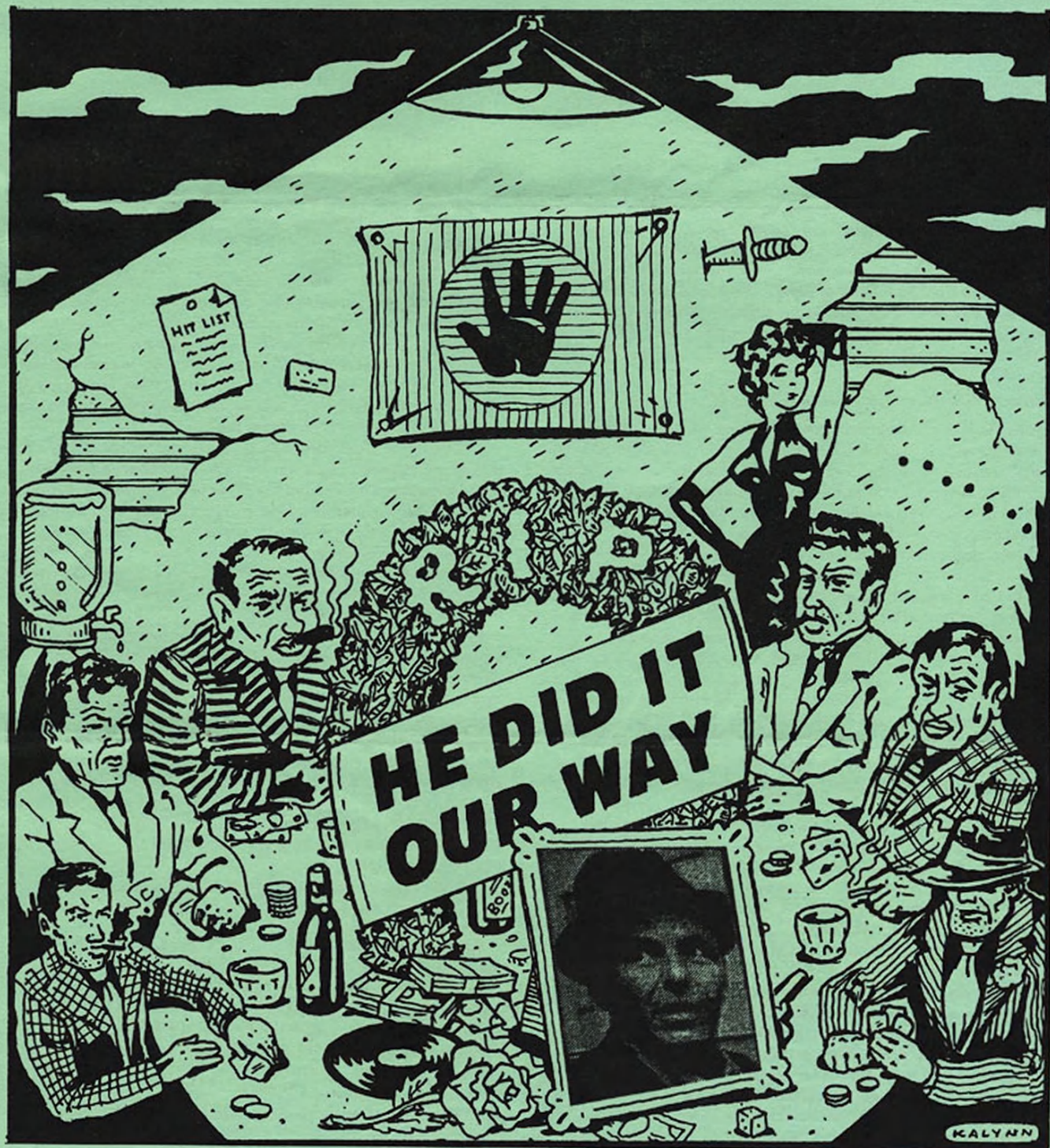


# The Realist

Number 140  
Editor: Paul Krassner

Autumn, 1998  
Price: \$2

- Dr. Hip's Strangest Case
- Carol Queen's Viagra Party
- Robert Anton Wilson's Conspiracies



## COURT JESTER

### Ah Sordid Announcements

• Countdown: There are now (gulp) only six more issues to come before *The Realist* ceases publication. Subscriptions are \$12, or if you want to subscribe for a friend beginning with this issue, \$14. Also available: *The Winner of the Slow Bicycle Race: The Satirical Writings of Paul Krassner*, with a foreword by Kurt Vonnegut, \$24. Box 1230, Venice CA 90294.

• Militant atheist Madalyn Murray is still missing — only God knows where she is — but if she's dead, the Southern Baptists' declaration that "a wife must submit graciously to her husband" reawakened her. I can hear Madalyn shouting: "That's because men wrote the fucking Bible!" This is the 35th anniversary of her victory when the Supreme Court ruled that compulsory Bible-reading in public schools was unconstitutional. At the time, she wrote in *The Realist*: "I feel that Jesus Christ is at most a myth, and if he wasn't, the least he was, was a bastard, and that the Virgin Mary obviously played around as much as I did, and certainly I feel she would be capable of orgasm."

• Also 35 years ago, we published and distributed a poster that blared, in red-white-and-blue, starred-and-stripped, hammered-and-sickled lettering, FUCK COMMUNISM! My patriotic slogan soon began to take on a life of its own, and now, in former congresswoman Pat Schroeder's book, *24 Years of House Work and the Place Is Still a Mess: My Life in Politics*, she writes that conservative actor John Wayne once offered her a cigarette lighter engraved with the inscription, "Fuck Communism — John Wayne." She declined the gift.

### Arianna, We Hardly Knew Ye

During Arianna Huffington's presentation at the recent *Los Angeles Times* Book Festival at UCLA, she described how she had been reading her eight-year-old daughter's diary. Later that afternoon, we were both on a panel about political satire. I quoted Lenny Bruce — "I am part of everything I indict" — then chastised her for poking fun at wiretapping, yet invading the privacy of her own child.

With the skill of a well-honed talk-show guest, she immediately replied, "I think every parent should snoop on their own children."

The audience laughed and applauded, not necessarily because they agreed with her sentiment, but rather in appreciation of the quickness of her response. Although that kind of speed can work in a live situation, it doesn't translate well to her book, *Greetings From the Lincoln Bedroom*, a weak spoof of scandal and corruption.

Since she is writing easy-reference shtick about public figures, her characters remain as one-dimensional as those sprinkled throughout a Jay Leno monologue, except perhaps for Socks, a talking cat who is also gifted with psychic power, so one would at least expect him to know that Huffington will reject him when he asks, "How about a blow job?"

Her book is anti-climactic to the mega-sitcom that continues to unfold in Washington. In *The Congress of Clowns and Other Russian Circus Acts*, Joel Schechter writes about satire after *glasnost*: "In Leningrad, the highly regarded humorist Semyon Altov said that he has moved from satire to non-topical, more universal fiction in his recent writing, because newspaper reporters are now providing the public with the news of dissent that only satire could convey previously."

Zippergate has become America's sexual *glasnost* — at a time, moreover, when everything is increasingly accelerating, including the rate of irreverence. Reality has long been nipping at the heels of satire, and has finally overtaken it. Why, the next thing you know, Bob Dole will announce on Larry King that he takes Viagra, and ironically enough, Bill Clinton will be having less sex than Dole.

In fact, Monica Lewinsky didn't enter the scene until after Huffington had completed her book, and she had to go through the

manuscript page by page, inserting as many Lewinsky mentions as she could muster. Ultimately, Huffington turns *herself* into a victim. In the last paragraph of acknowledgments, she writes:

"And thanks to Monica Lewinsky, Paula Jones, Linda Tripp, Ken Starr, Vernon Jordan, and all the others whose tireless efforts to provide, promote, or interfere with sex in the White House dragged political satire into the gutter, turning a book that I would have proudly shown to my young daughters into one that I now have to keep locked and hidden."

But there's always the possibility that her eight-year-old daughter, following in her mother's footsteps, will somehow manage to sneak a reading of her mother's book, only to discover that it's just not as much fun as watching the TV news. And, after all, isn't it better that she should hear Dan Rather's instructions on how to remove a semen stain instead of learning about it on the street?

### The House That Frank Destroyed

When I was a kid, Frank Sinatra became my role model after he made a short film, *The House I Live In*, decrying prejudice. The lyrics of the title song summed it up: "All races, all religions, that's America to me" — I had a new hero — "The right to speak my mind out, that's America to me."

I would sing his love songs to myself: "Saturday night is the loneliest night of the week" and "It was just a ride on a train, that's all that it was, but, oh, what it seemed to be." I even went to a masquerade party as Sinatra — wearing a large bow-tie, padded shoulders and pegged pants, and crooning into my broom-microphone. I won first prize. From then on I continued to comb my hair like his.

However, I became disillusioned with Sinatra in 1960. He fired Albert Maltz at the request of Joseph Kennedy, whose son was running for president. Maltz was the pilot case of the House Un-American Activities Committee in seeking contempt-of-Congress citations against Hollywood's "Unfriendly Ten" in 1947.

Maltz's novel *The Cross and the Arrow* was issued in a special edition of 140,000 copies by a wartime government agency for American servicemen abroad. His film *The Pride of the Marines* was premiered in 28 cities at Guadalcanal Day banquets under the auspices of the Marine Corps. His film *Destination Tokyo* was premiered aboard a U.S. submarine and adopted by the Navy as an official training film.

