

# The Realist

Number 123  
Editor: Paul Krassner

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## Bonnie and Clyde by Matt Neuman

The following, obtained through the Freedom of Information Act, was transcribed from the tape of a phone conversation on June 22, 1955, between J. Edgar Hoover, the director of the FBI, and his assistant, Clyde Tolson, and others.

Hoover: I'll take this one, operator, thank you. Clyde? Clyde? Where are you?

Tolson: In New York. At the Stork Club. Is she . . . off?

Hoover: Yes, I think so.

Tolson: I hope so.

Hoover: Don't worry, Clyde, she's off.

Tolson: She could still be listening.

Hoover: She's not listening. She's off.

Tolson: Good, because I—I miss you . . . darling.

Hoover: Yes, me too. Sweetie.

Tolson: Why don't you come up here and join me?

Hoover: Too much work.

Tolson: Tell me I'm your only one.

Hoover: You're my only one.

Tolson: Oh, whenever you say that I—

FBI Operator: Mr. Hoover?

Hoover: What?!

Tolson: Ahh!

FBI Operator: Sir, I'm sorry to interrupt but you have an emergency call from a . . . Frank Costello.

Hoover: Put him through, operator.

FBI Operator: Hold please.

Hoover: Clyde, I'll have to get back to you.

Tolson: But, John, I— (He's disconnected.)

FBI Operator: Go ahead, Mr. Costello.

Costello: Is that you, Hoover?

Hoover: Yes.

Costello: You got some news for me? We haven't heard anything lately.

Hoover: Uh, yes, actually, I've got one piece of information your boys will be very interested in.

Costello: Then let's hear it, you fat fairy, cause I'm getting impatient with you.

Hoover: Now that's not very nice, Frank. Really.

Costello: Shut up. What's the news? And it better be good.

Hoover: Alright, here it is . . . Have you ever heard of Disneyland?

Costello: Whatsyland?

Hoover: Disneyland. Walt Disney—he's building an amusement park out in California, calls it Disneyland. It opens next month. In California.

Costello: Yeah? So what?

Hoover: Well, I've got about thirty agents working there, undercover. Anytime any of

your people want to go to this place and ride the roller coaster and all, they can get in for nothing. Do you understand?

Costello: Let me get this straight. Your news is that we get to ride for free on the (expletive deleted) roller coaster in California?

Hoover: Well, I hear it's more than just a roller coaster, there's—

Costello: Hey, I don't give a (expletive deleted) what they got out there! If I wanna ride the (expletive deleted) Loop-de-Loop I can go to Coney Island, where I've never had to pay in my (expletive deleted) life!

Hoover: Well, yes, Frank, but—

Costello: Look, you (expletive deleted) little (expletive deleted) queer—I've got some news for you.

Hoover: Yes?

Costello: Lansky's got the pictures . . .

Did you hear me?

Hoover: Uh, yes . . . Which ones?

Costello: You and Clydesie. In bed. Two of those.

Hoover: Uh huh . . . I see.

Costello: And a couple of beauts taken at the Plaza Hotel in New York. My my my. You got a sensational figure there.

Hoover: (Clears his throat.)

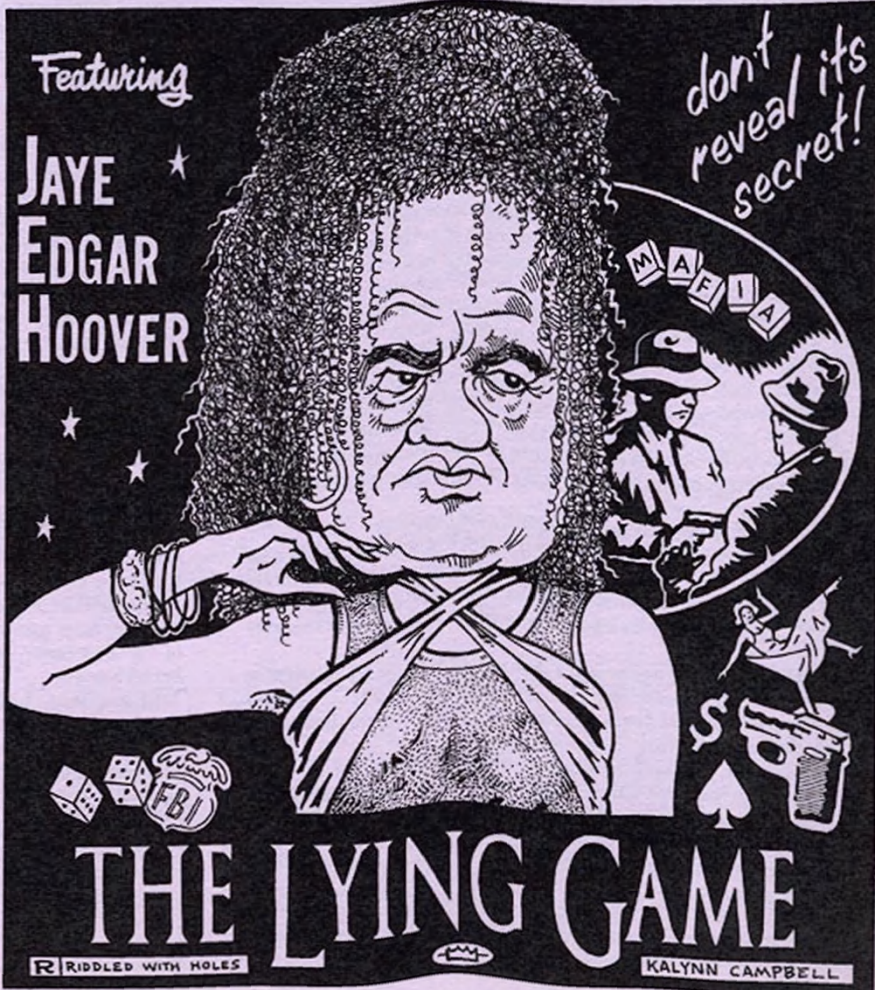
Costello: Now you know what this means, you big (expletive deleted) sissy? It means we could use a little more help, more than a (expletive deleted) free ride on a (expletive deleted) roller coaster! Okay?

Hoover: Well, sure, sure, and I will, just as soon as I—

FBI Operator: Mr. Hoover?

Hoover: Yes?

(Continued on Page 3)



## COURT JESTER

### Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut

I'm happy to announce that Simon & Schuster will distribute my autobiography to bookstores in September. The title—*Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut: Misadventures in the Counter-Culture*—comes from a poison pen letter the FBI sent to the editor of *Life* magazine in October, 1968, in response to a favorable profile of me published in *Life* earlier that month.

