

Spring, 1999  
Price: \$2

# The Realist

Number 141  
Editor: Paul Krassner

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## The World Pornography Conference

by Nancy Cain

I don't know much about pornography but I do watch the news, so I have a clue. I won't be shocked. The World Pornography Conference is a four-day affair at the Sheraton Universal Hotel and anyone can attend for a mere \$175. That's cheaper than staying home, more fun than Disneyland and, moreover, it's academic. It is sponsored by the Center for Sex Research at California State University, Northridge. You see, this is Hollywood, and around here you can get your Ph.D. in cum shots.

At first glance, it appears to be an ordinary convention. Is this the National Lawyers Guild? The Real Estate Association? It looks like any other industry in the throes of self-importance. There are a hundred round tables in the grand ballroom for the daily morning invocation and a lot of people are taking notes. The speaker is droning on about interactive hard-core. Some people have their eyes closed. After all, it's only 8 in the morning. I'm trying to concentrate but it's a little too much like school for me. Something about "the carnal density of vision."

Linda Williams, Ph.D., University of California, Berkeley, Department of Rhetoric and Film Studies, and the author of *Hard Core: Power, Pleasure and the Frenzy of the Visible*, is at the podium. She's explaining how we're moving from an era of "ob-scenities" to an era of "on-scenities." This is serious. Many pony-tailed guys nod in agreement. Now I can see that the audience is an even mix of what look like college professors and porn stars.

At the next table, Nina Hartley—nurse, educator, producer, director, performer and feminist sex-positive advocate—sits with her legs girlishly up underneath her on her chair. She is wearing a short black dress and a sweet smile. Nina is a hero in the industry. Everybody loves her. She'll be on a panel called "Women and Pornography: Victims or Visionaries?" I'll start there. Candida Royale, president of Femme Productions and an innovator of couples' films from a woman's perspective, is the moderator.

On the panel is Annie Sprinkle, billed as a 25-year veteran multimedia sex pioneer, activist and educator. "I am orgasmic to be here," she begins. "It's a wonderful experience to be taken seriously. I love the combination of low-brow and high-brow," she says, putting her finger on the strangeness of the event. She even brought her mom along. Totally P.C.

Also on this panel is erotic artist Betty Dodson, Ph.D. Now 70, she has probably seen more thousands upon thousands of pussies than anyone in the world. In her masturbation workshops over the years, as she revealed the pleasures of self-love to the women-only groups, she got to draw any pussy she wanted, stippling and cross-hatching them perfectly with her pencil onto the page.

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## Mr. Mike: Special Depraved Bonus Bits

by Dennis Perrin

In the summer of 1998, *Mr. Mike*, my biography of Michael O'Donoghue, was released by Avon Books. It was hailed by many of O'Donoghue's friends and former colleagues as being the first truly accurate and evenhanded account of the early *National Lampoon* and *Saturday Night Live* years. I received letters from readers who thanked me for capturing O'Donoghue's spirit, including one from a man in the Pacific northwest who, inspired by my subject's fascination with the Nazi mindset, wrote a poem about Auschwitz and gave me a list of fascist groups that might enjoy the book as well—not Oprah's Book Club, but recognition all the same.

It warns one to learn that Jew-hating, nigger-baiting rubes liked *Mr. Mike*, and I've no doubt that O'D himself would kick up his ballet shoes and laugh at the beauty of it all. What he would make of the critical reception of the book is less certain, though when faced with negative reviews in life he penned nasty letters to the guilty parties which usually opened, "Listen dickwad," and often ended, "Let me close with the sincere hope that you and everyone you love catches rectal cancer and dies screaming. Blow me."

This is not to say that *Mr. Mike* received only negative reviews. There were those who appreciated my cultural history lesson and said so in print. But there were others who found *Mr. Mike* hard going and their confusion and anger was evident in their reviews. I portrayed O'Donoghue as a serious artist. Worse still, I concentrated on his work instead of his cock size. A serious infraction as I soon discovered. In American media-land, category is everything.

My category was pop culture biography, and so it was my duty to expose the "hidden" O'Donoghue: sex, drugs, racial hatred, queer tendencies, the lot. After compiling the evidence I was then to judge him as a horrible person, or at the very least flawed. The work? Of no real consequence, as the late skull-humper Albert Goldman taught us. Art is subjective and too messy to define. But if one's subject liked a black dildo up his ass or enjoyed fingering pre-teen girls, the biographer can never be too thorough. If there are photos, even better.

In my case the complaints were roughly the following: (1) I focused too much on O'Donoghue's humor and this made his humor hard to understand; (2) My analysis of O'Donoghue's humor wasn't "funny" enough, because if you write about a humorist, you should try to match him laugh for laugh; (3) I was "too respectful" of my subject and a biographer must never show respect lest his moral judgment suffer; (4) I failed to provide enough titillating anecdotes to maintain the reviewers' interest in O'Donoghue. It was this final complaint that most frequently aired and which ultimately moved

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Michael O'Donoghue Relaxing at Home



## COURT JESTER

### Trying to Keep an Open Mind

Although I'm not a believer in astrology, or communicating with the dead, I asked astrologer/psychic Robin Clauson how the Zodiac would explain what seems like a massive, positive, paradigm shift, and I also mentioned necrobiographer Lawrence Schiller's book blaming JonBenet Ramsey's murder on her mother. Clauson's answer:

"As far as reform goes, the Age of Aquarius began last year when two of the slowest moving planets, Uranus (ruler of Aquarius) & Neptune, co-joined in that sign. This means that the influence of the most progressive, altruistic, innovative and rebellious sign will affect the cosmos (let's not be globalcentric here) until 2012 when Neptune enters Pisces. The era promises to be a rollercoaster ride of total upheaval of old traditions and linear thinking.

"Personally, I don't buy Schiller's Mommy-did-it thesis because my entire psychic reading class and teacher saw JonBenet running away from Daddy due to ongoing sexual and physical abuse. That loose 'noose' found around her neck was a sex toy. When I talked to her in trance she told me, 'Daddy did it. Daddy killed me.' Granted my source isn't reliable, nor available, but it was eerie how similar all our readings were."

### Ah Sordid Announcements

- Countdown: There are now only five more issues to come before *The Realist* ceases publication. There will be just two issues a year so that I can have the arbitrary distinction of publishing in two centuries. A subscription is \$10, or \$12 if you'd like your gift sub for a friend to start with this issue. Box 1230, Venice, CA 90294. And be sure to ask for your free tube of Y2KY Jelly to ease your transition into the 21st Century.

- Also available: my unauthorized autobiography, *Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut: Misadventures in the Counter-Culture*, \$25; *The Winner of the Slow Bicycle Race: The Satirical Writings of Paul Krassner*, with a foreword by Kurt Vonnegut, \$24; and a collection of columns, bits and pieces, *The (Almost) Unpublished Lenny Bruce*, \$10. All three for \$57.

- In May, Seven Stories Press will publish my *Impolite Interviews*, with Lenny Bruce, Mort Sahl, Dick Gregory, Woody Allen, Jules Feiffer, Terry Southern, Norman Mailer, Joseph Heller, Alan Watts, Timothy Leary, Ram Dass, Hugh Hefner, Jean Shepherd, Henry Morgan, Ken Kesey, Jerry Garcia, Leslie Bacon (material witness in the Capitol bombing by the Weather Underground), Albert Ellis (theoretician of the sexual revolution), George Lincoln Rockwell (head of the American Nazi Party), Jeremy Narby (DNA researcher), Dr. Robert Spencer (for whom I served as an underground abortion referral service) and Peter McWilliams (medical marijuana activist). In September, High Times Books will publish my compilation, *Pot Stories For the Soul*, with a foreword by Harlan Ellison.

- New books by *Realist* contributors: *The Best American Erotica 1999* edited by Susie Bright; *Messiah* by Andrei Codrescu; *Evolving with Buddha* by Wes Nisker; *It's the Stupidity, Stupid* by Harry Shearer; Nancy Cain has completed a memoir; and Lynn Phillips is executive editor of *Vaguepolitix*, a new online magazine at <http://vaguepolitix.com>.

### Assholes of the Month

- The Taliban, an ultra-orthodox branch of the Islamic religion, for making it a criminal offense to play or listen to music.

- Rep. John Sweeney (R., New York), for introducing legislation, the "Anti-Drug Legalization Act," that would forbid any federally sponsored research to examine alternative drug policies such as harm reduction or decriminalization.

- Italy's highest appeals court, for ruling that a woman could not have been raped because she was wearing jeans, which "cannot even be partially removed without the effective help of the person wearing

them . . . and it is impossible if the victim is struggling with all her might."

- Christopher Hitchens, for snitching on his friend Sidney Blumenthal by filing an affidavit that Blumenthal told him over lunch that Monica Lewinsky was a stalker, thereby proving that Linda Tripp is actually Hitchens in drag. "I am you," she said. "Yes you are," he replied.

- Myself, for nominating Hitchens as an asshole of the month, thereby depriving myself of laudatory publicity. He had faxed a note to me: "I'd forgotten that you were phasing out *The Realist* and, on the assumption that it's too late to persuade you otherwise, I'd like to do a column of a valedictory kind. . . It would be great to have a general burble as well."

Meanwhile, I e-mailed columnist Robert Scheer: "It would be interesting to see what distinction you make—and there certainly is one—between what you once said about your hypothetical willingness to reveal what Henry Kissinger told you off the record and what Christopher Hitchens has done."

