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# The Realist

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Number 124  
Editor: Paul Krassner

## Roseanne's Last Fax

*Editor's note:* When Roseanne Arnold threatened to take her hit show off the ABC network unless they renewed her husband Tom's failing show (*The Jackie Thomas Show* followed *Roseanne* on the schedule and lost nine million viewers in the process), Harry Stein devoted a column in *TV Guide* to "the Arnolds' recent act of public blackmail." He wrote:

"*Jackie Thomas's* first episode [featured] the sort of seamless transition from *Roseanne* that only love can buy, [but] Jackie the character was a one-dimensional bore. . . . It seems more and more apparent that Jackie's conspicuous lack of self-insight simply reflects that of the Arnolds themselves. They clearly believe they're entitled to treatment accorded to no one else in the industry. . . . But someday Tom and Roseanne will have to face an immutable fact: that what happens to a sitcom is not the way to measure success or failure in life."

Roseanne was furious and, as she had done with previous critics, she faxed an angry message to Stein. Here follows the text of her fax:

"Listen, you whining faggot creep, you just don't get it, do you? I'm not only the star of TV's most top-rated series, I'm their most successful producer. I mean even Liz Smith says I'm 'one of the most powerful women in the entertainment world.' But the fact is that those dysfunctional pinhead executives refuse to show me the respect I deserve because I'm a goddam woman! I guess that must entitle me to the same profound disrespect as Hillary Rodham Clinton and Barbra Streisand and Janet Reno and Connie Chung. So it's not just me. Howard Stringer of CBS says that Dan Rather must've really liked Connie as his co-anchor or otherwise he would've leaked it to the press. What kind of dumb-ass logic is that? It's like Bob Iger telling the media that Tom and I had a positive reaction when he told us that the *Jackie* show might have to be cancelled. Welcome to ABC, the All Bullshit Conglomerate. Joan Rivers told me all about you, how you slandered her all over the place in *Gentlemen's Quarterly*—pretty ironic title, huh?—and you did it while she was still a fresh widow! And you had to use a pseudonym, you chickenshit chickenhearted hack! You didn't even have the courage of your own lack of convictions. And I saw you trying to act too in *The Wonder Years*. And also playing yourself in the movie *Dave*. You're so stiff you make Al Gore look like a championship ballet dancer. But the truth is, *we won*, Tom and me. Oh, sure, ABC tried to save face, but even though Tom's new show is gonna be on

CBS—without a pilot!—ABC still signed a four-year multi-million-dollar contract for a production deal which will pay us whether or not they use our ideas, so who has the last laugh now? That's success, pal. Go back to writing speeches for Richard Nixon."

Twenty minutes later, Roseanne sent him another fax: "I just read that fax I sent you to Joan Rivers, and she tells me that it was Ben fucking Stein who wrote that thing for *GQ*—but I stand by everything else I wrote. Up yours for the cause with gauze."



## The Persistence of False Memory by Robert Anton Wilson

Preposterous Perception has received almost as much publicity lately as the claim by Prof. Jesus Magdalena La Puta (University of Madrid) that, via computer enhancement, he positively identified the "face on Mars" as the late Moe Howard, or possibly Moe's brother, Shemp. Nonetheless, despite some fair-minded academic debate, PP remains the area of science most beset by emotional, and often scandalously acrimonious, controversy—even more so than La Puta's alleged Howard Head.

The doctrine of PP holds, you see, that

almost all of us see crazy and "unbelievable" things most of the time—almost all the time—even when we're not on acid. Why don't we remember this? Because we repress the memory in order to fit into a repressive society.

Many experts—or "pseudo-experts" as their critics call them—vehemently deny that PP exists at all. Other experts—or "pseudo-experts" as the other side prefers to say—claim that denying PP marks one as akin to those who deny the Greenhouse Effect or the Second Law of Thermodynamics.

In fact, the whole PP feud has opened a "can of worms" that begins to look more like a can of cobras. We face here the almost un-

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## COURT JESTER

### A Tale of Two Illustrations

Did you know that the word gullible is not in the dictionary?

In Issue #122 we reprinted the official centerfold for the special "Holy Shit" issue of a 'zine, *The Religion of the Month Club*. It was a side view of a naked woman sitting on a cutaway toilet so that you could see she was in the middle of defecating while simultaneously reaching for the toilet tissue with one hand and eating a slice of cherry pie with the other.

However, I received a fax from our printer: "The Realist is in the works and should ship Monday. However, my staff was offended by the picture on page 7 so we decided to substitute a photograph of Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. I hope that meets with your approval."

I thought it might be a joke, but I just couldn't take a chance, so I called the printer.

"Gotcha," he said.

But my editorial paranoia was based on a certain reality.

In that same issue, there was full-page comic strip on Woody Allen's next movie, written by me and drawn by Kalynn Campbell. The opening panels—with the title, *Honey, I Fucked the Kids!*—are included in a review of *The Realist* by Stewart Brand in the 25th anniversary issue of the *Whole Earth Review*, but his printer refused to print it, and the panels now appear—covered by a black rectangle.

### The Parts Left Out of My Own Book

When my autobiography, *Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut*, hits the stores in September, there'll be some changes as a result of my privileged conversations with the legal staff at Simon & Schuster. Since their pockets are much deeper than mine, the goal was to avoid libel suits, no matter how unlikely.

So, for instance, this came out: "Backstage, I shared a joint with Professor Irwin Corey." I could leave in, "Bill Graham gave me a marijuana cookie" at the Grateful Dead concert in Egypt—because Corey is alive and Graham is dead—but I had to preface it with "rock impresario" so that nobody would think it was evangelist Billy Graham who gave me a marijuana cookie.

Similarly, there was concern because I wrote that Carlos Castaneda was "one of the three tramps arrested at the grassy knoll" and, later, that he was "one of the actors who got a blow job in *Deep Throat*," but I was able to clarify both Castaneda's identity and the use of his name in a running gag.

In a chapter on Lenny Bruce, this came out: "I had already interviewed Mike Nichols for the panel, and now I mentioned to Lenny that Nichols had put him down in my interview. 'He's just mad,' Lenny explained, 'because I balled his wife.'"

There was an ironic omission later in that chapter, where I was describing my meeting with the *Playboy* lawyers before publication of Lenny's autobiography *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, which I had edited. His book ended with a litany of folklore as his influences, including "Harry James has cancer on his lip; Dinah Shore has a colored baby; Irving Berlin didn't write all those songs, he's got a guy locked in the closet. . . ." I quoted this and added: "Harry James and Dinah Shore were edited out of that paragraph, but for some unfathomable reason Irving Berlin remained." Now, in my book, both references to Dinah Shore are out, but Harry James is back in because he's no longer alive.

