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Bush's Letter to Hussein

January 5, 1991

Dear Butcher of Baghdad:

In view of our previous relationship, I feel I owe you an explanation for why we are preparing to attack Iraq. We already have the blessing of the U.N. Security Council and, I am sure, the U.S. Congress will grant me the power to make war, although I will do what must be done no matter how they vote. I have many lawyers.

I suspect that Tarik Aziz will not accept this letter because I refuse to consider your demand that negotiation include linkage with the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Since you cannot obtain linkage through diplomacy, you threaten to get it through bombs. However, we have dissuaded Israel from carrying out a pre-emptive strike, for such imprudent action would merely help unravel our coalition.

Please understand that there is nothing personal about this. But when the Cold War ended, there was panic at the Pentagon. Their budget would have been cut by \$243 billion. We needed an evil demon and you fit the bill. Did you see the *New Republic* cover photo of you with your mustache cut to resemble Adolph Hitler? To put it bluntly, Saddam, you became our international equivalent to Willie Horton.

Of course, in order to be sure that you would invade Kuwait, we had to pretend that we didn't care. Senator Dole assured you that there would be no sanctions. Assistant Secretary of State John Kelly promised that we would remain neutral. Defense Secretary Dick Cheney almost screwed things up when he told reporters that we were committed to

defend Kuwait militarily if you attacked, but Pete Williams straightened that out fast.

It wasn't just our men who fooled you, either. Margaret Tutwiler announced that we had no treaty with Kuwait. And then our ambassador, April Glaspie, actually encouraged you to cross their border. Jim Baker even sent a cable instructing her to tell you that I only wanted better relations with Iraq, but when questioned he said he couldn't be responsible because as Secretary of State he signs a lot of cables.

Let me give you a historic parallel to this situation. In World War II, at that particular juncture when Japan was making peace overtures, we proceeded to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We simply had to test it in a real life situation. So, when CIA director William Webster told me of your plan, I knew it would provide the perfect excuse for us to test our high-tech weaponry. I must say, you've sparked our military-industrial complex with new life. Ironically enough, the stockholders in Kuwait are grateful too.

I will amend that to our military-industrial-media complex. Not only are we going to kick your Arabian ass on the battlefield, but media-wise, we're so much more sophisticated. The news anchors will serve as our cheerleaders, the retired generals will serve as their experts, and the standup comedians will make you the butt of their jokes.

When it comes to media, you are quite naive—your version of Tokyo Rose, broadcasting: "Why are you Americans here? Don't you know you will die in the desert? While you are here, your wives and girlfriends are dating American movie stars like Tom Selleck, Paul Newman and Bart Simpson." You fool! Didn't you realize that Tom Selleck is merely an animated cartoon character?

During World War II, novelty shops were marketing toilet paper with pictures of Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito and the slogan, "Wipe Out the Axis!" Now there will be toilet paper with pictures of you and the slogan, "Wipe Out Saddam!" Our national consciousness has been so conditioned by television that the public can concentrate on only one villain at a time.

Admit it, you played right into our hands. I forced myself to read the Amnesty International report on your vicious behavior. It made me nauseous. I had never read an Amnesty International Report before, and I pray that I never have to read another one. Yet now, while our kids in the service are masturbating over *The Rape of Kuwait*—being careful not to get sand in their hands—I feel totally justified in our impending action.

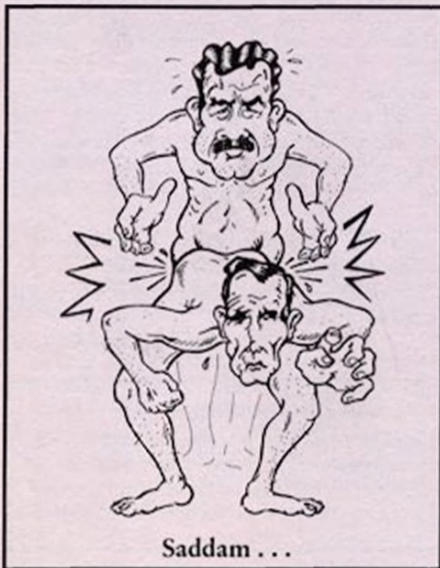
We may be a debtor nation, but we do have loyalty. King Fahd donated so much to the Iran-contra cause that we now willingly bow to his culture. But believe me, it sticks in my craw that Americans have been tortured in Saudi Arabia. One gentleman had six toenails pulled out because he was watching a videotape of *The Love Boat* which had a girl wearing a bikini in the background. And I certainly didn't appreciate being there on Thanksgiving. As you know, I'm left-handed, but I had to eat that darned turkey dinner trying to hold a fork in my right hand, because I was briefed on how the left hand is traditionally reserved for sanitary functions.

Well, now we are going to create a New World Order—and it won't include you. We learned our lesson from World War II. Japan was prohibited from having a military force, their fighting energy was sublimated into business and now they can buy Pearl Harbor. Manuel Noriega was about to convert from the dollar to the yen, and we would no longer have been able to launder drug money through Panama.

We expected to kill Noriega, but who could have predicted that he would hide out in the Vatican mission? We will not allow any such escape for you. Oh, sure, there was a time when all we wanted to do was take you out to dinner and a movie. But now we just want to take you out.

So long, sucker!
George Oilwell

P.S. I've been reading Nostradamus and am sending you, under separate cover, a blue turban, just for old time's sake.



Saddam . . .



. . . and Gomorrah

COURT JESTER

To Come Or Not To Come

When I was a kid, I imprinted on certain phrases I would hear my parents utter. These phrases might well have been clichés—excuse me; shopworn clichés—but they were fresh to me. When my father talked about the law of supply and demand, it became a filter for my understanding of all human behavior. When my mother said, “Nothing ventured, nothing gained,” I took it as a daily omen.

I didn’t read my first complete book until I was 21. I got all through high school and college by reading the material in italics the night before an exam. I based book reports on *Classic Comics*. In my report on *Hamlet*, I described how at the end he stabs himself and says, “Aarrghh!!”

I kept buying books the whole time and never reading them. But I would practice a kind of mystical bibliomancy. I would put my index finger into the pages and zero in on a particular passage. So, for example, although I never read Aldous Huxley’s novel, *Antic Hay*, I can tell you that on page 115 of the paperback edition, there is a phrase —“excruciating orgasms of self-assertion”—which began to serve as yet another filter to understand all human behavior.

I now own thousands of books I haven’t read, and I continue to buy new ones. It must be some kind of strange psychological disease. The latest book I bought is a biography of Aldous Huxley by Sybille Bedford, 741 pages that I’ll probably never read. But I did zero in on a passage where, in 1956, Huxley described the animal experiments at UCLA:

“... rats and cats and monkeys with electrodes stuck into various areas of their brains. They press a little lever which gives them a short, mild electric shock—and the experiment... is evidently so ecstatically wonderful, that they will go on at the rate of 8000 self-stimuli per hour until they collapse from exhaustion, lack of food and sleep. We are obviously getting very close to reproducing the Moslem paradise where every orgasm lasts 600 years.”

