

The Realist

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- Stacey Koon Goes Hollywood
- Susie Bright Meets Dan Quayle
- Rick Springer Interrupts Reagan



For Bill Gaines So Loved the World He Gave His Only Begotten Icon . . .

COURT JESTER

How I Lost My Virginity

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Bill Gaines. What follows is an appropriate excerpt from my upcoming autobiography. This scene takes place in 1958, the year The Realist was originally launched:

I was publishing what was considered to be the hippest magazine in America, but I was still living with my parents. I was 26 years old, and I was still a virgin. I had become an expert at heavy petting, though. I had even written a sex manual for adolescents titled *Guilt Without Sex*. It was turned down by *Mad* but accepted by *Playboy*. The night finally arrived when I would get laid for the first time. Because I had no place to take a girl, Bill Gaines gave me permission to use the convertible sofa in his office.

My date, Bonnie, and I went to a rehearsal of the Steve Allen show to catch Lenny Bruce. At the time, Elizabeth Taylor was converting to Judaism so she could marry Eddie Fisher, and Lenny's opening line was a rhetorical question: "Will Elizabeth Taylor be *bar mitzvahed*?"

Then Bonnie and I went to the *Mad* building. Bill Gaines' office had original paintings of famous E.C. characters hung around the walls—the Old Witch, the Crypt Keeper, the Vault Keeper—and there was a framed portrait of Alfred E. Newman himself, watching over me while I lost my sexual innocence, just as he had been watching over a whole generation as they lost their cultural innocence. Bonnie and I were rolling around on the carpet, kissing and groping and undressing each other. To open the convertible sofa now would interfere with our compulsive spontaneity.

I had read so much about Bartholin's glands, how they lubricate the vaginal cavity and take the friction out of intercourse, but now that I was *actually* putting my thing into her thing, now that I was sliding around inside another person's body after fantasizing about it for so many years, it occurred to me to flap my arms like wings to make sure I wasn't dreaming. But since my weight was on my elbows, I couldn't carry out that particular reality check without losing my balance.

Bonnie and I were beginning to reach that certain point in lovemaking where the voluntary is just on the verge of becoming the involuntary. I needed to get the condom which had been residing in my wallet beyond any possible estimated shelf life, so I stopped moving while I still could, and broke the silence with a strained yet noble whisper.

"I better put something on."

"Oh, that's okay. You can fuck me without worrying."

I had never heard a girl say *fuck* before, and I was just a little shocked to hear it now even though we were in the *middle* of fucking. Her reply remained in my awareness as our spasms of pleasure mounted and began to overwhelm us—*You can fuck me without worrying*—then suddenly my verbal ejaculation became as inevitable as my physical ejaculation, and I simultaneously surrendered to both, blurting out, in a voice that was not quite my own, "*What—me worry?*" Even though I had been in the very throes of orgasm, I still could not resist responding to such a perfect straight-line.

How I Found My Clipping

Nancy Cain and I got married on April Fool's Day in 1988, but we continued to live across the street from each other. Some people thought this was a weird arrangement. Others envied it.

I still had 160 cartons of stuff, plus 5-foot-high stacks and stacks of old newspapers and magazines. I even had a box of old *TV Guides* for no possible reason. This was beyond eccentricity. But I wasn't a packrat *per se*. My real problem was procrastination. And, while I kept putting off clearing out my apartment because it was so overwhelming, I accumulated even *more* crap, so the prospect of clearing out my apartment became even *more* overwhelming. The only one I knew who was worse off than me was a friend whose place got so filled with the stuff he'd been saving that he had to rent *another* place to live in. I didn't want to get to that point. I was just waiting for a sign, and then I'd start cleaning up my act.

Nancy, on the other hand, was neat. She and her partner, Judith Binder, had started CamNet, the camcorder network, a video equivalent to the alternative press, and although the walls of Nancy's editing room were lined with wooden shelves to store all the videotapes, she

actually threw newspapers and magazines away on the same day she read them. Amazing.

Nancy and I each perceived reality through our own peculiar filters. So, when the cops who assaulted Rodney King were found not guilty and the rebellion exploded in Los Angeles, we both reverted to the tools of our respective trades in order to deal with the truth. Nancy got her video camera and focused on the TV set, while I mused out loud, "Well, the blessing in disguise is that the Crips and the Bloods will declare a truce because now the gangs realize they have an enemy in common." Then I put a new message on my answering machine, in an exaggerated Waspish voice, "Hello, you've reached the office of *The Realist*, a black-owned business."

But what exactly *was* the role of humor in the middle of a riot? Didn't the Constitution give you the right to yell "Theater" in a crowded fire? Larry King was adamant—there's simply "nothing funny"—whereas Steve Allen said, "It depends on the context." It was Allen who proclaimed that satire is tragedy plus time, but information was now communicated at such an ever-accelerating rate that a particular one-liner—"The news has become the Home Shopping Network for looters"—was already on computer bulletin boards even as equipment and appliances galore were simultaneously shown in the *process* of being looted on live television. Who knows, Rodney King, driving drunk and speeding, might have run over one of those very same kids who would otherwise have gotten arrested for looting in his name.

Garry Trudeau referred to the looting of the Savings & Loans, and comedian Jimmie Walker got applause with this one: "Suddenly, because of the riots, every black actor in America is getting a new TV show. Even me. I'll be on the spinoff of *Beverly Hills 90210*, called *South Central 911*." But much of the humor was unintentional, like the looter who got caught, was released on bail, then called up by the National Guard, and ended up in uniform guarding neighborhood stores from other looters. And the local newscasters revealed themselves in their reactions. When a looted sofa fell off the pickup truck making a getaway, one anchor said, "Good, one for our side." Another, who heard a rumor that the upscale restaurant Spago's was on fire, uttered, "Oh, no!"