This was the man considered too subversive to write the screenplay for Sinatra's movie production of William Bradford Huie's *The Execution of Private Slovik*.

Maltz had said in a statement to the Un-American Activities Committee that he and the others had been refused "the opportunity that any pickpocket receives in a magistrate's court — the right to cross-examine these witnesses, to refute their testimony, to reveal their motives, their history, and who, exactly, they are. . . ."

"In common with many Americans, I supported the New Deal [which, according to Chairman J. Parnell Thomas, was 'working along hand in glove with the Communist Party']. In common with many Americans I supported, against Mr. Thomas and [co-chairman] Mr. Rankin, the anti-lynching bill. I opposed them in my support of OPA controls and emergency veteran housing and a fair employment practices law. . . ."

"I will not be dictated to or intimidated by men to whom the Ku Klux Klan, as a matter of Committee record, is an acceptable American institution. . . ."

Sinatra was on Maltz's side in those days. He asked, "Once they get the movies throttled, how long will it be before the Committee goes to work on freedom of the air? How long will it be before we're told what we can and cannot say into a radio microphone? If you make a pitch on a nationwide network for a square deal for the underdog, will they call you a Commie? Will we have to think Mr. Rankin's way to get in the elevator at Radio City? Are they gonna scare us into silence? I wonder."

Sinatra needed to wonder no more. He himself silenced Albert Maltz — the man who wrote *The House I Live In*.

## From an Encyclopedia of Conspiracy Theories Everything Is Under Control

by Robert Anton Wilson

### Abductees Anonymous

This organization serves as a support group for persons who believe that extraterrestrials have kidnapped and sexually molested them — one of the largest sub-groups in the “recovered memory” community, running neck and neck with the “incest survivors” and the “Satanic abuse survivors.” While the whole theory and therapy of the “recovered memory” movement has come under increasing criticism in recent years, it still has many believers, who sincerely think that their therapists helped them remember (not fantasize) incidents of incest, cannibalism, coprophilia, sado-masochism, rape, human sacrifice and/or evil “Greys” — a race of detached scientific investigators and/or sexual monsters who come from outer space and have engaged in genetic experiments or sexual assault or both on helpless humans.

AbAnon says nothing about the incest and Satanism yarns, also created or discovered by the same hypnotic techniques, but insists that “many millions” have had the abduction experience and even if you personally can’t remember it — or especially if you can’t remember it — this interstellar rape may have happened to you.

### James Jesus Angleton

James Jesus Angleton served as director of counter-intelligence for the CIA from 1954 to 1974 when he was removed for illegal activities. He was a strange, brilliant and paranoid person, obsessed with the search for Soviet moles within the CIA and suspicious of almost everybody. Apparently, he never did abandon his beliefs that Tito was a Soviet mole and that the chief Soviet mole in the CIA has reached a rank at least as high as his own.

Of course, behavior that would rank as clinical paranoia in ordinary life, becomes pragmatic caution in the world of “intelligence.” Angleton knew that the KGB would love to have an agent high in the CIA; he also knew they were clever and tireless; ergo, they would eventually have a mole in the Company, and maybe they had one already. He never stopped hunting that Russian mole and he operated with even more secrecy than was normal in the CIA.

A.J. Weberman believes that Angleton masterminded the assassination of John Kennedy. Most of the evidence for this hypothesis will be found in the Weberman web site <http://www.weberman.com>. If Angleton really did it, he probably believed Kennedy was the “top Soviet mole” he’d been hunting many years.

Angleton’s obsession with this ambiguous Russian “mole” code-named Sasha led him to shred documents totally, long before that practice became common, fearing that the mole might ransack his office at night.

Another CIA officer, Edward Petty, stated of Angleton, “He was

strictly a lone wolf, a strange bird. The man was doing all sorts of things on his own that nobody ever told him to do. . . . What an Angleton operation was, nobody really knows.”

Angleton helped form the P2 conspiracy in Rome which used drug dealing to finance anti-communist and pro-fascist activities, sometimes using over 200 real and imaginary banks to launder the money.

Although Marina Oswald has given a variety of stories about her ex-husband and his involvement in a JFK conspiracy, her latest version is especially interesting: “The answer to the Kennedy assassination is with the Federal Reserve Bank. Don’t underestimate that. It’s wrong to blame it on Angleton and the CIA per se only. This is only one finger of the same hand. The people who supply the money are above the CIA.”

### Christians Awake AIDS Theory

A sincere group of God-fearing Americans, Christians Awake, has proposed one of the most original AIDS conspiracy theories; it is all the fault of the Freemasons.

According to Christians Awake, the Masons have run this country from the beginning, and they are a secret society because they are all gay. Even George Washington was gay, and the Washington Monument is a phallic symbol. After almost 2000 years of this gay Freemasonic government, God waxed most irate and created AIDS to punish the culprits.

Ronald Reagan, according to this group, is another Freemason and shares the guilt not only for AIDS but for placing Jewish communists in government. And he secretly supported abortion too.

### Danny Casolero and Inslaw

In 1990, Danny Casolero, one of the owners of Computer Age Publications, sold his share of the company to have a nest egg as he launched a new career as free-lance writer and investigative journalist. The first major story he discovered involved the Inslaw company, which alleged that certain persons in the Justice Department had stolen a new piece of software they had invented called Promis. As Casolero investigated the charges and counter-charges of the Inslaw-Promis story, he found evidence that seemed to reveal a truly gigantic (global) conspiracy, which he began to call “the Octopus.” As he discovered that more and more of the persons in this saga had died under mysterious circumstances, Casolero told his brother never to believe he himself died of an accident.

On August 10, 1991, Danny Casolero was found dead in a bathtub with his wrists slashed.

This case has a special fascination for conspiriologists because it seems linked to every other conspiracy, real and imaginary, that anybody ever heard of — and because one Justice Department official told Ronald LeGrand (senior investigator for the Nunn Committee of the U.S. Senate) that the true story of Inslaw was “a lot dirtier . . . than Watergate.”

Inslaw, the Institute for Law and Social Research, owned by William and Nancy Hamilton, had sold the U.S. Justice Department a new software program called PROMIS (Prosecutor’s Management Information System). The Hamiltons expected to earn at least five billion dollars (\$5,000,000,000) from sales of PROMIS to law enforcement agencies, but instead they found themselves paid nothing and engaged in a seemingly endless battle with the Justice Department, or persons within the Justice Department. There have been two court cases, both won by the Hamiltons, and one judge even said that the Justice Department had been guilty of “trickery, deceit and fraud.” The Nunn Committee also investigated and found that Justice had victimized the Hamiltons and intimidated witnesses. The case still remains unresolved, because the government continues to appeal it to other courts.

Casolero also found links from the Inslaw case to the Iran/Contra scandal, the crime-ridden Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI), the Nugan Hand Bank in Australia (which went bankrupt while under investigation for allegedly laundering CIA



Charlton Heston Parts the Red Sea

drug money), the "extraterrestrials" at Area 51 (Danny became convinced that the real secret of Area 51 concerned spy planes), a series of murders connected with an Indian reservation in California — and, of course, even the death of Vince Foster.

The Hamiltons are still fighting to get the money they — and two courts and one Senate committee — claim Justice owes them. PROMIS, and/or something very much like it, has somehow gotten into the hands of police departments, intelligence agencies and spies and snoops of all sorts in 80 nations on every continent but Antarctica.

### Harlot's Ghost

*Harlot's Ghost* is Norman Mailer's longest novel to date (1310 pages) and perhaps his best; a central character, Hugh Montague, is somewhat based on James Jesus Angleton, or as Mailer says, Angleton was the "original model" for Montague, but Montague is not in any sense limited to the model.

Hugh Montague, code-named "Harlot" (Angleton's code name was "Mother") has all the brilliance and paranoia of his real-life original but becomes even more mysterious and enigmatic as the epic novel unfolds. Typically, Mailer begins at the end, with the seeming death by drowning of "Harlot" (Angleton). Naturally, the death is not accepted at face value by the CIA, and they become even more suspicious when all attempts to identify the water-rotted corpse lead only to high probabilities, never to certainties: the body might be Harlot's or it might be that of another man about the same age, with dental work and a few other details altered to match Harlot's records.

A major investigation is launched to discover if Harlot is really dead, or if he has defected to the Soviets, or has been kidnapped by them, or if he "went over" to them at some point in his career, maybe even at the beginning. The narrator, who regarded Harlot (Angleton) as his mentor, goes into hiding, knowing he himself is under suspicion, and tries to write down everything he knows about the spy-master's career. His first lead: a coded message sent by Harlot just before his death (or defection, or whatever). Decoded, this leads to a line of poetry in T.S. Eliot:

*I will show you fear in a handful of dust*

As the narrator plunges back through his past, and Harlot's role in every stage of his Intelligence career, a whole history of the CIA begins to emerge, but although a high-ranking officer, the narrator finds he is never really sure of anything. (Under Angleton's rules, which become Harlot's rules in the novel, nobody in the CIA knows much about anything outside his own department, so a Soviet mole could only learn about one department at most.) The Bay of Pigs seems more mysterious than ever, and the John Kennedy assassination (and Harlot's possible involvement) becomes as opaque as Kafka's parable about the man who sought the doors of the law. In fact, by the end, the narrator is more baffled than any of Kafka's heroes, because the bureaucracy of real-world espionage is even less comprehensible than Kafka's nightmarish fantasy.

