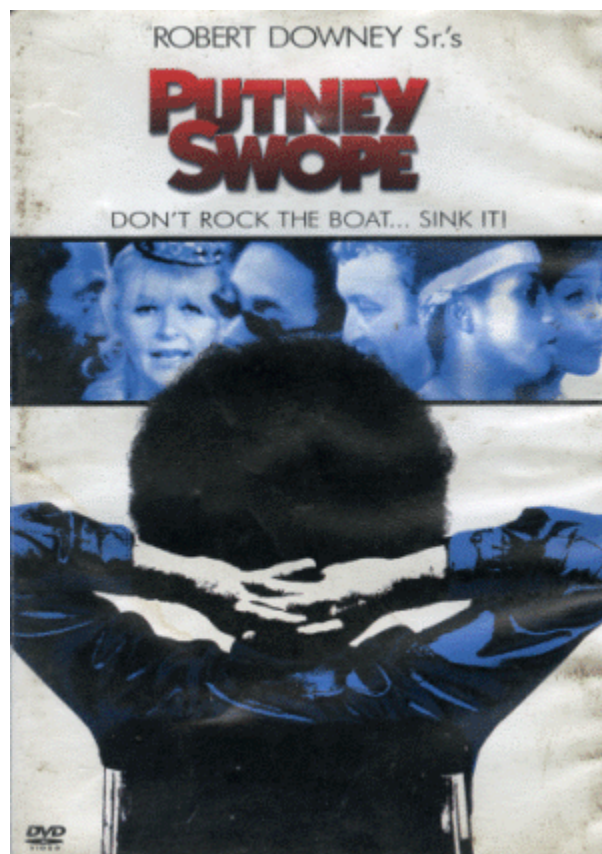


PUTNEY SWOPE [BLACK POWER BUSTOUT*] -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

written and directed by Robert Downey, Sr. (A Prince**)

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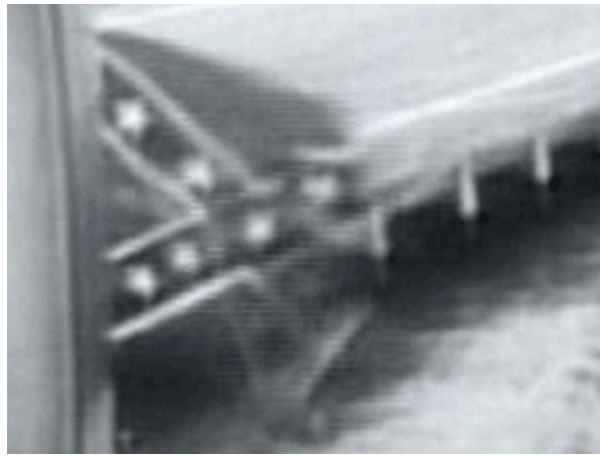
[transcribed from the movie by Tara Carreon]

* Scam, hoax, misrepresentation, deception, cheat, sting, swindle, con. These are all terms that apply to fraud. The perpetrators of business fraud typically obtain cash and/or goods through normal business transactions but with one important twist: They never intend to pay. Essentially, business fraud is stealing carried out through carefully planned misrepresentation and deception. Bust-out fraud is a common and growing type of business fraud. In a bust-out fraud scenario, the perpetrators create a seemingly legitimate company by using traditional “proofs of right.” Once established, the fake company applies for credit from multiple vendors, enticing them with the expectation of a mutually profitable business relationship. The fraudsters then draw upon the maximum amount of credit approved by each vendor. In a “straight-roller” bust-out fraud, the perpetrators make no attempt to pay. As their invoices go past due for 30 days, 60 days, 90 days, and so on, they may offer promises of payment or excuses while they complete their scam, but they never pay. In more complex bust-out frauds, the perpetrators may pay some or all of the initial invoices in order to negotiate for an even higher credit limit. They will then “max out” their new, more lucrative credit ceiling and then disappear without paying. -- "Busting Bust-Out Fraud," by Dun & Bradstreet

** -- "The Prince," by Nicolo Machiavelli



-- "Skull and Bones: The Racist Nightmare at Yale," from "George Bush: The Unauthorized Biography,"
by Webster Tarpley & Anton Chaitkin



-- "Why The Confederate Battle Flag Is Even More Racist Than You Think," by Hilary Hanson









[Nathan] Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet Dr. Alvin Weasley.



Dr. Weasley is one of the most respected motivational researchers in the country.



Harvey's beer has dropped 84%.



So Dr. Weasley will tell us how the American public really feels about beer.



Dr. Weasley.



[Dr. Alvin Weasley] Beer is for men who doubt their masculinity. That's why it's so popular at sporting events and poker games. On a superficial level, a glass of beer is a cool, soothing beverage. But in reality, a glass of beer is peepee dickie.



That's it.

-- The Coalition of the Willy: Musings on the Global Challenge of Penile Servitude, by Anthony Judge



[Nathan] Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful.



[Exec] Peepee dickie?!

[Elias, Jr.] We paid for that?



[Nathan] \$28,000, and we got off easy.

[Bissinger] The man made some very perceptive statements.



[Exec] I got it. Make it big with Harvey's beer. Big foam.



You get a big bang out of it.



Big, proud head. It's big, and it lasts long.



[Elias, Jr.] You know, you're about as subtle as an elephant in heat.

[Exec] That's great. We'll show an elephant sipping Harvey's beer at the circus.

[Elias, Jr.] It's obscene.



[Exec] Don't moralize, Elias. We're committed to Harvey's beer.



[Elias, Jr.] I'm committed to myself. Harvey's beer is the worst beer on the market. It's a loser. Get rid of it.



[Nathan] There are no losers! Every product has potential.

[Elias, Jr.] It's a stiff!

[Nathan] No, no. Don't say that. There's no such thing.



[Elias, Jr.] You're a stiff!



[Nathan] I'll not tolerate your self-indulgence. When your father comes in, I'm going to tell him exactly what you've said.



[Elias, Jr.] Just because you were here when my old man started this agency, you know that doesn't alter the facts. You've played so many sides of the fence,



you don't know where the fence is anymore.



[Nathan] I know my job!

[Elias, Jr.] Oh, that's beautiful!

[Nathan] If it weren't for your father, you'd be on welfare. \$60,000 a year, and all you can do is wreck the joint.



[Exec] He's right. He's not creative, but he knows the rules. And you gotta know the rules before you can break the rules.



[Bissinger] That's right.



[Nathan] There's no respect anymore!



[Mr. Syllables] He's right, Nathan. You did your tango 30 years ago!



[Nathan] Fascist!



[Exec] Duck hunter loses his rifle, walks seven miles to a cathouse, knocks on the door, the door opens, and madame says, "Who sent you?"



He says, "In the 40's, it was Judy Canova and Victor Mature. In the 50's, it was Christine Jorgenson and James Dean.



In the 60's, it was Smith & Wesson." That's it.



[Bissinger] He was a nice guy.



[Exec] [Slams his hand on the table]



[Nathan] Can you lend me five?



[Exec] Our job is to manipulate the consumer by arousing his desires,



and then we satisfy those desires for a fixed price. It sounds familiar.



[Bissinger] It sounds familiar.

[Nathan] It's called advertising!

[Phone rings]



[Exec] [Answers] Yes? Thank you.



Elias, Sr. just went through the lobby.

[Mr. Syllables] Well, let's go!



[Exec] Let's go, Bissinger.



[Bissinger] Our war toy account is up 23% and 1/3.



[Putney Swope] Hey, Bissinger, you better get hip to reality. By advertising toy guns, you're encouraging kids to enjoy violence.



[Exec] You're only music director around here, Swope. What do you know about the total spectrum?



[Putney Swope] I know what I feel.



[Nathan] What's that got to do with it?!

[Putney Swope] I think we should drop the account.

[Nathan] How dare you!!!

[Putney Swope] Drop the account, and show the business community and the public that we're morally and socially responsible.



[Elias, Jr.] Groovy! Let's do it!

[Putney Swope] Thank you.



[Exec] Putney! I've been supervising the war toy account for 12 years. And let me tell you something: deny a young boy the right to have a toy gun, and you'll suppress his destructive urges. And he'll turn out to be a homosexual. Or worse.



[Elias, Jr.] I'd rather have my son be a fag than a killer.



[Nathan] Your son IS a fag!



[Elias, Jr.] You took him on the picnic hike, I didn't!



[Putney Swope] [Laughs]



[Exec] Last year at Malibu, only Jim was a fag. Two weeks ago, Steve and Ralph came over. Yesterday Randy came over. There it is!



[Grabbing Elias, Sr.] A defrocked priest is on the road. It's 3 in the morning.



He's got a flat tire and it's raining. So he goes up to this farmhouse ...



[Elias, Sr.] We are grossing less than a million a day, and you're talking about flat tires and farmhouses? Get out of my life!



[Mr. Syllables] Good morning, Mario.



[Exec] Good afternoon Mario.



[Elias, Sr.] Every consumer has a small box in his head.



Everyone has-s-s-s-s-soapbox. Or a breadbox. A-a-a cereal box. A sh-sh-sh-sh-shampoo box.



This box is a target of 46 billion dollars a year in advertising. Now, there's only so much room in this box. And if we overload these boxes with too much information, they won't remember anything!



But, if we use c-c-creative foreplay ...



before we PENETRATE, we use b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b --

[Bissinger] Benefit?

[Elias, Sr.] B-b-b-b-b-b-b-b --



[Exec] Bypass?

[Elias, Sr.] B-b-b-b-b-b --



[Bissinger] Looks like?

[Elias, Sr.] B-b-b-b --



[Exec] Sounds like?

[Elias, Sr.] B-b-b-b-b-b --



[Mr. Syllables] How many syllables, Mario?

[Elias, Sr.] B-b-b-b --

[Mr. Syllables] How many syllables, Mario?



[Elias, Sr.] B-b-b-b --

[Mr. Syllables] How many syllables, Mario?

[Elias, Sr.] B-b-b-b --

[Mr. Syllables] How many syllables, Mario?

[Elias, Sr.] B-b-b-b-b-b --



[Falls dead on the table]



[Exec] [Feels dead man's pulse] We'll never know. [Takes dead man's watch off his hand]



[Old Exec] [to Old Exec 2] I am going to the track.

[Old Exec 2] Have a ball, baby.



[Bissinger] [To Exec] What do you think about those cuff links?



[Mr. Syllables] How many syllables, Mario? How many syllables, Mario?



How many syllables, Mario? How many syllables, Mario? How many syllables, Mario? How many syllables, Mario?
How many syllables, Mario? How many syllables, Mario?

[Nathan] I'm the senior vice-president, so I'm the new chairman of the board.

[Elias, Jr.] Bullshit!



[Bissinger] The corporate bylaws make it very clear that the only way we can determine a new chairman is by democratic process. Paragraph 68 specifically states that nobody can vote for himself. That's what it says, so that's where it's at.



[Old Exec] [To Putney Swope] Vote for me and I'll get you into the Knights of Columbus.



[Bissinger] [To Exec] Vote for me, and I'll give you 10% of the business.



[Exec] 25%.



[Exec] [To Mr. Syllables] Vote for me, and I'll set you up in Puerto Rico, for life!



[Mr. Syllables] I've got Puerto Ricans in my building.



[Exec] Enough caucus! Let's get the votes in!



[Elias, Jr.] How can we talk about who is going to be chairman of the board when my father is laying dead on the table? Why can't I be chairman of the board?

[Nathan] Because you're a nitwit!

[Elias, Jr.] My father started this agency.

[Nathan] And you're not going to finish it!



[Valerie] [Gives hat with votes to Bissinger]



[Bissinger] Thank you, Valerie.



[Tallies votes]



One for Elias.



Swope.



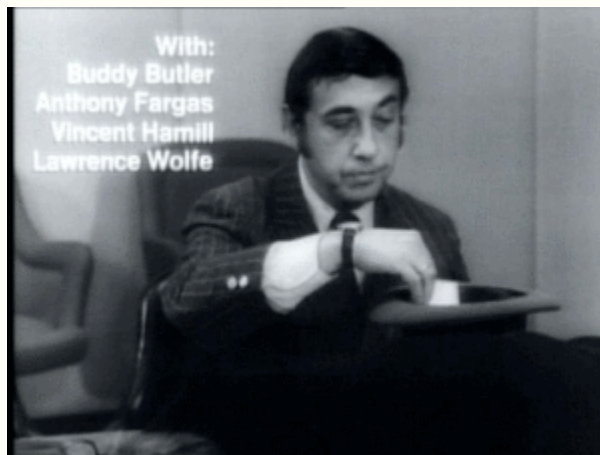
One for Bissinger.