I didn’t know *that*. No wonder they have such a big army in Iraq. They’re really motivated. *USA Today* took a poll and found that 76% of Americans believe in an afterlife, but they didn’t get so specific. In our culture, Heaven would be having cable TV that always gets good reception. Purgatory would also have cable TV—however, the only thing you could watch would be the movie *Flatliners* over and over again. But 600-year orgasms. That might be paradise for a Moslem but it sure sounds like Hell to me.

Oh, well. If there is a Heaven, my father is there. Before he died, I told him how his talking about the law of supply and demand had influenced me so strongly.

“Aw,” he said, “I don’t believe in that any more. . . .”

A Tale of Two Trials

During the recent obscenity trial of 2 Live Crew, a poorly recorded tape of their performance was played in court, and it became the task of a vice squad detective to *interpret* the offending lyrics for the jury. He testified as though he were embarrassed to interpret lyrics with such graphic references to sexual acts. Indeed, the band’s leader, Luther Campbell, was encouraged when he saw one of the jurors laugh. “That’s what we’re trying to do,” he said during a recess, “make people laugh.”

Although the jury sat without expression through tedious hours of listening to the tape, Judge June Johnson admitted, “The jurors have an unusual request. They want to know if they can laugh. Some of them are having physical pain.” So she told them, “I don’t want you to feel physical pain by not being able to express your emotions. So laugh if you want.” At which point the entire jury dutifully laughed.

Around the same time, I attended a trial in Los Angeles. It had to do with an awful tragedy, and this was not a context where I expected to suppress my *own* laughter. The son of a friend had been killed in a drive-by shooting, and all of a sudden, the homicide statistics were no longer abstract. A gang member simply got out of a stolen van and stuck a shotgun into the young man’s stomach. “Where you from?” he asked. “I’m from nowhere,” was the scared response. It didn’t make any difference. He pulled the trigger.

My friend read a statement that articulated the horror, the grief, the fear, the rage his family felt. The defendant, he said, “*chose* to murder my son. He *chose* of his own free will to take the life of a fellow human being. We who survive,” he added, “must suffer the consequences of his choices, and so must he.”

But this trial had a courtroom equivalent of the classic Japanese film *Rashomon*, where an event is shown from different points of view. The dead boy’s parents were here, seeing it from *their* point of view. The killer’s parents were here, seeing it from *their* point of view. And the district attorney’s parents were here, seeing it from *their* point of view.

They were sitting directly in front of me, watching their son. The D.A.’s father said, “Why is he so *serious*?” And his mother said, “Can’t he wear a *sports jacket*?” It was an incongruous and truly bizarre moment, but I kept my laughter to myself.

2 Live Crew was tried for a crime that is subjectively determined, and which had no victims. The murderer of my friend’s son was tried for a crime that is objectively determined, and there are several victims. The rappers were found innocent. The murderer was found guilty. In both cases, justice was done.

The Proof Is In the Bullet

I’ve always been suspicious of the way J. Edgar Hoover’s top assistant at the FBI, William Sullivan, died. He was shot in a deer hunting accident. I was reminded of that recently, because of two similar murders, though perhaps less premeditated.

In Bangor, Maine, a mother of two was killed on her own property by a deer hunter. He was charged with manslaughter, but a grand jury refused to indict him. It turned out that a nephew of the hunter’s lawyer was on that grand jury, so another grand jury was convened, and this one indicted the hunter. At his trial, he testified that he saw a deer in his scope, fired, saw “two white flags” he thought was the white underside of a deer’s tail, and fired again. The woman had been wearing white mittens. The jury found the hunter not guilty.

A week later, in Ossipee, New Hampshire, a hunter who had killed a fellow hunter used the same defense—he thought he was shooting a deer—but the jury found him guilty of negligent homicide. He faces up to seven years.

Is there a touch of sexism between those two verdicts? Is a male hunter’s life worth more than a female homemaker’s? Should the charge be changed to personslaughter?

Meanwhile, children continue to get slain by gangbangers who refer to such victims as “mushrooms.” That’s how expendable they are. And so fearful parents are now giving in to a fashion trend of the ‘90s as New York-based Guardian Group International sells bulletproof T-shirts, vests, jackets and coats for their children, starting at \$250. Put *that* in your time capsule and bury it. Ironically, this business is just a sideline; the company’s main activity is aiding adults to acquire gun permits.

Better hurry to the Junior Clothing Department, though, because the U.S. Armor Corp. has proposed that the sale of bulletproof vests be restricted to police officers, court and probation officials, military personnel, private investigators and private armed security guards. The Police Officer’s Research Association of California—a 35,000-member lobbying organization—is pressing state legislators to pass such a statute. “What we are trying to do is curb the crooks from wearing body armor,” an official explained. “We have laws on the books restricting people buying guns, and this is right along that line.”

Yes, and when bulletproof vests are outlawed, only outlaws will have bulletproof vests.

Ah, but the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. A manufacturer is now marketing camouflage toilet paper, so that if you ever need to shit in the woods, no hunter will mistake you for a deer while you’re wiping yourself. At last a reason for optimism.

—Paul Krassner

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Drug War to Draft Army of Disposable Slaves

by George Andrews

Jean Ziegler is a Deputy of the Swiss Parliament (a position approximately equivalent to that of a U.S. Congressman) as well as being a Professor of Sociology at the University of Geneva, and the author of numerous books and articles about the Third World. His most recent book, *La Suisse Lave Plus Blanc* (Editions du Seuil, Paris, 1990), is about money-laundering in Switzerland. The title translates as *Switzerland Washes Whiter*. I have translated the following brief quotation from it, since it is of particular interest to American readers:

"Like the European businessmen at the time of the slave trade, the Swiss banking magnates like triangular commerce. That is why the Swiss courts continue to be involved with the Irangate affair, for which American justice condemned Col. Oliver North and his accomplices in April, 1989. The commerce developed by North and his accomplices was as simple as it was lucrative. With the expert assistance of the Swiss magnates, as well as some discreet help from the Swiss Secret Service, they delivered American and Israeli weapons to the Imam Khomeini. The Imam paid for some of the weaponry in dollars, but for most of it in drugs (morphine base and heroin). The godfathers of the Turkish and Lebanese networks installed in Zurich turned the drugs into cash on the international market. After taking their cut of the profits, the godfathers deposited the remainder in numbered accounts that had been opened in the main banks and financial institutions of Geneva and Zurich."

The portion of the investigative report concerning the crash of Pan Am Flight 103 in Lockerbie, Scotland that was released to the press by James Traficant of Ohio on Nov. 6, 1989, indicates that the CIA deliberately suppressed information which would have prevented the terrorists from blowing up the plane, in order to protect one of its drug-dealing networks.

