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Editor: Paul Krassner

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An Interview with Terry Southern

Editor's note: This issue is dedicated to the memory of Terry Southern, an old friend and contributor to *The Realist*. What follows is an interview I conducted with him (*gulp!*) three decades ago:

Q. Recently I went to a meeting of the John Birch Society, and during the coffee break, people broke up into little clusters. One cluster was discussing the Communist conspiracy behind the fluoridation of water. I asked what the Communists' motivation would be. The guy who was leading the discussion said it's to slow down our reflexes. I asked if he had seen Dr. Strangelove, because that's pretty much what General Ripper says in the film. And this guy at the John Birch Society said, with a straight face: "Yeah, well, I don't know who wrote that movie, but I think he's one of us."

A. I have the feeling you made that up.

Q. No, it really happened.

A. In any case, I don't think their opinions are relevant. I suspect that you see dynamic forces where, in my opinion, there are none. I see no dynamic forces in our society. The strongest force is psychiatry, and that has undone the others. I heard, incidentally, and on fairly good authority, that the Birchers were all syphed up — they're all elderly, you know, that's when the syph hits the brain. So it's like a club. Under the guise of political action, it's a brain-syph club.

Q. Yes, I've seen that in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

A. It is true that people fail to recognize themselves in the film . . .

military people come out thinking, "Yes, we've got a son-of-a-bitch like that in our outfit."

Q. What originally led to the writing of *The Magic Christian*?

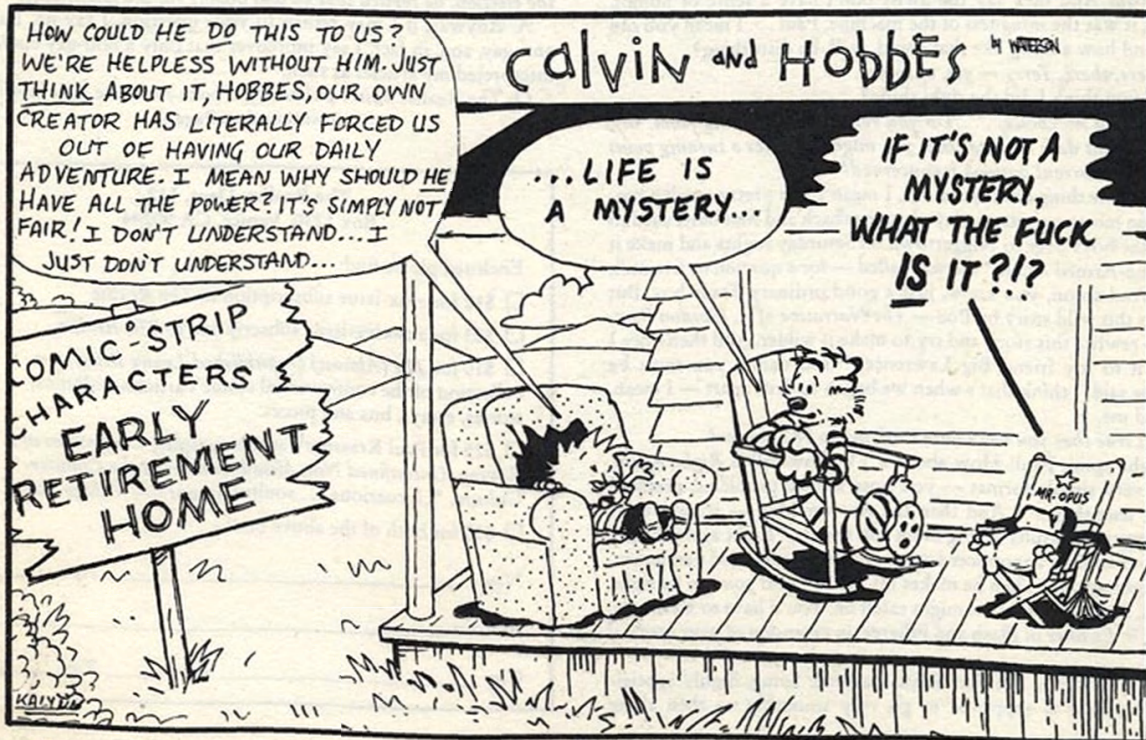
A. The notion, "Wouldn't it be funny if . . ."

Q. Can you think of any actual occurrences that you've been involved in that would seem to be related to the *modus operandi* of *The Magic Christian*?

A. Various kinds of lies, I suppose . . . for no particular reason, except perhaps to cheer someone up . . . Now wait, here's something. We were living in Geneva once, on the 3rd floor — in one of those very modern apartments, and they had a garbage-disposal chute, and at the bottom was this fantastic Swiss mechanism . . . thousands of diamond-edged blades, I always imagined it . . . moving at the speed of light. Anyway, you could put your head in this chute and hear it down there — a soft whirring sound, and it would take anything, man — bottles, tin cans, knives, forks, spoons. I was always testing it. Nothing fazed it. Once I took a *coffee-pot*, put a lot of forks and spoons in it, put the pot in a paper bag so it wouldn't make too much racket when it hit, and dropped it in — you know, like "What do you make of this, Mister Swiss Machine!" Then I listened. Nothing, man. Just a slight smooth *crunch* and back to old soft whir.

So! Well, as it happened, I had just bought a new *typewriter*, and I still had the old one — Royal Portable, pre-war, sturdy stuff. So I rushed right out, bought 50 feet of clothesline, came back, tied one

(Continued on Page 2)



COURT JESTER

Personal Propaganda

In April, Reprise Records will release my comedy CD/cassette, *We Have Ways of Making You Laugh*. In May, Seven Stories Press will publish *The Winner of the Slow Bicycle Race: The Satirical Writings of Paul Krassner*, with a foreword by Kurt Vonnegut. My book tour will include the following readings and stand-up performances:

- May 30, New York City — at Exit Art Gallery, 7 p.m.
- May 31–June 2, New York City — possibly at Stand-Up N.Y.
- June 4, Minneapolis — for information call (612) 874-7715.
- June 7, Portland — for information call (503) 626-8713.
- June 8, San Francisco — at Marsh Theater, 10:30 p.m.
- June 9, Berkeley — at Freight & Salvage, 8 p.m.
- June 14, Santa Monica — at L.A. the Bookstore, 8 p.m.

