

Winter, 1995
Price: \$2

- *Michael O'Donoghue's Last Interview*
- *America's 2nd Favorite Sex Act*
- *Visit With a Terrorist Couple*

The Realist

Number 129
Editor: Paul Krassner



COURT JESTER

Deaths in the Family

So I'm now an orphan. My mother died on November 3, at the age of 92. She could hardly see or hear or walk. She had no interests. In our last conversation, she sang, "The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be." She simply no longer enjoyed living. In that sense, her death was a blessing. Everyday she would wake up, look in the mirror and say, "What the heck are you still doing here?" Fortunately, her parting was neither painful nor lingering. She held my sister's hand and said, "I'm tired," and we knew the end was near.

Her first and only job was legal secretary to the district attorney of Queens County in New York City. She gave up her career for marriage and family, because that's what was expected in those days. She used her secretarial skills in running our household. She nurtured my father and three kids with love and responsibility and hard work. I'm grateful for that, yet part of me regrets her total dedication to us because she could've become another Eleanor Roosevelt.

My mother would never have understood the gallows humor of Michael O'Donoghue, who also died last month. He was 54, and suffered a massive cerebral hemorrhage. He was a loyal friend. When he became editor of *National Lampoon*, he hired me as a columnist. When he was a writer for *Saturday Night Live*, he tried unsuccessfully to get me on the staff. And when I needed surgery a few years ago and had no insurance, he sent a check with the notation, "For oral sex." Now the world knows. Goodbye, Mr. Mike.

Andrew Kopkind was an editor at *The Nation*. He's gone, too, along with another uncompromising radical, Erwin Knoll, who edited *The Progressive*. It's a rough time for alternative journalism.

And, as I write this, Jerry Rubin has been in a coma for two weeks. The Yippie-turned-Yuppie was jaywalking and got knocked unconscious by a car. He had no neurological functions and was, in effect, brought back from the dead by a life support system. At last report, he opened one eye and was breathing on his own.

Left-wingers have long criticized Jerry for selling out to the capitalist system, but he was about to launch a project whereby youth-gang members could sell the health drink he was multi-level marketing, instead of crack-cocaine and heroin. In the context of big business, that might well be considered a revolutionary concept.

Postscript: Jerry Rubin died on November 28.

Truth or Satire

Walter Bowart once co-edited an underground weekly, the *East Village Other*, and later had published *Operation Mind Control*, which he is now updating. He writes:

"As early as 1961, advisors to the late President Kennedy recommended that with the threat of nuclear war hanging over the future, civilized nations could no longer risk overt confrontations that would lead to war, since even conventional war could escalate to Armageddon. If war was necessary, it would have to be invisible. It was either invisible warfare or peace, and everyone seemed to agree the economy would 'suffer' from peace. Without war, it was believed, the economy would falter. It was believed that depression would be the dividend of peace.

"Thus the advisors to the president began to think about what might motivate the U.S. economy as well as war did. They came up with several possibilities, the most fantastic of which was to fake an invasion from outer space.

"A task force of 15 men met at Iron Mountain, New York in August, 1963, and by September 30, 1966 . . . they submitted their final report, known as *The Report From Iron Mountain on the Possibility and Desirability of Peace*. All the members of the task force wanted to keep the report secret except one. This particular individual contacted Leonard C. Lewin and offered to 'leak' the report to him with a view to having it published. Since none had signed a security oath, there

was nothing except etiquette to keep the report from being published, and the person who contacted Lewin thought the report was too important to keep secret."

Bowart believes the report was based on the work of the Hudson Institute, a think tank directed by the late Herman Kahn, and that *he*, Kahn, actually wrote the book. I've informed Bowart that in 1967, Leonard Lewin (now dead) told me that the report was a hoax of his own authorship. Lewin swore me to secrecy, and I've never revealed it until now. This led to a little dialogue:

"If Lewin was telling the truth," Bowart responded, "his hoax was uncannily prophetic. . . 'Leaking' to Paul the hoax disinfo would be appropriate if Lewin wanted Paul to spread the news of the hoax — a common disinformation tactic of the cryptoocracy."

"I had no reason *not* to trust Lewin's veracity," I replied.

"If Lewin was not trying to get the cry 'literary hoax' circulated, which would have helped circulation of the otherwise dull book, he might have been taking the blame for Kahn, laying down his reputation as the cover story."

"On the other hand, it could have been a satire, but one that was true. There really could have been a group such as Iron Mountain, talking about things which were reported, but the book itself might have been a put-on of Hudson Institute style and content."