Lt. Col. (ret.) James "Bo" Gritz of the Green Berets went into Burma's Golden Triangle in the summer of 1989 and brought back an offer from the chief of the Shan tribe, General Khun Sa, to eradicate their production of heroin, as well as to expose the U.S. government officials involved in shipping opiates from the Golden Triangle to the U.S. Although the White House did not accept this offer, the statement that contained it was published in *The Happening*. After reminding readers that George Bush was Director of the CIA during a substantial portion of the time-frame that General Khun Sa is discussing, I quote an excerpt from his remarkable statement:

"Throughout the U.S. war in Vietnam, heroin production was accelerated to help finance CIA mercenary expansion campaigns in Laos and Cambodia. . . . Today, the operation remains the same. Only a few of the names have changed, as people have died or been promoted. After the Communist takeover in 1975, the CIA stockpiled weapons in Thailand and the Philippines to continue operations

in Southeast Asia. Heroin provides the means. Officials arrange the laundry of funds through international banks. Mafia contacts handle worldwide distribution. We were not surprised to learn of Mr. Richard Armitage's appointment as U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for East Asia. He is well known to us as a key member of the CIA drug team. His position over this part of the world will assure business as usual, while securing his involvement. It is because of this demand for heroin that we are prevented from establishing a legal economy. We Shans have been slaves to Western government secret dealings which have poisoned the world's population. Our determination to free ourselves has led to this letter of appeal. . . . President Bush is not likely to support our plan."

The following chronology of events demonstrates the intimate connection between George Bush, Felix Rodriguez and the drug-dealing of the Contras.

1959: Felix Rodriguez, a Cuban refugee, hired to be a member of a special assassination team, working under Theodore Shackley of the CIA in Miami, Florida.

1970: Felix Rodriguez works under Donald Gregg in the CIA operation in Vietnam. Gregg reports to Shackley.



Mikhail Scissorhands

The above illustration was inspired in general by the USSR's invasion of Lithuania and Latvia, and triggered specifically by this news item: "Undeterred, and bolstered by passage of his proposals to create a vice presidency and a compact new cabinet, Gorbachev promised that he would come up with a new organ of control."

He was later quoted: "I want a person next to me whom I can fully trust"—obviously a criterion borrowed from George Bush in his selection of Dan Quayle. After all, it was out of Quayle's Senatorial office that Oliver North's courier, Rob Owen, operated, as well as CIA arms-and-drugs smuggler John Hull.

Although Texas Congressman Henry Gonzales has called for the impeachment of Bush—a story blocked out by all the Gulf War news—one is reminded of what John Ehrlichmann wrote in *Witness to Power*: "Nixon genuinely believed that as long as Spiro Agnew was vice president, most Representatives would think twice before voting Articles of Impeachment against Richard Nixon. . . . [he] called Agnew his 'insurance policy.'"

1976: George Bush succeeds William Colby as the head of the CIA under Gerald Ford. Bush appoints Ted Shackley to be his Chief of Covert Operations Worldwide.

12/1/81: Bush meets with the National Security Planning Group in the White House. They discuss and approve a \$19-million expenditure to Argentina for the creation of a 500-man anti-Sandinista Contra force.

4/82: Bush meets with Australian Labor leader Hayden to discuss the CIA's involvement with the Nugan Hand Bank in Australia. Nugan Hand was money-laundering for the southeast Asia heroin operation that began during the Vietnam war. Current State Dept. spokesman Richard Armitage acted as bagman, carrying cash from Bangkok, Thailand, to Australia.

11/82: \$3,690,000 payment made to the Contras by Ramon Millian Rodriguez, the bookkeeper of the Colombian Cocaine Cartel, at the request of Felix Rodriguez, in exchange for protection from prosecution.

1983: Gustavo Villolda gets a letter of recommendation from Donald Gregg as "combat advisor" to the Contras. Villolda was with Felix Rodriguez during the Bay of Pigs invasion and the CIA trackdown and execution of Che Guevara in Bolivia.

10/84: Gerard Latchinian, co-director with Felix Rodriguez of Giro Aviation, a CIA proprietary airline, arrested for smuggling \$10,300,000 worth of cocaine to finance the assassination of Honduran President Robert Suazo Cordova. Latchinian maintains that this was a CIA operation.

12/84: Felix Rodriguez meets with Donald Gregg, who is now George Bush's National Security Advisor. Gregg has an autographed photo of Rodriguez on his desk. Rodriguez gets Gregg to call other high-ranking officials for help in getting a job in El Salvador as a Contra military advisor.

1/85: Felix Rodriguez meets with George Bush to discuss the Contra job, less than two months after the Latchinian indictment.

6/85: Felix Rodriguez meets in Washington, D.C., with Donald Gregg and Colonel Steele of the Salvador Milgroup that works with the Contra supply network. Steele was given one of the super-secret KL-43 crypton devices for secure telephone conversations.

12/85: Felix Rodriguez attends the Christmas party at George Bush's White House office, and is introduced to the staff as an old friend of Donald Gregg and Bush.

5/86: Felix Rodriguez meets with Bush, Gregg and North in Bush's office.

6/86: Felix Rodriguez is called to Washington to meet with North to explain phone calls to Tony Avirong and Martha Honey (U.S. journalists in Costa Rica) which North has taped.

8/86: Felix Rodriguez meets with Bush and Donald Gregg to complain about the quality of arms shipments from Richard Secord's arms supply operation. Later that same month, Donald Gregg meets with Alan Friers, the Central American Task Force chief, to support the purchase of military equipment from Felix Rodriguez rather than Secord. Friers is told by Gregg, "Don't buy any of those damned airplanes from Secord."

9/86: General Singlaub sends memo to North expressing concern about Felix Rodriguez's daily contact with the Bush office, warning of "damage to President Reagan and the Republican Party."

10/5/86: Bush's office is the first place notified when the C-123 carrying Eugene Hassenfus is shot down. Buz Sawyer, the pilot of the plane, has the private White House phone number of George Bush in his pocket when his body is recovered from the plane. Hassenfus testifies that he worked for the CIA under Max Gomez (alias Felix Rodriguez) and Ramon Medina (alias Luis Posada Carriles) with the knowledge and approval of George Bush. Telephone logs from the phone company in El Salvador for the safe-houses used by the plane crew show many calls to North's White House office.

The above chronology was compiled by Tom Brown from *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* by McCoy (1972), *Price of Power* by Seymour Hersch (1983), *Endless Enemies* by Jonathan Kwitny (1984), *Veil* by Bob Woodward (1987), *Out of Control* by Leslie Cockburn (1987), *Crimes of Patriots* by Jonathan Kwitny (1987), as well as the affidavit submitted to the Federal Court in Miami in the RICO (Racketeer Influenced Corrupt Organizations Act) suit filed by Tony Avirgon against those who bombed the press conference at La Penca in 1984, and the *Drugs, Law Enforcement and Foreign Policy* statement issued by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in December, 1988.