TERRY SOUTHERN INTERVIEW

(Continued from Cover)

end to the carriage of the typewriter, and lowered it down very gently, taking care, dig, not to bump the walls on the way. That was supposed to be so the concierge or somebody wouldn't hear it, you know, something strange going down the chute — but I think it was also the idea of *surprising* the machine at the last minute . . . I must have been about half off my nut.

Anyway, when I figured it was just about right, I said, "Okay, you smug son-of-a-bitch! Dig this!" And let the clothesline out very quickly. Well, *man!* I mean, I just wish I'd had a tape-recorder. Christ, what sounds! Fantastic! And then it stopped — and of course I immediately felt very bad. It was like I had killed it. "What a silly, kid thing to do. And bla, bla, bla." Big remorse, and then, of course, great apprehension — like: An American typewriter! They'll trace it to you! Damages! Fantastic damages — five thousand dollars! Can't pay! Prison!

But it all had a happy ending. The machine was running again the next day, and there was a little note in the lobby that read something like, "Residents are requested not to overload the disposal unit."

Overload! And they say the Swiss don't have a sense of humor. Anyway, it was the *smugness* of the machine, Paul . . . I mean you can understand how a thing like that could, well, be disturbing?

Q. *There, there, Terry — yes, of course.*

A. Do you think I did the right thing?

Q. *You had no choice. . . . Do you remember anything from, say, your adolescent days in Texas that you might consider a turning point as far as your current outlook is concerned?*

A. Well, one thing does stand out. I mean I was pretty much a regular guy in most respects — played quarterback and first base, used to go with the boys over to Niggertown on Saturday nights and make it with "One-Armed Annie" she was called — for a quarter, or five milk bottles. And so on, you know, just a good ordinary Texas boy. But there was this wild story by Poe — *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*. I used to rewrite this story and try to make it wilder. And then once I showed it to my friend Big Lawrence. "God damn, you must be crazy," he said. I think that's when we began to drift apart — I mean, Texas and me.

Q. *Is it true that you were once studying to be a doctor?*

A. Right again, Paul! How about a TV show called *Right Again, Paul!* A very simple format — you pose knotty problems, prefaced by "Is it true that . . ." And then the Answer Man — some weird-looking guy — consults his big book and shouts, "Right again, Paul!" Then, your smiling announcer comes on: "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Paul is *right again!*" Then he makes his pitch: "And you can be right, too if bla, bla, bla." I think it might catch on. You'd have to wear a tie.

Q. *Is Dr. Eichner in Flash and Filigree an extension of your medical ego?*

A. No, Eichner is like that Swiss machine. Smug, highly specialized. Everything is supposed to go very smoothly — then along

comes this nut. No, no, if I had been a doctor, I would have been a general practitioner. All the others are inhuman. Or a *gynecologist* — that's the thing, of course. How about a combination gynecologist-psychiatrist? I guess that would be about as boss as you could get. Wow, what power!

Q. *Some readers have felt that, in a couple of things you've written for The Realist, you have an underlying hostility toward homosexuals. Do you?*

A. No, I do not, Paul, but def! Some of my best friends, in fact, are absolutely insanely raving gay. "Prancing gay," it's sometimes called — that's the gayest there is. My notion of homosexuality, by the way — I mean the area of interest it holds for me — is in the manner, speech, and implicit outlook, and has nothing to do with the person's sex life.

I know guys, for example, who are actually married to boys, but they wouldn't be homosexual in my mind because their manner and so on is non-gay. On the other hand, there does exist a very definite gay syndrome, and anyone who has not observed this is simply too busy playing the fool. Now if you want to say that the very awareness of the syndrome is hostility, I could not argue that — though I hasten to add that by no means do I find it an *unpleasant* syndrome. As for its significance, I would certainly say that persons who are quite openly and freely gay have more in common, or believe they have, than persons who say they are Catholic or Jewish have.

In fact, if you were to compile a list of group-identifications which have any internal strength left, I would say the gay would rank fairly high. The highest, of course, would be the *junkies* — they have a sense of togetherness, a common frame of reference, and so on, that surpasseth all. Jewish is finished, Negro is rapidly falling to pieces. The Gurdjieff people, Actors Studio people — I think they're fairly tight, but of course they're both tiny groups.

But you take the gay — well, I don't want to go too far out on a limb here, prediction-wise, but by God, I'll just bet that if someone, a smart politician, really used his head — no pun intended there, Paul, har, har — and made a strong, very direct bid for the huge gay vote — well!

Q. *As a matter of fact, there is a gay politician who, when a reporter asked him off the record if he thought his homosexuality would affect the election, he replied that he was hoping for the latent vote.*

A. Anyway, if I may return to your question, I say *no*, I am not anti-gay, and, in fact, I say moreover that only a non-gay could have interpreted my articles as such.

Q. *The Realist hasn't pulled off a hoax for some time now. What*
(Continued on Page 6)

The Realist, Dept. 132
Box 1230, Venice, CA 90294

Enclosed please find:

- \$12 for a six-issue subscription to *The Realist*.
- \$23 for a twelve-issue subscription to *The Realist*.
- \$10 for *The (Almost) Unpublished Lenny Bruce* — a collection of the controversial comic's articles, columns, stories, essays, bits and pieces.
- \$25 for Paul Krassner's autobiography, *Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut: Misadventures in the Counter-Culture*. "Uproarious . . . soulful humor" — *Village Voice*
- \$30 for both of the above books.

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"Toy Story" — the Same Old Story for the Disabled

by Bill Bolt

The most dramatic part of Disney Studio's *Toy Story* is about toys that have been "tortured" by a neighborhood child. His grim room is equipped with steel vices, cutting torches, drills and pliers — much like the operating rooms, leg brace workshops and physical therapy clinics that this writer has experienced in his life. This young villain specializes in taking parts of one toy and combining them with parts of others to create freaks. For those even vaguely familiar with the history of films, particularly films dealing with disabilities, the profound influence of Tod Browning's *Freaks* is obvious in *Toy Story*. In *Freaks* a cast of circus freaks revenge themselves on a brutal and insulting Germanic circus performer and his girlfriend. Hercules, the performer, is murdered and the girlfriend Cleopatra is turned into a chicken-like freak in a nest for the public to stare at. The scene where the freaks (actually real

freaks from a circus that Browning used), one of whom has no lower body and moves on his hands, sneak up on the unsuspecting lovers in their circus caravan, is the model for repeated scenes in *Toy Story*. Strange whispers, noises, and signals pass between the freaks in this 1932 film, though in the remainder of the film the freaks are shown as intelligent and verbal human beings.