Scheer's response: "What bullshit! I said that I would print an 'off the record' remark of a government official if it was of life shattering importance and the example that I used was revelation of a planned nuclear attack. What the fuck does that have to do with ratting out a friend for making a point that had been made over 400 times already in the mass media about Monica? Also, from my experience with Sidney I don't believe that he planted this story because he never tried to do it with me and I have been much more sympathetic to Clinton than Hitchens."

### President Clinton's Private Confession

*The following is an exclusive transcript of a closed-door, secretly-taped prayer breakfast that Bill Clinton hosted for a group of religious leaders after the impeachment trial failed to remove him from office.*

Gentlemen, and lady—I guess you must be the Episcopalian—thank you for being here. It's too bad Reverend Moon isn't among you, so he could perform a mass impeachment of all the senators who swore under oath that they would be impartial. But seriously, this morning I want to begin with an epiphany I had, one that truly humbled me. Strangely enough it happened while I was watching the *Roseanne Show*. I'd never seen it before, but she was interviewing Paula Jones and, as my mother used to say, my curiosity got the best of me.

Ms. Jones was telling Roseanne about the first time she saw me in the hotel. She was working at the courtesy booth for the governors' conference. She described me as funny-looking, the way my hair was styled, being overweight, how my suit was out of fashion and didn't fit. So, she was sitting at the registration desk with her girlfriend, pointing at me and giggling. Somehow, I perceived her through the filter of arrogance that people with power develop, and I assumed she was giving me a come-hither look. That simple misperception is what triggered this whole long ordeal. I took her willingness for granted.

It was different with Monica Lewinsky. I mean, she flashed the strap of her thong underwear—it made my heart go *thump*—and, you know, I'm a prisoner in the White House, I can't go to a motel, but Monica appeared like a gift from Heaven, and I succumbed to temptation. I was fully cognizant that this was a very delicate situation—I even asked for permission to kiss her—yet I blocked out my foresight. Way back in college, when I tried to avoid military service, I was already thinking ahead to campaigning for president, but now I found myself ignoring the immediate likelihood that Monica would not keep our relationship a secret.

I certainly didn't consider the possibility that she would become so seriously involved with me. It was embarrassing to hear the tape that Linda Tripp made, where Monica told her what she said to me on the phone: "I love you, Butthead." I remember thinking, "Hey, I'm the president of the United States, you can't call me Butthead." But I immediately decided to treat it with humor. She hung up before I could say, "I love you, Beavis."



Surprisingly, I was *not* embarrassed about the infamous cigar incident. I felt that it was an act of *restraint* from actual intercourse. Kind of tender and playful. Now, if it had been a Cuban cigar, *that* would have been illegal. But this was not the sort of intimacy that I would have felt comfortable performing with the First Lady. Hillary and I are really close but, as I'm sure you understand, no cigar.

For her, the most revealing thing in *The Starr Report* is Monica's fantasy about our being together more often when I'm out of office, where she quotes me as saying, "I might be alone in three years." Hillary was furious, not only because it was providing a young intern with false encouragement, but also because it implied we don't have sex, and she felt it divulged our agreement that if we were to separate, it would not occur before we left the White House.

For me, the most revealing thing—in that same section—is Monica's testimony that I jokingly said, "Well, what are we going to do when I'm 75 and I have to pee 25 times a day?" True, I did say that, but I wasn't joking. It was my fear of old age that kept drawing me to Monica. She was my direct link to youth. So I was being literal about peeing 25 times a day when I'm 75. Hell, I drink at least eight glasses of water a day *now*—just like I'm supposed to, for my health—but then I have to pee at least eight times a day. Ironically, I've read that if you have to pee more than eight times in 24 hours, it's a symptom of an overactive bladder.

Now, there are things that I've done as president that I'm *truly* ashamed of. Even before my inauguration, I made it a point to stop in Arkansas to oversee the execution of a mentally retarded prisoner. At his last meal, he said he'd wait to have his dessert, a slice of pecan pie, until after the execution, that's how much he understood what was going on. I'm ashamed of underprotecting the rights of gays and overprotecting children from the Internet. I'm ashamed of being *against* medical marijuana and *for* requiring a urine test as a prerequisite for obtaining a driver's license. I'm ashamed of bombing Iraq, Afghanistan and Sudan. I'm ashamed of increasing the military budget and decreasing the welfare budget. I'm ashamed of continuing to plant land mines. But the Republicans didn't dare attack me for any of these positions because they are *their* positions too.

But I'll tell you how I survived this past year, how I maintained such high approval ratings, while Newt Gingrich and Bob Livingston fell by the wayside. How I managed, in short, to remain president. It was partly the state of the economy, and it was partly the state of the culture. Pornography is an eight-billion-dollar-a-year business in this country. Steven Spielberg told me that's more than Hollywood's entire domestic box office receipts. Because that's what the American public *wants*. And the TV networks exploit that. Harry Thomasen told me it's why sweeps weeks are always so raunchy. So then, what I did wasn't considered such a big deal after all.

Mainly, though, I have survived because, one sunny afternoon,

Monica was positioning herself on the carpet under my desk in the Oval Office while I was on the phone with Benjamin Netanyahu. I was telling him about that time Monica was performing oral sex on me while Yasser Arafat was waiting in the Rose Garden for our appointment. I *didn't* tell him that she was about to perform the same act on me while I was on the phone with *him*. Anyway, at that point, Monica found a big old dusty Mason jar under my desk. There was a label on the side that read, "Property of Ronald Reagan." The Mason jar was filled with Teflon, and I have rubbed it on myself every day since.

I began my talk this morning with an epiphany, and I'd like to end with another. This epiphany also occurred while I was watching television—*Larry King Live*—and, once again, Paula Jones was the guest. At one point she said, "I've never voted in my life." I was astounded. Then she said, "I'm so apolitical it's unreal." And I realized what an incredibly great country America really is, that somebody who was just a plain citizen, who was never even *interested* in politics—somebody who had never even *voted* for a president—had almost succeeded in toppling one.

Well, this has been a catharsis for me. I just want to say once more how much I appreciate your presence here. And finally I would like to share with you a little witticism that Hillary came up with last night, an idea for what my epitaph should be: "Here lies Bill Clinton, but that depends on what you mean by lies." Isn't she wonderful? Oh, and one more thing. Now listen carefully. I did *not* have sexual assault with that woman, Ms. Broadrick. I'll be honest with you, it may have been *rough* sex, but it was totally consensual.

That, I can guarantee. God bless you.

## THE WORLD PORNOGRAPHY CONFERENCE (Continued from Cover)

"When I first displayed my collection of genital portraits to the National Organization for Women 25 years ago—a hundred full-color, six-foot high, baroque cunts, classic cunts, gothic cunts—they didn't like the word cunt, so I kept saying it over and over, cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt, until the word was defused. This time they *posed* for pussy portraits. Now they were all grinning women." Naturally, this is a crowded, double-sized meeting room. But there are so many other things happening that I tiptoe out into the corridor and consult my program. A number of other panels are running concurrently. I can choose among "Legal Issues," "Porn as Pop Art," "Victorian Porn," "Porn as Theater," "Porno Verite," or even "Our Erotic Heritage in Magazines, Films and Sex Toys." It's so hard to choose.

I stop in on the Australian Spankers' panel. At the podium stands a demure young Australian Ph.D. student, Kathy Albury, University of New South Wales, wearing a black sheath dress with matching horn-rimmed glasses and explaining that a lot of women who like to get spanked have a hard time finding a partner. Either the lover doesn't want to do it for very long because he just wants to get to the fucking, or he's afraid that he might hurt her.

"But," Dr. Albury says, "even when most women find a good spanker, they still have a hard time asking for a spanking. So, a lot of women just leave the airbrush on the bed, and that makes their partners think they thought of it themselves." She reads from her book, *Spanking Stories: Straight Theories, Bent Practices*, and recommends *Paddles*, a monthly spanking magazine, for a list of spanking parties in Sidney.

I try the next conference-room over. "Outlaws on Movie Posters: The Real *Boogie Nights* From Those Who Were There." An old-timer's panel. Way back in 1972 (when I was off covering the political conventions in Miami Beach with my video camera), moderator William Margold was lying on his back in a Venice Beach garage and getting blown in his first porn feature. I thought *I* was making history. He thought *he* was making history. The way he's talking, it sounds like it was a lot of fun.

"That's when I knew I could make it in the business," he recalls. "I



"This one is an exact copy of Monica's—  
even including a little faux stain."



could get up, get in, get out, and get off—on cue.” He is feeling warmth and pride, as is the rest of the panel. Gloria Leonard, a former star, nods in appreciation of his comradely tales, comparing the old days to the present.

“We took pride in what we did, and we all went on to achieve greatness,” she says. “Well, maybe not greatness . . .” But she done a lot. She is president of the Free Speech Coalition which has helped a lot of distressed porn actors with health insurance and dental plans, the things that porn workers usually don’t have. They also run a hotline for porn actors with emotional problems. Gloria is wearing a beeper because she’s on call this weekend at the emergency phones. She looks like a person you can depend on. She says that compared to the old days, the new girl performers are like “Stepford sluts.” I think that means they are all the same and sort of do what they’re told—and, of course, because of their identically overly-enhanced breasts.

She tells a story about a young woman who recently asked her, “Do you have to fuck to get hired?” Gloria’s answer was “No, you don’t have to fuck to get hired because you get hired to fuck.” She laughs her throaty, friendly laugh. We laugh with her.