In the August 23, 1990, issue of *Le Nouvel Observateur* (Paris) there was an article about Manuel Noriega by Rene Backman, who appears to have not only researched the subject thoroughly, but to have gained access to some inside information. Backman gives six reasons why Noriega is likely to go free, just as Oliver North did, when and if he finally does stand trial:

"If he talked, he could for example tell why some of the Southern Air Transport planes that delivered arms to the Contras returned to Miami loaded with cocaine. Or why CIA agents sold their protection to drug dealers Jorge Morales, Ramon Millian Rodriguez and Michael Tolliver in exchange for financial contributions to the Contras. Or what became of the mysterious \$8-million missing from Irangate. Or how come drug dealer Ramon Millian Rodriguez was invited to Ronald Reagan's inauguration ceremony in 1981. Or who trained the Death Squads in El Salvador. Or at exactly what date Bush and Reagan know what North was doing."

In 1863, President Abraham Lincoln abolished slavery with his Emancipation Proclamation. In 1990, Representatives Phil Gramm and Newt Gingrich restored slavery with their H.R. 4079, based on drug use instead of race. As of right now, you can be sentenced to twenty years for possession of one marijuana cigarette, a sentence you are not likely to survive, since you are to be used as expendable slave labor, forced at gunpoint to go in and clean up the toxic waste dumps created by the real rulers of this country, who buy and sell politicians like we do potatoes:

the Pentagon's multi-national arrogantly offensive "defense" contractors.

The *South China Morning Post*, based in Hong Kong, carried an article on June 1, 1990, according to which:

"A commercial arm of the People's Liberation Army has launched a venture to sell blood products to the United States and other parts of the world, but the project has stalled because of a dispute with the U.S. partner. China Xinxing Corporation, a huge company under the PLA's logistics department, and Chicago-based Dylan Enterprises signed a joint venture contract last September to produce blood products for sale in China and abroad. Despite the international outrage over the PLA's assault on civilian demonstrators in Beijing last June, both Xinxing and Dylan executives said they were confident that, once their current dispute was resolved, the joint venture would succeed in finding markets. . . . The core of the dispute is over contract and legal obligations. . . . Only when all equipment arrives does the joint venture legally come into being, Xinxing insists. 'Only with this equipment can we meet U.S. Food and Drug Administration standards,' Mr. Wang said in an interview at Xinxing Medicine and Medical's headquarters in Beijing. 'The whole purpose of the venture is to sell to the U.S.,' he said."

If the whole purpose of the venture is to sell China's greatest natural resource, the blood of its own citizens, to the United States, why

is this being done indirectly, through a private corporation, rather than directly from the Chinese government to the American government? Is it because of the stark contrast between the facts of the matter and George Bush's misty-eyed assurances of "a kinder, gentler America"? The People's Liberation Army is obviously in charge of harvesting the blood, but who actually supplies it? Political prisoners? Just how voluntary are the so-called "donations"? In what way does this bizarre business venture relate to the real reasons behind Bush's eagerness to collaborate with the Butchers of Tiananmen Square, a term that may turn out to be even more apt than heretofore imagined?

Would the army of slaves conscripted by the Gramm/Gingrich drug law be used not only as a source of free labor for the Pentagon's defense contractors, but also be milked periodically for blood, gland extracts, bone marrow, organ "donations" and used as a general reservoir of biological spare parts?

H.R. 4079 was so outrageous that Congress didn't care to pass it openly, so they broke it up and attached it piece by piece to other laws. It has by now been almost entirely passed in this under-the-table fashion, and there is no organized opposition in Congress to passing the rest of it in the same way.

Are we just going to sit around and watch this happen, while waiting for the resurrected Gestapo to break down our doors and send us off to the death camps, or are we going to take effective action before it is too late?

Lyndon LaRouche Meets Jim Bakker

by Mark Sweetman

I came upon Jim Bakker and Lyndon LaRouche in the 1970s much the same way I made most of my discoveries in my teens, through TV. Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker were a cute little couple who appeared daily on independent UHF stations with a simple message: We love Jesus and those of you who agree should send us money so we can tell more people. As the money rolled in, their message became a little more complex. Now there were bad (news reporters) people who questioned what the good (PTL partners and administrators) people were doing. In the middle of all this fourth-estate-induced tension, Jim got a little horny and the rest is history.

Lyndon LaRouche's story is less notorious yet much more complex. My introduction to LaRouche came on the night before the 1976 Presidential election when, in between paid spots for Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter, the seal for some Labor Party appeared on the screen followed by a half hour of the wisdom and hysteria of Lyndon LaRouche. The telephone network hotline for the junior class in our small Michigan town, usually reserved for dating gossip, went into action. LaRouche was the talk of our school lunchroom for a week. No one seemed to care whether Carter or Ford had won the election as much as we wondered who that nut was who spent thousands of dollars to tell Americans that "a vote

for Jimmy Carter is a vote for war with Mexico." Even more bizarre was his contention that the world's drug traffic was run by a syndicate headed by Henry Kissinger and Queen Elizabeth. Whoa!

Bakker was desperate and became paranoid. LaRouche was paranoid and became desperate. Both thought money was the answer. Bakker began a Ponzi-for-God pyramid. LaRouche decided to inflate contributions made by credit card to his war-on-drugs campaign. Just as Bakker's amusement park for God began losing contributors after the sex scandal, LaRouche's political cult began losing its clout from the leftist movement, from which it grew, after his conspiracy theories became more bizarre. Not helping his court case any was the fact that one of his co-conspirators was a former Ku Klux Klan leader.

Somebody at Federal Prison in Rochester, Minnesota has a flair for historical irony. Until they were cellmates in the federal pen, the only thing fallen televangelist Jim Bakker and political cult leader Lyndon LaRouche had in common was the personal conviction that they were victims of conspiracies. Bakker contended that Satan was behind it. LaRouche, at one time or another, blamed everyone. Here are some highlights of their taped conversations.

Bakker: Hi, I guess we're roomies for awhile. I'm Jim Bakker. Reverend Jim Bakker.

LaRouche: Lyndon LaRouche. Have you

been sent here to assassinate me?

Bakker: No.

LaRouche: Then you must be one of those drug dealers on the government payroll.

Bakker: I am a television evangelist.

LaRouche: So am I. Every election eve since 1976 I've gone on network television and tried to warn the American people what their government is trying to do to them.

Bakker: I was on television every day telling people what I was trying to do with their money.

LaRouche: Every day? You're not a homosexual, are you?

Bakker: No!

LaRouche: They, with the help of the CIA, the KGB and NBC, are trying to take over the nation.