Was Harlot a Soviet mole all along? Did he become one? Or was he the fanatic right-wing Christian patriot he seemed? Mailer's saga shows that once you truly enter the mindset of the Intelligence community, no question ever has a final answer, and everything can and should be re-examined one more time, and one more time, until the funding runs out.

### Collier Brothers

Kenneth and James Collier are brothers who both have long careers in journalism (Kenneth chiefly with the *New York Daily News* and James with the *Miami News* and *Hialeah Home News*) and they happen to believe that election frauds have become common since about 1970. They attribute this to the vulnerability of the computer system that tabulates early votes and projects expected final tallies, usually with astounding accuracy. This amazing precision, the Colliers believe, is not due to the marvels of technology but to the fact that only one computer system is used by News Election Service,

which provides projections for NBC, ABC, CBS, Associated Press and United Press International. This system is not only vulnerable, the Colliers believe, but has been penetrated by the CIA.

The Colliers have written a book, *Votescam*, and they have also filed lawsuits against persons and groups they consider parts of the *Votescam* conspiracy — including the Republican National Committee, the League of Women Voters, and Justice Antonin Scalia of the Supreme Court.

Steve White, formerly a prosecutor for the California Attorney General's office, says that the Collier charges are not beyond possibility. "If you did it right," White says, "nobody would ever know. You just change a few votes in a few precincts in a few states and no one would ever know."

### Daimonic Reality

*Daimonic Reality* by Patrick Harper examines UFOs and a wide variety of "paranormal" phenomena from a rather unique angle. Although Harper never fully defined the *daimonic* — "the daimonic that can be defined is not the true daimonic," as Lao-Tse would say — it seems to exist both inside us and outside us. Like the Greek daemon and unlike the Christian demon, it takes both good/healing and bad/terrifying forms, depending on our projections.

In a sense, the daimonic is like the collective unconscious of Carl Jung, inside us as a part of our total self that the ego wishes to deny, outside us in all the other humans who ever existed and in the dreams, myths, and arts of all the world. But Harper follows Irish poet W.B. Yeats as often as he follows Jung, and traces some of his ideas back to Giordano Bruno and the alchemical/hermetic mystics of the Renaissance. The daimonic is just a bit more personalized and individualized than Jung's species unconscious.

Harper's major thesis is that unless we recognize the daimonic (make friends with it, Jung would say), it takes increasingly malignant and terrifying forms. For instance, the Greys of UFO abduction lore, he says, are deliberately mirroring our ego-centered and "scientific" age — showing no emotion themselves and no reaction to the terror and other emotions of the humans they experiment upon, just as the ideal science student feels no emotion and has no concern with the emotions of the animal being tortured in his laboratory.

Despite dealing with many subjects common to conspiracy theorists, Harper does not quite fit in that category. *We are the conspirators*, so to speak. We have repressed the most creative part of ourselves and now it is escaping in terrifying forms.

### Corey Hammond

Dr. Corey Hammond, a leading practitioner of recovered memory therapy, believes that his work proves the existence of an international satanic cult of Nazis and CIA agents who have engaged in satanic abuse of children for over 50 years. The purpose of the ritual abuse, Dr. Hammond says, is the creation of robotic humans, who are "programmed" to behave in specific ways when specific commands are given. In his own words, the Nazi-CIA group (which also includes NASA) hopes to create "tens of thousands of mental robots who will do pornography, prostitution, smuggle drugs, engage in international arms smuggling. Eventually, those at the top of the satanic cult want to create a satanic order that will rule the world."

Dr. Hammond has even classified various types of "programs" which have been implanted in the victims of this cult: Alpha represents general obedience programming; Beta concerns performing oral sex and running child prostitution rings; Delta is the program that creates assassins; Omega are self-destruct programs which cause victims to kill themselves if a therapist almost recovers their other deep-buried satanic programs; Zeta concerns the production of snuff films.

Dr. Hammond is a licensed psychologist in Utah, founder and director of the Sex and Marital Therapy Clinic at the University of Utah, has served as both president and vice-president of the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis, and serves as abstracts editor for the *American Journal of Clinical Hypnosis*. He says he goes in fear of

his life because of the revelations he has made. His theories have been accepted as literally true by countless feminists and fundamentalists.

## Holocaust Denial

Holocaust deniers claim that the planned extermination of six million Jews during the Nazi era never happened: everybody who claims it did happen is either part of an international conspiracy to fake it, or a dupe of that conspiracy. All the journalists who saw the camps, all the eyewitnesses and "survivors," all the pedants who have screened the evidence, all the judges who passed sentences — every one of them got the facts wrong.

A typical Holocaust denier is Arthur R. Butz, an associate professor of electrical engineering at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. He presents the case against the Holocaust in a more academic and persuasive manner than most deniers. He admits that U.S. troops indeed found horrible piles of corpses in certain German concentration camps (Dachau and Belsen) but he claims they all died of typhus, carried by lice.

The fact that virtually every recognized historian believes the Holocaust happened does not faze Butz; historians once believed in the Donation of Constantine, he points out, and we now know that was a forgery. Besides, Butz carefully never refers to the Holocaust as anything else but "the legend": after pages of "the legend" "the legend" "the legend" repeated over and over, one may begin to feel that one is indeed reading about some fairy tale.

German documents referring to "the Final Solution" did not mean extermination, Butz asserts: they meant merely the transfer of West European Jews to East Europe. The confessions of major defendants at Nuremberg? Butz always puts quotes around the word "confessions" and strongly suggests that they were obtained fraudulently.

And the death camps were not reserved exclusively for Jews. They also contained, Butz notes, political prisoners, ordinary criminals, homosexuals and conscientious objectors.

Finally, the war destroyed so much that records of the death tolls in any part of the war are all largely guess-work. Maybe only five million Jews died and not six . . . or maybe it was only one million . . . and remember they died of typhus.

"Surely any thoughtful person must be skeptical," Butz concludes one of his articles.

Despite criticism from professional historians, heated controversy, acrimony and a lot of anger from the Jewish community, Professor Butz continues to hold his post in Electrical Science and gallantly battles on to restore the good name of Adolph Hitler.

## World War II Denial

Going one step further than the Holocaust Deniers, at least two writers have argued that World War II itself was entirely faked in every detail.

Donald Holmes argues in *The Illuminati Conspiracy: The Sapiens*



*Eggless in Neverland*

The *New York Post* refused to publish this cartoon by their regular illustrator, Sean Delonas.

## Thumbs of Steel: A Year in Jeopardy!

by Bob Harris

John Quincy Adams is going to kill me.

If you witnessed my \$100,000 *Jeopardy!* Tournament of Champions flame-out, you already know why I'm frightened. If not, let's back up.

My genetic Lotto ticket didn't reveal great strength, a square jaw, or even a full head of hair. The only good deal I've got going is the ability to remember vast amounts of useless crap.

As I write this very sentence, I have no idea where my car keys are (honest), but I can recite the nine Greek muses in alphabetical order.

There's rarely much reward for that particular skill. At parties in college, I always lost the interest of attractive females to some larger predator, usually one whose job required his name to appear on his shirt. My only consolation was being able to describe the process really elegantly.

However, *Jeopardy!* hands out big chunks of cash in exchange for brain clutter. So, a while back, I decided to take their contestant test. I failed.

They give a test in the actual *Jeopardy!* studio to pretty much any warm body who calls and signs up. Usually, the warm bodies tend to be white, male, and upper-middle class. Not the show's fault; fact is, the producers are cool and strongly prefer a diverse group. But *Jeopardy!* requires education, and in the U.S., education requires money. So the line of auditioners often looks like a meeting at the Forbes for President headquarters.

The test consists of fifty tough \$800 or \$1000 questions, almost all concerning pop culture, the liberal arts, and other almanac stuff. The sciences are almost invisible. No big surprise; most of the writers, after all, are writers. So Rabelais might come up. Heisenberg won't. Probably. (That's exactly the sort of joke the writers wouldn't get.)

I'm at a disadvantage, since I don't read fiction — reality is plenty, thanks — and my major was electrical engineering. So I don't know squat about Antarctic Mythology and Cambodian Anagrams, but if the *Jeopardy!* buzzers stop working, just get me a soldering iron and stand back.

So I failed. No shame — 120 people show up for a typical test —

*System* that the Illuminati — regarded by him as superior intelligences, perhaps from outer space — control the governments and media of this planet. World War II, the most terrifying example to date of how much harm humans can do to one another, never happened: by special effects, stage magic tricks and fake journalism, the Illuminati made it appear to happen, so that we would establish a happier, more gentle society all over the planet. (They are, evidently, still working on that project.)

Similarly, in *Illuminati Lady*, a privately published poem by Kerry Thornley, it is proposed that World War II was faked by incarnate Illuminati, led by Mohandas K. Gandhi, in collaboration with discarnate Illuminati, led by Madame H.P. Blavatsky (the "Illuminati Lady" of the title). The purpose, again, was to frighten us into becoming pacifists.

## Lucent Technologies

Recently AT&T announced that their research subsidiary, Bell Laboratories, has been renamed Lucent Technologies. This did not escape the attention of ardent conspiriologist Texe Marrs, who asks with shrewd attention to detail: ". . . does AT&T's baby have horns? Does this name Lucent have any link to the name Lucifer? Could it be that, as one writer has suggested, Lucent stands for Lucifer's Enterprise?"

Marrs also finds dark significance in the fact that Lucent's network operating system is called "Inferno" and the company has an office at 666 Fifth Avenue, New York. However, he fails to note that Dell Publishing, which handles *Illuminatus*, also had that address for several years.

maybe 10 or 15 get to stick around.