The FBI letter—on plain stationery, and signed by a fictional Howard Rasmussen of Brooklyn College—complained to *Life*: "That a national magazine of your fine reputation (till now that is) would waste time and effort on the cuckoo editor of an unimportant, smutty little rag is incomprehensible to me. Gentlemen, you must be aware that *The Realist* is nothing more than blatant obscenity. . . . To classify Krassner as some sort of 'social rebel' is far too cute. He's a nut, a raving, unconfined nut. . . ."

### And, Speaking of Raving, Unconfined Nuts

In the June, 1967 issue of *The Realist*, I wrote the following:

#### The Sex Life of J. Edgar Hoover

Last year Thomas Henry Carter, a fingerprint clerk for the FBI, was facelessly accused of "sleeping with young girls and carrying on." He admitted only to necking—an irrelevant confession in view of his inalienable prurient rights—but was nevertheless fired for "conduct unbecoming an employee of this Bureau." He filed suit against the man who signed his letter of dismissal, J. Edgar Hoover, and the case is now coming to a head in the Court of Appeals.

Hoover's defense is being handled by the U.S. Attorney's Office, whose brief denies that "the FBI was invidiously discriminating in the constitutional sense in dismissing appellant . . . on the grounds that he had kept a girl in his apartment overnight, and slept in the same bed with the girl, on two occasions, and that [his] sexual misadventures had become sufficiently public knowledge to cause an anonymous complaint to the FBI."

One of Carter's roommates was asked whether he had "heard a bed creaking in the next room." The answer was no. The question was superfluous:

"What took place inside is of little significance save that it was not entirely innocent; this was not appellant's sister"—incest is obviously unthinkable—"and she spent two nights locked in that bedroom, and presumably in his embrace . . . people generally assume that couples who sleep together 'also sleep together.' Appellant knew that. He knew that the FBI had a reputation to protect."

Exactly what stake does the bureau have in celibacy?

"The FBI must aim at achieving cooperation from every possible member of the population. It cannot be satisfied with a majority, even of landslide proportions. It cannot allow the little old lady from Dubuque to withhold information from the FBI because she will not trust an organization whose agents and employees are allowed to sleep with young girls and carry on."

What kind of example is set by the director himself?

J. Edgar Hoover has never married. He did live with his mother for the last sixteen years of her life, but it is safe to assume that except for an occasional nibble on her earlobe their relationship remained pleasingly platonic. If a wife has ever graced his bed, it was somebody else's wife.

Since Hoover would not practice that which is contrary to what he preaches, we can be sure that during his long FBI career—forget about adultery—*he has never fornicated with anyone*, neither young girl nor little old lady from Dubuque.

Homosexuality is absolutely out of the question, if for no other reason than the Supreme Court ruling on May 22 which upheld the exclusion and deportation of homosexuals under a law that bars "persons afflicted with a psychopathic personality."

J. Edgar Hoover has always been too much of an activist to wait for nocturnal emissions to come. Obviously, then, he patriotically indulges only in the official FBI practice of autoeroticism. Altruists all across the nation ought to consider sending him their discarded pornography to facilitate his fantasies.

### Gays in the Military

Also in that June, 1967 issue was the cartoon on the facing page by Art Spiegelman, who went on to create *Raw* magazine and then the bestselling, Pulitzer-Prize-winning *Maus* books.

This month, in the *Bay Area Reporter*, a gay weekly published in San Francisco, Michael C. Botkin wrote:

"The Hoover biography describes the dress that J. Edgar wore to a party; frankly, it sounds like pretty awful drag, but who was going to tell the head of the FBI that he looked like a fat, pathetic freak? That Hoover was blackmailed by the Mafia into denying the existence of organized crime seems to shock people much less than his sexual orientation. Oddly, the only book reviewers who doubt these stories are the closeted queers working for reactionary dailies; interesting, eh?"

"If even a highly placed blackmailing bureaucrat can be queer, who is beyond reproach? In a couple of years will we be reading confidential accounts detailing how General Schwartzkopf erotically modeled a tutu for Oliver North? Or that Chief of Staff Colin Powell and Senator Sam Nunn have carried on a secret sexual relationship for years? The mind boggles. I only hope I live long enough to read these headlines, first in the tabloids, then in the dailies, and finally on National Public Radio. . . ."

### Some of My Best Friends Are Generic

When Michael Jackson received an NAACP Image Award, I had intended to remark that it stood for the National Association for the Advancement of Cloroxed People. But then I saw an ad by the Clorox Company in the *Columbia Journalism Review*:

"Yes, Clorox is a brand name. Our brand name—our registered trademark that we use for our laundry and cleaning products, including the quality bleach products we've been making for home laundry and disinfectant uses since 1916. When you add our bleach product to your laundry, you're adding Clorox bleach. When you write a news item about the use of our bleach products, it's 'Clorox bleach.' When it's just bleach, it's just bleach—it's not Clorox!"

This reminded me of the time when I was covering the Patty Hearst trial for the *Berkeley Barb* in 1976. I had written:

"Brainwashing does exist. Built into the process is the certainty that one has not been brainwashed. Patty's obedience to her defense team paralleled her obedience to the SLA. The survival syndrome had simply changed hands. F. Lee Bailey was Cinque in whiteface. Instead of a machine gun, he owned a helicopter company—Enstrom, an anagram for Monster. Instead of taping underground communiques, he held press conferences. It was all show biz. There had been a rumor that Patty was pregnant by Cinque. Indeed, one of the first questions that Randolph Hearst asked when he met sports figure Jack Scott—who had supposedly seen Patty on the run—was to ascertain if that were so. Now, with their daughter on trial, the Hearsts have hired a lawyer who wears pancake makeup to press conferences, the better to transform a racist fear into a Caucasian alibi."

I then received a letter by certified mail from the corporate counsel for Max Factor:

"You undoubtedly did not realize that the name 'Pan-Cake Make-Up' is the registered trademark of Max Factor & Co. and is not a synonym for cake make-up. The correct usage is 'Pan-Cake Make-Up,' capitalized and written in just that manner, or, under circumstances such as these, where you obviously did not intend to mention a particular brand, simply cake make-up. We are sure that you are aware of the legal importance of protecting a trademark and trust that you will use ours properly in any future reference to our product, or, in the alternative, will use the proper generic term rather than our brand name. . . ."

In response, I explained that there had been a slight misunderstanding—what F. Lee Bailey had been wearing to all those press conferences was actually Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix—and I hoped that cleared up the matter.

