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# The Realist

## The Muppet Murder Mystery

In Disneyland, 51 times every day, a robot Abraham Lincoln rises from an antique chair, blinks his eyes, wiggles his fingers and for five minutes his mechanical mouth proceeds to deliver excerpts from his patriotic speeches. But recently the Disney empire purchased the rights to various Muppet characters for over \$100-million, and there was a plan to replace Abraham Lincoln with Kermit the Frog. Then Jim Henson died, and that plan was nipped in the proverbial bud. Is it possible there was some kind of conspiracy behind this turn of events?

Just such a plot has been suggested in the pages of *The Happening*, which specializes in news about UFO's. For example, a personal ad reads: "Research being compiled for book on hybrid children of UFO aliens and E.T. genetic experiments. If you had a child by a UFO alien, send a 3,000 word story. . . ." A feature article by Cindee L. Lee in *The Happening* reports on a UFO lecture by William Cooper:

"This former Naval intelligence Officer has literally become a household word overnight. On May 11, 1990, Bill Cooper gave one of his stirring lectures at the Safari Resort Hotel in Scottsdale, Arizona. Approximately 200 anxious listeners crowded into the dark paneled conference hall to hear this intelligent, articulate speaker present his case. The topics ranged from Mr. Cooper's personal background to the highly controversial accounts of alien abductions, underground bases and the scheme for a one-world government. On this particular occasion, Cooper interjected his speech with an intriguing twist of speculation about the UFO phenomena that challenged the mind to search even further for clues to the truth.

"After delivering a rather usual account of the small gray aliens and their reported human abduction campaign, Cooper revealed additional information obtained from his ongoing research. He alleges that, 'at all of these high level scientific meetings, there was always somebody present from the Walt Disney Studios.' This new revelation led Cooper on what he described as a searching tangent to try to discover the purpose of Disney's relation to these gatherings. To date, no explanation has been found for their alleged participation.

"Cooper, himself, admits that although he has witnessed a UFO firsthand, he has never seen an alien except in photographs. As far as this well-informed ex-Navy man is concerned, there is no doubt whatsoever in his mind regarding the validity of physical evidence of scars and implantations from alien abductions, extensive testimony by credible witnesses, or

of substantial government documentation. Based on his accrued knowledge, Cooper's analysis of the situation is this: 'Either aliens and everything I saw is absolutely real, or there's a secret power structure that is manipulating us right at this moment into believing that there is an alien threat from outer space and has been doing it for many years to bring into position a new world order with a very few at the top controlling all the power and all the wealth.'

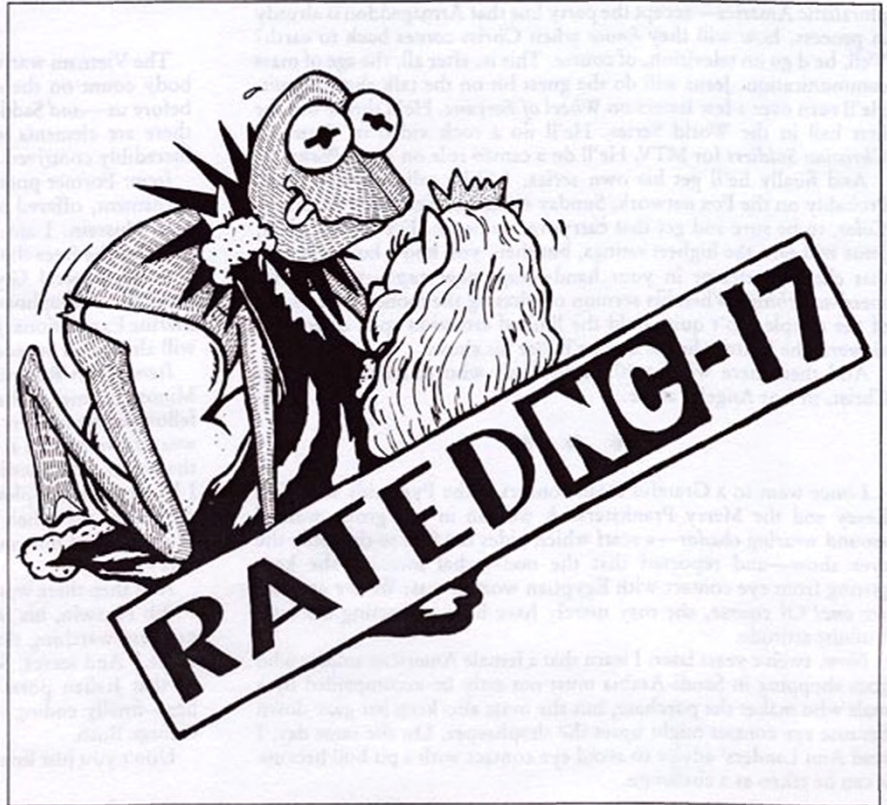
"I would like to add an interesting footnote to this story. Just one week after Bill Cooper's engagement in Arizona, Jim Henson, creator of the Muppets, died on May 16 from a suspicious new lethal strain of strep. This man was reported to be in excellent health prior to his death. It struck me as rather odd that a man in his general good health, and whom had seen a physician four days before his demise, could succumb so rapidly to this 'new killer virus.' Coincidentally, it was only a short time ago that Henson signed a very important contract with Walt Disney Studios.

"The allegation of Disney's involvement in high level secret meetings with the government

provoked me to question the extraordinary circumstances of Jim Henson's death. Was he the unfortunate host of a random ill-fated virus, or was he the targeted victim of a silently executed germ warfare? I believe that this question deserves serious consideration. In either case, the world has lost a very gifted and loving personality who brought joy and sunshine into many people's lives. Our hats are off to you, Muppet Man! You will live on in the hearts and minds of millions."

So, who knows, maybe the Muppets were actually planning to reveal the truth about Abraham Lincoln's assassination, and *that's* why the Disney people had to get rid of Jim Henson. Well, why not? Hasn't the *Exxon Valdez* already assumed a new identity under the government's witness protection program? Didn't the cold war really end so that we could kill off all those Russians gradually with cigarettes? And wasn't each one of the five people who committed suicide supposedly because they had taken a prescription drug, Prozac, listening to a Judas Priest album at the time?

Only Miss Piggy knows for sure.



## COURT JESTER

### Happy World War Three

Did you know that there are 400 individuals who claim to be Jesus Christ, in Los Angeles alone? I'm not one of them, but I am thoroughly convinced that they're all pretenders to the throne. Lately I've been listening to born-again preachers on Christian radio stations, and according to them, the second coming has yet to occur.