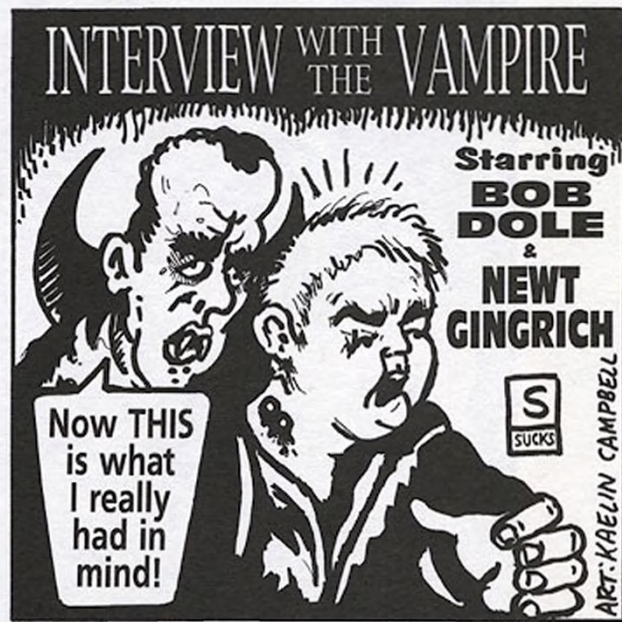
"Another satire that came true? Then life does imitate art? Colonel Fletcher Prouty was also told by Lewin (in the late 1980s) that the book was a hoax. 'But,' Prouty said, 'the people at the Hudson Institute, the Pentagon and the government contractors were talking like this in those days. So it wasn't really exaggerated enough to be satire. I'd always believed it was leaked information.'"

"Well, this was in '67, after my own literary hoax, 'The Parts Left Out of the Kennedy Book,' and I figured that he just wanted to share *his* hoax with me. He might've been putting me on, hoping that I would spread the rumor, but if his motive was to reach people, he *wouldn't* want them to know that it was a hoax. Thus, I believe it was satire — highly effective — but that doesn't mean it's *not* true. Good satire has to be a reflection of the truth."

Ah, Sordid Announcements

- The paperback edition of my autobiography, *Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut: Misadventures in the Counter-Culture*, is now in bookstores.

- On January 22-25, Sunday through Wednesday, I will be per-



Winning Circles

by Beth Lapidis

The realities of the Gingrich years are sinking in. I'm thinking about going to my local elementary school (where I voted against everything that won) and praying that things will work out. Just to fuck Newt up. Because I know this isn't the kind of prayer he's hoping for in the schools. Oh, no. When Gingrich talks about prayer in school, he's talking about organized Christian prayer. He's not looking forward to a minion dovening in Homeroom. Not expecting us to honor the Goddess in Home Ec. No, Newt's not doing all this so that we might slaughter a goat and dance to Santaria. At least I don't think so.

Yes, I'm certainly intrigued by the Newtonian Universe in our future. But I can't go there yet because I'm still stuck in the freaky events of the election itself. The weirdest part of which to me was not the tsunami of Republicans, or election results coming in from precincts with 0% reporting. The weirdest part was that all through the election season the press focused on the emotional temperature of the voters. How they were feeling, what they wanted, what that meant to the candidates. Headlines declared: Voters Depressed. And not only that, but worse: Voters Angry. And even: Voters Afraid.

But who are these voters? People. Voters are people. People are voters. (Some pathetically small percent of them, anyway). People Depressed. They never write that. (Maybe: Women in Middle Age More Angry.) But writing about Americans as voters has become a way of distancing people from their own feeling. Plus, if the voters are depressed and you're not depressed, maybe that makes you not a voter. I've noticed this distanced emotionalism when they write about money too. Taxpayers Scared. Consumers Uncertain. But everyone's a consumer. If you stop consuming, you die. Thus: Everyone's Uncertain. Well, then no wonder Voters Are Depressed.

My friend Nicole thinks that the campaign losses of Huffington and North are part of a conspiracy to keep us complacent. So that instead of saying Pataki and Bush won we chant — it's a little litany — "At least Huffington and North lost." But even if Huffington decides to invest his money in the private sector next time, North will be back (only 30% of his supporters were from Virginia). And when he returns, remember this about him. Oliver North told *Nightline* that there were two qualities that everyone working in his campaign had to have. They had to be winners. And they had to have absolute integrity.

This sounds good (even if you do have to

forget about Iran/contra, which I know you're not doing), but there is only one thing that makes someone a winner. That isn't that they win. Hey, we all win some and lose some. Except winners. Who almost always win. (Or losers. Who almost always lose.) But winners are winners because the thing they care most about is winning. Which means that they will eventually have to compromise their integrity. People with *absolute* integrity tend to be losers (or at least not winners) because they can't budge an inch. The two are mutually exclusive. Which makes me think, that well-scrubbed look aside, that Oliver North has never really thought about winning or absolute integrity, let alone experienced either.

The image that sticks with me from this year's election night coverage: Kathleen Brown comes out onto the stage to give her concession speech. She's radiant. Smiling



from ear to ear. Her thumb sticking straight up in the air like she's hitching, or telling someone way in the back of the ballroom to crank the volume or imagining that she's... A Winner? She strides across the stage waving and jerking both thumbs into the air, over and over again, not like, hey, it's okay, I'm not going to kill myself or anything, but like, hey, this is really great, isn't it? If she had been half this compelling during even a month of the campaign, she absolutely would have won.

She reaches the podium. Starts to give her speech. And all through, it's thumbs up, baby. You know it. Way to go. Who's smiling now? Not her husband, what's-his-name, the big publishing magnate with that big gray beard. He looks glum. Morose, even. His team lost, after all. And he's a man. So he's not so ridiculously attached to smiling. Women smile way too much. Women candidates especially. (How can they even a little when they have to wear those horrible Spiegel catalogue jackets?) But I couldn't take my eyes off Kathleen. Was she saying that it was great to lose because losing is winning, because with less access to power there is less corruption, and

with less corruption there is purity, and purity is good, so smile? Was she saying that she really was so numb she had no feeling? Was she saying that the good fight was all? That experience and not results is the entire picture? That she would rather have absolute integrity than a win, and that certainly she knew she had had to make a choice?

