

Mae, We Hardly Knew Ye

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Mae Brussell—extraordinary conspiracy researcher. She began her life's work in 1963 after John F. Kennedy was assassinated, and in 1972, when the Watergate break-in occurred, she recognized names, *modus operandi* and cover-up efforts. *The Realist* published her first article, delineating the patterns of that conspiracy and naming the names—all the way up to FBI director L. Patrick Gray, Attorney General John Mitchell, President Richard Nixon—while the mainstream press was still referring to the break-in as a "caper" and a "third-rate burglary."

Among those continuing Mae's work is the author of our cover story, Paul Kangas, a private investigator. As we go to press, an attorney for Pepsi-Cola has told him to stop claiming that Pepsi had anything to do with the invasion of Cuba or the assassination of JFK, and threatening to prevent publication.

Reporter Sarah McClendon has informed ABC radio talk-show host Michael Jackson about the buzz in Washington, that several scandals involving George Bush are about to break, including the Reagan-Bush administration bringing cocaine into the U.S. by way of Noriega, and Bush's involvement in the Kennedy assassination. Bob Woodward promises to tell the truth about the assassination in his next book, just as soon as Deep Throat dies. And Oliver Stone's next movie will be about the assassination.

Former New Orleans district attorney, Jim Garrison—who set out to prove that Lee Harvey Oswald did not act alone—will be played by Kevin Costner, presumably to compensate for his little speech in *Bull Durham* where he told Susan Sarandon, "I believe in long, slow, deep, wet kisses that last three days . . . I believe in the small of a woman's back . . . I believe in the hanging curve [baseball reference] . . . I believe that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone. . . ."

Meanwhile, Paul Kangas has been busy briefing the San Francisco Mime Troupe for their upcoming production, which will feature a character inspired by Mae Brussell, probing secrets behind the Kennedy assassination. I can hardly wait for the first annual Conspiracy Convention in Dallas. See you at the disinformation booth.

Ronnie, We Hardly Knew Ye

I came to bury a joke, not to tell one. In 1981, when Ronald Reagan was shot by John Hinckley, I used to give as an example of the President's senility the fact that Hinckley came out for gun control and Reagan came out against it. But now, an entire decade later, he has finally come out in support of the Brady bill requiring a 7-day waiting period before an assassin may purchase a hand gun. That would certainly help avoid those sudden spur-of-the-moment political impulse killings.

In 1972, Mae Brussell told me that the ultimate purpose of political assassinations in this country was to put Ronald Reagan into the White House. Later, the CIA—never conceiving the possibility that their boy George Bush could actually get elected to the highest office—had John Hinckley hypnotized at the Arthur Bremer School of Brainwashing so he would believe that if he killed the President, then Jodie Foster would go bowling with him, a motivation so absurd that it would travel full circle and become credible.

And now, in reaction to *The Silence of the Lambs*—wherein the villain is a gay transvestite nut—Jodie Foster has been criticized by gay activists for appearing in a film that inflames homophobia; in the process, some have been "outing" her as a lesbian. That has been a heavy gossip item for the last few years. But if the rumor is true, and if John Hinckley had only known about it in time, then Ronald Reagan might be alive today.

Nancy, We Hardly Knew Ye

Poor Nancy Reagan. Her words of warning were taken out of context. What she had actually told a group of youngsters was, "If anybody tries to sell you marijuana for \$500 an ounce, that's way too expensive, and it will bring the price up for everyone, so just say no." Alan King once told a joke about Frank Sinatra—that he was in the hospital undergoing surgery; he was having Kitty Kelley removed from his ass—and now it looks like Sinatra is having a relapse, thanks to Kelley's book about Nancy.

While I was researching the Charles Manson case, I learned that individuals in the Los Angeles Police Department were selling pornographic videotapes seized from Sharon Tate's loft, among them a

coupling of Greg Bautzer, attorney for Howard Hughes, and Jane Wyman, ex-wife of Ronald Reagan, who was then governor of California. Through my conspiratorial tunnel vision, I began to believe that Reagan was somehow connected with the murders, at least on a metaphorical level. Recently, however, Geraldo Rivera interviewed Manson, and their dialogue concluded:

Manson: But where did the gun come from that killed those people? Did you know that was Ronnie Reagan's gun? You didn't even know that, did you? See what I'm saying. There's a lot of it that you don't understand.

Rivera: Thanks for your time.

Geraldo didn't follow up on Charlie's revelation, and I was left wondering whether Ronald Reagan's connection was more than mere metaphor? I wrote to Manson and asked specifically what he meant. He replied, "I don't feel [Reagan] knows that one of his guns got loose. It had got behind the shelves in the trailer that RR gave George Spahn." Family member Sandra Good told me that Reagan had given a gun to the old rancher, helped him financially and donated the trailer where the gun was found.

So much for my paranoid fantasy. I'll just have to settle for imagining Nancy Reagan and Frank Sinatra fucking their brains out on the White House kitchen table. And, of course, he did it *ber* way.

Daryl, We Hardly Knew Ye

The case against Daryl Gates is simple. As chief law enforcement officer, he has encouraged a climate of vigilante injustice. Naturally, there are jokes about the LAPD brutality scandal. The cops have arrested Rodney King again, this time for impersonating a *pinata*. And they're now pushing for legislation that would require a 7-day waiting period before a citizen may purchase a video camera. But my favorite joke occurs every time a newscaster practices objectivity above and beyond the call of duty by referring to "the alleged beating."

There is also a certain fallout of the video witness syndrome. Recently I saw a couple of tough-looking guys in a pickup truck calling out—"Hey! Hey, you!"—to a guy just walking by. I thought I was about to witness a drive-by shooting—and I didn't even have a camera to record the event. I felt like a naked voyeur. But then they called to the guy, "Hey! Were you on *Love Connection*?" He said yes, and they all shook hands and laughed and indulged in some instant male bonding. As for me, the relief was worth the tension.

Realist, We Hardly Knew Ye

From 1958 to 1974, *The Realist* was a magazine that lasted for 98 issues. *Library Journal* called it "the best satirical periodical published in America" and *People* magazine labelled me "father of the underground press." Naturally, I demanded a blood test. In 1985, we resumed publication in this newsletter format. A couple of issues ago, I announced that we would be switching from quarterly to every other month. It was a premature ejaculation.

Subscriptions won't be affected, since they're figured by the number of issues, not the date. Our rates remain: \$12 for 6 issues, or \$23 for 12 issues. Please specify which issue you'd like your sub to begin with. Back issues #99 thru #116 are available at \$2 each.

And here are a few collector's items now available:

● *The Realist* #74, May 1967—featuring our most infamous article, "The Parts Left Out of the Kennedy Book," plus the Disneyland Memorial Orgy centerspread—\$5

● *The Realist* #84, November, 1968—featuring excerpts from the trial of Abbie Hoffman's American flag shirt plus "The Case of the Cock-Sure Groupies" (namely, the Plaster Casters)—\$5

● *The Realist* #90, June, 1971—featuring an impolite interview with Ken Kesey plus "My Affair with Tricia Nixon" by Nick Kazan—\$5

● *The Realist* #93, August, 1972—featuring Mae Brussell's prophetic Watergate exposé plus "Comic Violence from *Batman* to S. Clay Wilson"—\$5

Also available, these two books:

● *Tales of Tongue Fu* by Paul Krassner—a New Age media fable about a man with a 15-inch tongue who goes to a camp for gurus—\$6

● *The (Almost) Unpublished Lenny Bruce*—including all of his pieces that originally appeared in *The Realist*—\$10

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