“And in the old days,” she continues, “we had rehearsals.” Reb Sawitz, pioneer talent agent, nods, thinking about the good vibes they used to have. They were like a family. Still are.

“Look at these ladies,” Gloria says, gesturing to Vanessa Del Rio and the other superstars, “This is compassion.”

In the audience is Richard Pacheco, a former porn actor. He still looks slim and handsome. He quit the business 15 years ago to raise his kids. Everyone on the panel embraces him. He’s so sweet. They are all so sweet and loving. With a little coaxing, he tells the story of the making of his great hit, *Talk Dirty to Me*. This was the movie that made him a star. He had been using a different name in every movie until that one, where they gave him the name Richard Pacheco. It’s an emotional story for him even today.

He was playing the part of an innocent retarded man who wants to get laid. When he saw the script he couldn’t believe it, because it turned out that Richard’s own adored uncle was a retarded person and the light of his family’s life. Everyone loved this uncle, including Richard, who was able to model his character after the dear man. So, the night before they were going to shoot his big scene, his uncle suddenly died. Richard was in San Francisco and his family and dead uncle were in New York, and because they are Orthodox Jews, his uncle was getting buried so fast that Richard couldn’t even make the funeral. He was devastated. And he was still really sad when he got to the set that morning.

When they shot the scene calling for an intimate moment between the retarded guy and the big stud who befriended him and is going to get him laid, Richard really got into it and took on the spirit of his dead uncle. He was crying and talking about getting laid and in his mind he looked up at the ceiling and there before him was the image of his dead retarded uncle poking his head through the clouds encouraging his grieving nephew: “That okay, that’s all right, Richie, go ahead, use it!”

He finished the scene, and when the director called, “Cut,” there was silence on the set for a moment and then the crew burst into applause. An extremely rare occurrence. Richard felt this was the day that he understood acting. But when he went to see the movie, his big scene wasn’t there. Heart pounding, he called the director’s assistant and found out that, during the edit, when the director saw Richard’s emotional scene, he shouted, “What’s that guy doing crying in the middle of my porn movie? Cut to the fucking!”

Moderator Margold concludes, “We created the history. I’m proud as hell to be a part of this. These people are legends. You’ve seen history here today, kids, and I think they deserve a standing ovation.” And they get it.

Christian Mann is the moderator of a panel, “The Commercial Environment for African-American Pornography.” He is the president of Afro-Centric Productions, and yes, he’s white. He is waiting for enough people to find them so they can begin. He’s sitting on one end of the front table going over some expense figures on his sleek, slim,

new cell phone. At the other end of the table, handsome, young Sean Michaels, looking like Arsenio Hall in a silky black suit with a white shirt and wing-tipped shoes, is also on his cell phone. There are only two other people in the audience when I arrive. Mann closes his phone and steps over to greet me.

“Still on the back of the bus,” he jokes, referring to the location of their small conference room off the pool, pretty far away from the rest of the action.

I ask if he’s been in the industry long, and he tells me that he’s been in it all his life. “Second generation porn industry.”

Oh, here comes Midori. She is one four black porn stars who work with Mann’s company. She is exquisitely beautiful, tall and slim, wearing a skin-tight jungle-print, very short dress and a wig of lovely long honey-brown hair, falling shoulder-length to her lovely honey-brown skin. In her mid-twenties now, she was a preacher’s kid whose grandfather had a big church on the south side of Chicago. Midori was an exotic dancer for four years when she noticed people who were making more money than she was.

“I was kind of curious and wanted to give it a try,” she says. “I found that there is a lack of African-American women who are being represented.” That’s what Christian Mann noticed, too. He’s found the Afro niche and he’s filling it. What all the porn stars are interested in is ownership of the product, but as it stands, it’s Mann who owns it. Midori wants ownership and so does Mr. Marcus (he uses no first name). He is a top performer, and now director—a cute young guy wearing a muscle shirt and a black baseball cap that says L.A.

“A lot of my teachers were white,” he says, naming a few old-timers. Mr. Marcus is most proud of his recent film, *The World’s Luckiest Black Man*.

“What’s it about?” I ask.

“It’s me and a hundred women.”

“I hate the word porno,” says Sean Michaels, who is not only a producer, director and actor, he’s also a nurse. “I believe in passionate sex that others can watch and enjoy. For me, the industry has great value to the psyche of the world. It helps people in the bedroom.” When asked if there is discrimination on the sets of interracial films, he says, “Yes,” He ascribes it to jealousy and says, “I ignore it and do my job.”

One kind of discrimination they describe is when black women don’t want to work with black men. “One black star told me she didn’t want to get stereotyped,” says Mann. “So I said to her, ‘Babe, your name is *Oxyx*, come on!’”

At the Awards Luncheon in the Ballroom (admission included in registration), Stanley Fleishman, the pioneer 1st Amendment rights attorney, takes the prize. So—after a keynote speech by Nadine Strossen, the first female president of the national ACLU, who is introduced by Ramona Ripston, Executive Director of the Southern California ACLU—he graciously accepts. He says that he began working for 1st Amendment rights when a man died in an American prison for doing nothing more than selling books. That was going too far.

Over chicken breasts, broccoli and cheesy potatoes, Helen, a social worker, tells me her impassioned story. She has a client who really needs her help. He suffers from a condition called Lesch-Nyhan syndrome. It’s a metabolic disorder. One of the horrible things about this disease is that it makes him pretty hard to look at because he has eaten his nose off. This disease makes him crave flesh. He has to have it. And not just his own. He’ll go after yours too. Because of this he is under constant supervision, and voluntarily has his hands restrained with leather straps to the arms of his wheelchair so no one will be injured. He’s about 35 with an IQ of about 50, and he has Tourette’s Syndrome, so that, on top of everything else, he also blurts out insulting things about you while talking.

“I may call you a bitch but I don’t mean it,” he tells Helen. But she is an incredibly loving person. She pats her heart and her eyes mist up when she speaks of him, even though, if by chance he has the opportunity, he could rip her apart. What he wants, and what Helen understands that he needs, is sex. As a professional, she feels that for



his health and well-being he should be having sex regularly. The way the state pays for his two nurses and caretaker, the way they pay for his physical and mental doctoring, Helen feels he should be getting sexual therapy, but that's illegal. There seems to be no way she can get him the treatment that she feels could really mellow him out. He's a virgin.

Helen's story is not a movie, it's real life, but it sounds like the beginning of a porn movie, like the ones that are playing continuously on the roof garden of the Sheraton for the duration of the conference. Since I haven't seen much porn in my experience other than *Deep Throat*, I decide to check out the state of the art. The elevator opens on to a cavernous room with a couple of hundred folding chairs in front of a large movie screen and a set of giant speakers. Striking is that there are only three other people in the entire tented theater. Each alone. I take an aisle seat and try to get a feel for the genre.

On the screen is a surprisingly artistic shot of what seems to be a huge, clean, working industrial kitchen. There are stainless steel pots with steam rising that give the scene a dream-like quality. There are sounds of kitchen workers. Enter, a beautiful woman in a business suit, her mouth set in a permanent "Ooh." She is standing still and we see that there is a man wearing white pants and no shirt. Watching her. She gazes directly into his eyes and slowly lifts her skirt, rolling it up above her garters, and we can see that she is wearing no panties. She opens her legs just slightly and, standing over a porcelain kitchen pot, she pees a little pale stream of urine into it. The man licks his lips slightly. She never takes her eyes off of him. Her lips in that perpetual "Ooh." The steam rises around them somewhat, while the clanking of pots and pans can be heard in the kitchen.

The "Ooh" woman reclines and opens her pussy lips with her fingers and rubs her clit while gazing at him. He approaches her, reaches into his white trousers and pulls out his penis, stroking it stiff. She sucks on his penis. He sucks on her clit. She turns over and he fucks her in the ass. There is no reaction from any of the four of us in the audience. Then the scene changes and it's a crowded disco and the

"Ooh" woman is now on the dance floor and it's a pounding beat. Soon, a beautiful sophisticated woman walks through the crowded bar and on to the dance floor where she sees the "Ooh" woman and she comes over and begins to dance with her. Then the "Ooh" woman lays the sophisticated woman down on the steps in the crowded disco and licks her pussy and, while she's doing it, a man comes up behind her and fucks her in the ass. I think that might be a trend. I leave the theater even though the scenes are continuing. I hear the echoing sound as I wait for the elevator.

Now, "An Architectural Design for an Erotic Zone in a Major Metropolitan City: The Case for Winnipeg, Canada." Here, Christina Kovacs, Department of Architecture, University of Manitoba, is presenting her slide show, including a model and a proposed design for a sex emporium to be built in a very depressed area of her home-town where there is a growing crime and child prostitution problem. There would be restaurants, retail shops, galleries, museums, theaters, night clubs, production studios and, of course, sex spaces with lounges, kitchenettes and theme rooms.

The design is such that cars could still cruise the area and women could still walk the streets and then meet their customers at the sex spaces. She has not approached the city fathers about such a project even though Winnipeg has a rich history of red-light districts from the days of the wild west, and could certainly use an economic boost. There are still a lot of streets there that are named after old prostitutes—Lizzie, Anabella—but still she doesn't think they'll be interested. It's purely academic to Christina. I suggest that if she had the stomach for it, she might approach some little town in Nevada and actually get the capitalization to build the thing. A member of the audience is enthusiastic about doing it in Denver.