However, they seem to be almost, well, overjoyed at the Middle East crisis, because it means that all those bearded old men wearing sandals and carrying signs that say "The World Is Coming To An End" are right at last. Oh, sure, these radio evangelists warn listeners not to get too excited, but nevertheless, to quote one, "Anybody who believes in Biblical prophecy cannot ignore these signs. So maybe we're the generation. Let's hope for the coming of the King." And he didn't mean Larry King either, although I did see one minister tell Larry King that he was convinced the Messiah would return during his lifetime.

And I saw Billy Graham tell his congregation, "I'm looking forward to that day when I can see Jesus Christ person to person. We are living, I believe, in the last days." He claims that John F. Kennedy once asked him if the second coming was going to happen soon; that three presidents since then have asked him that same question; and that one president—Rev. Graham didn't name which one, but I suspect it was Ronald Reagan—had arranged for him to meet with his presidential cabinet and discuss that very subject.

A recent Gallup Poll indicates that a record-high 74% of Americans now say that they have made a commitment to Jesus Christ. In 1988 it was 66%. In 1978 it was 60%. That's when Bob Dylan became a born-again Christian—now returning to his Hebraic roots—he's currently in a halfway house for secular humanism. That's also when Larry Flynt became a born-again Christian and *Hustler* became a porn-again magazine. I asked him at the time if he planned to have a scratch'n'sniff Virgin Mary in the centerfold, and he said, "Hey, that's a great idea—we'll make it smell like tomato juice."

But let us return to that statistic. If 74%—that's three-quarters of pluralistic America—accept the party line that Armageddon is already in process, how will they know when Christ comes back to earth? Well, he'd go on television, of course. This is, after all, the age of mass communication. Jesus will do the guest bit on the talk show circuit. He'll turn over a few letters on *Wheel of Fortune*. He'll throw out the first ball in the World Series. He'll do a rock video of *Onward, Christian Soldiers* for MTV. He'll do a cameo role on *Twin Peaks*.

And finally he'll get his own series. It'll be called *Savior Time*. Probably on the Fox network, Sunday evenings, right after *In Living Color*, to be sure and get that carryover audience. For a brief while, Jesus will earn the highest ratings, but then, you know how it is with that channel selector in your hand—zap! zap! zap!—we now do speed-watching. When his sermon on chasing the money lenders out of the temple can't quite hold the limited attention span of enough viewers, the bottom line is that he'll lose his show.

And then there will be 401 individuals who claim they're Jesus Christ, in Los Angeles alone.

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I once went to a Grateful Dead concert at the Pyramids with Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters. A woman in our group walked around wearing *chador*—a scarf which hides the face so that only the eyes show—and reported that the non-verbal message she kept getting from eye contact with Egyptian women was: *We are one! We are one!* Of course, she may merely have been projecting her own feminist attitude.

Now, twelve years later, I learn that a female American soldier who goes shopping in Saudi-Arabia must not only be accompanied by a male who makes the purchase, but she must also keep her gaze down because eye contact might upset the shopkeeper. On the same day, I read Ann Landers' advice to avoid eye contact with a pit bull because it can be taken as a challenge.

I've never driven a car by choice, but if I were a Moslem woman, I wouldn't even be permitted to learn. I would be allowed to walk, though it would have to be behind a man—about the same distance you wait behind somebody at the Ready-Teller. While the men in my family were enjoying a hearty meal in the dining room, my place would remain—literally—in the kitchen. I would not be allowed to vote, let alone run for office.

Male American soldiers in Saudi-Arabia may no longer see a theatrical production with American women dancing because their legs showed from the knees down. This is hard-core ankle, folks. What would those Saudi patriarchs think of Madonna's infamous crotch-grab on the cover of *Interview* magazine? What can American GI's do for entertainment instead? One officer was invited to a public beheading. I don't know the gender of the beheaded, but if it was a woman, presumably her decapitated features were properly covered by a *chador*.

Consider the consciousness of a culture where a woman must be clothed from head to foot. The mere sight of her flesh is officially barred because it could create anxiety and excitement in a man. I'm not talking about Saudi-Arabia. I'm talking about Judge David Souter. Two years ago in a New Hampshire Supreme Court decision which overturned a rape conviction, he wrote that a woman's "openly sexual provocative behavior" at a bar with several men indicated her "probable" willingness to have sex later with one of them. Yup, and a man whose wallet was sticking out of his pocket provoked the guy who mugged him. Judge Souter reminds me of Homer Simpson. Not just the way he looks, but his attitude. "Homer, what's your opinion of Roe versus Wade?" He slaps his hand to his forehead and utters, "Duh!"

Sexism is a matter of degree, then. Advances are all relative. According to an article by Maggie Garb in *In These Times*, although female circumcision is not a custom in Saudi-Arabia, it has been practiced on an estimated 84 million girls in 20 African countries—a tradition whose sole purpose is to control the child's sexuality. Maybe by the time women in Saudi-Arabia finally become the butt of bad driver jokes, Meryl Streep will be earning as much money as Jack Nicholson. *We are one! We are one!* Only, some of us are more one than others.

\* \* \*

The Vietnam war was thrust upon us; suddenly there was a weekly body count on the evening news. But this one has been unfolding before us—and Saddam Hussein—on TV even before it happens, and there are elements which, if a satirist made them up, would seem incredibly contrived.

*Item:* Former porn star Iona Staller, now a member of the Italian Parliament, offered to solve the crisis: "I am available to make love with Hussein. I am willing to let him have his way with me if in exchange he frees the hostages."

*Item:* General Gray shouted to American troops in the desert through a megaphone: "There will be no morale problems in the 1st Marine Expeditionary Force because I say there will be morale. There will also be no boredom."

*Item:* John Roemer in the *San Francisco Weekly* quoted Rodney Minott, former ambassador in the Carter administration and now a fellow at the Hoover Institution: "It will be a culture clash that can wear down morale at home. Better keep the troops a long way out in the desert. The Saudis still cut off hands for petty crimes, you know. I heard from a diplomat friend recently that one of our soldiers on duty over there had been caught by the Saudis reading *Penthouse*. They arrested him and didn't let us have him back until he had eaten every page."

And then there was General Dugan, fired for revealing a scenario to bomb Hussein, his family and his mistress. Picture Hussein and his mistress watching that on CNN. "Saddam," she says, "I need my space." And leaves. So the lonely dictator belatedly accepts the offer of that Italian porn star—withdrawing from Kuwait as he enters her—finally ending the crisis while saving face, his own and that of George Bush.

Don't you just love happy endings?

—Paul Krassner

## Letter From G.I. Joan

The following communication was received by Jody Procter from an unidentified Staff Sergeant, Army Intelligence, bivouacked (briefly) at the Marriot Hotel in downtown Riyadh; it was signed, "G.I. Joan."