I don't know, but it seemed to me that she might have been part of that same conspiracy that let Huffington (a really pathetic loser) and Oliver North (a winner because now he's available in '96) lose. After all, if Kathleen seemed so happy, isn't she saying that everything worked out all right? I mean, it's not like she was just waking up on a clear crisp autumn morning about to take a walk in the woods with her loved ones; this was a public moment of humiliation and defeat. Or maybe that was her point — she could be defeated but not humiliated. And, okay, I buy that, but did she have to act like she had *won*? Couldn't she have been a little angry, or depressed? After all, the voters were.

The scariest win this season wasn't in the election at all, though. It was in the Miss America contest (tournament? scholarship? competition?). As most everybody knows, the woman who won this time around is deaf. Fine. Good. Great. Whatever. That part really had no impact on me at all except that I got to learn a little bit about the in-fighting between the lip-readers and the signers. Another minority community divided.

The thing that really got to me about her win was that she (and so many others after her) kept saying that the fact that she had won Miss America proved that anyone can do anything. *Anyone Can Do Anything?* That's a really big thing to prove. Right up there with why there's all this mass missing in the universe. And she so totally *didn't* prove it. She's a deaf woman who won Miss America, sure. But she's a *pretty* deaf woman. I mean, if she had been a fat, ugly, Armenian, dyke, angry, deaf woman who won Miss America, now *that* might have proved that anyone can do anything. If she had been a fat, ugly, Armenian, dyke, angry, deaf woman who never smiled, not even when she won, let alone when she lost, whose "talent" was smashing plates or spitting at the audience, or maybe biting the heads off live rats, *then* she would have proved that anyone can do anything.

As it is, all she proved was that being pretty is more of an asset than being deaf is a handicap. But we should have known that already. Lots of winners have been deaf people. At least, they often seem like they can't hear a word that we're saying. And that's another thing that makes Voters Angry.

forming standup comedy at the Marsh Theater in San Francisco. The shows will be taped by Atlantic Records for a possible album. For reservations call (415) 641-0235.

• Stella Resnick, Ph.D., who wrote the cover story for this issue, is a clinical psychologist in West Hollywood, a frequent guest on radio and TV talk shows, and the host of her own cabaret talk show, *Talk*

Theater, every Tuesday evening at the Masquer's Cafe. For information call (310) 855-7565.

• Our subscription rates: \$12 for 6 issues; \$23 for 12 issues. Also available: *The (Almost) Unpublished Lenny Bruce*, \$10.

The Realist, Dept. 129
 Box 1230, Venice, CA 90294

Terrorist Marriages Can Be So Difficult

by Mark Miller

Buried within one of the newspaper articles about the captured international terrorist, Carlos the Jackal, was one piece of information that intrigued me. It stated that Carlos is married to a German terrorist.

Yes, that's right — the Jackals are a two-terrorist family. Perhaps they even have a framed sampler over their fireplace: "The family that slays together, stays together."

But once the bloom is off the howitzer, even terrorist lovers must get on each others' nerves and argue from time to time. Perhaps it might have happened like this, one morning at the Jackal breakfast table:

Mrs. Jackal: You're awfully quiet this morning, Carlos . . . Carlos . . . Carlos!

Mr. Jackal: Huh? Oh, I'm sorry, dear. I was just checking out this ad in *Soldier of Fortune* magazine. They're offering 40 millimeter grenade launchers at 30% below cost. The holidays will be here soon. We should start stocking up for presents.

Mrs. Jackal: Presents, schmresents! Carlos, you've practically ignored me since you got home.

Mr. Jackal: Forgive me. I've just returned from a globe-trotting, headline-grabbing spree of violence. Am I not entitled to a little peace and relaxation?

Mrs. Jackal: You don't have to jump down my throat! Ever since the media started referring to you as a "terrorist emeritus," you've developed this holier-than-thou attitude. Sometimes I feel I don't know you any more.

Mr. Jackal: Don't do this to me, Helga. It used to be enough for you that your man was the world's most wanted criminal. But now, ever since your sister got you that subscription to *Cosmo* for your birthday, you suddenly have all these other annoying little sensitive-woman needs.

Mrs. Jackal: How dare you! Can't I be both a woman and a terrorist? Have you already forgotten the night we first met, in Dusseldorf?

Mr. Jackal: I'll never forget that night. You were packing pipe bombs for the Baader-Meinhof Gang. Wearing that bullet-proof jumpsuit which accentuated your every Teutonic curve.

Mrs. Jackal: You walked in to advise us, fresh off your triumphant assassinations for the Japanese Red Army and the Turkish Popular Liberation Front. Oh, you were so handsome and dangerous!

Mr. Jackal: When our eyes met, I knew that this was the woman I wanted to help me kidnap eleven OPEC oil ministers, hijack a plane to Algiers, and disappear with millions in ransom, leaving three innocent bystanders brutally murdered.

