





## *The Democratic Campaign Managers*

Ever since you were a sixties' child demonstrating in the streets of Berkeley, you've been the proverbial bleeding heart liberal crusading for social justice. Not a mean feat, in view of the convenient compromises struck by many of Jack Kerouac's beatniks in succeeding decades, most who've become short-haired briefcase toting aging yuppies who drive Volvos that sport "Visualize World Peace" stickers on their bumpers. But not you, the diehard Democrat. You've stayed the course, remained politically active, and never bartered your beliefs to climb the corporate ladder. Which is not to say that you aren't a mover and shaker of some note. In fact, your political involvement has grown from being a local nominating delegate to National Democratic Party Chairman for the last twelve years, a position in which you've poured countless hours of dedication. But no amount of political posturing, image building or grass roots campaigning has ever succeeded in having any of your three Democratic nominees elected as leader of the free world. Watching one Republican presidential landslide after another, you've now become the disillusioned cynic of the political arena, as you painfully log the steady erosion of civil rights, environmental responsibility and equitable distribution of the country's power and wealth.

Until you made the acquaintance of Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton, a man with a true democratic conscience, embodying middle class virtues, a responsible fiscal platform, an environmental program and a genuine concern for economic and social equality. No wimpy peanut farmer, Governor Clinton, under your tutelage, was able to survive and combat a barrage of negative publicity during his campaign to be not only nominated at the convention but to have a 20 point advantage in the polls over a sitting Republican president. More than ever before, you're confident that your nominee finally has what it takes to win the election in November and end more than a decade of Republican oppression.

At least so you thought, until the League of Women Voters Presidential Debate aired to a national audience just moments ago. Initially, you had watched in admiration as Clinton talked circles around poor George, who seemed wholly incapable of completing a sentence. Bored, you went backstage to talk to the press. All of a sudden a nervous campaign aide, looking as if she'd seen a ghost, took you to the side, and recounted a disastrous verbal exchange between the candidates that could prove fatal to Clinton's presidential aspirations and your own hopes for change. The aide, unable to elaborate between stuttering sobs, thrusts a cassette tape into your hands, to which you listen with great apprehension.

1. In the President's stuttering speech,  
Only words repeated in sequence will teach,  
Of a special hiding place,  
Where Clinton surely will lose face,  
More than "potato" the veep can't spell,  
Upon his surname you should now dwell,  
And the President's own name will specify,  
The place where some digging will rectify,  
There a photograph shows Clinton's worst,  
To steal it back go up on First,  
And lest Bill's character be completely marred,  
Head east on Encinitas Boulevard,  
Walk past Proteus to end this grief,  
To the shade of a certain leaf.  
And to your loyalty you must testify,  
The sticker on your rear bumper you must apply.
2. The President can still get in his licks,  
With his campaign's dirty tricks,  
He'll soon unleash a Hot Springs scandal,  
About an incompetent nurse that did mishandle,  
Emergency procedures for one Susie Deere,  
Who checked in with injuries not severe,  
But on the operating table did expire,  
Thanks to the attention of one Virginia Dwire,  
Who while reading a racing form forgot,  
To clear the patient's throat of snot,  
While this patient fibrillated,  
Upon the Del Mar tracks Dwire meditated,

The first autopsy report does reflect,  
This nurse's egregious neglect,  
But thanks to the influence of her governor son,  
The coroner's report was soon redone,  
It now shows homicide as the cause of death,  
That has nothing to do with a loss of breath.  
The coroner was richly paid to cover this mess,  
But the original report will soon hit the press,  
If Bush's men find it he'll stay in power,  
It sits where Clinton's momma hid it under a  
flower,  
Take the Via de la Valle exit off the five,  
To keep your candidate's chances alive.

3. One of the important campaign issues,  
Was whether your client had engaged in drug abuse,  
In answering a question Bill Clinton was caught,  
Waffling on whether he'd ever smoked pot,  
Now the Bush staff is searching for the joint,  
The public their sleaze won't disappoint,  
For with a burnt roach Bill can be blackmailed,  
Since confused Bill promised he hadn't inhaled,  
The evidence lies where he left it atop a column,  
Of a Stonehenge monument that is quite solemn,  
Connected to another that is taller,  
By a slanted block where the clue you'll collar,  
The number 39 will give you a hunch,  
Where you can beat George Bush to the punch.
  
4. Offense, they, say is the best defense,  
Bush's efforts you should recompense,  
With a classified report that does reveal,  
His hand in an arms-for-hostages deal,  
And a DOD memo will blow the whistle,  
On the sale to Iraq of a nuclear missile,  
There's no better way to sharpen Bill's image,  
Than to show George's political brokerage,  
The public won't stand for a hypocrite,  
To La Jolla Cove you should commit.