Bakker: And Mother Teresa too, I suppose?

LaRouche: What have you heard? Tell me.

Bakker: I've heard nothing.

LaRouche: You don't believe me?

Bakker: I can't say, really.

LaRouche: Then obviously you've been placed here by the CIA and brainwashed to boot.

Bakker: I have been sent here by Jesus Christ, my Lord and Savior. I may have been sent here to save you, um, I mean, to witness so that you may accept Jesus as your savior too. Then I will be freed and I will be able to finish the job God put me on the planet to do.

LaRouche: That is?

Bakker: Build a world where God's people can have all the things the secular world offers, but without the guilt.

LaRouche: And you start with an amusement park?

Bakker: No, a television network.

LaRouche: A television network? Why yes, of course, why didn't I think of that?

Bakker: What?

LaRouche: Nothing. Go on.

Bakker: Just think of it. Banks, restaurants, gas stations, freeways and convenience stores, all set up to serve the Lord.

LaRouche: Personal Savior & Loans, perhaps?

Bakker: Exactly. Hey, I like that. May I use it?

* * *

Bakker: Let me see if I have this right. Once you got their credit card numbers you just increased their donations without their consent. Is that legal?

LaRouche: I live in this barred cinder block room with a toilet and you, don't I? My contributors got what they paid for. You promised pensioners something they never would receive until after death and they paid you for it. You know, Bakker, you are not half bad.

Bakker: Do you know Christ?

LaRouche: Do I know Christ? Hey, pal, if I believed in God, I would be Christ.

* * *

LaRouche: Guard! Guard! Get me out of here! This man just gave me a homosexual look!

Bakker: No, that's a lie spread by the Satan-led media in order to discredit me.

LaRouche: Satan? You have it all wrong, my friend. The media are controlled by the CIA.

Bakker: They are?

LaRouche: Yes . . . and you are a faggot.

Guards! Guards! Get me out of here! Church Boy has a mother problem!

* * *

Bakker: What's that?

LaRouche: What?

Bakker: Under my bed. That big hairy thing with three eyes?

LaRouche: Have a parole hearing coming up, do you?

Bakker: They are after me.

LaRouche: They are not.

Bakker: Oh, what do you know? Nobody even knows who you are. I've earned my demagogic paranoia.

LaRouche: I think I know a little more about conspiracy plots than you, sir.

Bakker: Oh, really. Have you read the Bible?

LaRouche: Only to research brainwashing techniques.

Bakker: Blasphemer!

LaRouche: Drug addict! Who is your connection? Kissinger or Queen Elizabeth?

Bakker: You are an instrument of Satan!

LaRouche: And you are a homosexual brainwashed by the CIA, the KGB and the Democratic Party, sent here to sodomize me in my sleep.

Bakker and LaRouche: Guards!!!

Now that they are cellmates—and some will contend they deserve each other—we should all hope that they are not comparing notes on how to manipulate the feeble-minded. If one or both of these felons becomes a disciple of the other—a possibility, considering their proximity—no credit card number will be safe.

The Coma Diet Cookbook

by Lynn Phillips

Against her own known wish and the preference of her family for a dignified death, Nancy Cruzan spent eight years in what doctors call "a persistent vegetative state." There are currently 10,000 patients in such a condition. Cruzan had been kept "alive" at the insistence of the Missouri Rehabilitation Center, but the Supreme Court finally ruled that her feeding tubes could be disconnected.

"Operation Rescue" activist Wanda Frye, a licensed practical nurse, was among 19 radical Right-to-Lifers arrested for attempting to force-feed Cruzan. They all gave their names as "Nancy Cruzan." When Frye was released, she still had a stethoscope draped around her neck and a feeding tube tucked into her nurse's uniform.

"I've dropped quite a few tubes and I've never run into one I couldn't do," she told this reporter. "The plan was for us to get into Nancy's room. The men, see, would block off the doors. I said, okay then, if, God willing, I got to her room, I would drop the feeding tube through her nose down into her stomach. This was different from my usual assignment of going to an abortion center and accusing women of murder.

"However, my friends in Pro-Life had asked me, what do you feed a girl in a coma? And I did not know. I was at a loss. Humbled, I prayed for divine guidance. Out loud, I asked, 'What, Lord, can best nourish your sacred gift of mindless human life?' Overhearing me query the Almighty thusly, my whole family butted in.

"My husband asked, 'Why not forcemeat, since that poor girl can't eat without being forced, and since it is only by the force of your belief in God that you think you got the right to force her?' That made sense. But when I looked up 'Forcemeat' in *The Joy of Cooking*, I discovered that the original name for it was 'Farce.' That certainly wouldn't do. 'Farce' might nourish Nancy, but if the media got their hairy paws on that word, they'd use it to ridicule the rights of other victims to live

I just found out
that Alfalfa
sprouts SMELL
like SPERM.
Does this MEAN
I should practice
SAFE SALAD?



Lawton

in a twilight world of divine unknowingness.

"At that point, Pammy, my youngest, piped up, 'That girl had her head mashed in a car smash-up, didn't she? Why not feed her *squash*?'"

"Jilly, my teenage daughter, whined in that way she has, 'Not a *vedge-a-tub-bull!* If she ate a vegetable, Mommy, wouldn't it be some kind of *cannibalism*?'"

"Pammy yelled, 'All right, feed her what she *don't* got. Head cheese! Brains!' I was touched that Pammy, young as she was, understood that lamb's brains are mental equipment enough for one of the Lord's flock. But I had to explain to her that Nancy Cruzan's brain is equal to ours in the eyes of God. 'Pammy,' I said, 'if it took a working, conscious brain to make a human life *human*, why, most of us wouldn't even come close 98% of the time.'

"That gave me an idea. I would feed Nancy what most other unconscious people ate—red meat, Miller's and McNuggets. I'd have to whiz it up good to get it through a tube, but I figured that with enough faith, I could. Wrong. Liquefying my life-saving concoction proved more difficult than planned. The blender jammed up, and time was running out.

"I wept, fearing that helpless Nancy's precious life would be lost. It enraged me to think how her family could just let her go like that. Don't those people know what *real* love is? If my husband or daughters were all in a coma, they'd be every bit as precious to me as they are now.

"And that's when it came to me. I'd feed Nancy what women in my *own* family live on. Slimfast! Just what you need to get by on—and nothing extra! The recipe I used, and many others that my family collected, are all adapted for victims of upper brain death. With God's help, we can make America understand that a dignified exit is never a right, it's a miracle."

Pippi Longstocking Gets On the Bus

by Karen Barranco

Halloween day I was—in spirit, not dress—Pippi Longstocking. Suddenly surprised to see the bus, *Further*, in Berkeley, my eyeballs bulged like a child witnessing a spaceship from Mars. The bus was an elaborate and intricately painted psychedelic fantasia. I walked up to the front door and popped my head in. "Do you mind if I check out the bus?" I asked, not knowing if a bus etiquette existed.