Certainly, George Bush's press secretary, Marlin Fitzwater, wasn't trying to be funny when he blamed the insurrection on Lyndon Johnson. Conversely, the President *was* trying to be funny when he attempted to trivialize Fitzwater's trial balloon by saying that he couldn't come to a press conference "because he busted his Thigh-Master." What comedy writer could come up with a more bizarre scenario than Police Chief Daryl Gates *personally* arresting one of truckdriver Reginald Denny's attackers, just the way FBI director J. Edgar Hoover once personally arrested Alvin "Creepy" Karpas? Or the alleged attacker of Denny saying into the camera as he got busted, "Smile, you're on Candid Camera!" Or the audacity of his potential defense that Denny *taunted* the quartet into pulling him out of the truck and attacking him—similar, of course, to the cops' defense.

One of the most exquisite bits of rationalization came from Stacey Koon, the police sergeant who directed the beating of Rodney King. He said that when a cop used the expression, "It's monkey slapping time," this was not racism. "Literally, it means an officer is going to go masturbate. However, in context it means an officer is going to kick back and relax." At the Fun House, Dawn Keith played Koon's psychologist: "Now I know you didn't really mean to do that. You're under stress about these gangs. You lost control. So you go straight to jail, baby."

For me, the function of humor was to serve as an antidote to the horror being suffered by others, and to the fear that it might happen to us.

Nancy asked, "What'll we do if they start torching the homes on our block?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought of any contingency plans. Maybe we'd just get in the car and head for the desert."

Then we heard the sound of a window being broken. It was a most scary sound. Our hearts beat fast. A few neighbors went out to investigate. It was merely "a domestic dispute"—presumably an argument over the remote control—a husband wanted to watch the fire on one channel, and his wife wanted to watch the looting on another.

Two weeks later, in May 1992, Nancy was covering the Los Angeles Ross Perot campaign for CamNet. She interviewed Mike Ruppert, the

The Last Convention

It wasn't only the sad state of the American economy that forced the Democratic and Republican parties to combine their conventions in 1992. It was also the popularity of Oliver Stone's film *JFK*, which began with a quote from the farewell speech of Dwight Eisenhower—a former general as well as a retiring president—warning against the dangers of a military-industrial complex. If there really was such an invisible government running things all along, then why pretend any longer that it made any difference which rubber stamp was elected as Commander in Chief?

Since the public seemed to relish the dirty tricks of a campaign more than intelligent discussion of the real issues, the convention was run by a pair of professional pranksters: Alan Abel, who had once hired actors to play members of the audience at a Phil Donahue taping and faint, one after another; and Dick Tuck, who, during the Nixon campaign, had arranged for every Chinese fortune cookie at a rally to contain the same message, "What about the Howard Hughes loan?" Their goal now was to pull off the dirtiest trick of all—to maneuver all the candidates into speaking the truth.

Alan Abel had learned the value of a simple bribe when, for only \$500 in cash, a teacher at

the school where Dan Quayle was scheduled to judge a spelling bee added an *e* to the word *potato* on the flash card that the Vice President would use to determine the students' accuracy. Moreover, Abel won back \$1000 when he bet Dick Tuck that Quayle would automatically assume the misspelling was correct. That was the beginning of their partnership.

But neither Abel nor Tuck could have predicted the behavior of the Act Up demonstrators when they opened the convention with a screening of *JFK*. These were the same folks who had protested the negative stereotyping of gays in *Basic Instinct* by revealing how the movie ended to people waiting in line outside the theater. Now they were at Madison Square Garden doing the same thing, objecting to the negative stereotyping of gays in *JFK* by revealing how it ended.

"The government got away with it," they kept shouting at the delegates. "The government got away with it!"

* * *

A spirit of reconciliation permeated the convention, as indicated by the musical presentations.

For the Democrats, Fleetwood Mac reunited and sang *Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow*.

For the Republicans, the remaining Beatles reunited and sang *Yesterday*.

For Ross Perot, Sonny and Cher were sup-

posed to reunite and sing *I've Got You, Babe*, but then something unforeseen happened.

Perot had learned that political commercials were not subject to the same scrutiny as were regular commercials. By law, they could not be censored. He was screening a TV commercial for his political advisers, Ed Rollins and Hamilton Jordan. It featured a closeup of Perot himself speaking directly to viewers in his nasal twang:

"My investigators have uncovered some disturbing facts about the other candidates that I'd like to share with you people. Bill Clinton's father did *not* die before he was born. Actually, he abandoned the family, and ignored his responsibility to send payments for child support. Clinton's stepfather was *not* an abusive alcoholic, and his mother *never* had breast cancer. That's just a ploy for sympathy. This is just stuff the spin doctors made up. The same with Albert Gore. My investigators have learned that his son *faked* that automobile accident in order to give his father an excuse to drop out of a presidential race he knew he couldn't win. I think that's disgusting. . . ."

Upon seeing this, Jordan said, "Ross, that commercial could really backfire. I mean, remember what happened when Gray Davis merely tried to compare Dianne Feinstein with Leona Helmsley."

But Rollins refused to dignify it with dis-

press liaison of Perot for President, and now she was showing me the tape.

"How did you meet Ross?" she asked him.

"I was an LAPD narcotics detective, and I ran across some CIA activity in terms of the drug trade years ago. That's how I met Ross, so I'm experienced in dirty tricks, of course."

Nancy told him of a rumor which I had heard from a source in the Bill Clinton campaign, that Bush was really sick, that he would drop out of the race at the last minute, and that the Republicans would run Perot as *their* candidate.

"I got a rumor to match your rumor," Ruppert responded. "The rumor I heard was that Bush was so scared of Ross that he was gonna

say that he can't run because of health reasons and was gonna let [Jack] Kemp take the fall. Then I have another rumor. I'm well connected with local law enforcement. [The rumor is] that the riots are gonna be allowed to continue and Bush will suspend the election; but that's all rumor."