5. While playing golf in Kennebunkport,  
Bush clubbed a drive clean off the resort,  
It hit a pregnant woman in the head,  
She now lies braindamaged in a hospital bed,  
Poor George refused to accept the blame,  
It would have reflected poorly on his golf game,  
The CIA, his alma mater,  
Hid the proof near a cascade of water,  
To this place your campaign should sprint,  
For the ball contains George's fingerprint,  
Wouldn't America like to know,  
The depths to which our President will go?
  
6. The prints are sent for comparison,  
But it'll take some time to have it done,  
Though Bush's ratings have begun to fall,  
Voter turnout will be small,  
The Republican machine still has more funds,  
It's time to find more skeletons,  
Election day is fast approaching,  
Perot, once the spoiler, can provide some  
    coaching,  
He's hot to trot with some helpful hints,  
In a Spanish park for Presidents,  
Advice from this dark horse candidate,  
May yet seal Bush's electoral fate.
  
7. More mudslinging you'll have to endure,  
Unless Republican efforts you can deter,  
If Clinton's painted as a draft dodger,  
The public's wrath he'll surely incur,  
Twas not merely out of conscience that he sought  
    to evade,  
Military enlistment of which he was simply afraid,  
The wimp factor you can't disregard,  
For even Quayle served in the National Guard,  
Down five south to Park your campaign is sent,  
There effect a liberal turn for our next  
    President,  
Inside pass the Baron's wings and a Ford Phaeton,  
Don't stop for gas or to dance in the sun,  
Near where three paratroopers make their jump,  
Mickey will help you get over this hump,  
And soon piece together another place,  
To avenge old George, and him debase.

8. In the elections of '88,  
Dukakis Bush did easily bait,  
About a Massachusetts prison furlough,  
Upon which one inmate did gleefully go,  
Two murders he committed in one weekend,  
The Democrats' leniency did overextend,  
But in Bush's zeal he did confer,  
More than a hint of a racial slur,  
For felon Willie was a black,  
And the NAACP was taken aback,  
They built a plaza to commemorate,  
George's racist reprobate,  
It carries the name of this convict,  
Written about on p.30's rhetoric.  
And for an animal to import,  
In an outside plant he does snort.

HOTLINE: (213) 507 - 0837

## Little Clues

### 1. The debate tape:

Buckley: Hello, I'm William Buckley, Editor of the National Review, welcoming you tonight to the first installment of the 1992 Presidential Debates, sponsored by the League of Women Voters. The two national candidates are of course the incumbent Republican President George Bush and the Democratic National Candidate Bill Clinton. The format comprises the usual incisive and witty questions from myself covering a variety of significant issues facing our embattled country today. Each candidate will have thirty seconds in which to respond. Are the candidates ready?

First question is to the President: Mr. President the recent polls show grave public concern over what is believed to be a complete absence of a coherent economic agenda on the domestic front. To the calls for a new candidate with bold new economic proposals to resolve the the current tide of unemployment and the nosedive being being taken by our standard of living, what do you say?

Bush: Well, Mr. Buckley, I can say this. And Barbara and I discussed this at length while fishing last Sunday, and the tailspin is, well, that 'ol GNP is just gonna have to grow. You betcha. Take that old botanical ... botanical approach. Make it blossom and bear some fruit. You know. And a plan . well, we're workin' on it and let me tell you .. times... they aren't easy. Never have been, either. The sea bass weren't even nibblin' on Sunday, but did I give up? Like some man did say a long time ago, to every reason there's gotta be a season. Poor Millie has worms, but there's medication. You know, things are tight. It is ebb and it is flow. Some people, I tell ya', seem to think I can't say the "R" word, and well everybody seems to have a burr under their saddle these days. So tempers, you know, flare, and that 'ol R word. . .

Buckley: You mean recession, Mr. President?

Bush: You hear alot of talk. Hear alot of talk. It's just those press folk. And that's their right. To come up with words that just aren't. But then you gotta be independent and above partisan politics, yep. Gotta be your

own man, and your own woman, we gotta include our ladies, wouldn't be fair, wouldn't be prudent. Lots of progress is being made in many sectors across, and all around this godfearing nation. And I think a little work, just a little elbow grease, and some native.. native intelligence, and pull ourselves up from our boots, our bootstraps, and . . .

Buckley: You're out of time, Mr. President. And out in space, I might add. Governor Clinton, do you have a response?