In *Toy Story* the freak toys never emit recognizable words and contrast sharply with the "normal" toys who usually communicate in words or understandable signs or signals. These freaks frighten the "normal" toys — normal in that they either resemble people or are familiar and friendly toys — until the freaks show themselves as good-willed and wanting the same thing that the "normies" want: to seek revenge on the vicious torturer.

Interestingly, the "normie" toys are repeatedly mangled along the way yet never seem to become permanently maimed. A toy soldier

is stepped on but instantly reforms itself. The heroes of the film, a toy Western Sheriff and a Space-suited Ranger, both uncoincidentally white, non-disabled males, experience all manner of batterings and crushing, but always emerge unscathed.

Why the freak toys stay freaks is never explained. Is it to suggest that some people are fated to be freaks and to help them is pointless? Is it that some levels of physical difference fall beyond the pale of humanity and can never be accepted?

Let us shift from the word "freak" to physically different, which is often labeled disabled today, even though the so-called disabled may be able to do many things better than the so-called "able-bodied." In this toy world it is the same. One toy, for example, seems to be made of a pair of beautiful female legs combined with a fishing rod growing from the waist. Her special ability, vital to the plot, is to do the many hauling, lifting, and lowering jobs. But that does not translate into acceptance.

In Tod Browning's film, the freaks seem to live normal lives and are treated with dignity within the circus community, except by the two villains. They are not isolated or left behind. They are making a living and have wives, husbands, and some laughs. Even their revenge is put forth as understandable.

In *Toy Story*, the freak toys get no such dignity. They seem to live in a nether world of dark hiding places, with no toy life left. The lack of language moves their image to the animal level. The leader, a one-eyed doll's head mounted spider-like on chrome Erector Set tentacles, creeps around, capturing the root of the word *cripple*. Among the freaks is a toy that seems to be a person in a wheelchair and another that seems to be propelling himself on a stretcher.

In the denouement the two AB (able-bodied) males and the other toys escape to a new and better life. The freak toys are casually left behind to an unspecified fate after they have served the purpose of helping the "normal" toys make a successful escape. Not even a "token crip" — or Tiny Tim, as they are called in the disabled world — is taken along to symbolize acceptance.

Toy Story is actually a regression in film social values toward the disabled from Browning's *Freaks*. Integration of the physically different is now not even considered. It is as though the profoundly physically disabled Franklin Roosevelt, elected to the presidency in the year that Browning's film was released, would be much more unacceptable today than then.

The invidious nature of current film attitudes to the disabled reflect the regressive attitude by the white male Establishment to all threats to their hegemony. *Toy Story's* Little Bo Peep is pictured as an oversexed man-hunter. The sister of the brutal boy is shown as a worm who gets a single moment of turn-



Great Moments in Countercultural History

This photo was taken 25 years ago at the University of Kansas. From left to right: novelist and Merry Prankster chief Ken Kesey; sidekick and co-author of *Last Go Round* Ken Babbs; and *Realist* editor Paul Krassner. The occasion was the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Symposium. Kesey and Krassner were on a panel with poet Ed Sanders, columnist Max Lerner and a Chicano professor of languages. Their discussion was conspiratorial and pessimistic.

During the question-and-answer session that followed, a crippled dwarf walked, with the aid of crutches, to the microphone in front of the stage. The disabled liberation movement was not visibly active yet, and there was

great tension in the auditorium. He lambasted the panel members for their negativity. "I for one am very optimistic," he said, and began delineating the creative ways in which citizens were fighting the system. Kesey, Sanders, Lerner and I didn't argue with him. Only the Chicano professor rose, walked to the front of the stage, and pointed his finger at the dwarf, leaning on his crutches.

"So you're optimistic," he said. "That's easy for you to say — you're white!"

The stunned silence was broken by Babbs — who stood up in the front row and said, "Well, if that fellow says things are all right, I'm with him!" — and the audience applauded and cheered wildly.

The Search for the Manchurian Pre-Schooler

by Alex Constantine

The debris of Berlin smoldered. With a little practice, Richard Nixon, an obscure black market rubber dealer, mastered the V for Victory salute.

And the American intelligence "services" quietly courted Nazis and their Quislings in the Soviet satellites. Some 5,000 European fascists, according to the *Washington Post*, June 9, 1982, quietly emigrated to the United States. In the nascent days of television, young Ronald Reagan's fund-raising acumen was tapped by the Crusade for Freedom, a CIA front. The "conservative" celluloid cut-out appeared in a cameo spot to talk viewers out of their hard-earned dollars to fund the migration of East European "freedom fighters" to the United States — these paragons were really diehard Nazis. The CIA, Pentagon and an army of Nazi recruits have since consummated an ideological bond that has held in sickness and in stealth.

In 1950 the Agency geared up for a battery of mind control experiments on human guinea pigs, underwritten by a network of scientific foundations and academic fronts. Neuropsychiatrists at Tulane, McGill, Yale, UCLA and Harvard, some of them laboring beside Nazi imports, researched the use of brain implants to control behavior. Dozens of books and articles have since appeared describing grim laboratory experiments — none chronicle the use of children in the Firm's mind control initiative (possibly because journalists never imagined children could be used in such a bloodthirsty manner).

A monograph written in the 1960s by Dr. Jose Delgado, a Yale psychiatrist hailing from Franco's Spain, detailed his experiments on an 11-year-old boy with electrodes implanted in his brain. Dr. Delgado stimulated his young subject's synapses with a radio transmitter at a range of 100 feet. The boy immediately lost his sexual identity, reporting that he wasn't sure if he was male or female. One child said that she'd been instructed to address her CIA programmer as "Herr Doctor."

