

- The Senate Leaker Confesses
- Comedians and the Hearings
- Harry Shearer on Sexual Harassment

The Realist

Number 119
Editor: Paul Krassner

MURPHY BROWN HAS HER BABY!

... So WHY DOES THE SUPREME COURT SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT TO BURN THE AMERICAN FLAG BUT A DOCTOR ISN'T ALLOWED TO SAY THE WORD **ABORTION**?

RU486 R-US

AT LUNCH

.. AND I'LL HAVE A PINT OF ICE-CREAM WITH PLENTY OF SPROUTS, A BACON AND AVOCADO MALTED MILK - SAY PHIL, DO YOU THINK I'M PREGNANT?

I DONT WANT TO UNDERMINE MY IMPARTIALITY.

TIME RUNS SHORT...

fake ABORTION CLINIC

YOU DONT WANT TO MURDER A FETUS, DO YOU? YOU MUST

REALIZE THAT LIFE DOESN'T BEGIN AT CONCEPTION... IT BEGINS AT **FOREPLAY**.

ELDON, I'VE DECIDED TO HAVE A BABY, BUT I'LL KEEP WORKING...

HEY, THATS GREAT, MURPHY! I CAN LACTATE Y'KNOW!

People

Miss Murphy Brown

HOT OFF THE PRESS...

FINALLY THE BIG MOMENT ARRIVES...

IT'S A DUMMY!!!

OOOOOSH

DADA!

ART: KALYNN CAMPBELL

FIN?

COURT JESTER

The Night Bill Graham Danced

The band Traffic had just finished playing and gone back to their dressing room. The crowd was stomping their feet and chanting, "More! More! More!" Backstage, Bill Graham held his index finger in the air as though he were testing the direction of the wind. At a certain point he just *knew*, and directed Traffic to go out and do an encore. This was his role—to serve as a missing link between the musicians and the audience; to provide a tangible community center for an extended spiritual family; to prove by his life that humanism and capitalism are not necessarily mutually exclusive.

Bill Graham and I had something in common. We belonged to the same secret army of private dancers. We loved the music but we were too inhibited to dance to it. We only danced when we were alone. But when the Grateful Dead performed in Egypt, something changed. Combined with the LSD I drank out of a Visine bottle plus the marijuana cookie Graham gave me, the Dead concert—in full view of the Pyramids and the Sphinx during an eclipse of the moon—was so outrageously magical that Bill and I both ended up dancing freely with our friends on that outdoor stage.

"This is the first time I've ever danced in public," he confessed.

"Me, too," I said.

That moment of intimacy is how I'll always remember him.

Satirical Prophecy On the March

And this one's for Magic Johnson.

First, a quote from Issue #106 of *The Realist*:

"When I was an adolescent, purchasing condoms was a traumatic experience. I'd buy other stuff to avoid being embarrassed. I'd like a *Batman and Robin* comic book, and gimme this candy bar and (*whisper*) a pack of prophylactics—and a tube of toothpaste, please.' But now, there are huge billboards: 'If you can't say no, use condoms.' However, an executive of the Gannett Outdoor Advertising Company confirms that they held off putting up these signs until after the Pope's recent visit.

"The Church is faced with an interesting dilemma here. On the one hand, they are opposed to condoms as an artificial method of birth control. On the other hand, they're aware that condoms can serve as a protection against AIDS. A group of bishops has issued a statement that educational programs which include information about condoms should also stress that they are morally incorrect. That's sort of like Richard Nixon saying, 'We could get the million dollars—but it would be wrong.'

"A compromise is possible, of course. They could manufacture theologically correct condoms—with teeny tiny holes in them—just to give those spermatozoa a fighting chance. That's fair enough. But the problem then is, if the sperm can get out, the AIDS virus can get in, so it's back to the Vatican drawing board. Now, theologically correct condoms would have those same teeny tiny holes, but on the outside there would be little feather repellers with the message, 'Wrong Way—Do Not Enter—Severe Tire Damage.'"

From *Catholic Identity in Health Care Principles and Practice*:

"Catholic moral principles rule out masturbation or withdrawal during the act of intercourse as methods of obtaining adequate samples of human sperm for analysis. Father Edwin Healy's comments on the liceity of the use of the perforated condom include the following statement: 'The perforation must be large enough to permit the greater part of the ejaculation to reach the female genital tract, for otherwise the coitus would be substantially contraceptive and unnatural.'

"It should be noted, however, that distinguished theologians considered the use of the perforated condom to be immoral. In Father Arthur Vermeersch's opinion, such a means of collecting human sperm would involve 'the direct will to deposit some of the ejaculate outside of the vagina—something which makes it a *partial onanism*.' He suggested that it would not be immoral to aspirate seminal fluid from the testicles or from the epididymides by using a needle or syringe. The argument was that such methods would not involve stimulation of the generative faculty."

Not to mention stimulation of the student body.

Disinformation in the Service of Truth

When *The Realist* resumed publication with issue #99, I listed as staff: "Factchecker: None." So now here are a few corrections.

In issue #118, I wrote: "*Spin* magazine assigned a pair of reporters to write an article about Partnership For a Drug Free America, but won't publish it for fear of offending tobacco and liquor advertisers. The organization is financed by the R.J. Reynolds Company, which pushes cigarettes and beer."

However, the story was never actually assigned, nor was it ever actually written. Thus, although research had begun, there was never an actual story to not be published. Moreover, it is unlikely that *any* magazine which depends on ads for cigarettes and booze would ever publish such an article. The Partnership spends \$360 million a year in advertising, second only to McDonald's. There, I trust I've put the proper spin on *that* particular story.

In issue #117, I published an article by private investigator Paul Kangas titled "The Role of Richard Nixon and George Bush in the Assassination of President Kennedy." There were a few relatively minor mistakes that I carelessly allowed to get into print. The Eisenhower-Nixon ticket won in 1952, not 1950. Nixon was Vice President through 1960, not 1956. George Bush's father was named Prescott, not Preston.

And then there was a *major* misstatement I remain responsible for publishing. Kangas wrote about an interview with Frank Sturgis in the *San Francisco Chronicle* on May 7, 1977 in which Sturgis stated that "the reason we burglarized the Watergate was because Nixon was interested in stopping news leaks relating to the photos of our role in the assassination of President John Kennedy."