Most problems arose in a chapter on my investigation of the Charles Manson case.

This had to come out: "[Former FBI agent William] Turner's report delineated Doris Day's shady side, epitomized by large loans from the Teamsters Union Pension Fund."

Not only did the LAPD seize the porno films and videos they found in Sharon Tate's loft, but certain cops were also selling them. "The most notorious," I wrote, "was Greg Bautzer, an attorney for Howard Hughes, with Jane Wyman, the ex-wife of Ronald Reagan, who was governor of California at the time of the murders." Bautzer was left in because of the magic word, *Deceased*, but what about Wyman? Could I say, "the former wife of a former president?" No, that would be too

specific. So now, in the book, it's "the former wife of a former governor."

It was okay to say, "There was Sharon with Steve McQueen," but not, "There was Sharon with Dean Martin." Martin is now described as "a popular singer."

There is a discussion of "a videotape of Cass Elliot from the Mamas and the Papas in an orgy with Yul Brynner, Peter Sellers and Warren Beatty," only now it says: "Yul Brynner, Peter Sellers and an actor who isn't dead yet." Actually, I like that better.

In a section on Scientology, this sentence is omitted: "He [Lee Cole, a former Scientologist] described their plan to kidnap former boxing champion Joe Louis from a mental hospital, so that Scientology could get the credit for curing him—later I learned that Scientology actually *did* have such a plan, although it had been aborted." Joe Louis may be dead, but Scientology ain't.

In a chapter on my daughter, Holly, scheduled for publication in *Playboy*, I tangentially mention "Henry Kissinger's image as a harmless philanderer." Although S. & S. had no problem with that, the *Playboy* attorney claimed that philanderer meant a married man, so for them it became "harmless womanizer," an oxymoron at best.

There are 16 pages of photos in the book, and solely for lack of space, the following was omitted from the caption under the photo of conspiracy researcher Mae Brussell:

"The President," she explained [in 1972], "like Adolf Hitler, represents the wishes of the same group of Nazis imported into the U.S., where they maintained ties with the intelligence community, the think tanks and the aerospace industry. They created Reagan from the time he was an actor, because they needed a front man while the real decisions are made by others. For example, in 1970, Louis Giuffrida, while in Army War College, wrote a memo recommending the internment of 'twenty-one million Negroes in assembly centers or relocation camps' in the event of civil disorder. In '71, he left the army and became the director of then-Governor Reagan's Emergency Management Center in San Luis Obispo."

"Mae died in 1988, and the last time we spoke, she pointed out, 'Giuffrida is now the director of FEMA, the martial-law game plan designed by Oliver North and authorized by President Reagan. That's how fascism happened in Germany. It was all done legally.'"

My original manuscript was 650 pages, and I had to cut 300 pages. I was able to eliminate six entire chapters; those portions which were not expendable, I used in other chapters. Thus, a chapter on the Patty Hearst kidnaping is out, but I was able to save a section about my landing on somebody's hit-list while I covered the trial. Likewise, a chapter on the Dan White murders is out, but I was able to save a section about my being beaten by police in the post-verdict riot.

However, I could find no appropriate context in the book for the following anecdote, and I gladly share it with you here:

"During the trial, TV reporter Joyce Shank came to my house so we could compare notes. While she was visiting, there was an earthquake. She immediately jumped under my desk, just as she had once demonstrated on television what to do in case of an earthquake. 'Paul, get under here with me, hurry up.' I quickly hunched next to her under my desk. Our thighs were touching. Was it possible that my lust for Joyce might now become fulfilled? 'Put the radio on,' she said. I got up and put the radio on, then joined her again. 'Not music,' she said, 'the news. . . .'

"And, indeed, it was the lustfulness of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk which may well have underlain the more obvious motivation that sexually inadequate Dan White had in destroying them. It was well known around City Hall that Moscone had a predilection for black women. Police almost arrested him once with a black prostitute in a car at a supermarket parking lot. And Harvey Milk had once told White, 'Don't knock [gay sex] unless you've tried it.' When John Briggs debated Milk, Briggs perpetuated a stereotype of gay promiscuity with the statistic that 25% of gay men had over 500 sexual contacts. 'I wish,' said Harvey.

"After the Dan White trial, I got a call from Lee Cole, the ex-Scientologist I had met in Chicago while researching the Charles Manson case; he wanted to visit me, but I said no. He said, 'Suppose I just come over?' 'You don't know where I live.' 'I can find out.' 'If you can find out, and you tell me how you did, you can come over.'

"I wanted to determine how carefully I had covered my tracks, or

see which friend would give out my address. A little while later, Cole called again and told me my address—he had obtained it from the voter registration files—so I told him to come over.

"He took me to see Lowell Streiker, a deprogrammer who had counseled one-third of the Jonestown survivors. In the course of our conversation, I mentioned my theory that Jim Jones had served as a pimp at City Hall and maintained power by implied blackmail. Streiker had a friend—a member of Jones' planning commission—who told him the technique People's Temple had used on the mayor. They sent a young black female member to service him, as a gift, then called the next week about a serious problem—she had lied, said she was 18, when in fact she was underage, but don't worry, we have it under control—much like J. Edgar Hoover did at the FBI.

"So Jim Jones had taken Margo St. James' sardonic advice after all, on how to achieve political power: 'Arrange for some of your women to have sex with the bigwigs.' And he had taken it all the way to a mass suicide-murder—which, ironically, occurred simultaneously with a mass demonstration by the women's movement in San Francisco, called *Take Back the Night!* They completely shut down traffic on Broadway.

"Unfortunately, that event was knocked totally out of the news by the massacre in Jonestown."

### Back Issues and Subscription Information

The following back issues are available at \$2 each. If you order all 25 for \$50, we'll send a free copy of *The (Almost) Unpublished Lenny Bruce*, an anthology of the controversial comedian's articles, columns and stories.