However, they do let you come back every six months if you're silly enough to keep trying.

So I failed again. And again. And again.

There are probably stalkers who give up more easily.

On the fifth trip, in February 1997, I resigned myself to endless washouts. Naturally, that was the day I passed.

After the test, you play a mock game against two other candidates. The key here isn't brains, but small motor skills. Many otherwise normal people have trouble pushing a button and speaking, as you know if you've ever been to a drive-thru.

Petty gamesmanship begins here. Auditioners begin racing on the buzzers, name-dropping alma maters, and kissing up to the producers, who are all really nice people but simply aren't there to find out that you like their hair.

Next comes a brief interview, no more complex than the question round of the Miss America pageant. You've already demonstrated intellectual and physical prowess. Now they're looking for interpersonal skills, to make sure you're free of major ticks, not a fist-waving member of any Unorganized Militia, and generally Alex-Trebek-safe. Twitching, handing out Constitutional literature, or stabbing a producer here are all good ways to stay off the show.

Finally, you have about five minutes to fill out a form asking you to list five funny and notable things about your life that can be summarized in two sentences.

This is the hardest part, actually. Try it yourself. Most interesting things aren't that short, and vice versa.

I ran out of ideas and wrote down that I like squirrels.

After the interview, you go home and resume your life. They might call in six months. They might not call, ever.

Some people think *Jeopardy!* gives contestants an outline of what to expect question-wise. Nope. In fact, since they can ask about anything in the history of human civilization, they flatly state that only a fool would actually try to study for the show.

I got a call from the producers in late August, inviting me to appear on the show in mid-September.

I now had exactly three weeks to suck in a complete liberal arts education.

For 21 days, I went down to the library promptly at 9 a.m. and disappeared into the Reference section like Shoeless Joe into a cornfield.

By 7 p.m., I was home to watch the show, so I could study betting strategies, get a handle on probable categories, and evaluate my preparedness.

At 7:30, I went back to the books for review, keeping notes on my day's discoveries.

At no point did I ever work this hard getting my degree.

In retrospect, my need for revenge against all the single-browed name-wearing predators kicked in bigtime. Suddenly nothing else mattered.

I blew off my girlfriend. Plates stacked up in the sink. E-mails and phone calls backed up. Even my hygiene suffered.

In the second week, I started standing while playing along, instead of reclining on the couch, the better to acclimate to actual game conditions. Three days later, I remembered that the video screens are far across the stage, so I moved my TV to the farthest corner of the apartment. In the third week, I realized that stage lights would be in my eyes, so I rearranged my halogen lamps to cast a blinding glare on me from all directions.

About here is the point where my grip on reality appears to have weakened.

Soon I began taking mineral and herbal supplements to improve my mental acuity, and I devised a mathematical model by which a player at home can accurately estimate how he would have done against two other players in the studio.

I also developed an ergonomically improved buzzer technique.

See, you have to wait for Alex to finish the question and for an off-stage light to flash before you can answer, so most easy questions go to whoever has the best buzzer skills.

After much experimentation, I abandoned the standard thumb-on-button technique, in favor of a desk-supported index-finger maneuver I consider the *Jeopardy!* equivalent of the Fosbury Flop.

Counseling would not have been out of the question.

And suddenly there I was, out walked Alex, and off we went.

Those first tapings now seem a complete blur.

I clearly remember Alex asking me about squirrels, which I had totally forgotten ever having written. In fact, he teased me about admiring an animal that sneaks into backyards and steals food. To which I replied, "Well, maybe if *you* lived in a tree, you'd have to do the same thing."

The audience laughed. Alex looked stunned, then amused. Apparently most contestants are too shy to tease him back.

I don't remember much else.

At one point, I somehow ran the category of London City Guilds, about which — I assure you — I know *nothing*. But there I am on the videotape, asking, "What are the Fishmongers?" with no hesitation whatsoever.

I still have no idea how that happened.

I think my car keys are on the kitchen counter.

Four games flew by. The other contestants hadn't prepared nearly as well.

They had lives.

I kicked ass.

If you win five games, they give you about \$40,000 worth of automobile as a bonus and a spot in the Tournament of Champions. Then they quietly hustle you off before Merv Griffin has to sell one of his islands in order to keep paying you. Which meant my last *Jeopardy!* answer — one single question — was worth more money than the house I grew up in.

During the commercial, the make-up girl told me I looked pale.

Yup. On the videotape, I look approximately as stressed-out as Nixon during his resignation speech.

After the shows aired, I was recognized everywhere for weeks — 20 million people really *do* watch. I couldn't eat a fast-food burrito without somebody asking me to repeat the \$500 term for glowing bacteria on rotting meat ("What is bioluminescence?"). Which didn't exactly make the burrito any more appetizing.

Believe it or not, dozens of women now began asking me out. I got marriage proposals from distant college professors and greeting cards from girls who broke up with me almost two decades ago. None of the women were under the age of 35, but at Lane Bryant I was Elvis.

Lots of people ask what Alex is really like, so let me answer that once and for all. Most people don't know this, but Mr. Trebek is actually a five-foot-tall black woman from Mississippi. They do wonders with make-up in Hollywood.

Look, Alex seems like a good guy and I liked him a lot. But it's not as if after the show we all strolled off to the lush *Jeopardy!* mansion to sit in a hot tub sipping Potent Potables with Charo and Zsa Zsa. Doesn't happen.

I will say that Alex has a pretty cool sense of humor.

After the Great Squirrel Debate in the first game, I found I could both relax myself and distract my opponents by teasing Alex whenever possible.

Everybody's pretty nervous their first time on that stage, and a lot of contestants are a little star-struck when Alex shows up and the game begins. Being the returning champ already gave me a psychological edge; appearing comfortable enough to gently *tease* Alex, as if we were old friends, increased that advantage visibly.

In any band of primates, proximity to the Alpha Male confers status.

And the guy responded, well, good-naturedly dishing out in exchange. Whenever I made a stupid answer — about once a game — he often took a few extra seconds to ride me about it for laughs. I ribbed him a bit about his sheer damn suaveness and the perfection of his French accent.

Since I've already included my squirrel riposte, I'll give Alex the last word.

One version of the promo spots for the Tournament of Champions included his final dig: "Some of the best minds we've ever had . . . except Bob."

OK, I admit it. I liked the guy a lot.

Which is also true of everyone else at the show. Fun as it is to dish, the truth is that I liked everybody. Of course, they *did* give me a lot of money, so that might color my opinion.

My fellow contestants were also bright and kind and wonderful to be around. Waiting in the green room is stressful enough that many of us bonded like victims of an airline disaster.

And if the regular season was hard on the heart, the Tournament was a complete flatline.

The Tournament was scheduled for January 1998, to air in February. Meaning that, after a brief visit with reality for a few weeks in October, I shortly returned to my routine of practice games played in blinding light with a distant TV.

Halloween came. I had forgotten to buy candy, so I handed out Ginkgo Biloba supplements.

Thanksgiving came. Instead of visiting my family in Ohio, I spent the weekend studying Famous American Indians.

On Christmas morning, I memorized Catholic Saints, and on New Year's Eve, I learned the names of 20th Century Dancers.

An intervention by the Cult Awareness Network might have been in order.

The Tournament contestants were the smartest people I've ever met: one guy completing med school at 23, a 17-year-old whiz-kid with 1600 SATs, and — most intimidating of all — a professor of Medieval Studies at Berkeley who had actually *read* all the books whose titles I had memorized.

If a nuclear holocaust had destroyed the world but somehow spared the *Jeopardy!* green room, these people could have rebuilt Western Civilization all by themselves.

I would have done a lot of heavy lifting.

This was truly an ironic moment: for the first time in my life, in a roomful of people, I was the cute, stupid guy.

And — lucky me — the night before the Tournament began, I came down with a rampaging flu. Five minutes before showtime, I could barely stand.

This was my fault entirely. In exhausting myself for months, the one thing I had forgotten to study was Human Limitations.

If you saw that first match, you can no longer fear death, for you

---

### Top 10 Reasons Aging Boomers Can Say, "What — Me Worry?"

by Paul Kleyman

10. Grecian Formula will introduce "Sexy Touch of Gray."
9. Ageism will end when AARP declares people 21-49 are now the "near elderly."
8. Boomers believe they'll never die — they'll just become the "post elderly."
7. Older technology have-nots will vote Al Gore a message about the global information economy — "Reinvent this!"
6. Congress will fix HMOs — after one accidentally switches Newt Gingrich's Viagra with chemical castration pills meant for a private prison.
5. Four words will win the 2008 presidential election — "It's your mother, stupid!"
4. At last we will finance long-term care — when Bill Gates has to spend *down* billions to qualify for Medicaid.
3. The good news: In the spirit of "personal responsibility," every aging boomer will have to become a doctor, a lawyer, and a Wall Street wizard. The bad news: Then they'll *really* bankrupt the country.
2. Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear & Loathing in Sun City*.
1. A boomer turns 50 every 7 seconds; an inheritance turns up every 8 seconds.

have already witnessed Hell. Against the smartest, quickest minds on Earth, I couldn't even remember that Snoopy was a Beagle.

The other contestants quietly snickered at my performance.

Fortunately, you also saw my desperation Hail Mary bet-it-all Final Jeopardy flail in which I pulled the city named for the Bishop of Hippo ("What is St. Augustine?") out of the nether regions of my anatomy, wobbling into the last wild-card slot as the gun sounded.

