, 'would you rather hear dick jokes?' The audience screamed, 'Yeah!'"

The *Examiner* changed the word *dick* to *penis*, then omitted the next paragraph:

"Well," I said, "you know, the FCC is hassling broadcasters now, so you can say 'dick' as long as it's a proper name. I can go on TV and sing, 'My boy, Dick'—but I can't go on and talk about, 'My dick, boy. . . .'"

(Last month, comedian Will Durst was scheduled to appear on *The Late Show*. He told the producers he had a routine about the presidential dicks. They told him he couldn't say *dick*. He asked if he could substitute *penis*. They said no, but he could use *wang*. And so he did a routine about presidential *wangs*. Apparently, *wang* is acceptable because it's the brand name of a computer, as in, "Would you rather have a Wang or an Apple in your fist?")

My article continued:

"On Sunday afternoon, the Summer of Love reunion continues at the I-Beam, a disco on Haight Street. I feel more at home with a

certain different wave length in the air, just as I had felt at the Human Be-In, the original Martian convention. . . .

"When I take the stage, I find myself comparing the '60s with the '80s. In the '60s, we knew that the CIA was smuggling heroin from Southeast Asia. And now we know that they're smuggling cocaine from Central America. So, while Nancy Reagan was saying, *Just say no*, the CIA was saying, *Just fly low*."

"This theme of comparison emerges in other dialogues. In the '60s, marijuana cost \$10 an ounce. In the '80s, it's \$300. Then, the favorite chemical drug was LSD. Now it's Ecstasy. Then, Ken Kesey wasn't allowed to donate blood because he had ingested acid. Now, he's afraid to get a blood transfusion because of the AIDS virus. Young children are asking their parents, 'What was promiscuity like?' The reactionary mindset is finally pleased to have sex education for kids because at least they can now associate that pleasure with death. Psychologist Orli Peter observes that in the '60s we put flowers into the barrels of National Guard rifles, and now we're putting condoms over them.

"Sure, the taboos have changed. Lenny Bruce got arrested for saying 'cocksucker' in the '60s, but Meryl Streep got an Academy Award for saying it in *Sophie's Choice* in the '80s. And bad taste became an industry in the process. Certainly, almost the entire audience at a Grateful Dead concert may now be younger than the number of years the band has been together, but they have less deconditioning to go through than we did; they have less innocence to lose. . . ."

At first the *Examiner* was going to change *cocksucker* to a 10-letter word, but then decided to leave out the entire sentence. Whereas, the *Voice* not only printed *cocksucker*, they used the Lenny-Meryl contrast in large boldface type as a two-inch-high teaser quote.

The *Voice*, however, edited out the following paragraph for lack of space:

"Recently fifteen individuals, including Abbie Hoffman and Amy Carter, won their case against CIA recruiting on campus by using a 'necessity defense.' Attorney Leonard Weinglass believes the turning point for the jury was testimony by Ralph McGehee, recruited right off the football field by the CIA only to become a star player in their assassination squad program; members of the jury would not have voted that way in the '60s because they would not have been so prepared to believe such testimony as they are in the '80s."

The article continued:

"Those who yearn for a return to the '60s are denying the very philosophy that exploded the decade: conscious evolution. Socrates said, 'Know thyself.' Norman Mailer said, 'Be thyself.' And the counter-culture said, 'Change thyself.' Everyone evolves in their own direction. If Abbie Hoffman were to throw money in the stock exchange now, this time Jerry Rubin would invest it. . . ."

I Snorted Coke With the Pope

Next year will mark the 20th anniversary of the assassination of Robert Kennedy. The myth of Sirhan Sirhan as lone assassin will continue to be perpetrated. But now that Pope John Paul II has been visiting the United States again, it behooves me to tell about the time I snorted cocaine with him and finally came to understand the mystery behind the shooting of Bobby Kennedy. It was on the occasion of the Pope's previous visit to America.

When he arrived at JFK Airport, there was a band waiting there to welcome him, and they played *Hello Dolly*. They didn't even do that for the Dalai Lama when he came here from Tibet, and it would've sounded more appropriate for him.

The Pope was touring the country, speaking to young people in different cities. It was in Chicago that we met. There was a big reception. I was representing the alternative press. The late Cardinal Cody strode up to me. I knew it was Cody because money kept dropping from his vestment.

"That's all right," he said, picking up the cash. "It's for my sister."

The Cardinal drew me aside and said, "Listen, the Pope is really tired. He's been on this whirlwind tour, and he still has to speak on TV to the youth of America tonight. He needs a little *lift*, if you know what I mean. And you were pointed out as someone who might have a little cocaine you'd be willing to share."

Now I don't ordinarily do coke. It's like red meat—I never buy it myself, but if somebody serves it, I'll partake—and it just so happened that a friend had given me some cocaine for a birthday gift.

So I said to the Cardinal, "Look, I'm going to walk to that bathroom over there. You tell the Pope to wait three minutes and then follow me in. We've got to be very discreet about this. It would really look suspicious if the Pope and I went into the bathroom together."

Okay, so now I'm in the bathroom, chopping up the coke with a razor blade on this little mirror, and the Pope walks in, rolling up a thousand-note *lira*. He looks just like himself, with the rosy cheeks and the skull cap and the collar flowing in the breeze, even though there is no breeze in the bathroom.