Then, combining conscious innocence with in-your-face interviewing, Nancy asked him what skeletons Perot had in his closet.

"What Ross has in the closet is *on* the Republicans," he answered. "Go get the *Los Angeles Times* of January 12, 1987."

When I saw him say that on the tape, I told Nancy, "Wait here. I think I might have that paper. I'm gonna go look for it."

I ran out and headed straight for my bathroom. The piles of newspapers were not in chronological order, but in only twenty minutes, I found a copy of the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* of January 12, 1987. And there it was:

Texas billionaire H. Ross Perot asked Vice President George Bush last fall to look into "what he considered evidence of wrongdoing," including drug dealing, by Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Armitage. . . .

In a followup interview, Ruppert told Nancy that Armitage had been "financing covert operations with drug money."

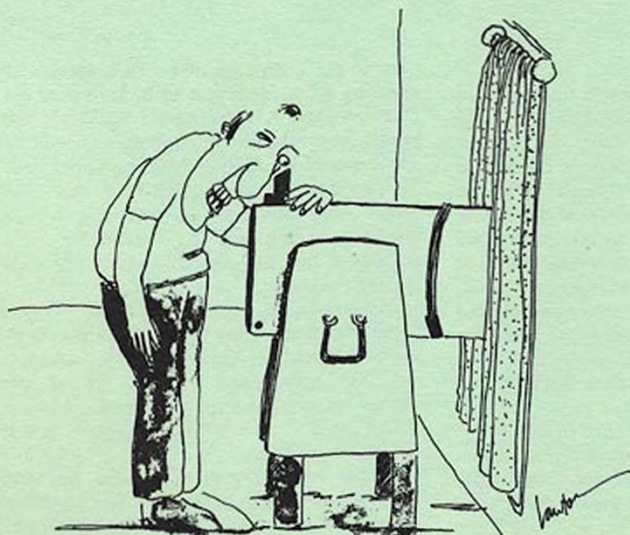
The Defense Department had originally stated, "That's an old allegation that was looked into years ago and found to be groundless. Armitage is under no investigation by the Department of Defense. Secretary [Casper] Weinberger has full confidence in him."

Now Weinberger himself was indicted in the Iran/Contra investigation.

As for me, I had gotten my sign. My piles of old newspapers—*finally*—had served their purpose. Now I could begin throwing those papers away. But wait—*there*—in the *Wall Street Journal*:

Perot's candidacy for the prestigious Council on Foreign Relations several years ago was seconded by—George Bush. A Perot aide says Bush's seconding letter was "lovely," but that there aren't any plans to release the text.

I clipped that item and put it into one of the many boxes of clippings to be filed. Okay, *now* I was ready to start throwing stuff away. I really didn't need to be my own library. And I was tired of having to walk into my apartment *sideways* every time.



With his high-powered telescope, Hank enjoyed examining the nasal hairs of his neighbors.

cussion.

"I'm through with this shit," he blurted out. "I would never want to be associated with a commercial like that. As of this moment, I resign!"

"Okay, go on ahead and quit," Perot snarled at Rollins as he was walking out of the screening room. "I never liked your damn beard anyway."

The next day, Ross Perot dropped out of the campaign himself, and all of a sudden the presidential race was up for grabs.

A strange phenomenon developed in the course of news coverage of this campaign. Whereas it used to be that comedians wanted to be serious actors, now all the network newscasters wanted to be standup comics. In fact, during convention week, the comedy club Catch a Rising Star featured Anchor Night.

Tom Brokaw was there, spouting one-liners like, "Well, since Bill Clinton *didn't* inhale marijuana and Al Gore *did* inhale, it shows that the Democrats are presenting a balanced ticket."

Peter Jennings did a routine about the food that was being served at the convention—"French-fried sound bites" got a bit laugh.

Bernard Shaw and Catherine Crier took suggestions from the audience and improvised a dialogue between Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill that brought the house down.

Dan Rather was a hit with his description of Murphy Brown having a father of the week for her child. One time it would be Jesse Jackson; another time it would be Jerry Brown. Rather repeated the bit on the CBS Evening News, and instead of ending each newscast with a phrase like "That's part of our world tonight" or "Courage," he began to sign off with, "You guys have been a lot of fun."

Alan Abel and Dick Tuck had worked with a group of ex-CIA chemists who were able to combine DMSO with sodium pentothal and other drugs, so that the resulting compound could be transmitted almost instantly by a mere handshake. The plan was to shake hands with each candidate immediately before he delivered his speech. Of course, the perpetrator had to tell the truth too, but it didn't matter.

When Abel shook hands with Dan Quayle as he approached the podium, he couldn't stop himself from saying, "Mr. Quayle, I've just given you a drug which will force you to tell the truth."

"Thank you very much," Quayle answered automatically, and by the time the cheering stopped, the drug had already kicked in.

"There was a lot of pressure by dupes of the cultural elite to get me off the ticket this time," Quayle's voice boomed through the public address system. "But let me remind you how I became Vice President in the first place. You may recall that during the Iran/contras hearings, Oliver North's courier, Rob Owen, testified that he had worked out of my Senatorial office. So I had already proved myself to be a player in the game. And, by the grace of implied blackmail, nobody—not Jim Baker, not Jack

Kemp—nobody could get George Bush to consider replacing me. And I will continue to represent the religious right until Armageddon comes, and everyone who is not a born-again Christian shall be consigned to eternal brimstone and fire. . . ."

Then Quayle's opponent, Al Gore, spoke.