- #99—Paul Krassner interviews Jerry Garcia. Janet Bode interviews her biological time clock. Scoop Nisker on the First Church of Science. A fantastic voyage through Ronald Reagan's body. An essay on the smell of sperm.
- #100—Robert Anton Wilson covers the Married Priests Convention. Robert Myers interviews the family of a terrorist. Nancy Cain confesses her long-term affair with Johnny Carson. A conversation between would-be Reagan assassin John Hinckley and his fiancée.
- #101—Kalyann Campbell on The Punking of America. The Parts Left Out of Frankenstein. Robert Grossman's illustration of new evidence in the Murder of Bobby Kennedy. Lynn Phillips on the Great Fetus Conspiracy. Robert Myers writes *Out of Africa: Part II*.
- #102—M.J. Sibert covers the Eunuchs Convention. Robert Myers on How to Pass a Urine Test. A comic strip on the international weapons supermarket. Lynn Phillips on Mail Order Males. A plan for homeless insurance. A Jimmy Hoffa missing poster.
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illustrates channeling disorders. Dan Quayle goes to the ghetto.

- #110—The death of Abbie Hoffman. The 900-number syndrome. Bush and Quayle see *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*. Adolf Hitler's birthday party. Manuel Noriega's public relations campaign.
- #111—Robert Anton Wilson covers the Futurists Convention. Andrei Codrescu on compulsory drug testing of students and teachers. Richard Nixon's first TV commercial.
- #112—Steve Allen on speaking in numbers. Katherine Dunn on abortion and cryogenics. Country Joe McDonald on singing *Fixing to Die Rag* at Woodstock. Paul Krassner on canned laughter. Manuel Noriega's secret diary.
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- #122—President Clinton's *contra*/cocaine connection. How Admiral Stockdale prolonged the Vietnam war. Sex worker Carol Queen recounts her trip through the TV talk show zoo. The next Woody Allen movie.
- #123—The transcribed telephone conversations of J. Edgar Hoover with Clyde Tolson and Frank Costello. Inhale to the Chief: the Green Panthers demonstrate to decriminalize pot. Beth Lapidés campaigns to be First Lady. Government experiments in mind control. The nicotine patch trend.

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## Groping for Compromise by Beth Lapidés

I stayed home all winter, recuperating from the campaign season and trying to suss out the pulsebeat of the new era. I spent months poring over the *New York Times*, every section—even business, no small feat for a financial dunce like myself—sorting out my feelings about Hillary's hat, the new hope and *haute couture* grunge. I spent days sucking back TV, endless hours of CNN and C-Span, sure, but not neglecting such cultural signposts as the Oprah/Michael Jackson fiasco, *Beverly Hills 90210: The Senior Year*, or the *Tiny Toons* either.

Whenever possible I phone-kibbitzed with similarly confused friends, but we were all too exhausted to keep up our usual caffeine-induced, pumped-up gabfest pace. Besides my morning constitutionals (which I hoped would help me sort it all out and look more like Cher, whose book I had just read and who seemed to have it all sorted out and thin thighs to boot), I only left the house for primal activities: hunting, gathering, and having my bleached blonde hair dyed black.

Finally, after three months of meditating on our new phase (I don't mean to imply a season of sitting yogi-like; instead, imagine lots of lavender scented baths, candles and thousands of flights on the stairmaster), the veil of illusion did lift. And when it lifted—a phrase, like a mantra, enigmatic and enormous: Groping for Compromise.

I was driving. (Of course, it's L.A. All epiphanies happen behind the wheel.) And for the first time, I imagined moving to some remote spot away from *Daily Variety* and Which Way L.A., away from punchlines and pitches, away from the desire to find a bankable piece of myself to sell to a public looking for distraction, exhausted from trying to find meaning or humor in murder and mayhem. For the first time I pictured myself near trees writing a book. (Not for a minute making the connection between the trees and the paper. It was after all, only a fantasy.)

And I was shocked. Because it was a new fantasy. One I never even dreamed of having. And I wondered why I'd had it now. Then I felt how tired I was. Tired of being broke. Tired of wanting, needing. Tired of trying to figure it all out. But most of all tired because I suddenly realized that for a long time I hadn't been fighting to make my dreams come true. That I'd come to the point where I was groping for compromise.

I considered the possibility that my compromise might be an evolved version of my dream, not a devolved version of it, but that was too confusing. So I put that away to think about at a quiet time which I already knew I would never have, and I thought of our President—who is nothing if not the poster boy for compromise. Who seems happy to get something done instead of nothing. Even if he'd wanted everything to begin with. Who seems willing to accept the double standard of a hard-working wife who's paid nothing. Who is trying to avoid both Vietnam and World War II but who must certainly be having

nightmares of tortured Bosnian Muslims. Who can accept that gays in the military just won't be forced to admit it. And that women are now in all military positions instead of changing the world to need less military.

Yes, in that little car moment, as I turned onto the now legendary Normandie Boulevard, I felt close to our President who, it seems to me, isn't smiling so much anymore.

Compromise. To give in. To cave. To meet someone half way. To promise with. A great word in a very grey area kind of way. But the American Dream is not about grey areas. It's about absolutes. Filibusters, turf wars and still-crummy air are dead giveaways. It's about owning a home so that your living space is absolutely yours. Freedom of speech so that you can absolutely speak your mind. The separation of church and state so that you are absolutely free to worship according to your own heart. Conquering the frontier. So that we have the absolute right of manifest destiny.

But those parts of the dream have all been called into question now. It's as if we've woken up and we can't quite imagine how our dream

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**Convicted inside-trader Ivan Boesky testified in his divorce case that he needs \$5,230 a month: \$3,500 for food, \$1,000 for clothing, \$430 for dry-cleaning, and \$300 for haircuts.**

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can relate to our real life. Because we dreamt that absolute commitment would bring wealth. And here we are broke. At least I know I am. L.A. is. The American government is. And Michael Milken has no hair. The Greed Decade is over. The Compromise Decade has begun.

But I keep dreaming I'm moving into bigger apartments. With extra rooms. And great views. Ocean views. And look at all those closets. Actually we live in a good \$600 one bedroom: wood floors, '50s tiling, a garden, parking. Plus we have an office. Right on Hollywood Boulevard, the Dirty Boulevard, the Boulevard of lost dreams, of compromised morality. We're thinking about giving it up. Downsizing. But then we'd both be working from home. And I keep dreaming of expanding. To an upper with a view, where the managers won't kill what we plant and my desk isn't in the living room. True I've downsized my mansion fantasy, but I haven't given up the mansion fantasy, it's just become one step removed, so that now I fantasize about fantasizing about the mansion.