And now, appropriately, the ultimate panel, "The Money Shot in Pornography Movies," with Jacob Hale, Ph.D., from the Center for Sex Research, CSUN, and Peter Sandor Gardos, Ph.D., San Francisco, who is presenting his work, *Cum Shots: History, Theory and Research*. But the big hit of this session is Richard Brent, who talks about "Multi-Orgasmic Males." He, apparently uniquely, needs no refractory period between orgasms and can have as many as five orgasms in six minutes. As many as forty in three hours. He was part of a study at a major university back east but since he was the only participant, it was hard to get any good statistics. Brent is searching for others with the same ability but has had no luck so far. The packed audience gapes in amazement at his story. Finally, there is one question from the back of the house: "Do you have an agent?"

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### MR. MIKE: SPECIAL DEPRAVED BONUS BITS

(Continued from Cover)

me. Since O'Donoghue was part of the original *Saturday Night Live*, a nose candy paradise as we've been told a few thousand times, it was my responsibility to hold the coke-lined mirror up to the reader and shake my head in contempt. Though I did mention drugs and their relation to O'Donoghue (he was a regular smoker of marijuana and used Percodan to quell his migraines), I didn't wallow in them nor did I condemn their use, and this proved that I was not serious about exposing O'Donoghue the Man.

Perhaps the most instructive critique I received came from a reviewer in a New York weekly. She tried to lay out O'Donoghue's career timeline (numerous errors were made throughout, the wrong quotes attributed to the wrong people, names and dates mixed up) before she came to the problem: I failed to dish enough decadent gossip. She was miffed and claimed that O'Donoghue would have shared her view. She lauded Bob Woodward's *Wired* as an in-depth "psychological study" of John Belushi, and concluded that *Mr. Mike* did not measure up to this fine effort.

After all, Woodward detailed Belushi's hunger for drugs in a manner much admired by the reviewer and her editors. When describing Belushi's dead, bloated body in the Chateau Marmont, Woodward was positively sublime, focusing on the discoloration of skin, the



Safe Sex on the Bicycle Path



blood- and phlegm-stained sheets surrounding the head, the rancid odor coming off the corpse—the work of a true pro. Is it a surprise that after nearly 15 years, *Wired* remains in print? If only I can say the same of my book in 2013.

Pondering this, I pulled from my files the folder in which I kept O'Donoghue's personal secrets. Having had complete access to his files, I naturally encountered many peculiar bits. Some of these were used in the final book, but only as shading: I didn't want to stray from my plan to establish O'Donoghue's cultural importance. Yet upon re-examining the material, I now see that I was too rigid in my insistence that *The Work* predominate.

After all, most book reviewers spend more time in front of a television than in front of a text, and thus are conditioned to expect certain things—especially from a book that deals with television. No wonder they moaned so! Like a Weimar cabaret audience, they were primed for midgets cracking whips and instead got a reading from Max Stirner's *Der Einzige und Sein Eigentum*. I feel badly about the whole mess and wish, at this late date, to bring to those who still care the torrid parts of O'Donoghue's life that I arrogantly, mistakenly kept to myself.

Michael O'Donoghue liked to wear women's lingerie. Silk panties and chemises provided hours of pleasure as he sashayed through his Manhattan townhouse and admired his feminine side in tall, ornate mirrors. He sometimes shaved his legs, but not his beard, which contrasted with the girlish image he strove to affect. Yet despite this aesthetic crudity, O'Donoghue looked quite fetching, especially when he added wig, nylons and feathered boa. A come-hither pose on a divan, the sultry pout as he planted a single leg atop a black stool (affording the lucky voyeur a glimpse of inner-thigh), the queen bitch stride across polished wooden floors—here was O'Donoghue the Woman in full-bloom.

His commitment was such that when he got dolled up, he named the persona "Michelle." And like any hot babe devoted to sex games, Michelle often cavorted with a bevy of lewd young things who serviced their mistress according to her stated desires. This of course included sex, but the girls also acted out scenes written in advance by Michelle who, sitting nearby, guided them along with the seriousness and purpose of any Broadway director. As one of the playmates once put it, Michelle taught her the "meaning of control."

Controlled action while in silk was but one element to O'Donoghue's private life. He fancied bondage too, as well as the occasional session of serious S&M. His files contained magazine photos of women bound, blindfolded and gagged, their nipples squeezed through coarse strands of rope, their faces pinched into grotesque

masks of pain. Whether these photos served as masturbatory aides is unknown (though likely), but they certainly provided some level of inspiration. For deep within O'Donoghue's files are dozens of Polaroid snapshots of himself bound with rope, arms and legs hog-tied behind his prone body. A rubber ball is stuffed in his mouth, and he is clad solely in red satin briefs, stretched to their limit by a rather impressive erection.

O'Donoghue is helpless in the hands of two former porn actresses who take turns tweaking his thin, pale frame. One pours hot wax on his nipples, the other grinds her stiletto heel into his groin. Bite and scratch marks appear along his chest and belly. O'Donoghue is rewarded for his endurance as one of the women cradles his face between her large tits. He's also given a whiff of her moist snatch, and one can almost discern a smile forming around that rubber ball.

O'Donoghue loved taking photos of his playmates (that is, when his arms were free). Countless snapshots exist where women, whether friends, acquaintances or those being paid for their time, model lingerie in his apartment. Some flash their breasts. Some show a bit of pink. Some are dressed as whores, others as nasty little girls, clutching a teddy bear while wearing no panties. These themes dominate most of O'Donoghue's photography, yet one is struck by how he casts each model in a romantic light. These women were not mere tramps whose purpose was get O'Donoghue off and then leave his sight.

There's something more, an emotional investment he made that the women understood, appreciated and oftentimes returned. You can see it in their letters to him, mash notes filled with passion and declarations of love. As with his best comedic work, O'Donoghue was meticulous with those who agreed to pose for him, play with him, have sex with him. No gesture was wasted nor meaningless. A few of the call girls hired for these sessions continued to write to O'Donoghue well after their involvement with him ended, so touched were they by his attentiveness and care. How many of their other clients treated them like models, worthy of being captured on film?

Once I returned these items to my files, I felt relieved. I believe I have, in a minor way, sated the appetites of those reviewers who needed to know the above information. As for me, I have a deeper understanding of the modern bio form. Is there more? Plenty, but I lack the space here to go into it. Perhaps another time before Herr Krassner closes shop. I will say that while taking a walk in my neighborhood, I passed a bookstore window and saw on display a new biography, *The Shameful Life of Salvador Dali*. "Jesus!" I said to myself. "The perfect title! Why the fuck didn't I think of that?!" Why indeed?

### The Christian Wrong

When Jerry Falwell told a conference on evangelism that the Antichrist is a Jew because "if he's going to be the counterfeit of Christ, he has to be Jewish," he didn't consider the possibility that anyone who would pretend to be Christ could also pretend to be Jewish.

Now Falwell claims that an animated TV character, Teletubby Tinky Winky, is homosexual, because he has the voice of a boy but carries a handbag (actually his magic bag). An article in Falwell's *National Liberty Journal* states that children may be in moral danger if they are allowed to play with the toy. "He is purple, the Gay Pride color, and his antenna is shaped like a triangle, the Gay Pride symbol."

If it turns out Tinky Winky is Jewish, then Falwell will finally have outed the Antichrist.



### Last Meals

Jaturun Siripongs was executed in February. For his last meal, he was served two 40-cent cups of Mission Pride canned peaches and two 45-cent cans of Lucky Arctic Iced tea. Other last meals of executed prisoners:

Robert Alton Harris—Kentucky Fried Chicken (extra crispy), Domino's Pizza (no anchovies), jelly beans and Pepsi.

Keith Williams—fried pork chops, a baked

potato with butter, asparagus, salad with blue cheese dressing, apple pie a la mode and milk.

William Bonin—two large pepperoni and sausage pizzas, three pints of coffee ice cream and three six-packs of Coca-Cola.

Thomas Thompson—Alaskan king crab legs with melted butter, spinach salad, pork fried rice, Mandarin-style spare ribs, a hot fudge sundae and a six-pack of Coke.

David Mason—ice water.



## Anita and the Blow-Up Doll

by Paul Krassner

Exactly five weeks before Sunday, December 27, 1998—the day that Anita Hoffman had chosen to die—she was talking on the phone about a blow-up doll that she and her husband, Abbie, had once bought as a present for me. That was almost three decades ago. The blow-up doll never arrived, and Anita now found it necessary to reassure me that they really had ordered it. Their gift may have been a gag, but it wasn't a hoax.

"We were probably the only ones that happened to," she said.

"Oh, no," I replied, "I think they probably screwed everybody. No one ever received their blow-up doll, but they were all too embarrassed to report it to the Better Business Bureau."

My missing blow-up doll was just another loose end from Anita's past. She was in the process of tidying up her life before taking it. Three of my closest friends had ended their lives too early—comedian Lenny Bruce in the '60s, folksinger Phil Ochs in the '70s and revolutionist Abbie Hoffman in the '80s—and I was deeply saddened each time, but it was different with Anita.

"There's no despair here," she said. "I'm happier than I've ever been. I'm really looking forward to my death."

She had been suffering from breast cancer, which metastasized to her hips. In September she e-mailed: "I've been very ill. Too sick to sit at computer, thus offline for several weeks. Today felt like sitting here and catching up. I'm undergoing radiation treatment. The cancer in my spinal column is affecting my spinal cord, and thus weakening my right leg. I can't walk so good. Use cane. Bedridden. Anyway the radiation is in hope of stopping that encroachment." She spent her time on the Internet, watching television, and reading the *New York Times*, which didn't carry program listings for California, so I got her a subscription to *TV Guide*.