My fever was peaking at 102. But somehow I had survived. Destiny was on my side.

The next morning, my fever was down. I played the game of my life, racked up my highest score, and entered the two-day final as the first seed.

The Berkeley prof, Dan Melia, was the #2 seed.

Uh-oh.

The #3 seed was Kim Worth, a fellow stand-up comedian I had actually met once before, working a bar gig in a small town in Wisconsin that neither one of us remembers.

People of Wisconsin: you have a town up there so forgettable that two *Jeopardy!* champions can't remember a thing about it.

You guys need a pumpkin festival or something.

As the final started in the afternoon, I was surprised to find I could still win on the buzzer, and I was ahead after the first round. But once Dan started nailing \$1000 questions that I could barely conceptualize, I realized he simply knew enough stuff that, at last, my buzzer practice wasn't going to make up for the holes in my database.

As Double Jeopardy ended, I knew my only chance to win was to pick a spot and try to nail a huge bet. I needed an edge.

The broadcast date of this particular game was . . . um . . . February 12th. OK, that's . . . hmm . . . Lincoln's birthday.

And, sure enough, the Final Jeopardy category was . . . *U.S. Presidents*.

Yes! We were probably about to get some obscure Lincoln question about the Union Party, Mary Surratt, or the Black Hawk War.

If my hunch was right, I could close the whole deal before the second game even started. If not, I'd probably still wind up exactly where I was headed anyway.

So I bet the ranch . . .

And the question had nothing to do with Lincoln.

The correct answer to what they *did* ask was John Quincy Adams. And I probably would have remembered him if I hadn't been so flustered about Lincoln.

So this is what it's like to be the cute, stupid guy. It's not what it's cracked up to be.

Worse, now I had to spend another 30 minutes on national TV with no chance to win. So I played the whole thing for laughs, as did Kim. People like a good loser, and the audience roared appreciatively.

I can't speak for Kim, but I wasn't being gracious. I just don't know how else to look dignified while getting pasted.

My two-day total: one dollar. And a huge ovation.

Ah, what the heck. I'm not complaining.

At least I made one hell of an impression. As this story goes to press in June 1998, I still get e-mail from people who enjoyed the spectacle and want to say hi. Two major airlines are showing the Tournament finals as in-flight entertainment. And the Associated Press has actually carried a national story concerning my buzzer technique (dubbed the "Harris Hit"), which I am told has since caught on with many contestants.

My agent thinks I should get 10% of their winnings, but I won't quibble.

Sure, I still awaken sometimes in a cold sweat, haunted by visions of John Quincy Adams jumping at me from Lincoln's shadow.

But y'know what? When I first began performing stand-up comedy, I dreamed of making millions of people laugh, if just once in my life.

And it finally happened, albeit in a really unexpected way.

It wasn't the prize I was playing for, but I'll take it.

P.S. I know where my car keys are. They're in my blue jeans. I can hear them downstairs making a racket in the dryer.

## MEDIA FREAK

### Dispatches From the War on Drugs

• Wayne County Circuit Court Judge Kym Worthy has ruled that AIDS-cancer patient Peter McWilliams may use medical necessity as a defense in his marijuana possession trial, declaring that under Michigan law it would be "not just improper but immoral" to deny him the ability to present to a jury the fact that he uses marijuana to help treat his life-threatening medical condition.

• A jury in Sonora, California convicted a blind diabetic of cultivating 28 more marijuana plants than is permitted for medical reasons.

• Ten percent of Washington State's successful anti-medical-marijuana initiative was funded by Bill Gates; 90% by Steve Forbes.

• The *London Observer* reports that Britain's biggest tobacco firm discussed secretly lacing cigarettes with "subliminal" levels of marijuana to boost sales. Internal British American Tobacco documents show that they considered "exploiting" cannabis if the drug were legalized. Cigarette firms anticipating legalization have registered brand names associated with marijuana. In 1993 Philip Morris filed a trademark application in France for Marley, as in the pot-smoking reggae singer Bob Marley. Other names registered by tobacco companies include Acapulco Gold and Red Leb (short for Red Lebanese).

• A 10-year-old in Colorado Springs was suspended for offering a lemon drop to a friend, violating the policy of zero tolerance.

• L.A. Sheriff Sherman Block donated 20 scales confiscated from drug dealers to math and science classes at Kennedy Elementary School. Principal Dennis Wilson observed that the \$400 scales are much better than the ones currently used by students.

• On the Internet, Tod Mikurya wrote: "The federal government producing cannabis is like taking over Chrysler and making the Plymouth K car — example of mediocrity. The idea initially was to produce a standardized low potency product at 2.75% THC. The thought was to protect the consumer from overdose. The thoughts were developed by federal bureaucrats naive to the effects of the drug or the reality of self-adjustment of dose."

Genie Brittingham responded: "Is he talking about the only 8 people [who can legally smoke marijuana in any state] that include Elvy Musikka and Robert Randle? If so, I believe Elvy said that the government grows 150,000 acres in Mississippi and they receive it by prescription, pre-rolled, in three-month supplies. It is freeze-dried and rolled with seeds and stems included. There's very little bud material, mostly leaf; not what most would consider 'medicinal' quality. What I want to know is, if the government is growing that many acres for only 8 people, where

is the rest of it going? And where is all of the bud material ending up?"

• A San Antonio man is suing the city because police jailed him for a month on charges of possession of methamphetamine, but what he actually possessed was the ashes of his cremated grandmother. He said it was hard to believe the police mistook the ashes for drugs because speed "looks like baby powder" and the ashes were various shades of gray, white and black. "Grandma wasn't a doper."

• Highly recommended: Mike Gray's *Drug Crazy*.

• An Arizona correction center will not allow a prisoner on death row to subscribe to *High Times* because it "poses a threat to prison security."

• Steve Bloom, executive editor of *High Times*: "The film industry censors anything that has to do with marijuana use in films. I sort of understand Miramax not sending us color slides of Bridget Fonda and Robert DeNiro trading bong-hits in *Jackie Brown* (they sent us a shot of Fonda inhaling a cigarette instead) — it's not the focus of the movie — but when distributors of unabashed pot flicks like *Half Baked* and *Homegrown* are restricted by the Motion Picture Association of America from providing photos that have anything to do with marijuana to the press, especially *High Times*, I have a problem with that. The MPAA doesn't stop film studios from releasing photos of gunplay and violent explosions, but will stand in the way of a little joint or a pot plant. A film about pot is OK, promoting the film is not.

"So when you turn to our *Homegrown* story and see a photo of Hank Azaria smoking what appears to be a joint, understand that that's as far as the MPAA will let Columbia Tristar go in publicizing its marijuana movie. We can't show you a photo of Azaria manicuring a pile of fresh buds, but we can reproduce a dramatic shot of Billy Bob Thornton blasting his machine gun. Guns aren't illegal per se, but killing someone is. Apparently, the MPAA doesn't make that distinction. So long as pot is illegal, don't expect the major film studios to stand up to a censorship body they sanction."

• ABC has nixed commercials for Universal Studios' *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* — a movie of unrelenting ugliness — because Hunter Thompson's book, upon which it is based, "glorifies drug use."

• From ABC's special, *Sex, Drugs and Consenting Adults*:

Thomas Constantine: "There's a difference between alcohol and cocaine. There's a difference between alcohol and marijuana. Everybody who tries that substance — marijuana, heroin, cocaine, methamphetamines, hashish — does it for one singular purpose. They do it for the purpose of becoming high. I think that's wrong, and I think it's dangerous."

John Stossel: "I hate to say this to the head of the DEA, but when I have a glass of gin or vodka, I'm doing it to get a little buzz on.

That buzz is bad? Should be illegal?"

Constantine: "Well, I think if you drink for that purpose, that's not too smart. I can't tell you what to do with your own life."

Stossel: "We do want you to tell airline pilots and bus drivers they can't get high on the job. That's hardly victimless. But shouldn't people be allowed to harm themselves if that's what they want to do? Should we outlaw smoking?"

Constantine: "When we look down the road, I would say 10, 15, 20 years from now, in a gradual fashion, smoking will probably be outlawed in the United States."

### Something Gained in the Translation

The *Sunday Times* of London reported that in China, the titles of the following movies have been translated from English to Chinese as follows:

• In Mandarin, *The Full Monty* is *Six Naked Pigs*. In Cantonese it is *Six Stripped Warriors*.

• The Cantonese version of *The English Patient* is *Do Not Ask Me Who I Am, Ever*.

• *Secrets and Lies* is *Dreadful, Difficult People*.

• *Fargo* in Cantonese is called *Mysterious Murder in Snowy Cream*.

• *Boogie Nights* is *Instant Fame*, which, in Hong Kong, is a slang term for a large male sexual organ.

• *As Good As It Gets* is *Mr. Cat Poop*.

• Oliver Stone's *Nixon* is *The Big Liar*.

### A Severe Test of Free Speech

Patrick Hughes in *Factsheet 5*, encyclopedic guide to the zine revolution:

"In March 1993, Edward Perry broke into a home in suburban Maryland and brutally murdered Mildred Horn, her 8-year-old quadriplegic son, and his nurse. Perry was acting as a contract killer hired by Lawrence Horn, her ex-husband, to murder his family so that he would receive the \$2 million his son had won as a settlement for injuries that had left him paralyzed from an accident. Perry is now on death row, and Horn received a life sentence.