I hand him the mirror with the lines of cocaine on it. This happens to be one of *Heloise's Hints*: "Always let the Pope snort first."

Well, Pope John Paul speaks 47 languages, and he is reacting in each one. *Sniff. Sniff.* "Very nice!" *Sniff. Sniff.* "Magnifique!" *Sniff. Sniff.* "Wunderbar!" In between, we make small talk. For example, I ask, "What is Lech Walesa really like?" The Pope answers, "Very nice!"

His brain gets more and more frozen. He begins spouting these pronouncements that they would never let him do back at the Vatican: "I declare that a one-night stand may be considered a form of monogamy under extreme circumstances." And: "Henceforth, fellatio shall be deemed an acceptable form of birth control." And: "In the matter of abortion, we shall insist that life begins at foreplay, and ends at birth."

I suddenly realize that I cannot let this opportunity go by without asking him what has long been on my mind. "Excuse me, your Royal Pontiff, but tell me the truth, do you really believe in God and the devil and all that theology, or is it really just for the tourists?"

"Oh, no," he says, "I absolutely do believe that. In fact, your whole American government has been possessed by Satan."

"Really? I didn't know that. Here, have another snort."

"For instance"—*Sniff. Sniff.*—"Muy bueno . . . when your President, Ronald Reagan, was shot by—what was his name again?"

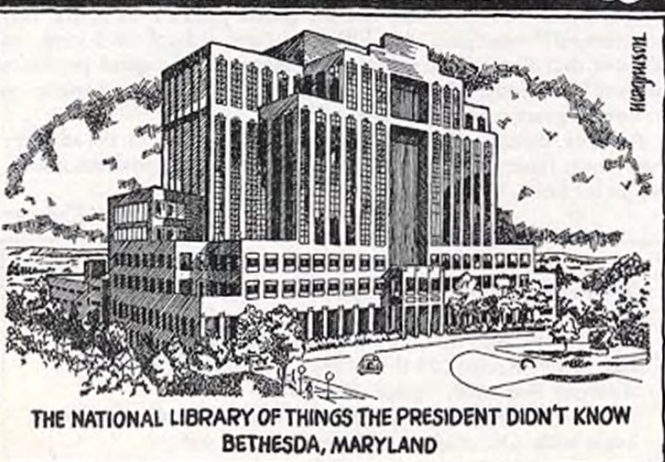
"John Hinckley. I remember that Hinckley came out for gun control and Reagan came out against it. That was a sure sign of senility, or maybe just a combination of plaque and smegma between the lobes of his brain."

"Well," the Pope continues, "an orderly at Bethesda Hospital noticed that there were three little sixes behind the President's left ear. That is the mark of the beast—the anti-Christ—as stated in Revelation in the *New Testament*. Naturally, the hospital orderly got kicked upstairs to keep him quiet."

It all began to fit together. I remembered that there was another guy who followed Hinckley to New Haven, even stayed at the same hotel, also wrote letters to Jodie Foster, and was prepared to kill the President, but his personal plot was nipped in the proverbial bud. There was that line in the lyrics of the Eagles' song, *Hotel California*: "You just can't kill the beast. . . ."

"But wait," I said, "is this only the Republican Party that's possessed by Satan, or is it a bi-partisan policy?"

OBSCURE AMERICAN LANDMARKS #381



THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF THINGS THE PRESIDENT DIDN'T KNOW
BETHESDA, MARYLAND

WISDOM OF THE AGES #10



"MAN IS THE ONLY ANIMAL THAT LAUGHS AND HAS A STATE LEGISLATURE."
-SAMUEL BUTLER

"Oh, both," replied the Pope. "The Democrats too. Even Bobby Kennedy, that great hero of young people, was possessed by Satan."

"Jesus, I didn't know that. Have another snort. . . ."

You may recall that Senator Kennedy was shot in June 1968 at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. He had just won the California primary in the presidential race, and he declared, "On to Chicago!" Then he went into the hotel kitchen, where Sirhan Sirhan was waiting for him.

So there was Bobby Kennedy standing there, and there was Sirhan Sirhan shooting at him. And although his gun could hold only eight bullets, they found a total of ten in Kennedy's body, in others who got hit, and in the doorway jamb. Enough to make a conspiracy theorist out of even the most naive person.

Not only that, but one of the bullets was in the *back* of Bobby Kennedy's neck, which would certainly seem to indicate that there was a second gunperson. Bear in mind that this was according to the official autopsy report by Thomas Noguchi.

Noguchi has since been fired from the L.A. County Coroner's Office for dancing on the graves of his celebrity clients. However, he continues to perform autopsies on a free-lance basis. Why? Because he loves to work with *people*.

Anyway, as the Pope explained it to me, "At the precise moment that Sirhan Sirhan was shooting at him, Bobby Kennedy's head turned around 180 degrees—just like Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*. . . ."

And that cleared up the strange and puzzling autopsy report. I felt so much better knowing that there had not been a conspiracy after all.

Just then, Cardinal Cody knocked on the bathroom door. "Five minutes," he called out.

The Pope said to me, "Hey, listen, I really want to thank you for this—what was it, Peruvian flake? We have a secret war in Peru."

"Oh, I'm very glad you enjoyed it."

"Is there anything I can do for you in return?"

"No, please, just consider this an ecumenical gesture."