One night I was standing in our dining area reading the apt's for rent classifieds and Gregory kept saying, "You're not going to find anything, honey. We can't move until something happens." "Maybe we'll make something happen by moving," I said. "No," he said. "I'm just looking," I said. "What harm can it do?" "Stop," he insisted. "You're not being realistic." It was like I was a man reading *Playboy*, and there was harm in looking, harm I just couldn't understand but that my wife kept trying to explain to me. So I stopped looking for a while, but the dreams keep coming. I just open door after door, reveling in empty, unused, fresh new hopeful, uncom-

promised space.

A few days after the classifieds episode, I was driving home from having my roots dyed, and I heard Jefferson Starship singing, "If only you'd believe in miracles, so would I." And first I thought about me and Gregory and how we have these different beliefs about causality, and then I thought of Grace Slick singing the theme song to *Mannequin*. I really hoped she did it for the money and not because it would give her career a boost. I really hoped she enjoyed that money. Because in a way, even if you compromise to get it, once you have it, money is the ability *not* to compromise.

If you have money, you have power. If you have power, you never have to consider anyone else's point of view, but if you never consider anyone else's point of view, you get out of touch. If you get out of touch, you often lose money, which means you lose power and have to start compromising. Oy.

Somehow I suspect this all has a lot to do with the Spellings. First of all Tori, who has a closet bigger than my house, and in it, a conveyor belt, like at the dry cleaners. Outside the closet she has a computer, on which her clothes are logged, item by item, according to when she wore them, with what accessories, where she went and who she was with. She must pay someone to do that. I don't see Tori chipping her nails on a keyboard. Although, it turns out, her mother, Candy, has a whole room for gift wrapping. She finds gift wrapping relaxing. So who knows? Maybe Tori likes to do the clothes log herself. Like a captain and her ship. Of course, behind it all is Aaron "Love Boat Charlie's Angels Beverly Hills 90210" Spelling who, in a recent *Daily Variety* Kodak ad, said "Entertainment isn't a dirty word. Television has to appeal to the heart. You are working in a fantasy world, so you have to believe in fantasies. If you have a dream, never let go. Follow it to the end." Which sounds simple. Almost Capraesque.

Except that the hottest thing in the fantasy world of television is reality programming. Or at least reality-based programming. Which means a revised, a compromised fantasy and a compromised reality. *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman* notwithstanding. And if we've compromised the reality and the fantasy, made fantasy and reality interchangeable in a way, isn't that a paradigm shift? A complete shift in perception? I think so. And whether it's because we've begun to feel the inappropriateness of our fantasies or the weighty pull of our reality, or both, we seem to have blurred the lines. Compromised the absolute nature of the separation between the Brady Bunch's living room and our own.

According to some, like that whole Marianne Williamson crowd, a change in perception is nothing less than a miracle. Which means that the change in our perception of fantasy and reality, our compromise of fantasy and reality, is simply but enormously, a miracle. Which, ironically, may mean that groping for compromise is not a pathetic attempt at survival but the only way to actually live our dreams. The ones we feel like we've abandoned to our compromises.

## Plaster Casters: The Sequel

by Ellen Sander

At a recent reading of my rock 'n' roll writings, I wondered aloud where the Plaster Casters of Chicago were these days, and what they were doing. I didn't have long to wait for an answer.

On April 27, 1993, Judge Lillian Stevens of the Superior Court of Los Angeles handed down a decision in favor of Miss Cynthia Plaster Caster. Our heroine was awarded the rightful possession of her precious plaster casts of famous and not so famous male mostly rock 'n' roll genitalia, and \$10,000 in damages. What was actually returned to her were bronze replicas of the original plaster casts mounted on wooden pedestals. All the originals are lost, according to music businessman Herb Cohen, the defendant in the lawsuit.

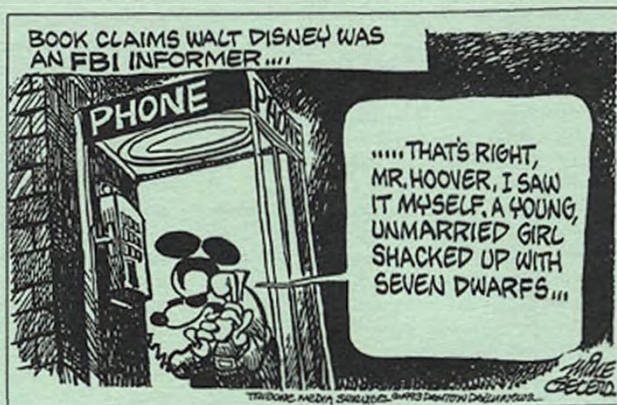
Cynthia brought suit against her publisher, Herb Cohen, who after storing the plaster casts for 15 years, refused to deliver them to her when she requested them in 1988. "Herb started calling me about it being time to exploit my diaries [for which Cohen bought the publication rights], but whenever I brought up the subject of returning the casts to me, he got very vague. When I learned there was going to be a problem, I was sick to my stomach. During the trial I got to inspect the casts. I got dizzy spells just looking at them after all those years."

Cynthia sought legal counsel in 1988 and brought suit in 1991. It took years to get a trial date. At the trial, my article, "The Case of the Cock-Sure Groupies" from *The Realist* dated November, 1968—which was the first national report of the escapades of the Chicago groupies who made plaster casts of rock and roll penises—was accepted as evidence to establish the extent and history of the Plaster Casters' notoriety.

The subject of the lawsuit was 25 casts, identified by the catalog number, date of casting as inscribed and name of the subject. Among them were plaster casts of Jimi Hendrix, Harvey Mandel, Zal Yanovsky and Anthony Newley.

Diane Plaster Caster, one of the two originals chronicled in "The Case of the Cock-Sure Groupies," retired and moved to England some time in the '70s. Cynthia moved to L.A. for a while, where she pursued her now famous artistic endeavors, continuing her casting with local assistants named Harlow and Lixie.

One of the last castings Cynthia did in L.A. was of Ainsley Dunbar of the Mothers of Invention, and Cynthia remembers it well. When she first prepared the mold, he all of a sudden refused to be casted. "He would not put his dick into my mold," recalls Cynthia, "because he didn't think it was big enough. He said he could get it bigger." That really pissed Cynthia off: "It's a costly prep! When the alginates are ready, you have to stick something in there or it'll set right away." Cynthia made several attempts at a casting before finally succeeding.



"What we came up with was no bigger than the first time. It took several times and it never got any bigger. He's decent, not very huge. He kept thinking he was capable of biggerness. It's a nice cast, very good detail. Nice looking dick, I must say."