I received a letter from conspiracy researcher A.J. Weberman, author of *Coup d'Etat in America*:

"In *Realist* #117 Paul Kangas quoted from an interview with Frank Sturgis that never took place. I went to the library and looked the fucker up and it was not there. In 1977 Sturgis was involved with E. Howard Hunt in a lawsuit against me and would never have said 'the reason we burglarized the Watergate was because Nixon was interested in stopping news leaks relating to the photos of our role in the assassination of President John Kennedy.' I was being sued for saying the same thing, and I would have called him as a witness."

I sent a copy of Weberman's letter to Kangas. He called and promised to mail me the interview with Sturgis, something I should have insisted on originally. He sent an article from the *Houston Post* of May 5, 1977, a UPI dispatch datelined Dallas, which stated:

"Watergate burglar Frank Sturgis said Wednesday the CIA planned the break-in because high officials felt Richard Nixon was becoming too powerful and was overly interested in the assassination of John Kennedy. . . . 'Several times the President asked [CIA director] Richard Helms for the files on the Kennedy assassination but Helms refused to give it to him, refused a direct order from the President,' Sturgis said. 'I believe Nixon would have uncovered the true facts in the assassination of President Kennedy and that would have taken off the heat in Watergate. Because Nixon wanted files, the CIA felt they had to get rid of him.' Asked if Nixon ever was in danger, Sturgis replied, 'Yes, absolutely. Nixon was lucky he wasn't killed—assassinated like President Kennedy.'"

Kangas also enclosed the transcript of a taped meeting between Nixon and H.R. Haldeman, his chief of staff, on June 23, 1972, a week after the break-in. Haldeman stated:

"And it [the FBI investigation] goes in some directions we don't want it to go. Ah, also there have been some things, like an informant came in off the street to the FBI in Miami, who was a photographer or has a friend who is a photographer who developed some films through this guy, Barker, and the films had pictures of Democratic National Committee letterhead documents and things. . . ."

Kangas wrote in an accompanying letter:

"Here is the story as I found it. My statement that the burglary was in pursuit of the photos is based on my analysis of the facts in the transcripts of the Watergate tapes which talk about the photos in Democratic headquarters. This is an enigma, wrapped in mystery, wrapped in a puzzle. I'm investigating. I'm trying to *smoke out* the truth. I'm prosecuting Bush, Nixon, Hunt, *et al.* I'm accusing them, with my theory, with my vision."

Why I Leaked the Anita Hill Affidavit

I shall identify myself only as a female on the staff of a Republican senator. It is also relevant that I have long nurtured a keen interest in psychohistory, the process by which a nation's direction is revealed as an extension of the psychological makeup of those individuals who govern it.

Without going into specific detail, let me simply stipulate that on October 5, 1991, I happened to be in a position to overhear part of a conversation among Judge—now Justice—Clarence Thomas, Senator Orrin Hatch and Senator Alan Simpson. This was merely an informal meeting, occurring one full week after the Judiciary Committee voted, first 7-7, then 13-1, to recommend the confirmation of Judge Thomas, and one day after the full Senate indicated that he would be confirmed.

The particular conversation I eavesdropped on had to do with those charges brought by Anita Hill and ignored by the members of the committee, both Democratic and Republican. At that point in time, I still thought this was an appropriate response, because the option would have been to hold an executive session and Judge Thomas would then have had no practical choice but to resort to heavy denial. Now, however, these men were—in the process of their jocularity—acknowledging the truth of Professor Hill's allegations.

Senator Simpson was saying, "Y'know, Clarence, I've seen some pretty raunchy porno movies in my time, but I never did see one where a lady was having sex with an animal."

"I'll never forget the one I saw," Judge Thomas replied. "It took place in a barn. Except that the inside of the barn was like a theater."

Senator Hatch interjected, "Summer stock, eh?"

"There was a stage at one end of the barn," Judge Thomas continued, "and the stage was facing rows and rows of wooden folding chairs. There were haystacks piled up on the stage, and in front of the haystacks, there was a beautiful, buxom, blonde woman—and a donkey. Well, the woman started disrobing, and she started stroking the donkey to arousal."

"Doesn't sound at all sleazy to me," Senator Simpson said.

"Probably had Beethoven playing in the background," Senator Hatch added.

Judge Thomas went on with his description. "Well, when the woman was fully disrobed, and the donkey was fully aroused, they began copulating, right there in front of those haystacks on the stage of that barn. Bumping and grinding away. You've never seen a sight like

this, I promise. And then, the camera panned slowly toward the audience—and the audience consisted entirely of *donkeys*."

The Senate office shook with raucous laughter, especially that of Judge Thomas. His booming guffaws rang like huge gongs in a church belfry. And, I must admit, I had to suppress my own laughter. I had been totally caught by surprise, but I appreciated the insight. *Homo sapiens* is the only species that has a need for pornography.

When the group's laughter finally began to simmer down, Senator Hatch said, "I suppose that was one of the demands of the animal rights people."

"That's right," Senator Simpson added. "Saving animals' lives is hardly enough. They need *culture*."

I felt like I was trapped in the boys' locker room, but it would have ended right there for me if the subject hadn't returned to Anita Hill.

"I'm glad nobody considered calling her to testify against me, even for a closed door session," Judge Thomas said. "But you fellas will really love this. Anita Hill was a very opinionated young lady. She and I once had an extremely animated discussion on the decriminalization of abortion. Can you imagine what the Democrats would've done with that?"

And that was the precise instant I made the decision to leak Professor Hill's statement to the press. Although I have constantly been sexually *hassled*, I have never really been sexually harassed in the legal sense of the word. However, I have had an abortion, and I was totally outraged by the blatant hypocrisy I'd overheard. I had never leaked any document before, but my anger overshadowed my fear.

I chose Nina Totenberg because I had come to trust her reporting on National Public Radio. I honestly had no idea what leaking the affidavit would accomplish. I certainly didn't envision that it would actually embarrass the Senate into delaying the vote, albeit that was my secret desire.

Then, in response to a question by Senator Hank Brown, Professor Hill testified under oath that she hadn't agreed with Judge Thomas on *Roe v. Wade*. Unfortunately, Senator Joseph Biden quickly interrupted her. "That is not the subject of these hearings," he said.