### Late Summer, 1990

Hey, it's hot over here, like they say, not so hot as the San Fernando Valley in July, but plenty hot, particularly in long pants, long sleeves and all this camouflage crap they make us wear, as if old Sodomy Hussein wouldn't be able to spot us creeping up the back channel to Baghdad. Oh, yeah, right, yo, don't worry, that's just a couple of hundred thousand rocks that showed up over night down there in the wadi. Talk about the Forest of Dunsinane! Anyway, I got better things to do. Like sit around all day in my hotel room playing three-handed bridge with Minneapolis Mary, a medical supply noncom from 8th Army HQ and Corporal Luisa Donkatilo from the Bronx (intelligence specialist). Not their real names any more than mine's G.I. Joan, but you get the picture.

We're bivouacked at the Marriot for a couple of weeks while they get the women's barracks set up out there in the desert somewhere—where, I'm not supposed to say, for obvious security reasons. But it's got to be towards Kuwait and not too far from Dhanhran as I figure it. So we get the Marriot with the broken A.C. and if you feel like going down into the lobby to buy a pack of smokes you call up some guy from the Escort Service to take you to the newsstand because in Saudi-Arabia women are not allowed to shop alone! And then you get down there and there's no cigarettes because it's against the law to smoke tobacco. So you get two Turkish Taffy and another bottle of Evian and—hey, it's party time.

Can you dig that shit? I can just see all those "Shop Till You Drop" bumper stickers going up in smoke. Maybe when the going gets tough the tough do go shopping, but over here in the oil fields your old man carries the plastic. Pretty smart fuckin' Saudi idea—no shit. Keeps the old line of credit healthy.

Women aren't allowed to drive over here either—another guaranteed money-saver for your typical Head of Household. Think of all the chrome bumpers and garage doors they save—just kidding, just kidding. It's like some guy sat down and figured out all the things he didn't want women to do. Like live, or breathe, or think. Just eliminated the whole list. No driving, no talking in public, no shopping alone, no bare skin, not even your face. You've seen pictures of these big black tents all the women have to wear over here. *Ayabas*.

I'm telling you, this place is beyond weird. About the third day over here we decided to go cruise some of the sights, so we get Donkatilo to requisition a jeep, because she almost half-way looks like a guy anyway, and then me and Mary have to keep our heads down in the back. These Saudi army creeps are all over the place, plus some crew they call the Religion Police or something—the Morality Enforcement Squad—their job is basically

to patrol around and make sure women aren't doing any of the forbidden acts, like showing elbow or buying pantyhose.

Of course you can see that all is not totally groovy in the casbah, I mean while we were out tooling around in the jeep, for example, we went by this scene where all these kids are getting out of school, teenagers basically, and you can see they're wearing those *ayabas* a little high, a little designer jean showing around the cuff there, and the headpiece looking like it's pushing up from some kind of bouffant style or whatever's the latest do in the desert.

Well, it went on like this for a couple of weeks, going into H.Q. to work, coming back to the hotel with the ever-present Escort at our sides, then some goat's eyeballs for dinner, some cards and a few belts from the gin bottle, bed and up and sweat it out all over again the next day. You can see this is going to be leading to some trouble if it goes on too long—already there's like a few hundred thousand horny soldiers over here and you can bet your last F-111 the Saudis aren't about to be letting them anywhere near their women—no way. So that leaves you know who. We've been getting some pretty lustful glances from the guys in the hotel as it is. Not that I'm against it under the right circumstances. I just split up with a guy back in Newport News, but that's a whole other story.

Still it's damned if you do, damned if you don't. Like say some creepy, pizza-face Spec 4 with a half bottle of skin bracer on his chin hits up on you. And you flip him off, and then all of a sudden you're like a bull dyke from hell or something. And then there's all these sheiks, and who knows what they have in mind. I mean one glimpse of an American woman in a Bart Simpson T-shirt, they'd have to go take three cold showers and beat themselves over the head with a scimitar just to calm down. "Midnight at the oasis, dude. Like, send your camel to bed . . ."

Okay—to the point. About ten days ago we're sitting around one night about 9:30, playing cards and listening to an old Stones tape on Donkatilo's Sony when there's this knock at the door. And right away I'm thinking, oh shit, I bet I know what this is all about. The Three Amigos from Second Armored. Uh-oh. We open up and instead there's these three women in those *ayaba* things standing there looking real nervous, like, I mean what you could see of them, which is to say their eyes clicking back and forth like windshield wipers and that's about it.

Yo—what's happening?

One of them says her name's Naziran and she and her two friends are there and want to talk. She speaks English all right, not great but I can understand what she's saying, and knowing what I do know about this country I know they've probably like, had to sneak out of the house under penalty of getting 40 lashes from Mr. Clean. So I tell them to come on in, check the hallway both ways, all clear, and close the door.

Turns out these three, Nazarin, Farida and Hinde are sort of the vanguard of liberated feminism or whatever you want to call it, here in Riyadh. They've all been through univer-

sity and they've founded this group called *purdabusters*, or the equivalent, I don't know how to even say it in Arabic, let alone write it. Of course Donkatilo speaks Arabic like a native, but she's asleep and I don't want to wake her up. Anyway, suffice it to say, these three are like the fire-breathing, Betty Friedan-spouting, bra-burning equivalent of those radical I-Am-Woman women of the early '60s back in the U.S. Gloria Steinem with Ali Baba for a husband. Lotsa luck.

Still, they crept over here in the dead of night, under danger of being permanently chained to a plow or something, to "exchange ideas" with us. They are like in total worship of us because we are not only women from the U.S. who can wear high heels, drink beer, sleep around, become doctors, drive trucks and show our knees to the world—we are actually soldiers in the army, we're carrying guns, we're ready to kill. Not exactly, but we don't discourage the illusion.

Minneapolis Mary was a big rabble-rouser for NOW when she was at the University of Wisconsin about 5 years ago and she just lights up like a White House switchboard after a tax hike and gets into this amazing rap with these three, who have now thrown off their things and are sitting around in these kind of '50s-style blouses and tight skirts, asking all kinds of questions.

It's not too long before the discussion starts to heat up and the next thing you know Donkatilo has the gin bottle out from under the mattress and we're starting to teach these three little refugees from the harem how to drink and have fun. Talk is cheap and by about 3 a.m., trying to keep the noise level down, we're all a little bit in the bag and if you were looking in the window you'd have to say that we were probably the best of lifelong friends since birth.

We're telling these three how they have to throw off their chains, they have nothing to lose but their *abayas*, how they can come back with us to the States and write a book and go on the talk show circuit, and then they say how they don't want to leave Arabia, they just want to change a few things. So Mary then goes off on this half-shitfaced monologue about how you can't ever change things without action, and this includes a whole history of women's suffrage in England, the civil rights movement in the South, Kent State, pro-abortion, the whole nine yards. I never knew it before, but it turns out she was quite a little politico back in college.