Clinton: Mr. Buckley, when I was growing up in the Ozarks, and my Momma was working as a nurse to get us through school and put food on our tables, we knew what it was like to live in poverty. Mr. Bush has no concept of the masses of hungry souls out there - no proposal to put them to work . . .no industrial policy to protect our auto workers. I have a plan, a goal, a way a dream. . .

Buckley: Thank you so much for sharing that with us. Mr. President, in April of this year, the City of Los Angeles was rocked by riots unprecedented in the history of our great nation. What will you do to keep this from happening again?

Bush: Let me say, I flew to L.A. I saw the children of poverty.

Yep. I saw burned out . . you know, businesses. And saw a demonstration . . demonstration. Lots of anger. Pretty bad

stuff. Wanted to climb right back on U.S. Air Force One. But didn't. Stuck it through, we did. And Let me tell you, Barb and

I cried. Shed a tear. It was like our home in Kennebunkport, you know, that storm flooded, came right on through and gutted

our basement. It was hard . . .real tough to see those rusty golfclubs . . putter was full of seaweed . .and we have the contractors out there now. You know, rebuild. that' what

Barb and I are gonna do. And we'll even add an addition for my grandchildren . . the little brown ones . . . when they come to

visit. So we can rebuild. Takes a little courage. A little insurance.

Buckley: Governor Clinton, your rebuttal: I am amazed that our President would compare his Maine villa on the sea to a minority business in South Central L.A. Mr. President, these people were burned out of their livelihoods. They were beaten up within an inch of their lives. They do not have insurance. In fact, 10% of the population has no insurance of any kind.



That's why we need a change. Al Gore and I are the antidote to more than a decade of Republican indifference to the poor, to the acid rain and dirty air and cleared timber of what once used to be a beautiful country.

Buckley: Governor Clinton seems to be making a point. Especially refreshing is seeing a running mate with some credentials, as it were. Mr. President, are you really planning on keeping Dan Quayle, a man who can't even spell potato, as your running mate?

Bush: Now he's . . . you know, Quayle . . . Quayle, just a fine running mate. He's out there fighting for our family values. And I'm not gonna bow to any pressure from those Murphy Brown types, no sirree. And let me say, Murphy Brown's a fine show. Even Barb watches it on occasion. Like now. Danny boy's a man of great moral integrity. We can't say so much for Slick Willie here, now can we Slick?

Buckley: Governor, your campaign in fact has suffered quite a few setbacks regarding your character . . . or shall we say . . . your seeming inability to keep your fly zipped, as it were. What do you say to those aspersions on your character, or should taxpayers now plan to build a North wing to the White House to accommodate your mistress?

Clinton: I cannot believe I am standing here on public t.v. still hearing accusations about my character! My character's fine and dandy. My character is strong. It is excellent. It knows hard work, Mr. President. And it's 9 1/2 inches long.

Buckley: HOOEY. A most penetrating response. Mr. President, care to rebut that?

Bush: Well, like I always say a bird in the hand, ya know, is better than two in the bush!

Clinton: Especially when your wife looks like she's ole enough to be your momma.

Buckley: No comments from the penis gallery please. Mr. President would you elaborate?

Bush: I should add, at this juncture, that Danny and I have some information on Slick Willie here, yep, old Casanova, we've got it hidden, yep . . . hidden in the vice-presidential garden, garden you know. It's mighty interestin'. Just can't wait 'til the American people see this. It's time to stop beating around the 'ol bush, . . . bush .. Slick.

Clinton: I have searched every bush of this state and I have no idea what the President's referring to.

Bush: Well, looks like you missed one.

Buckley: Gentlemen, gentlemen please. Well, I don't know about you, but I'm bushed. That concludes our televised debates tonight. Thank you and good evening.

2. Tape with Bumper Sticker under bush in  
Native Demonstration Garden

Tape:

(Door Opens, footsteps are heard)

Bill: Honey, I'm home. Honey? Hillary, you home, babe?

Hillary: Don't you honey me, Slick! Where have you been?

It's 9:00. Nine o'clock, Bill! Where have you been?

Chelsea and I have been sittin' here waitin' at the dinner table since 6 fuckin' thirty wonderin' when the great governah' of the State of Arkansas might see fit to join his family for a homecooked meal!

Bill: Well, honey, you don't cook! That there yonder on the table sure as hell don't look like Momma's chicken and dumplins!