"As you all know, I am dedicated to improving the environment. But when I voted for the war in Iraq, I helped set in motion an inevitable process by which Saddam Hussein set fire to oil wells and caused the worst environmental disaster in global history. Oh my God, what am I saying? Is there a spin doctor in the house? Everybody, repeat after me, *Is there a spin doctor in the house?*" And the delegates repeated over and over, as if with a single voice, "*Is there a spin doctor in the house? Is there a spin doctor in the house?*" Then Gore said, "I'll be honest with you. The secret of this convention is that it gives you all a chance to get high by hooting and cheering—a political equivalent to the kind of chanting that goes on at rock concerts, football games, spiritual cults. . . ."

George Bush was next.

"You know, I've publicly blamed the legislative branch for hindering my plans, but actually they've been quite cooperative. So we are equally to blame for the lack of funds for the

Evening Shade—but he managed to get through to him just in time.

"First of all," Clinton began, "I'd like to thank Gennifer Flowers for providing a wonderful diversion from the real reason that, as governor, I fired Larry Nichols from the State Development and Finance Authority. He had been very active in providing the propaganda which convinced Congress to renew military aid to the *contras*. Now, although I'm running against George Bush, it was in my own domain, Mena, Arkansas, that the CIA carried out most of their smuggling in cocaine for Americans and smuggling out weapons for the *contras*. My security guards even used to refer to me as Mr. Snowman, but Bush could never say a word about this because it was a Reagan-Bush operation. So I had Bush by the snowballs. . . ."

Clinton went on and on until finally the balloons were released from the ceiling—only they weren't balloons, they were fetuses—thousands upon thousands of little human fetuses, provided by the anti-abortion people because of the candidate's pro-choice stance. Delegates screamed in horror as these fetuses continued to rain upon them like some kind of Biblical curse.

The pollsters had become such an integral



education thing and the health thing and all those things that a humane civilization would naturally support. For example, let me just share with you how the funding for Stealth Bomber got through, even though it is a total waste of money and manpower and technology. They're not built all in one place, you know. Components of the Stealth Bomber were delegated and parcelled out to manufacturers in—get this, now—two hundred and eighty-six separate congressional districts, each of which would be affected by the loss of jobs if the program were killed. Very shrewd program, don't you think? . . ."

Suddenly the President began to barf. Just a little gurgle at first, and then, as though a dam had been broken, it poured out—red, white and blue vomit—thanks to yet another chemical hoax by Dick Tuck. This was indeed the dirty tricks convention.

Alan Abel almost missed shaking hands with Bill Clinton—it was difficult to get past the entire casts of *Designing Women* and

part of the campaign that a new system of selecting a President was to be instituted for Election Day. A voter would walk into the booth, close the curtain, and there would be the choices—the Gallup Poll, the Roper Poll, the Harris Poll, the CNN Poll, the *USA Today* Poll, plus a few minor polls, with a lever next to each one. You would simply have to choose that organization whose poll you trusted the most.

In a hotel suite, Hillary Clinton and Tipper Gore were waiting for the results while relaxing over herbal tea and home-made cookies.

"You know," said Hillary, "if we get elected, it would be the first time in history that there'd be two bleached blondes in the White House."

Tipper smiled and blinked twice, her blue eye shadow flashing in the light. She was busy making notes on which gospel records should be required to have warning labels.

"Now, this one is totally obscene," she said. "Just listen to these lyrics: *Go down, Moses. . . .*"

Why I Did It

by Rick Springer

"So, Mr. Springer, just how did you sneak by the Secret Service?"
"Do you have any history of mental illness? Have you had psychiatric care? Have you ever been in a mental hospital?"

"Just what possessed you to get up on stage with the former President and break that crystal eagle statue? What do you have against Ronald Reagan?"

I continue to be astounded at the ability of the press to miss the real issue entirely. Although nuclear testing has poisoned our own people, wasted the taxpayer's dollar, oppressed the Western Shoshone on whose land the testing continues, and led the world to the brink of a nuclear holocaust, the media by and large give minimal coverage to the U.S. Dept. of Energy Nuclear Weapons Testing program in Nevada. Front page coverage of any other nation's presumed ability to develop nuclear weapons is common with only a whisper, yet the Nevada Test Site remains unknown to most Americans. During the Middle East crisis, Iraq's supposed ability to develop nuclear weaponry was the main story for weeks, yet our own testing and development rarely leaves the 5th page of the *Las Vegas Review Journal*.

Still, the question remains, why did I smash a crystal eagle on stage at the National Association of Broadcasters convention?

I smashed that eagle because I am disgusted with the apathy of the American public. Because I believe that, in a nation of spoiled brats that have been seduced into a stupor of complacency through comfort, convenience and materialism, you not only have to ring the bell of freedom, but sometimes you have to *smash* it to get their attention. Our nation has a history of this style of awakening, dating back as far as the Boston Tea Party.

They say a picture is worth a thousand words, but the media missed the real picture. It is *not* the picture of former President Reagan with an unknown anti-nuclear activist at the podium. The real picture is the image of the sacred symbol of freedom, that crystal eagle, as it shattered into a thousand pieces. Shattered by over 900 nuclear bomb tests on Newe Segobia, the sacred lands of the Shoshone people. Shattered by the verdict of the Rodney King jury. Shattered by the deaths of over 13.5 million children under five starving worldwide this year. Shattered by every bomb dropped on Iraq. Shattered by the apathy of a nation that thinks freedom is free.

Let's face it. This nation has become the imperialist oppressor our foremothers and fathers sailed the Atlantic to escape. And the apathy of the masses is to blame. The ultimate copout is that we can't do anything about it. The rumor started by City Hall, that you can't fight it, has been conveniently adopted to justify a nation of couch potatoes.