Some of the children subjected to the experimentation, according to New Orleans psychologist Valerie Wolf, were fragmented by trauma-based programming into a spate of alternate personalities. "Most of these patients responded to certain sounds," Wolf reported in testimony to the President's

ing, but is nevertheless a passive-aggressive wimp. The mothers in the films fulfill the traditional role of being kindly, but not too bright about what is actually going on around them. The two male, human-looking heroes grow and learn. Even the rather simple-minded and pompous Space Ranger realizes at last that he is merely a toy to please children and his laser beam is no more than a blinking red light. He changes and improves by admitting that he cannot really fly, but can only "fall with style," an insight made by the

Advisory Committee on Radiation Experiments in March 1995, "clickers, metronomes or just clicking the tongue or hand clapping. Patients would vacillate from calm to robotically asking, 'Who do you want me to kill?'" They were triggered to attempt suicide and attack the therapist, or march out of the office in a fugue state to assassinate somebody.

Claudia Mullens, a survivor of the experiments, testified at the Advisory Committee hearings about a trip in 1959 to the Deer Creek camp in Maryland, then used to train child prostitutes for sexual blackmail operations. At the camp, she was the "guest" of a Mr. Sheiber, an alias of the CIA's notorious LSDmeister Dr. Sidney Gottlieb:

Most of the men I came to know well, were either there as observers or volunteer targets. We were taught different ways to please men and at the same time ask questions to get them to talk about themselves. Then we had to recall everything about them. . . .

After this trip, I mainly went to hospitals, Army or Air Force bases or universities or the hotels in New Orleans and a place called the TRIMS facility in Texas.

The sole CIA official not briefed on the cabin and Dr. Gottlieb's child sex ring was John McCone, a former director who might have objected to the use of 7-year-old girls to gather information and ply their training in sexual "coercive techniques."

Weeping in the Playtime of Others, by former Princeton scholar Ken Wooden, describes a mental institution near Dallas, Texas that conducted freakish sensory deprivation experiments on retarded children:

On the grounds I noticed a strange structure with heavy black plastic covering all the windows. That evening, a former house parent told me it was the private domain of a Dr. Snapp, who believes that the children are not retarded, but that their intellectual development has been aborted by birth. Dr. Snapp believes he has restructured the mother's womb with totally darkened rooms, and he places the child there to grow.

Donna Parrish came close to dying in her "womb." When her parents removed her after four weeks in this atmosphere, they found her body covered with sores.

"Most patients," Wolf testified at the hearings, "reported neo-Nazi alter personalities who believed in the coming of the next

other AB white male, the Sheriff. No other toys do any growing or have any complexity.

For the disabled, *Toy Story* is just another blow disguised as beneficence. We are there to be useful to the Real People and then be shoved back into the closet — a feeling we often get in real life when dealing with the many able-bodied professionals who make a living off disabilities. The intelligent, mature veneer and funny script — and the marvelous technology — only make the film that much more of a threat to progress.

Reich." Other symptoms of the survivors included grand mal epileptic seizures with a temporary cessation of breathing. Doctors managed to strap one survivor to an EEG machine in the midst of a seizure — his brain waves registered normal. The fit was not a true grand mal, but a body memory of electric shocks. ECT, the invention of Dr. Ugo Cerletti, another Spanish fascist, was often used on various parts of the body, Wolf says, "usually the physical places that do not readily show or in tissue that heals quickly."

High technology was combined with drugs, hypnosis and torture to create alter personalities. Years before Silicon Valley introduced virtual-reality computerware, for example, children by the score told psychotherapists they'd been forced to wear goggles that flashed 3-D images of horror and death.

In the mid-'60s, the oligarchs of the Agency feared exposure. Newspaper reporters had caught wind of Auschwitzian behavioral modification research funded by the government. Congress was asking questions. The thugs at Langley scratched their heads. It was only a matter of time before an inquisitive reporter exposed the rot of mind control.

The solution: CIA scientists bugged out of the laboratory and the experiments were moved into the community. Eccentric religious groups were organized or co-opted by intelligence operatives, including the Peoples' Temple, the Symbionese Liberation Army, the Ordo Templis Orientis (OTO), Finders, Michael Aquino's Temple of Set, the Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh Movement, Switzerland's Solar Temple, and Subud, among others.

Subud is a religious sect with roots in Indonesia and the UK, according to confidential informants (active members who submitted to injections of sodium pentothal before questioning). The cult is a cut-out of the American security elite's mind control frat. One of Subud's leading lights is Janet Morris, a science-fiction writer and charter member of the Association for Electronic Defense. She is also research director of the U.S. Global Strategy Council, a Washington think tank founded by ultra-conservatives Claire Booth Luce, General Maxwell Taylor, General Richard Stillwell, former CIA Deputy Director Ray Cline, and the abrasive Jeane Kirkpatrick, among others.

In 1991 Ms. Morris traveled to Russia to study a technological marvel that transmits subliminal command messages over the low frequency infrasonic band. Political researcher Armen Victorian discovered that with the Russian "psycho-correction" transmitter, "subliminal messages bypass the conscious level and are effective almost immediately."

Another leading light of the Subud sect is an executive of a major toy company — a leading maker of virtual-reality computer games for children, like the ones used by CIA scientists to traumatize young subjects.

On September 30, 1995, about 100 psy-

chologists, mostly from the western states, convened at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles for a three-day conference on "Mind Control, Multiplicity and Ritual Abuse." Each of the therapists have patients who have been tormented by cult cut-outs. Conference organizer Catherine Gould, a child psychotherapist from Encino, California, gave the keynote tour of a programmed multiple's "landscape of alters."

"In most instances," Dr. Gould explained, "the alter personalities are cult aligned. They are caught up in the underworld of mind control and know no other life. It isn't unusual for a patient to have an alter who reports to the cult everything said in the last therapy session."

But programmed alters are not the enemy. "They have experienced horror. Sexual abuse may be only one part of the traumatization pattern. Mind control is originally established when the victim is a child under six years old. During this formative stage of development, the perpetrator systematically combines dissociation-enhancing drugs, pain, sexual assault, terror and other forms of psychological abuse in such a way that the child dissociates the intolerable traumatic experience. The exception is the child who cannot dissociate and was exposed to horror, disintegration and psychological death. The mother herself may be a cult multiple and an amnoestic. The worst perpetrator is rage-based, disconnected from the core personality, and the alter may well feel disdain for the victim."

Mind control programming is deeply encoded, triggered by code words and sounds,

sometimes inaudible ones. The alter personalities frequently "live" in the part of the body that has been traumatized. If a child was tortured in the shoulder, this is where an alter lives. "The psychologist's job," Gould says, "is to map the alters and neutralize booby traps — including suicidal impulses — left by the programmer to stop the therapeutic process. The patient is ready to work with conscious memories of the trauma and begin healing when he can move around freely in the system of alters."