Personally, I feel quite disappointed about that particular aspect of the testimony, but I have not the slightest regret over leaking Anita Hill's affidavit, and I would gladly do it all over again.

I certainly consider myself more morally correct than the staffer for Senator John Danforth who wrote Judge Thomas' statement that began, "Nobody helped me with this. . . ."

My Two Slices

by Bob Slaymaker

I was standing on the corner of 53rd Street and 2nd Avenue. It was the middle of July, hot and sticky. I was eating two slices I'd bought at the pizza place half a block uptown. I had the slices spread out on the red *Pennysaver* dispenser. To me, it was dinner alfresco, which was a lot better than eating in that hot, sticky pizza place. Besides, I like watching people walk by, the taxis and cars come and go. New York is an exciting place, and I like watching it move.

I don't know, maybe I had a bit of dirt on me, or my hair was a little mussed. Some of the people were staring at me as they walked by. The next thing I knew two cops were headed my way. One had his hand on the butt of his revolver. The other fingered the nightstick dangling down his leg. It made me think of Nam, the way some of us would walk up to an old unarmed Vietnamese woman, her hands raised high, and aim our M-16s at her heart, ready to shoot her to ribbons if she talked back. It takes real balls to act this way toward an unarmed civilian. Believe me, I know. It's the epitome of bravery and honor.

"What's this, dinner *alfranco*?" the one with his hand on his revolver said. Both cops were white. It's amazing how many cops in this racially mixed town are white.

The other cop, the one fingering his nightstick, stepped forward. With his free hand he swept my two slices off the *Pennysaver* dispenser.

I looked at my dinner lying facedown on the sidewalk.

"You didn't have to do that," I told him. His hand was on his nightstick.

They both took a step toward me. The one with his hand on his gun leaned his face into mine. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see him regripping the gun's handle.

"Take a hike," he said. His nametag said O'Brien. The other's said Mullins.

"Now."
My dinner lying spoiled on the sidewalk, I walked away. One day, I told myself, I won't walk away. One day, the ghosts of those Vietnamese women on either side of me, other ghosts and living people on either side of them, one day I won't walk away. And that fine day, I'll teach these guys how to say *alfresco*.

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I phoned Kangas: "Now let me get this straight. You *did* invent that Sturgis quote, right?"

"Yes," he said, "it was a compilation of the quote out of the newspaper and the stuff out of the Watergate tapes discussing the break-in. And I just sort of compiled it together because, you know, I'm a prosecutor and, in court, a prosecutor tries to elicit the truth by saying things they believe to be true, and then seeing if the witness on the stand will admit the truth. So the fact that I read between the lines on what Sturgis said—I mean, if you read what he said it doesn't make sense, but if you read between the *lines* of what Sturgis said,

which is a legitimate form of analysis, of code-breaking, then it makes sense. And so I simply, in this case as a prosecutor of Nixon and Bush, stated it more clearly, hoping that Sturgis will not deny it and so admit it by *not* denying it. I hope that doesn't ruin my credibility. I'm just trying to prosecute Nixon and Bush for the murder of Kennedy."

The defense rests.

At least I didn't perpetuate Christopher Buckley's put-on in *Forbes* magazine—as did Peter Jennings on ABC News—that Lenin's body was on sale for \$15 million. Now the question is, will the Russians return the down payment to Michael Jackson?

Transsexual Harassment

Editor's note: Harry Shearer received the following phone call on his syndicated radio program during the weekend of the Senate Judiciary hearings:

Shearer: Hi, you're on the air.

Caller: Recognize my voice? This is Yvonne Delafemina. Back in the U.S.A.

Shearer: We talked to you a year ago. You were a hostage in Kuwait.

Caller: Yes, that's right, I'm back. You really kept my spirits up over there when we talked.

Shearer: Well, I don't think I really helped in getting you out or anything.

Caller: No, you didn't, but thank God I got out. I was over there when they let all the other women hostages go, and they saw fit not to let me go.

Shearer: As I recall, you basically had had some surgery.

Caller: At that time I'd had the full surgery, and I became Yvonne Delafemina.

Shearer: You were a man who became a woman.

Caller: Yes, that's right.

Shearer: Okay, now it's coming back to me.

Caller: I became a lounge entertainer over there.

Shearer: Had you gone back to being a man?

Caller: No, no, I'm still a woman. And that's kind of why I'm calling, because of this whole Judge Thomas/Professor Hill thing. First of all, I as a woman have my own horror stories about harassment on the job. I was working at a Karaoke Bar here in L.A.

Shearer: It's one of those places where you sing along with—

Caller: That's right. And a little embarrassing for me. Let me just go as far as I feel comfortable telling you. The owner became enamored of me.

Shearer: That was a male?

Caller: Yes, he was a Japanese gentleman. And I felt that my job was threatened if I didn't give in to his advances. Harry, unless you're a woman, you don't know how threatening that can be.

Shearer: Or unless you become one.

Caller: Well, in my case. People say, why didn't I just quit, but that's not easy, and besides, I needed the money to pay for the last stage of the operation to complete my transformation to be a woman.

Shearer: Was this the last part of the plumbing deal?

Caller: Well, yes—I hadn't had the kitchen sink put in at that point—and so, I'm still a little ashamed to admit it, I gave in to this Japanese gentleman's advances.

Shearer: Does this mean you had sexual intercourse with him?

Caller: I don't feel comfortable going that far in telling you, but let's just leave it to say that I didn't keep my job. He beat me up and I quit—because the operation was not completed, so at that time from the waist down I was still Tom Leopold.

Shearer: So wait a minute. He beat you up?

Caller: Yes, because, you know, from the waist up—

Shearer: Oh, you mean he didn't know—

Caller: No. In that way, maybe the rest of the story takes another little twist than most women's stories, but I feel up until that point, I'm with my sisters.

Shearer: But he felt betrayed or tricked, whatever—

Caller: Yes, but I do feel that I have a good vantage point, because, you know, I've been a man and a woman.

Shearer: Did you take advantage of women in this way when you were a man?

Caller: Yes, I have to be honest with you and say I did, but it was more out of envy than wanting them sexually. It was more that woman *within* me wanting to be the woman that I saw in the office.

Shearer: So you're fairly uniquely placed to view this?