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**Bonnie and Clyde**  
(Continued from Cover)

**FBI Operator:** You have a call from Walter Winchell.

**Hoover:** Put him through, operator. I'm sorry, Frank, I've gotta go.

**Costello:** Alright, but watch your step, you limp-wristed poof, or I'll tell Winchell about the pictures. 'Bye.

**Hoover:** (Clears his throat.) Hello? Walter?

**Winchell:** How are you, John?

**Hoover:** Fine, Walter, fine.

**Winchell:** Feeling lucky today?

**Hoover:** Maybe. Anything going off at thirty-four to one at Saratoga?

**Winchell:** Thirty-four to one at Saratoga? Jesus (*expletive deleted*) Christ, where do you come up with these bets? . . . Thirty-four to one at Saratoga . . . thirty-four to one



at Saratoga . . . what made you think of—wait—yes, there's one horse. Mainway III. Fourth race.

**Hoover:** Mainway III? Two thousand. No, make it five thousand.

**Winchell:** Okay, but—

**Hoover:** Walter? I have a question for you.

**Winchell:** Yeah?

**Hoover:** What do you know about Walt Disney?

**Winchell:** Walt Disney? What do you want to know?

**Hoover:** What kind of life does he lead? Any personal problems, extra-marital affairs?

**Winchell:** Walt Disney? Walt (*expletive deleted*) Disney? You've got to be kidding. The guy's as clean as Mickey Mouse. Cleaner. Why?

**Hoover:** Nothing. I just thought that, since he lives in Hollywood—

**Winchell:** You won't find anything on Disney. Now I've gotta run, John, if I'm gonna get these bets down. 'Bye.

**Hoover:** Operator?

**FBI Operator:** Yes, sir . . .

**Hoover:** Get me the Stork Club in New York. I want to talk to Clyde Tolson.

**FBI Operator:** Yes sir.

**Hoover:** Da-da-da-da-dee . . .

**FBI Operator:** Go ahead, Mr. Tolson.

**Hoover:** Clyde? . . . Clyde?

**Tolson:** I'm waiting.

**Hoover:** Waiting? For what?

**Tolson:** For the operator to get off.

**Hoover:** How many times do I have to tell you, Clyde, she's not—alright, never mind, pay attention. I've got a special assignment for you.

**Tolson:** I thought you received the nylons.

**Hoover:** This isn't about that. I want you to investigate someone for me.

**Tolson:** Roy Cohn?

**Hoover:** No, not Roy. I know everything there is to know about Roy. No, Clyde, I want you to check out Walt Disney.

**Tolson:** Walt Disney? Why? What's he done?

**Hoover:** Nothing. Yet. But in a few weeks we're going to turn up a photograph or two of Mr. Disney in a very compromising pose.

**Tolson:** We are?

**Hoover:** You are.

**Tolson:** But how?

**Hoover:** That's your problem, Clyde. Just make it nice and . . . kinky.

**Tolson:** Why Walt Disney?

**Hoover:** I'll explain later.

**Tolson:** But, John, you've always confided in me. Why can't you tell me about this? Things have changed, haven't they? I can sense it. I know. Things have changed.

**Hoover:** Now, Clyde . . .

**Tolson:** You're seeing someone else, aren't you? I've heard the rumors.

**Hoover:** What rumors?

**Tolson:** How you've been sneaking around Washington lately, right after sending me on some wild goose chase to New York, or—California!

**Hoover:** Now, Clyde . . .

**Tolson:** That's what you're doing, isn't it? While the cat's away. Who is it? It's not that Mafia guy Costello, is it?

**Hoover:** Don't you ever say that word while we're on the phone.

**Tolson:** What? You mean this is being taped? You said—

**Hoover:** Everything's on tape, Clyde. Everything. Everything in this office is on tape. Your farts are on tape.

**Tolson:** But . . . you are seeing someone else, aren't you?

**Hoover:** I'll have to call you back, Clyde.

**Tolson:** Well then . . . I'll talk to you later,

I guess.  
**Hoover:** Right. (*He's disconnected.*) . . . Operator?

**FBI Operator:** Yes?

**Hoover:** Get me the White House . . .

**FBI Operator:** Please hold.

**Hoover:** Da-da-dee-da-da . . .

**White House Operator:** White House. What extension please?

**Hoover:** Thirty-four.

**White House Operator:** Please hold . . .

**Hoover:** Dee-dee-dee-da-da . . .

**White House Operator:** Go ahead please.

**Unidentified Voice:** Hello?

**Hoover:** It's me.

**Unidentified Voice:** Is this the sweetest little thing that ever slipped on a pair of black lace stockings?

**Hoover:** And how's my big love machine?

**Unidentified Voice:** You sure this line's secure, John?

**Hoover:** Of course I'm sure. God, everybody's paranoid today.

**Unidentified Voice:** It's good to hear your voice. What's on your mind? Besides sex, of course.

**Hoover:** I was just thinking how those two little girls of yours would really love to attend the grand opening of Disneyland next month. They would, wouldn't they?

**Unidentified Voice:** What do you mean?

**Hoover:** Like, with their mom, for maybe a week or two?

**Unidentified Voice:** Ahh, now I understand. You know, you might be right. But what about Clyde?

**Hoover:** Don't you worry about Clyde.

**Unidentified Voice:** Does he know about . . . us?

**Hoover:** No, but he's getting suspicious.

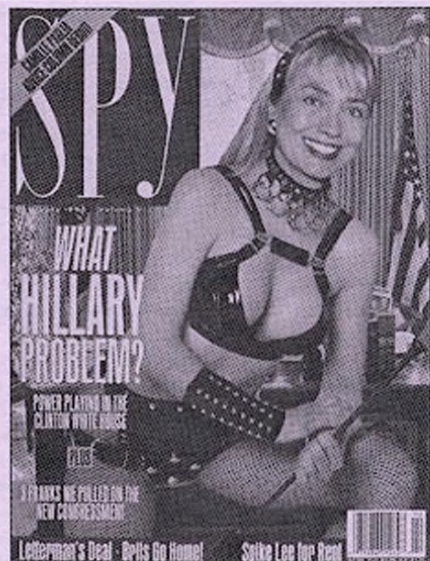
**Unidentified Voice:** I like Clyde, he's got a cute ass.

**Hoover:** Yeah, yeah. So what do you say?

**Unidentified Voice:** I'll have to call you back, John. After I've talked to, uh, Tricia and Julie. Oh, and Pat. Until then, *au revoir*.

**Hoover:** *Au revoir*?

**Unidentified Voice:** That's goodbye in French. (*They both laugh.*)



## How I Campaigned to Be First Lady by Beth Lapidés

It's the first limousine anyone's ever sent for me, and it smells like vanilla hair grease and incense. I'm carsick almost immediately, and it only gets worse as the Afro-beanie-wearing driver navigates Sunset Boulevard's rush hour traffic. We pick up Mr. Willy, my hairdresser, or as he prefers, beauty operator. By the time he falls in with his case of hair magic, I'm working on a headache. I think it's the vanilla. Either that or I'm getting nervous. The limo deposits me, Willy, and Gregory, my husband, or as he prefers, campaign manager, at CBS. As we wait to be escorted up to the production area, the reception area fills with other guests on today's show. I'm beginning to be filled with dread. It's going to be a freak show. I can see that already.