Vicki Graham-Costain, Ph.D., a clinical child psychologist, discussed the treatment of character pathologies that accompany mind control conditioning, and the sudden "flooding" of memories of childhood torture lurking behind post-hypnotic obstacles to recall, and in some cases, repression. Dr. David Neswald took up programming neutralization strategies, and common roadblocks to overcoming mind control conditioning. "Survivors are told they will be shunned by 'decent' people," Neswald says, "that people will be repulsed by them and never accept them."

The treatment of mind controlled kids is a growing field. Cult abuse of children, Gould wrote in *The Journal of Psychohistory* early last year, "is considerable in scope and extremely grave in its consequences. Among 2,709 members of the American Psychological Association who responded to a poll, 2,292 cases of ritual abuse were reported. In 1992 alone, Childhelp USA logged 1,741 calls pertaining to ritual abuse, Monarch Resources of Los Angeles logged 5,000, Real Active Survivors tallied nearly 3,600, Justus Unlimited

of Colorado received almost 7,000, and Looking Up Maine handled around 6,000."

Ranking scientists in the CIA's mind control academy have all at one time or other spoken of creating a "psychocivilized" society. If this is the grand design, it is built on a bed of torture. Civilization is not the idea.

The captains of industry want our heads.

Robin's Last Rights

by Dawna Kaufmann

Robin isn't a relative or close friend, just a lifelong acquaintance. Through a court decision, I was made the legal determinant for Robin's life — and what happens afterward. This was Robin's desire, and I agreed to it.

If life is a supermarket, Robin is in the quickie check-out lane, with fewer than 12 items. The Grim Reaper may not yet be knocking at Robin's door, but he's in the neighborhood, looking for a parking space.

Now, Robin wants a fancy funeral and proper burial. I want a Ferrari. You don't always get what you want. Neither Robin nor I have sufficient money for our respective wishes; matter of fact, Robin is flat broke. How broke is Robin? Robin would have to borrow money to raise to the status of pauper. Call me cheap and insensitive, but I don't think I should be spending my foreign-car savings on an elaborate funeral and burial for someone no longer around to appreciate it.

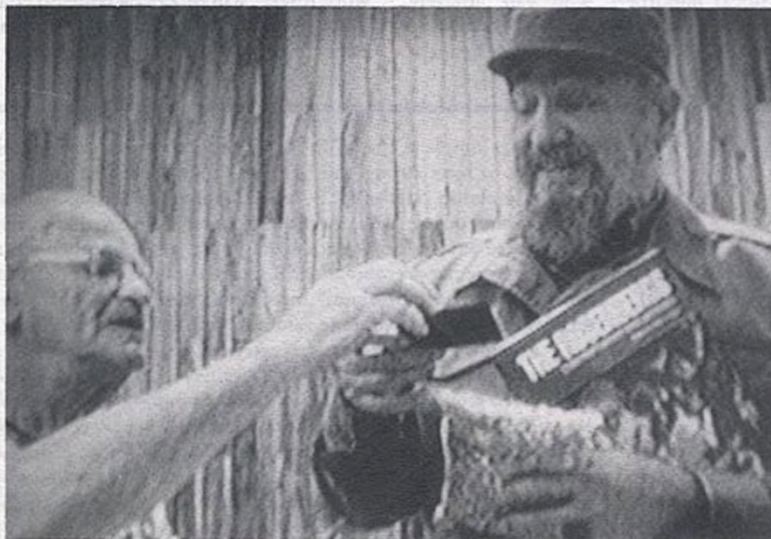
So, I have a plan that is practical, humane and politically correct in a recycling kind of way. I am donating Robin's body to medical science. Not until Robin is dead, of course. They'll be no *Final Exit* tricks used, no speed-dial to Dr. Kevorkian and no snuff film made. But immediately after Robin shuffles off the mortal coil, I will contact the local university and say, "Come and get it!"

Ecologically too, my plan makes sense. The earth is simply too small to accommodate all the dead people who want to get buried in it. Hardly a month goes by when we don't hear about some godawful cemetery under investigation for "grave offenses," like commingling the last remains of men and women who've never as much met for coffee when they were above ground.

Grave sites are routinely reused for burials, with the former occupant's headstone and bones stashed in a gardener's tool shed until sold as jewelry to punk rockers. People bury their dead and walk away from the cemeteries, never imagining that the potential for ghoulish acts is an ever-increasing reality.

Even stupider is the notion of burying people in family cemetery plots. Mostly, these are relatives that you never even wanted to spend Thanksgiving with. Now you're supposed to rot with them into Eternity? Yeah, right.

But back to Robin. Robin has spent a profligate life of alcohol and drug abuse, having worked only about six months over more than 70 years, depending on the kindness of state welfare and federal aid. This hasn't



Irwin Corey Meets Fidel Castro

Video by Richard Corey

Professor Irwin Corey, master of absurdity, bestows on Fidel Castro a bag of California-grown pistachio nuts (Castro: "California, hmmm, good climate there for nuts"); a book on the Rosenberg controversy; and a credit-card-size calculator (Castro: "I'll have to use my little pinky to push the buttons"). Corey was on a diplomatic mission to lift the embargo on health supplies to Cuba. He visited a Cuban hospital that is providing sophisticated treatment for the survivors of Chernobyl. Cuban health care provides for more radiation victims than does the U.S.

— Dave Channon

stopped Robin from criticizing other unfortunate folks in the same boat. Robin will win no prize for Humanitarianism, having always had a wicked sense of humor, usually directed at minorities, gays, the poor, the old, the young and basically everyone besides Robin.

Not once has Robin ever volunteered services to assist another individual. Nope, compassion is something to which Robin solely feels entitled.

Donating a body to the Anatomy department of a medical school will help train doctors, and give something back to the community — and no money is exchanged in the transaction. There'll be no silly and unnecessary ritual of a funeral to contend with, which can get quite expensive. Burial, cremation, and even scattering ashes at sea, all entail some expenditure of funds. My funds. Funds that'll be better spent on keeping my Ferrari dream alive, or at least pay my bills.

Have I told Robin of my plan? No, why should I? I'd hate to speed up the inevitable, and I don't want to be cruel. I really love and will miss Robin a lot.