So then Donkatilo gets that look in her eye, you know that look, and takes off out the door. It's what, about 4 a.m. and I figure, shit, that will be our ass in the brig if she gets picked up drunk somewhere, and in her cut-offs and baseball hat that says "Party Animal on Board." Well, she slipped through the darkened streets of Riyadh like a cat through the jungle and came back in about an hour with all these sticks and pieces of cardboard. Then she gets out her magic markers and we're all standing around the bed making these signs, like "Bow to Mecca, Dig for Oil, Outdated Dress Codes Make My Blood Boil," and "Down with the Harem, Take Back the

Nights, We Won't Stop Till We Get Our Rights."

At 7 a.m. we have this solidarity meeting for about 15 minutes and pledge that whatever happens we'll hang tough. Then we just take the back stairs down and go stand shoulder to shoulder right in front of the big marble turnaround, the main entrance, where there are all these fussy *emirs* with their long white robes and little beards and towels on their heads getting in and out of big white stretch limos looking, when they see us, like they just got their dicks caught in the office paper shredder.

Of course you know it took the Religion Police about minus two seconds to show up, sirens blaring, everybody freaked out, I mean, I doubt there's ever been a sight like this at the old Riyadh Marriot. Or anywhere within 500 miles of burning sand. But it was worth it, believe me. I don't know what went down with Naziran, Farida and Hinde but I expect that after a few conks on the head with the camel whip they're back home under the watchful eyes of their Lords and Masters, at least until the next breakout. Believe me—we haven't heard the last from those three.

The Saudi Sisters are restless, there's no doubt about that. As for me, Mary and the Donk, we're out here in the dunes now; they hustled out butts out of the city on the first transport and, since the barracks were finished anyway, I guess we would have been shipped out in a day or two at the most. So big deal. Actually the C.O. thought it was a bit amusing. He gave us the proverbial slap on the wrist and sent us on our way. His wife was an aide to some Congresswoman from New Jersey or somewhere and he's not so hot on all this medieval woman slavery stuff himself.

That's about it for now. I'll keep you posted as the situation develops. The longer we're over here, I figure, the more weird shit is bound to come down. Keep the faith, baby.

## Marijuana and the ABA

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

Dr. Twist stopped by my office the other day. He's an old friend and colleague who meets with me regularly to discuss developments in the drug abuse and addictions field, including the curious interface between the law and psychoactive drugs. Our discussion that afternoon concerned the American Bar Association's reversal of its longstanding position favoring decriminalization of marijuana.

The ABA had passed resolutions in 1972 and 1973 recommending decriminalization of personal use, possession and transfer of small quantities of marijuana. The 1972-73 resolutions also stated that the ABA "deplores the use of marijuana" and "That educational programs should be established as widely as possible to discourage the use of marijuana and other drugs which may be harmful." The ABA of 1972-73 had concluded that criminalizing marijuana caused more harm than good, both to users and society at large.

The ABA of 1990 had a different view on marijuana and the law. Meeting in Los Angeles last February, the ABA's House of Delegates

voted as follows: "Be it resolved, that the American Bar Association rescinds its prior marijuana policies of 1972-73 and deplors the use of marijuana and other harmful drugs, which have become one of the nation's most serious and growing public health problems." The resolution which reversed the ABA's marijuana decriminalization policy was introduced by its Law Student Division, which had compiled a report to justify its recommendation. I was asked to review the ABA's Law Student Division report on marijuana by Alan Ellis, the newly elected president of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers. Ellis sent me the report just in time for my monthly meeting with Dr. Twist.

Although pleasant and easygoing are terms never associated with Dr. Twist, he seemed unusually surly as he entered my office that afternoon. He attributed his foul mood to sleep deprivation. Twist said he could easily fall asleep, but suffered from dreams so horrible they not only awakened him, but caused fear of further sleep. He described a recurring nightmare in which insurance companies no longer covered costs for the chemical dependency treatment unit where Twist served as medical director, a long-term residential facility known in the drug use treatment trade as the Dr. Joseph Mengele Center. When Dr. Twist seemed reasonably calm, we began our review of the ABA Law Student Division report on marijuana. Surely it would contain more than fears of a reduced client base for young lawyers.

The report begins by saying, "The most striking and important aspect of marijuana today is how much more potent it has become." True, marijuana is generally more potent now than in 1972-73. But concentrated cannabis products like hashish and hashish oil are even more potent. And they were more widely used in 1972-73 than now. We read on.

"Potency has become so important a factor that drug counselors now must determine the type of marijuana used before they can determine the extent of a client's drug problem." Dr. Twist observed that a different field of work might be advisable for counselors who can't determine the extent of someone's drug problem without knowing the type of marijuana used.

The Law Student report quoted U.S. Representative Charles Rangel, chairman of the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, "Decriminalization would suggest that marijuana is not harmful, when research of recent years shows it is harmful to the reproductive, cardiovascular, and respiratory systems." Twist turned to me with a puzzled look. Does Rangel know how much harm is caused by tobacco and alcohol? I'm sure he does, I answered. Is he proposing criminal penalties for the possession or use of alcohol and tobacco? No, I don't think so. Then why does he say decriminalization of marijuana would suggest it's not harmful? Because drugs make politicians say irrational things, I suggested. Rangel has also said, "There's no such thing as the casual use of drugs." I guess he wasn't considering the 90% of alcohol drinkers who aren't alcoholics.

Dr. Twist reread Rangel's statement that

marijuana harmed the reproductive system. He began to blubber and anxiously clutched his lower chakras. Take hold of yourself, Twist! Twist! I mean stop taking hold of yourself. There's more on that issue later in the report, I said. Look at what the Law Students say next: "Marijuana use, in fact, is one of our nation's most serious and growing public health problems." Dr. Twist guffawed. You think that's funny, Twist? The Law Students also say that research since 1973 "is overwhelming that even casual use of marijuana can damage a person's health." Dr. Twist started howling with laughter. What are you reading from, he asked, the screenplay for *Reefer Madness*? No, honestly. That's what it says here. Is anything in that report true? Well, they were in touch with reality on a few issues. They said that after smoking marijuana "The 'high' reaches its peak in 10 to 30 minutes and lasts from two to eight hours, depending on the dose. The body takes about a week to one month to clear itself of all chemicals in a single marijuana cigarette. . . . When regular users stop smoking, the body takes about three months to rid itself completely of THC."

They're also correct about the immediate effects of marijuana: "The chief immediate effects of marijuana on a user are to impair short-term memory, alter sense of time, and impair concentration, swift reactions and coordination. This poses a special danger to safe driving."