"But I insist," said the Pope. "I have lots of power. Please let me exercise it on your behalf."

"No, really, reciprocation is not expected."

"But I have loads of connections."

Then I recalled how, during the Inquisition, the Catholic Church had excommunicated the great astronomer, Galileo, because he had claimed that the earth was round.

"Do you think you could possibly arrange a pardon for Galileo, the way Gerald Ford did for Richard Nixon?"

"Well," the Pope replied, "I would have to go through channels, but I think it can be accomplished."

Cardinal Cody knocked on the bathroom door again. It was time for the Pope to speak.

You may have seen him on TV that night. "I want to say, to the youth of America, *w00000, w00000 . . . w00000, w00000 . . .*" Remember how the Pope kept going *w00000, w00000*? That was because his brain was still frozen from all that cocaine.

But, sure enough, just a few months later, Galileo was pardoned, posthumously, by the Church. John Paul II had definitely proved to be a Pope of his word.

One other thing. It has been suggested that Sirhan Sirhan was hypnotized to pull the trigger of his gun. But it is TV itself that has put an entire population under hypnosis. And it is the laugh track on situation comedies that has reprogrammed our collective nervous system. A laugh track is the lowest form of fascism. It gives us permission to laugh at something it tells us is funny.

The result is that when something on TV *seems* funny but there is no laugh track, we kind of wait for a split second because we're confused.

When Phil Donahue asked the burning question, "What does the *Old Testament* have to say about vibrators?" I didn't know whether to laugh or not. Maybe it was a serious theological question: According to Ecclesiastes, there is a time for manual dexterity and there is a time for vibrators.

And when Cable News Network broadcast live the parole hearing of Sirhan Sirhan, there was a woman on the parole board who said to him, "Now, Mr. Sirhan, let me ask you a question—" He interrupted with, "Oh, please, that's not necessary—call me Sirhan."

It was one of those rare great moments on TV. Was Sirhan Sirhan trying to be funny, or was obsequiousness merely a fundamental part of his religious training? Without a laugh track, there was simply no way to tell.

The Parts Left Out of Fawn Hall's Testimony

There were segments of Fawn Hall's private deposition not touched upon during public testimony. Arthur Liman was questioning her:

Q. Are you aware of any specific documents which you destroyed?

A. Well, I only got a glance at one particular document. It was an intelligence memo about Eden Pastora. There was a handwritten note on top, signed MG.

Q. And whom did you understand MG to be?

A. Max Gomez, which was the alternate name for Felix Rodriguez.

Q. And what did that handwritten note say?

A. It said, "PH says to off Zero."

Q. And whom did you understand PH to be?

A. Pubic Hair. That was the code name for Vice President George Bush.

Q. And how did you interpret "off Zero"?

A. Well, Commandante Zero was the code name for Pastora. He was also a contra leader, but as Colonel North had said, "He's not one of our contras." There had been an attempted assassination of Pastora, and I realized that this notation on the memo to "off Zero" meant that he should be eliminated . . .

Q. Let us turn our attention now to Ronald Reagan. Did you ever meet the President?

A. Just once. I accompanied Colonel North to the Oval Office. We entered through a side door.

Q. Was anyone else present at this meeting?

A. Spitz Channell and Jonathan Miller were there.

Q. Would you describe what you observed at that meeting?

A. Mr. Channell was presenting the President with a pair of boxer shorts that had swastikas printed all over them. The President read aloud from the card that came with it: "When you wear these, remember the Gay Nazis are thinking of you all the time." They laughed about that, and then Mr. Channell and Mr. Miller left.

Q. What happened then?

A. Well, they didn't talk much. The President said, "How's everything going, Ollie?" And Colonel North answered, "Quite legally, Mr. President." Then the President said, "Take a look at these, Ollie." Colonel North bent over the desk to look at some documents, and the President looked over at me and said, "What about her?" Colonel North said, "Oh, she's okay, don't worry about Fawn."

And then Colonel North opened his belt buckle, unzipped his fly, pulled down his trousers and his jockey briefs, exposing his bare buttocks. And the President got on his knees and started—licking—the inside of Colonel North's behind. With his tongue. I was shocked at how casual it all seemed. Then they acted as if nothing had happened. They just started talking again.

Q. What did they talk about?

A. They were joking about Admiral Poindexter. Colonel North said, "I told Poindexter, You're supposed to go down *with* the ship, not *on* it." And they laughed about that.

Q. Did the President say anything directly to you?

A. Yes. He said, "Well, Fawn, if Ollie trusts you, then I guess I trust you. Y'know, there's another whole world that exists out there. Why, I remember when Robert Taylor and I were lovers, we went out on a double date with Barbara Stanwyck and Alexis Smith. Well, the gossip columnists got everything right except for *who* was with *whom*. But those Sandinistas never should have taken Linda Darnell's mansion in the first place . . ." He sort of rambled like that. He didn't wait for a response or anything. And then Colonel North and I left.

Q. Did Colonel North make any reference to the incident that you had just witnessed?

A. Yes. He said, "The old man loves my ass."

Q. Well, that would seem to corroborate the testimony of Adolfo Calero. . . . Miss Hall, did Colonel North say anything else besides that?