"I must admit," she said, "that I'm hypnotized anew by the visual medium."

But now she was paralyzed from the waist down and had been informed that she had two months to live. "Maybe four," she said, "but, you know, I've always been a pessimist." So here she was, at the age of 56, in an altered state bordering on ecstasy from painkilling drugs—morphine, Marinol, marijuana—and the self-empowerment of orchestrating her own departure.

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When we lived in New York City in the '60s, Anita and Abbie's TV screen had the word *Bullshit!* taped on the lower right-hand corner. Our friendship was permeated with media manipulation and punctuated by LSD sessions. So when CBS News wanted to film a hippie acid trip at the Hoffmans' apartment on the Lower East Side, being countercultural propagandists, we agreed to do it. As a joke,

I suggested to CBS that they ought to pay for the LSD, because I was curious to see whether they would charge the expense to Entertainment or Travel. Blaming my suggestion, they changed their corporate mind, expressing fear that the trip would now be "staged." We took the acid anyway—Abbie, Anita, my friend, Phyllis, and me—and we watched CBS. Every commercial seemed to be trying to sell us what we were already on.

At one point, Abbie and Anita left the living room, and when they walked back in, they were both totally naked, smiling broadly. I suspected they might have an impromptu foursome in mind, but Phyllis whispered to me, "I think we ought to leave now." Just then a phone call came about some trouble at the 9th Precinct. Abbie and Anita quickly got dressed, and we all strolled down to the police station. Some African-American kids had been busted for smoking marijuana in Tompkins Square Park. Abbie wanted to indicate that there could be solidarity between hippies and blacks, so he insisted on getting arrested too. The cops refused to oblige his request, but Abbie just stood there in the lobby of the stationhouse. Captain Joseph Fink beckoned to me.

"Paul, do you think you can persuade Abbie to leave?"

"Abbie's his own man," I replied.

Abbie was standing in front of a display case filled with trophies. Suddenly he kicked backwards with his boot, breaking the glass as though there were an emergency. Since Abbie was most meditative when he was engaged, this was for him a transcendental moment.

"Now you're under arrest," yelled Captain Fink.

Abbie enjoyed the rest of that particular acid trip behind bars. Phyllis went home, and I accompanied Anita back to the apartment on St. Marks Place, where she immediately got on the phone to contact lawyers—and journalists. "Hi," she would begin each call, "this is Anita Hoffman—Abbie's wife..." That was her role, and she played it with diligence. She would have preferred a simpler lifestyle, but Abbie functioned as a community organizer, and Anita was his willing helpmate. Whether bailing him out of jail or bringing him to a hospital after a demonstration, she was always there for him, planning and participating in guerrilla theater events, from showering \$1 bills on the Stock Exchange to levitating the Pentagon.

Abbie provided an adventurous vehicle for the radical consciousness that Anita had already been exercising before they met. She had become politicized simply by reading between the lines of the *New York Times*. With a Master's degree in psychology, she had intended to get a Ph.D., but dropped out because she was so upset about the Vietnam War. She began working for the New York Civil Liberties Union, but quit her job, afraid,

ironically, that she wouldn't get promoted because of sexism. This was in 1967.

She met Abbie—who also had a Master's in psychology—when she went to volunteer at Liberty House, a store he founded as an outlet for items crafted by poor people in the South. That evening, Anita and Abbie had their first date. She put on the Beatles' "Revolver" album, and while they were dancing she told him that she wasn't a good dancer but that she *was* a good kisser. Abbie stayed the night. Soon after, they got married in Central Park in an alternative ceremony. Without telling her, Abbie had leaked an invitation to the press, and a photo of their wedding appeared in *Time* magazine, where they were identified only as "a hippie couple." Anita wore dark glasses because she didn't want to be recognized by her parents. She had taken her vows with Abbie, and now she was also married to the media.

There was, for example, the fake orgy that took place in their apartment. In order to build up interest in the exorcism of the Pentagon, Abbie had invented an imaginary drug, LACE—supposedly a combination of LSD and DMSO—which, when applied to the skin, would be absorbed into the bloodstream to act as an instant aphrodisiac. It was to be sprayed on military police and the National Guard in Washington. Actually, LACE was "Shapiro's Disappearo," a novelty item from Taiwan that leaves a purple stain, then disappears. A press conference was called to demonstrate the effect of LACE on three hippie couples. Mattresses were spread across the living-room floor for them to have sex on after being sprayed with LACE from squirt guns, while the reporters took notes. For some reason, Abbie wasn't even there, leaving the shy Anita to host this bizarre prank.

Originally, I was supposed to be there as a reporter who got accidentally sprayed with LACE. To my surprise, I would put down my pad, take off my clothes and start making out with a beautiful redhead who had also been accidentally sprayed. I was looking forward to this combination media event and blind date. Even though the sexual revolution was at its height, there was something exciting about knowing in advance that I was guaranteed to get laid, although I felt guilty about attempting to trick fellow reporters. But there was a scheduling conflict. I was already committed to speak at a literary conference at the University of Iowa on that same day. So Abbie assigned me to purchase some corn meal in Iowa, which would be used to encircle the Pentagon as a pre-levitation rite. I was a rationalist, but it was hard to say no to Abbie. And so I flew back to New York with a 13-pound sack of coarse corn meal properly stored in the overhead compartment. The hippie who had substituted for me in that ostensibly accidental sexual encounter with the beautiful redhead at the LACE press conference ended up living with her. Somehow I felt cheated.



"You really should have a steady girlfriend," Anita teased.

Abbie and Anita had an open marriage but only Abbie acted on it. He was insatiable. He often stopped by my loft on Avenue A with his latest lust object for a matinee performance. I would be at my desk, writing something for *The Realist* or on the phone, and they would be screwing away in my bed. Abbie obviously wanted his trysts to be kept secret. Yet, since he and Anita were my friends individually as well as a pair, I felt conflicted—strangely disloyal—as though I were part of a conspiracy to keep the truth from her.

In December 1967, the three of us decided to take a vacation in the Florida Keys. We rented a small house-on-stilts in Ramrod Key. We heard on the news about black leader Stokely Carmichael's return from Africa to the United States, and Anita remarked that we should have been at the airport to greet him. Instead, we ingested acid at the Seaquarium in Miami and watched dolphins frolicking.

"I think hippies have been using dolphins for their role models as pioneers in a leisure economy," Anita observed.

We had planned to see *The Professionals* with Burt Lancaster and Lee Marvin—"That's my favorite movie," Abbie said—but it was playing too far away, so instead we saw the Dino Di Laurentiis version of *The Bible*. On the way back home, Anita mediated our debate about the implications of Abraham being prepared to slay his son because God told him to do it. I dismissed this as blind obedience. Abbie praised it as revolutionary trust. This was the week before Christmas. We purchased a small tree and spray-painted it with canned snow.

Still tripping, we watched Lyndon Johnson being interviewed. The TV set was black and white, but LBJ on LSD was purple and orange. His huge head was sculpted into Mount Rushmore. "I am not going to be so pudding-headed as to stop our half of the war," he was saying. Now the heads of the other presidents—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt—were all snickering to themselves and covering their mouths with their hands so they wouldn't laugh out loud.

Abbie, Anita and I talked about the styles of protest that would be taking place at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago the next summer. While the Democrats would present politicians giving speeches at the convention center, we would present rock bands playing in the park. There was no separation between our culture and our politics. We would have booths with information about drugs and alternatives to the draft. I went outside and, under the glow of moonlight, I followed a neighborhood crowd named Alice down the road to a gas station, where there was a phone booth. First I called Dick Gregory in Chicago, since it was his city we

were planning to invade. He told me that he had decided to run for president, and wanted to know if I thought Bob Dylan would make a good vice president.

"Oh, sure," I replied, "but to tell you the truth, I don't think Dylan would ever get involved in electoral politics."

Instead, Gregory would end up with attorney/assassination-researcher Mark Lane as his running mate. Next I called Jerry Rubin in New York to arrange for a meeting when we returned. The conspiracy was beginning. And, concomitantly, egos were expanding. Rubin would later insist that he had called us, but there was no telephone at our house-on-stilts. When I returned, I could hear the rambunctious sounds of Anita and Abbie making love, alternately moaning and giggling. This, then, was the conception of the Yippies—the Youth International Party—an organic cross-fertilization of psychedelic dropouts and political activists. We had come to share an awareness of the connection between putting people in prison for smoking marijuana in this country and burning them to death with napalm on the other side of the planet.

This was the most exciting acid trip we'd ever had.

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Two days before Thanksgiving 1998, Anita moved from Petaluma to San Francisco, carefully chauffeured by photographer Robert Altman.

"Goodbye, room," she said to her little cottage. "Thanks for giving me cancer."

Her immobility had prevented her from seeing the sky, but her friend Cindy Palmer was living at a house in San Francisco owned by her daughter, actress Wynona Rider, and offered the master bedroom to Anita. The plan was to have a steady stream of visitors there. Poet Diane Di Prima, for instance, would be coming over to read Buddhist death prayers. Timothy Leary was Anita's role model during the final months of his life, except that, unlike him, she would not be seeing groupies or reporters. Leary had said, "You couldn't choose how and when and with whom you were born, but you can take charge of your own death," and now that's precisely what Anita was doing.