I've watched the Montel Williams show, but never all the way through. Still, I know the drill, and it's been made clear to me by the producers. I'm to go out, stand behind a podium and deliver my spiel, take questions, collect my AFTRA minimum. I'm not supposed to worry about the fact that I'm appearing on national television with a man who claims that his puppet is running for President, who's been asked to leave his donkey at home, and who shoves his own toupee onto Montel's shiny black bald head. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

I've got the biggest entourage of all the guests, Greg and Willy and now Stace, my publicist. So we get our own dressing room and bathroom where Willy does me. We don't get our own food. For that we have to venture into the green room, or freak room as we call it. The subject of the show is "Other Candidates." There are the whackos plus some real candidates from obscure parties. I don't fit into either group. Okay, I'm a little off-beat but I'm no whacko. And it's true that I claim to be with the Surprise Party (we don't tell you our platforms until after the election) but it's not a bona fide party like the Libertarians.

I meet Montel backstage. He seems like he's in some army that might very well try to eliminate people like me. But he's not unfriendly. When it's time for the audience questions, the other guest in my segment gets them all because he's brought shills and I haven't. So much for my national TV debut.

At the beginning, I didn't know how far the campaign would go. No, at the beginning, in December '91, I had been doing a little joke in my act for a few years about running for First Lady. It's such an important job. And how does she get it? Sleeping with the President. In December it occurs to me it would be a lot better to actually run than to just keep saying this joke. To do a sort of joke in action. So I research First Ladies. I bring a stack of books home from the library. I read them on my red velvet couch, eating organic dates. I have a dream that Lady Bird Johnson is kissing me. I have a dream I'm in the White House. Maybe it's the books. But maybe it's the dates.

At the beginning we order buttons. You can't have a campaign without buttons. What else will we need? Money. Of course. So we write a fundraising letter. We leave the country for the holidays bearing gifts of First Lady buttons. We leave thinking we've gone completely insane. We come back to checks in the mail. The people are behind me.

Greg thinks we should register with the FEC (Federal Election Committee), but I say why not just call the CIA and say "Hi, we thought you might like to open up a file on us?" Besides, you're not required to register with the FEC, even if you are campaigning for a position that actually exists, until you receive \$5,000 in contributions, and at the end of the campaign we're still more than \$4,500 away from that.

I try to get endorsements. I call a friend who's working for the Barbara Boxer campaign. She tells me that although she thinks my campaign is a great idea, no candidate for an actual office can support me. They might lose one vote. Jeez. Tammy Bruce, President of the L.A. chapter of NOW, endorses me but the organization won't because they say they think it will demean the rest of their endorsements. Annie Potts endorses me and is very sweet about it too. I may even start eating that popcorn she advertises. I kind of give up on the endorsements. It's not going to do me that much good, and there are so many other things to put my energy towards. Like raising money for real candidates. Like Barbara Boxer.

When I look back at my 1992 journal I see that at the beginning of January I'm still planning projects for the upcoming year that have

nothing to do with the campaign. But at the end of the month I go to New York for a wedding and run into an old friend who's an editor at *Interview*. They decide to do a piece on me. Wow. The campaign's really taking off now. This is the best part of the campaign. It seems to have a momentum of its own. I feel I've hit something that's part of the pulse-beat of the nation. *Ba-dum ba-dum*. I'm not ahead of my time for once. I'm right on target.

We start answering the phone "Campaign Headquarters." This may be my favorite thing about the campaign. It's more than life. It's bigger and better and more important. No wonder there are all those career politicians.

There are two motorcades in the campaign. The first is in Santa Fe, where we've come to do a show at the New Mexico Repertory Theater. The only real problem in Santa Fe is that we get put up in a "romantic cabin" that has no electricity and no indoor plumbing. I have to throw a First Lady hissy fit, and we end up in the spare bedroom of a past-life regression therapist. One morning we wake up to a whiny, growling sound coming from the basement, which is either a cat in heat or someone having some sort of rebirthing. It turns out to be someone having a rebirthing. I'm relieved—I think. Well, at least there's an indoor toilet.

That afternoon, our motorcade wends its way to the Capitol, where there's a TV crew to meet us. I get a sunburn on my legs in fishnet pattern that lasts for the rest of the campaign. We make the evening news.

The second motorcade is for *People* magazine. They're also doing a piece on "Other Candidates." Interestingly enough, unlike *Interview* or *L.A. Style*, they don't pay for a make-up or hair person. And of course, they don't pay me. So I'm going to have to pay the glam crew, I'm going to have to pay to be in *People*. I can't go without the hair and make-up. There's a certain glamour quotient that the First Lady must keep up. However *People* magazine is willing to pay to stage a campaign event. So they rent a classic Jackie-mobile, a vintage Cadillac convertible, and driver. We make placards and blow up balloons. We do one set-up at home, then take the campaign on the road. I work Mann's Chinese on Hollywood Boulevard. People want to know what I'll do to change things, and I tell them that just making First Lady an elected position will change things. That disappoints them. Maybe I'm too much of a structuralist to be a popular candidate. But the mini-skirt suit and the fishnets are, as always, a big hit with the populists.

While we're in Santa Fe, our press passes for the Democratic National Convention come through. We've obtained them through the fabulous camcorder network, CamNet. I arrive at JFK in the early a.m., bleary-eyed and excited. My taxi driver tells me he can't sleep any more because of money problems. It feels like the whole country is freaking out. I land at the loft where I stay in New York. Grab some CNN and caffeine. Make my logistical arrangements and dress. I've got to do the official First Lady garb: big hair, reconfigured retro suit, gold knapsack. In the end I look, well, let's just say no one will mistake me for a mainstream delegate, although I might pull off Ann Richards' evil twin.

At the convention, sometimes I'm covering the madness for CamNet, sometimes I'm trying to get other people to cover me. I'm working both sides of the buffet, and it's fun. It's sort of like being at a not-really-great concert. Maybe Jethro Tull. You know there's something going on inside the Garden, but the real action is in the hallways—everyone getting lost in the labyrinthine corridors on their way to the escalators as they go to use one of the millions of phones, or eat the bad hot dogs. Everyone checking out everyone else's holographically-embossed, color-coded pass to see if they're a delegate, a guest, a VIP, or a member of the press corps. You start to recognize people. There was one wired twentysomething guy with SAVE THE PLANET KILL YOURSELF bumper stickers that I develop a lovely waving relationship with. Jackie Mason is everywhere with hordes of journalists trailing him. I see Peter Jennings going into the men's room. I chat with Dick Cavett. I'm on the phone to the producer who put me on CNN just as Perot resigns. This is the heartbeat of America. Keep moving. Feel the pulse. *Ba dum ba dum*.