Mrs. Jackal: Yes, it was very special for me, too. Oh, Carlos, what's happened to us?

Mr. Jackal: To us, Helga? No. To you. It's what has happened to you. Do you remember how you reacted after our 1972 massacre of athletes at the Munich Olympics?

Mrs. Jackal: I was so turned on, I wouldn't let you out of bed for a week.

Mr. Jackal: But then what happened last year when we blew up half the city, for the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine?

Mrs. Jackal: I spent the next week shopping with Arafat's wife.

Mr. Jackal: Exactly! You're turning middle class on me, Helga, and I can't take it! I'm the most dangerous man in the world, and my wife is planting Begonias and hanging out at Mommy and Me classes. I have an image to uphold!

Mrs. Jackal: And I have a life to live. Please, Carlos, be a little open-minded. Oh, sure, hijacking, kidnapping and murder are thrilling, and I wouldn't have traded any of it for the world. But that was then. Have we not earned some time together, some time to just enjoy one another?

Mr. Jackal: But hijacking, kidnapping and murder is *how* we enjoy one another! That's why I chose you for my life mate. Otherwise,

Saturday Night Dead

by Rex Weiner

[Editor's note: This piece was pulled from *Variety* the Saturday before Michael O'Donoghue died.]

As *Saturday Night Live* totters into its 20th season on NBC this fall, the question, "Why isn't the show funny any more?" brings us to the obscure lair of one of SNL's founding writers, Michael O'Donoghue.

In the same dark, lower Manhattan brownstone where he has dwelled since his days at the *National Lampoon*, well before he became the TV comedy show's notoriously sardonic writer, O'Donoghue toils at his desk beneath the glass-eyed gaze of his extensive taxidermy collection. He's turning out a regular column these days for *Spin* magazine, a sort of nose-ringed, gen-X version of *Rolling Stone*.

Under the column title "Not My Fault," the man who used to demonstrate before a nationwide live audience what it would be like if Elvis Presley stuck knitting needles in his eyes, now explores topics ranging from the difference between Hutus and the Tutsis (the latter are "butchers and Nazis") to "what if women had even more holes in them than they already have, and what the TV commercials would be like."

O'Donoghue ankle (Variety) for departed SNL in 1980, twice returned and twice was fired. The first occurred after coming back on a mission to revive the show, he tried to can veteran announcer Don Pardo. "I wanted to be as mean as possible. I wanted to do it over the air. 'C'mon up here, Don Pardo. You're fired!'" Instead, "I was fired," O'Donoghue says, "for fucking with the sacred formula."

O'Donoghue returned again in 1985, excited by his deal to write and produce short films for the show. But he grew disenchanted when asked to go back to penning sketches. When the *New York Times* quoted O'Donoghue saying that viewing SNL was "like watching old men die," NBC gave him the boot.

SNL today "couldn't suck more if it had rubber lips," according to O'Donoghue. Yet, it is "a cross I'm still nailed to." He confesses to watching each broadcast—but only the "band shots" just before the commercial breaks—on orders from his wife, Cheryl Hardwick, the keyboard player in the SNL band as well as a musical director on the show.

O'Donoghue's previous romantic involvement in the show was his former girlfriend, Anne Beatts, the only woman writer among the show's first scribes.

Since SNL, O'Donoghue had a fling with script writing, including the 1988 disaster, *Scrooged*, directed by Richard Donner, co-written by O'Donoghue with Mitch Glazer. "Maybe 15% of it was ours," says O'Donoghue. "The rest was not my fault."

He was also involved with a failed project for Fox TV, but has now largely desisted from Hollywood efforts because, as he puts it, "Mostly you get fucked with a 50-foot dildo hammered in Hell."

He and his wife spend part of the year at their house in a seaside village in Connemara, Ireland. They have no offspring, O'Donoghue says, only cats, one aging specimen of which is flirting with taxidermy. "Cats are better than kids," says the man who used to read "Mr. Mike's Least-Loved Bedtime Tales" (in which *The Little Engine That Could* suffered a heart attack). "You don't have to send them to college when they reach 18. They just die and you bury them in a shoebox."

why wouldn't I have asked Kathie Lee Gifford to marry me? Goodness knows the woman was interested.

Mrs. Jackal: I think we should see a marriage counselor. I know this therapist in Khartoum, who used to be with Interpol.

Mr. Jackal: I'll go on one condition — that you fly to Sudan with me and blow something up — just for old time's sake.

Mrs. Jackal: All right, Carlos — but only because I love you.

America's 2nd Favorite Sex Act

by Stella Resnick

There's a lot about the recently published University of Chicago sex survey that doesn't surprise me.

The data that most of the news media find so reassuringly bland come from a sample of 3500 adults between the ages of 18 and 59, who were randomly chosen by computer demographics from across the country, and then questioned in face-to-face interviews about their sex lives by a specially trained female pollster sent to each home.

The study, designed by sociologists Robert T. Michael, John Gagnon and Edward O. Laumann, was originally to be funded by the government to provide data for medical science in the fight against the spread of AIDS. But when the undaunting foe to all things sexual, Jesse Helms, prevailed in the Senate and succeeded in cutting off federal funding, the authors went on to private funding, and, freed from political constraints, were able to expand the survey beyond its original purpose. Yet the results of America's first sex survey since Kinsey published his in the late '40s are, for me, less than startling.