What made me come to my decision? And did it have anything to do with Robin's slavish devotion to the Republican Party? Is this, indeed, a Democrat's revenge? Apparently so. But it's also a decision I plan to make for myself, so at least I'm not being two-faced.

Friends warn me about the horror stories of medical students desecrating dead bodies, and ask how could I want this for myself. But I figure, what's the worst that can happen? Someone'll have sex with my cadaver? I'm not getting that much action being alive, and at least there won't be the fear of pregnancy or sexually transmitted diseases. And what if they play catch with my liver, or use my eyes

for billiard balls? I doubt that'll happen, and it's a gamble I'm willing to take.

Anyway, I've worked in restaurants and if you knew what went on there, you'd never eat out again. When I was a teenager, I worked at a Sizzler, with a vile cook named Hawk. Every time he got a steak back for "more fire," he'd cook it another few seconds, plop it on the ground, jump up and down on it with his greasy army boots, then put it back on the plate for the waitress. And that was one of the *less gross* things that happened there.

Any trepidations about med-school high-jinks don't compare against the real good that's served to all of humanity by donating bodies. People sign up as organ donors because they want to do something valuable. So why the queasy feeling about donating an entire body? Same thing.

Could *religion* be the reason why there's not a more progressive attitude here? Some kind of fear of cosmic punishment? Medical schools are desperate for new meat. I'm happy to oblige. Besides, no one complains when obstetric wards donate fetal sacs to hair-care companies for their placenta shampoo. It's probably one of those things that happens late at night, without any paperwork. That's what I'd guess.

Seeing as I'm the only person with the patience to even deal with Robin, any expenses for the *post-post-mortem* would come out of my pocket. Robin, of course, envisions one of those New Orleans-style jazz funerals — with the horse-drawn caisson, Louie Armstrong back from the dead, and throngs of professional mourners who can jitterbug while sobbing. I checked, and that exceeds the \$20 limit I'll allot for this, so it ain't happen-

ing. The Los Angeles County Coroner's office charges \$164 for transportation and storage of a deceased body, and cremation through the county morgue adds another \$228. I could "stiff" them for these charges, and Robin's ashes, if unclaimed after three years, would wind up in a mass burial in scenic Potter's Field. But that wouldn't be very nice.

Certainly, if I left Robin's corpse somewhere for an anonymous disposal, there's a chance I could be arrested and charged with who-knows-what. So, it appears that the prudent deed is calling a medical school and asking them to schedule a free pickup. The facility I called is hot to trot. Even gave me their special phone number. They told me if I wasn't sure, stick a mirror under Robin's nose.

If I thought it would be worthwhile to take up a collection to indulge Robin's last wishes, I would. But I have to be honest. I'd just spend the money on skunk weed. Robin would too, were the situation reversed. Maybe that's why we get along.

Oh, maybe if Robin *had* been a Democrat, I could see charging up to \$100 on my Visa, but, really, what's the point? There's nothing wrong with a body going to an anatomy lab. I like the idea.

Frankly, Robin should be *glad* I'm giving that carcass to medical science, instead of selling it to some sleazy operator of a carnival sideshow. I do have some integrity, and besides, no carny owner has offered me a fair price. Robin, who dropped out of high school and always had disdain for higher education as a "refuge for people too lazy to get into the work force," will finally be going to college. I think even Robin would enjoy the irony in that.

TERRY SOUTHERN INTERVIEW

(Continued from Page 2)

would you suggest our readers do?

A. I would ask your groovy *girl* readers to call up the Catholic Book Store and begin pleading in a kind of gurgling sex-crazed urgency: "Can you please . . . get me a copy of *Candy*? I've got to have it! Please . . . please . . . oh . . . oh . . . oh!" And just sort of swoon, as though in sheer lust and confusion. I think that might actually snap their minds.

Q. *How did you and Mason Hoffenberg originally go about collaborating on the writing of Candy?*

A. Well, that happens very easily — I mean if there are two, ahem, interesting minds at work. It's like two friends telling each other jokes — there's a built-in incentive to do it — and of course if you're a better writer than you are a talker, then there's also a nice strong incentive to actually get it down on paper. I would say it's the purest form of writing there is, like a letter to your best friend, because it's writing to an audience of one, and that one is a reflection of yourself. I mean you do of course have to have that sort of regard for the other person.

Q. *Aren't you surprised that Candy is being given positive critical status by the likes of Life magazine and Newsweek?*

A. No, I am not. One of the most naive misconceptions is that these people any longer try to *mold opinion*. The opposite is true . . . they have feelers out, they swim with the tide. They like to back winners, I

think it's as simple as that. You see, in order to *want* to mold opinion, you have to have strong and definite values, and then to *succeed* in molding opinion, you must be able to appeal to strong and definite values in the society. Well, these people *have* no particular values, nor do they see any in the present society. Or, put it another way: they have no particular *preconceptions*. I mean it sounds like a put-down to say someone "has no values," but I don't mean it like that. I'm sure they would *love* to have some values. Goodness, who wouldn't?

Q. *Recently the publisher of Newsweek took a full-page ad in his own magazine. Let me read this: "Does Every Man Have His Price? How much would you take to sell out your country? Your employer? Your ideals? Your beliefs? You hear all about you that the moral fiber of America is weakening, that every man 'has his price.' However, we are confident that most men, no matter how great the temptation, put principle before price. If you have a 'price,' would you kindly fill it in here: (My price is: ___) Have you filled it in yet? America's strength lies in the strength of you who didn't."*

A. I think we'd have to take those questions and prices one at a time, Paul. What was the first?

Q. *How much would you take to sell out your country?*

A. Well, for giving away my government secrets, I'd take . . . You see the sheer *sophistry* of it? I think I'm going to repudiate *Newsweek's* review of *Candy*.

Q. *You're against censorship, right — well, would you be for public screenings of outright pornographic films?*

A. Of course. That would be the only way to improve their quality. After the novelty wore off, people wouldn't support them unless they were really good — and then you wouldn't call them pornographic. It's the *clandestine* nature of the thing that causes those films to be so lousy and yet so expensive. It's analogous to prostitution.