But I like driving stoned, Dr. Twist confessed. Yes, but you're a good driver and you like driving. Nervous drivers do more poorly when they're stoned. Besides, at some level of THC intoxication anyone's driving ability will be impaired, even yours. Tell me more about the Law Student Report, Twist asked. He now sounded like the Lennie character in *Of Mice and Men*.

"This impairment lasts for at least four to six hours after smoking a single marijuana cigarette, long after the 'high' is gone, according to the same experiments. In contrast, the driver-impairing effect of one can of beer or glass of wine lasts only one hour."

Wait a minute, said Dr. Twist, don't the studies really show that one alcoholic drink actually *improves* most people's driving ability? Yes, but that's only one drink. More than one drink does generally impair driving ability. The Law Students must be referring to the fact that the body usually can detoxify one alcoholic drink an hour. Let's go on to their section on *Long Term Effects of Marijuana*:

"Cells. Research has found marijuana to cause cell abnormalities in users: to alter normal cell division, which could affect the future genetic structure of new cells; and to lower cell immunity, which increases the possibility of viral infections."

Hold on, said Twist, that sounds suspiciously like the bogus reports regarding LSD years ago. Right. Any evidence confirming what they say about cell abnormalities in marijuana users? Nope, let's read on.

The Law Students say marijuana use can cause bronchitis. True, with heavy use. They say "chronic users often cough up mucus and blood." Luckily, that's seldom true, even in

very heavy users. Coughing up blood is a sign of serious lung disease. The report also says, "Researchers estimate that smoking three to five joints a week has the same carcinogenic effect as smoking 16 tobacco cigarettes a day, seven days a week."

Dr. Twist jumped to his feet. Nonsense! Smoking anything is harmful to the lungs, but that's just not true. I agreed, based on a conversation held years before with a researcher who said anti-drug crusaders had distorted his original findings on marijuana smoke and the lungs. I asked Dr. Twist to sit down before reading him the Law Students report on marijuana and the reproductive system.

"Among male users, marijuana use lowers the level of testosterone, affecting hair growth, voice tone and muscle distribution, and potency. Moderate-to-heavy use can result in little or no sperm production, and some studies indicate an increase in sperm abnormalities. Among women users, marijuana can increase levels of testosterone, thereby increasing male characteristics. It can interrupt the menstrual cycle and interfere with fertility. Research also suggests that use during pregnancy can result in premature babies and increased birth defects and infant mortality."

Spittles of foam began appearing at the corners of Dr. Twist's mouth. I warned him against shouting, lest he disturb the Roling session in an adjoining office. How can we expect young people to believe what we say, he hissed, with garbage like that in circulation? If it were true, there wouldn't be any young people now. How long have you been treating problems of drug abuse, he asked? Twenty-three years. Have you ever heard of a single case of infertility traced to marijuana use? No. Impotence? No. Birth defects? No, but I strongly advise against the use of marijuana or other drugs during pregnancy since drug use by the mother also affects the fetus. You agree with that, don't you Twist? He agreed.

The next section of the Law Students report dealt with psychological effects of marijuana. It began by saying, "Chronic use of marijuana allows the user to block out pain, frustration and confusion. The THC affects the brain's pleasure center, providing the illusion of feeling good." For the next few hours Dr. Twist and I suffered pain, frustration and confusion as we discussed the difference between feeling good and the illusion of feeling good.

The Law Students next quoted Dr. Harvey Powelson, a psychiatrist formerly with the Student Health Service of the University of California at Berkeley. Dr. Powelson had advocated the legalization of marijuana in the 1960s, then not only changed his mind, but claimed he could recognize marijuana users by the way they walked. According to Powelson "people who use marijuana regularly over a significant period of time are clearly in a state of not being interested in any thing but feeling good."

Hmm, a very serious accusation, mused Dr. Twist. Look, Twist, I retorted, you may find that funny, but here's an explanation for your warped thinking. I know you were a subject in a marijuana study a few years ago.

## Most Valuable Player

by Bob Wieder

When New England Patriots football player Zeke Mowatt exposed his private parts to *Boston Herald* sportswriter Lisa Olson in the post-game locker room last month, thousands of Americans silently cheered. And not just such obvious suspects as male athletes, old-school chauvinists, Andrew Dice Clay fans and the like—though they're obviously included.

No, the cheers at issue here came from newscasters, columnists, tabloid TV producers, talk show hosts, standup comics, even other sportswriters (male and female) and, for that matter, a number of radical feminists, delighted at the sight of macho arrogance stepping in its own droppings.

Zeke, you scored big—albeit for the other side. In fact, Zeke scored big for a lot of sides; for a lot of people who will now make trainloads of hay from his flamboyant display of misogynist crudity. The episode, draped in the florid raiment of Scandal and Controversy, is already being flogged like a mutineer by whole hosts of interested parties.

### Gatesgate

Harold Myerson in the *L.A. Weekly*:  
LAPD Chief Daryl Gates' congressional testimony that casual drug users "ought to be taken out and shot" has alarmed intelligence analysts at the Mideast desk of the CIA. "We've got 100,000 guys ready to blow the bejesus out of Saddam Hussein, and here's the police chief of Los Angeles spouting Islamic fundamentalist law," a source in the intelligence community noted gravely. "Is Gates some goddamn Ayatollah or what?" Agency authorities refused to comment on reports that they had placed Gates under surveillance. But another high-ranking intelligence official insisted that they were closely watching not only Gates but Los Angeles District Attorney Ira Reiner, who had supported Gates' remarks. "Reiner sure looks Semitic," the official said, "and we're still checking into indications that he may once have belonged to the Ba-ath Socialist Party."

The Law Student report refers to "the denial syndrome, a refusal to believe that marijuana is harming you."

Not only that, Twist, but marijuana can lead to more dangerous drugs, The Law Students say, "Researchers have noted a typical pattern of teenage pot users moving to alcohol abuse because alcohol can be more intoxicating." And they say again in concluding their report on marijuana, "In fact, it is one of our nation's most serious public health problems and requires a renewed nationwide effort to reduce its use."

Gee, said Dr. Twist, I was more worried about public health problems like toxic wastes, AIDS, cancer, heart disease, nuclear accidents, depletion of the ozone layer, alcoholism, tobacco addiction, and fear of violent crime. How did I get my priorities so screwed up?

I didn't have time to tell him. I had to end our meeting in order to deliver a talk on the public health hazards of the War On Drugs.

After all, this story isn't merely about some act of indecent exposure. Rather, it's about journalism, about personal dignity, about equality, about sexual harassment, about freedom of the press, and—icing on the cake—about sports. Indeed, it's just about the best thing to tumble into the lap of the mass media since Donald Trump.