So I destroyed that eagle to bring attention to the most devastating war in world history, the cold war. So cold that humanity has yet to thaw to the horror perpetrated on the present and future generations from the effects of radiation. Over 1900 nuclear bombs have been detonated worldwide during this war. Don't worry about the bombs that *might* be dropped. Our own government continues to set them off in our face, and we let them. Ask the few surviving atomic vets, ask the downwinders of Kazakhstan in the once Soviet, those Pacific Islanders in Moruroa where the French tested, our own neighbors in St. George, Utah, or even the 220 Nevada Test Site workers who recently filed a lawsuit against the Department of Energy for negligent radiation exposure.

"Nuclear weapons are a deterrent to war"—so goes the U.S. government position. This is tantamount to saying that addiction and

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Why They Do It

by Sandra Katzman

We are at the site of the nation's second nuclear weapons lab, the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, started 40 years ago. In the bucolic countryside, animals graze—cows, horses, goats. At noon, Lab employees pour out of the one-mile-square barbed wire fence enclosure. They walk, jog and bicycle in the clean air with nearby vineyards all clustered beneath the windmills of Patterson Pass.

The Lab is at the east end of Livermore, California. Outside the city limits, it pays a fee for services such as public transit. The federal eagle insignia adorns the Lab and Sandia, the other federal defense lab across the street. A similar bird looms atop a totem pole a few miles away, at a major crossroads in town. Totemic symbols carry the eye from a crouching Robert Livermore (Britisher who became a Mexican citizen so he could get a land-grant in what became the Livermore Valley) down to an atom showing electron paths (a plaque says it depicts dedication to peaceful use of atomic power). Between the two are grapes for the vinicultural history of the area.

Livermore has grown from 7,000 to 56,000. Although there's a second generation of Lab workers, it's no longer a company town, according to visiting anthropologist Hugh Gusterson. "So the Lab no longer has the kind of stranglehold on employment in Livermore that it used to have," he told me. "And a lot of the young, well-educated families that have moved here in the last decade that don't work for the Lab have become concerned because the Lab was recently made an EPA superfund site."

Gusterson just got a Ph.D. in anthropology from Stanford University. In three years studying the culture of the nuclear weapons designers and the city, he discovered to his surprise that the scientists *were* socially aware.

"Two preconceptions I had both turned out to be quite wrong. I assumed that to work on nuclear weapons, one had to be a super-patriotic, communist-hating right-wing Republican. I was startled to find quite a few of the people I interviewed had been active in the civil rights movement; they'd been active in the movement against the Vietnam War; they were members of environmental groups like the Sierra Club."

The British-born student concluded that the scientists also thought deeply about the product that consumed two-thirds of the Lab's work—nuclear bomb design.

"The other preconception I'd acquired from anti-nuclear activists was that weapons scientists don't think about the ethics of their work. Many of them told me they could never work on conventional weapons because conventional weapons are designed to actually kill people, whereas nuclear weapons aren't. One person thought it was ethical to work on weapons, but he could never be a lawyer, because lawyers defend murderers and drug dealers, and are far more ethically sleazy than weapons scientists."

This spring, Gusterson was invited to the Lab. A roomful of scientists listened. For comic comment, an astrophysicist held a walking stick with a goat's skull, horns pointed up to the slightly nervous student of human custom.

Later, Gusterson told me, "I was a little anxious about giving the talk, because traditionally, anthropologists write about people who have no right of response. They often can't speak English; they don't read. It's not too often that anthropologists have to share their conclusions with the people they studied. So I was anxious beforehand. But I was very pleased with the response I got. We had a good conversation."

In the audience that day was Dr. Hugh DeWitt, a Lab theoretical



physicist of 35 years. He is not a nuclear weapons designer. He does basic research on stellar interiors. He believes that his bomb-maker colleagues are honest, decent, good scientists who by and large believe in deterrence: nuclear weapons prevent nuclear war.

"I am not a typical Lab staff member because I have not accepted this dogma myself," he said. "And for 15 years or more, I've been an internal critic. I've been working as strong as I can to promote a nuclear test ban treaty, and bring the whole enterprise to an end. I'm happy to say that with the end of the cold war, that is in fact what is happening—the nuclear testing is declining, and there's a good chance, at least in Livermore, it will come to an end in the next few years."

The future of the Lab is in flux. At question is whether the United States needs more nuclear weapons; how much testing might be needed; and efficacy and safety of the existing weapons. DeWitt is adamant in criticism, striving for worldwide non-proliferation. He spoke intensely about his hopes: "There are many people who agree it's time to bring nuclear testing to an end. I happen to be one of the more vocal people who are saying this from the inside. It's caused me some difficulty and some trouble. Four years ago, it seemed appropriate that I leave the laboratory for a year. I had a sabbatical leave, and was teaching at universities. Since coming back, my situation has been quite good."

Why Rick Springer Did It

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fornication are deterrents to AIDS. It is Orwellian doublespeak at its height. We have had nuclear weapons since 1945, yet wars have continued around the world, from Vietnam to the Middle East, from Korea to Afghanistan.

The lame argument that we must continue to test nuclear weapons for safety and reliability is more of the same absurdity. How can you make something designed to fry 200,000 people instantly "safe"? If after 45 years we haven't figured it out, I suggest we quit! As for reliability, it seems there is only one way to verify a bomb's reliability—to detonate it. And then, of course, it doesn't work any more.

The main argument in Nevada for continued testing is jobs. There are approximately 8,000 test site workers making a good buck. On that note, we should all encourage our kids to smoke cigarettes to help the ailing tobacco industry. A crack habit could help those poor opium field workers. Certainly, inner city drug dealers have the right to make a living.

If you buy the deterrent, safety, reliability, and jobs arguments for continued nuclear testing, I suggest your curiosity regarding my sanity is misplaced.