I was greeted by friendly smiles and briskly swept through the bus and out the back door. All I could remember was *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* and a phrase, "The bus came by and I got on." Ken Kesey was standing by the front door. He stood, purposefully, assuredly and with pride. He resembled a rosy-cheeked Irish gnome; each facial line seemed intentionally placed, like a character from a book. My peaking sense of adventure carried me straight up to him, and I asked, "Are you taking any riders at this point?" I didn't realize how many people had already asked and what a big deal they made of *Further*.

Kesey laughed softly and said, "No, I don't think so."

Not having received a definite answer, I walked into the bus. I asked a middle-aged man the same question. This was Merry Prankster Michael Hagen, who was once infamous for bringing young women-folk aboard in the good old days. He looked at me for a moment and answered with a casual "No." I shrugged a "Sure, whatever" stance and said, "Okay." I climbed up top and sat alone for a while until I thought it was time to leave. The moment my foot hit the back deck, the engine fired. That very instant I heard Kesey's voice. "Hey, what's that girl doing back there? We're taking off."

Before I could make a move, Hagen's face appeared at the back door. "What are you going to do? We're leaving now." It sounded as if he was asking; as if I had a choice. There was nothing pressing to hold me back. I had deliberately held my life with as few responsibilities as possible: no school, no job, no house, no spouse. I was free to travel, yet I had absolutely no idea where the bus was headed. But this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I walked through, expecting to be asked what I was still doing on the bus, but no one said a word, and I took a big exit from Decisionland. Holding onto only my backpack, I asked, "Where are we going?"

"To the best Halloween party of the year," a voice answered.

I was in a daze, and without my Pippiwear. I was the only person

who had spontaneously boarded the bus. On top of that, I was the only female. I was given an official Merry Prankster headset, microphone and jumpsuit to wear on the windy rooftop ride to Marin County. We all sang along to *Yellow Submarine* while our voices became distorted through the stereo's echo effect. We each received noisemakers for this mobile party and wherever we went, people reacted. Ah, my first assignment—waving, smiling, singing and making strange sounds. What a coincidence—this was just the kind of work I had been looking for.

We arrived at a beautiful three-story Victorian mansion. It stood wickedly decorated with gravestones, ghosts, witches and cobwebs. There were dancing skeletons in the attic, and Mr. Skull on the player piano. I was introduced as "Pippi Longstocking, the girl who jumped on the bus." Kesey never asked my "real" name. Feeling a bit out of place, I decided to hang out with the Merry Youngsters, the youngest still older than me at 23. It turned out that Peter Pan and Captain Hook's house was skillfully decorated for no small reason—a few hundred kids would venture through it in horrified amazement during the course of the evening. They were delighted by the bus, and we took turns broadcasting scary stories and screeching howls over the sound system, a \$5000 gift from the Grateful Dead.

Regardless of the huge day-glo sign in the window reading "Never Trust a Prankster," all the reporters seemed to sit back and accept every contradictory story as God-given truth. The joke was on them—and me—still under the hoaxed impression that our ultimate stop was the Smithsonian Museum in Washington D.C. I sat alone under a willow tree, filled with fear and anxiety. *What am I doing here? Why am I so willing to up and leave my wonderful friends in Berkeley? What about my African dance class? Where the hell am I going? How did I get on this bus anyway? Am I only riding because of my gender? Why am I so impressed? After all, they're only human. What if we don't get along?*

We returned to Berkeley to meet up with Wavy Gravy, who was running for City Council. His slogan was, "Elect a real clown for a change!" When we arrived on Telegraph Avenue, dozens of street hippies and tourists crowded around. Familiar faces gaped at me as if I had suddenly sprouted huge, magnificently-colored wings. At Cody's Bookstore, Ken read "The Sea Lion," a children's story from his upcoming book *Sailor's Song*. Outside, someone asked, "Is this the real bus, Ken?" He replied, "As Tim Leary would say, was this ever the real bus?"

The next day we went on a little sightseeing tour. We drove past Longshoreman's Hall (an original Acid Test site), Fisherman's Wharf, Golden Gate Park. We drove down Haight Street, with *Everybody Must Get Stoned* blasting, much to the delight of passersby as they scurried just to touch the bus. We drove down the coast to La Honda, Kesey's old ranch and Prankster hangout. This was the departure point of the first bus trip in '64. We walked over to the stream and I sensed a certain sadness.

We hiked up the trail where powerful speakers used to scream. Roy Sebern explained, "This place used to be called Witchwood. When we'd trip, the spaces between the trees would fill up with fairies and goblins." Later I figured out that my feeling of sadness was really their nostalgia. It had to do with the original bus trippers' reaction to the ranch. A huge redwood tree stump which stood in front of the house had now fallen onto the roof, the grounds were shabby and unkept, and old VW bugs were overtaken by ivy and rust.

There was a disappointment in the air, a realization of time past, a lost era and youth gone, at least in physical form. Yet, if your timing was right and you kept your eyes and ears open, you could get little hits of what it had been like. At Apple Jack's, the old hangout bar, a sign in the window read, "Welcome Merry Pranksters!" On our way out I asked a country dude for a smoke. He replied, "Pre-rolled or home-grown?" I opted for the latter, but he handed me one of each.

We arrived at the San Francisco Book Fair an hour late, but Paul Krassner had the audience rolling in the aisles, and our tardiness was hardly noticed. Krassner introduced Kesey and he took over. Speaking of the NEA controversy, he said, "If Jesse Helms wants to see God, he can go up there on the roof of the bus till he can't get enough of him." He conducted the audience in their national anthem, a singalong to the lyrics, "What a long, strange trip it's been."

I was busy blowing up balloons for the kids and answering their

parents' questions. Neal Cassady's son John showed up, and I introduced him to a little boy named after his father. I lifted little Cassady up to see Neal's picture hanging above the driver's seat.

At the Rosicrucian Museum in San Jose, ancient sarcophagi surrounded us. I was fascinated by the remains of a sacred dancer, part of his attire still intact. A miniature model portrayed the first Lady of Hatshepsut's temple. She was the ruler of the 18th Dynasty, the only woman to have the given power of a king. The museum opened up their normally closed-off torch-lit tunnels that led to the King's Tomb. The Pranksters and a CBS crew filmed Krassner speaking from the king's sarcophagus. "The secret of eternal life is"—and a mock hand grabbed his neck as he disappeared into the tomb.

Ken Babbs, co-author of *On the Bus*, joked, "As we say in Mummyland, that's a wrap."

When we left, a cop followed us to Stanford University and announced, "I'm gonna see this bus when it arrives at the Smithsonian." He drove off. When we stopped, another officer pulled up and looked confused. We waved and approached him. He left, giving us the V sign. Kesey observed, "The difference between the cops now and then is that then they used to search, hassle and arrest us. Now they drive by and smile."