A. Oh, yes. He said, "Fawn, you know, everybody calls me a can-do guy, even though I was just done-to. But you know *why* they call me a can-do guy? Because the CIA, the DIA, the NSC—all the intelligence agencies put together, with all their resources—none of 'em could find out whether that guy Ghorbanifar was an Iranian arms merchant or an Israeli secret agent. But *me*, I'm a can-do guy, right? So I just take Ghorbanifar into the bathroom, stand next to him at the urinals, sneak a little peek and, *bingo*—he's an Iranian. Unless Israeli Intelligence is giving out free foreskin transplants. Yup, I'm a can-do kind of guy, all right." And he is a can-do kind of guy. I wish this whole thing had never happened. I really miss Oliver North. . . .

Personal Postscript

During the Iran/Contra hearings, Peter Bergman (formerly of the Firesign Theater) and I commented weekly on KPFK in Los Angeles under our code names, Commandante Baldie and Thunder Heart. Now we've blown our own cover as the program continues under our real names Wednesday mornings from 7:30 to 8:30.

Bergman and I teamed up with Harry Shearer (formerly on *Saturday Night Live* and in the film *This Is Spinal Tap*, now on KCRW Sunday mornings at 10) for an evening of social-political satire at the Museum of Contemporary Art, titled "Peter, Paul and Harry."

A producer from *The Late Show* came for the final performance and invited me to be a guest, specifically to talk about having taken LSD before I testified at the Chicago Conspiracy Trial. I said I didn't want to be frozen in the '60s and would rather deal with contemporary issues.

"Such as?"

"The hearings."

"Don't you think that's outdated?"

"It's only been two weeks. You want me to talk about something that happened two decades ago."

And so I was given six minutes—live on network TV—to reassure America that Ronald Reagan was safe in Santa Barbara for the colonic convergence; to predict that Jessica Hahn would disclose in *Playboy* whether she was the aggressor or Jim Bakker and the four guys with him; to describe the hearings as a convention of wimps—"We don't mind if you wanna have a secret government . . . we just wanna be *told* about it . . . how else are we gonna pretend we're the *real* government?"—to plug the Elliot Abrams School of Lying; to observe that Gary Hart would never have made a good president because he obviously doesn't know how to conduct a covert operation or how to practice plausible deniability.

Actually, though, Hart could have won the election on the adultery vote alone. Jimmy Carter won with the lust vote, and that was merely lust in his *heart*; Gary Hart is an *activist*.

—Paul Krassner

Subscription Information

The Realist is published every few months.

Rate: \$23 for 12 issues.

Back Issues: #99 thru #104 available at \$2 each.

Best of The Realist (#1 thru #98) is available for \$11.

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Memo From William Casey

To: R.R.

From: Bill

Subject: The Third Channel

Have relocated down here per our discussion last December. It seems like anyone with half a brain would've figured out I still have all of mine, but so far there have been no problems except for some agents from Israel looking for my drinking buddies at the local Hofbrau House.

Paraguay isn't wired for cable, but I haven't missed a minute of testimony because Secord has been air-dropping video cassettes up near the Bolivian border. Southern Air Transport may be the only airline whose service has improved since de-regulation.

Tell the Admiral he was terrific. This Wall Street lawyer has never heard a witness say with a perfectly straight face, "I don't know if I recall that." I thought you were the only one who could get away with saying, "I can't remember whether I remember." If the Admiral cares to join me, the bus stops here, the #6 express from Asunción.

When Ollie testified, I felt like one of those movie critics who laughed until he cried, in my case, into my stein of *spaten* at the Hofbrau House. I loved the bit about the security fence, which, if you don't mind my saying so, was more heart rending than the locker room scene in *The Knute Rockne Story*.

By the way, if he doesn't need the tires, I could use them for a trip I'm planning up to Bolivia with Secord. I've heard the snow there is perfect for skiing. Pure powder.

My drinking buddies were quite amused by Inouye's speech about the Nuremberg trials, especially since they were the ones sending

the telegrams calling him a Jap traitor. I guess in their eyes he really was.

I would like to set the record straight about something Clair George and Alan Fiers told the committees. I don't think having the Agency solicit arms for the contras from the South Africans was a harebrained scheme. We asked Botha for assistance, and he offered to help. We all thought it was mighty white of him.

I've concluded the time is ripe for a new initiative, so unless I hear objections from you, I'll proceed with the Third Channel.

We will be focusing on domestic perception where my intelligence indicates we can make the greatest inroads. We have placed over 200 agents with Gallup, Harris, Roper, *Times/CBS* and *USA Today*, but so far the results have been so encouraging, we've had to do very little adjusting.

Over one-third of the public think Nicaragua is a little country in South America. (Stroessner was quite upset until I assured him an invasion here is out of the question.) Another one-third of the public think Nicaragua is somewhere near Iran.

Fifty percent think you are doing a good job, but over 50% think you are lying about the Iran/contras affair. Over 75% think you're doing a good job of lying. We decided to omit this last result from published versions, but contratulations are in order.

The Third Channel will go into high gear later this year. Our disinformation polls will appear showing you have been lying about only one thing: the location of Iran and Nicaragua. They will indicate that 80% of Americans believe both Iran and Nicaragua border Israel. Over 90% already agree that if

Israel is threatened we should come to its aid immediately. You will therefore be in the enviable position of invading both Iran and Nicaragua to protect Israel.