I don't know about you, but I'm not surprised that most Americans have sex somewhere between once a week and often no more than a few times a month. Hollywood never fooled me — most people I know are

too knocked out during the week to be sexually athletic, and if you lose one weekend opportunity, you may not get another for at least a whole other week, or even two. And who imagines mainstream America to be anything other than conventional in their sex? Even if they had some gourmet kinky tastes, no one expects the white-bread set to admit to them. No big whoop in *that* news.

Nor am I surprised that the percentage of people who identified themselves as homosexual fell far short of the 10% we usually quote for the general population. But with 9% of men and 4% of women admitting to the lesser offense of ever having had a homosexual experience, I expect that some people weren't ready to identify themselves as gay and come out with a complete stranger, their statistical anonymity notwithstanding. No big whoop in this news, either.

And naturally almost everybody, men and women of all ages, are going to say that their absolute favorite sex act is intercourse. For most heterosexuals sex *is* intercourse. When they say "we had sex" what they mean is penis-vagina penetration.

What is most startling to me in America's first national sex survey in almost 40 years is what mainstream America claims as its *second* favorite sex act. Let me put it this way: What sex act would *you* expect our country's men and women most likely to endorse, next to intercourse, as somewhat to very appealing?

No, it's not that.

The act even more likely to be chosen than oral sex — which came in third among the 15 total possible choices offered — is this: "watching my partner undress."

Here's the data: 81% of women between the ages of 18 and 44 say they find watching their partner undress somewhat to very appealing, while only 68% say they enjoy receiving oral sex and 57% enjoy giving it. Ninety-three percent of men in the same age group find watching their partners undress somewhat to very appealing, while 83% find receiving oral sex appealing and 76% find giving it appealing. Among the 45- to 59-year-olds, 67% of women like to watch vs. 40% who enjoy receiving oral sex and 31% who like to give it. Eighty-seven percent of the older men enjoy watching, 61% enjoy receiving, and 55% like giving oral sex.

What are we to make of this?

The easiest assumption would be to take it at face value. For the traditionally-minded, nudity is associated with sex and not with platonic friends romping innocently in the altogether. For the rest of us, there are definitely times when seeing someone get naked can be highly arousing. Usually, it depends on who's doing the undressing and how they shed their threads.

But since I have found this particular result unexpected and baffling. I've decided to run my own informal, non-scientific, biased little survey to get some clues as to how to interpret these findings. So I've been asking friends and clients and audience members of my cabaret talk show what they think, and they're coming up with some intriguing answers.

One man said he used to like watching his sex partners undress but that was before he was married. Now, he says, he sometimes likes watching his wife undress, but that's only when he's in the mood for sex. He also tries not to let on when he's watching her because if she catches him at it, it makes her nervous. She might even get pissed off at him, and that could ruin everything.

Several single men concurred that they enjoy watching their partners undress but felt that it was politically incorrect to be obvious about it.

Generally, we like our sexual appetites to be reciprocal. If we enjoy using a dildo or vibrator (chosen by about 18% of women and 21% of men), we want our partner to enjoy it also. If we like watching pornographic videos (a choice made by very few women), it would be fun if our partner liked watching sexy videos too. But when I asked men who said they liked watching their partners undress, if they themselves enjoyed being watched as they pared down, most said no, they found it somewhat embarrassing. However, they all agreed that if the sight of his baring all was driving her wild, they would gladly survive the self-consciousness.

OLIVER STONE PRESENTS
A FILM BIOGRAPHY SO AUTHENTIC
THAT YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT.....

NIRVANA NOW!



IF YOU SEE
ONLY ONE MOVIE
THIS YEAR,
YOU'D BETTER
GET A JOB

KATO KAELIN IS KURT COBAIN!

"THIS MOVIE WAS SO GRIPPING THAT LISA MARIE AND I STOPPED KISSING."
- MICHAEL JACKSON

ART: KALYNN (DON'T CALL ME KATO) CAMPBELL

When I asked women about whether or not they enjoyed watching their partner undress, single women who admitted enjoying it said they didn't usually let on to the guy that they were looking. One woman felt that many men were sensitive about the size of their penis, and she didn't want the man to think she was checking him out. Most of these women said they only enjoyed having a man watch them when they felt thin, and they all thought they would need to lose a few pounds to be more into it.

Most of the married women said they didn't usually notice when their husbands got undressed, although some said that when the situation was defined as sexual, they and their partners might actually get into a little dancing around and teasing each other. But, they said, it wasn't usual, and more often than not it was done as a gag, a spoof of a strip, rather than a serious act of seduction.

So what can we actually say about America's second favorite sex act? How about this: There's something more to this "watching a partner undress" than meets the voyeuristic eye.

It seems to me there are two possibilities: either people are telling the truth about their sexual preferences or they're lying. If they're lying, then the high percentage of positive endorsements is merely an artifact of how the study was run. In that case it's probably just the least kinky item on the list that people can safely cop to without shocking the official-looking lady with her clipboard sitting across the coffee table in their living room. How would *you* respond to a complete stranger

asking highly intimate questions about your sex life? Would invoking your patriotic duty and your opportunity to make a valuable contribution to scientific truth be sufficient to get you to answer honestly?