A group of Stanford sorority girls was invited to perform a cheer on the bus rooftop. From there we drove to Perry Lane, a cradle of the psychedelic revolution rocked out of a college bungalow of '60s intellectuals. A woman who looked familiar stood behind me, eyes fixated on the bus. I asked her, "Did you used to ride?" She replied, "Yes, I was on the original trip. But I'm a feminist, so I got off." I smiled in agreement. "Yes," I said, "I've had to compromise some of my beliefs and attitudes for a while so that I could learn this history."

It wasn't as if the crew were a bunch of women bashers, slanderers or anything like that. Let's just say that their standard boy talk wasn't exactly going to create the text for the next women's convention. My unrealistic expectations came from a stereotype of how enlightened people, consciousness-raising activists behaved. I always wished big. However, the *Further* riders had come as close to this stereotype as anyone I had ever encountered. Yet boys will be boys.

Meanwhile, talk of mutiny on the bus began to surface. "It's time we young Pranksters took over," I exclaimed. "They've had enough of it." Others joined in. "For our ideals!" "For the '90s!" We arrived in Stockton at the University of the Pacific for another reading. Kesey was doing an impression of his grandmother reading "Tricker the Squirrel." He had promised to bring the students on the bus for a special treat, but he knew that the new generation of Pranksters were outside preparing for mutiny. We left a "Nothing Lasts" sign, drew a chalk outline of the bus and lit fireworks next to the luggage. With the crew cut in half and only two original Pranksters aboard, we drove off, leaving Kesey and others behind.

I've been on the bus ever since.

Personal Propaganda

Now that Madonna has become an equal opportunity offender, one recalls her get-out-and-vote video where, draped in an American flag, she chanted, "Dr. King, Malcolm X, freedom of speech is as good as sex." To which my friend Scoop Nisker responds, "I agree, but it all depends on who you're talking to." Scoop and I have been conducting humor workshops, which spawned his book *Crazy Wisdom*.

And I've just finished an autobiography, to be published next year by Simon & Schuster, who decided at the last minute *not* to publish Bret Easton Ellis' fiercely misogynistic novel, *American Psycho*, not so much as a matter of principle but rather for the sake of public relations, having been embarrassed by excerpts that unhappy employees had leaked to *Time* and *Spy*.

When Ben Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly*, accused Simon & Schuster of canceling a book on corporations that knowingly sold unsafe products, they threatened to sue if not allowed to pre-approve the manuscript. Bagdikian and his publisher, Beacon Press, revealed the threat publicly, and Simon & Schuster retreated.

Okay, so now maybe they *won't* publish my book next year.

Qué será, kazoo.

—Paul Krassner

Computerized Kiddie Porn

by Lenny Lipton

I had driven to a high-tech company in Silicon Valley to visit a computer nerd-genius, whom I'll call Harvey. On the phone he told me that he had created some special computer-generated images he'd like me to see. I arrived at the company, which he had co-founded with several other hackers, and followed him down a fluorescent-lit corridor, past a snack area lined with food and drink dispensers and a popcorn machine.

We approached a room that was off-limits to everyone except Harvey. He unlocked the door by inserting a plastic card into a slot and we walked into the room. There before us was a workstation next to which sat a large thermal printer, capable of turning out excellent color copies of the images produced on the workstation.

"Wait till you see this," said an eager Harvey, his fingers whizzing across the keyboard. It took about five minutes to fully render a shaded image of photographic quality. While the picture was coming up, I experienced a growing embarrassment, for emerging on the screen was an image of despicable vulgarity and atrociously pornographic content. I saw a pretty little girl engaged in an unspeakably bestial act with an adult male who looked very much like Harvey.

"This is my innovation," he said, obviously proud of his work. "What do you think?"

"This is a technical achievement, Harvey," I told him after I gathered my wits. "You've really put yourself into your work. It's a *tour de force*." Indeed it was. The image was all but impossible to tell from a color photograph.

"You see," he said, "it was the Supreme Court that put me in business. On an annualized basis I'm good for six figures this year, I estimate. Let me show you some hard copy."

He handed me a sheaf of two dozen prints. The pictorial quality of the images was spectacular. The content varied with regard to the sex and age of the participants, and to the nature of the depraved acts depicted. I was particularly startled by an image of a homosexual act performed on a male baby.

"It costs me two dollars to print one of these, and I can sell them for big bucks. Business is brisk."

"But, Harvey, aren't you taking a risk? This is pornography. Worse yet, it's *child* pornography. They come down heavy on this. Wasn't there a recent Supreme Court decision that made it illegal—"

"Not to worry," said Harvey. "It's perfectly legal. Here, why don't you pick one you like and take it? A gift—please."

"How can it be legal?" I asked, intrigued by his calm demeanor. He had the air of a man who was certain that he was right. I could tell he was completely convinced of his position, and since his is a brilliant but apparently warped mind, I wondered what could be behind his smug self-confidence.

"It's like this: Justice Byron White, who wrote the majority opinion—it was 6-3, upholding an Ohio law—said that it's illegal to possess nude photographs of children, even if they are used privately in the home. A ban on private possession is justified, according to White, because owning such photos helps perpetuate commercial demand and thus the exploitation of helpless children. If you accept the Court's logic, then the government could intrude into the home any time a seemingly private activity is thought to perpetuate a commercial market for actions that might exploit others. This is a whole new theory of censorship, and therein lies my golden opportunity.

"You see," he continued, "no one is being exploited by my creations. These dirty pictures come out of my mind via a computer. No child is exploited. These images are perfectly legal, if I am to believe the Court is being up-front with regard to the basis for its decision. As far as I am able to tell, you have nothing to worry about if you take one of my loathsome pictures home and hang it on your wall."

He lifted a print off the pile, placed it in a small manila envelope and handed it to me. I put the envelope in my briefcase and after some pleasantries I bid him *adieu*. On my drive home I thought about Harvey, the Supreme Court and the world I lived in. As I drove toward the Golden Gate Bridge, computer generated child pornography on the seat beside me, I felt blessed to be living in a world where technology could put an end to the exploitation of children.

MEDIA FREAK

Religion In the News

• From the *London Free Thinker*: Members of a Muslim sect have set out to convert Ireland to the Islamic faith. The Irish tend to be carnivorous, but as Muslims they will have to forego pork pies and bacon. The missionary Dr. Amed imparted this pearl of Islamic wisdom—"It has been proven that the pig is the only homosexual animal. As this perversion is most prevalent in pork-eating nations, it is obvious that it gets into your genes through the meat."