If the destruction of that eagle appears to you as a violent act, then I must beg your forgiveness. As an advocate of nonviolence I am constantly in search of a more concise definition of the parameters. Chalk it up to too many relationships with deformed Soviet children; too many stories from Nevada hunters of the lesions, tumors and birth defects on the deer and bighorn sheep in the test site vicinity; too many acquaintances with women from the South Pacific and Utah dying of cancer. Ram Dass says, "We bear the unbearable." Frederick Douglass says, "The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress."

I can bear no more. I have reached my limit. I am looking for the next bell of freedom to ring. My hope is that you may have heard that crystal bell ringing.

As Ronald Reagan addressed the Budweiser-sponsored NAB convention, I watched broadcasters from around the nation tilt a Bud bottoms up. In a spontaneous act in front of millions of apathetic citizens on national television, I hope the message came through: "Excuse me, America, but this Eagle's for you!"

In 1992, after 500 years of indigenous resistance since the invasion of Columbus, there is no more important issue to address than nuclear testing on Western Shoshone lands. My prayer is that the phoenix will rise from the pyre of nuclear ashes and a freedom based on nonviolence will rise among the people of the world.

Editor's Postscript: The Senate has defied President Bush and voted by a veto-proof majority to suspend U.S. nuclear weapons testing for nine months and eventually to halt all such tests after 1996. Rick Springer faces federal charges of resisting arrest and impeding the Secret Service, and a state charge of malicious destruction of property. Ronald Reagan was set free.

DeWitt believes that nuclear power may be advisable as a power source for peacetime. "I'm not a fan of nuclear power at all, but I think in many cases it may be necessary. Technical problems have to be worked out to make it useful and safe. People at the Lab can serve a useful function by trying to talk to the anti-nuclear groups and explain this and answer questions and get into hot arguments and hope there will be a meeting of minds."

Gusterson spoke at a forum about the changing Lab. His talk was entitled "Construction of the Political Reality of the Lab." He told the audience—hung with high security green badge Q-clearances—that it was useful to "re-frame" the Lab to the Lab. He said that he "found transcendent political ideas operating." In essence, the nuclear weapons designers all claimed to think about ethics, but they didn't talk to their colleagues about ethics.

Then Gusterson gave a history of the anti-nuke movement, from 1960 to the present. At first, there was no such movement; then adverse-to-lab experts emerged—national experts, intra-lab experts, doctors, psychotherapists—who made an ethical plea, and the 1983 Pastoral Letter, a position paper by U.S. Catholic Bishops. These protests gave rise to a Victim's Perspective, which led to horrific visualizations of nuclear war, and organizers led mass groups to have such visualizations.

After the talk, the Lab scientists asked questions:

Q. *The anti-nuclear protestors who were college-educated—what had they studied?*

A. Mostly humanities.

Q. *Why had the anti-nuke movement protested the Lab, rather than the Soviets?*

A. The Soviets had been perceived as colleagues of the Lab.

Q. *What about "the next genie"—nuclear weapons won't be the last scientific war breakthrough?*

A. Maybe the discussion will proceed to concepts of "beyond war" and "changing ways of thinking."

Q. *What if the Gusterson study is taken out of context, and the Lab people are seen as "priests"?*

A. "Priests" was a term employed by a newspaper writer recently in the Midwest.

During the study, one evening just before an anti-nuke protest, Gusterson engineered a dinner between anti-nuke activists and Lab weapons workers. One of the workers was in the audience and recalled that evening as a "great unloading." He had been relieved to express himself to his antagonists. But Gusterson said the dinner disappointed him because he felt that the two groups had talked past each other. He hopes the end of the cold war will see the "possibility of convergence—people able to agree on things they couldn't agree on before."



COLUMBUS DISCOVERS A LUMP.

"The Player II"

by Matt Neuman

I was early for my meeting with a well-known movie executive (whom I'll call Griffin Mill), so early that the two people scheduled ahead of me came in after I did. One looked familiar, but I couldn't remember his name. The other, dressed slickly and carrying an attaché case, was an agent, I assumed. They approached the receptionist, who had to tear herself away from a game of Tetris.

"Your names?" she asked.

"Richard Rosenberg," the agent type answered, "and Stacey Koon."

"Ah, yes. Mr. Mill will see you in a moment. Please have a seat."

Shortly after they sat down it hit me. Of course! Sergeant Stacey Koon! One of the cops who beat up Rodney King! I remembered reading how Koon had written a book, and how he was hoping to turn it into a movie. And now here he was, out of uniform, agent in tow, ready to make his "pitch" to Griffin Mill.

"Mr. Rosenberg, Mr. Koon—you can go in now." The receptionist escorted them into Mill's office, closed the door, and went back to her desk. Oh, to be a fly on the wall, I thought. And then—a miracle! The door swung back open—just a crack, mind you—but enough for me to (over)hear the following: "What's this?" Mill asked, as something was handed to him. "It's heavy," he joked. They laughed, nervously.

"It's based on notes, anecdotes, and real-life experiences from my years on the force," Koon said, somewhat defensively. "It's all true."

"He's not a professional writer, of course," the agent pointed out.

There was a pause as Mill thumbed through the weighty tome. "And you see this as a movie?" he asked.

"Yes. I think it can be an exciting action-adventure movie."

"Like a *Lethal Weapon 3*?"

"I haven't seen that one."

"I have," the agent chimed in. "Sure, sure. *Lethal Weapon 3*. Sure."

"Because the public loves action," Mill pointed out.

"There's plenty of action," Koon came back. "Real police action. The kind of stuff the media never shows."

"Good, good . . ." Mill was getting impatient. "Now, in a nutshell, what's the story, the plot, the hook? What's the point? What makes this different from, say, *Die Hard*, or *Die Hard 2*? What makes me want to go see this movie, let alone rent it for the weekend?"

I figured this barrage would sink Team Koon, but the Sergeant came prepared.