For persons whose occupation touches on any of these subjects, the Mowatt-Olson confrontation is far too provocative, too symbolic, too graphic for them not to absolutely beat it to death as a metaphor for institutionalized sexism, or as a marvelous clash of fundamental rights (privacy vs. equal opportunity), or as a splendid excuse to present titillation—we're talking genitalia, here—as legitimate news.

It's like Rob Lowe's videotape, Roseanne Barr's love notes, Mike Tyson's marriage and Jane Pauley's mistreatment all rolled into one gaudy notoriety. David Letterman's "Top Ten List" writers must have broken out a bottle of champagne when they heard the news.

Mowatt wasn't likely to win many awards for his on-field endeavors, even before he impaled his reputation on his own, er, indelicacy. But he has provided so much valuable grist for others, that it seems only right to confer a few appropriate laurels on the man.

*The Al Campanis Moral Pedestal.* Presented by sportswriters to honor actions or statements that enable them to bleat and pontificate with outrage, and make stands on principle at almost no professional risk.

*The Robert Mapplethorpe Chalice.* Bestowed by the ACLU in recognition of individual acts that open up whole new areas of Constitutional controversy and potentially unpopular advocacy. Or, in lay terms: "Hey, we could argue that Mowatt was exercising his right to free expression!"

*The Gary Hart Stamp of Validity.* Given by the broadcast news industry to public figures who have raised lurid behavior to the level of Serious Issue, thus allowing newscasts to engage in thinly-veiled pandering while retaining journalistic credibility.

*The Pete Rose Golden Decoy.* Bestowed by coaches and managers for off-field activities that can be used to excuse or distract attention from poor on-field performance. Cincinnati Bengals coach Sam Wyche, for example, promptly barred women from his team's locker room after losing to Seattle, thus relegating the defeat to secondary status.

*The David Souter Recruitment Trophy.* Given by NOW to that person most responsible for increased memberships in, and contributions to, that organization.

*The Jim Bakker Whoopie Cushion.* Awarded by standup comedians to celebrities whose indiscretions generate priceless reams of new material. Mowatt certainly set up a great slam line to use on hecklers: "Pal, you make me feel like Lisa Olson—every time she looked up, she saw a prick."

*The Dan Quayle Bottomless Inkwell.* Presented by freelance writers of topical satire to those individuals who make it so darned easy.

We could go on, but you get the point. God bless Zeke for baring all. Rarely has so little done so much for so many.

## The Jack-and-Jill-Off Parties

by Carol Queen and David Steinberg

*Nice girls don't go sniffing like beasts around warehouses full of men with erect cocks, other women decked out in lingerie and smelling of hot pussy. That was the threshold I had to cross into my first Jack-and-Jill-Off party.*

An undistinguished-looking loft in San Francisco's South-of-Market district with a large door and a small sign that says "Ring Bell." The door opens. A man with a dog-snout mask and bright orange clown wig bears warm greeting. Beyond a series of long fabric panels hanging from the high ceiling is a woman dressed as a fairy godmother sitting at a small table. Names are given and checked against a membership list.

A long, narrow loft with an overhanging L-shaped balcony, the starkness of the cement-block walls and concrete floor only partly softened by plants and party balloons. A scattering of wood benches, aging sofas covered with sheets, sheeted foam pads around the floor. A large table with snack vegetables, crackers, dips, sodas, wine. Smaller tables stocked with assorted condoms, rubber gloves, dental dams, lube, saran wrap, handwipes. Background music that shifts from Beethoven to Motown to African chants. A huge heater working hard to take the chill out of the air. People change from street clothes to more or less elaborate costume, an understated rite of passage from the world outside to the world that once a month evolves within these four walls.

*Any kind of sex can benefit from negotiation. The night of my first Jack-and-Jill-Off party I made a deal with myself: I would go with permission to just watch, to leave if I felt too uncomfortable, or to stay and play to my heart's content if my anxiety ebbed. Two hours later I was perched on a woman's knee, playing with one of her breasts while her male partner played with the other, her right hand on his cock, her left on someone else's who had one of his hands on a third guy's dick and the other on me. [Yeah, I liked it enough to stay.]*

*Later I sit spread-legged on the edge of a sofa, jilling-off furiously. Men and women gather around me, their hands everywhere. A gay man in white boxers with red smooches all over is pillow-talking wild things in my ear. I come eight times in ten minutes, ejaculating a small fountain—and up until then I'd been a one-orgasm-at-a-time girl. When I open my eyes and come back to earth I see a semi-circle of gay men standing around, jacking off and marvelling that "women really can do that!"*

Jack-and-Jill-Off Parties are safe sex playpens of the highest order. Rules are few but strictly enforced: no fucking, no oral-genital/anal contact without a barrier, no rude behavior. Rude is defined as nosing around where you've not been invited to play: Ask before touching, with a corollary (harder to enforce): say no when you *don't* want a particular kind of attention. The idea is full consensuality, as best it can be arranged. An atmosphere of emotional safety for all participants, reserved and outgoing alike.

The first party was held November 7, 1987. People were growing tired of the way the AIDS crisis had made sex fearsome. A few brave, curious women pestered their gay male friends for entree to one of their now-regular jackoff events. "Just let us watch," the women pleaded. Finally the whole group decided: this calls for a new kind of party. Word went out all over the Bay Area sex community: "You're invited to The World's First Jack-&-Jill-Off Party, a night of good clean fun when women and men will come together to prove that safe sex can make the earth move." Over 100 people showed up, and had such a fine time that six months later, they decided to have another party: "The Second Cumming." The parties now happen about once a month.

It is a new form—a forum for radical sex in uncertain times. Gays, lesbians, bi's, heterosexuals, men, women, transvestites, transsexuals, s/m, vanilla—people ranging from their early 20's to their late 50's—all together in one sexual playspace, equal and relatively phobia-free, combining creative and sexual energies and discovering that hot safe sex can be more than a slogan. Men in drag, dicks hard and poking forth from spandex or ruffles, stroking off while they watch a merry-faced lesbian paddle her rhinestone-collared girlfriend's ass till it's pink. A sexy, expensive whore getting her fantasy-come-true: suspended in air by half a dozen men, a dozen others coming on her belly and breasts as she squeals her pleasure.

There is a surprising innocence—unique, it seems, to these parties. Betty Dodson, longtime sex explorer, visiting from New York, is amazed and delighted. "In New York," she says, "sex is still dirty. Here people talk about sex as 'playing.' I love it!"

A heterosexual man plays with another man's cock for the first time in his life. A gay man masturbates and watches intently while two women explore each other's breasts. "I decided to use this evening to see if there are ways I get turned on by women," he later explains. A woman who has been exclusively lesbian for eight years enjoys having her body played with by five men at once. "I thought all you guys were just insensitive bastards," she laughs, adding that her primary relationship would be over if her lover knew she was being sexual with men.