• From the *Secular Humanist Bulletin*: Orthodox Jewish men may not shave their beards. But in the wake of Persian Gulf tensions, Israel's chief rabbi has permitted shaving prior to donning a gas mask in the event of an Iraqi chemical attack. Even a slight beard can prevent the mask from sealing to the face, allowing gas to enter. Of course, one does not discard tradition lightly. The faithful were instructed to carry scissors so they may trim their beards only if a gas attack is imminent.

• TV evangelist Pat Robertson interspersed footage of the fire at Universal Studios with clips from *The Last Temptation of Christ*. He quoted a visitor the day before the fire: "God is going to judge the entertainment industry in Hollywood that has been spewing out things around the world that have been corrupting the lives of people. It will be destroyed and will not rise again," adding: "He said that on Monday. There's a fire on Tuesday. I don't have any revelation personally, but it is certainly something one should consider." The wannabe President also charged that a children's puppet show in Atlanta depicted oral sex. However, the puppets did not catch on fire as a result.

• Maharishi Mahesh Yogi has a plan for peace in the Persian Gulf—7,000 people around the globe simultaneously meditating so hard for half an hour twice a day that they'll levitate and their energy will result in such "coherence and harmony in the whole world consciousness that it would be completely possible to change the situation within a few weeks." He also plans to introduce a bottled mineral water called Himalayan Bliss and open a theme park that features a time-tunnel ride, a dive into the subatomic spaces of DNA and a "garden of illusions."

• Shamada promotes himself as "A psychic who cuts through New Age bullshit to the real problem at hand, and solves it—today! Practices the ancient art of African Bone Reading—five bones of the chicken tell the story, the whole story. Provocative speaker and teacher of laymen and psychics alike. Popular writer of Horoscope column. Past engagements include International ESP Psychic Festival; Psychic, Seers and Mystics Festival; U.S. Defense Department. . . ." And did Defense Secretary Dick Cheney take a bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken on the plane to Saudi Arabia?

Guerrilla Warfare

AP reported that a computer virus named "Stoned" made its way into copies of Hong Kong governor Sir David Wilson's speech on the future of that British colony. Copies of the speech delivered to newspapers on floppy disks contained the virus, which attaches itself to the internal memory of personal computers, freezes the keyboard at a prescribed time and flashes the message, "Your PC is now stoned. Legalize marijuana."

And *The Realist* received this communique: "In response to political demagoguery, intentional distortions and cultural bigotry, the Alice B. Toklas Society has launched its first attack against a sick-minded practice that is part of the decline of freedom in America—mandatory drug testing. Between Dec. 2 and Dec. 17, 1990, members of the Alice B. Toklas Society infiltrated several pizza parlors in and around Washington D.C. and provided an extra free topping to likely-looking personnel of the government. That's right. Micropulverized marijuana was added to the pizzas in sufficient quantities to guarantee a positive test for THC. The Alice B. Toklas Society will recruit new members. We will continue to attack those subject to mandatory drug testing. Sometimes we will inform the public of the attacks, and sometimes we won't. The Alice B. Toklas Society will ensure that no one, no matter how innocent of drug use, will ever be safe from drug testing."

The *L.A. Times* reported that "The one-night record for deliveries to the CIA—21 pizzas—was set August 1, the night before Iraq invaded Kuwait."

The CIA and the S&L

The House Select Intelligence Committee was supposed to investigate charges that the CIA was involved in a number of S&L failures, but *The Houston Post* reported that they didn't interview former CIA contract agent Richard Brenneke, "who previously testified under oath that the CIA was using S&Ls to fund covert activities." Their only CIA witness was CIA director William Webster, former boss of the committee's staff director Dan Childs.

In *These Times* reported that Childs, "a former CIA comptroller, is a revolving-door employee of the agency and congressional intelligence committees. He joined the CIA in 1947. In 1976, the year President Bush was CIA director, Childs left the agency for a job with the Senate Intelligence Committee. In 1982, he returned to the Agency where he served under the late CIA director, William Casey, as its chief financial officer. In 1983, Childs returned to the Senate Intelligence Committee. But this time he was testifying before it. The committee was interested in several million dollars that Casey had moved from a secret contingency fund to a contra-aid bank account. Finally, in January 1990, Childs 'left' the CIA to take his present job with the House Intelligence Committee."

When the Committee concluded that there was no evidence linking the CIA and the S&L scandal, KPFA's Dennis Bernstein called up Dan Childs to ask if he thought he had a conflict of interest. Childs replied, "Not at all."

Filler Items

• *Euphemisms of the Month*: Doorman—"access controller." Bronx cheer: "bilabial fricative." Body bags—"remains pouches." Civilians killed—"collateral damage."

• Propaganda vs. news: On the same day that General Thomas Kelly, director of operations for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told reporters that a "protracted ground war, one that takes months or years, can be avoided," Middle East experts and military analysts agreed that "Despite the virtually uncontested high-tech air war against Iraq, a long and bloody ground war appears inevitable."

• The *Wall Street Journal* reports that a Polygram executive spends several days a month listening to other companies' records to see if they plagiarize James Brown's trademark scream.

• Producers of the PBS series on the '60s chose not to interview Timothy Leary and Allen Ginsberg because they're guilty of "revisionist history." Likewise, Citadel Press, which is reprinting a line of "countercultural classics," refuses to publish anything by Leary or Abbie Hoffman.

• The American Academy of Cosmetic Surgery advises: "As you sit down to figure your taxes this year, don't forget to factor in money spent on cosmetic surgery. Breast augmentation, nose jobs, liposuction and other cosmetic procedures may be used as tax deductions."

• Animal rights activists, please note: Porn shops are now selling inflatable, penetrable sheep, called "I Love Ewes."

• The *New York Times* reports that the head of General Motors in the Middle East is optimistic about sales of Chevrolets as "speedy getaway cars"—in particular, the Capri Sedan, which "has attained a good reputation for getting people out of the Middle East."

• *Playboy* reports that British sailors in the Persian Gulf are using condoms to protect their artillery from sand. And Daniel Schorr said on NPR that Northrop is suing a small company for marketing Stealth Condoms with the slogan, "They'll never see you coming."

• From *Ms.* magazine: "Just what we always wanted—the ability to have children after menopause. Now, thanks to technology and heavy doses of hormones, we can be pregnant and have osteoporosis at the same time."

• *TV Guide* listing: "Sally Jessy Raphael—Makeovers for the spouses of military personnel in the Persian Gulf." It's important for your shade of lipstick to blend properly with your yellow brown.

• Susan Block, host of *Match Nite*, a talk-radio dating game, set up 15 listeners to go to demonstrations and another group to watch TV war coverage together. "When I would go to the anti-war demonstrations during the Vietnam era, they were great places to meet people," she said. "They were kind of bigger than singles bars, and if the war goes on, I think that they'll be really big again."

• Humor in the midst of tragedy: When a reporter asked Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir how he reacted to the necessity of repeatedly donning a gas mask, he replied, "Life has unexpected pleasures."