But what if people *are* telling the truth and "watching your partner undress" has been, up until now, a largely underestimated loin-warmer? If so, then how much time do lovers actually devote to this highly-rated erotic act, and how much deliberate skill in this department have any of us bothered to cultivate? Most Americans say that when they have sex it usually lasts anywhere from 15 minutes to an hour, although single people apparently spend more time at a sexual encounter than do people who are married or cohabiting. But how much of our time and talent, whether we're single or with a partner, is actually devoted to the next best item on our sexual menu? However much it is, I have to surmise that, for most of us, it is probably not enough.

Even if this choice offers nothing more than the fun of viewing a playful sexual companion artfully peeling the layers of propriety, then, at the very least, we owe it to ourselves to develop this largely untapped erotic activity. It makes sense to me that if America's *most* favorite activity, intercourse, benefits from developing some skill and a proper block of time devoted to it, then one might expect America's *next* favorite to profit from a similar commitment of time and exploration.

Most sexologists today agree that exhibitionism and voyeurism are not solely the province of flashers in trenchcoats or shad-

owy peeping-toms peering through peep-holes or spyglasses. Playful lovers with an erotic imagination can also pique their sweet yearnings with a little artful display and appreciative ogling of intimate, usually hidden, body parts.

Of course, most seasoned exhibitionists know that a slow peel stirs the juices of eager anticipation more than a quick strip down to full frontal nakedness. Nor does taking it off have to mean taking it *all* off. Veteran voyeurs often find partial nudity much more sensuously arousing than baring it all.

Embarrassment is obviously a key erotic feature of being on visual display and, rather than seeing it as an impediment to pleasure, it is more likely that a little titter of shyness and discomfort adds to the sexual voltage. I would also imagine that the stereotypical bump and grind of a professional performer could itself become a dull routine, especially if you keep the same sexual partner for years and he or she keeps doing the same dance. More likely, a little graceful self-stroking and teasingly revealing posturing while looking deeply into the other's eyes — especially when peppered with a little sheepish self-consciousness — might raise both partners' pulses a few heartbeats.

Hooting — the spontaneously vocalized enthusiasm of the liberated ladies at Chippen- dales, or the roar of testosterone-crazed men as the girl in the thong bursts from the giant birthday cake at the stag party — would probably be very inappropriate as bouidoir behavior. But a few throaty moans à la Richard Gere in *American Gigolo* or some

"Lucille! Stop That!"

by Carol Queen

I was working as a call girl, taking referrals from a madam. She phoned one night with an address in a tony part of town, and I drove over to meet my client.

He was married — aren't they all? — but his wife was out of town for the week. He led me through the extraordinary house, full of outrageously expensive art, to the bedroom, where we hung out on the bed while he channel-surfed, drank whiskey, and talked about his wife. He was lonely without her, though I suspected he was pretty lonely *with* her, too: as he got drunker and drunker he confided that she never wanted to have sex with him any more.

Well, if he always drank like this, I wasn't sure how she *could* have sex with him; his dick was about the firmness of *al dente* pasta. I gave it my best shot, but he really just wanted company.

He was paying me pretty handsomely to stay all night. He didn't even like being alone in his sleep. Don't think this is easy money — I know plenty of whores who agree we should charge more for clients who would rather talk than fuck.

Morning dawned and my client, sobered up, offered to make coffee. What a gentleman. He headed down the stairs and I heard a door open and close. This sound was followed by the tippity-tippity-tip of clawed and padded feet zooming up the stairs — a lot of little feet.

One after the other, five matching little drop-kick dogs sailed onto the bed. It was rather shocking to have this writhing, panting

lot descend on me before I was fully awake. One by one they leaped at my face, depositing dog-breath kisses everywhere they managed to hit. My client arrived with the coffee and beamed, introducing me to the furry rats — four grown-up pups of the other (doubtless pedigreed and disgustingly valuable) little dog. Clearly this bunch was the family pride and joy.

I hadn't even had a chance to sip my coffee; my client had disappeared into the bathroom to shave. But the next event woke me up fast. The largest of the five dogs — the mother — made a nose-dive under the bedclothes. She seemed to know exactly where she was going. Before I could count to three, she was slurping away at my pussy, and I must say her aim was terrific. Though I confess I felt more like I was committing adultery now than I had the night before, I didn't bother to stop her. This seemed to be a morning ritual for her, and you know what creatures of habit dogs are.

My client emerged from the bathroom, knotting his nice silk tie. "Hey," I said, "I think I figured out why your wife doesn't want to fuck you any more." I lifted the bedclothes so he could get a load of the talented family pet. With any luck he might learn something.

"Lucille!" he cried. "Lucille! Stop that!" He was beside himself. "Oh, she doesn't have to stop," I assured him. "She's not bothering me."

But he made Lucille scat, so my morning orgasm — which Lucille the Lesbian Love Dog was about to guarantee — faded away. I had to content myself with a very average cup of coffee. And wouldn't you know it — he had really skimped on the half-and-half.

appreciative glances à la Sharon Stone in anything, and I think we have the makings of a new attention to erotic detail in sex.