In London, for example, you can get laid for 30 shillings — what's that, about four bucks? Well, I mean you wonder how is it possible to see a strange, interesting-looking chick, know you can make it with her for 30 shillings, and then just walk on by? Christ, you'd think a guy with money would simply lay one chick after another right straight through the day. Right? Well, not a bit of it, old chap. The reason is they're used to it by now. And I'm sure that soon happens with anything that isn't forced underground . . . dirty movies, dope, anything. You'll notice, by the way, it takes more than a scattering of "fuck, piss, shits" these days to make a best-selling novel. That's old-hat now, and almost no one will lay out for an old hat.

I do think, however, there is an interesting consideration as to how erotic a film can be. I'm actually working on a novel now, called *Blue Movie*, about a very strong filmmaker — a Bergman-Fellini-Kubrick type—who sets out to solve this problem, namely: "At what point does the aesthetically-erotic, extended indefinitely, become offensive?" Offensive, not to the audience, you understand, but to this filmmaker himself. Interesting stuff.

Q. One of the most memorable scenes in *Candy* is her sexual encounter with the hunchback. If you were to make a movie of the book — today — how would you treat this scene?

A. I wouldn't have him take his shirt off.

Q. Does *Candy* Christian represent an actual contemporary prototype?

A. Yes, it's one of the most common and disturbing phenomena going. You see a groovy chick, and she's with some kind of nut, creep or crackpot. "What the devil do you see in him?" you ask. "Oh, you don't understand!" she says. And then, when really pressed, it comes down to "He needs me." Beauty and the beast, simple as that, Paul.

Q. Do you think there's an inconsistency between the sexual freedom in your writing and your real-life monogamy?

A. There is certainly a difference, if that's what you mean — though I must say I think your question is impertinent and smacks of hate-sheet and crackpot. Why should a person's life be like what he writes? I should think that obviously the opposite would be probable — unless it's a political pamphlet or a philosophical thing he's writing. Otherwise where's the old imagination of it, Paul? Locked in the sugar-scoop? Stuck in the fur-pudding? No, one could not be more misled than to try to relate the work to its author — in the end it simply leads to a kind of infantile hero-worship.

Q. Would you mind going into the etiology of your short story, "Red Dirt Marijuana"?

A. Gladly, Paul — if that is, in fact, your name — it was what we pros call an "exercise in form." I was browsing through my big Webster's one day, and my eye fell, quite by chance, on the word *etiology*. I said, "What the devil, you've mastered every other dang form — what about an *etiological* story? Hmmm?" Well, I hopped to it, Paul, and it was downhill all the way.

No, as a matter of fact, it is not a short story, but a part of a novel called *The Hipsters*, and that is a scene from the hero's youth — his first exposure to certain insights of the great cool spade world. It is interesting that in the rural south, or southwest — this was in Texas — there's a very free and easy association of white and Negro children, which does not seem to occur anywhere else in the country. I doubt if there is anyone from such an area who hasn't had a very strong spade influence in his past. And to my mind that is the great teaching of our time — any really profound wisdom that may be found among whites necessarily stems from the southern Negro, as well, of course, as America's one great art, and the only art indigenous to it — jazz.

Q. I think that white people have also contributed an indigenous American art form: the jazz audience. . . . What standards would you

apply if you had to define hipness?

A. Well, in the strictest sense of the word, I'd say . . . a certain death of something, somewhere near the center.

Q. How does this develop?

A. Obviously it begins with an awareness far beyond the ordinary, and a kind of emotional hypersensitiveness, or empathy, so acute that it's unbearably painful and has to be anesthetized — so what is left in the end is "iron in the soul" . . . awareness but total insulation from emotion. The big trick, of course — and I don't know that it's ever really been done — is to eliminate all negative emotion and retain positive. About the hippest anyone has gotten so far, I suppose, is to be permanently on the nod.

Q. But isn't that an escape from life rather than an attempt to meet the challenge to one's psyche?

A. These people are prepared to risk sacrificing the positive emotions because the negative emotions are so painful.

Q. Do you think that the Beat movement accomplished anything constructive?

A. Yes, indeed — and something far greater than anyone seems to realize. No one, insofar as I know, has recognized that the Beat Generation is the source or origin of the great wave of Civil Rights action.

White participation is, of course, the thing that gave the Civil Rights movement its real center of momentum, in terms of scope, vastness of scope — Martin Luther King stressed this time and again, the necessity of not alienating the whites who were part of it — and this participation can be traced directly to the spirit first engendered by books like *On the Road* . . . that kind of personal, impulsive, do-something-crazy-and-impossible spirit — setting out for California with only three gallons of gas, or walking through Georgia armed with nothing but a beard and a guitar.

The first Freedom Ride, and all the subsequent marches and demonstrations, were due to this attitude . . . this idea of doing something personal, impulsive, unconventional, something that the same person would have previously thought idiotic and impossible, or at best as some kind of ne'er-do-well vagrancy.

There was a certain cloying sentimentality in *On the Road* that stuck in my craw, so to speak, but its significance as a moving force which has had these great effects seems obvious.

Q. Did the assassination of President Kennedy change you in any way?

A. Only in that it put the absolute absurdity of things on a wider screen in my mind. And the assassination of Oswald added another inch or two. I remember I began to indulge in a compelling fantasy then, something to compound the absurdity . . . the idea that the assassinations would set off an uncontrollable wave of indiscriminate assassinations — long-range snipers knocking off dignitaries as they stepped from the plane. *Bing! DeGaulle! Bing! Haille Selassie!* And so on. And each time the TV announcer would say: "Ladies and gentlemen, a really incredible thing has just happened . . ." The interesting thing would be at what point would he stop using the word *incredible*? And what word would he use instead? Christ, that word really got a workout that week.

Q. Would you call yourself an existentialist?

A. Call me anything you want, Paul. As long as you don't call me late for chow! Har, har. An old Army joke, Paul — Sartre told it to me. No, as a matter of fact, I am an existentialist. Yes, Mimi Sartre — you know, Jean-Paul has a 17-year-old daughter, Mimi, she lives on Grove Street, cute as a button and a real swinger — anyway, she's the one who signs the cards now. I've got mine here, somewhere . . . well, anyway, it's true, and you can check it out with Mimi. I definitely am an existentialist.

Q. How does it affect the way you live?

A. Well, let's see now. I don't believe in God, and I don't think intentions, opinions, expressions of attitude, that sort of thing, count for anything at all. Talk is cheap. And what else . . . Mimi and I were just talking about it . . . oh, yes, every night is Saturday night. I guess that's about it, Paul.