Your signal for the announcement of this simultaneous invasion will be the publication of a poll which should provide you with plausible deniability in case any wise-ass members of Congress try to dispute your geography.

I hope all is well with you. It's been a little lonely down here, but last week I got a new roommate. His name is Hess and he's from Berlin. Apparently he's also dead, so we have a lot to talk about.

—Robert Myers

The American/Contra Hearings

Linda Kavami: From Teheran's Hall of the Bleeding Martyrs, formerly the Chamber of Commerce Plaza, this is National Islamic Radio's coverage of the United States/contras hearings, before the Parliament's Select Committee on Pro-Great-Satan Activities.

Today, the third, and possibly the final day of questioning of the man who constituted the so-called second channel to the United States in this growing scandal; who, thanks in part to the black hood he's again wearing today, is still unknown to those of us in the press. Now the Chairman is gaveling this session to order.

Sound: Gavel in background.

Voice of Senator Daniel Inouye's Iranian Equivalent: This session will come to order. First, before we resume questioning, the Chairman requests that Exhibits 123, 124, 125 and 126 be deleted from the record. Without objection, so ordered. The chair recognizes the gentleman from the Palace, Ayatollah Montazeri.

Voice of Congressman Henry Hyde's Iranian Equivalent: Thank you, Mr. Chairman. Good morning, Ayatollah Rafsanjani.

Voice of Admiral John Poindexter's Iranian Equivalent: Good morning, sir.

Hyde: You know, I was praying about this whole thing again last night, and I just keep coming back to this same thing, it just bothers me. It's like looking at an unveiled woman, you know something about it disturbs you, but you just can't put your finger on it. Now—

Voice of Attorney Beckler's Iranian Equivalent: Mr. Chairman, I'm going to object. You know, we've been here now for 125 days of testimony, the sixty without food, and now these sessions. My client has a possible death sentence hanging over his head, and the last of his eight sons was just killed in the war. So could you give me some idea of when these proceedings might possibly end?

Sound: Gavel.

Inouye: Mr. Bani Sadr, this committee has been, I think, exceedingly gracious in just letting you back into the country. I would not push it if I were you, sir. Proceed.

Hyde: Thank you, Mr. Chairman. Ayatollah Rafsanjani, I just wish you'd help me with this one more time. You thought it was a neat



Great Moments in Ecology

According to *U.S. News & World Report*, "Secretary of the Interior Donald Hodel is only a front man in pushing reversal of Administration policy to counter chlorofluorocarbons that erode the earth's protective covering of ozone. The real reason why the White House is switching to a defensive policy of sunglasses, sunbonnets and lotions: A heavy attack by the makers of personal-care products, refrigerants and fire extinguishers who complained that a tentative international accord limiting CFC sprays would raise production costs."

idea to take the Great Satan's arms to kill—to use against his chosen instrument in this area, the brutal hordes of the cancer in our hemisphere that is Iraq. Is that basically the idea?

Poindexter: Yes, sir. I—

Linda (after slight pause): Lawyer-client consultation.

Poindexter: Yes, sir, I did think it was a neat idea. And I think we see even today that it can still be a neat idea. The Hawk missile parts we bought from the Great Satan may very soon end up in the side of one of their naval vessels that is right now sailing through our beloved Gulf.

Hyde: Well, I have to admit, sir, that part of it is a neat idea. But, and I hate to keep referring to books, but it's the only way to give the impression that I read, and I know I'm imposing on the Chairman's patience a little bit, I see my red light is already on, but I just have to point out to the witness that in *The Prophet*, Kahlil Gibran said that Providence does not smile upon the one who attempts to bend events against the wind, and to point out in addition that the United States reaped huge profits from the sales of these weapons to our country. Now, I don't want to be accused of thinking like an Israeli, but we could have struck a better deal, couldn't we?

Poindexter: Mr. Ayatollah, it's quite possible we could have, given all the time in the world. But, number one, I was trying to get Mr. Ghorbanifar out of the loop, and one way to do that was to offer to pay more than he would. And, number two, we have young martyrs dying every day for our beloved homeland, and I just thought that the quicker we could get these weapons and begin dealing death blows to the devil Saddam Hussein, the better.

Hyde: Well, I appreciate that, sir, I just must admit that I'm still bothered by whether that's not a case of the end justifying the means. I guess, like we say back in Tabriz, that's an egg that the hottest hen can't hatch. I suppose in the long run that history and Ayatollah Khomeini will have to be the judge. Mr. Chairman, I yield back the remainder of my time.

Inouye: The Chair thanks the gentleman, since he did not have any time left.

Sound: Laughter.

Inouye: The Chair recognizes the gentleman from the Palace, Ayatollah Capodimonte.

Voice of Congressman Jenkins' Iranian Equivalent: Thank you, Mr. Chairman. Ayatollah Rafsanjani, maybe you could help me out with this. You say this wasn't a straight hostages for arms deal, is that correct?

Beckler: Mr. Chairman, this is exactly what I was talking about. We just keep going over and over this same ground again. We have answered these questions under electroshock, without electroshock, the whole bit. Can you give me any idea when we're going to wrap this up?

Inouye: Mr. Bani Sadr, I think you've just made it go about twenty seconds longer.

Sound: Laughter.

Inouye: Proceed.

Jenkins: I thank the Chairman.