Swope.



Swope.





Swope.



Swope.



Swope.



Swope. Swope. Swope. That's it. One vote for Elias, one vote for Bissinger, and nine votes for Swope.



[Nathan] SWOPE!!! You don't have to accept! It's a terrible job! DON'T TAKE IT, SWOPE!!!



[Mr. Syllables] Take it easy, Nathan! I've seen your cardiogram.



[Nathan] IT'S A MIRAGE!



[Elias, Jr.] A man's been elected, and you voted for him.

[Exec] We all voted for him because we thought no one else would vote for him. Putney Swope is the new chairman of this board. And I will defend that mistake with my life. Congratulations, Putney.



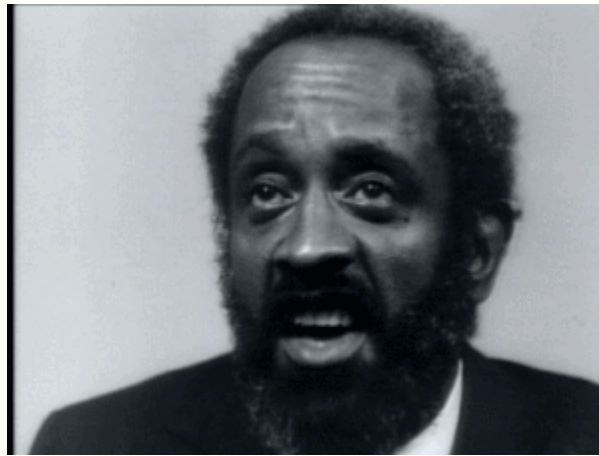
[Bissinger] It's going to be a pleasure working with you, Swope.



[Exec] You're going to make a great chairman, if you stay in line.



[Elias, Jr.] My father would have wanted it this way. He dug you very much.



[Putney Swope] Your father was a horse's ass!



[Elias, Jr.] [Laughs] Yeah,



but he dug you very much.



[Putney Swope] The changes I'm going to make will be minimal.



I'm not going to rock the boat.



Rockin' the boat's a drag.



What you do is sink the boat! There's no sense sinking nothing unless you can salvage with productive alternatives.



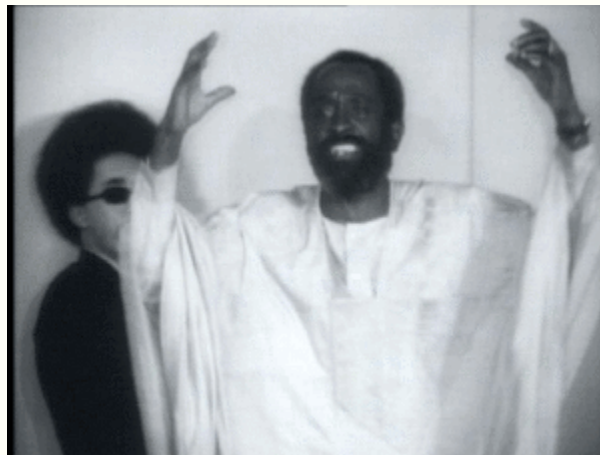
And brothers, you can't change nothing with rhetoric and slogans.



Because if a man has really got the truth in his pocket,



he doesn't talk about it,



he hangs it out on a shingle ...



where people can see it.



So from now on, the name of this agency is



"Truth and Soul."

This book exposes Obama, but it does so from a standpoint that is fundamentally different from almost all other critical studies seen so far. This book exposes and refutes Obama from the left. In this book, the vague and vapid messianic and utopian platitudes, the lemming legions, the personality cult, the narcissism, the megalomania, the fake polling, the media and intelligence agency manipulation which are the essence of Obama and his campaign of mass manipulation are criticized thoroughly, but always from a standpoint which reaches back to the Franklin D. Roosevelt New Deal, in many ways the best government that America has ever known. The basic thesis shared by the authors of this book is that Obama is a right-winger, an elitist, a creature of Wall Street, and a deeply troubled personality, running

far to the right of his main opponent, Sen. Clinton, on all major issues, including the two critical areas of economics and foreign policy. Obama's ultra-left components, concentrated in social and energy policy, are an ideological camouflage which only accentuates, and does not alter, his overall pro-Wall Street profile. Obama is a right-winger, and this book criticizes him from the left. This, it turns out, is by far his most vulnerable flank in today's crisis of simultaneous wars and economic depression....

BEWARE OF MESSIANIC PLATITUDES

In 1976, the Carter candidacy was plausible because of the Republican debacle of Watergate, the prolonged war followed by defeat in Vietnam, and economic downturn after August 15, 1971. Carter made utopian promises -- "I'll never lie to you." He was mellifluous and ambiguous. But he turned economic policy over to Volcker, and foreign policy over to the Russophobe Brzezinski, who used the lofty rhetoric of human rights to begin systematic meddling in Soviet internal affairs, and created the Khomeini regime in Iran. Brzezinski's grandiose schemes of world transformation caused a renewal of the Cold War, and without Soviet restraint the results could easily have been far more tragic than they in fact turned out to be. By 1980, disillusionment was great, Carter went down to defeat, and the nightmare of the Reagan regime began.

In 2000, another obscure southern governor, George W. Bush, came forward with an array of utopian platitudes. He would be a uniter and not a divider, he promised. He would practice a compassionate conservatism. He would initiate a foreign policy of humility, and would restore the honor of the presidency. Deluded independent voters chose to believe these assurances. But since Bush knew nothing of the world, he called in his neocon advisors, the Vulcans, carefully chosen by George Shultz, just as Bush and Cheney themselves had been. The Vulcans were Condoleezza Rice, Paul Wolfowitz, Douglas Feith, Scooter Libby, and the rest of the neocon cabal, who had their own utopian fantasy of re-ordering world affairs and giving U.S. world domination a new lease on life. But their fantasy reflected an obsession with the security needs of Israel in the Middle East and a pathological hatred of Arabs and Moslems. The resulting disaster is all around us today in the form of lost wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, all predicated on the 9/11 myth.

In 2008, we have an obscure Illinois senator, a neophyte with no legislative achievements to speak of and no track record of courage or principle, who has evidently been groomed by the deans of the Democratic Party establishment. A new raft of utopian promises are floated: the race problem in America and its attendant collective guilt will be expunged with a single vote. The clash of contending interests in Washington DC will be replaced by a magically harmonious bi-partisan and non-partisan cooperation. The bitterness of the clash derives from real conditions, and especially from the fact that the economic pie has shrunk to such a point that the traditional demands of the various ruling class factions can no longer be fulfilled, leading to lifeboat ethics in the elite itself, as some groups must necessarily be shut out completely. But no matter: a golden age and the earthly paradise are proclaimed by the pundits to be at hand, thanks to the magnetic personality of the new purveyor of platitudes. Even on the surface, the new leader caters to the overclass and exhibits a studied indifference to the concerns of black ghetto victims and the oppressed poor of all races, but this callousness is re-defined as post-partisan, trans-racial, and global. Since he knows nothing of foreign policy, these matters will be managed by the Brzezinski cabal, which brings with it yet another set of fantasies of world renovation and social engineering, but still directed at preserving U.S.-UK world domination. At the heart of the new fantasies is the desire to eliminate Russia and Putin as a factor capable of contesting Anglo-American hegemony. The potential for catastrophe here is if anything even greater than the perils of neocon meddling among the Arabs and Moslems.

If they are to survive much longer, the American people need to become far more skeptical and critical in their evaluation of political candidates. They need to finally invalidate P.T. Barnum's famous dictum about suckers and how there is one born every minute. They need to radically reform their own set of political criteria of judgment. Have they learned anything from their disastrous choices of recent decades? Many of them voted for Nixon, Carter, and the Bushes, to name just a few failed presidents.

Have they learned anything from their own colossal folly? Are they ready to repeat their own tragic gullibility with Obama, or with some other demagogue? The failure of the New Hampshire people power coup gives them an opportunity to reflect and hopefully learn something.

The Republicans have their neocons, obsessed with war with Iran, a danger that is far from being over. Any Republican can be relied on to continue the bankrupt Bush-Cheney neocon line for four more years, including a wider war with Iran. That is bad enough. But the entire foreign policy establishment of the Democratic Party is infected with raving hatred of Russia. If Mrs. Clinton wins out, her secretary of state will most likely be Richard Holbrooke or Wesley Clark, both mad bombers of Serbia in the spring of 1999, a piece of vandalism whose real goal was to deliver a warning to Moscow. Holbrooke and Clark come in at about 80% insanity due to hallucinatory Russophobia. But Obama's Brzezinski clan handlers come in at 125% insanity on the same scale, which is worse. As for Edwards, he co-authored a "get tough with Russia" op-ed with Jack Kemp, among other sallies, but the guess here is that his Russophobic insanity index is on the whole lower.

This is a dismal situation, although it is still possible to distinguish better and worse outcomes. If the 9/11 truth movement had been able to maintain its cohesion, and resisted the temptation to divide between two candidates (Ron Paul and Kucinich) who have absolutely no interest in 9/11 truth, things might be somewhat better. If the networks of September criminals in the U.S. government had been exposed and eradicated, we might not have the New Hampshire primary being decided as the vector sum of two contending covert operations, as has just happened. The task now falls to the people's candidates' movement, which is focusing on candidacies for House and Senate in November 2008, and beyond. No matter what the presidential contests may bring, it is these outsider candidates for federal office who will represent the leading edge of political progress over the coming months. Those who are rightly horrified by the likely presidential choices have no alternative but to support these people's candidates.

-- "Obama, The Postmodern Coup: Making of a Manchurian Candidate," by Webster Griffin Tarpley



[Exec] T.S., baby.



[Putney Swope] That's right!



Don't smoke it!





[Putney Swope] Nathan, you're a good businessman and you're not a copout. So I'm going to let you stay.



[Nathan] I want a contract that guarantees me an expense account, stock options, 22 weeks vacation, a company car, a box at Jay Stadium, a percentage of the gross, total creative freedom, transplant insurance, and a no-cut clause.



[Putney Swope] Nathan, you're corrupt.

[Nathan] Thank you.



[Wayne] I've come all the way from Miles City to ask you to be my woman.



[Lady Beaver] It must be my new dipilatory: Superlip. Superlip eliminates peach fuzz and feminine whiskers.



Superlip digs deep down into the hair follicle instead of just lopping it off at the surface.

[Director] Cut! Cut!



I don't believe it.



Again?





[Secretary] There's a bunch of lilies shooting a commercial in our studio! They must not know about the recent transition.



[Putney Swope] Let's go take care of business.





[Director] [To assistant director] This chick's from nowhere, so it's up to you. Improvise. Do something! I've seen you work a Jones beat with Guy Lombardo. I know you can "pull it off"!



[Script Girl] Superlip, Shot 1, take 107.

[Director] Action.

[Assistant Director] Action!





[Wayne] Lady Beaver! I've come all the way from Biloxi to ask you to be my woman.



[Lady Beaver] Oh, Wayne!



You do go on.



[Wayne] I have a malignancy in my prostate, but when you're in my arms it's benign.



[Lady Beaver] I don't feel it.



[Director 1] [Hisses] What did you say?



[Lady Beaver] I am not going to say it. It is stupid!



[Director 2] Cut!



[Director 1] Listen, sweetie. I could be home writing my novel.



You could be playing Lady Macbeth in some basement. We're both here, aren't we?



Let's do it.

[Director 2] Let's do it!





[Wayne] I have a malignancy in my prostate, but when you're in my arms, its --



[Secretary] QUITTING TIME!!!



[The Arab] Get on out! You ain't no more takin' pictures of no jive cans, and jive bottles, and skinny-legged broads with stockings on them.



Get on out of here!



We got some greasy fingers, and some chicken, and all the beautiful things that people have who have it. And you ain't got it.



So get on out, understand? We're not going to take any more of your jive. Because we're truth and soul, you understand? Truth and soul! 'Cause we got it, and we got our brother that's going to make it right. We got Brother Putney.



[Exec] Okay.



Every single account pulled out.

[Exec] I wish I had pulled out. Too many dependents, baby.

[Exec] It looks bad.



[Nathan] Swope, I think we're still in the ballgame. Wing Soney just got off the elevator, and he's dying to meet you.



[Putney Swope] Wing Soney?

[Nathan] Wing Soney.

[Putney Swope] Wowee!





[Wing Soney] [Setting off firecrackers in the lobby]







[Putney Swope] Hey, man. What's his thing? Do it yourself Pearl Harbor?

[Nathan] He's Chinese.