Caller: Well, I think so, because, men and women see sex so differently, you know. Like, when I was a man, I could see where the pubic hair on the Coke can might be a turn-on for a woman, but as a woman I wanted a more sensitive gesture—a single red rose or something.

Shearer: Does it frustrate you that men don't understand that now?

Caller: It does—I don't understand it—I guess it's just *viva la difference*. But men and women just see sex so differently. Men just want to do their business, and women want to cuddle.

Shearer: Before we wrap this up, just out of my own personal curiosity, what are you doing now?

Caller: I'm on that commercial, you know, with the female basketball team, they're wearing the high heels.

Shearer: Well, good luck.

Caller: Thanks a lot. And I'll just tell you an interesting anecdote, Harry, because, speaking of what I've been doing, I recently worked with Long Dong Silver in this industrial show.

Shearer: Wait, wait, excuse me—you worked with the actual—

Caller: Yes, he's out of the adult entertainment thing, in an industrial show for Volvo, and this is recently, this was at the Maxim Hotel in Las Vegas. Interesting sidelight—I played a woman customer and Dong played, you know, a Volvo dealer—incidentally, he was very good.

Shearer: Does he still go by that name?

Caller: Yes, he still pretty much wants to get what he *can* out of the name, in a way I think he is the third loser in this thing, because he's not in adult films any more, he's trying to make it as a legitimate actor, and the whole name thing came up again.

Shearer: Oh, I see, of course, this would be like a blow, so to speak, to his—

Caller: It kind of brings it all back, and even though he's still using the same name, he's doing *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well in Paris* in Chatsworth.

Shearer: I think we've plugged enough, though. But what was that like? Did you feel exploited by that situation? Did he feel exploited by that?

Caller: No, no, we were paid Equity. And the Volvo people were very happy with it.

Shearer: Well, they have to be on the straight and narrow after that bust thing last year.

Caller: Yes, well, that wasn't mentioned at all, this was like, just to have fun. We're Volvo, let's have fun.

Shearer: But he treated you—

Caller: Real professional. But you know, Harry, he came there, he knew everybody's lines.

Shearer: Thorough professional.

Caller: Yes, but I'll tell you, it's my feeling—call it feminine intuition—that Judge Thomas is guilty.

Shearer: Really? Now why do you say that?

Caller: It's not because I see him in a black stereotype way—and men don't believe this, but enormous penises are a turn-off for most women. I didn't believe that when I was a man, because I was *not* generously endowed.

Shearer: And it made you bitter?

Caller: Well, I would've become a woman anyway, had I been more heavily endowed.

Shearer: I see. So that didn't really play into it. But that is true, I've heard women say that enormous endowment—

Caller: Enormous, I think, is a turn-off, a little frightening—

Shearer: Generous?

Caller: Fine. I think that's a male, *macho*, Robert Bly thing, and we don't need that.

Shearer: That's part of that Wild Man thing?

Caller: I think it is. And the Wild Man thing just grows out of the enormous penis thing.

Shearer: See, I've never understood that anyway, but it probably takes a woman to—

Caller: You're just born knowing that, or in my case—

Shearer: Constructed knowing that.

Caller: Yes. And it's a sad thing. I only hope that people in the workplace, men and women, can learn to get along a little bit, and if that happens, then maybe it's just for the good—this is my prayer.

Shearer: I may be a little out of line in observing this, but you're probably a model of how to do that, because basically you're doing that yourself.

Caller: In what way?

Shearer: Well, you're *both*—you were one, you're now the other—

Caller: Yes, that's right. That's why I think in a way I can speak to both sides. This is why I was so thrilled to get through—besides loving you on *The Simpsons* and all that.

Shearer: Well, thank you. Are you going to be watching more of the hearings? Have you made up your mind?

Caller: I'm glued, I'm just loving it. Tomorrow, though, I'm going to be getting some electrolysis during that time. My VCR is broken, but I'm going to look through the highlights.

Shearer: Let me ask you one final question. When you were a man, did you know how to program your VCR?

Caller: I can read a map now, so I feel I've gained. I cannot program a VCR, but I can read a map. So I feel God giveth and God taketh away.

Standup Comics and the Senate Hearings

a Survey by Laura Daltry

George Carlin: "I haven't done any material on the hearings. The event topped itself."

Debbie Durst: "I have no jokes, only disgust and disdain."

Darryl Henriques: "It gives me hope that Pee-wee Herman will be considered for the Supreme Court."

Rene Hicks: "I'm sure there are going to be a lot of commercial endeavors—the Long Dong Silver film festival."

Rick Dukoman: "It was real offensive—Ted Kennedy questioning this guy about his ethics with women. I was waiting for Thomas to say, 'Let me put it this way, Senator, a woman has never drowned in my car or been raped in my beach home. Next question?'"

Diane Nichols: "My only humorous observation was Ted Kennedy trying to stay out of camera range."

Jim Richardson: "If Anita Hill refused to testify, Kennedy was going to drive her home."

Kevin Nealon: "Anita Hill testified that she had been molested by Roseanne Arnold's father."

John Borchers: "Here it is in the middle of the day, they're talking about Long Dong Silver. It really pissed me off. That was a pretty good movie and they're just tearing it apart."

Arsenio Hall: "Good evening, I'm Medium Dong Silver. Actually, Long Dong Silver was supposed to be a guest on the show tonight, but we had to reschedule him—some accident with a car door."

USA Today headline: "If Hearing Was a Trial, a Hung Jury."

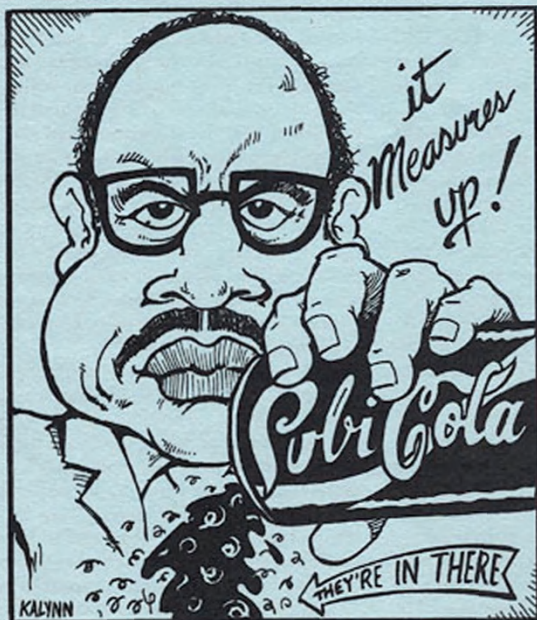
Dawna Kaufmann: "Clarence Thomas' wife recently confessed that she once 'belonged to a mind control cult.' But don't worry, she's no longer selling Amway."