Poindexter: Yes, I've said repeatedly, hostages for arms was a very small part of this operation.

Jenkins: And I believe you've said that the ultimate goal was to open some sort of contact with so-called American moderates who could be a much more dependable source of arms for our young martyrs in the field?

Poindexter: That was the hope, yes, sir. I have reason to believe we were making progress in that direction.

Jenkins: Well, maybe you could just enlighten me, and this committee, and the folks with the secure radios who are listening to these proceedings, by telling us who these so-called American moderates might be. A lot of us think that's kind of like Islamic pork chops.

Sound: Laughter.

Poindexter: Well, sir, I know that's the common perception. I've never actually used the term moderates to describe any of these people. I've preferred to call them pragmatists, because of course they're all still passionately dedicated to the imperialist aims of the Great Satan conspiracy, but certainly Mr. Casey, Mr. Bush, Geraldo Rivera, these were people we were attempting to cultivate. The gentleman we've referred to in these proceedings as Businessman Four was also, we felt, an appropriate channel to pursue.

Jenkins: That's the gentleman from the Coca Cola Company?

Poindexter: I don't think his name has been declassified.

Jenkins: All right. Now, Mr. Rafsanjani, if this was such a worthwhile strategic opening, don't you think this is something the Ayatollah Khomeini should have been told about? I mean, he's not in good health, he's well advanced in years, I would imagine this might have cheered him up a little, don't you?

Poindexter: Sir, in retrospect, it's possible that it might have. However, in my role as heir apparent, I made the decision that until we actually had a shipment of new F-116s coming in, that the fewer people who knew about this, the better. Obviously, if knowledge of what we were doing had leaked to the Israelis and Mr. Ghorbanifar, we might well have ended up paying even more for these weapons.

Jenkins: All right sir, well, you've been a candid and forthright witness, and we wish your family the very best in view of your impending martyrdom, but I must say your testimony sticks in my craw like undercooked shish-kebab. Thank you, sir.

Inouye: The Chair recognizes the gentleman from the Palace, Ayatollah Khalkhali.

Voice of Senator Orrin Hatch's Iranian Equivalent: Thank you, Mr. Chairman. Mr. Rafsanjani, you believe in the best interests of the Iranian revolution, don't you?

Poindexter: Yes, sir, I do.

Hatch: Sure you do, we all do. And you opened up this channel to the Great Satan because you thought it would help the cause of spreading this revolution throughout the Islamic world, isn't that true?

Poindexter: Yes, sir.

Hatch: Of course it is. And if you made some errors of judgment, you weren't doing it for your own financial gain, were you?

Poindexter: No, sir.

Hatch: I didn't think so. And if Mr. Ghorbanifar hadn't prematurely exposed this project, our beloved martyrs might have a lot more American weapons at their side as they attempt to wipe out the Iraqi threat, isn't that true?

Poindexter: I believe it is, sir.

Hatch: So do I. All right. Well, I'm going to yield back the remainder of my time, and just say I think it's a damn shame you're going to have to die for this. I think it's going to discourage a lot of our best young people from entering government service, and I just think that's too bad. Thank you, sir.

Poindexter: Thank you.

Inouye: Ayatollah Rafsanjani, sir, I have just one remark to make to you. This country's revolution was founded by people who believe in the rule of Islamic law, no matter how good your motivations may have been. The committee will stand in recess until the witness has had the toothpicks-under-the-fingernails job.

Poindexter: Oh, Allah!

Sound: Gavel; crowd in background.

Linda: That concludes our coverage of this session of the United States/contras hearings. I'm Linda Karami at the Palace. This is National Islamic Radio.

—Harry Shearer

Speaking Without Tongues

It was a still-life, acoustically. Dolphins making sounds without moving mouths. Engaging in a game of picking meaning and leaping forward in a non-linear conversation.

Rosie and Joe were in California for five years. There were times when each of us believed communication had occurred. But where were the words to discuss, test, experiment? By 1985, the dolphins recognized all and could say a few of some 50 computer-generated tone-phrases emanating from the lab truck. They were flown back to the east coast, awaiting a re-entry program to the sea.

Two psychics gave opposite reports of where the dolphins wanted to be released. Channeler Mary Ellen said Georgia. Theresa said Florida. The problem with talking without tongues is the talking with tongues about the tongueless new.

Theresa Vance invented a phrase, "Entering the listening," to explain how she begins to tune into what the dolphins might be saying.

Rosie and Joe were transported to Georgia in June. In July, the gate was opened, and they swam to freedom accompanied by native dolphins.

The old ideas of protection surround us with good intention. As MarineWorld director of marine mammals, Sonny Allen, points out, "If you're caught even harassing a sea lion in Monterey County, that's \$5,000."

People no longer need exclusively line up to sit in bleachers and watch dolphins jump

through hoops. They can pay the same money and go swimming with dolphins—at least in Florida.

There are a few cetaceans at MarineWorld for educational purposes. Says Allen: "We incorporate not only an entertainment value—in other words, an animal going through a hoop, an animal bowing out of the water—we explain *why* the animals do these things. They are natural behaviors. We give the longevity of animals, their mating, things like that, and we incorporate it along with the entertainment so it's not only theatrical."