One woman, who has come halfway across the country, becomes a party favorite. It is incidental that she only has one leg. A deaf man and woman arrange steamy connections with hearing partners who know nothing of sign language, gesturing to the people they want to come join them. A heavyset woman, self-conscious about the size of her body, attends tentatively and quickly finds herself the center of attention for half a dozen men who are attracted by her infectious laughter and, later, the intensity of her aroused passion. "I thought you had to be thin for guys to find you sexy," she marvels later. "I'm going to have to reconstruct my whole idea of what it means to be sexually attractive."

*I met my lover at a Jack-and-Jill-Off party. His gorgeous smile and natty ringmaster's outfit—Erotic Circus was the party theme that night—caught my eye. He'd brought his own black, opera-length latex gloves. "Show me how you like to be touched," he murmured in my ear, placing my hand over his and guiding it to my pussy. After melting into a to-die-for kiss, I did.*

*We attend the parties as partners now. One night half the room watched him stroke me with gloved fingers, teasing my G-spot until I was begging to come. When he nodded, I sprayed his leather pants, then licked them clean. (There's no rule against ingesting your own body fluids.) A woman standing nearby with her legs apart picked up the energy we had set in motion. She held a vibrator to her clit while she gazed into the eyes of a fierce man with tattoos and a dozen body rings. The rings in his cock jingled as he stroked himself forcefully. The energy between them was so electric that we were all mesmerized. When the tension was almost painful, they came simultaneously—the man tossing his cock in a final gesture of such perfect joyful defiance that we all burst into laughter and applause.*

A couple attends their first party. They have never witnessed each other being sexual with other people. The woman, attractive and shy, inevitably becomes the focus of several men's attention. One stands inches in front of her, masturbating aggressively, almost angrily. Another shyly asks, "May I play with your breast?"—and responds with an almost devotional, "Oh, thank you!" when she says yes. Another plays softly with her labia; yet another caresses the backs of her legs and her ass. Her partner stands behind her, arms around her waist, watching as she tests with both excitement and fear how much of this energy she can absorb. Later he is enraged that she could enjoy being surrounded by a group of "sharks and piranhas." The several-year relationship ends within a few months.

One man, familiar with other group sex scenes, comes to the party hoping to find lots of hot sex. He is visibly unnerved to be surrounded by a dozen men jacking themselves and each other off. He leaves quickly after a man comes up to him, ostrich feather in his hand, twinkle in his eye, offering to fluff his aura.

There is more to these parties than fun and games.

Two women climb onto a massage table, face each other, begin masturbating casually, laughing. A circle of people gathers, watchful, curious, expectant. A few men play with their cocks as they watch. A vibrator buzzes.

A man lightly strokes the shoulder of one of the women on the table, pauses, catches her eye to see if this is all right with her. She smiles and nods. His hands move down her arms, stroke her breasts. A man sits on the table behind one of the women so she can move without having to support her weight. His hands slide down her body to her crotch, press her labia together while she rubs her clit. Other people ask permission to join in, as they find ways to join the flow without interrupting it. It is a pick-up jazz jam: people do individual riffs, paying attention to the collective phenomenon at the same time.



### Old Blue Eyes Meets Young Shaved Head

Irish singer Sinead O'Connor has refused to perform if *The Star-Spangled Banner*—or any national anthem—is played at her concert. Frank Sinatra has reacted: "She should leave the country. Her behavior is unforgivable. For her sake, we'd better never meet."

Meanwhile, Donald Trump writes in *Surviving At the Top* that when "Frank's wife, Barbara, said something mildly critical about Ronald Reagan, Sinatra exploded, 'You piece of human garbage. You fuckin' broads are all alike. You're the scum of the earth.' All I

could think to say was, 'So, Ivana, how's your pasta?'"

However, in Kitty Kelley's unauthorized biography of Sinatra, *His Way*, he is quoted as saying, "I can't stand that fucking Ronnie. He's such a bore. Every time you get near the bastard, he makes a speech and he never knows what he's talking about. The trouble with Reagan is that no one would give him a job."

According to Peter Lawford, Sinatra thought Reagan was "a real right-wing John Birch Society nut—'dumb and dangerous,'

Soon the women are on opposite ends of someone's double dildo, moving into each other while being encouraged in various ways by many hands. A second ring of people forms, watching without touching. Some masturbate as they watch, quietly or vigorously, themselves or their neighbors.

On the table, one woman wants a hand inside her. Someone on the periphery goes for rubber gloves, passes them in to the center. A man puts one on, slips his hand inside. He shares a grin with the woman next to him, who is watching with rapt attention. She leans up against him, strokes his back, reaches between his legs from behind to cup his balls. He nods permission to her. She plays with him, slowly, sweetly.

Back on the table a man squeezes one woman's breast hard, bites her nipple, testing to find the level of intensity she wants. Her shoulders and neck are being massaged attentively by an older woman. A man (a friend) comes up, begins pulling her hair, softly at first, then more and more strongly. He whispers something in her ear. They kiss. He leaves.

She asks the man whose hand is in her cunt to push into her deeply, steadily. He does. He notices that the hand massaging his crotch is no longer the woman's but belongs to the man on his other side. For a moment he is visibly shocked. His eyes meet those of the man touching him, connect, and soften. He relaxes into enjoying the touch, turns his attention back to the woman on the table, whose contractions he feels building around his hand. When she comes, soaking the table and filling the room with sound, the discharge ricochets through the entire group. A half dozen other people come as well. There is a large group sigh, much laughter, a smattering of applause, renewed conversation. Someone shows up with handwipes and antiseptic to clean the wetted table.

The parties offer a new group of buddies, long on warmth, short on pre-judgment. A chance to confront sexual/social bugbears: Is it OK to watch/be watched? To masturbate proudly? Am I really desirable? Can I say no and be heard? A chance to watch others do sex differently, maybe get some new ideas. A chance to clarify sexual wants and needs, expectations and fears—individually and with partners. A chance to celebrate sex in all its diverse incarnations openly, enthusiastically, publicly, collectively. A breadth of permission that unearths sexual personas people never suspected as their own.

Who are we, really, when it comes to sex? Do we ever really know? If we had a chance to strip away the rules, the moralisms, the early childhood training, the internalized raised eyebrows, what might we find underneath? Lesbian writer Pat Califia notes in *Macho Sluts* that, for anyone who breaches the sexual uniformity demanded by mainstream culture, the fear of being sexually discovered "stifles the nascent erotic wish before the image of what is wished for can be fully formed." At the Jack-and-Jill-Off parties, an expanding community of people are in the process of clarifying those very images.