[Putney Swope] I don't care what he is. We're going to get that account.

[Nathan] Let's go!



Wing Soney, say hello to Putney Swope.



[Wing Soney] Mr. Swope, I'm not a happy chappy. The agency that's currently handling my merchandise is the biggest nosebleed in town.



Now, I have a new item, and I dig to launch it with a new outfit.



So let me tell you about the "Get out of here" mousetrap.



A "Get out of here" mousetrap is a unique breakthrough,



because after it traps a rodent, it chemically cremates. No flame, no noise, no mouse. I invented it myself.

Strecker's theory that IARC brought AIDS to Africa is based on the knowledge that the organization, along with the Cancer Division of the WHO, worked with the International Union Against Cancer (IUAC) -- a nongovernmental, voluntary agency "devoted solely to promoting the campaign against cancer in its research, therapeutic, and preventive aspects."

The NCI reported that IARC was established in 1965 under the auspices of the WHO. Initially sponsored by the five most active NATO countries -- the Federal Republic of Germany, France, Italy, the United Kingdom, and the United States -- and based in Lyon, France, IARC began work with a budget of \$750,000 per year. The budget for 1973 was \$3.5 million as ten other countries joined the organization, including the Soviet Union.

Indeed, when attention began to focus on the apparent link between virus infections and cancers, IARC focused its research efforts principally on Africa. The reasons for this are also suspicious. Despite the existence of cancers in most parts of the world, IARC targeted esophageal cancer and liver cancer both in black African populations.

The NCI reported:

The incidence of cancer of the esophagus shows very wide geographic variations. It has also increased significantly in recent years in certain population groups, notably the black community in the United States, for as yet undetermined reasons.

In an effort to determine the reasons:

... the Agency is investigating a "hot spot" for rumenal cancer in cattle (the equivalent of esophageal cancer in man) in Kenya which affects 10% of all beasts in a very limited area and which may provide clues to the possible etiology of esophageal cancer in those human situations where alcohol is not important.

Liver cancer was second on the list of IARC priorities. To determine the relationship between aflatoxin, a toxic chemical produced by the fungus *Aspergillus flavus*, and liver cancer, IARC studied individuals in Kenya and elsewhere in Africa.



Fig. 8.2. Geographic Distribution of Some NCI and IARC "Collaborative Agency" Programs. The map shows Uganda and Bethesda as sites for herpes type virus research conducted by Merck and Bionetics contractors. Hepatitis vaccine research for "liver cancer" also took place in Northwest Uganda, where experts believe the Malburg, Ebola, Reston, and AIDS viruses originated. Source: Higginson J and Muir CS. Epidemiologic program of the International Agency for Research on Cancer (IARC). In: The National Cancer Program and International Cancer Research, National Cancer Institute Monograph 1974; 40:65.

The problem has been further compounded by recent work on hepatitis virus and liver cancer. Serologic studies show that the hepatitis B antigen (HB_{Ag}) is associated with <-50% of liver cancers in Africa and Asia [two areas of the world wherein AIDS prevalence rates are highest], being found in about 6% of controls. Much lower frequencies were obtained in North America and in Europe. While much remains to be discovered about HB_{Ag}, there now exist 2 putative etiologic agents, one chemical and the other viral. Intensive study is needed to show whether they are both in fact responsible for liver cancer, and if so, whether they operate independently or together. A survey of 5,000 individuals has been carried out over 2 years in West Africa to determine the natural history of HB_{Ag}.

Besides IARC's interest in hepatitis B:

Even more important perhaps are the sero-epidemiologic studies being carried out with the support of the U.S. National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Maryland, and the East African Virus Research Institute, Entebbe, Uganda. The Agency has been studying nasopharyngeal carcinoma in Asia and Burkitt's lymphoma in Africa, neoplasms associated serologically with a herpesvirus [a C-type RNA retrovirus]. A mass survey has been organized which will follow a population of approximately 35,000 children in Africa over a sufficient period of time to see whether the development of Burkitt's lymphoma in that population is in fact linked with infection by the virus. The logistic problems are considerable, but no other possible approach has been suggested to date.

A map (see fig. 8.2) depicting the nature of IARC-sponsored programs in Africa and elsewhere was also published in their report. 14

-- Emerging Viruses: AIDS & Ebola: Nature, Accident or Intentional?, by Leonard G. Horowitz, DMD, MA, MPH

[Putney Swope] Mr. Soney, you're not going to believe this but --



[Wing Soney] Well then, don't tell me!



[Putney Swope] -- but for the past six minutes I've been working on a whole new approach to mousetraps. Lay it on him, Nathan!





[Nathan] Columbus is on the Santa Maria. The crew is Italian. Columbus walks down the gangplank, and waiting at the bottom is a middle-aged Indian.



Columbus knocks the Indian on his ass, and sticks the Spanish flag in the ground.



And out of the bushes comes a 75-year-old squaw with a cleft-head and an axe in her back, but the Indian starts to cry because he knows he's going to be exploited. Columbus puts his arm around the Indian, points to the crew and says,



"In exchange for your land I'll give you 50 guineas."



Cut to a shot of a "Get out of here" mousetrap ...



tell them how much it costs, where you buy it, and that's it.



[Wing Soney] It's the most fantastic thing I ever heard.



Who is your shrink? I dig it. I dig it!



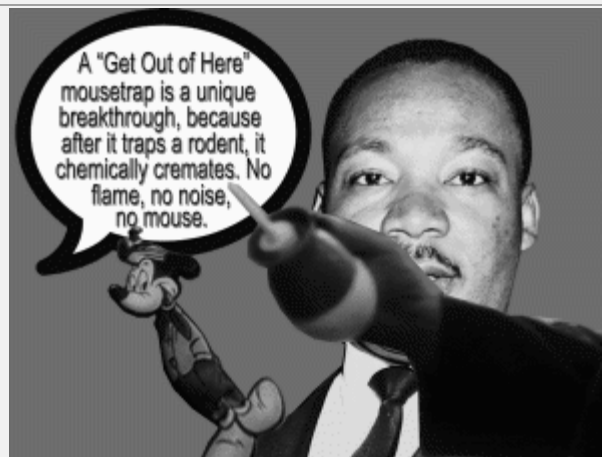
I dig it.



My mousetrap is yours. You revitalize me, Swope. Let's split.



I'm a happy Chink.



A "Get Out of Here" mousetrap is a unique breakthrough, because after it traps a rodent, it chemically cremates. No flame, no noise, no mouse.



[Nathan] We did it, Swope! WE DID IT!

[Putney Swope] You're fired.

[Nathan] Why?



[Putney Swope] That Columbus thing is the worst thing I ever heard.

[Nathan] I thought it was brilliant.

[Putney Swope] That's why you're taking an extra elevator.



Hey, you a messenger for T.S.

[Messenger] Yes, sir.

[Putney Swope] From now on, use the freight elevator.

[Messenger] Yes, sir.









[Mr. Lucky] I just heard about the "Get Out of Here" campaign. It's a trailblazer, Swope!



[Mr. Pit Stop] Your mousetrap conception is a masterpiece. Why, it's already a classic.



[Mr. Lucky] As far as I'm concerned, you're my man.



[Mr. Pit Stop] I would like to discuss the possibility of you handling my account. Would you?



[Mr. War Toys] I'm with the Audie Murphy toy company. We just came out with a Junior Miss Flamethrower that runs on ordinary lighter fluid.



And next week we're coming out with a heavy duty model for the back-to-college group,



that features an after-burner, and five-second reloading with disposable propane cassettes.



[Putney Swope] I won't have nothing to do with war toys or cigarettes. And do something about your breath.



[Mr. War Toys] Tell me what you like. I'll go out and make it. I'll produce it; you push it. You and me, Swope.



[Putney Swope] If you stiffs want T.S. to do your advertising, it's going to cost you a million bucks up front, cash.



[Mr. Lucky] That's hallway robbery, Swope.



[Mr. Pit Stop] That's an outrage!



[Mr. Dinkleberry] The price is right, but I can't come up with a million bucks in cash.

[Mr. Lucky] Me neither!



[Mr. Forget It] Forget it, baby!



[Putney Swope] If your sales don't increase by 50%, you'll get a complete refund.



[Mr. Pit Stop] I am in, Swope.



[Mr. Dinkleberry] Me, too.

[Mr. War Toys] You and me, Swope.



[Mr. Pit Stop] Don't forget me. Pit Stop the Audobon.



[Mr. Dinkleberry] Dinkleberry's chicken pot pies.





[Narrator] Jim Keranga of Watts, California, is eating a bowl of Ethereal Cereal, the heavenly breakfast food.



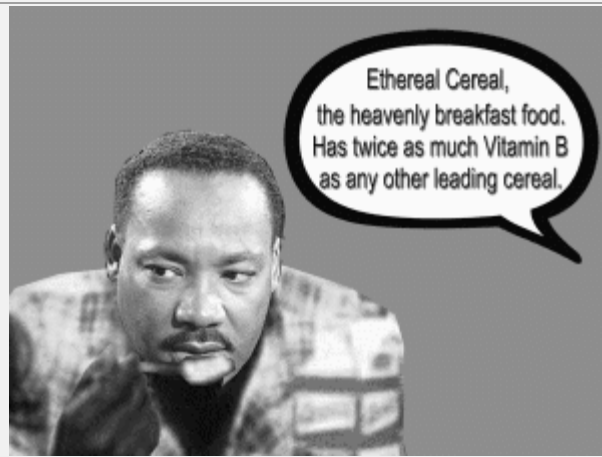
Jim, did you know that Ethereal Cereal has twice as much vitamin B as any other leading cereal?



Ethereal also has the added punch of .002 ESP units of pectin.



[Jim Keranga] No shit!



Ethereal Cereal, the heavenly breakfast food, has twice as much Vitamin B as any other leading cereal.





[Businessmen clapping]



[Mr. Dinkleberry] Dinkleberry's chicken pot pies.

[Putney Swope] Ground rules: give us the name of your product, what it's supposed to do, then take a walk. We don't need any ideas; we don't need your advice; and we don't need lanes in the hallway.



[Bodyguard] [Takes their money]



[Mr. Lucky] Lucky Airlines.





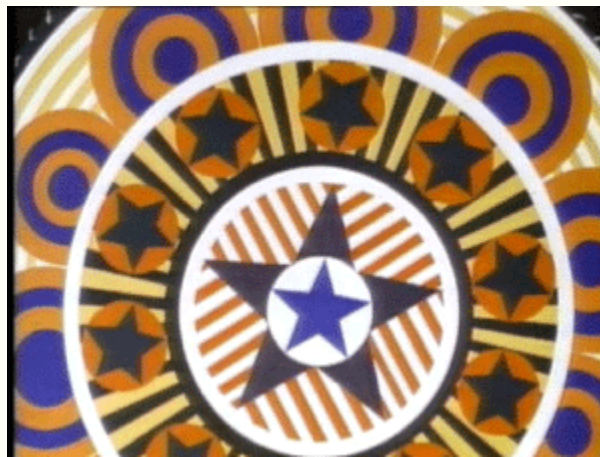








[Businessmen clapping]



[Emcee] Introducing Ms. Redneck New Jersey, Eugenie Ferliger.





Eugenie is 23. She's 5'4', and weighs 117 pounds.



She has blue eyes and blond hair, with matching cuffs and collar. Eugenie is a graduate of the So Bone-T-Bone diner in Redneck, where she majored in philosophy.



She's a social worker, and her favorite hobby is emasculation.





[Bert] Eugenie, in 25 words or less, would you tell us what your philosophy is?



[Eugenie] Well, I believe that everyone, no matter their race, creed, or color, should get a piece of the action.



[Bert] A piece of the what, Eugenie?



[Eugenie] A piece of the pie!



[Bert] Right. [Hits her in the face with a pie].



Everyone, no matter their race, creed, or color, should get a piece of the what? Not a piece of the action, but rather, a piece of the pie!



[Eugenie] Mmmmm.



[Bert] Confidentially, folks, I never thought she'd get that line.



[Eugenie] Ah, fuck off, Bert.

Misogyny (pron.: /mɪ'sɒdʒɪni/) is the hatred or dislike of women or girls. Misogyny can be manifested in numerous ways, including sexual discrimination, denigration of women, violence against women, and sexual objectification of women....

Definitions According to sociologist Allan G. Johnson, "misogyny is a cultural attitude of hatred for females because they are female." Johnson argues that:

"Misogyny is a central part of sexist prejudice and ideology and, as such, is an important basis for the oppression of females in male-dominated societies. Misogyny is manifested in many different ways, from jokes to pornography to violence to the self-contempt women may be taught to feel toward their own bodies."