"While searching Perry's apartment, police discovered a catalog for Paladin Press, and were informed by the publisher that Perry had purchased *Hit Man: A Technical Manual for Independent Contractors and How to Make a Disposable Silencer*. It is not known whether he read the books as they were never found in his apartment. During the trial, it was alleged that Perry meticulously followed many of the 'instructions' recommended by *Hit Man*. After he was convicted, the surviving families filed suit against Paladin Press. . . .

"In August 1996, a judge ruled in favor of Paladin, citing that the plaintiff's case failed to prove that the book somehow caused Perry to lose his senses and kill. Lawyers filed an appeal and in November 1997, the decision was reversed, 3-0, the court declaring that *Hit Man* has no 'legitimate purpose beyond the



promotion and teaching of murder. . . . A conclusion that Paladin directed *Hit Man* to a discrete group rather than to the public at large would be supported, even if not established, by the evidence that *Hit Man* is not generally available or sold to the public from the bookshelves of local bookstores, but, rather, is obtainable as a practical matter only by catalog.

"The implications of this statement are astounding. The judges are essentially concluding that the First Amendment only applies to texts available in the mainstream. Unfortunately as it is, corporate control of media outlets continues to restrict the availability of information, so many individuals have turned to mail order catalogs and Internet sites for material that is not available in the mainstream. If this court has its way, small press and zine publications will no longer be protected by the First Amendment by the sheer fact of their marginalization.

"If the plaintiff's lawsuit perseveres, the impact on publishing as a whole could be devastating. Imagine the flurry of lawsuits against zines like *Temp Slave* if disgruntled employees possessing these zines were caught monkey-wrenching on the job. Because of the implications of this ongoing lawsuit, the lawyers representing Paladin Press are pressing for a review by the U.S. Supreme Court."

#### Monkey Shit Blues

Thirty years ago, a professional journal, *Western Folklore*, published an article, "The Scatological Rites of Burglars," by Albert B. Friedman. He wrote, "A couple in one of the Southern California beach towns returned late from an evening in Los Angeles to find clothes from the closets heaped neatly on chairs, silver and table-top ornaments missing, and drawers ransacked in the wake of a systematic burglary. While the husband phoned the police, he sent his wife into the kitchen to make coffee. A few minutes later he heard her scream. She had gone into hysterics when she caught sight of a pile of excrement left on a porcelain kitchen table by one of the thieves, perhaps the only thief."

Friedman proceeded to trace the history of burglars leaving such a "calling card" — a practice known as the *grumi merdae* ritual. "The first folklorist to write discursively on this 'superstition,'" Albert Hellwig, was absorbed with its possibilities for crime detection. He thought it especially important that the elaboration of the ritual took distinctive national forms. French thieves wrapped their excrement in trousers and left it in the center of the room; German thieves defecated on window sills or tables or in the center of the room, in the latter case covering the product with papers, table scarves or any handy garment; Dutch thieves tended to make their deposits on beds. From the location of the excrement one might thus deduce the thief's national origin, for whatever value that fact might have in identifying him.

"Hellwig was writing of conditions as of around 1900. To extend and update his data on national styles, one should record that English thieves at this period, like their German counterparts, favored the center of the room, and that in the Orient the thief traditionally defecated not on the premises to be robbed but near them before breaking in, covering the excrement with a pail. Currently in American cities, many thieves who observe the ritual prefer to defecate in a bathtub, on a porcelain table, on a tile surface, or in an attic, closet, or some other uncarpeted area, suggesting that they do not wish to harm their victim's property any more than is necessary. The only one of my criminal informants who admitted to committing the ritual insisted that he always used the water closet — but without flushing. Two detectives have written me and an insurance expert has told me that at the present time defecation in the back seats of stolen cars sometimes occurs."

And superstition reared its irrational head — "that the thief is safe from interference or discovery so long as the excrement remains warm. The thinking here apparently is that so long as the body heat is in the excrement, it remains magically allied with the producer and protects him. One embellishment of the *grumus merdae* in Latin countries and among Latin-American thieves in New York is the fixing of a lighted candle in the cone of excrement, perhaps to reinforce the warmth principle actually or symbolically, or — more likely — to give the rite a more sacred and thus more binding character by associating it with the lighting of votive candles."

Friedman was skeptical of the notion that defecation "is the burglar's precautionous lightening of himself in case flight should be necessary. I am told, however, that prisoners about to attempt an escape always defecate 'for good luck' . . . The SS troopers in Gunter Grass' *Tin Drum* leave 'brown sausages' in the shops they loot, but the carryings-on of Nazi bullies or of a band of adolescent vandals who have broken into a school and smeared the seats and blackboards with excrement are not the same thing as the neat, compulsive, ritual defecation with which we are concerned, although admittedly it is not always easy to tell whether the defecation is ritual or merely vengeful and insulting."

However, this scholarly paper simply did not go back far enough in time. Indeed, the practice he explored could well serve as an evolutionist's argument, judging by recent news items about monkey behavior. A pack of macaques in the Japanese state of Aomori has been breaking into homes, stealing food and leaving behind their own feces. And during Joan Rivers' safari trip in Africa, a monkey entered her tent as she slept, and defecated on her head.

#### Mickey Mouse Business

A publicist from Ballantine Books contacted Roberto Santiago, senior editor of

*Penthouse Forum*, to promote a book by Carl Hiaasen, author of *Striptease*, the novel on which the movie starring Demi Moore was based. The new, nonfiction book, *Team Rodent*, is about how the Walt Disney folks undermine all adult fun and freedom by trying to create a world in their own image. *Sic transit Times Square*.

Santiago was scheduled to interview Hiaasen about his iconoclastic views, including support for adult entertainment. But then the publicist read a copy of *Forum* and deemed it unsuitable. The appointment with Hiaasen was cancelled.

"The irony," says Santiago, "is that *Forum*, a high-circulation magazine that supports iconoclastic views and is as anti-Disney as it comes, was deemed as 'unsuitable' by a publishing company that just released a book that supports porn."

#### Filler Items

- When Congressman Dan Burton called President Bill Clinton "a scumbag," the *Washington Post* and the *Chicago Tribune* used the word "scumbag" in headlines; a *New York Daily News* column printed "s—bag"; the *New York Times* avoided the term altogether, instead referring to Burton's insult as "a vulgarity for a condom," then changing it the next day to "a euphemism for a despicable person."

- A survey of pet owners by the American Animal Hospital Association found that 38% of humans phone home during vacations just so their animal will hear their voice.

- An issue of *GQ* magazine had two different covers, both featuring basketball star Dennis Rodman and actress Rebecca Romijn. On the edition mailed to homes, two hands have been painted over Romijn's bare breasts. On the edition sold on newsstands, her breasts are covered by her bathing-suit top.

- From a letter to the editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* from a music-lover: "While trying to listen to the quiet strains of Giya Kancheli's Symphony No. 4, I counted 158 coughs from the audience."

- The Handsome Rewards catalog sells an alarm clock that wakes heavy sleepers by creating the sound of a big-rig truck bearing down on them.

- In the *Los Angeles Times* Real Estate section, a story about toupe-wearing actor Burt Reynolds leasing a Bel-Air home for three months at \$20,000 a month, was headlined: "Does \$20K/Mo. Include Rugs?"

- Here's a story about the arrogance of power even the tabloids won't publish. At a dinner party, Arnold Schwarzenegger told a young woman he would give her \$1,000 if she would stick her finger up her ass and then let him smell it. She refused. Later, he followed her into the bathroom and forcibly stuck his finger up her ass. He did not pay her. She is an actress and has not brought a lawsuit because she fears it would hurt her career in Hollywood.

• A bookbinding company refused to bind *Anal Pleasure & Health* because "we bind Bibles on this equipment."

• Singer Mariah Carey: "Whenever I watch TV and see those poor starving kids all over the world, I can't help but cry. I mean I'd love to be skinny like that but not with all those flies and death and stuff."

• Charles Manson has offered to take a lethal injection if he can meet the Spice Girls.

• A reader of Walter Scott's column in *Parade* wrote: "James Van Praagh, author of *Talking to Heaven: A Medium's Message of Life After Death*, says he can communicate with the dead. What's your opinion of his claim?" The answer: "If it were possible, you can be sure AT&T would be doing it."

• The *Wall Street Journal* reports that the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office is wading through at least 630 millennium trademark requests, including a stainless steel casket, sunroofs, cigars, a semiautomatic gun, cereal, herbs, pet food, bottled water, lasers and fishing tackle. A London company has acquired rights to slap its logo on more than 2,000 products, from tampons to scythes.

• On CNN, *Larry King Live* featured an interview with Bernard Lewinsky, who said, in defense of his daughter, Monica: "She's a very smart, intelligent, beautiful girl who's going to go places, and unfortunately she's taking her licks."

• William Ginsburg in *Time*: "I was there at the beginning. I kissed that little girl's inner thighs when she was six days old."

• When President Clinton spoke at M.I.T., an Internet announcement — supposedly from the dean — forbade students from wearing "black berets and knee pads."

• "The Walt Disney folks sent out to the media a coming attraction of a movie on a cassette, calling it a "pre-awareness reel."

• There is already a euphemism for school-killers — "Intermittent explosive disorder." However, Mike Males points out that "Recent studies estimate that gunplay at school kills 20 to 30 youths a year, though there is no evidence the toll is higher than in the past. By contrast, studies by the U.S. Advisory Board on Child Abuse and Neglect show that 2,000 to 3,000 children and youths are murdered each year by parents or caretakers."