When we tried to talk with dolphins, sounds were heard differently. How could new intelligence be uncovered with old language? Superstition acts as opinion; reading and writing render limits. Who then could teach, who learn, this new give-and-take, this needed interspecies communication?

Buckminster Fuller talked about a psychotectonic shift, not a shift in genetics or biological evolution but a shift of our deepest assumptions about ourselves. Maybe again, as with literacy, when, said Fuller, "Gradually it dawned on people that anyone who went through a certain process could learn to read."

So who can talk to dolphins?
 A better question: Who do the dolphins want to communicate with?

"Only those people," says John Lilly, "who are willing to live with them on the terms the dolphins set up and that certain kinds of human beings set up. Other types the dolphins drive away."

The dolphins have entered the listening.

—Sandra Katzman

Sic Transit the Aluminum Tray

What the hell is going on? Is America losing touch with her pop culture heritage? Do we no longer have the ability to find good taste in plaid doggie toilet paper covers and *TV Guide* Christmas trees? Where is that hula hoop mentality and Play-Dough-soft frontal lobe?

I'm speaking, of course, of the unheralded indoctrination of Swanson frozen TV dinner's metal tray into the Smithsonian Institution. We as a proud but tacky race should have seen it coming. We should have celebrated this

momentous event as only America can—with day-long parades and bulimic-style binging.

After all, that little aluminum tray is now alongside the First Lady's gowns, Fonzie's jacket, Archie Bunker's easy chair, the original *Star-Spangled Banner* and John Deere's steel plow.

As the museum's curator of Agriculture, Dr. Terry Sharrer, said, "This metal tray is a piece of Americana; it's something many of us grew up with." So where was the thunder?

Perhaps the onslaught of TV dinner tray apathy can be attributed to the fact America has taken the frozen dinner for granted. We've forgotten just what that little tray gave us back in 1954.

The TV dinner tray was a pioneer in the field of culinary convenience in that women could spend less time in the kitchen and more time at PTA meetings. It gave men an excuse to purchase the newly-marketed television set (could the TV dinner have been a propagandic invention of RCA?) because what could be more depressing than eating a TV dinner in front of a radio?

Even the very choice of food in the first dinner was, according to Swanson historians, history-making. It included turkey, corn bread dressing with gravy, buttered peas and whipped sweet potatoes, all for only 98¢!

But that was before my time. As a child of the '60s, teenager of the '70s and consumer of the '80s, I grew up on frozen veal parmigiana dinners and batter-thick fish & chips. But the impact of the TV dinner was still a strong one; as a kid the TV dinner gave me leverage to eat in the living room. As an adult, it's given me a real sense of independence—I know a full course swiss steak meal is at my disposal any time I get the craving.

In fact, I haven't even *met* anybody my age who can cook, but with all the "gourmet style" frozen meals out there, who needs to cook? True, the vegetables in those dinners are always overcooked and undersalted, but the mere fact the portions are so small causes the eater to gobble them up as if they were rare treats to the palate.

The TV dinner has achieved its place in history. Soon newspaper restaurant reviews

will perish by way of the Frozen Food Connoisseur, a column dedicated to the preview and review of heat-and-serve meals. But it's the goddamn *aluminum trays* I'm mourning for. I can't afford a weekend excursion to the Smithsonian every time I get the hankering to see a Swanson three-compartment aluminum TV dinner tray.

But I guess I'll adjust to the new plastic tray. Technology is inevitable and in the case of the TV dinner tray, it was time. There are now microwave ovens in 60% of all households, which means plastic is a must-use and aluminum a no-no (but the plastic tray is not as effective as the aluminum one when used to patch leaky rooftops).

So I'll call it evolution and step down off my soap-box. But when the time comes to retire the Jiffy Pop popcorn tray, you people had better get off your asses and honor its passing. We're talking about a process that has made America great. Yesterday's product is today's artifact.

—Kalynn Campbell

Great Moments in Medicine

The following letter to the editor appeared in the March 6, 1987, issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*:

I would like to alert your readers to the potential for serious injury that exists in the use of vacuum toilets such as those found on cruise ships.

Recently, while on a Greek-registered cruise ship moored near Vancouver, British Columbia, to accommodate the hotel overflow from Expo 86, I responded to an emergency call over the ship's loudspeaker and was asked to administer first aid to a woman who had sustained a serious pelvic injury.

A 70-year-old, slightly obese woman was in her cabin lying on the bunk in the right lateral recumbent position. She was alert and responding verbally but in obvious distress, moaning in pain, diaphoretic, and apprehensive. Protruding behind her on the bed were several feet of small intestine with omentum attached.

The woman stated she had flushed the toilet while still seated and the suction had "pulled everything out." Apparently, her buttocks and thighs completely occluded the opening of the toilet seat, causing the full force of the vacuum to be applied to the perineal area. She kept repeating, "Why didn't they warn me?"

Indeed, the only warning associated with the use of the toilet was a multi-lingual sign posted nearby stating in English: "This toilet operates on vacuum system. Please do not throw any object except toilet paper."

An ambulance crew responded within a few moments and transported the woman to a local hospital. I left Canada within the hour and am unaware of the final outcome of the incident.

Whether this occurrence represents a malfunction of this particular vacuum system, or if this could occur with any vacuum type of toilet, I do not know, but it certainly bears further investigation.