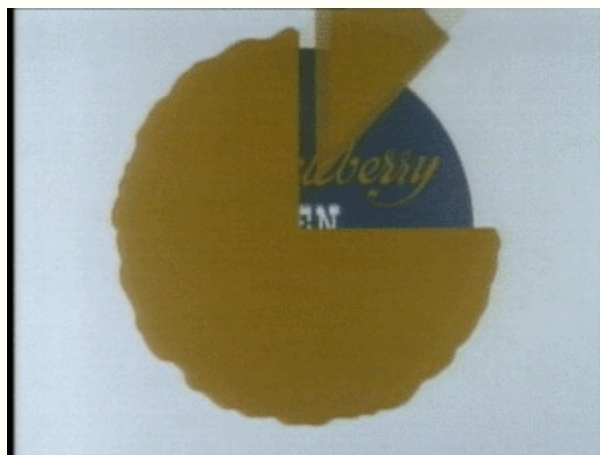
Michael Flood defines misogyny as the hatred of women, and notes:

"Though most common in men, misogyny also exists in and is practiced by women against other women or even themselves. Misogyny functions as an ideology or belief system that has accompanied patriarchal, or male-dominated societies for thousands of years and continues to place women in subordinate positions with limited access to power and decision making. [...] Aristotle contended that women exist as natural deformities or imperfect males [...] Ever since, women in Western cultures have internalised their role as societal scapegoats, influenced in the twenty-first century by multimedia objectification of women with its culturally sanctioned self-loathing and fixations on plastic surgery, anorexia and bulimia."

Dictionaries define misogyny as 'hatred of women'] and as "hatred, dislike, or mistrust of women". In 2012, primarily in response to events occurring in the Australian Parliament, the Macquarie Dictionary

(which documents Australian English and New Zealand English) expanded the definition to include not only hatred of women but also "entrenched prejudices against women".

-- Misogyny, by Wikipedia



[Narrator] Everybody wants a Dinkleberry frozen chicken pot pie, and they'll do anything to get it.



Dinkleberry Frozen Chicken Pot Pie.



[Putney Swope] Who did that? Did you do that?



[The Arab] I didn't do it.



[Putney Swope] What are you doing? Taking her temperature?



[The Arab] Boss, don't fire me. I've got a wife, three kids, and a shetland pony.

[Putney Swope] You should have thought of that before you dipped your pen in company ink.



[The Arab] Oh, man! Gimme a break! I'm in love.



[Putney Swope] Alright, you get one more chance, but she's got to go.



[Secretary] What do you mean, "I gotta go?"



[The Arab] That's right. Just because you got a pair of jugs don't mean you rule the world.

[Putney Swope] That's right!



[Secretary] Mr. Swope.



[Makes growling face]



[Putney Swope] Clean out your locker!



[Secretary] Up yours!



[The Arab] Mmm-mmm. Didn't mean to put down your jugs, baby, but I gotta protect my interests.



[Kissing sounds]



[Secretary] Mark Focus is waiting in reception.



[Putney Swope] Thank you.



[Mr. Victrola Cola] A great window cleaner. It don't drip, and it don't streak. But it smells bad. It cleans good, but it smells bad.



[Putney Swope] As a window cleaner, forget it! Put soybeans in it for protein, and we'll push it as a soft drink in the ghetto. Put a picture of a rhythm and blues singer on it, and we'll call it "Victrola Cola."

In a feeding trial, senior scientist of the Russian Academy of Sciences Irina Ermakova found that female rats fed rat chow plus Roundup Ready soybean gave birth to an excess of stunted pups: 55.6 % compared with 6.8 % in litters from control rats fed rat chow only and 9.1 % of litters from control rats fed rat chow supplemented with non-GM soybean. The stunted rats were dead by three weeks, but the surviving rats in the exposed litters were sterile (see GM Soya Fed Rats: Stunted, Dead, or Sterile, SiS 33). The experiment was repeated with very similar results. Unfortunately, Irmakova did not succeed in her attempt to get the Roundup Ready soybean analysed for herbicide and herbicide residues, so the effects could be due to a mixture of the GM soya and herbicide/herbicide residues. The second experiment included a group of females fed rat chow plus GM soya protein did not do as badly as those exposed to GM soybean; the mortality rate of pups at three weeks was 15.1 % compared with 8.1 % for controls fed rat chow only, 10 % for controls fed rat chow plus non-GM soybean, and 51.6 % for litters of females fed rat chow plus Roundup Ready soybean. This suggests that extra deaths and stunting were due to the GM soybean; as consistent with the new findings by Séralini and colleagues....

A meta-analysis of 19 feeding studies originally conducted by Monsanto, but later re-analysed by a group of French scientists led by Séralini, found kidney pathology in animals fed RR soybean, including significant ionic disturbances resulting from renal leakage (see GM Feed Toxic, Meta-analysis Reveals, SiS 52). This is consistent with previous results from cell cultures treated with glyphosate (see [57]), suggesting that glyphosate present in the GM food was responsible. Liver pathology in animals fed RR soybean included the development of irregular hepatocyte nuclei, more nuclear pores, numerous small fibrillar centres, and abundant dense fibrillar components, indicating increased metabolic rates....

A new study published as this report is going to press finds significantly higher rates of severe stomach inflammation in pigs fed a diet of mixed GM corn and soybean for 22.7 weeks compared to an

equivalent non-GM control diet: 32 % compared to 12 %. Female pigs fed the GM diet also had uterus heavier by 25 % on average [143]. The GM diet and duration of the feeding trial is representative of the commercial pig industry in the US. These results reaffirm the observations of independent scientists and farmers indicating that GM per se introduces health hazards.

-- Ban GMOs Now -- Health & Environmental Hazards: Especially in the Light of the New Genetics, by
by Dr Mae-Wan Ho and Dr Eva Sirinathsinghji



[Mr. Victrola Cola] I think we got a winner.



[Putney Swope] We better, or you and that jism are going to be back in that drugstore where I found you.





As a window cleaner, forget it! Put soybeans in it for protein, and we'll push it as a soft drink in the ghetto. Put a picture of a rhythm and blues singer on it, and we'll call it "Victrola Cola."



[The Arab] Okay.



[Gay guy] [inaudible] If your leg was hip,



you wouldn't need no jim.

[The Arab] What are you saying?



[Gay guy] A rose, that is.

[Les Nachman] Dr. Strecker: I have watched and listened to your presentation frankly in awe. And it occurs to me that if only a small portion of what you've been saying is true, that we as Americans have been frankly, led down the primrose path by those in power who have been giving us information regarding the AIDS epidemic. What you've actually said is that the AIDS epidemic not only did NOT come from the green African monkey, as we've been told, but in fact was, the epidemic itself was started in the 70s in Africa, and coincided almost directly with a smallpox vaccination program that was sponsored by the World Health Organization. And if that's true, the implications of that, of course, are astounding....

If it looks like a rose, and smells like a rose, it's pretty much a rose. I mean, they've worked to correct situations based on flimsier evidence than this. So even if they didn't do it intentionally, which I think that the fact that they are avoiding dealing with this incredible coincidence is tantamount to criminal act also, wouldn't you say?

-- The Strecker Memorandum, by Robert B. Strecker

[The Arab] How do you sound?



[Gay guy] I don't know, baby but I'm aware where I'm sounding from. I'm stacked up, and I'm going to stay stacked up.



But I wanna know about this Putney dude. And the faggot in the taffy department; a blonde faggot in the taffy department.



Next time he bends over to pick up the paper [inaudible], I'm going to [inaudible] and throw it right in his geester.

[The Arab] Does he like dudes?

[Gay guy] I don't know man, but he's got a [inaudible] right ass, and them tight bell-bottomed pants. I know that!

[The Arab] Well, if you trippin', and you going that way --



[Gay guy] When my johnson get hard, jimmy knows no discrimination.



[The Arab] Discrimination, huh?



[Gay guy] No, my johnson get hard, everything goes.

The "Patient Zero" Theory

LEN HOROWITZ: All right, let's get back. . . to the situation with AIDS. What about the "patient zero theory?"

ROBERT STRECKER: That's nonsense. First off, this guy lived in Canada and flew primarily in Canadian cities, yet you must propose that he only had sex in American cities because the disease broke out in specific American cities where he allegedly had sex.

In addition, it doesn't make any sense if you look at the time frame. AIDS broke out in '78 in Manhattan and then in '80 in San Francisco. It didn't break out in Montreal in '79, or in Toronto, in Quebec, or Ontario in '80, whatever. It broke out in select cities in the United States in a select time frame which corresponds exactly to the hepatitis B study. [22]

LEN HOROWITZ: OK. Let's talk about that study for a minute. If you could conceive of a way that vaccine could have been contaminated, how could it have happened?

ROBERT STRECKER: Two ways. One way accidentally and one way intentionally.

LEN HOROWITZ: All right then, elaborate. . . .

ROBERT STRECKER: Well the vaccine was prepared from gays first off, and then it had plasma expanders that came from cattle added to it.

LEN HOROWITZ: So the hepatitis B vaccine is produced through the bovine serum.

ROBERT STRECKER: Yes. . . . It had expanders put into it as a mechanism of production.

LEN HOROWITZ: Like serum?

ROBERT STRECKER: Yeah, serum. . . . Because they needed to expand the volume.

LEN HOROWITZ: Now is the vaccine produced in cow carcasses?

ROBERT STRECKER: No, it's made from humans.

LEN HOROWITZ: The hepatitis B vaccine [is made] from the gay men's serum?

ROBERT STRECKER: And also from straight men's serum.

LEN HOROWITZ: OK.

ROBERT STRECKER: And. . . that's the most interesting thing. Why did they make two separate vaccines?

LEN HOROWITZ: Yeah. Why?

ROBERT STRECKER: Because the epitopes [surface molecules] of hepatitis B [antigens] in gays was different than in straights. . . . So what does that tell you?

LEN HOROWITZ: I'm not quite sure.

ROBERT STRECKER: Well it tells you there's not a lot of exchange going on between the two pools. Because if there were, the hepatitis B would not have separated into two epitopes. So if there was a lot of exchange, the information would have been heterogeneous in the pools, not homogeneous and not different [between homosexual and heterosexual men].

Now suppose you introduce a virus which is transferred like hepatitis B into the gay pool or population. When will it show up in the heterosexual pool?

LEN HOROWITZ: I don't know. When?

ROBERT STRECKER: Well it will take it a long time to show up there, because what you know is that the exchange of information going on between homosexuals and heterosexuals is limited.

So Szmunn was the guy who conducted that study. Szmunn came from Poland, and was educated in Moscow. He somehow managed to escape [from Poland] to the United States with his family in tow, and ended up in New York City. . . as the head of the New York City Blood Bank.

[That is interesting, I thought as I reflected on my recent tour of the National Holocaust Museum in Washington. The Nazis, I learned, had done extensive blood and genetics research in an effort to discriminate and exterminate mixed breeds from their racist and white supremacist world. A Russian-educated Polish researcher with Szmunn's credentials could have best survived Nazi-occupied Poland by joining the Nazi's research effort, or post-Nazi Poland by serving Russia. How did he end up in the United States? I wondered if there was a link between the Nazi effort to exterminate homosexuals and Szmunn's study that targeted gays with allegedly tainted hepatitis B vaccines? The German-owned Merck Company, after all, funded the study and produced the experimental and control vaccines]

LEN HOROWITZ: So [still somewhat perplexed, I asked,] that's the theory of unintentional infection?

ROBERT STRECKER: Well, the fact is that the vaccine could have been prepared in a way that unintentionally infected them. Yes. [But] it might have been intentionally contaminated by somebody [also]. . . . They may have been testing gays trying to develop an immunity against something they knew was already ripping through Africa. . . . It could be that they were testing it just to test it, or it could be that somebody intentionally was trying to exterminate gays, or in our opinion, it could be that their actual goal was to exterminate the United States.

[Strecker's latter remark took me by surprise. It was the first thing he said which to me made no sense.]

LEN HOROWITZ: The actual goal was to try to exterminate the United States? And that's one of your most plausible explanations?

ROBERT STRECKER: Yes.

LEN HOROWITZ: And who would have been behind that?

ROBERT STRECKER: Some foreign party. The Russians or someone who didn't like us. Because the Russians have talked about that for fifty years. There have been KGB biological warfare experts that have been trying to do that to us for fifty years.