Jeffrey Jena: "I was just waiting for Senator Heflin to say *nigger*. Thomas is a Southerner, a Black and a Republican—he's got to be the one Heflin hates the most. Just waiting for him to say, 'Hey, boy, boy—when you were watching Long Dong Silver, boy, did you get hard, boy?'"

Aaron Freeman: "Clarence Thomas—the black man for people who don't like black men."

Brett Butler: "There's a concurrent argument surfacing in America regarding the use of racial epithets across America, which is protected under the auspices of free speech. In theory, that's a fine thing. However, sexual harassment is being sternly legislated. I wonder if this will not create a situation in the workplace in which it's all right to call Professor Hill a nigger but not to ask her out for a date."

Rick Overton: "There's a fine line between Judge and Uncle Thomas."



Can You Pass the Clarence Thomas Taste Test?

David Letterman's Top 10 Clarence Thomas Pickup Lines

10. How about a little affirmative action?
9. This robe is big enough for both of us.
8. The other judges don't understand me.
7. Wanna meet Wapner?
6. How about a peek at Exhibits A and B?
5. It is my opinion, based on existing statutes and established precedents, that you could be a model.
4. Weren't you at the Guns'N'Roses party in L.A.?
3. You've got beautiful eyes, Senator Cranston.
2. That's not a gavel.
1. I find you guilty—of being a fabulous babe.

Merrill Markoe: "The Senate hearings simply confirmed for me that our culture is 8th grade boys' P.E."

Lotus Weinstock: "All the Senators should have been made to sit naked, sitting on big piles of dirty laundry."

Jay Leno: "Well, Daylight Savings Time is over, and the Supreme Court has turned the clock back 50 years."

Pat McCormick: "One of the first things Clarence Thomas is going to do on the Supreme Court is establish a Sexual Harassment Permit."

Ken Kesey: "There's a rumor that Long Dong Silver can tie his penis in a knot . . . without using his hands."

Beth Lapidus: "It brought up the whole issue of abuse. It's the issue of our time. Environmentalists will start calling it Planet Abuse."

Rich Shydney: "There's got to be a more qualified man than Clarence Thomas. This country loves lotteries. Let's do a lottery."

Skip Stevenson: "I turned on the TV and heard a senator asking Judge Thomas if he had said he had a large penis, and my thought was, if that's the criterion, some of the biggest pricks in the country have been on the Supreme Court."

Dennis Miller: "If Anita Hill was brilliant enough to come up with Long Dong Silver, she should be on the Supreme Court."

Lea Kinsky: "I was sexually harassed on the job. Before I started doing comedy I was working at this place and all these guys kept leering at me and whistling at me and stuffing dollar bills down my G-string. How are you supposed to type?"

Bobby Slayton: "I have jokes about Danny Thomas but no jokes about Clarence Thomas."

Bob Wieder: "Evidently Clarence Thomas found a pubic hair on his Coke can—and I thought the New Coke was a lousy marketing concept."

Glitter: "The big debate is who is telling the truth, and if you look behind the scenes you see that Clarence Thomas is married to a white woman with a little-bitty tiny mouth. Now Clarence Thomas likened himself to a Coke can. You look at Anita Hill's mouth—really big and succulent—a mouth that looks like it could turn a Coke can into the Real Thing. You can just see Clarence Thomas' little white wife saying with her tiny white mouth (*sucking noises*), 'Am I doing it right, honey?'"

Tom Ammiano: "Anita Hill got a little confused—it was actually Marion Barry who said there was a pubic hair in his coke."

Tracy Burns and Doug Nunn: "The Republicans tried to hush up Professor Hill's allegations and push ahead with Clarence Thomas' nomination, which proves what the senators' wives have known all along—the Senate definitely has a problem with premature confirmation."

Carrie Snow: "I'm so angry about this. Don't even get me started about white Republican men and my pussy. They are not invited."

Paul Krassner: "There's a bizarre irony here. When Howard Stern, the shock jock, got fined \$2,000 for discussing penis size on the radio, the FCC said that "discussions of penis size are not *per se* prohibited," but if the discussion is part of a show "dwelling on sexual matters in a pandering and titillating fashion," then it's patently offensive and therefore indecent, so you can't do that on radio or TV. But the Court of Appeals overturned the law requiring the FCC to enforce a ban on indecency 24 hours a day, and the FCC is appealing that decision. Which means that the Supreme Court will have to rule *literally* on whether the 1st Amendment protects the broadcast of a discussion on penis size. And—there's only one way to say this—Clarence Thomas could be the *swing vote*."

The Last Pyramid Scheme

by Rex Weyler

Almost a decade ago, I moved from the city to this remote Canadian Island off the coast of British Columbia. I could see the '80s coming, and I didn't like the advance publicity. I thought I could retreat to the woods and spare myself the indignity of accepting economic reality as it was being peddled by the economists, politicians and hustlers of the civilized world.

But last spring, when my neighbor, Tara, came to my door, smiling, squinting through the window and waving several sheets of paper, I had this premonition that within the next 15 minutes I was going to be saying yes to some bizarre scheme.

Indeed, Tara had received a copy of the latest pyramid sales scam, Network Marketing. Tara seemed taken by the holistic jargon about a network of like-minded people, but a pyramid scam dressed in transpersonal mumbo-jumbo is still a pyramid scam. The power of two is mightier than the pen. When the number of sellers soars and the exponential wave breaks, thousands will be standing around with worthless Network Marketing brochures. The earlybirds will laugh. The majority will lose a hundred dollars. Tough luck.

Is money the root of all evil or is it the green energy of global prosperity consciousness? This is where the difference between value and money comes in. When the earth shakes under San Francisco, the value of Jeff and Suzie's condominium goes from \$400,000 to \$250,000. Value is fickle, but nothing happens to the money. They still owe their \$300,000 mortgage. They still have \$3,000 in the bank.