"This is a real story about real cops," he began, "cops on the beat, cops facing danger all the time."

"Take me through it—briefly," Mill prodded.

"Okay. We start out, it's late at night. Two CHP officers, a married couple, are on patrol in the San Fernando Valley . . ."

"Married cops—nice touch," Mill interjected.

"It's the graveyard shift," Koon continued,

"and not much is happening. Then, all of a sudden, two black guys in a Hyundai go by at about a hundred and ten miles an hour."

"A hundred and ten? A Hyundai can go that fast?"

"Well . . ." Koon stumbled.

"That's all right—it's a movie." Mill let him off the hook.

"They begin a high-speed pursuit . . ."

"Good, good . . ."

" . . . and after a prolonged chase they finally stop the car, but the driver won't cooperate. They can't handcuff him. He's belligerent, defiant, crazy, berserk—like he's on PCP or something."

"PCP?"

"Angel dust. Elephant tranquilizer."

"You can drive on that stuff?"

"It's just a movie, remember?" *Touché*, Sergeant Koon!

"Sure, sure. Go on."

Other units are called in, but nobody can control this guy. They even tase him—twice—but he keeps on coming."

"Tase him?"

"They shoot him with a taser gun. Fifty thousand volts."

"And the guy's still conscious?"

"Well, you know these black guys. He keeps charging, attacking, threatening—"

"And how many cops are we talking about here?"

"On, maybe nine or ten."

"Ten against one?"

"Nobody can control him. He's like . . . Mandingo . . . a gorilla in the mist."

"Both of those films did solid business," Mill mused.

"Meanwhile," Koon continued, "a disgruntled, publicity-seeking bastard called George of the Jungle is videotaping the whole thing from across the street. He gives the tape to TV and they run it over and over again—showing only the bad parts—making it seem like the police were at fault, completely distorting the facts—"

"Wait a second," Mill interrupted. "Was this ever done as a TV movie?"

"I don't think so."

"Sorry—go ahead."

Koon cleared his throat, then resumed. "Because of the media coverage, four of the officers are suspended from the force, indicted and put on trial. The trial is televised, live, around the world . . ."

"A big trial—I like it." Mill sounded genuinely interested.

"And then, after all the evidence is presented to a jury, we—I mean they—are ac-

quitted."

"Acquitted? Innocent?"

"Of all but one minor charge."

There's a long pause.

"Well, what do you think?" the agent jumped in, breaking the silence.

"I think I love it," Mill answered. "But we have to change the ending. A guilty verdict works much better, dramatically."

"Guilty?" Koon shot back.

"It builds sympathy," Mill explained. "Plus, we'll make it a murder charge. That way they can be sentenced to die in the gas chamber—a last-minute reprieve saves their lives—and everybody's happy! That's it!"

Koon was fit to be tased, but Mill wasn't finished with his revisions.

"And then there's the married couple. Here's what I think: We make the two black guys in the Hyundai the married couple."

"The two black guys are married?" Koon asked.

"No, no. We make the two people in the Hyundai a married couple, like Alec Baldwin and Julia Roberts. And we make the cops who beat them up—black. That's it! We make the cops black!"

"The cops . . . black?"

"Excuse me, African-American." Mill hit the intercom, startling the receptionist, who was way over 10,000 points in Tetris. "Get me the name of Eddie Murphy's agent," he barked.

I could see Koon's agent practically salivating. "Eddie Murphy?"

"Yeah. You like him?"

"But he's a comedian," Koon protested, "and this isn't a comedy." The agent, panicking, gestured to Koon as if to say, "Please—don't argue!"

"Now," Mill went on, "as for the director. If we can't get a Scorsese—and I think we can—we can always go in a different direction and get a John Singleton or a Spike Lee. You haven't talked to Larry Levy over at Paramount yet, have you?"

"No," the agent answered immediately. "You're the first person we've taken this to."

"Good, good . . ." It sounded like Mill had had about enough. "Do either of you need to be validated? My secretary has the stickers." Suddenly the door opened. I held up a magazine so they couldn't see my grinning face.

"We're going to make a lot of money," Mill assured them, shaking their hands. And then, as they exited, Mill turned and noticed me—the guy reading *People* magazine upside down. "Hi. Come on in."

I went in.

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Dan Quayle's Dick

by Susie Bright

As a predecessor to Murphy Brown, single and with child before an election year, you know that I have been ideologically skewered almost daily by the Vice President since he made his infamous speech in San Francisco, lambasting unmarried mothers and their kids.

I've trembled through a series of assassination compulsions as Quayle visits one urban junior high school after the next, insulting 8th graders about their families and fortunes. Two years later, after these kids complete puberty, they'll properly knock his lights out for saying such crap to their faces.

Finally, there was the spelling bee incident, a humiliation to Quayle's I.Q., but unfortunately not a blow to his moral agenda. I couldn't enjoy his potato-*faux-pas* as much as I wanted to. I have inexplicably had consecutive relationships with lovers who are smart as whips but can't spell worth a damn. It's like dyslexia; it's not a matter of intelligence or education at all. Quayle's only real idiocy was to imagine that he should be hanging around a spelling bee in the first place. My other lovers would have had more sense. The V.P. is impulsive; he forgets who he is and where he belongs.

Which brings me to our meeting. I mean, there was absolutely no reason why Danny and I should have the occasion to meet, let alone press bodily fluids against each other . . .

It happened three nights after the Larry King show. Once again, Dan had spoken out in public without caution. He said that if his daughter were to find herself with child, he would support her, no matter what her decision, whether to keep or abort the pregnancy. He said it twice, and it was the look on his face the first time that made me realize he loves his eldest daughter more than life, that he would do anything for her, and that he cannot bear to cause her any pain.