[I felt intuitively uncomfortable with Strecker's explanation. I recalled his comments about Walter Nelson Reese which proved the Soviets knew far less about viral biotechnology than American researchers. Moreover, it seemed farfetched to believe the Russians had somehow managed to infiltrate the New York City Blood Center which appeared to be the starting point for the AIDS epidemic in America. This part of Strecker's theory would have required Szmunn, or one of his associates, to have been a secret agent working for Russia.]

LEN HOROWITZ: OK, but why would they have started with gays?

ROBERT STRECKER: For a very obvious reason. And that is because nothing would be done. Just think about this. Suppose you put this virus in the heterosexuals or kids. What kind of response would have occurred compared to the response that did occur?

LEN HOROWITZ: Right. That's for sure. Quite different. I appreciate that, but still, even to this day, the heterosexual spread is limited compared to the spread in the gay population.

ROBERT STRECKER: Only in this country.

LEN HOROWITZ: Right.

ROBERT STRECKER: If you look in the world, what percentage of the world's AIDS cases are heterosexuals?

LEN HOROWITZ: Ninety percent.

ROBERT STRECKER: Over 90 percent. Right. Exactly. . . It's only in this country that you have this strange, unexplained predominance of homosexuals. Now, that's why you have to remember what I just told you. What happens when you put a virus that is transferred like hepatitis B into the homosexuals? When does it appear in heterosexuals?

LEN HOROWITZ: Not for a long time.

ROBERT STRECKER: Exactly. . . [That's why] I think it was pure genius.

Now people say, "Well nobody would think of that." And my answer to that is: "Well, I thought of it. So why couldn't they think of it?" ...

LEN HOROWITZ: Now my last question. If you could tell people one thing about AIDS or your theories, what would it be?

ROBERT STRECKER: The whole story. Everything. How the virus was made; that it was man-made, and we think it represents a threat to the human species.

LEN HOROWITZ: And if there's some positive thing that people can do you might recommend, what would it be?

ROBERT STRECKER: Other than no IV drugs, reduce their [sexual] promiscuity, and no blood products, start by questioning some of the things that they hear which may or may not be true.

-- Emerging Viruses: AIDS & Ebola: Nature, Accident or Intentional?, by Leonard G. Horowitz, DMD, MA, MPH



[Exec] Jism is okay, if you can --



[Mark Focus] Mr. Swope? Mark Focus.



[Shows Putney his portfolio]



I did that for Hertz. That's Colgate. This is Nabisco. That's IBM.



[Pitney Swope] I've seen enough, Mark. You're one of the best photographers in the business.

[Mark Focus] Thank you.

[Pitney Swope] This print-out I'm working on is perfect for you.



[Mark Focus] If it's me, it's \$9,000.

[Pitney Swope] \$9,000? I just want a picture of a lightbulb with lipstick on it.



[Mark Focus] Make it \$6,000.

[Pitney Swope] Hey, man, it's going in a newspaper, not an art gallery.

[Mark Focus] \$1,200 is the best I can do.

[Pitney Swope] Forget it!



[Mark Focus] \$350. I'll do it for nothing. I need the work.



[Pitney Swope] I can get anybody for nothing. Take a walk.





[The Arab] Lie la lie Mohammed bura sulila, boss. Assegedududu.



[Pitney Swope] Who do you think you are? Lawrence of Nigeria?

[The Arab] At least I ain't jive.



[Secretary] Big man!

[Pitney Swope] Want to have din din?



[Secretary] Why have dinner? I'm at 1293 Linux, Apt. 4C.

[Pitney Swope] I gotta be straight with you, girl. I'm engaged!



[Secretary] Keep it to yourself!

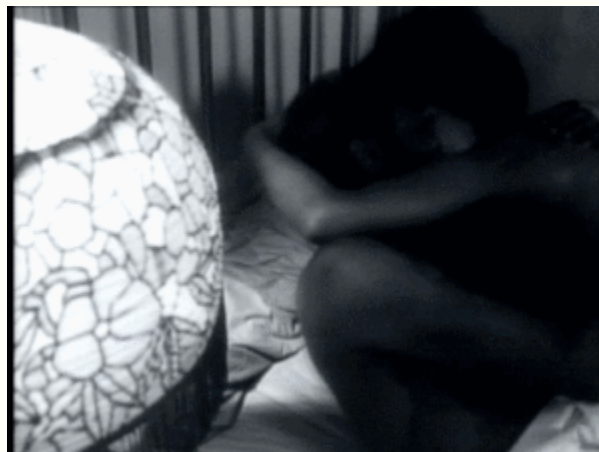


[Secretary] Swope, I'm going to bend your johnson.

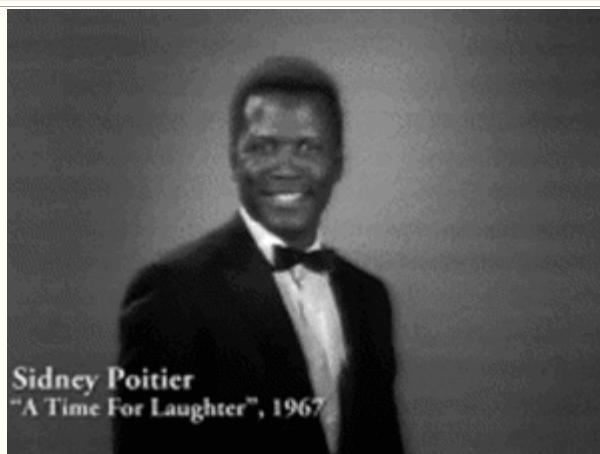
[Pitney Swope] I'm ready.

[Secretary] I'm going to make you young again.

[Song] BA PA BA PA DA



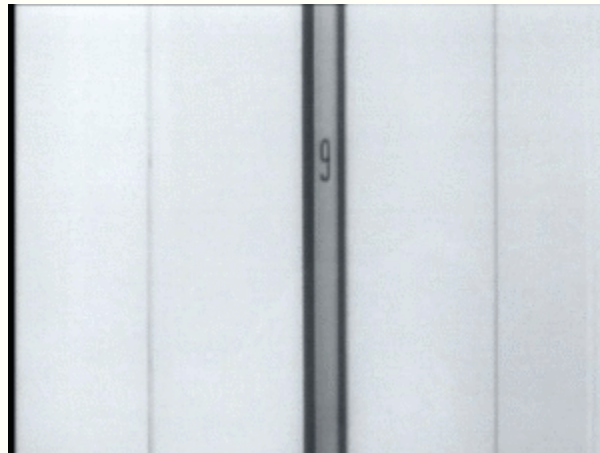
BA DAP DA DA DA, BA PA BA PA DA BA DAP DA DA DA



[Sidney Poitier, "A Time For Laughing," 1967] The price of integration has frightened an awful lot of

people -- even some of us. But not for the same reasons. It has been said, "What does it matter if a man gains the whole world and loses his soul?" Hmm? As seen by the Negro humorist, integration does have its ... hangups!

-- Why Would a Watermelon Be Delivered in a Plain, Brown Wrapper? -- Vignette from "Moms Mabley, directed by Whoopi Goldberg



[Gay Guy] Where is Lopez?



[Pitney Swope] Where you at, man?

[Gay Guy] Stratosphere, baby, stratosphere. I'm stacked up over La Guardia, and I'm not coming down for nobody.
Not even you.



[Pitney Swope] [Laughs]



[Intercom] Mr. Swope. Mr. Swope.



Brothers in the black room; brothers in the black room.



[Exec] Sonny Williams, our copywriter, just got busted at Radio City. He was sitting in the first row, and when the Rockettes came on, he opened and closed his raincoat and exposed himself.

[Putney Swope] Bad PR! Tell Sonny next time he shows it, I'll make him a creative director.



[Exec] Sonny, if you don't straighten up, we're going to send you to Hollywood as a choreographer.



[Secretary] I think we just stole 17 new accounts. And Cowboy says we have \$156 million.



[They slap hands]

[Intercom] Mr. Swope, brothers in the black room.



[Rufus] Putney, there's trouble in the black room!



[Intercom] Mr. Swope,



brothers in the black room.



[Putney Swope] Just you and me, Swope. You and me.



[Young Militant] I deal with housing in the community: bad plumbing, bad heating, and bad rats. The only way to assess this thing straight is with self-determination, self-respect, and self-defense.





[Militant 1] We don't go for Jesus no more. Violence is a cleansing force. We must adjust ourselves to the level of our audience, which is pretty low.



[Militant 2] Non-violence has proven to be non-functional. So it's guns, baby. The end result will be our own political, social, economic future.



[Moderate] My organization is pro-integration. We're not hostile like these other groups.



[Young Militant] If we can't do it legally, we'll do it legitimately. You know, up front.



[Militant 2] Tanks, cocktails -- guns, baby.



[Militant 1] The pigs must cease the brutality, destruction, and murder of our brothers and sisters, or they'll suffer the consequences from the armed people of the community.



[Militant 2] Bazookas! Tanks! Flame-throwers!



[Moderate] My organization is pro-integration. We're not hostile like these other groups.



[Young Militant] Lay some bread on us.

[Militant 2] Guns, baby.



[Moderate] A gun is not going to get you a job.



[Militant 1] It will eliminate the competition.



[Militant 2] Who the hell wants a job? You better get yourself a piece.



[Young Militant] Lay some bread on us. Lay some bread on us. Lay some bread on us.



[West Indian] My group doesn't need your money, man. But what we can use is your help on another level.



I believe that together, with your power and my structure, we could create a subliminal [inaudible] out the land ...



by using the advertising that comes out of your toilet.



A word here --



a face there --

Nihilism is the belief that all values are baseless and that nothing can be known or communicated. It is often associated with extreme pessimism and a radical skepticism that condemns existence. A true nihilist would believe in nothing, have no loyalties, and no purpose other than, perhaps, an impulse to destroy. While few philosophers would claim to be nihilists, nihilism is most often associated with Friedrich Nietzsche who argued that its corrosive effects would eventually destroy all moral, religious, and metaphysical convictions and precipitate the greatest crisis in human history. In the 20th century, nihilistic themes--epistemological failure, value destruction, and cosmic purposelessness--have preoccupied artists, social critics, and philosophers. Mid-century, for example, the existentialists helped popularize tenets of nihilism in their attempts to blunt its destructive potential. By the end of the century, existential despair as a response to nihilism gave way to an attitude of indifference, often associated with antifoundationalism.

-- Nihilism, by Alan Pratt, Ph.D.



innuendoes --



-- and subtleties.



[Young Militant] Lay some bread on us.



[West Indian] And when the time is right, man ...



we move in for the kill.



No buses, [inaudible] --



[Young Militant] What about the bread?



[Putney Swope] Tap city. When my ship comes in, I'll call you.



[Militant 2] You're a sham! I'm going to pull the covers off you!



[Putney's Bodyguard] You ain't pulling the covers off of nobody.

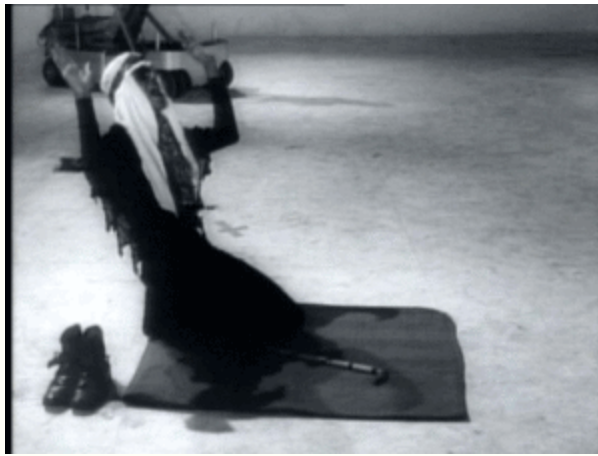


[Martin Luther King] You're a sham! I'm going to pull the covers off you!

[Thug] You ain't pulling the covers off of nobody.



[The Arab] La-li-la-la-Mohammed ...



ur-a-su-li-la.



La-li-la-la-mixed-media ...



ra-su-li-la ...



La-la-la-la ...



la-la-la-la-la ...



A-li-la-la-Mohammed ...



Hey, man!



You're just the cat I wanted to see, man.



I was looking ...



all around for you, Jim.



Do you know what, man? Like, I'm tired,



I'm fed up. I can't take no more.



I can't stand no more of Putney Swope, man. Like, he's got to go, man. 'Cause this cat is a jive cat, you understand?
You know what, man?



Like, I have been drubbin' his old lady. Do you dig this? And this cat has never said nuttin' to me, man. I have called him out many-a-times in front of all the people around here who kiss this cat's ass, man.



I don't kiss his ass, 'cause I call it like it is, man. This man caught me with his woman, and still this cat can't get rid of me, because I got the power, you understand?