• Harry Shearer on the India-Pakistan conflict: "We've had a hot war, and we've had a cold war, and now we have a hot & spicy war."

• American Home Products and Monsanto unveiled a \$34-billion stock swap that would create a drug and biotechnology Godzilla. American Home Products makes Advil, Chap Stick, and Preparation H. Monsanto produces an arthritis drug, Celebra, and — a perfect metaphor for the ultimate merger — a bioengineered strain of cotton, Roundup Ready, which is genetically manipulated to withstand doses of the company's Roundup weed killer.

• Ads against bilingual education were broadcast in English and Spanish.

## My Most Memorable Letter

by Eugene Schoenfeld

It happens with eerie regularity. Someone will recognize me as "Dr. Hip," ask if I still write the "Hip Pocrates" columns (not since 1967-73 and 1978-79), then commence to tell me about the letter best remembered from those columns. Almost invariably, it is the same letter. And the letter best remembered by my readers is the one I most regret printing.

In 1967, I began writing newspaper columns and hosting radio programs dealing with sex and drugs. Or, when it got repetitious, drugs and sex. Never before had a newspaper feature answered questions about the effects of psychoactive drugs, or used lay terms (bad puns . . . uh . . . came easily) in discussing sexuality. The column first appeared in the *Berkeley Barb*, whose publisher, Max Scher, invented the column's name. The *Los Angeles Free Press* was the second "underground" paper to print "Hip Pocrates." Before long, I was known as Dr. Hip and the column was nationally syndicated in major newspapers.

In 1968, a DJ for San Francisco station KMPX-FM invited me to answer telephone calls from his listeners. This was apparently the first time medical questions of any kind had been answered live on the radio. The DJ was Howard Hesseman, who later played himself, as DJ Johnny Fever in a TV series still in reruns, *Radio Station WKRP in Cincinnati*. A weekly Dr. Hip radio show followed on KSAN-FM, but ended soon after a guest appearance by Margo St. James, founder of the prostitutes' union, COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics).

Margo's graphic instructions on oral sex techniques led to an FCC investigation, and it was only after the expenditure of several hundred thousand 1971 dollars in fees for attorneys that Metro Media was permitted to keep its KSAN license. The program, the FCC complaint, and associated legal issues were the basis of several Ph.D. communications theses, as well as a chapter of Peter Laufer's book, *Inside Talk Radio*. Margo set off the FCC investigation when an outraged married couple heard her say, "Well, I must admit that eating pussy is easier than sucking cock."

You may wonder whether there is enormous satisfaction in having Dr. Dean Edell acknowledge in print that I paved the way for his nationally syndicated radio programs. Or pride on realizing that I was answering questions about sex and drugs on rock and roll stations when *Love Line's* Dr. Drew Pinsky was in First Grade. But you know what? As the editor of this publication can verify, being first pays no bills. Also, happiness can't buy money.

More recently, from 1993-96, I was the Modern Rock Doc for KITS-FM. The callers to this program were sometimes quite literally the children of callers to my first pro-

grams. And, except for AIDS and an increase in piercings and tattoos, they asked the same questions as their parents. The most memorable question called into my Modern Rock Doc program? How to best dye pubic hair blue. The answer, as suggested by my producer — prepare the area first with peroxide.

But I started to tell you about the letter people remember best from the Hip Pocrates columns, which is also the letter I most regret using. It arrived at the end of the summer of 1968. I read it, fascinated, but put it aside. By then I knew that people were in a mood to try almost anything, if there was a chance to experience new exotic highs or to know pleasure previously unknown. The letter described a practice so bizarre, twisted, and obviously dangerous that no sane normal person could be endangered by its publication. But it was a time of temporary insanity for many in the emerging counterculture. We were just beginning to learn that there are a lot of people who just can't hold their drugs. So I put the letter aside.

But weekly column deadlines come around quickly sometimes. There was a week with no strange, quirky, or even socially redeeming letters. So I reluctantly, hesitantly decided to use the letter I had set aside. I would publish it as a cautionary example of the dangers of momentary pleasure, taking care to warn of the consequences, should anyone actually be inclined to try the experience described in the letter. Following is what appeared in the October 18, 1968 Hip Pocrates column, as published in the *Berkeley Barb*.

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

"A couple of weeks ago my girlfriend and I got loaded and were making love. She told me that she wanted to show me something new that would be a real thrill to me. She said that one of her old boyfriends liked to have her do it to him often, so without knowing what it was, I agreed to let her try it.

"What she did was to stretch my scrotum out tightly, then she took a pair of fingernail clippers and cut a small hole in the sac. I began to get scared then but she said not to worry, it was fun and didn't hurt much. Next she stuck a small plastic straw into the hole in my sac and started to blow air into it.

"My sac got bigger than a baseball, but surprisingly it didn't hurt much and felt kind of good. I began to worry that it might burst so she stopped blowing and removed the straw. Then she quickly put a piece of adhesive tape over the hole to keep the air in. Then we continued with intercourse and I had a climax that was out of this world.

"Afterwards she removed the tape from my scrotum and squeezed the air out with her hand. Then she dabbed my scrotum with rubbing alcohol (to prevent infection, she said) and retaped the hole. When she put the alcohol on it, it burned like hell. The next day my penis was swollen to about double its normal size and it itched like hell, but two days later it was OK again. What I want to know is

## Hack Heaven

by Stephen Glass

Ian Restil, a 15-year-old computer hacker who looks like an even more adolescent version of Bill Gates, is throwing a tantrum. "I want more money. I want a Miata. I want a trip to Disney World. I want *X-Man* comic [book] number one. I want a lifetime subscription to *Playboy*, and throw in *Penthouse*. Show me the money! Show me the money!" Over and over again, the boy, who is wearing a frayed Cal Ripken Jr. T-shirt, is shouting his demands. Across the table, executives from a California software firm called Jukt Micronics are listening — and trying ever so delicately to oblige. "Excuse me, sir," one of the suits says, tentatively, to the pimply teenager. "Excuse me. Pardon me for interrupting you, sir. We can arrange more money for you. Then, you can buy the [comic] book, and then, when you're of more, say, appropriate age, you can buy the car and pornographic magazines on your own."

It's pretty amazing that a 15-year-old could get a big time software firm to grovel like

could this practice cause me any harm? And what caused my penis to swell the next day?

*Answer:* I hesitated a long time before deciding to print the above letter about a very literal 'blow' job. It appears in print only to point out that pleasurable sensations should be weighed against potential dangers.

"To use drugs as an example, shooting speed (amphetamine) undoubtedly gives immediate pleasure, but at the potential price of hepatitis, thrombophlebitis, deterioration of the personality, and sudden death through overdose. Heroin users quickly become heroin addicts. Nineteen known deaths have been caused in the last year by inhalation of Freon gases from glass chiller aerosol cans.

"If any readers doubt that the practice mentioned in the above letter is harmful, I should point out firstly that more bacteria exist in the mouth than in any other orifice. Our skin is a natural barrier to bacteria and other microorganisms which are not normally found in the scrotum. Infections of the scrotum? Not a pleasant prospect. Even more dangerous is the possibility of an air embolism. Air forced into a closed tissue space may enter the bloodstream, go to the heart, lungs, or brain and cause sudden death or a stroke."

\* \* \*

Seven months later, a reader sent me an article published in the *Henry Ford Hospital Medical Journal* in Detroit. The article described the case of a young man seen in the hospital's emergency room because of an infection of the scrotum. He gave a history of having his girlfriend snip a hole in his scrotum and blowing it up with a straw, followed by sexual intercourse. They had gotten the idea from reading a "hippie newspaper."

that. What's more amazing, though, is how Ian got Jukt's attention — by breaking into its databases. In March, Restil — whose nom de plume is "Big Bad Bionic Boy" — used a computer at his high school library to hack into Jukt. Once he got past the company's on-line security system, he posted every employee's salary on the company's web-site alongside more than a dozen pictures of naked women, each with the caption: "THE BIG BAD BIONIC BOY HAS BEEN HERE BABY." After weeks of trying futilely to figure out how Ian cracked the security program, Jukt's engineers gave up. That's when the company came to Ian's Bethesda, Maryland, home — to hire him.

And Ian, clever boy that he is, had been expecting them. "The principal told us to hire a defense lawyer fast, because Ian was in deep trouble," says his mother, Jamie Restil. "Ian laughed and told us to get an agent. Our boy was definitely right." Ian says he knew that Jukt would determine it was cheaper to hire him — and pay him to fix their database — than it would be to have engineers do it. And he knew this because the same thing had happened to more than a dozen online friends.

Indeed, deals like Ian's are becoming common — so common, in fact, that hacker agents now advertise their commissions on websites. *Computer Insider*, a newsletter for hackers, estimates that about 900 recreational hackers were hired in the last four years by companies they once targeted. Ian's agent, whose business card is emblazoned with the slogan "super-agent to super-nerds," claims to represent nearly 300 of them, ages nine to 68. A failed basketball agent, Joe Hiert got into the industry when one of his son's friends, 21-year-old Ty Harris, broke into an Internet security firm three years ago and came to him for advice. The software maker paid Harris \$1 million, a monster truck, and promised "free agency" — meaning he can quit and work for a competitor at any time.

Of course, a cynic might say hacker schemes look an awful lot like protection rackets. *That's an awfully nice computer network you got there. It'd be a shame if somebody broke into it. . . .* Law-enforcement officials, in particular, complain that deals between companies and their online predators have made prosecution of online security breaches impossible. "We are basically paralyzed right now," explains Jim Ghort, who directs the Center for Interstate Online Investigations, a joint police project of 18 states. "We can't arrest or prosecute most hackers, because corporate victims are refusing to come forward. This is a huge problem."