I'm looking for people to cover my campaign, so I strike up conversations with anyone wearing the light blue pass that indicates they're part of the press corps. I ask them who they're with. A lot of them must be smarter than me because it took me two full days to realize

that gate 73 was on the seventh floor. Whoops.

There's a yellow pass journalists can get to go onto the floor. You have to hand in your blue pass and your driver's license. And then you get twenty minutes to go onto the buzzing delegate-laden, high-security, actual floor of the convention. *Ba dum ba dum*. Of course everyone wants these for the big speeches. Not me. I want to go home and watch the big speeches on TV. I'm in the hall for the Cuomo speech but I'm alone, except for the TV make-up left over from a taping for Comedy Central.

Cuomo's talking. Actually, speaking. What am I doing here? The system is not for me. This party is not for me. These men do not like me. They do not want First Lady to become an elected position. I grab a cab downtown and have a big Scotch on the rocks with my loft-hosts who say Cuomo was great.

But the next night, the final night, the big night, I stay through to the end. I'm with my friend Dona McAdams, who's a photographer. We've slipped into an area previously restricted for our blue passes. But by now you can slip into areas previously restricted. Because time is moving at some altered pace. We actually seem to have passed out of the time dimension into another dimension. A new dimension. The History dimension.

Having grown up in the shadow of the '60s, having been too young to even figure out who the really bad guys were at Watergate, it's not always easy for me to feel the History dimension. I can't let go of my cynicism. I'm always looking for the irony. And there, at the convention that was launching the dawn of a new era, my feet are killing me.

The area we've slipped into is equipped for computers and has phones. It's off to the side and towards the back. So we're observers, not really part of the event, but not part of the event either. The print journalists all around us read along with the speeches. It's distancing. I want to love this BMO. But I can't. I hate the pennants and the sports event atmosphere. I feel really sorry for Al Gore's son,



### Let Them Drink Oil

From an article by Mark Fineman in the *Los Angeles Times*, last month: "Far beneath the surface of the tragic drama of Somalia, four major U.S. oil companies are quietly sitting on a prospective fortune in exclusive concessions to explore and exploit tens of millions of acres of the Somali countryside. That land, in the opinion of geologists and industry sources, could yield significant amounts of oil and natural gas if the U.S.-led mission can restore peace to the impoverished East African nation.

"According to documents obtained by the *Times*, nearly two-thirds of Somalia was allocated to the American oil giants Conoco, Amoco, Chevron and Phillips in the final years before Somalia's pro-U.S. President Mohamed Siad Barre was overthrown and the nation plunged into chaos in January 1991. Industry sources said the companies holding the rights to the most promising concessions are hoping that the Bush administration's decision to send U.S. troops to safeguard aid shipments to Somalia will also help protect their multimillion-dollar investments there . . . leading many to liken the Somalia operation to a miniature version of Operation Desert Storm . . ."

having his near-death experience paraded around like a line on his father's resume. But I actually get a little choked up when Clinton goes into how smart the women are. I cheer. He mentions AIDS. I cheer. And then I start to wait for the balloons to drop.

I tell the Australian lesbians standing next to me that I'm running for First Lady when they ask about my button. We're all tired of waiting for the balloons. The balloons are pregnant with wanting to drop. I'm a woman in a man's world. The balloons will come any minute. I'm a journalist, controlled, objective, at a distance. Sure. I want those balloons to drop. I'm a Democrat and maybe my party's actually going to win. Maybe. Maybe there's something wrong with the balloon nets. Can't he say higher power instead of God? I'm not mainstream religion. Maybe God doesn't want the balloons to drop. Dona's got her Leica ready. I've got her Nikon. I'm a recovering artist. The balloons are really pretty up there.

Then the balloons finally start to go. One net at a time. And on comes Fleetwood Mac's optimistic pop drivel about the appropriate attitude towards the future being obsession, I mean don't stop thinking about tomorrow? Not ever? Not even if you're taking a bubble bath trying to connect with the higher power? Not even if you're dying? No! Not in the History dimension. That's what makes it the History dimension. You don't ever stop thinking about tomorrow. And posterity. And what the history books will say about your son's near-death experience. And somehow this song seems to really rock out. Can it be? Is there no absolute? Has the History dimension changed this song? Changed me? Have the falling balloons somehow lifted my spirits?

Then, for a time, Clinton's campaign seems as buoyant as one of those balloons. My campaign, too. They call it bounce, but it seems more like float to me. Weightless and wonderful. Until the Republicans have their convention. I don't go to that one. I watch it on my purple velvet couch. Curled in a fetal position. Paralyzed. Not wanting to watch, but not being able to turn it off. The Republicans don't have balloons. They point out that their confetti is more environmentally correct. I guess you have to worry about that sort of thing when your actual policies are destroying the planet.

Everyone asks me if I have a good chocolate chip cookie recipe. In fact I may have been the only candidate for First Lady that *Family Circle* didn't invite to compete in the famous chocolate chip cookie bake-off. Which is just as well. I've never made chocolate chip cookies. Although once I made a lo-fat cheesecake that came out pretty darn good. But *Family Circle* never asked me for that recipe either. Or any recipes I had for solving America's problems.

*Family Circle* didn't consider me a real candidate for First Lady, which was ironic, because I was the only one who was really running. But I did offer to moderate a debate between Barbara and Hillary. Of course I thought I should be debating, but I'm realistic when I have to be. I knew I wasn't going to win. I wasn't living in denial. So we invited them both, and then Perot too after he got back in. And Barbara's secretary actually called our house and left a message that Barbara wanted to thank us for the very lovely invitation, but that she wouldn't be able to make it. Hillary also declined. Not as promptly. Not as politely. I think there's really hope for her.

Finally I walk into Studio A at KCET. It's an election night party. I'm tired. I haven't been sleeping well. I'm exhausted from my own campaigning and from my fear that Clinton isn't going to win. I've been invited to be a guest commentator for *Life & Times*. Theoretically it's an election night party. But it's a non-partisan event. So even though I'm excited, it's looking good for Clinton by the time I get there. The people from the Nixon library, for instance, seem less than elated, and we have to keep our glee to ourselves. I'm supposed to go to Cocanut Teaser, for the First Lady performance, but KCET keeps telling me five more minutes and by now I'm a total media slut so I wait for my chance to declare I'm not a loser, that in fact I got as many electoral votes as Perot and spent millions of dollars less. And by the time I get on the air, it's too late to do the other gig. But we go hang out.