The years have not taken any of the wind out of Cynthia Plaster Caster's sails, although these days she prefers to work with a casted one's significant other rather than a dedicated assistant plaster caster. The assistant is responsible for preparing the subject to enter the casting material in a rectilinear condition. Good help, as always, is hard to find, so in-house production has sufficed for recent castings. It has, by all reports, worked out well.

"Mostly I like to work these days with the wives or girlfriends of the subject," said Cynthia. "I get to know them, and they trust me when they see I'm only in it for the artistic thing. Then, they can believe that if I have to put my hand on the balls for a second, it's just to make sure pubic hairs don't get stuck in the mold like Jimi Hendrix's did."

Cynthia left L.A. in 1972. A combination of other groupies getting married and the sexual revolution coming to a screeching halt with the specter of AIDS did not bode well for Cynthia's unique memorabilia, her upstanding monuments to the raw power of rock 'n' roll. For the past 13 years, Ms. Plaster Caster, under her given name, has been employed by a typesetting firm in Chicago. When she applied for the job they recognized her because they'd once typeset a local magazine story about the Plaster Casters. During the '80s Cynthia was part of an MTV movie about groupies in the '60s. Her employers were very supportive of her quest to get her missing masterpieces returned, particularly when she had to take so much time off work to testify at her trial in L.A.

Three casts are missing from the collection of about twenty being returned. One, of the late manager of Iron Butterfly, another of a roadie of the Young Rascals and another of the bass player from Savoy Brown. "That was a cute twisted one, really a fave," she said wistfully. "It was one of two twisted ones. Noel Redding's was twisted, but this one was looped, like the hook on Captain Hook's hands. When I casted Ricky Faraar (who played George Harrison in *The Rutles*), his drooped in the mold and, as a result, I have to hang it on the wall because it can't be mounted."

"I'd like to cast other men besides rock musicians," she says. "I'd consider doing a modern superhero . . . like an honest politician for instance."

Having taken her potshot of the day, Cynthia then huffed about her L.A. trial attorney, Geoffrey Glass, for going around saying that he wasn't really impressed with the Jimi Hendrix cast, the towering inferno of the collection. "I'd like to do a casting of Geoff," said Cynthia defiantly. "Let's see what he's got!"

Cynthia was finally reunited with the replicas of her casts just before Mother's Day and they went straight to a bank vault, a very large bank vault at an undisclosed location in Chicago. "I miss every one of them that is missing," mused Cynthia. "Maybe for Thanksgiving this year I'll have my vegetarian turkey in the bank vault with the casts all around the table."



Plaster Caster samples: Jimi Hendrix (#00004), 2/25/68; a friend from school; a fellow student; Noel Redding (#00005), 3/30/68; Don Ogilvie (road manager, 5/5/68).

### Persistence of False Memory (Continued from Cover)

thinkable question: Who has the objectivity to distinguish Skepticism (in the scientific sense) from Denial (in the neurotic sense)? Or even from Denial (in the legal sense)?

Perhaps the problem began with Whitley Streiber. As Prof. H.H. Sheissenhosen (University of Heidelberg) has written, "Maybe somewhere out in space, in a galaxy far away, some especially perverted little aliens do exist. Maybe these vicious little buggers (I speak precisely) occasionally get their hands or tentacles on some especially nefarious drug, something combining the worst of PCP and the old 'King Kong' or 'White Lightning' home-brew distilled in the American Ozarks."

"Maybe after these aliens have all become totally 'wasted' or 'stoned out of their gourds' (as our students' argot has it) one of them cries, 'Hey, fellas, let's hop in the flying saucer and buzz over to Earth and have another go at some of that sweet Whitley Streiber ass.' And maybe they all whiz across billions and billions of light-years just to ram the poor man's rectum with weird instruments one more time.

"Maybe. Nonetheless, some doubts arise in any dispassionate contemplation of this scenario."

Dr. David Jacobs (Temple University, Philadelphia), on the other hand, insists that, after careful study of extra-terrestrial sexual abuse, he believes these people have indeed literally suffered alien rape, an experience so much more traumatic than ordinary rape that most victims block out the memory entirely—until Dr. Jacobs skillfully helps them recall it.

Dr. Richard Boylan, meanwhile, continually circulates an exasperated letter warning that Dr. Jacobs lacks training in psychotherapy. Boylan also urges the American Psychological Association to "denounce" Jacobs as "untrained" and "unlicensed." Dr. Jacobs, according to Boylan and other critics of his work, has his doctorate in history and thus has no more qualification to deal with borderline mental states than a Certified Public Accountant would have.

Curiously, when Jacobs last appeared on the Joan Rivers TV show, whoever writes the sub-titles attributed an M.D. to him. Did he acquire an M.D. sometime, in addition to his Ph.D. in history? If so, would that "qualify" him to claim more expertise than a mere historian in judging whether hypnotic visions belong in the category of the real or the hallucinatory?

Don't expect me to answer such questions. Maybe "the Shadow knows," but I'm as uncertain as Hamlet after he got home from studying philosophy at college and encountered what seemed to him a possible appearance of his father's ghost.

Budd Hopkins, a chap who doesn't even bother to claim psychotherapeutic training, supports Dr. Jacobs. But Budd claims to have hypnotically uncovered memories of extraterrestrial sexual molestations not just in 80 people, like Jacobs, but in "hundreds." The ex-

perts (or pseudo-experts) on the other side, of course, claim that Hopkins did not exactly unearth these memories but *implanted* them.

In the April-May 1993 *Fortean Times*—a magazine devoted to free and open discussion of the most heated, and foetid, disputes in science and/or "pseudo-science"—Dennis Stacy of MUFON (Mutual UFO Network) notes that "early" (pre-Hopkins) UFO abduction allegations lacked the sexual element that has entered the field since Hopkins started probing the unconscious of hypnotized subjects. But since Hopkins' books got into print, and then got picked up on TV, Stacy indicates, it now seems impossible to find an "abductee" who doesn't claim genital or rectal molestation.

Stacy implies that this evolution in the contents of memory should give us pause, and ambiguously concludes that abduction experiences do not take place "in real space and time."

I do not feel confident that I understand what kind of space and time Stacy thinks the abductions *do* occur in.

Meanwhile, reports continue to multiply. One chap, David Huggins, even sells paintings of the numerous extra-terrestrial females he has had sex with. They all posed nude for him. You can find one of Huggins' paintings on the first page of the May 15th issue of Jim Mosely's *Saucer Smear*. The ladies look a lot like Playmates of the Month from the neck down, but above the chin they have that faceless, large-eyed look typical of interplanetary sex maniacs.