I got the power, I got the talent, and I got everything that this cat wants. He keeps me around here because I make him look good. Do you understand? And I'm tired of making this cat look good.



[Man in White Suit] Are you ready to die?



[The Arab] Man, I'm ready to die, I'm ready to go anywhere ...



do anything, see anybody ...



walk, talk, smart ...



be anything to do what I got to do, man. Dying means nothing to me, man. You know, I just wanted to get things straight around here, man, because Putney Swope is a giant cat man.



He can't talk; he can't walk ...



he can't sit; man, this cat can't do nothin' right. He was voted in here on a hummer.

A limited hangout is a form of deception, misdirection, or coverup often associated with intelligence agencies involving a release or "mea culpa" type of confession of only part of a set of previously hidden sensitive information, that establishes credibility for the one releasing the information who by the very act of confession appears to be "coming clean" and acting with integrity; but in actuality by withholding key facts is protecting a deeper crime and those who could be exposed if the whole truth came out. In effect, if an array of offenses or misdeeds is suspected, this confession admits to a lesser offense while covering up the greater ones.

A limited hangout typically is a response to lower the pressure felt from inquisitive investigators pursuing clues that threaten to expose everything, and the disclosure is often combined with red herrings or propaganda elements that lead to false trails, distractions, or ideological disinformation; thus allowing covert or criminal elements to continue in their improper activities.

Victor Marchetti wrote: "A 'limited hangout' is spy jargon for a favorite and frequently used gimmick of the clandestine professionals. When their veil of secrecy is shredded and they can no longer rely on a phony cover story to misinform the public, they resort to admitting - sometimes even volunteering - some of the truth while still managing to withhold the key and damaging facts in the case. The public, however, is usually so intrigued by the new information that it never thinks to pursue the matter further."

-- Limited Hangout, by Wikipedia



[Young Exec] Mr. Swope, I'm tired of doing commercials. I want to do something more creative.

[Putney Swope] Pick up your severance pay.

[Young Exec] Why?

[Putney Swope] Did I ask you why when you said you wanted to do something more creative?

[Young Exec] No.





[Mr. Dinkleberry] I feel like an Oreo cookie!



[Exec] You look like a pile of shit!



[Throwing darts at President Abraham Lincoln]



[Secretary] [On Telephone] Are you putting me on?

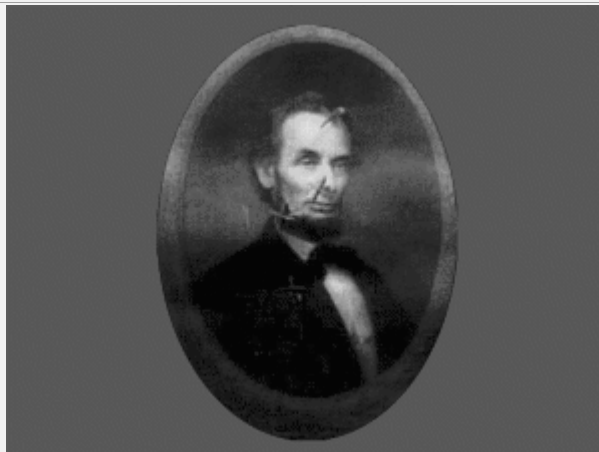


[Exec] Where you been, Put?

[Putney Swope] Mecca.



[Secretary] The man says he's the president of the United States.



The man says he's President of the United States!



[Putney Swope] Yeah?!

[President of the U.S.] Putney Swope?

[Putney Swope] Yeah.



[President of the U.S.] What do you mean, "Yeah"? Be congenial. I want to extend to you my deepest congratulation. It's very, very, very important to have a boy like you in such a prominent position. It's good for me; it's good for you. And it might keep the summers cool. I like your style, Swope, so I'm going to throw some business your way.



[Putney Swope] I never chase foul balls.



[President of the U.S.] You are lot of laughs. Next time I'm up in Big Town, we'll get together and shoot up or something.



[Putney Swope] What you want, man?



[President of the U.S.] Mr. Six, the man who owns the Borman Six, is a friend of mine. Take care of him. Quick!
[Hangs up]



He looks good! He'll come around.

[Mr. Borman Six] Thank you! Excellent, Mimeo!



I like the way you handle yourself on the telephone. You're nobody's fool, except perhaps mine. But I'm glad I chose you for this job. You have justified my faith in you.



However, Mimeo, there is one question: This business about shooting up in the Big Town. After all, a man in your position -- which is a rather strange position --



you have justified my confidence in having chosen such a big man for this assignment. There are, however ...



one or two points I would like to bring up. After all, I'm sure Barnum & Bailey ...



wouldn't mind having you back. So please, I suggest you be a little more careful.



Mrs. Mimeo, you play divinely! Perhaps you would like to play for me, sometime?



Nice wife you have there, Mimeo.



It would be most unfortunate, would it not, if anything should happen to her?





[President of the U.S.] Don't worry, Mr. Six. The Borman Six going to be okay! [Shakes his hand]



[Mr. Borman Six] I hope you're right, Mimeo, for your sake.



But now, we have a moment of joviality: [inaudible], you, Lucy and I sit down, we partake of a bit of gossip.



I got some good shit.

[Mrs. Mimeo] [Laughs]

[Mr. Borman Six] Tell me something, Mimeo, do you have the next Maximillian Schell album? I love rock and roll. Perhaps The Electric Pygmy.

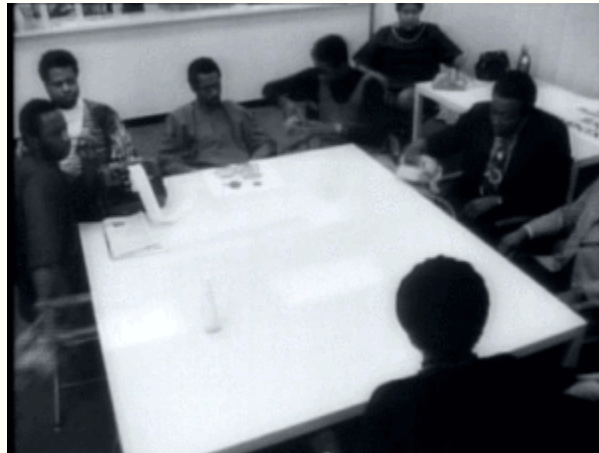


Wolfsie, you're looking lovely as ever, my dear.





[Putney Swope] From now on, if outsiders want to talk to me, they're going to talk in my face.



No more telephones.



Too much communication.



[Mr. Bald] If you take out the phones, how are we going to conduct business?

[Putney Swope] With your head and your soul.

[Exec] That's right!

[Mr. Bald] That's unrealistic.

[Putney Swope] If you want reality, I'm going to put you back on the street.



[Mr. O'Dinga] The dude's right. We don't need phones. I can get a message to California quicker than you can make a phone call.

[Mr. Bald] How?

[Mr. O'Dinga] The drum.

[Exec] Say, what?

[Mr. O'Dinga] The drum.

[Putney Swope] What's that?

[Mr. O'Dinga] Vibrations.

[Putney Swope] Out O'Dinga. You're finished.



[The Arab] I heard you fired Mr. O'Dinga!



[Putney Swope] How did you find out?

[The Arab] The drum.



[Gay Guy] Hey, Lopez says this place is crazy.

[The Arab] Who's Lopez?

[Gay Guy] He's in my head.



[Exec] That's right!



[Putney Swope] I've been running this tree hut just like it was run before: straight into the ground.



I've made a few innovations, but not enough. I have the feeling that there's a lot of untapped talent around here.



So beginning right now, I want each and every one of you to conceive, write, produce and execute your own campaign.



If you don't think you can come up with something new, then don't come up with nothin'.



And if you don't feel that you're the creative type, then pitch in and help somebody else with what they're doing.



[Audience claps]



[Idea Man 1] Creative juices are flowing, my main man. You've liberated my muse!



[Idea Man 2] Picture a foxy chick sitting on a park bench. The camera zooms underneath her dress, and you cut to a train coming out of a tunnel. It's a commercial for the Long Island Railroad. Like it's surreal, man, surreal.

[Putney Swope] Are you for surreal?



[Idea Man 3] I don't have any ideas, but it's good to know that if I ever do, I'll be able to try them out.



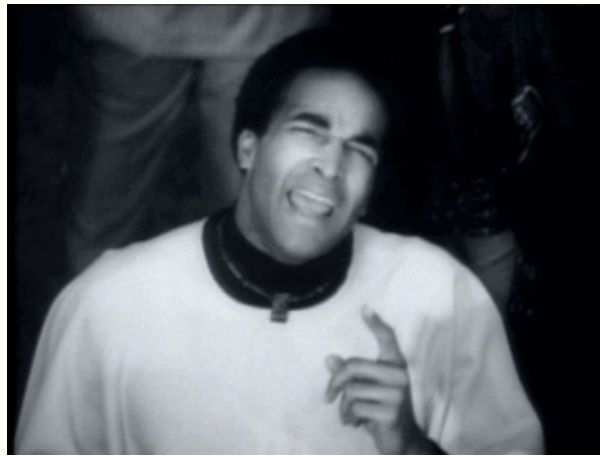
[Idea Man 4] I just came up with three names for teenage skin creams: No Blem, Squeeze-No and Face Off.



[Putney Swope] Get rid of him.



[Idea Man 5] Mr. Swope, I think we should do all our commercials in sepia.



And instead of having coffee breaks, we should have watermelon breaks.



[Putney Swope] Get rid of him, too.

[Putney's Bodyguard] Hey, here's a poem I wrote when I was in jail: Life is but a relentless journey to a path of an oncoming screeching car with headlights of boredom, a bumper of social responsibility.



[Audience claps]







[President of the U.S.] [Kisses his wife]



[Joker] Mr. President, did you hear about the woman who asked her husband to walk out to the garbage can with her?
"Are you out of your mind?" replied her husband. "Not at all, replied the wife. I'd like the neighbors to know we got
out together once in a while."

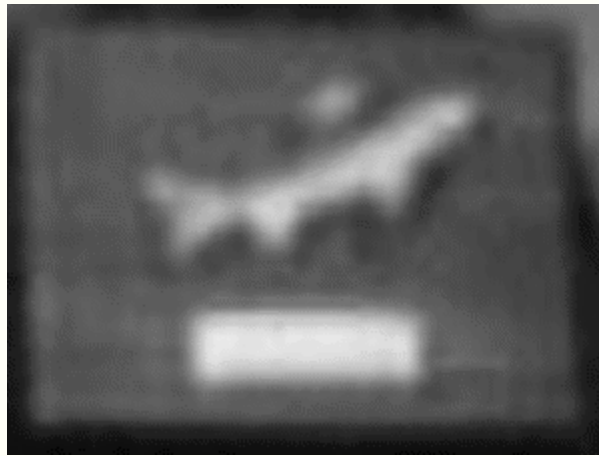
[Mrs. Mimeo] [Laughs]



[Joker] Mr. President, did you hear about the fellow who was 9'8" tall, and wore a size 22 shoe? And you know what
he did for a living? He stamped out forest fires.



[Mr. Borman Six] Mimeo! What is that?



[President of the U.S.] The game warden wanted me to throw it back, but it put up such a fight that I mounted it.



[Joker] Mr. President. This fellow went down to Florida to do a demonstration, a benefit show.

[Mr. Borman Six] Oh, this funny man. Funny man!

[Joker] And they put up a special platform with a trap door.



[Mr. Borman Six] Mimeo, who is this schmuck you have hired who is babbling in your ear over and over? Mr. President, Mr. President -- what banality!



[Joker] Mr. President, and this fellow's show was so terrible that when the trap door opened, if it wasn't for the fact that he had a rope around his neck ...



[Mr. Borman Six] Oh Lucy, would you like a toke? Or I'm putting it out on your nose.

[Joker] ... he would have broken his legs.



[Mr. Borman Six] Ah, ha!



And he couldn't kick! [Laughing]



[President of the U.S. and Mrs. Mimeo] [Laughing]

[Mr. Borman Six] You're a funny man.



Actually, when I think about it, I knew you're a funny man.



[Laughing]



[Joker] Mr. President. Mr. President. Mr. President. Mr. President.



[Mr. Borman Six] Hey, it's cold in here. Throw another Jew on the fire.



[Laughing]

[Joker] Mr. President. Mr. President. There were three women in Florida.



Mr. President, there were three women in Florida.



[Mr. Borman Six] Sock it to 'em, baby.



[Laughing]

[Joker] Mr. President. Mr. President. Mr. President



[Mr. Borman Six] Oy! [Laughing]





[Faceoff Boy] It started last weekend at the Yale-Howard game ...