It is a classic father's romance with his little girl. It made me remember when I was a teenager tackling politics with my dad. I belonged to a high school study group that was reading Malcolm X's biography (yes, before Spike Lee!), and I was totally captivated with Malcolm's "by any means necessary" philosophy of self defense. I decided to battle with my father over his longstanding pacifism.

"What if," I pointed my finger at him like a bayonet, "someone came at you with a gun and your only way to defend yourself was to shoot back?"

He was unshakable. "I would not kill another man," he said. It was like arguing with the Ten Commandments.

I gave up and pouted. "What if someone tried to kill me, what would you do then?"

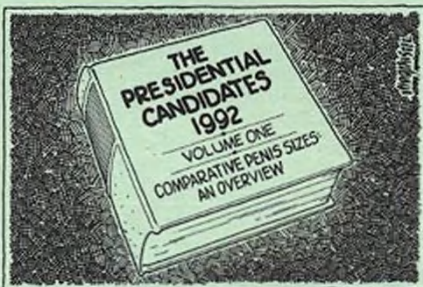
I didn't expect what happened next, or I never would have provoked it on purpose. He got that same look that Dan had on TV, his eyes looked a hundred years old, and I was afraid he was going to cry. Then he said, "If it were you, I'd probably do anything to save you." I didn't make him spell it out because I knew I'd just cracked the hull completely.

So there was Quayle, cracked and split like a yolk on cable television. The next day, the rest of the Greek myth went into action. Marilyn

Quayle rushed right up to the media microphones and told them to read her labia lips. If her daughter was pregnant, the girl would "carry the child to term." No ifs, ands or buts. Mrs. Q. was furious.

I had my next forecast of what was to come. Marilyn must have carried her pregnancies to term, plus raised small children, at times that were not altogether to her liking. She resented it and, like every repressed mother, she is determined to pass on her suffering to her daughters—particularly her eldest daughter, who brings a light to her husband's eyes that he stopped sharing with his wife a while back. I fear the romantic love between the Quayles is past. The whole picture made me very sad.

I can't tell you exactly how I met Dan. Well, I'll tell you where I was—I was in Washington D.C. for an anarchist queer conference, with



lots of little genderfuck numbers running around—hackers, old yuppies. Everyone was crashing at a circle of ancient Victorians near Stoneybrook Park.

That's where I had to take Dan. Obviously, one can't run the risk of registering into a motel room with him. Just slipping away from the Secret Service is insane enough for a man like him. That's how bad he wants it.

So let me tell you about it, instead of the particulars of our first chance meeting. He says the only important detail about finding me was that he could smell my pussy, "like Girl Scout cookies are supposed to smell," all the way across Stoneybrook.

You see, Marilyn does not let Danny go down on her. Like maybe she allowed him three times when they were first together, and then it came to a complete halt. Of course, he is just cunt-mad. He buries his head in my fur and simply will not come out—I mean, my orgasm is just one curve in the coaster to him. He sucks the cum out of me, licking me like a bowl of chocolate, holding my clit hostage. The only way I can bring him up to eye level is to beg him to fuck me.

And, Geez Louise, his cock is such heaven. I mean, what are the qualifications for a great fuck? Spelling ain't one of 'em. Neither is any kind of great brains, let alone progressive politics. Like so many other cruelly teased bimbos, Danny is bottom line, a very physical and sensual animal who is at his happiest driving balls into holes. The man is an athlete, an Olympian.

For one, he just won't come until I do, long after I do, and then he only pauses to cradle

me for a moment and ask if I'm not too sore to carry on. And thanks to a 16-ounce bottle of Slippery Stuff, I am not in a wheelchair as we speak. His cock is not the biggest dick in America, but it is definitely something to show off.

Of course he's cut, and his erection flies straight up, not curving or bowing. The head looks like a polished marble doorknob, only to touch it, or course, it's like purple velvet. In fact, his hard-on does turn rosy violet the longer he moves in and out of me. His cock is so pretty that I apologized to him that I am not adept enough to take it all down my throat—I've never been great at that—but he looked at me like I was crazy and whispered, "Just lick me, baby."

He loves me to tongue the underside of his dick, from the bottom where his balls sit, cuddled high in anticipation, lapping right up to the cleft in his cockhead. When I suck him this way, he starts whimpering and, needless to say—no, I'll say it again—he crawls inside my pussy once more with his mouth as hungry as a girl's.

Danny sweats like a quarterhorse. His hair, the hair we've all thought was cemented in AquaNet, is actually thick and fine and even gets curly when he's down deep between my thighs. Our bedsheets are wet rags.

Positions, you ask? My Vice President is more than a little romantic. He loves to do it to me like we're making babies, face to face, holding my legs above his shoulders, teasing me with his dick, barely parting my pussy lips, until I grab his arms with all my strength and try to lift my hips high enough to catch him all the way into my womb.

If being fucked senseless is what I want, he is only too happy to turn me over, never pulling out, just sitting me on my haunches, and I stretch my arms out to hold onto the bed rails, because I know what's coming; and he rides me, he rides me holding my hair like a boy clutching a mane, biting my back, and finally, losing his perfect rhythm, talking crazy, gasping, "Do you want my come inside you, baby?" (Christ, yes, just keep the condom on, you fool), he takes my hips in his hands like he'd die holding onto me that way and drives me into the ground.

And then I woke up. The bedsheets were soaking wet. I grabbed my Magic Wand, set it on "full term," and finished myself off.

C'mon, I don't want him anywhere near the White House. But wet dreams like this don't visit that often. I only want Dan Quayle sweat-soaked, the cum drained out of him, chained to my bed, just a heartbeat away if I need him.

The author's latest book is *Susie Bright's Sexual Reality*. She was #23 in the *Minneapolis Weekly's* "62 Reasons to Love America."

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