Everyone wants to know what am I going to do next. As if I get an idea like running for First Lady once a week. I tell them I'm going to go back to my multi-million-dollar law practice just like all the other candidates. Then I'm going to get some sleep and start to pick my transition team.

## Inhale to the Chief by Loey Glover

With high hopes of presenting common sense arguments for an end to marijuana prohibition to the candidates, a dozen faithful Washington, D.C. pot activists traveled to New Hampshire for the presidential primaries early in 1992. Everyone knew that George Bush would win the Republican nomination, but no one could predict a front-runner on the Democratic ticket, although it seemed that Massachusetts Senator Paul Tsongas might take his neighboring state, and thereby gain the starting-gate inertia advantage.

So it seemed less than spectacular when reports from the returning lobbyists said that former California Governor Jerry Brown was the most receptive to their appeals. When discussing the other Democratic candidates, there was little to be said except that several activists managed to talk with aides of Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton. His aides explained that while he was aware of the injustice of the current pot laws, they must "trust him" because the aides didn't want prohibition to become a campaign issue. The Clinton team asked the determined activists to relay this message to the rest of their movement, which they did.

Although many of us believed the Clinton campaign's request for trust and silence was simply a ploy to keep from confronting the prohibition issue, for the most part the marijuana legalization groups decided to limit overt demonstrations and concentrated on letter-writing and other less visible methods to let their concerns be known to the candidates throughout the primaries and campaign. Based on the early reports from the New Hampshire primary, we hoped Jerry Brown would miraculously pull ahead of the pack and become the Democratic candidate. Yet no one believed that was actually going to happen.

When the mud-slinging subsided and the Democrats had selected Bill Clinton as their presidential candidate, the pot movement was encouraged, recalling the request of the Clinton team months before in New Hampshire. The choice of Al Gore as Clinton's running mate was a cause for an even greater degree of optimism. Gore, an outspoken environmentalist, had purchased a copy of Jack Herer's hemp chronicle, *The Emperor Wears No Clothes*, and assured the book-seller that he was aware of the advantages of hemp for the environment.

Although the candidates were not open about their views on marijuana prohibition, they had smoked pot in the '60s and offered more tolerance than Bush and Quayle. Many stoners registered and voted for the Clinton-Gore team. Once more we could see a spark of light in the darkness of the last 12 years of near fascism. I'd never associated any particular reasoning behind the decision to have the presidential inauguration in January until the Green Panthers decided to hold a welcoming demonstration for President Clinton on the first day of work at his new job in Washington. Interest from local pot activists was

tepid at best. A protests on a Thursday in January? That's the middle of winter! Everyone knows that the pot rally season opens with the Hash Bash in April and ends with the Midwest Harvest Festival in September.

What seemed a good idea looked like it might once again be only the faithful dozen protesters pacing up and down with their hand-drawn posterboard signs. But we were months away from the inauguration and lots could change by then. In fact, Clinton hadn't even won the election when the Green Panthers applied for the permit from the National Park Service to hold a welcoming demonstration for the new President, but we had faith in the Gallup Poll and in Bush's plummeting popularity. Besides, waiting until after the election might allow other groups to scoop our date or site.

Because the D.C. media are traditionally pretty much in the back pockets of the ruling elite to propitiate the Administration's



propaganda, it's not uncommon for unpopular political actions involving hundreds—or thousands—of demonstrators, to never receive even a mention in the local or national news. Every D.C. pot activist knows that getting media coverage of your event takes something approaching the Buddhist monks who set themselves on fire to protest the Vietnam war.

But the Green Panthers felt it was important to show the new Administration that we were still here and that we still wanted freedom and justice for the 30 million potheads in our country. So demonstration plans forged ahead in spite of excuses, reservations and objections from our troops. Even if it was just the faithful few, we'd be there to voice our convictions. At the suggestion of a local D.C. stoner, we named our upcoming demo *Inhale to the Chief*—a decision which would prove to be the turning point in participant enthusiasm.

We had 500 letter size handbill/posters printed and began spreading the word of our upcoming action. A core group of D.C. Norml (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) activists met one evening and ventured out into the literal war zone known as the nation's capitol to wheat-paste the posters on as many flat surfaces as they could. A national call for participation went out to Green Panther activists across the country. Soon calls were coming in from everywhere

wanting crash space and more information. Green Panther headquarters was working full time to coordinate the speakers, overnight housing and an after-action benefit party to help pay for it all.

What had begun as a dozen people and a megaphone had ballooned into a potential of thousands of demonstrators. Our demonstration permit was approved by the National Park Service, but our space would be limited by the bleachers and media trailers in the park. We would get a permit for a small area in the corner of Lafayette Park which would hold about 500 people.

The area was fenced off with 8-foot high chain-link fencing on three sides. The fencing afforded an uncomfortable feeling to the naturally paranoid potheads, but we decided to make lemonade out of our distasteful lemon boundaries. The demonstration site was named "Camp Clinton" to remind participants of Clinton's desire for community boot camps for drug users and other non-violent offenders. In the interest of a few sound bites on TV, press releases were faxed to local and national media. This had always been a necessary exercise in futility, but we had to try. Nearly 30,000 leaflets were distributed on the mall during the inaugural celebration. Out-of-town activists were arriving and crashing on floors throughout the District.

On the night before the demonstration, tensions were high as activists cruised the streets to find milk crates to elevate the borrowed sound system which we were powering with a rented generator. Last minute details were coming together for what looked like a successful demonstration on a Thursday in the middle of winter. The weather forecast promised temperatures just above freezing, with rain in the afternoon. But the demo must go on; there was no turning back now.

*Inhale to the Chief* was Green Panthers' first call for pot legalization to the new Administration from across the street from the White House on President Clinton's first day of work, January 21. Our National Coordinator, Terry Mitchell, said: "The protest was held to put President Clinton on notice that the people want an end to the War on Drugs. We held off haranguing the Democratic candidates because of a request from Clinton aides, but now we will be watching for follow-through."

In spite of the cold and rain, more than 1,500 people attended the 3-hour action, with speakers including Eric Sterling of the National Drug Strategy network, who spoke about using tax revenues to aid the failing economy and led the crowd in chanting "Take My Money" and "Inhale to the Chief"; Reverend Andrew Gunn, president of Clergy for an Enlightened Drug Policy, who offered a prayer to God to give President Clinton the strength and courage to end the drug war; Stephen Smith of the D.C. Cannabis Buyers Club, which supplies black market medical pot to AIDS patients; Mohawk activist John Dacajewiah Hill, who talked about growing hemp on Indian lands; Jon Gettman from national Norml, who discussed the positive changes at Norml and how they will affect the movement; and David Peel and Aron Kay

from the New York Yippies, who gave rousing speeches and then entertained the crowd by singing *I Like Marijuana* and *The Pope Smokes Dope*, while they shared a joint and showed President Clinton how to inhale.