Incidentally, the same issue of *Saucer Smear* has an impassioned letter from a female victim of this cosmic invasion, one Christa Tilton, who writes (in part): "I was outraged by Dr. Richard Neal's offer . . . of a \$500 pay-off for absolute proof that women abductees are becoming pregnant and losing their fetuses after an abduction experience that many of them are unaware that they experienced . . . I would pay \$500 to any doctor that could prove to me and all other female victims . . . that we were not abducted and artificially inseminated . . ." (Italics in the original letter.)

On the other hand, perhaps the *real* Memory Mystery began not with these Alien Abductors but with the McMARTIN Pre-School Follies in Southern California.

As you may remember, that malign fiesta broke loose in 1983 when a woman in Manhattan Beach alleged that a Satanic child-abuse cult had infiltrated that part of Southern California. The same woman later alleged that an AWOL Marine had sodomized her dog. This latter detail, and the fact that the woman received Welfare as a paranoid schizophrenic, led the police to doubt her story originally, but meanwhile the Satanic cult rumor had galvanized parents all over the area.

At the height of the excitement, over 100 teachers at nine schools, and the minister at a local Episcopal church, had all suffered accusations of child molestation, Satanism, ritual human-and-animal sacrifice, and playing rock records backwards. Small (pre-school) children claimed they could *remember* seeing these things—after consultation with certain psy-

chologists. The police and D.A. could not ignore all that, and eventually placed charges against seven out of the more-than-a-hundred teachers (and one preacher) originally accused by rumor.

Nine schools closed, due to the legal expenses and loss of funds because parents withdrew children. The Episcopal church also closed.

Eventually, the D.A.'s office decided to release four out of the seven they had originally arrested, citing total lack of substantial evidence. Later, charges were dropped against one more. Finally, two out of the hundred alleged "Satanists" stood trial—a mother and her son. (Both came from the McMARTIN Pre-School, and that name got attached to the case thereafter.) The jury refused to convict either of them. The D.A. then brought the son to trial again. The second jury also refused to convict.

The case then more or less died, although in the last two years three of the accused successfully sued some of their accusers for libel and collected over \$250,000.

To many it seems that the most significant fact about this case consists in the "authentication" of the "memories" of the children involved as *real memories*, not hallucinations, by a group of (youngish) psychologists who have somewhat better training than Mr. Hopkins or Dr. Jacobs. Kind of makes you wonder about the "experts" and "pseudo-experts," doesn't it?

Sociologist Jeffrey Victor of Jamestown Community College has written that at least 33 "rumor panics" similar to the McMARTIN case have occurred in 24 states in the last decade. The FBI Behavioral Science Unit (which deals with serial killers) says it has investigated numerous "mass graves" where the victims of Satanic sacrifice allegedly lie buried, and found no bodies in any of the "graves." Not even a shin bone.

Of course, those who have a really fervent belief in the Satanic cult's real existence in real space-time now believe "the FBI is in on the cover-up." Why not? Those who believe in the UFO sodomites claim the whole damned government has conspired together in that truly cosmic cover-up.

Memory seems a kind of silly putty as one reads deeper in this literature. (Incidentally, the *L.A. Times* reported, April 23, 1991, that Radical Feminists and Protestant Fundamentalists show greater belief in the alleged Satanic child-molestation cult than the majority of citizens.)

All this led to the formation of the False Memory Syndrome Foundation, funded by skeptical psychotherapists—and by 3,700 families who had experienced some or all of the trauma of accusation, hatred, public disgrace and (sometimes) actual arrest and trial that follows when a therapist "helps" a patient "remember" these fiendish doings. Many of these families have passed lie detector tests, won acquittals in court, or later had the accusing "adult child" recant the accusation after consulting a different therapist with a different orientation.

The FMFS attempts to educate the public

about the simple fact that many "memories"—even (or some would say especially) those activated under hypnosis—do not always correspond with real events in real space-time. That is, "memories" can derive from hallucinations, from hypnotic suggestion, or even (as in one famous experiment) from simply hearing about an alleged event from many sources one trusts.

Dr. Jean Piaget, generally considered the world's leading authority on developmental psychology, has recounted how he "remembered" an alleged (non-violent and non-sexual) event in his childhood all his life—until he learned that he had only *heard* about it from his parents, who *heard* it from a maid, who had invented it to avoid admitting a minor malfeasance.

At this point, Preposterous Perception appeared in the literature, thanks to Prof. Timothy F.X. Finnegan of Trinity College, Dublin. I should mention at once that Prof. Finnegan serves as President of CSICON—the Committee for Surrealist Investigation of Claims of the Normal—and has developed, in several books, the system known as Patapsychology (not Parapsychology, although that error seems ubiquitous). Scholars trace patapsychology to Alfred Jarry's Pataphysics and Jacques Derrida's Deconstructionism, but Prof. Murphy has always insisted he got his basic inspiration from one Sean Murphy of Dalkey (a suburb on the southern coast of Dublin Bay). Murphy's First Fundamental Finding (as Finnegan always called it) states succinctly, "I have never met a normal man or woman; I have never experienced an average day."

Nothing else definitive appears on record about this Sean Murphy of Dalkey, except for a remark attributed to one Nora Dolan: "Sure, the only hard work that Murphy fellow ever did was picking himself up off the floor and getting back on the bar-stool, once a night."

As developed by Prof. Finnegan and his associates in CSICON, Murphy's principle holds that the "normal" and "average" exist only in mathematics—"i.e. in pure fiction," Finnegan always adds—and that daily life in ordinary space-time (Marx's "sensory-sensual reality") consists of nothing but enormities, aberrations, eccentricities, oddities, weirdities, anomalies and a few occasional "approximations to the normal." In the last sentence of his *Golden Hours*, Finnegan concludes: "The 'normal' labels that fictitious abstraction which nobody and no event ever exactly exemplifies."

Finnegan's work has won great acceptance among General Semantists, surrealists, militant gays, sci-fi writers, libertarians, acid-heads, the Vertically Challenged Liberation Front (those we used to call midgets), and some really strange people, such as iguanaphiliacs, necrophiles and lycanthromaniacs. On the other hand, Finnegan has become *persona non grata* with most academic philosophers, with the Fundamental Materialist wing of orthodox science and, especially, with the religious of all sects.