"I'm in total hostess mode," she said, joyfully. "I'm on automatic party time."

My wife, Nancy, and I flew to San Francisco in early December to visit her. Steve Wasserman, a friend and editor of the *Los Angeles Times Sunday Book Review*, arranged to be on the same flight. He had once edited the *Times'* Sunday Opinion section, but moved to New York to escape the pain of an unrequited crush on Anita. Now he was going to see her for the last time. My friend Julius picked us up at the airport. We brought him a Buddha candle and a 1999 calendar. For Anita we brought a mushroom candle, a CD—Krishna Das' "Pilgrim Heart"—and a bag of cookies. At her bedside, I panicked at the possibility that I had given Julius the candle

intended for Anita, which would mean that the one she was now unwrapping would have the calendar for a year in which she would be dead. What could have been an unintentional sick joke didn't occur, though, and the relief was worth the tension.

Anita was living her fantasy. She could not only see the sky, but also the San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate Bridge. Alcatraz Island was included in the view, though not from the angle of her bed, and she preferred it that way. Her appetite was ravenous, and her humor was dark. After devouring a pastrami sandwich, she remarked, "I better brush my teeth, I don't want to get gum pockets." Someone was bringing over "pineapple-coconut ice cream to die for," and Anita responded, "I guess I'm ready for that." And when we were talking about an upcoming movie, she said, "I'm sure we'll all be going to see that...oops." In this frame of mind, she would act on an impulse immediately because, as she explained, "I'll never have a chance to do it again." And so she asked for a photo that was on a bookshelf. The rest of us in the room assumed that perhaps she was going to share a memory, but instead she simply ripped the photo in four pieces and tossed them in the trash. Who was in that photo and why she tore it up remains a mystery.

The question arose, since Anita was so euphoric, why not continue living? But her euphoria came from knowing exactly when there would be closure. Of course, Anita's family—her mother, her sister, her son—were not quite so elated. Nevertheless, she wanted them to be at her bedside "to comfort each other."

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Before the debacle outside the Chicago convention in the summer of 1968 was officially labeled as "a police riot," Mayor Richard Daley's office produced a documentary, *What Trees Do They Plant?*—asserting that reporters were accidentally beaten by police because their credentials were hidden in their jacket pockets. Even if that were true, it only indicated that the cops did in fact attack at random, but the truth was that clubbings took place as a result of being shown press cards. Notebooks were seized, cameras were smashed, film was thrown into the lake. When this anti-protesters documentary appeared on network TV, the Yippies managed to get rebuttal time. Abbie asked me to write a script. At one point, I included this line: "It is not that we hate America, it is that we feel the American dream has been betrayed."

"But we do hate America," Anita scolded me.

"You hate what America has become."  
We argued, but she finally agreed with me, and the line stayed in. Indeed, at the Chicago conspiracy trial, Abbie repeated that line in his final statement. Moreover, when Anita gave birth to a baby in 1971, he was named America—with a lower case *a* "because we didn't want to be pretentious," she explained.



"We chose that name because he was our vision of what the country could be." While America went to school, he was called Alan, though he would later reclaim his name, and his heritage.

In 1974, Abbie went into hiding for several years after he was arrested for selling cocaine. He and Anita had already separated, but she continued to be supportive, even after he met Johanna Lawrenson while he was on the lam and she became his "running mate." In a letter included in a collection of the correspondence between Anita and Abbie, *To America with Love: Letters From the Underground*, Anita wrote, "I needed to live desperately, separately from you in order to become a separate person. Do you understand?"

Anita gave me an inscribed copy of the book. And she made sure that Abbie mailed me his signature on a yellow Post-It.

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In the final weeks of Anita's life, members of her extended family visited her in San Francisco.

Stew and Judy Albert, co-editors of *The Sixties Papers*, flew in from Portland, Oregon. They had a reunion in Anita's bedroom with Rosemary Leary, whom they had last seen twenty years ago, when they were all tripping on the beach in Algeria. Anita was there trying to renew an alliance between the Yippies and the Black Panthers, but she found Eldridge Cleaver so authoritarian and mysogyn-

nistic that, afraid for her safety, she climbed out a window to escape. Now they were all laughing about it over an afternoon snack of matzohs and jam.

Sam and Walli Leff, Yippie archivists and the cornerstone of Abbie's overground support system while he was a fugitive, flew in from New York. At Anita's request, they brought from Zabar's delicatessen a carton, packed with dry ice and properly stored in the overhead compartment, containing kippered salmon, sliced sturgeon, smoked sable, herring in cream sauce, herring in wine sauce, whitefish, Jewish rye bread with caraway seeds, cole slaw, potato salad, Russian coffee cake—and they had a lovely picnic in her bedroom.

Ron Turner, publisher of Last Gasp Comics, brought a whole case of grape soda, and promised to deliver a video of *A Bug's Life*.

Janeane Garofalo, who had successfully sought to play the part of Anita in Robert Greenwald's unreleased film biography of Abbie, *Steal This Movie*, for which Anita was a consultant, came to visit her fading prototype. They had met during the filming. She called Anita "a very, very bright woman who definitely marched to the beat of her own drummer. She was very dynamic. When she walked into the room, you knew she was there." Garofalo said the whole experience reinforced her desire "to live a very Berkeley life wherever I am." Anita felt she had to

warn certain visiting friends—Martin and Susan Carey from Woodstock; Nancy Kurshan from Chicago (who ran the Yippie office and was Jerry Rubin's girlfriend)—that they would not be portrayed in the movie.

"The film makes it seem as though Stew and Judy were the only other Yippies and our best friends," she told me. "Everything other people did, such as donate their kid's *bar mitzvah* money—the Careys—or forward underground mail, is credited to Stew and Judy. When I mentioned the paucity of other characters, Robert replied that on a low budget film we just can't afford a lot of major players. This is Hollywood."

Robin Williams learned about Anita's situation from his co-star in *Good Will Hunting*, Matt Damon, who had been told about it by his girlfriend, Wynona Rider. Williams had never met Anita, but he called and offered to pay a visit, in keeping with his benign case of Patch Adams syndrome. After all, if Patch could travel to Trinidad to entertain murderers who were hanged three days later, why shouldn't it be appropriate for Robin to make Anita laugh on Christmas day? Anita hesitated—"I've never really been a fan of his work"—then invited him to come. He did conversational schtick for a solid hour, and she became an instant fan.

Jay Levin, who had been a reporter for the *New York Post* assigned to cover the Yippies, then became a Yippie himself, and years later launched the *L.A. Weekly*, was also there, and described Williams as "an incredibly funny human being."

Wavy Gravy, the socially conscious clown who became a Ben & Jerry's ice cream flavor, originally met Anita at Liberty House in 1967, when she and Abbie were busy stringing love beads. Now Wavy came to her bedside holding a stiff, knotted, leather dog leash, leading a large rubber fish named Saul Bass. Anita wanted to touch it, but Wavy wouldn't let her.

"No," he said, "you don't know where this fish has been. People try to kiss him all the time, but he's been out sniffing a lot of dogs' asses."

Wavy sang a plaintive song, "She Carries Me to the Other Side," while Anita sat in bed wearing his red plastic clown's nose.

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On February 14, 1969, I was a guest on the *Tonight Show*—host Orson Bean, substituting for Johnny Carson, had invited me—and naturally I ingested a tab of LSD for the occasion. I was wearing a black Mexican hat Abbie gave me and a bright orange shirt Anita had embroidered with an Aztec Indian design of an owl.

They and many other Yippies had spent the previous day rolling some 30,000 joints, wrapping each one in a flyer wishing the recipient a Happy Valentine's Day and containing facts about marijuana. Over 200,000 arrests for pot-smoking were made the previous year, and Mayor John Lindsay had just



### Lack of Content

The generalization used to be that conservatives had no sense of humor, but in the February issue of *Brill's Content* ("The Independent Voice of the Information Age"), publisher Steven Brill writes that the *Weekly Standard* "reminds us what liberals really lack—a sense of humor."

Previously, *Content* had commissioned Tom Tomorrow to contribute cartoons, but

he was dismissed after submitting the above strip. Tomorrow said it was killed because "Brill doesn't agree with it—which is pretty ironic, considering it was a strip about how a lot of media bias is the bias of owners."

*Content's* editorial director said, "We just didn't like the strip," a claim which Tomorrow calls "very disingenuous" because for several months all the *Content* people had told him was that they thought his work was "brilliant."



petitioned Governor Nelson Rockefeller to raise the penalty from one to four years for possession. The Valentine joints were sent anonymously to various mailing lists—teachers, journalists—and to a guy listed in the phone book as Peter Pot. The project was financed by Jimi Hendrix. One newscaster who displayed a joint was visited by a pair of narcotics agents on camera while he was still delivering the news, a TV first.

I discussed this political prank on the *Tonight Show*, and Anita recounted it in *Trashing*, a fictionalized account of the Yippies, under the pseudonym Ann Fettamen. "There was no way of knowing how many people got high on Halloween [sic]," she wrote, "but we knew it was the busiest night in the history of the Narcotics Division."

The next day I was visited by a pair of narcotics agents who had seen me on TV. I told them that the Mafia must have sent out all those marijuana joints in order to discredit the Yippies.

And, although I was the one who had been tripping on acid, it was a viewer who wrote to NBC complaining that I had worn a shirt with the internal diagram of a uterus.