Early in the demonstration, Mitchell told the crowd that the attitude of the new Administration toward legal pot could be predicted by the behavior and presence of cops at the event. When the protest began, police presence at the park was heavy. When I complied with the police request to tell the crowd that "The nice policemen who are here to serve and protect us want you to know that smoking pot is illegal in both the District of Columbia and in National Parks," only an occasional cop was seen on the edge of the crowd, but the remainder of the regiment went on to real police work (or to Dunkin' Donuts). The rest of the rally was green grass and high times for all in attendance, with no hassles and no arrests.

Although there were several media representatives at the park, only Fox TV used their footage to provide national coverage of the event. But then, no one set themselves on fire. A Green Panthers benefit party was the highlight of the day, as activists relaxed and enjoyed the music of movement band Burning Incense from Indianapolis and their new psychedelic light show. Esmirelda, her three erotic male dancers and female sex slave challenged Tipper Gore in song to "Censor Me." And local D.C. band Ju Ju Jamboree rocked the evening to a spectacular close.

Pot activists from Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland and Virginia agreed that it was one of the best protests and parties to date. Whether or not we made an impression on President Clinton, it's difficult to say, but the determination and enthusiasm of our own people to legalize freedom is only the beginning of what should prove to be a loud and visible outcry for the next four years or until we get legal pot once and for all.

## Skin Games

by Bob Wieder

Nicotine gets the spotlight as the marquee player, but all manner of less-heralded substances are now being conveyed into the human bloodstream by means of the health-care industry's current hotcake, the *transdermal patch*, which is becoming the new wave delivery-system for everything from progesterone to dramamine. Indeed, the skin-patch has even been discussed as a disease-transmission-proof alternative to the hypodermic needle for drug users.

Given the patch's widespread association with smokeless "smoking," and its possible application to illicit substances, it was only a matter of time before some underground entrepreneur flashed on a whole new interpretation of the phrase, "marijuana patch." Rumors are already afoot that persons with the means, motive and ability are in fact pursuing the concept of smokeless, odorless THC patches. What a country!

This prospect raises some questions that are as compelling as the idea itself. For openers,

## The Satanic Ham Sandwich

by Rebecca Burke

News sometimes travels slowly to the Bacon State. Whereas most of the rest of the world has already forgotten about poor Salman Rushdie and the furor over his book, *The Satanic Verses*, Iowa meat producers have only recently caught on to the brilliance of the dead Ayatollah's methods.

And what a nasty precedent was set. Last week, the Iowa author of *Love in the Time of Trichinosis* received a warning from the head of the Iowa-Pork Industry Glorifiers (I-PIG) to go into hiding, or "[we] will not be responsible for [our] members' wrath."

## THE WIZARD OF ID By Brant Parker and Johnny Hart



how will the stuff be sold? In individual-dose form, like deodorant pads? Or in bulk, as with fabric? "I just kicked ass at the track, Buzzy; lemme have a couple of yards of Oregon Red." What happens if you smoke pot while wearing a THC patch? And would that become the latest fad kick? "And throw in a few jays, Buzz, I wanna *double down*."

Right there, another question: Would we see a whole new page of argot added to the drug lexicon? "Lookit the pupils on that dude. He's gotta be *padded*."

What would "patchers" be called? (*Patchers* itself is impossibly obvious and unoriginal, of course.) *Skinheads* is, alas, already taken. So, *Dermies*? *Soakers*? *Leeches*? *Pore people*? Given potheads' fondness for code, esoterica and puns, would they be *Hathaway Men*—because they wear a *high-patch*?

The possibilities fairly diddle the mind. "You better drive; I'm packing an *oozie*."

If you think these permutations are nonsensical, wait until you see the circus that our criminal justice system makes of all this. Even now, scores of criminal and civil rights lawyers are reading this paragraph without comprehension, their hearts and minds racing with thoughts of the potential money to be made in litigating the constitutionality of patch-searches, and the wrongful removal-for-testing of medicinal patches from innocent suspects. "Jeez, just insulin shock alone, you're looking at six figures!"

Will legitimate transdermallers be obliged to carry notes from their doctors? And will we wind up with a thriving, illicit cottage industry producing counterfeits thereof?

Stay tuned for still another entertaining episode of that long-running comedy, "Science We're Totally Unprepared To Deal With Yet."

The occasion is the publication of I. Wanda Sausage's latest novel, *By Pork Possessed*, the second in a fictional trilogy chronicling the peccadilloes of the pork industry, from trich to growth hormones to irradiation.

Interviewed from her cramped apartment on Des Moines' westside, Sausage said, "Nobody, but nobody, tells me what to write about. Fascist pig promoters!"

Such utterances provoke Iowa meat producers into heart attacks of rage. Before the Rushdie affair, however, their strategy in combatting Sausage was "least said, sooner forgotten." But after seeing the Ayatollah's relative success in spooking American bookdealers and forcing Rushdie into permanent

hiding, I-PIG is taking the offensive.

Angry mobs have roasted thousands of copies of *By Pork Possessed* in bonfires in Sioux City, Urbandale, and even tiny Bolan (population 16). To no one's surprise, a steep ransom has been put on Sausage's head, the pay-off a choice between a 200-pound-capacity stainless steel meat smoker or an all-expense-paid trip to Hawaii, home of the nonstop luau.

All of the major book chains have caved in to I-PIG's demands, citing concern for their workers' safety—not censorship—as the cause. B. Daltons released this statement from corporate headquarters in Minneapolis: "High school drop-outs—our primary category of employee—are no match for aroused and bloodthirsty gangs of pork producers. Nor should they be expected to reason with suicide death squads made up of rural meat fanatics."

Sausage expects to receive little-to-no support from Governor Branstad, statehouse legislators, or Des Moines Mayor Pat Dorrian.

The outraged author released this statement to the media:

"In Iowa there are far more pigs than people. Here, your political credibility begins and ends with your approval by the pork establishment—who are tied in with the hybrid seed thieves, who are intimate with the biotech maniacs, who are in bed with the fabulously well-paid Iowa Lottery folks. And the attitude of the industry from the git-go has been Eat Pork and Die. These people will never bully me into silence. The fat in their heads alone would keep a Third World village alive for another year."

Sausage said the final book in her meat-trilogy will be called *One Hundred Years of Shelf-Life*.