The Finneganoid or Patapsychological "school" (which includes such writers as de

Selby, J.R. "Bob" Dodds, S. Moon, Wildeblood and, as an honorary posthumous recruit, Foucault) holds that Preposterous Memories do not have any less "validity" than any other memories, since (in de Selby's words), "All that we know derives from a) our own perceptions, which a thousand well-known experiments have proven fallible and uncertain, and from b) the instinct to gossip, sometimes called Public Opinion, which sociologists now consider equally unreliable." (The "instinct to gossip" plays the same panchrestonal role in de Selby as "the will to power" in Nietzsche or "the id" in Freud.)

La Tourneur of the University of Paris has argued (*Finnegan: Homme ou Dieu?*) that the enigmatic Murphy played a larger role in Finnegan's intellectual development than the mere statement of the First Fundamental Finding implies. Attempting a sketchy translation (I cannot capture Le Tourneur's crispness), the French *savant* speculates:

"The more time the overly-analytical pedant Finnegan spent in the same pub with the unsophisticated 'naive realist' Murphy, and the more pints of Guinness they consumed, the easier it became for the philosopher to perceive what Murphy had discovered first: that nobody in Ireland looked exactly like a normal Irishman, that no room in any house formed a precise 90° rectangle, that nobody's life story made sense in any dramatic, novelistic or even logical way and, most noteworthy, after leaving the pub, that every street contained mysterious and vaguely inhuman shadows, especially after a 14-pint evening."

In Finnegan's own words (*Archeology of Cognition*, p. 23), "A world where most men prefer sex with little children to sex with grown women, most allegedly Christian parent secretly engage in bloody Satanic rituals, and every third person has suffered anal, genital and other harassments by demonic dwarfs from Outer Space makes just as much sense—and just as little sense—as a world where the universe is run by the ghost of a crucified Jew, George Bush had rational reasons (which nobody can now remember) for bombing Iraq again two days before leaving the White House, and the barbaric, bloody-handed English army still occupies six of Ireland's 32 counties without Mr. Bush or any other American Policeman-of-the-World ever threatening to bomb them back to the Stone Age."

On the other hand, La Puta (he of the Moe Howard computer enhancements) argues (*La Estupidez de la Tourneur*) that Finnegan had merely rediscovered the proto-existentialism of Edmund Husserl, which does not accord any superiority in "realness" to any kind of perception over any other kind of perception. The letter-bomb sent to La Puta from Paris shortly after this has never definitely been traced to La Tourneur, despite the scandalous polemics of Prof. Ferguson (Alabama Creation Science University and Four Square Tabernacle)—who also claims to have seen the Moe Howard head on Mars with his own computer "enhancement."

Ferguson's later writings, with their unsubstantiated attempts to link Finnegan with Sinn

Fein and the Irish Republican Army, merely illustrate mindless malice, a strange cultish submission to the doctrines of La Puta and a Presbyterian inability to understand robust Irish humor. However, this does not mean we should naively accept de Selby's counter-claims, attempting to find "sinister and significant" links between Ferguson, the late Clay Shaw and the Bilderbergers.

Meanwhile, Prof. Finnegan continues to champion the Linda Napolitano case, on the grounds that "since this sounds on the surface like the most absurd UFO story of all, it has the greatest probability of proving true eventually." Under hypnosis by the egregious Budd Hopkins, Ms. Napolitano remembered (or *thought* she "remembered"—as you will) an abduction in which she got teleported, or slurped, out of her New York apartment, into a UFO, and then the Little Grey Bastards performed their usual molestations. She also remembered (or "remembered") two CIA agents who later kidnaped her and attempted to drown her—part of the Cover-Up, you know.

On the other hand, Jerome Clark, one of America's leading UFO investigators, lately sends out tons of mail (or so it seems) denying that he ever endorsed the Napolitano case—although others claim to have documentary evidence that Clark did endorse the whole Napolitano yarn less than a year ago. Clark now says that all this alleged documentation—circulated by such rival UFO investigators as Stefula, Butler, Hansen and Mosely—amounts to malicious libel perpetrated just to make him look like a fool.

I don't know what it all means, but, like Ms. Tilton, I'll gladly pay \$500 to anybody who can prove *none* of this Weird Shit ever happened, since I feel sure every bit of it did happen, although not necessarily in ordinary space-time.

A shocking photo, recently produced by Prof. Ferguson, shows Clark, Oliver Stone, La Tourneur, and Jim Mosely (editor of *Saucer Smear*) standing with G. Gordon Liddy on the Grassy Knoll as the Kennedy death-car pulls near. Mosely holds a confederate flag, La Tourneur appears to have some hood on his head—whether Satanic black or Ku Klux white does not appear clearly, due to shadows—and Liddy, of course, has a Smoking Gun in his hand.

Almost all the "experts" have denounced this photo as an obvious scissors-and-paste forgery. The one dissident voice belongs to Prof. H.H. Hanfkopf, who in his book *The CIA: Pawn of Interstellar Bankers* attempts to demonstrate that all the conspiracy theories of this century served only as misdirections to conceal the fact that paper money contains highly addictive drugs to make us hopeless slaves of the Green Slime Entities of Algal.

That's why you never feel you have enough money, Hanfkopf says, and continually need to increase the dose to a little bit more than you could survive on last month. In reality, not in metaphor, the Green Stuff has addicted us.

As the more restrained Sheissenhosen would say, "Maybe."

## MEDIA FREAK

### Koresh, We Hardly Knew Ye

It used to be, as Steve Allen said, that satire was tragedy plus time, but now, between fax machines and computer bulletin boards and radio deejays, there is widespread instant irreverence.

Sample: "How many sects of Branch Davidians are there?" Answer: "Two—orthodox and extra crispy."

Ron Turner and Winston Smith are planning a T-shirt with the legend, "I Made an Ash of Myself in Waco."

And Carl Havermist's recipe for Messiah Flambé: "Obtain one Lamb o' God. Garnish with approximately 90 vegetables, and seal up tightly with Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. Allow them to stew in their own juice for 51 days, then sear quickly using a wood fire. Serves one media circus."

During the hearings, Attorney General Janet Reno said she had considered spraying something that would put the cult members to sleep for ten hours so that agents could take control of the facility, but this was beyond current technology. Senator Barney Frank suggested, "Try pumping in C-Span."

### The Bible As a Public Nuisance

Realist correspondent Kirk Bignione:

"While the media seemed to cover every conceivable angle of the Branch Davidian massacre, they failed to raise one question. If the *Book of Revelations* is credited as Koresh's main inspiration, what kind of regulatory action might we expect to be taken? Any time an adolescent commits suicide, or a particularly gruesome crime, some religious nut is bound to claim the kid was listening to Ozzy Osborne or Judas Priest. As a result of these claims, a good number of rock and rap records are stickered with warning labels.