Hillary: Alright, so it's takeout Chinese food! And it's cold, I might add! So cold I'm gonna have to microwave it all over again! And I don't care diddly about your momma! If you talk about her dumplins one more time, and how her chicken used to just melt in your mouth at those Sunday family reunions, I'll have that crazy woman committed! I'll have my firm petition to put her in an asylum so quick you won't even be able to say jackrabbit!

Bill: Oh, quit yer lawyerin', Hillary! Poor Momma's got enough problems without havin' to listen miss litigation here tryin to put away her husband's own mother!

Hillary: Problems! You bet she has problems! She called today about a little difficulty, as you would call it, that occurred over at the hospital this mornin' . . .

Bill: What difficulty? Not about that bigoted woman that died

. . . ?

Hillary: I don't give a coon's ass about your momma's problems! What I want to know is where you have been for the last three hours!

Chelsea: ( a child's sob is heard)

Bill: Now, honey, don't you be using that foul language in front of Chelsea! And calm down . . .

Hillary: Foul language? You wanna hear foul language? How about

Cunt motherfucker cocksucker and shit! Mr. Governah! Who do you think you're foolin', Slick? I can smell her cheap perfume all over you! You good fer nothin' philanderin' excuse for a husband! So how is that two bit night club slut you've been whorin' around with?

Bill: Now, honey you know that's just rumors. That's just Republicans tryin' to make up some awful lies to impugn my character. How can you let yourself fall into their trap?

( a sob) I am really pained by these accusations, honey! How could you think . . ( a sob) . . . Baby, you should trust me. I love you so much. For you to think I could do this to you, after all we've been through . . .

Hillary: Well, (obviously feeling bad) . . . Bill, it's just that when you don't come home, and I'm not bein' in trial and all . . . Oh honey, come here . . . Baby . . .Baby

Bill: Please understand, hon. I work so hard for the three of us. I just don't know if I can deal with your interrogations anymore. . .

Hillary: Oh, stop it. . . We're all under pressure here. (conciliatory) ( a long kiss) MMMMM. That was most satisfyin' Another kiss. . . Can Big Willie come out and play? Oh Baby . . why don't we forget about that moo goo gai pain for now . . and

Bill: OHHH, honey. Yes. Let's do it. Baby I love you. You're the one. The only one.

Hillary: Oh, hail. Let's just do it on this here dinner table!

(alot of deep breathing and sounds are heard)

Chelsea: ( a child's sob)

Hillary: Oh, shut up, Chelsea!

Bill: Ohhh, baby, honey, . . . ohhh . . . ,(gasps) . . .  
. . . Gennifer . . Gennie, baby . . .

Hillary: ( a slap) Get out! You sleazebucket!!!!!!!

(a door is heard opening)

Gennifer: Oh, Bill, you came back! Honey! Oh, sweetie, I've missed you.

Bill: Oh, come on Gennifer, it's only been an hour.

Gennifer: I know, hon', but I knew you'd come back for more

( a zipping sound is heard ) . . . My, my aren't we perky?  
Gawd,

I've gotta be at the Easy Tease in half an hour! Well,  
that's enough time! ( a kiss ) ( heavy breathing )

Bill: Oh, honey you are great! Babe, only you and me . . .

Oh, Gawd, dahlin' . . . oh my, . . . Sally . . . oh my!!!,

Sally, babieeee!

( a climax is heard ) . . . sounds of relief . . .

Gennifer: (Silence) In an irritated voice . . . Who's Sally?

Bill: Sally? Did I say Sally? No babe I said rally. Yeah.  
rally.

Gennifer: Well, big Bill, I sure could've sworn you said  
Sally!

Bill: NO! Rally, like babe I've gotta go...It's Momma .

Gennifer: What does the bitch want now?

Bill: How could you call her that? She's in a real fix.  
I've gotta meet her at the Del Mar Tracks. At the entrance.  
You know, right off of Del Mar Heights? How do I get there?

Gennifer: (displeased) Big sigh. . . Just go back to the  
five and head south.

Bill: Thanks Babe. I'll see you after your closing number  
tonight.

Gennifer: O.K. Oh, Bill? Is that divorce final yet? You  
know,

you promised . . .

Bill: Workin' on it Babe, workin' on it . . .

(Door closes)

(Marilyn McCoo song plays)

3. Autopsy report at Del Mar in film cannister under lily  
Attached or copied on to it is UCSD map showing #39.

4. In joint at Stonehenge monument UCSD

If you're now to fight fire with fire,  
Down Torrey Pines you should now retire,  
A congressional investigation you can quickly spark,  
By consulting with the Deepthroat Shark,  
If Clinton's the public to elect,  
Then go where Jenner and Prospect connect.