Tara had received the letter from a friend in Atlanta. We live in a small community of 600 people. The value of this chain letter, whatever it was at the moment, would be almost nothing on this island in a week's time. Value is an attribute that varies with happenstance and opinion. Money, on the other hand, has certain fixed cosmological qualities like light and gravity, and videos.

The laws of energy exchange were well established within three minutes of the big bang, which science is now learning was actually a long, slow bang that is still in process. Electron exchange and stock exchange are indeed governed by the same cosmic habits: entropy, for example. Systems—a cell, a liver, a human, a corporation—require energy throughout, and there is an energy cost to every organizational gain. There's no free lunch in the universe. The cosmic accounting system is flawless. Ecology's accounting system is impeccable. Humans? We are only just learning to keep track of our shit.

Clay tokens were invented by accountants working for Persian sheep farmers, but two other vital human accomplishments prepared the way for modern economics: pottery and fences.

Large ceramic vessels provided a place for the accountants' overlords to stash tokens and coins. Now we have banks, term deposits, junk bonds, art galleries, and other handy

money sumps, but the urn was the prototype.

The fence expanded the notion of "mine" from the household out into the environment. The human ego effused across the landscape until every square inch of the planet was claimed. Today city-dwellers purchase occupation rights to a thousand square feet of airspace a hundred feet above asphalt supply routes. Day and night, the game of mine and yours continues. This is modern human economics.

In New Guinea, if one tribe wants to trade a pig, they carry their prize to the center of a forest clearing, leave it, and retreat to a hiding place. When the other tribe finds the pig, they examine it and either leave it or take it and leave something else in its place. They retreat, and the first tribe returns to examine the deal. If they don't like the deal they leave the offering and go back in hiding. The other tribe must then either return the pig or fatten the exchange. Failing to do either invites serious repercussions executed with extreme prejudice. Play fair or go to war. They have it very simple.

Modern global trade, however, gives us inflation, takeovers, Iranscam, extortion rackets, gambling houses, defense contractor ripoffs, insider stock manipulations and pyramid schemes. These noble modern trades allow people to skim off a hit of negotiable currency without actually giving anything of substance or value to the community. This is a violation of cosmic and primal law. In the New Guinea system the skulls of Ivan Boesky and the directors of General Dynamics would be swinging from someone's belt. But so would mine, since I cleaned up on this bloody chain letter.

"Sure," I told Tara. What the hell. The letter is landing in virgin woods. It will leap from this island and spread like a virus in the surrounding area. We only have to sell two to break even, and no one has to buy one who doesn't want to. It's all in fun. I bought Tara's letter, sold one to my girlfriend, Lisa, and we sent our money off to the lucky sods in Atlanta who were about to receive a cascade of Canadian fifties.

The Canadian \$50 bill, in contrast to the banal and utilitarian American greenback, is a work of art. Outside the U.S., governments at least try to reflect the aesthetics of their culture in the design of their money. The Canadian fifty is red, and on the back, 48 red-jacketed Canadian Mounties sit astride their mounts in a perfect circle. The image is affectionately known as the Canadian firing squad.

The red bills became the flag of our movement as the Network Marketing newsletter swept through our neighborhood and circle of friends. Tara was the first to receive a cryptic little card with a red fifty tucked inside and a sweet note from a Network brother. She waved the first bill above the garden fence by the laburnum on a warm summer day. Soon the rest of us were getting three or four letters a week. The parking lot outside the community hall post office would erupt with yips and hoots as we opened our little stacks of white envelopes and waved the colorful fifties in the air. One day, as the letters were peaking out at five, six or seven a day, Tara got so

excited she lost a fistful of fifties that blew across the gravel lot. Onlookers chased after the money as Tara sank helplessly against the truck.

Local businesses boomed that summer. People paid for coffee with \$50 bills. Some of the old hard-core back-to-the-landers on the island traded in their 1970 stereo systems for state-of-the-art compact disc players. In the beginning, I attempted to be rational. I deposited a third of my windfall into the bank, allocated a third for practical, domestic needs like a new vacuum cleaner and earmarked a third for the spontaneous pleasures of the flesh. Lisa feigned to go along with this scheme, but we soon lost all track of the flow of red \$50 bills.

The sense of well-being and gaity soared among the beneficiaries who would show up at parties with armloads of expensive wine. Craftspeople could hardly keep up with the demand for goods. The island plumbers and carpenters were all busy on new projects. The local general store began stocking Haagen Dazs. Meanwhile, on the other side of reality's ledger, things weren't so rosy.

Some of the original local skeptics changed their minds when the money started rolling in, but they were too late. There were no buyers left on the island. The letter had already raged down the coast, saturating one community after another. By the time stories appeared in the Vancouver newspapers, the well had dried up. Tara probably made ten grand. Others made a bit less. The latecomers lost out. Somewhere, thousands of disgruntled sellers could find no buyers, and they kissed off their hundred bucks. Money, unlike value, does not compress and disappear. Money is like water. If it arrives here, it has to leave somewhere else. Value can disappear. Money only changes hands.

Certain schisms arose, of course, in the community. Winners were accused by their friends who didn't buy in, of betraying their own concepts of fairness. Since the letter ran through the post-hippie community first, some of the oldtimers who bought in late were perturbed that the dopeheads had out-foxed them. There was talk of a conspiracy. Couples were set against each other. Egos were wounded, pride was hurt, friendships were strained. My neighbor, Jimmy, who scorned the whole thing, could never really stomach the scene of us all opening our envelopes and waving the red bills around. Some of the winners took the opportunity to go on long, expensive holidays.

The day came, however, when there were no more fifties in the mail. But we had acquired certain yuppie airs, swaggering through stores, grabbing things off the shelves as if money were of no concern. When the money stopped coming in, we suffered cash withdrawal. The CD buyers were hit hard, left to feed expensive discs to the voracious machines. People got depressed at the thought of going back to subsistence, rural living.

Tara rallied our spirits by hosting a Network Marketing gala. The turnout was overwhelming. People came in the fancy new clothes they'd purchased, bearing champagne, gifts,

Yet Another Conspiracy

by Carol Hatfield

My husband and I were getting new eyeglasses. He selected his new frame right away. It wasn't that easy for me. As I browsed and tried on frames, the optician made comments to my husband.