"Obviously, *Revelations* can be considered a tremendously dangerous influence on our society. In order that we might avoid future tragedies, I suggest: 1) Bible publishers and supply houses should voluntarily place warning stickers on any Bible that contains *Revelations*; 2) All Bibles must be shrink-wrapped to prevent minors from reading this harmful material; 3) Bibles containing *Revelations* must be kept behind the counter and sold only to those with proper ID."

### Springtime for Bentsen

Joel Schechter, of San Francisco State University's Department of Theatre Arts:

"If Mel Brooks had released a film in which the Secretary of the Treasury asked Congress for \$45 billion to bail out S&L institutions that have not yet failed, it would be considered a comedy. But when Lloyd Bentsen asks for the money and cannot promise it will be his last request for bailout funds, which now total \$145 billion, it's considered serious politics. *The Producers*, an earlier Brooks film with Zero Mostel, concerned another dubious financial practice. Mostel, as a shady Broadway producer, oversold shares in a dreadful musical, *Springtime for Hitler*. He collected far less than \$45 billion, however. Brooks will

now have to adjust for inflation.

"In the opening scene of *The Producers Go to Washington*, Brooks will announce that he needs only \$45 billion from Congress to keep some of its biggest campaign contributors solvent, and Congress will unanimously give him \$50 billion and tell him to keep the change. The camera cuts to Beverly Hills, where we see Whoopi Goldberg with her Bank on Wheels—a hot dog cart—as she tries to qualify for her new equal opportunity bailout. To qualify, she has to go bankrupt, so she invests in extremely risky projects. She fails miserably—that is, she *succeeds*, which is *how* she fails—and is subpoenaed to explain why her bank *didn't* fail, because her success could undermine the whole unregulated system, where loans go to wealthy developers who build luxury condos and then go bankrupt."

### Wishful Thinking

An editorial in *The Informant*, official publication of the San Diego Police Officers Association:

"Instead of *downsizing* our military, we should be working overtime at building up a strong and effective military defense—not so much for the threat outside our borders, although that threat still exists, but for the threat to our own. Declare martial law throughout the United States. The military and police working hand in hand could take back our streets from the thugs, thieves, gangs, drug dealers, punks, rapists and murderers."

### Motivation for Propaganda

Legal drug pushers have a vested interest in keeping illegal drugs unpopular. According to *The Nation*, the Partnership for a Drug Free America received \$150,000 each from Philip Morris (Miller beer and Marlboro cigarettes), Anheuser-Busch (Budweiser) and R.J. Reynolds (Camel) over 1988-91. Other contributors: American Brands (Jim Beam and Lucky Strike), Pepsico and Coca-Cola. Contributing pharmaceutical companies included Bristol-Meyers Squibb, CIBA-Geigy, Dow, DuPont, Glaxo, Hoffman-LaRoche, Johnson & Johnson, Merck, Pfizer, Schering-Plough, Smith-Kline and Warner-Lambert. Publishing companies Time-Warner, Dow Jones and *Reader's Digest* also contributed funds.

### Future Science

Lyle Stuart in *Hot News*:

"Experts predict that someday soon you'll be able to push a few buttons on the dashboard of your car and it will automatically drive itself to where you want to go. It will select the best route, avoid traffic and accidents and even make suggestions about hotels, restaurants and anything else having to do with your destination. Next, we'll be producing books that talk to you and direct you to pay attention to the pages when your attention wanders."

### Reach Out and Screw Someone

Herb Caen in the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "You're probably aware of the battle between AT&T, Sprint and MCI over your long-distance business, and the inducements being offered to Us The Peepul. 'Much to my amazement,' says Edward Demetrio Pacheco, he re-

ceived a \$75 check from AT&T, which was his free and clear if he'd switch his business from MCI. He went for it. Short time later, he received another letter from AT&T, inspired no doubt by his Hispanic surname. This was identical but written in Spanish and included a check for \$25. Thought Edward: 'If I'm white I get \$75, if I'm Mexican, I get \$25?' He cashed the second check, too, but switched his long-distance business back to MCI."

### Unidentified Flying Anti-Semites

Vince Johnson in *HUFON Report*, newsletter of the Houston UFO Network:

"There is an abundance of circumstantial evidence to indicate that UFO hoaxes are being perpetrated by persons or organizations with substantial resources. The anti-Semitic focus of some of these hoaxers should arouse immediate suspicion. In addition to the hoaxers' ability to infiltrate and influence UFO organizations, anti-democratic factions within intelligence agencies can conduct psychological and unconventional warfare experiments without scrutiny under the guise of UFOs."

### Filler Items

- Panhandler placard of the month: "Will Work for Medical Marijuana."

- Most Despicable Use of a Laugh Track Award—to *Seinfeld*, for the line delivered by George Costanza: "My father even chased after me with a baseball bat."

- A sex survey for students at Santa Monica High School was defended on KCRW: "The questions had to be so graphic to avoid confusion; one student thought that abstinence is anal sex."

- A rumor making the rounds in show business circles: that Ross Perot paid Larry King a large sum of cash to appear on his program.

- Among the code names for paid informants that a spy for the Anti-Defamation League used: Ironsides, Flipper and Scumbag.

- *Snow White* can be read in Jacksonville, Florida public schools only with parental permission; teachers in Erie, Pennsylvania use black felt-tip markers to delete passages about apes' mating habits from *Gorillas in the Mist*; and the Alabama State Textbook Committee rejected *The Diary of Anne Frank* because "it is a real downer."

- Harry Shearer's book, *Man Bites Town*, was originally titled *Lorne Michaels Must Die*.

- Rodney King now has his own 800 number: 1-800-pound-pound-pound-pound-pound-pound-pound.

- In the wake of *Indecent Proposal*, Marilu Henner, flirting outrageously with Sting on a TV talk show: "My husband said 'We'll take the million—and you can have two nights.'"

- How do you get a nun pregnant? Dress her as an altar boy.

- In Florida, a key to Dade County has been awarded to Robocop, the fictitious movie android.

- On *Entertainment Tonight*, Mary Hart plugged *Jurassic Park*—"Dinosaurs are coming back, and they're better than ever"—just as a photo of Bob Hope appeared on the screen.

- Comedian Will Durst: "Have you heard about the Madonna stamp? It licks itself."