5. In shark's mouth at Sharper Image at Jenner & Prospect;  
w/ green pencil

CONFIDENTIAL MEMORANDUM

Sept. 4, 1983

Attn: Caspar Weinburger  
Requisitions - MidEast Affairs  
Rm. 1518  
Department of Defense - the Pentagon  
Washington D.C., 20009



Dear Casp,

This is to confirm our phone conversation of this morning whereby I informed you of how I've persuaded the President to approve shipment of three Poseidon medium range ballistic missiles to Baghdad on the 14th of this month. Our good friend Saddam has agreed to take receipt via our private tanker and in exchange will bring oil prices down to \$14.00/bbl. He's a helluva nice fella and the Administration looks forward to a strong and productive alliance with him in the future. I'm quite sure he won't welsh on the deal like the Ayatollah did when he shortchanged us in hostages for that supply of army tanks three years ago. Ollie, by the way, has promised to keep that one under his hat. ' Course, he knows if revealed that it'll be denied everywhere.

Lookin' forward to our golf game this afternoon. Remember to take the shortcut down Mission to Grand. After Barb's clam chowder, I feel like I can knock that ball onto the green in one stroke!

See ya' there,

George R. Bush  
Vice-President of the United  
States

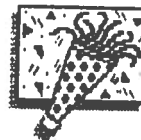
6. In golfball hidden at golf course waterfall

Old Ross has something to impart,  
About our President's medical chart,  
You should consult the News this Week,  
For Perot's location now to seek,  
If Clinton's a survivor than take into account,  
That only third letters will help you surmount,  
The direction to Perot's last stand,  
Where in his chaps he'll tip your hand.



7. Stuck inside chaps of horseman statue in Presidio Park

Bush's mental state is not just slow,  
Insofar as stuttering and non sequiturs go,  
The medical chart shows more than a rumor,  
Of a quickly spreading brain tumor,  
Which is still sad for a man his age,  
But Quayle's succession will outrage,  
Baker's got wind that you have the news,  
But an ace in the hole he'll plan to use,  
He knows of a letter that shows Clinton's graft,  
And that helped him handily avoid the draft,  
Written to an Oxford student your man knew well,  
Who was sent to Vietnam for a spell,  
The letter this soldier did safekeep,  
In a compartment in his army jeep,  
This vet from Nam never returned,  
And the patriotic truth will soon be learned,  
Unless you find the air and space,  
That will save Billybob from this disgrace.



8. Letter in glove compartment of jeep at Aerospace Museum;

Coupled with puzzle that has Victoria's secret on back

Nov. 8, 1967

Dear Mickey,

I write you this letter in the hopes that we can bury the hatchet about this entire Vietnam thing that's come between us. I really regretted seeing us on such bad terms before you left for Saigon.

I feel compelled to explain why I paid off that army recruiter so that he could rig my lottery number. If I hadn't paid him that \$5,000, I'd probably be with you in the trenches getting my butt blown all to hell. And though I agree with why we're there, I simply can't muster the courage to subject myself to that kind of abuse. Face it -

I'm a coward. You know me only too well . . . from football practice at Oxford to the way bullies used to pick on me in the streets of Hot Springs . . . I can still hear them yelling "Sissy! Sissy!" I just don't think I have what it takes to be that kind of fighter. I'd just as soon turn the other cheek.

And if I come back from Saigon as some scarred paraplegic, how could I still be politically viable? I just can't take those chances if I want a political career. I hope you understand.

Your girlfriend Hillary says hi! I'll take good care of her until you get back.

Your loyal friend,

Bill Clinton



9. Behind second dressing room mirror at Victoria's Secret  
at Horton Plaza

Though your candidate has done some past womanizing,  
Infidelity's field he's not been monopolizing,  
For George himself had an affair,  
With Victoria of the famous underwear,  
For five cozy years they put on this front,  
Until poor Vickie became pregnant,  
On top of everything she was black,  
Bush nearly had a heart attack!  
For fathering children with minorities,  
Was not among his priorities,  
Almost as bad was illegitimacy,  
Pro-life George soon showed his hypocrisy,  
By making the choice of last resort,  
And forcing Victoria to abort.  
This tidbit should be the coup-de-grace,  
That will deal the Republicans their first loss,  
In presidential elections for more than a decade,  
All thanks to your brave campaign crusade,  
To find out if a victory's in store,  
To Party headquarters you should now soar,  
Make sure your automobile you first insure,  
And there a map you will procure,  
And when you've arrived at Mona Lisa's place,  
A small statue of her you should embrace,  
She'll tell you the results of the ballot box,  
And if the Republicans you did outfox.