When I saw your beaver flash ...



I'll never be the same ...



Oh, no.





[Faceoff Girl] You gave me a soul-kiss ...



Boy, it sure was grand ...



You gave me a dry-hump ...



Behind the hot-dog stand ...



Oh, yeah.





[Faceoff Boy] I used to have pimples ...



But I made them disappear ...



[Faceoff Girl] He faced life with Face-Off ...



It made his skin so clear, mmm-hmm.



[Faceoff Boy] A pimple is simple if you treat your pimples right.



[Faceoff Girl] My man uses Face-Off; he's really out-of-sight ...



And so are his pimples.









[Putney Swope] [Throws shoes at the Maid]



I just created a skin cream called "Face Off" ...



and I just came up with a whole new concept for the Long Island Railroad.

[Mrs. Swope] I love you, baby.

[Putney Swope] I love you.



[Mrs. Swope] I love you, baby.

[Putney Swope] I love you.

[Mrs. Swope] I love you, baby.



[Putney Swope] I love you. Did you take your pill?



[Mrs. Swope] You'll never know.



[Putney's Maid] [Answers phone]

[President of the U.S.] Is Mr. Swope in?

[Putney's Maid] Huh?



[President of the U.S.] This is President Mimeo.



[Putney Swope] [Grabs phone from Maid]



Yeah?

[President of the U.S.] Putney?

[Putney Swope] Yeah?

[President of the U.S.] Guess who? [Laughs]



[Putney Swope] Marcus Garvey.



[President of the U.S.] Nope.



Try again.



[Putney Swope] President Mimeo.

[President of the U.S.] How did you guess?



[Putney Swope] I used to be an exterminator.



[President of the U.S.] You might be saying, "I used to have an agency" if you don't get moving on the Borman Six.

[Putney Swope] Why you so hung up on the Borman Six?

[President of the U.S.] I'm a stockholder.

[Putney Swope] Let me sleep on it.



[President of the U.S.] Good night, pal.

[Hangs up phone]



[Mrs. Mimeo] [Takes off his hat ...]





and they kiss]







[Mrs. Swope] Out!



[Mark Focus] Swope, Mark Focus.



[Pitney Swope] What do you want?



[Mark Focus] Did that for Hertz. That's Colgate. Nabisco.



[Putney Swope] I've seen enough, Mark. You're one of the best photographers in the business.

[Mark Focus] Thank you.

[Putney Swope] Take a walk.







[Mark Focus] Mr. President, Mark Focus.



I did this for Kennedy. I did this for Johnson. I did this for Nixon. And this is the Agnew funeral.



[President of the U.S.] Have you a picture of Raquel Welch?



[Mrs. Mimeo] [Slaps Mimeo's leg]



Would you like to join us?



[President of the U.S.] Did you vote for me?

[Mark Focus] [Makes "yes" sign]

[President of the U.S.] Well, it's okay.



[Mark Focus] [Takes off shirt]



[Everybody laughing]





[Putney Swope] Come up with an idea for the Borman Six.

[Mrs. Swope] I don't know nothing about automobiles.

[Putney Swope] Give me an idea for the Borman Six!

[Mrs. Swope] Alright. If I ever think of anything, I'll let you know.

[Putney Swope] Did you think of something? The Borman Six, nitwit!



[Mrs. Swope] Listen, Swope! If you want me to come up with ideas, get me a license, take me down to City Hall, and do what's right!

[Putney Swope] Forget it!

[Mrs. Swope] You forget!





[Mr. and Mrs. Swope] [Walking out of City Hall]



[Crowd clapping]





[Swope's bodyguard carries Mrs. Swope over the bedroom threshold ...



and puts her on the bed as the maid moves her snacks.]



[Maid] Mr. Swope: congratulations!

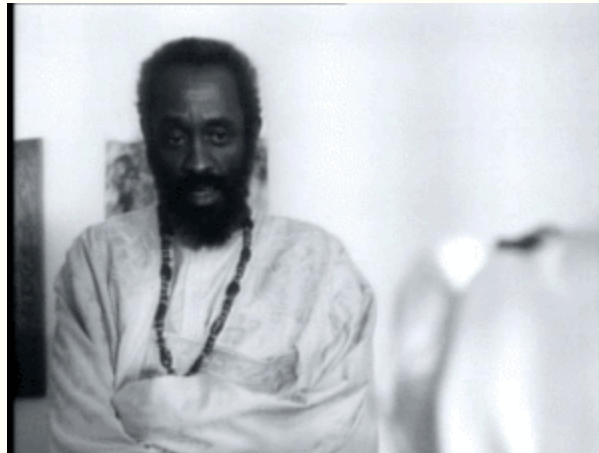




[Putney Swope] What about the Borman Six?!



[Mrs. Swope] Oh, alright! What are they going to feature next year?



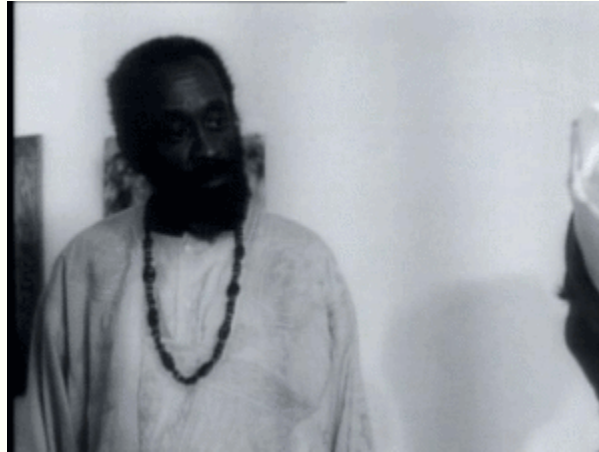
[Putney Swope] Defects, pollution, velvet safety belts, strobe headlights, fiberglass windshield.



[Mrs. Swope] Okay!



You got to get a young girl with soul.



[Putney Swope] [Rushes out]



[Mrs. Swope] Ohhhhhh!



[Putney Swope] You better get movin' on that freight elevator!



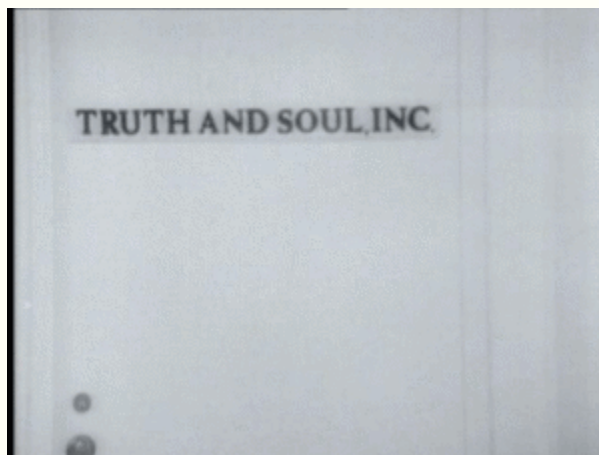
[Exec] Sonny Williams got picked up in the Bronx Holiday Inn with a 13-year-old girl.

[Putney Swope] Well, at least he's not superstitious.

[Exec] Your lawyer, who's his lawyer, wants to be the prosecuting attorney.



[Putney Swope] Get Sonny Williams in here! Now!



[TRUTH AND SOUL, INC.]



[Secretary] Would you like to come over to my house and have some dainties?

[Rufus] I don't exercise.



[Secretary] Don't put me down. I can't sleep because of you.



That's why I've got these valises under my eyes. I'm in love with you Myron X.



[Rufus] My name is Rufus.



[Secretary] I don't care what your name is. You're my man.



[Rufus] I'm not your man!

[Secretary] Yes you are!

[Rufus] I'm not your man, and I never will be!



[Secretary] I don't care what you say to me. You're my biggest fantasy. I dream about you every night.



[Rufus] That's okay, just don't send me the laundry bill.



[Secretary] [Kisses him]





[Exec] Putney says the Borman Six girl has got to have soul.



Putney says the Borman Six girl has got to have soul.



Putney says the Borman Six girl has got to have soul --



got to have soul!



Putney says the Borman Six girl has --



[The Arab] Best shit I ever had.



[White Exec] Excuse me, Mr. Swope. Can I speak to you a minute?



[Putney Swope] Sure.





[White Exec] Mr. Swope, I do exactly the same job as the other executives, but I don't make as much money as they do. I don't think that's right.

[Putney Swope] If I give you a raise, everybody's going to want a raise. And if I give them a raise, they'll still be making more money than you, and we'll be right back to where we started.

[White Exec] I never thought of it that way.

[Putney Swope] And that's why you get less money, 'cause you don't think!

[White Exec] Thank you.





[Exec] She's got to have soul. I believe this. She's got to have soul!



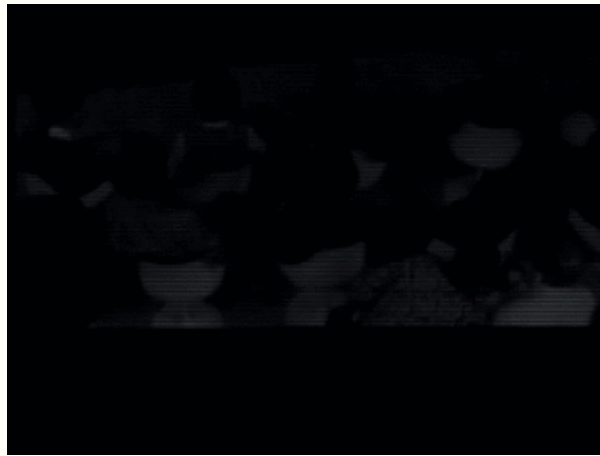
Don't you believe it? She's got to have soul! Putney says she's got to have soul! Right?



See, she's got to have soul! Putney says she's got to have soul! Don't you believe she's got to have soul, this girl?
Huh? This girl has got to have soul!

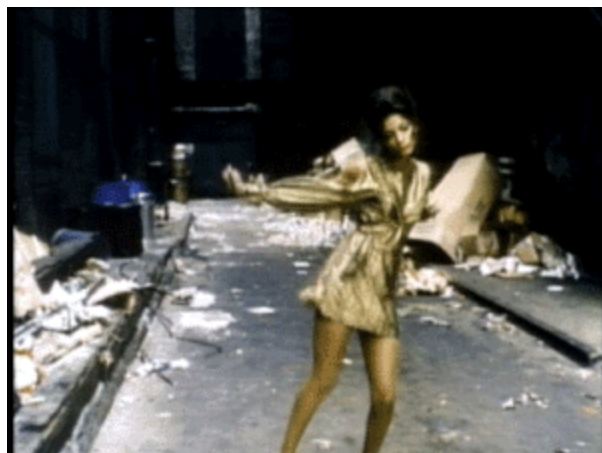


[Putney Swope] Let's go! Let's go!



[Air Conditioner Girl] [Dancing in a filthy alley]









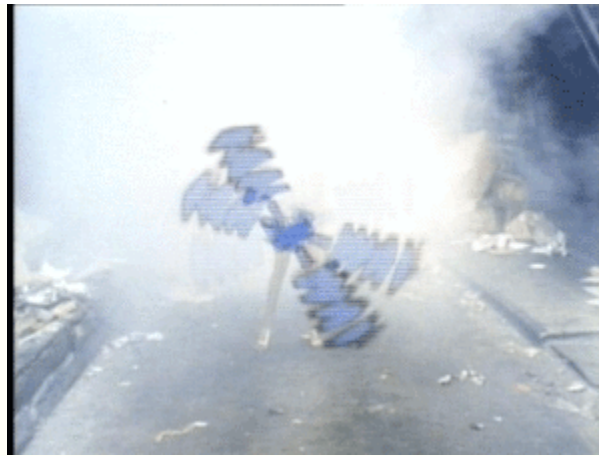
You can't eat an air conditioner.