### A Change in The Realist

Beginning with this issue, *The Realist* switches from publishing quarterly to every other month. Subscriptions won't be affected since they're figured by the number of issues you receive. Rates are \$12 for one year; \$23 for two years. If you send in gift subs for five friends—including your own, new or extension—it'll cost \$50 instead of \$60. Our address: Box 1230, Venice CA 90294. Back issues #99-#114 are available at \$2 each, or all 16 for \$25.

he'd say, and so simple-minded. He swore he'd move out of California if Reagan ever got elected to public office. 'I couldn't stand listening to his gee whiz, golly shucks crap,' he said.

"Frank couldn't stand Nancy Reagan, either; he said she was a dope with fat ankles who could never make it as an actress. He took every opportunity he could in Las Vegas to change the words to *The Lady is a Tramp* instead of singing, 'She hates California, where it's cold and it's damp,' Frank would sing, 'She hates California, where it's Reagan and damp—that's why the lady is a tramp.'"

## MEDIA FREAK

### Cartoon Characters in the News

Ann Stuart Berry, director of Drug Prevention & Education for Young Children, Inc., warns: "There are [laced with LSD] brightly colored paper tabs resembling postage stamps that have pictures of Super-Mouse and other Disney characters on them." Charlie Bryant writes in *Wigwag*: "The police have seen all kinds of acid art—Dumbo, Betty Boop, Snoopy, Mickey Mouse . . ."

From *High Times*: "Bart Simpson-stamped blotter acid was confiscated by police in Massachusetts and New York. 'These dealers are very smart,' said Steve Dnistrian of New York's Phoenix House. 'They know how to find a market.'"

Bart Simpson's image has also been appearing on *yarmulkas*—Jewish skull caps—at reformed synagogues, along with Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. That's assimilation.

The cast of *In Living Color* discovered that although you can say Dick Tracy on TV you can't say Tracy's dick. (The next week, they faked out the censor in their takeoff of Roseanne Barr's rendition of the *Star-Spangled Banner* when she shouted, "And if you don't like the way I sing, you can kiss my country 'tis of thee!"—without being bleeped.) Reinhold Aman's *Maledicta Monitor* reported that, in Australia, a policewoman is referred to as "dickless Tracy."

And *Xeroxlore* published this illustration of a symbol for Batwoman:



### A Myth Is As Good As A Mile

There are now Teamster jokes. Samples: Q. How many Teamsters does it take to change a light bulb? A. Twelve—you got a problem with that? Q. What do you call a Teamster in a three-piece suit? A. The defendant. Q. What do Teamsters' children do at the playground? A. Sit on folding chairs and watch the other children play.

There are also Manson jokes: At a dinner party Charles Manson said, "Is it hot in here or am I crazy?" And Mother Teresa jokes: A reporter asked Mother Teresa what she wanted to do next and she replied, "I'd like to direct." There are even Nelson Mandela jokes, being told by New York cops: Mandela is the only black who can stop traffic without a Squeegee. And: Q. Why is Nelson Mandela different from 95% of other blacks? A. He was only in prison once.

Then there are urban legends. In May, 1986, *The Realist* reported.

"A male news anchor on KWT-TV in Philadelphia had to have a live gerbil surgically removed from his rectum. Among macho gay men in the city of brotherly love, the latest way of getting off is to take a gerbil—gender male, we assume—remove his teeth and nails, shave him, grease him and shove him up, up

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

Lately that story has surfaced again, but the patient is now actor Richard Gere, and this new version of an old legend—starring a high-profile celebrity with instant name recognition—has sharply accelerated its circulation and given birth to a whole new category of jokes: Richard Gere had to go back to the hospital to have a mole removed. On the back of Vaseline jars they're now printing pictures of missing gerbils. Richard Gere's physician: "I said take an herbal enema!" Q. Why don't gerbils drive a car? A. They can't get out of Gere. Q. How do gerbils have a good time on Saturday night? A. They go to a gay bar and get shitfaced.

There's even a joke about the jokes: Richard Gere is so angry about all those gerbil jokes that he's decided to leave Hollywood—he's moving to New Hamster.

And finally, there are now *Save the Gerbil* T-shirts on the market.

### Filler Items

• Timeless headline from the *New York Times* of January 12, 1967: POPE REAFFIRMS HIS INFALLIBILITY.

• The *Chicago Tribune* lists words censored from movies in 1933: alley cat, broad, dame, guts, lousy, madam, mistress, nude, punk and sex. Last month the *San Francisco Chronicle* censored the word *wazoo* in a review of *Peeping Thomas* by Robert Reeves, quoting a fictional pornographer: "Eventually in every video store across the country, there will be only two movies. Hundreds and

hundreds of cassettes, perhaps, but for all practical purposes, only two movies from which to choose. One of these will be called *Hollywood's Latest With Big Stars, Part II*. The other will be called *Sheena Takes One Up the Wazoo*."

• Prurient interest in action: Three contemporary films contain dialogue about a woman not wearing panties—*Bird On a Wire*, *The Tall Guy* and *Postcards From the Edge*—scenes which have also been featured in TV commercials for those films.

• On the *Geraldo Show*, in a discussion about Marilyn Monroe's alleged suicide, showbiz chronicler Maurice Zolotow claimed that she was suffering from PMS. This was followed by a commercial for Pamprin.

• Jonas Keys in *San Quentin News*, a prison weekly: "Custom Condoms of Somerville, Mass., is at the San Francisco gift show introducing Knight Light, the first condom that glows in the dark. Remember the December 1989 earthquake when the lights went out in San Quentin? In such a situation, one of the founders of Custom Condom said, 'It might make people visible to each other. You could put it on your nose, for example.' Let them know you are ready to come, or on your way."

• An ad for Rear Optics sunglasses: "Teachers will love these glasses because now they can finally write on the blackboard and watch their students at the same time."

• Correction in the *Fresno Bee*: "An item in Thursday's *Nation Digest* about the Massachusetts budget crisis made reference to new taxes that will help put Massachusetts 'back in the African-American.' It should have said 'back in the black.'" Exactly what you would expect from a politically correct computer.



Clay Sculpture by Wayne Satz

### Thanksgiving with Jane and Tom

It was Abbie Hoffman who once said that "Tom Hayden gives opportunism a bad name." After Hayden's marriage to Jane Fonda broke up, she was courted by Ted Turner. *People* magazine reports that the romantic couple are sharing each other's interests: "He's been working out some and she's

tried fly-fishing and turkey-hunting."

Turner has banned the word "foreign" on CNN, requiring newscasters to say "international" instead. Syndicated columnist Lewis Grizzard asks: "Does Ted Turner have an airplane? I'm sure he does. What does it say in the restroom? *Do not flush any international objects down the toilet!*"