## MEDIA FREAK

### Dumb Boy Jokes Trend

In view of the recent dumb blond jokes, Amy Ephron reports a counter-trend among young girls. Sample:

"How come all blond jokes are one-liners?"  
"So boys can remember them."

And another: There are three boys in the playground. A genie comes down and says, "I want to give each of you a wish." The first boy says, "I want to be ten times smarter than I am." The genie says, "Poof! You're ten times smarter than you were." The second boy says, "I want to be a hundred times smarter than I am." The genie says "Poof! You're a hundred times smarter." The third boy says, "I want to be a thousand times smarter than I am." And the genie goes, "Poof! You're a girl."

### Tales of Tabloid TV

A mock trial of Joey Buttafuoco was televised by Geraldo Rivera to determine whether he should be indicted for the statutory rape of Amy Fisher and for conspiring to murder his wife. An elderly Hispanic woman in the audience kept shouting epithets about Buttafuoco's guilt, and Rivera finally asked the bailiff to remove her from the "courtroom." But *New York Newsday* critic Marvin Kitman, who was there as an observer, informs us: "That woman on the *Geraldo* show the bailiff was supposed to remove was his maid!"

When Maury Povich mentioned on his show that 80% of women talk while having sex, he proceeded to phone his wife, Connie Chung, on the air to verify her own personal behavior in bed. She admitted to inclusion in that statistic if "verbal utterances" were counted, although she was not specific. However, Ken Auletta reports in the *New Yorker* that when CBS was courting David Letterman, Chung made a tape of the top ten reasons why Letterman should switch from NBC, including this: "For one year, whenever Maury and I make love, I promise to say, 'Oh, Dave! Oh, Dave!'"

### Experiments In Mind Control

From an article in July, 1992 by Julianne McKinney in *Unclassified*, published by the Association of National Security Alumni:

"We are now in touch with approximately a dozen individuals located throughout the United States who appear to be targets of harassment and experimentation involving directed-energy technologies. Typically, persons who complain of being 'zapped by radio waves' and 'hearing voices' are stigmatized as psychotic, delusional or schizophrenic . . . [but] in 1973, the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research discovered that externally induced auditory input could be achieved by means of pulsed microwave audiograms, or analogs of spoken words' sounds. The effect on the receiving end is the (schizophrenic) sensation of 'hearing voices' which are not part of the recipient's own thought processes. . . ."

That experiment prompted this comment in *The Body Electric: Electromagnetism and the Foundation of life* by Robert O. Becker, M.D. and Gary Selden, published in 1985: "Such

a device has obvious applications in covert operations designed to drive a target crazy with 'voices' or deliver undetectable instructions to a programmed assassin." And, in 1977, the *Journal of Microwave Power* mentioned "unpublished analyses of microwave bioeffects literature which were disseminated to Congress and to other officials arguing the case for remote control of human behavior by radar."

### The Romance of Tampons

From the transcript of a taped phone conversation between Prince Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles:

Charles: The trouble is I need you several times a week.

Camilla: Mmm. So do I. I need you all the week, all the time.

Charles: Oh God. I'll just live inside your



trousers or something. It would be much easier.

Camilla (laughing): What are you going to turn into—a pair of knickers? (Laughter from both) Oh, you're going to come back as a pair of knickers.

Charles: Or, God forbid, a Tampax, just my luck. (Laughter)

Camilla: You are a complete idiot! (She laughs) Oh, what a wonderful idea.

Charles: My luck to be chucked down the lavatory and go on and on forever swirling around on the top, never going down.

Camilla: (Laughs) Oh, darling.

Charles: Until the next one comes through.

Camilla: Or perhaps you could just come back as a box.

Charles: What sort of box?

Camilla: A box of Tampax so you could just keep going . . .

### Filler Items

• Rumor of the Month: Conceptual artist Christo is placing a gigantic skirt around the FBI building.

• The Los Angeles office of the FBI uses a fax cover sheet which boasts, "Bank Robbery Capital of the World."

• Asshole of the Month: *USA Today* reporter Richard Price, for setting up a front-page photo showing five angry-looking black men with guns for a story about potential gang violence. They originally planned to surrender their weapons under a guns-for-

jobs program—a fact not mentioned by Price—but when they showed up without any weapons, he drove them home to get guns for the photo.

• Some gang graffiti in Culver City was signed by the author with a copyright symbol.

• Julia Phillips had a bestselling book about the movie industry titled *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again*. Now she's working on a sequel about the Hollywood lesbian establishment. We suggest this title: *You'll Never Eat Me in This Town Again*.

• Attention, fans of cannibalism: The Van Nuys Drive-In Theater has been showing a double feature: *Alive & Silence of the Lambs*.

• Screw reports: "The three top TV networks have banned an ad for National Lampoon's *Loaded Weapon* because it features Kathy Ireland crossing and uncrossing her legs, after which the camera cuts to a shot of a stuffed beaver and runs the subtitle 'Gratuitous Beaver Shot.' Fox and MTV are airing the parody of the famous *Basic Instinct* scene, but CBS, NBC and ABC all passed, and distributors New Line Cinema recut the commercial."

• Bumper sticker of the month: "A tisket, a tasket, a condom or a casket."

• Our award for the most despicable use of a laugh track goes to *The Jackie Thomas Show*, for the scene in which Tom Arnold's brother says, "Mom blew her head off and Dad was drunk all the time." Without the laugh track which followed that line, we may never have known that it was funny.

• The Canine Cryobank and Animal Fertility Clinic now features a sperm bank for dogs. The first puppy sired in this manner has been named Sara Lee.

• Timothy Leary, at a party celebrating the *L.A. Reader's* 15th anniversary: "Just a couple of years ago, I discovered a great new way to get high and keep me in a fog for hours. It's called *senility*."

• Euphemism of the Month: A doorman is now called an "access controller."

• A Vancouver company is selling an environmentally correct "Angelic Sole" shoe it claims is "biodegradable and Satan resistant."

• The Interior Department spent \$66 million subsidizing the cost of irrigating farmlands to produce corn, barley, rice and cotton. Meanwhile the Agriculture Department paid those same farmers \$379-million to limit surplus crop production.

• *Time* magazine reports that President Clinton's brother, Roger, "is hoping to give 20 to 40 speeches a year for as much as \$10,000 each."

• Realist correspondent Stanley Young wonders: "Now that Bill Clinton no longer talks about *sacrifice*, but has changed it to *contributions*, I want to know if our additional contributions to the Internal Revenue Service are tax-deductible."

• Dave Barry advises: "When preparing your return, you should be sure to avoid common mistakes. The two most common taxpayer mistakes, states the IRS booklet, are (1) 'failure to include a current address,' and (2) 'failure to be a large industry that gives humongous contributions to key tax-law-writing congresspersons.'"