—J. Brendan Wynne



MEDIA FREAK

Off the Record

Henry Kissinger was being interviewed by Dan Rather for CBS News. On the way out, Kissinger said to Rather, "This whole Iran/contras scandal would never have happened if Ronald Reagan were alive."

Dangerous Music

The Reagan Administration tries to justify the war on Nicaragua by complaining that it doesn't have a free press, but in Grenada—having been liberated by Ollie North and the gang—there are no daily papers and only one radio station, and the government has now set up a censorship board to ban calypso songs with politically offensive lyrics.

Bedtime for Mr. Ed

From *The Spotlight*, a Washington weekly which describes itself as populist and nationalist:

"According to Roberta Hromas, founder of the American Christian Trust for Israel (ACT), on several occasions Attorney General Edwin Meese approached her and asked if it would be possible to have satanic spirits exorcised from the White House.

"Meese told her he had the feeling that the Department of State, which he felt to be pro-Arab, was allowing these spirits to determine American Middle East policy, which he believed was going to cause the elimination of Israel, and prevent the battle of Armageddon from taking place in his lifetime.

"When Congress approved the sale of AWACS to Saudi Arabia, Meese confided to her that the bill and its approval were the works of the devil, and insisted that those who voted for the bill were possessed. . . ."

Hostages as Political Pawns

From *In These Times*, a Chicago weekly of democratic socialism:

"In October, 1980, nothing worried the Reagan campaign so much as the possibility that the 52 hostages held by Iran might come home. The Reagan camp feared that the public perception of President Carter's weakness would evaporate if he could win the captives' release before the election—what Reagan staffers called an 'October surprise.'

"But in the campaign's closing weeks, the mood of high anxiety suddenly changed. In late October, Barbara Honegger was working as a researcher for the campaign's Arlington, Va. national headquarters. 'We don't have to worry about an October surprise,' a jubilant staffer at the campaign's operations center told her. 'Dick cut a deal.'

"'Dick' was Richard Allen, Reagan's chief foreign policy adviser. And the 'deal' was an agreement that Reagan would guarantee post-election arms shipments to Iran in exchange for delaying the hostages' release until after the November 4 election.

"The hostages remained in captivity until Jan. 20, 1981, the day Reagan took the oath of office, and they left Teheran minutes after he became president. In 1981 Iran began receiving U.S.-made weapons. Yet shipments of U.S.-made arms to Iran before 1985 were ignored by the President's hand-picked Iran scandal investigators, the Tower Commission. Tower, the commission's head, was McFarlane's boss at the time of his October, 1980 meeting with the Iranians. . . ."

Occupational Hazard

Consumer advocate David Horowitz was forced at toy gun-point to read a statement about the CIA, clones and UFOs during a live newscast on KNBC. News director Tom Capra took the show off the air even though the intruder had threatened to kill Horowitz unless the statement was read to viewers and could see clearly on the studio monitors that only the NBC logo was being broadcast.

At a press conference after the 8-minute ordeal, the following dialogue ensued when Horowitz was saying he hoped the incident would not inspire copycats.

Capra: "It won't, because this guy didn't get on the air. I mean he may have held you hostage, but when you say he held the television station hostage, he did not."

Horowitz: "But the point is I could have been killed."

Capra: "Well, yeah, you could have been killed, but the television station wasn't held hostage."

Horowitz: "I know the television station wasn't held hostage, but I could have died because the television station wasn't held hostage."

Capra: "You can always get out of the business."

On a future program, Horowitz will compare the advertising claims of alternative professions.

Amorality in Advertising

The folks at Honda tried unsuccessfully to persuade Richard Nixon to appear in a TV commercial. It would have featured the former President capitalizing on his own disgrace by saying that the Honda Scooters are "easier to use than a tape recorder. . . ."

Hypothetical Hysteria

Dr. L.P. White, head of the California Medical Association, was quoted in *California Physician* magazine: "Some fool asked me the other day, 'If a gay waiter spit in your soup, would you eat the soup?' I said, 'As a matter of fact, if a non-gay waiter spit in my soup, I wouldn't eat the soup. . . .'"

The Quality of Co-option

If the remaining Beatles are upset that Nike is using their song *Revolution*, John Lennon must be twisting and shouting in his grave, because the Rand Corporation has issued a report—a scenario on how non-nuclear weapons for strategic inter-continental warfare might be developed and introduced—titled "Diamonds in the Sky."

Filler Items

- In the wake of the harmonic convergence, a preacher on TBN (Trinity Broadcasting Network) got on his knees leading a prayer "to strike down the new age movement."
- A hypnotherapist advertised in the San Francisco *Bay Guardian* that he could help you "Pass Any Lie Detector Test with knowledge and control. . . ."
- Scatological revenge by a waitress on the Tracey Ullman show: "I peed in her soup."
- Johnny Carson pointed out the contradiction that Jesse Jackson is ahead in the polls but he's unelectable. NBC garbled out Jackson's name, presumably so as not to appear racist.
- T-shirt: On the front, "Masturbation Is Murder." On the back, "Enjoy the Guilt."
- A medical euphemism—"The patient did not fulfill his wellness potential"—has been criticized by linguists because the phrase "not only obscures the fact that the patient died, but also places the blame squarely on the patient."
- Graffiti: "RoboCop Blows Brass!"

- In Albany, N.Y., a nun was selected as Tulip Queen.