Other variations on a theme might involve watching your partner *dress* for sex, watching your partner undress *you*, watching as you undress *your partner*, or just keeping your eyes open throughout, locked on your partner and watching *everything*.

The fact is, this survey may have its limitations, but it's the best information we've ever obtained on the garden-variety sex life of the Americanus sexualis erectus, and, if nothing else, we can certainly put this info to good use, if we choose to.

Haiti: The Movie

by Andy Valvur

Once again, Washington got it all wrong. Yes, Clinton had to invade a small Caribbean nation — *every* president has to. But he went about it all wrong. This is what he *should* have done. Instead of following his predecessors' moves and sending in the Marines, he should have contacted the powers-that-be in Hollywood and made a *film* about invading Haiti, and shot it on location.

An invasion would have cost more than an Arnold Schwarzenegger \$100 million blockbuster, but would have achieved the same result. As always, we could have started with the president interrupting *Entertainment Tonight* with a live announcement from the White House: "My fellow Americans, 20 minutes ago, the Pentagon, in association with Universal Pictures, began production of *Operation Voodoo Coup Redux: The Liberation of Haiti*."

Shooting a big-screen feature in Port-au-Prince would have been easy, using the combined expertise of a Hollywood studio and the Pentagon. The Navy Seals could have done location scouting. Those guys are good. Then, we'd have used the Air Force to move in the Teamsters. Overnight, order would have been restored, because nobody handles crowd control better than Teamsters with walkie-talkies.

Next comes casting. A big movie should have big stars. How about Denzel Washington as the charismatic Aristide? Geena Davis could have played his faithful assistant who stayed with him during his arduous time of exile on the lecture circuit, and Tommy Lee Jones would have been perfect as the ruthless General Cedras. Since this is an action movie, Sly Stallone could have played the loner, ex-military guy who single-handedly takes on the former Ton Ton Macoutes.

This would have guaranteed huge box office receipts abroad. People in both Washington and Hollywood will tell you

I once opened a fortune cookie at a Chinese banquet, and my friends roared with laughter when I read it aloud at the table. It said, "Your life would be more exciting if you were less reserved." Those who knew me well obviously thought that if I were less reserved I'd be a menace to society — or at least to them. I, on the other hand, immediately recognized the truth being offered me by the cookie-factory pundit.

Personally, I plan on letting middle America's latest word on hot sex inspire me. After all, who knows? A little more attention to the libidinous arts of watching and undressing, and maybe life *would* be more exciting.

that foreign markets are very important. They can make or break a project. Finally, Steven Spielberg would have directed. That way we know there would've been a happy ending.

The Haitian officials would have welcomed this endeavor because they, like everyone else, know that film companies pump millions into the economy. And, since this would have been a *big* movie, thousands of extras would have been hired. Suddenly we've created jobs and revitalized the local economy. Feeding everyone wouldn't be a problem. A Hollywood catering crew could do a better job than the Army, and the food would taste better.

A big movie calls for spectacular special effects, and can you think of a better combination than the folks at Industrial Light & Magic and the Marines? This would have kept the generals happy because they'd still get to blow things up and — here's the bonus — nobody gets hurt.

Once shooting wraps, you have to start selling the product, another thing politicians and studio execs are good at. In Hollywood it's called marketing; in Washington it's spin control. Everyone knows that you cannot underestimate the power of a good trailer. How about something like, "First there was Ronald Reagan in *Grenada*. Then came George Bush in *Panama*. Now, in his eagerly anticipated adventurism debut, Bill Clinton takes the U.S. armed forces back to the Caribbean as *The Last Re-Action Hero*."

When the movie was finished, there would have been test screenings. In Hollywood they're called sneak previews; in Washington they're known as trial balloons. The beauty here is that if we didn't like the way things turned out, we could re-do the ending. This would be very popular in Washington.

And finally, if that didn't work, we could always have taken the money we would have spent on an actual invasion, given it to the generals and exiled them to the south of France. Oh, wait, we *did* do that. Just like last time. Never mind.

Consistency

From Isadora Altman's syndicated sexual advice column:

Q. Instead of trying to frame the question more delicately, I'll just come right out and ask: Do vegans [vegetarians] swallow semen? Inquiring minds have to know!

P.S. Does it make any difference if the fellatio subject is also a vegan?

A. Since the substance under discussion is an animal protein, the matter would have to be left up to the individual vegan's conscience.

Modest Proposal

Bob Bloom sent the following (unpublished) letter to the editor of the *Los Angeles Times*:

Finally! Thanks to Proposition 187, at last we have a way to get rid of the creeps who are sucking the lifeblood out of this state and this country.

It's simple. All we real Americans have to do is ask suspicious-looking people to show us proof of citizenship. I personally plan to start with the Huffingtons, Dan Lundgren and Pete Wilson. Then I'm going after anyone else who looks to my trained eye like someone who might have come here on the Mayflower. (Word is that *nobody* on the Mayflower had proper documents.) I'm especially interested in ferreting out their sneaky and sinister six-year old descendants who are literally stealing the school desks and hospital beds from real Americans. If we don't stop them now, these less-than-human vampires will be trying to take over our Navajo reservations.