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Anita was efficient in death as in life, taking care of business right to the end. And so it was that I received a refund from *TV Guide* for the unused portion of her subscription. Details, details. . .

At 10 p.m. on Saturday, December 26, she ingested a cocktail that had previously been provided by a compassionate doctor. That she would administer her own deliverance in such a way had been kept secret from almost everyone. Not even the hospice volunteers knew. On Sunday, at 4:15 p.m., Anita accomplished her goal. She died in peace and serenity, believing in the continuation of her consciousness.

"I know I'm not enlightened," she said, "so I'll probably have to come back."

In her latter years, Anita had become intrigued by the twin towers of mysticism and conspiracy. She read books and magazine articles, and loved to listen to Art Bell's late-night radio show. She believed that there is life on other planets, and accepted the notion of certain UFO aficionados that extraterrestrials have been making a movie of the earth's progress.

Her last words to me were, "I hope I remember to ask to see that movie."

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"Somehow, Abbie will see the movie," Anita had said—referring to *Steal This Movie*, in which she plays a cameo role in a courtroom scene. "He was the love of my life," she added. "One of the best things about dying is that I'll be able to say hello to him again."

Meanwhile, she continued to serve as the keeper of his image. She wrote a letter to the editor of the *Los Angeles Times Sunday Book Review*, which had stopped printing such

## Where They Sit

by Lynn Phillips

If the motto of the Bush regime was "Read My Lips," that of the Clinton era may turn out to be "Scratch My Ass." Like, back in November of last year there was the excitement of the sitting thing.

The *Los Angeles Times* kicked it off by reporting that Special Anti-Clinton Prosecutor Kenneth Starr sat at the witness table during the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment inquiry on top of a briefcase, "which made him appear taller." Days later the *Times* corrected the story, admitting that it was not Ken Starr, but President Clinton's personal attorney in the Monica Lewinsky case, David Kendall, whose stature had been enhanced by the briefcase.

Contradictory though they were, both stories continued to circulate on the Internet simultaneously. Apparently, after endless months of media posturing, leaking and message-spinning, news consumers intuitively believe that Washington's powermeisters routinely sit bestride inappropriate objects to make themselves appear other than they are.

So compelling is this idea that rumors

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correspondence several weeks earlier. Finally, she called Steve Wasserman and told him that she was dying—yes, she played the death card—and he published her letter:

"Abbie's legend has a life of its own by now and is surely beyond correction, but I can't help sending in a small correction to J. Hoberman's otherwise fine review of *Steal This Dream* and four other books about the '60s counterculture. Contrary to the quotation from one observer, Abbie Hoffman did not ingest LSD 'like cornflakes' every morning. I would estimate he took LSD about four times a year for three years during the late '60s. Also, Abbie never took acid or any other psychedelic during the Chicago conspiracy trial. It was Paul Krassner who was on acid during his testimony in that trial. Abbie and I were furious and didn't speak to Krassner for several years thereafter. I think it's important to be accurate about this for the sake of young people who may be influenced. I continue to believe that psychedelics are a useful tool or sacrament for special occasions."

Actually, it was not several years, but ten months, that Anita and Abbie didn't speak to me, although it seemed like several years. Ten months after the break-up of our friendship, I had noticed a tiny ad in the movie section—*The Professionals* was playing at the Charles Theater on Avenue D—so I mailed the clipping to them, and forgot about it. But that gesture broke the ice, and we proceeded to have an emotional reconciliation. It was then—when I still didn't have a steady girlfriend—that they had ordered a blow-up doll for me, the one that never came. But it really was the thought that counted.

about who is sitting upon what, and why, are now flying every which way. A few of the more credible ones follow:

During his impeachment trial, Clinton sat on a SCUD missile to make himself appear relevant to peace in the Middle East.

Monica Lewinsky sat upon a box of Havanas—to give the illusion that she is capable of keeping the lid on something.

Linda Tripp sat on Monica's psychiatric records, to indicate that there are secrets with which she can be trusted, as a friend, to keep to herself, especially if they, like, cast doubt on Lewinsky's testimony.

Illinois Rep. Henry Hyde, the House member who headed the sex, lies and impeachment review of President Clinton, did so while seated on a Beatles album to evoke his swollen-with-virility glory days of 1965–69 when, just hitting his forties, he managed to commit adultery with the then Mrs. Cherie Snodgrass, a young married adulteress 12 years his junior.

Pro-life Rep. Robert Barr of Georgia, prosecutor in the Senate trial of President Clinton, did his prosecuting while sitting on the bottled fetus he fathered and whose abortion he approved—then lied about under oath. He assumed this grisly pose in order, as his spokespersons claim, to "appear on top of the situation."

Rep. Dan Burton (R-Ind.), while conducting the House probe into Clinton's campaign fund-raising, will be sitting on a copy of *Hustler* magazine in order to appear to have acknowledged the illegitimate child of his extramarital affair out of the paternal goodness of his heart, and not because publisher Larry Flynt threatened him with exposure.

Republican Rep. Helen Chenoweth of Idaho, Clinton-resignation-seeker who admitted to having had a long-term affair with a married man more than a decade ago, will be sitting on Dan Burton in an effort to appear superior to him.

Ex-House Speaker-elect Bob Livingston (R-La.), when he resigned his speakership in shame over breached marriage vows to his wife, was sitting on a lucrative law-and-lobbying job offer in D.C. so as to appear less insufferably self-sacrificing.

Trent Lott, Senate Majority Leader (R-Miss.), who has feigned ignorance of the white racist policies of the Council of Conservative Citizens—a group he actively supports—sat on the white sheet and hood given him by the CCC so as to appear to not be wearing them.

David Duke, poster-boy of the CCC, who is running for the congressional seat vacated by Rep. Bob Livingston, will be sitting on the Rev. Jerry Falwell in order to appear legitimate.

Lastly, Charles Ruff, Clinton's fifth White House counsel, is defending his boss while seated in a wheelchair to give the impression that you can be more severely crippled than the Clinton presidency and still get the President's sluggish supporters up out of their chairs to cheer.



## Larry Flynt's Wedding Gift

by Lee Quarnstrom

The first *objet d'art* one noticed upon entering Larry Flynt's "mansion," as he insisted we call the Bel Air home that had previously belonged to Tony Curtis, was a statue of a young fellow having sexual intercourse with a chicken. This piece of sculpture stood in the foyer of the house, which was guarded in those days by two ferocious attack dogs and several ferocious, and heavily armed, attack men.

There was, of course, a story behind the statuary: Larry's first sexual experience, he proudly boasted, was indeed with a chicken. Now that fateful encounter was memorialized for the ages in this nice piece of bronze.

Many years earlier, when the *Hustler* editors in Columbus learned that the boss was going to make an honest woman, or as honest a woman as was possible, out of his companion and Hustler Club hoochy-coochy dancer Althea Leasure, top editor Bruce David came up with the perfect wedding gift for Larry: a live chicken in a box with a note reading, "In case things don't work out."

David ordered one of the *Hustler* editors to go buy a live chicken. David, whose volatile temper evoked both fear and loathing among some of his underlings in those earlier *Hustler* days in the Ohio capital the boys referred to as "the City of Seven Flat Places," told the editor not to show his face in the office again until he'd rounded up the bird.

The editor, who related the story of his chicken-hunting adventure to me after the magazine and staff had moved west to Los Angeles, decided the easiest way to come up with a living hen was to go directly to the source, a chicken ranch on the outskirts of town. Michael, as the editor was named, looked in the Yellow Pages and found just the right place, a chicken farm not too far outside the city limits. He got in his car and drove out to the Ohio countryside.

When he got to the farm, he told me, he parked and walked over to an elderly man, the owner of the establishment, who was sitting in a rocking chair on the front porch of his rustic home.

"I'd like to purchase a chicken," he told the farmer.

"Well, Sonny," the man wondered, "what do you want it for? Roasting? Frying? Laying?"

"For fucking," Michael replied in all honesty. The farmer shrank back into his rocker in disgust.

"Well," he told Michael, "I ain't gonna help you pick out a chicken to fuck. You go get one on your own."

He handed Michael a wooden crate, the kind with thin slats that lettuce and other produce used to come in. And Michael headed out into the huge flock of chickens that lived just beyond a fence made, appropriately enough, out of chicken wire.

Now he didn't know exactly what kind of

chicken Bruce David might have in mind as a potential sexual partner for Larry in case things didn't work out. But he finally picked one bird and, with some deft coaxing and grabbing, stuffed the bird into the crate, paid the farmer a couple of bucks, and tossed the box and bird into the back seat of his car.

As he headed back toward Columbus, disaster struck. The chicken, which had been screeching and batting its wings against the side of the crate, suddenly cracked one of the slats and broke out of the box. As Michael tried to keep his car on the road the hen began flying around the inside of his sedan.

"It was making a hell of a noise," Michael reported, "and it was shitting everywhere. It was like there was a shit-and-feather storm inside the car."

Keeping one hand on the steering wheel, Michael tried to grab the bird with the other. He was on a busy highway and didn't want to

### Lost In the Translation

In Chinese, Colonel Sanders' slogan, "finger-licking good," becomes "eat your fingers off."

risk pulling off the road with an enraged chicken winging its way around his head.

It took a few miles and a lot of chickenshit but finally he got a hand around the bird's neck. The chicken crapped on his lap. Enraged himself, Michael rolled down his window and tossed out the screeching chicken.