MEDIA FREAK

True or False?

• Comic-impressionist Jim Morris was a guest on CNN's *Crossfire* — appearing in the role of President Clinton, being asked and answering serious questions about domestic issues and foreign policy — and the next day the real Bill Clinton's approval rating went up three points.

• A man doing 55 miles-per-hour in a 55 miles-per-hour zone on a highway was pulled over and ticketed by a police officer for going too slow, because most of the traffic was moving about 70 miles-per-hour; he was charged with endangering drivers and impeding traffic.

• When Apollo Mission astronaut Neil Armstrong first walked on the moon, he not only said "One small step for man, one giant step for mankind," but also, just before re-entering the landing craft, he uttered, enigmatically, "Good luck, Mr. Gorsky." At NASA they thought it referred to a rival Soviet cosmonaut, but there was no Gorsky in either the Russian or American space program. For 26 years Armstrong never answered questions about that remark, but finally — on July 5, 1995 in Tampa Bay, Florida — he gave in. Gorsky had died and so Armstrong felt it would not be inappropriate to respond. When he was a young boy, playing baseball in the back yard, his brother hit a fly ball that landed in front of a neighbor's bedroom window — the Gorskys. As Armstrong was retrieving the ball, he heard Mrs. Gorsky shouting: "Oral sex? You want oral sex? You'll get oral sex when the kid next door walks on the moon!"

News Management News

New York Times contributor Neal Koch wrote an article for the *Columbia Journalism Review* titled "What Michael Ovitz Knows About Managing the News," delineating the mainstream media's ass-kissing frenzy over this much-touted deal-maker who has been labeled "the most powerful man in Hollywood"; when the Walt Disney Company hired him, their stock-market value jumped by \$1 billion in a single day.

The article — which documented how the press had ignored the fact that Ovitz's biggest deals had actually been flops, and how he had failed to dispute federal charges of misusing pension funds — was circulated all over Hollywood by fax and photocopy. It was being read at the highest levels of the entertainment industry, with CEOs and even Ovitz's own associate gloating over the revelations.

Movie mogul David Geffen was on a panel at a national magazine editors convention in Miami and discussed the article, lambasting journalists for not doing a better job. "The irony," Koch says, "is that the consensus among journalists is that Geffen tries to manipulate the media just as Ovitz does, he's simply not as good at it."

One free-lance journalist — echoing a sentiment expressed to Koch by three reporters, including one with a major wire service — wrote to Koch: "It's because of people like me that shmucks like Ovitz are able to get away with the things they do. Maybe your article will give other journalists and publications a little more backbone when it comes to reporting on this guy — and the whole industry, for that matter."

On the other hand, some public relations executives took to using the article as a primer. And someone with technological skills managed to change Koch's telephone answering machine's message from the outside so that it stated, "Don't talk to Neal." There was no way to connect this dirty trick to Ovitz, although the voice sounded suspiciously like the Abraham Lincoln robot from Disneyland.



Photo by Kevin Hein

The Mouse that Soared

From the *N.Y. Daily News*: "The latest medical breakthrough has little mouse eyes, little mouse feet and a big ol' human ear growing on its back. This mouse freak — and others like it — are at the cutting edge of a science known as tissue engineering. . . ."

From *Screw*: "Thanks to the latest advance in medical technology, your new penis will be grown on the back of a cute, cuddly little laboratory mouse. Available in three sizes: Big, Bigger and [porn star] Ron Jeremy. . . ."

Fowl Play in the Courtroom

From the *Houston Chronicle*:

A defense attorney in a Northern California murder case says he believes Max the parrot may hold the answer to who smothered Jane Gill to death in her bedroom two years ago. But an attempt to get the African gray parrot's testimony into evidence last week was blocked by the judge. Max was found dehydrated and hungry in his cage two days after Gill's murder.

After the parrot was coaxed back to health at a pet shop, the shop's owner said the bird began to cry out, "Richard, no, no, no!" The man charged in the case is Gill's business partner, and his name is not Richard. He says he is innocent. Gary Dixon, a private investigator working on the case, surmised that the bird is now in a witness protection program. "Max's identity has been changed, and he is now a macaw," he said.

(The following poem was rejected by the editors of *Cigar*, *Cigar World* and *Cigar Aficionado* magazines, without comment.)

A Good Cigar

is a tightly-wrapped cylinder
of the finest Cuban tobacco
burning imperceptibly
and held
with confidence
between the second
and third fingers of
rich white men
who gather in
exclusive clubs and sit
in high-backed chairs
and drink fine cognac
served to them by
descendants of slaves.

— Matt Neuman

Leary Updates Health on Internet

From Timothy Leary's web-site:

Mental status: Excellent. Good spirits. Swimming webs of wise friendship. Very happy. Exultant, actually. *Physical status*: Mademoiselle Cancer has moved in to share "my" body. So far she is taking Room & Board in "my" prostate and "my" back bones. "I" feel minimal pain. Recent tests have shown a 50% leap in "my" liver functioning. (The "I" speaking here is my Brain.) *Neuro-active drugs*: 3 cups of coffee, 36 cigarettes, 4 glasses of champagne, 1 midnight brownie, 12 balloons of Nitrous Oxide, 3 lines of cocaine, 4 Leary biscuits [Ritz crackers spread with green marijuana butter].

Filler Items

• America Online purged the word *breast* from profiles of women seeking to share information about breast cancer, prompting one irate subscriber to ask, "Must we have 'hooter cancer survivors'?"

• *Realist* correspondent Bob Bloom reports that Louis Farrakhan's Million Man March was estimated by Washington officials to be 400,000 strong because the government has always believed that blacks are only two-fifths human.

• A woman who was mistaken for a juror in the O.J. Simpson trial was offered \$5,000 by a news organization just to talk about being mistaken for a Simpson juror.

• NPR/ABC commentator Harry Shearer observes that Hillary Rodham Clinton's private attorney, David Kendall, has been using an unfortunate metaphor — "a dry hole" — to describe the search for his client's White-water misdeeds. Meanwhile, different folks have their own subjective versions of her book on child raising. Radical columnist Alexander Cockburn's title: *It Takes a Police State*. Satiric shaman Darryl Henriques: *It Takes a Nanny*. And the new telecommunications bill: *It Takes a V-Chip*.