But even if we can't get close enough to ask any of these leeches to show us their green cards, or white cards, it's still our patriotic duty to *report* these parasites to the INS. That's why I've taken the time to write this letter, my fellow Americans. We *all* have to start calling and writing the INS immediately. We can't leave this important work to unpatriotic schoolteachers and doctors, some of whom have already said that they won't turn in America's Least Wanted. I've learned just by watching TV that it's a badge of honor for real Americans to be snitches, so let's start calling and writing the INS *today* and turn in these illegals. (I really love that word — it makes me feel so much better about myself.)

The one drawback, of course, is that if enough of us call and write, we might tie up the INS telephone lines and overload the INS with tips that would make *all* their work more difficult, if not impossible. But that's a small price to pay, don't you agree, to rid this country of certain people, if you know what I mean.

MEDIA FREAK

Political Incorrectness

• The *Northwest Herald* in Crystal Lake, Illinois published an article about a controversy concerning the Smithsonian Institution's exhibit of the B-29 Superfortress that dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima in 1945 — the *Enola Gay*, named after the pilot's mother, Enola Gay Tibbets. However, the headline for the story was: "Atomic Bombers Criticize Enola Homosexual Exhibit."

• A letter to *TV Guide* stated: "Although I applaud your cheering the newly crowned Miss America, I must also admonish your politically incorrect caption, which read: 'The first deaf Miss America.' I beg to differ. Heather Whitestone is our first hearing-impaired Miss America." But another letter stated: "There is no 'hearing-impaired community' as you stated. There is, though, a Deaf community, with a capital 'D' signifying cultural unity and pride."

• Disclaimer in a local theater group's program: "The stereotypes portrayed in *Winnie the Pooh* are in no way condoned by the Young Artists Ensemble, and we have left them intact to preserve the author's original message. All bears do not like honey, not all donkeys are slow, not all piglets are easily frightened, and not all boys think that Winnie the Pooh can talk to them."

Muslims in the News

• In Israel, a rabbi/chemist has developed a nasty new weapon — a bullet that contains pork fat — for use against devout Muslims, who believe that any contact with pig flesh robs a soul of its chance to enter Paradise. He claims the original idea came from the U.S. military, which improvised a "paradise lost" tactic against Muslims during the conquest of the Philippines — burying the enemy dead in pigskins.

• In England, Muslim tenants want their toilets turned around because they face the holy city of Mecca. Thirty families moved into the council houses and had to sit sideways on the toilets so as not to face east and offend Allah.

Chutzpah of the Month

Heirs of the family that built Hitler's crematoriums were seeking financial compensation for property worth more than \$2 million that was confiscated after World War II by the East German communist regime.

Their ancestors were hired during the war to build the ovens used to burn the bodies of victims killed by poison gas and other means at several death camps where millions of Jews were murdered.

In November the request was rejected.

Meanwhile, in the United States, at a reception for the opening of the Holocaust Museum, ham was served.

Misinformation Superhighway

On his syndicated radio program, *Le Show*, Harry Shearer recently broadcast a live telephone interview with a drama consultant who coaches defendants for their trials. His clients have included the Menendez brothers, wearing leotards while rehearsing their emotion-laden performances.

Actually, the "consultant" was fellow satirist Tom Leopold, but the dialogue, balancing on the cusp between possible and probable, was perceived as literal by many listeners.

Among the believers was the head detective at the Beverly Hills Police Department. Having investigated the Menendez murders, he now wanted to find out more about their drama consultant. So he went to his best source, the *National Enquirer*. They called Shearer, who had no comment.

Not Taking It Any More

From "The Uppity Crip File" in *Mouth*, a radical magazine for the disabled.

"Atlanta protesters notified Senator Sam Nunn of termination of his health insurance coverage. (Don't get sick now, Sam.) The 'Thanks for Nothing' rally in Pittsburgh targeted Traveller's Insurance where protesters said, 'Buying Congress is easier than buying insurance.' The insurance industry has contributed an estimated \$46 million to members of Congress in the past 19 months to block health care reform."

Filler Items

• From the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service application for citizenship: "Have you ever knowingly committed any crime for which you have not been arrested?"

• A *New Yorker* fact-checker asked Art Garfunkel whether he had (as "Talk of the Town" reported) gesticulated nervously with his hands during an interview; then, taking no chances, asked if he still had both arms.

• Microsoft's Bill Gates refers to those who are addicted to their computer screens as "mouse potatoes."

• On October 13, Lenny Bruce's birthday, computer users across the country simultaneously invaded America Online's "chat rooms" at 9 p.m. EST by deliberately violating their restrictions on profanity.

• Bumper sticker seen at a hemp rally: "My other car was seized by the DEA."

• In Wausau, Wisconsin, a man who had been on probation for child molestation was jailed after he refused court-ordered therapy designed to induce interest in adult erotic images, arguing that such therapy is unconstitutional because it requires him to masturbate, which is against his religion.

• Slogan for the official Woodstock '94 condom: "I come in peace."

• Headline in the *N.Y. Daily News* announcing the prison murder of Jeffrey Dahmer, the cannibal serial killer:

DAHMER'S JUST DESSERTS

• Clinton masturbated but didn't ejaculate.