In March, Nevada law-enforcement officials got so desperate they ran the following radio advertisement: "Would you hire a shoplifter to watch the cash register? Please don't deal with hackers." The state took to the airwaves shortly after a hacker broke into a regional department store's computer system and instructed it to credit his Visa card

about \$500 per day. According to Nevada officials, the boy racked up more than \$32,000 in credit before he was caught — but the store wouldn't press charges. It let him keep the money, then threw in a \$1,500 shopping spree — all in exchange for showing them how to improve their security.

Little wonder, then, that 21 states are now considering versions of something called the Uniform Computer Security Act, which would effectively criminalize immunity deals between hackers and companies — while imposing stiff penalties on the corporations who make such deals. "This is just like prostitution," says Julie Farthwork of the anti-hacker Computer Security Center, which helped draft the legislation. "As a society, we don't want people making a career out of something that's simply immoral."

Not surprisingly, hackers hate the proposed legislation. They see themselves as "freelance security investigators," and they even have their own group — the National Assembly of Hackers — to lobby against the new law. "Really, hackers have to put in a lot of sunk costs before they find the one that's broken and get paid," says Frank Juliet, the group's president. "So, it's definitely a large community service that we are doing."

Less predictable, however, is the opposition of companies that have been hacked. It seems they don't like the proposed law, either, because they're worried they'll be stuck with no legal way to patch holes in their security systems. The Association of Internet-based Businesses has actually formed a task force with the National Assembly of Hackers to lobby against the law.

It remains to be seen who will win, but, until new laws are passed, hackers like Ian Restil will continue to enjoy a certain exalted status — particularly among their peers. At a conference sponsored by the National Assembly of Hackers last week, teenage hackers and graying corporate executives flocked to Ian, patting him on the back and giving him high-fives. "We're so proud of him," said Ian's mother. "He's doing such good things, and he's so smart and kind." At the formal dinner that followed, the emcee explained that Ian had just signed a contract for \$81,000 in scholarship money — and a collection of rare comic books. The audience applauded wildly. Then, Ian stood on his chair and took a bow. He announced that he had hacked into a new company and frozen their bank account temporarily. "And now they're going to show me the money," he said, swirling his hips and shaking his fists. "I want a Miata. I want a trip to Disney World. . . ."

[*Editor's note:* The preceding was published in the *New Republic* as factual journalism, but it turned out to have been a total invention of associate editor Stephen Glass, who was fired as a result. In real life, 50 NSA hackers gained access to a U.S. electric power grid system they could've sabotaged to plunge the nation into darkness.]

## The Viagra Party by Carol Queen

The minute we heard Viagra had been approved by the FDA, Robert and I began looking for an appropriate dispensing physician. Not because he needs it, no — though his dick *does* get shy at parties, and this has pretty effectively cut us out of a career in the hard (ahem) -core porno business — but how could a pair of sexologists let a single day go by without doing participant observation on the drug that some are predicting will inspire a new sexual revolution? We're still trying to keep the *last* sexual revolution healthy, for goodness sake, and we really felt we had to sample the stuff.

Naturally all our friends began to clamor for a chance to come try it with us. "Well, why don't we invite them all over?" we asked each other. "It would be a sexologically significant event." Plus it's so gratifying to introduce all one's friends to each other — especially when they're naked. We set a date and stuffed up the throw pillows.

The first doctor we approached wanted no part of a party. The second thought it was a fine idea (and baldly hinted for an invitation), but wouldn't prescribe Viagra for possible consumption by women. We explained that we realized it hadn't been approved for women yet, but we were quite familiar with the physiology of erection and arousal in both women and men; the possibility that the drug would alter female sexual response in a positive direction certainly exists, and we wouldn't ever be so sexist as to deprive our women guests the opportunity to check it out. Finally we found a feminist doctor who was so incensed at the short shrift given clitoral erection in the literature that she wrote us a script, no questions asked.

Thus armed, we called around to see which of the local pharmacies was currently undercutting the others in the Viagra price war. We wanted to commemorate our Viagra voyage fabulously and toyed with the idea of renting a special bus so we could drive around to pick everyone up. But even at price-war prices, Viagra is pretty expensive; supplying all our friends set us back, and there wasn't time to solicit a corporate donation from Pfizer. Instead we borrowed a van from our friends at Sister Spit, the dyke poets and spoken word artists who use it every summer to circumnavigate the country. They were happy to have us redecorate it, as long as we used tempera so they could wash the pictures of penises off it later. After painting it with bright paisleys, decorating it with dildos and blow-up dolls, and emblazoning the word *Harder!* on the front, we set out.

Sophie was our first guest; she had invited her friend Imogene, the erotic photographer. Sophie is best known for her voyeurism, but she's also rather exhibitionistic, and she wanted to immortalize her clitoral erection for all time. She figured one photo every five minutes would do that nicely. "Unless you

want me to do one per minute," said Imogene. "Then we could market it as a flip book." Jack and his buddy Randy were next. I do love having gay men at sex parties, though I was a little worried about giving Viagra to the notoriously potent Jack — could he stand any more engorgement? What if he blew up?

Sharon brought her new paramour, George, who said that he actually *was* having the sorts of erectile changes that Viagra has been marketed as a good fix for; actually he called them "problems," but we don't talk that way around here. "Besides," Sharon confided, "I sometimes prefer it when the spirit is willing and the flesh is weak, since George is such a good sport in bed when his fingers and tongue have to take up the slack." To this Sophie replied that fingers and tongues were all well and good, but everyone and her dog had *those*, and she expected any man she spent time with to stand up and salute her at every opportunity.

We picked up Johanna and Mario at Good Vibrations, where they'd been shopping for party favors — condoms and lube in every available variation. Finally we got Minx, di-



rectly from her job at the peep show. "Does this mean I'll be looking at even *more* erections on the job?" she asked. "I might as well get used to it now."

Viagra doesn't do its job in the absence of arousal, the doctor had warned, so back at the ranch we'd planned a nice little game of dirty charades to warm us all up. Then we gave the doctor disclaimers: if any of the women were pregnant or menstruating, they shouldn't indulge; and no Viagra for anyone using any nitrate-based medications. Also, absolutely no poppers — they're nitrate, too. In fact, we weren't even serving alcohol. Never mix, never worry, as they say. We wanted there to be only one drug in effect tonight.

Our dispensing physician stood behind the Viagra bar, administering pills and questionnaires. How could we pass up a chance for a write-up in the *Journal of Sex Research*? Anyway, the doctor wouldn't prescribe for us if our Viagra use was merely for sexual gratification. If this really *is* the onset of a new sexual revolutions, the physicians will be hiding behind the sexologists — especially the ones who work for HMOs, which are petrified that Viagra will either bankrupt them, bring down the wrath of the procreation-only folks, or both.

Thirty minutes into the dirty charades, even George had sprouted a boner the likes of

which he said he hadn't seen for 20 years. Of course, that little *tableau vivant* put together by Sophie, Minx and me could have made a dead man come — thank goodness Imogene was right there, snapping away, so perhaps you'll be able to see the results in a future *Libido* magazine. The women were purring like big, slippery cats.

Mario displayed so little self-control that he had begun whaling away on his own, but just as soon as Sophie extricated herself from the position Minx taught us (called "Inverted Fireman's Hold à la Lesbienne"), she hopped right on him. "Don't waste that!" she cried. I made a mental note to speak to her later about treating men like objects, but Mario seemed pretty happy at the moment so I figured he had no problem being objectified, at least not while on Viagra.

I noticed a new and not unpleasant tingling that consumed not only my clit but my entire vulva. Minx swathed me in plastic wrap — "This is good for tying people down, too," she pointed out — and licked me silly. The tingling grew greater the longer she went on. Over to my right Jack and Randy were doing something that resembled a cross between Greek wrestling and 69, so I couldn't actually tell if Jack's cock had gotten any bigger and harder than usual.

Just then Robert, who, as I mentioned, is usually shy in crowds, came over, looking rampant as a satyr in a garden full of nymphs. Johanna had been kind enough to distract him while the Viagra did its stuff. We played porn star while Imogene snapped pictures; over on the sofa Sharon and George were doing the same. Sophie squealed that multiple orgasms were in especially good supply tonight, as Mario fucked her with the sort of abandon she demanded in a lover.

It seemed that even the fellows were having multiple orgasms — anyway, refractory periods were definitely shorter than usual. Of the men present, only Robert had taught himself how to separate orgasms and ejaculations, but it didn't matter, we had plenty of condoms to go around. Only the women were making wet spots — a strange but somehow fitting corollary effect of feminism, I mused. Even George got more than one erection, but before his second one sprouted, Sharon got all the fingers and tongues she could take — which was plenty.

All the women were bisexual, in fact, so there were tongues and fingers enough for everyone. I, too, insist that the Viagra Age not be an excuse for men to forget their other skills; I gave a little speech to that effect when we were still riding the bus. But late in the party I saw Mario occasionally sneaking a peek at Jack and Randy, though as far as we'd known, Mario was straight as an arrow. Hmm, maybe he'd earn his bisexuality merit badge tonight — but that wouldn't be the Viagra talking, just the usual magic of a well-planned sex party. Martha Stewart really ought to do a TV special on the subject. Do you suppose she'd want to co-host with me?