Unfortunately for all involved, the bird smacked the windshield of an oncoming truck, a big truck. It smattered across that windshield in such a frightening and disgusting manner that the trucker, too, became enraged. He turned his 16-wheeler around and began to follow Michael. And Michael, fearing mayhem, led the trucker on a high-speed chase along that highway, then on less-traveled roads, then on municipal streets, and finally down alleyways and across front lawns and parking strips.

Finally, Michael realized he'd ditched the trucker. He heaved a sigh of relief but immediately realized that while he had avoided one disaster he faced another unless he brought a chicken back to Bruce David.

Reluctantly, he turned his car around and headed back to the chicken ranch.

The farmer was still sitting in his rocking chair. He looked at the forlorn young man standing in front of him, coated with chicken manure.

"I need another chicken," Michael told the farmer.

"Another?" the farmer asked with the sort of abhorrence that only a chicken man could have for a city slicker who'd purchase a bird for his own sexual gratification. "What happened to the one you already bought?"

"Well," Michael replied timidly, "unfortunately, I killed it."

## The Faux Millennium

by William Edelen

From now until the year 2002 we are going to be buried and suffocated, staggering in the onslaught of superstition, ignorance and nonsense. Books, television, radio and movies will feed on the gullibility of the American public. It will be open season on rationality, reason and religious and historical literacy.

A recent quarter-page advertisement in the (Palm Springs) *Desert Sun* warned us that "Christ is coming very, very soon. History's greatest event. Be Prepared." It then went on to tell us how to escape his judgment.

Nonsense masquerading as truth. The origins of such can be religious fanaticism, simple ignorance or personal gain. When Arthur Hays Sulzberger was the publisher of the *New York Times*, 1935-1961, he wrote: "I believe in an open mind, but not so open that your brains fall out."

What seems to be missing from the mind/brains of most is the fact that time is fiction. Time is man-made. A history of man-made calendars would enlighten many. On many calendars the millennium has already come and gone, and you didn't even know you missed it.

Christian fundamentalists of course are panting for the day, but with the vast majority of the world it is a non-event. In the Jewish calendar, the year 2000 will be 5760 and no big deal.

For Muslims, our year 2000 will be the Islamic year 1420, and the "day of doom" will not come for another 50,000 years, according to Muhammad. So relax, you won't even be around to see it happen. The Islamic calendar follows the cycles of the moon rather than the sun, and the year is now 1418.

In the Chinese lunar calendar it is now the year 4695. Hindus are now in the midst of a calendrical cycle that has over 350,000 years to go yet until it ends. You won't see that either.

With all American Indian concepts of time, this entire subject is absurd. The majority of Indian languages do not have past and future tenses; they reflect rather a perennial reality of the *now*. Their accounts of creation, for example, do not tell of a time past but rather of processes that are eternally happening. The Mayan and Hopi "prophecy" have to do with the evolutionary expansion of human consciousness.

Albert Einstein said that a 12-year-old Hopi child could understand his cosmology better than most math professors, because the Hopi child is living it daily, with no past or future, only the 'now' time of the cyclic rhythms.

What a contrast in mentalities. Christian fundamentalists waiting for Jesus and the world to go up in flame. Or the beautiful thought of the American Indian looking for a new stage in the expansion of human consciousness.



## MEDIA FREAK

### Falling Through the Crack

In a *San Francisco Chronicle* review by Peter Dale Scott of Gary Webb's *The CIA, the Contras, and the Crack Cocaine Explosion*, the italicized section of the following paragraph was omitted:

"As even Webb admits, the CIA in 1981 had relatively little daily control over Contra leaders. More important was the decision of top Reagan advisers (not just in the CIA) to reorganize (as the *Contras*) the old Somoza National Guard, about whose drug and other criminal activities the Nicaraguan bishops had complained back in 1978. Equally disastrous was the initial decision to leave oversight of the *Contras* to Argentine intelligence officers, for whom the drug-financing of operations was a way of life."

### Why Ratings Suck

*E! Online's* Stanley Young reports that, although 12 anonymous individuals decide on movie ratings, the Farrelly brothers have voluntarily edited out the R-rated scenes which made an otherwise pedestrian film, *There's Something About Mary*, so popular in the first place, in order to get a PG-13 rating "and rake in yet more millions from all those teens who weren't able to sneak into the original version."

To avoid an NC-17 rating, Troy Beyer, writer-director of *Let's Talk About Sex*, had "to remove the scene of a woman licking a peach. She was demonstrating how she like to pleasure her lesbian lover," writes Young, "but it was so, well, tastefully done that audiences at Cannes and Sundance were left in stitches. . . . No doubt if the actress had taken a chainsaw to the peach or karate-chopped it to pieces instead of licking it, the MPAA would have had no objections at all."

James Toback's *Two Girls and a Guy* included a sex scene with Heather Graham and Robert Downey Jr.—filmed in shadows from a distance—but in order to get an R rating, "Unlike Beyer, he didn't have to remove any full scenes, but some action was, well, shortened. Instead of Graham's hand going up and down six times, it's three times; instead of Downey being on his knees to give pleasure orally for seven seconds, he's doing it for three and a half."

### Hearing Test

A videotape recently revealed that, at a secret meeting in 1993 where four executives, two each from Archer Daniels Midland and the Ajinomoto Company of Japan, discussed price-fixing. James Randall, then president of Archer Daniels, stated, "We have a saying at this company. Our competitors are our friends and our customers are our enemies."

Sam Leff wrote to PBS' Jim Lehrer: "I'd like to see that videotape on the NewsHour followed by a panel discussion on the ethics

of commercial sponsorship of public television news which would address the dilemma of the NewsHour's discovery that its long-time thinly disguised commercial sponsor is a price-fixing monopolizer, who sees the public as 'the enemy.' Surely a program that is comfortable with daily discussions of the president's sexual habits should not shrink from discussing the monopolistic practices and gross hypocrisy of its alleged 'public spirited' benefactors."

Lehrer responded: "Thank you for your letter. I hear you on Archer Daniels Midland."

### Purple Prose

A press release from Lyrick Studios promoting Barney sing-along cassettes was tampered with electronically so that it stated:

"Parents will love them, because they will provide hours of entertainment, and challenge their little ones to learn their favorite



### Sic Transit Mortimer Snerd

Retired ventriloquist Paul Winchell jokes that his dummies Jerry Mahoney and Knucklehead Smiff have taken up a new hobby—collecting dust. "Television and its use of computers can make everything talk," he says, "so there's no need for the art of ventriloquism any more. I don't think young kids today would even understand it."

tunes. Plus, they're perfect for a short or long trip anywhere! Instead of having those little shits clamoring to stop at the next McDonalds, or those interminable whines of 'When are we gonna get there?' or 'I really gotta go, Mommy,' plug their ears with these latest banalities from Lyrick and you're guaranteed to arrive free of stress."

### Filler Items

• On a live broadcast of *Good Morning America*, a Rolling Stones groupie mentioned the title of Robert Frank's 1972 documentary on the band, *Cocksucker Blues*.

• There are now Gentile jokes. Sample: A Gentile man calls his mother and says,

"Mother, I know you had been expecting me for dinner this evening, but something important has come up and I can't make it." His mother says, "Okay."

• A California company requires employees to sign an oath that they will not post or circulate *Dilbert* cartoons.

• Internet listings for bad breath, armpits, and toilet paper are linked to Procter & Gamble.

• Israel has authorized a contractor to build a bridge two inches below the Sea of Galilee in an attempt to attract tourists who want to emulate Jesus by walking on water.

• The Department of Defense announced its distress over a scribbled message—"Here's a Ramadan present. . . ."—on a 2000-pound laser bomb dropped on Iraq, presumably because it was a violation of the 1st Amendment's guarantee separating church and state.

• A documentary, *Human Remains*, reveals that both Adolf Hitler and Mao Tse-tung had one testicle; also that Josef Stalin loved his daughter so much he killed her fiance.

• A new edition of the *Communist Manifesto* is described by the publisher as "elegant enough to grace a coffee table." Barney's department store featured the book, along with a selection of red lipsticks, in its window as "conceptual art."

• A spokesperson for the Oregon State Lottery: "Keeping the games going after a natural disaster such as an earthquake or flood is important because video poker and other games generate \$1 million a day in profits."

• Headline in the *Los Angeles Times*: "EX-GOP Hopeful Huffington Says He Is a Homosexual . . . He Also Says He May Be a Democrat."

• Orson Bean directed and starred in an adaptation of *A Christmas Carol*, although for politically correct purposes, the director was listed as Yolanda Perez.

• A guest on *Politically Incorrect* wore a T-shirt with Barbara Boxer's name which was blocked out.

• At the American Psychological Association convention, the Pfizer Pharmaceutical booth gave out free Viagra book lights, since the erection pill takes an hour to take effect and users might want to read in the meantime.

• On ABC's *The View*, Barbara Walters confessed that her fantasy was to be a man so she could urinate while standing. Meredith Viera admitted that her husband often has sex with her when she's asleep.

• Jaded placard spotted: "Homeless, etc."

• The Ayn Rand Institute offers internships to students so that they can try to fulfill their school's volunteerism requirement by volunteering to fight volunteerism.

• George Ochs, age 10, asks: "Now that the airlines have banned peanuts, will there be elephants sniffing our luggage at the airport?"

• Reporting the results of a dog show in which a dog defecated on the carpet, sportscaster Bill Weir observed, "You almost never see this type of thing in the Miss America competition."