Optician: She's going for the expensive ones. Better check your wallet.

Husband: You take American Express, don't you?

Optician: (Chuckles) I hope you have a high credit line?

I didn't think the comments were funny but I needed to concentrate on selecting a frame. I tried on a pair of wire-rimmed glasses and asked my husband for his opinion. He just shrugged.

Optician: (To Husband) So, what do you think? That should hold her for about six months before she wants to buy something else.

I was doing a slow burn by the time I confronted the man.

Me: Your references to me are insulting. I'm not a horse that's too expensive to board or a child who wants too many toys. For all you know, I make all the money and give my husband a small allowance.

Optician: Do you make all the money?

Me: No, but I make enough of it to take it elsewhere for my glasses.

I picked up my prescription and walked out the door.

Optician: (Muttering) Women!

My husband ran out to the parking lot after me. I was already in the car. He got in too.

Husband: What's the matter with you?

Me: You didn't notice anything?

Husband: No. Are you okay?

Me: No.

Husband: What happened?

I carefully outlined the dialogue between the optician and my husband with the meticulousness of a court stenographer. When I was done, my husband responded.

Husband: Gee, Hon, don't you think you're overreacting?

Me: No, I don't. It happens all the time, this and worse, and you don't even notice. I really thought that male attitudes toward women were changing, but it seems like a damn conspiracy against us!

Husband: It is.

Me: No, I mean a concerted effort made as a group to keep women from achieving equal status and purposely undermining our sense of self.

Husband: I know what you mean, and you're right.

Me: Very funny.

Husband: You don't believe me.

Me: (Playing along) When do you attend the meetings?

Husband: My weekly basketball game. We only play for an hour. The rest of the time is devoted to our meeting. You know Walter? He's the regional leader.

Me: When did all this start?

Husband: Ancient Greece.

Me: No, I mean when did you start?

Husband: 1971.

Me: Why 1971?

Husband: That's when I was invited to join. It's quite an honor.

Me: What's the name of this organization?

Husband: I can't tell you. It's a very old secret.

Me: Since ancient Greece.

Husband: Right.

Me: And you say it all began back then, huh?

Husband: That's what I understand.

Me: And how do you know this?

Husband: There are documents from the 5th century B.C. asserting that women are superior. So every effort must be made by men to keep them from reaching any significant power.

Me: Where can I read this Greek document?

Husband: Any college library. It's public knowledge.

Me: Where is it kept—in the men's room? Anyway, what does that have to do with what the optician was implying?

Husband: It's one of the first principles. Reinforce an insecure self-image.

Me: So that's what he was doing! Of course! This is getting interesting. What are some of the other principles?

Husband: Another one is limiting advancement through exclusion. You know, the old boys network. There are lots of ways to maintain control.

Me: Lots of ways, huh?

Husband: Lots. Like disinformation. You know the general rumor that women sleep their way to the top?

Me: Yes, so . . .

Husband: If that were true, there wouldn't be so few women at the top.

Me: My God, this is worse than unbelievable! This is believable! (Deep breath) You were telling me about these . . . uh . . . principles.

Husband: Oh yeah, here's a simple one. Divide and conquer by keeping women competing with each other for men's approval. The latest device is the fitness craze. Oh, and the fashions you see in music videos.

Me: Haven't there been any setbacks? What about women getting the vote?

Husband: That was no big setback. We still choose all the candidates. Birth control was the only real setback. When a woman had eight or ten children, it was nearly impossible to survive without a man. It wasn't smart for a woman to challenge authority.

Me: A woman's biology was her destiny. That must be why the abortion issue is so important.

Husband: How do you think a black man, married to a white woman, could be confirmed to the Supreme Court by all those conservatives?

Me: So it was just another issue of control.

Husband: I think you're catching on.

Me: But there's still one thing I don't get. It was a very close vote.

Husband: Almost any of those men would have changed their vote if it was necessary.

Me: I guess they wouldn't want it to look like a conspiracy.

Husband: Now you've got it!

exotic cakes, delicacies of the rich. The dusty forest dwellers of this once-peaceful cultural backwater were not to be denied their date with destiny. We didn't let the moral doubts or strained friendships dampen one last fling with reckless yuppie consumerism. We wanted to be part of the Pyrite Eighties too.

The Network Marketing Gala shook the forest, and by morning all I had left was a headache . . . and a vacuum cleaner, the Biograph album, a wool sweater, a blender . . .

Now, a year later, the community has settled down into its pre-Network-Marketing peace. However, one vestige of the great cash wave remains: the general store still sells Haagen Dazs.



End of the World News

Dan Quayle's minister, Col. Robert B. Thieme, Jr., preaches that "The Middle East is the focal point of the angelic conflict. Two-thirds of the Jews must die to fulfill the Bible prophecies about Armageddon." The only way they can avoid such a catastrophe is by becoming converts. The Vice President has not answered a query from *The Realist* as to whether he agrees with his religious advisor.

MEDIA FREAK

Just Say Scandal

Robert Anton Wilson in *High Times*: "The War on Drugs is chiefly a war on pot, according to Judge Sweet; 85% of the drug budget is going into pursuing pot-smokers. They're trying to drive pot off the market because the CIA is making a big profit out of the cocaine business, and Eli Lilly provides the materials that the Colombians need to make cocaine out of the coca. So they want to keep the cocaine business going. By the way, do you know who owns Eli Lilly? The Quayle family owns a large part and George Bush owns a large part."

Asshole of the Month

From *Newsday*: "Using plows mounted on tanks and combat earthmovers, the U.S. Army division that broke through Saddam Hussein's defensive front line buried thousands of Iraqi soldiers—some still alive and firing their weapons—in more than 70 miles of trenches. 'For all I know, we could have killed thousands,' said Col. Anthony Moreno, commander of the 2nd Brigade, which led the assault on the heaviest defenses."

"Moreno acknowledged that the attack was at odds with Army doctrine that calls for—but does not require—troops to leave their armored vehicles to clean out the trenches or to bypass and isolate fortified positions. 'This was not my doctrine,' Moreno said. 'My concept is to defeat the enemy with your power and equipment. We're going to bludgeon them with every piece of equipment we've got. I'm not going to sacrifice the lives of my soldiers—it's not cost-effective.'"

Acting on Principle

From *Autoweek*: "Is a human life worth more than the life of an animal? A self-described 'cutting edge' animal rights group says no, and has focused its ire on none other than General Motors. People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals eventually hopes for a world of vegetarians where animals have as much right to the planet as people, but for now, outlawing animal testing will do. PETA is the same group that recently compared the meat industry to accused murderer Jeffrey Dahmer."

"It wants car buyers to steer clear of GM products because the world's largest automaker has killed almost 20,000 rats, mice, ferrets and pigs in the last decade in order to test and perfect a wide variety of automotive safety devices. In one of the many ironies surrounding the issue, the director of *Lethal Weapon III*—the third in a series of violent movies which depict many human killings—has decided not to include any GM autos in the film because of the carmakers' animal testing practices."

Modern Cinderella Story

When California Governor Pete Wilson vetoed a gay rights bill, demonstrators took to the streets. The *Sentinel*, a statewide gay paper, ran this front-page headline—FUCK YOU, WILSON!—in inch-high red letters. The *San Francisco Chronicle* reported that conservative mayoral candidate and former police chief Frank Jordan "fled the scene with

just one shoe. Protestors said that his size-10 shoe, a black loafer, would be fitted with a high heel and used in a voodoo ritual."

The *San Francisco Weekly* reported: "According to folks from A Different Light Bookstore, the combat clog was detained for a few hours in their window, attractively displayed on a donut box, before it was confiscated by Act-Up. Then, at Saturday night's Bad Cop/No Donut rally, a row of donuts was positioned on the street and ignited, creating a burning dough trail leading up to a large pile of donuts containing the offensive footwear. The final voodoo pyre made a magnificent flame."

Filler Items

• AP reports: "A deep-breathing exercise has been dropped from a model health class in Lansing, Michigan because some parents complained that it promotes mysticism and undermines Christianity. Other stress management techniques will be substituted."

• Dialogue on the sitcom *Anything But Love* trivialized the massacre in Tiananmen Square by using it as a setup for a cheap joke. In a throwaway scene, a woman introduces an Asian young man to Richard Lewis, adding, "He's under a death sentence." Lewis responds, "Oh, in China?" "No, in Cleveland—he held up a convenience store."

• From Lyle Stuart's private newsletter, *Hot News*: "A fellow who had access to the CIA's 'Top Secret' material on how to conduct torture, reports that there are careful instructions on pulling out a man's eyeball without destroying the optic nerve, so that with the eyeball hanging out, the victim can watch while the torturer cuts off his testicles."

• At rallies to re-legalize hemp, rubber stamps with a speech balloon, "I Grew Hemp," are big sellers; the message is then stamped on dollar bills so that George Washington is saying it.

• Bumper sticker: "I Have PMS—and a Handgun."

• Court papers reveal that Charles Keating's American Continental Corp., parent of Lincoln S&L, spent \$1,948 on Silly String for a Christmas party—that's about 1,000 miles of the confetti-like string which is shot from an aerosol toy.

• Lawyer Ellis Rubin, referring to the nymphomaniac defense of his client: "She even has an orgasm going over a bumpy road."

• The *Wall Street Journal* reports that Wisconsin farmers slaughtered thousands of dairy cows because of a milk glut that left profits at a 13-year low, and the market responded with increases in the price of milk.

• According to Calvin Trillin, SNAG is an acronym for Sensitive New Age Guys.

• Inside Edition paid \$10,000 for the home video of a raucous drunken party starring Julia Roberts and Kiefer Sutherland before their breakup.

• Tom Brokaw has tried to suppress a home video starring his daughter in a parody of the Patty Hearst kidnapping. She is introduced by the head of the Citizens Liberation Front: "You will meet the golden child of the media, daughter of the chief pig and nightly network pawn, re-educated, ready to fight for the

revolution." Then Andrea Brokaw says, "I am a child of the media. I have lived a life enslaved by the institution that bore me. Now, I am free."

• Phil Donahue asked Dan Rather, "Do you dye your hair?" Rather replied, "You have the right to ask that question, and I have the right to answer, 'That's tacky, Phil.'"

• Molly Ivins, on C-Span: "Teachers should be paid salaries equivalent to legislators. If one gets a raise, the other does."

• On *Into the Night*, Chris Lemmon discussed fart noises made with the mouth. The word *fart* was broadcast but his sample sounds were bleeped out.

• A newsstand owner says one of his best-selling categories is "puncture magazines, for people who stick rings and pins in their body and leave them there for very long periods of time." Also on sale: *Blitz Chess*, for body-builders who play chess.

• In the Noriega trial, the judge refused to grant the defense access to documents showing whether intelligence agencies used military bases to store drugs bound for the U.S.

• Eldridge Cleaver, Black Panther leader turned born-again Christian—was a guest on *To Tell the Truth*, introduced as someone who had gone "from black power to a higher power."

• Fashion notes: Invitations to Elizabeth Taylor's most recent wedding warned guests not to wear yellow so as not to compete with the bride. *Outside Business* reports that the National Forest Service plans to ban employees from wearing neon-colored clothing in the forest on the grounds that it is visually polluting. And 65 students at West Seneca Junior High School were prevented from entering their classes because they violated the new policy against wearing black clothing.

• The Alzheimer's Disease Research organization has sent out as a promotional gimmick packages of Forget-Me-Not seeds.

• California's Agriculture Committee rejected a bill which would have allowed non-veterinarians to clean animals' teeth. A 5-6 vote was cast, but 8 votes were required for approval. The state's Justice Department is investigating charges of attempted bribery. Committee members received letters containing \$50 bills and a promise of \$2,000 more if the legislation was killed.

• In Australia, 15 aborigines attacked police with frozen kangaroo tails and then ate the evidence.

• The Capitol Steps version of George Bush: "Who says I don't care about domestic issues? All my life I've hired lots of domestics."

• When Jimmy Swaggart got busted, he was wearing a T-shirt with the words, "Saddam Hussein, Jesus Loves You."

• When Oliver North appeared on *Larry King Live*, a caller asked, "Ronald Reagan met recently with Billy Graham—is it true they had anal sex?" King hung up and went on to the next caller.

• What's the difference between George Bush and David Duke? One says "Read my lips" and the other says "Read *Mein Kampf*."

• Drowned media mogul Robert Maxwell's last word: "Roseclub."