[FAN-A-WAY]



FAN-A-WAY: A new experience in 'lectric fans



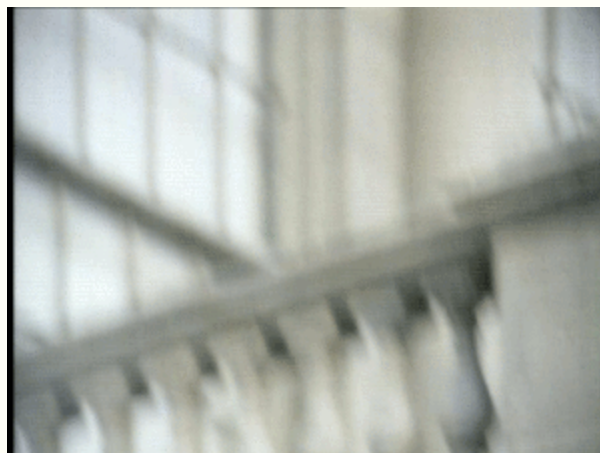
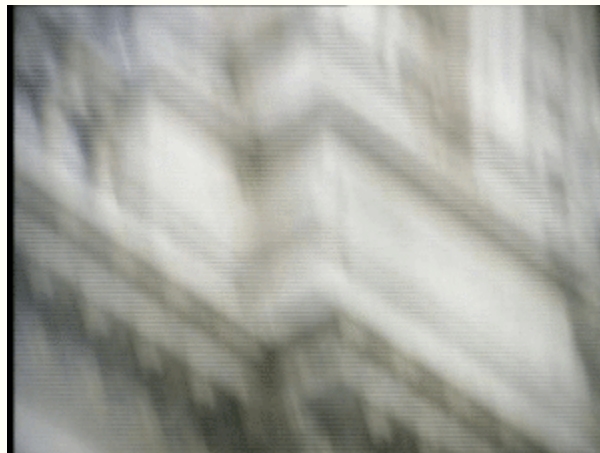
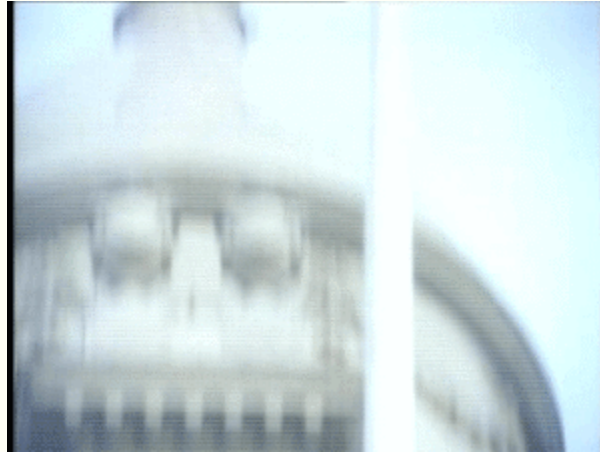
-- *FAN-A-WAY: A new experience in 'lectric fans*



[Putney Swope] Beautiful! Give everybody a 10 buck raise.



[White Young Exec] What about the messengers?





[Mr. Syllables] [Having lost an arm and leg, on crutches] They charge an arm and a leg in there, but it's Worth-it!



[Putney Swope] What's that for?



[Exec] Worth-it Life Insurance.



[Song] Ba Ba Ba Ba Ba Ba,

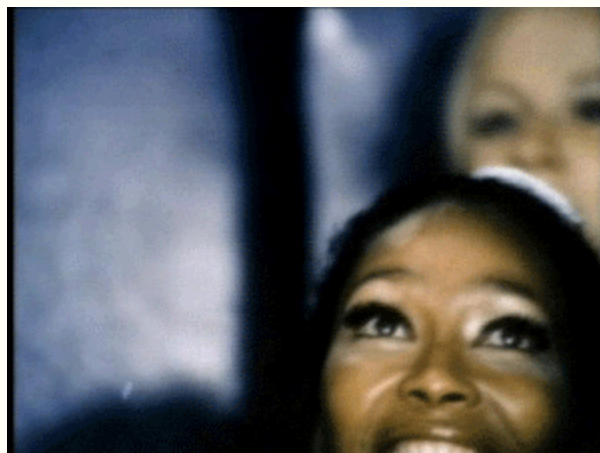


Ba Ba Ba Ba Ba Ba,



Ba Ba Ba Ba Ba Ba,
Ba Ba Ba Ba Ba Ba















[Indian Sitar Music]





[Intercom] Will the passenger holding Lucky winning ticket no. 586,



repeat, 586,



please report to the special Lucky Prize Room ...



at the rear of the aircraft. Go Lucky Airlines.







[Male winner comes in and women caress him]









Lucky Airlines



[Maidens] Are we then to thy liking?
 Stay! Leave us not thus!
 We'll well repay thee ...
 'Tis not for gold we play.
 'Tis for love we play.
 Dost wish to bring us consolation?
 Then shalt thou win us!
 Leave the boy!
 He's mine!
 -- No! --
 No! He's mine!
 Come, fair boy!
 Come! Let me blossom for thee!



Fair boy. For thy delight and refreshing
I've taken this loving care!



[Parsifal] How sweet you smell!
Are ye then flowers?



[Maidens] The treasure of the garden --



The master plucks us in spring!

The master plucks us in spring!



We grow here —

We grow here --



blossoming for thee in delight

blossoming for thee in delight.
Now be thou kind and loving to us!
An thou love and cherish us not



we fade and die thereby.



Come, sweet boy!



Let me cool thy brow!
Let me stroke thy cheeks!

-- "Interpretation of Richard Wagner's Parsifal," directed by Hans-Jurgen Syberber



[Putney Swope] Who did that?!



[Exec] You did. It was your idea!



[Putney Swope] Not bad! Not bad!



[Exec] We'll have 12 more by sundown.



[Putney Swope] I want these on the air by tomorrow night.



[Rufus-Myron X] Putney ...



in my humble opinion, these commercials are tasteless!





[Exec] Putney, Myron X said you were tasteless.



[Rufus-Myron X] You said we were going to do things with integrity and style! What we're doing is worse than anything our predecessors ever done.



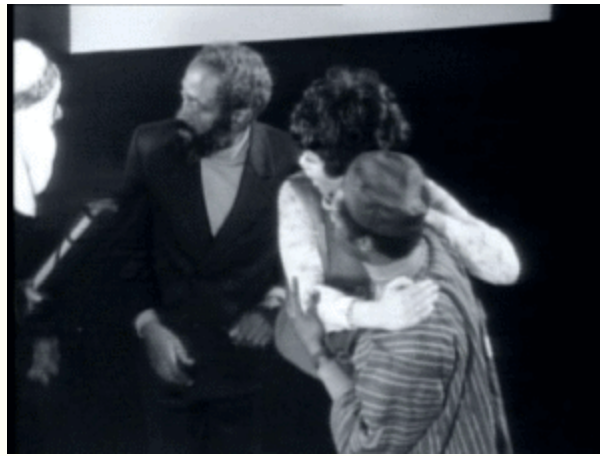
Damn commercials are literal, and they are disgusting!



And by advocating such filth, Putney is confusing obscenity with originality.



[Secretary] Let me unconfuse you, baby!



[The Arab] Everybody who is in this commercial, you're fired! They ain't one of them around. And I know you're a jive cat, 'cause you done made your last mistake you ever gonna make, mister! I've seen that nonsense you're trying to show us here. You trying to dupe everybody in this joint.



Now, what is this? We've done taken the last bit of your nonsense, man! I'm not going to take all of this crap! Everybody knows you're a jive nigger. You done pull all this jive shit. Your mother had a creative idea when she born you, and you had to go and blow that! Now you're going to come and try to show us all this crap! A nigger sittin' up there eating cornflakes!



Man, you ain't had nothing original since you got here. You stole the idea about Borman Six, you got it from your wife. Are you going to tell me that's a lie, when she told me herself?



And that little nephew who gave you that idea for that other thing. And you got rid of him. Ain't nobody around who helped you with anything. Everybody has been shut up, cut up, or been put out.



Can't you see the trash this man is trying to sell us?



Look at you: the highwater pants, you jive nigger. Look at your two-button suit. Now, what kind of suit is that? You're supposed to be a soul brother. Look at these brothers here. Everybody dressed up like pride and dignity. You ain't got none.



[Inaudible]



Ho ah la la ...



yey yah.



This company runs because I'm here. And I'm going to hate you if you don't get right. And you ain't right.



And I hate you. I hate you, understand? I hate you because you're a jive cat, and you ain't got nothin' inside.



You gotta go! You gotta go, or I gotta go. And I'm not goin'! Now, how do you like that? He ain't got a thing inside of him. He ain't nothin' but a shell.



[Bodyguard] [Grabs the Arab and drags him out]



[The Arab] Hey, man, you gotta let me go! I'm a game. Shit. Get off me!



[Music] BA BA BA!

[BORMAN SIX]



BA BA BA BA BA!



[Secretary] [Skips to the car ...



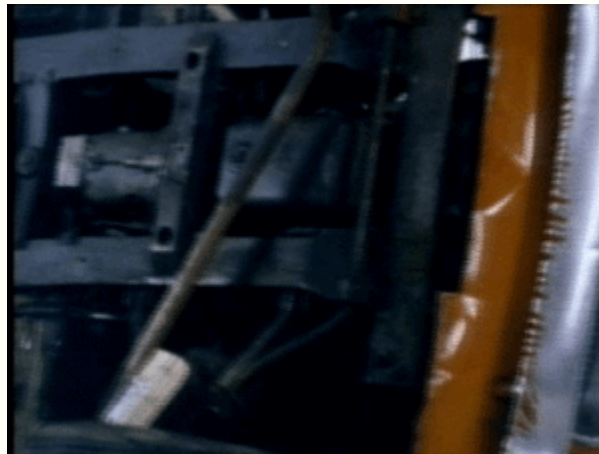


and gets in.





the car turns over ...



and she screams]



[Mrs. Swope] Cut!

[Director] Cut!



[Man in White Suit] [Drags Secretary out of car wreck]

[Secretary] [Whimpering and screaming in agony]



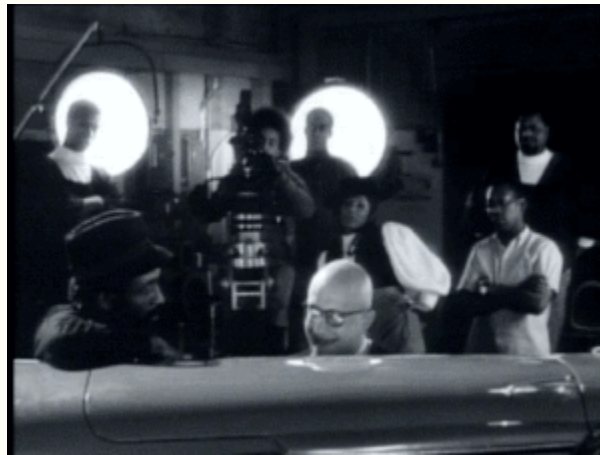




[Putney Swope] What do you think?

[Mr. Borman Six] Keep the money, Swope, but don't put it on the air, or I be out of business.

[Putney Swope] What's wrong with it?



[Mr. Borman Six] Too much tailpipe.



[Putney Swope] Listen you. You're lucky I'm pushing this Death Trap. I don't play. It goes on the air tomorrow night.



[Mr. Borman Six] [Thumbs nose at Swope]

[Music] BA BA BA!



BA BA BA BA BA!





[Swope's Bodyguard] What the hell are you doing?

[Messenger] Making a delivery.

[Swope's Bodyguard] Well, make it down the stairs, and come back up the freight elevator.

[Messenger] It's 36 flights.

[Swope's Bodyguard] I don't care what it is.

[Messenger] Why do I have to take the freight elevator? I'm not a package.

[Swope's Bodyguard] Because it's custom!



[Pulls his gun and points it at him] Policy.



[Messenger] [Continues onward]



[Swope's Bodyguard] [Puts gun in his pocket and it falls on the floor]



[He picks it up making sure nobody notices]







[TV Mother] Love you, Walter!

If federal regulators and government scientists failed to grasp the potential risks of thimerosal over the years, no one could claim ignorance after the secret meeting at Simpsonwood. But rather than conduct more studies to test the link to autism and other forms of brain damage, the CDC placed politics over science. The agency turned its database on childhood vaccines -- which had been developed largely at taxpayer expense -- over to a private agency, America's Health Insurance Plans, ensuring that it could not be used for additional research. It also instructed the Institute of Medicine, an advisory organization that is part of the National Academy of Sciences, to produce a study debunking the link between thimerosal and brain disorders. The CDC "wants us to declare, well, that these things are pretty safe," Dr. Marie McCormick, who chaired the IOM's Immunization Safety Review Committee, told her fellow researchers when they first met in January 2001. "We are not ever going to come down that [autism] is a

true side effect" of thimerosal exposure. According to transcripts of the meeting, the committee's chief staffer, Kathleen Stratton, predicted that the IOM would conclude that the evidence was "inadequate to accept or reject a causal relation" between thimerosal and autism. That, she added, was the result "Walt wants" -- a reference to Dr. Walter Orenstein, director of the National Immunization Program for the CDC.

-- Deadly Immunity, by Robert F. Kennedy Jr.



I love you more than anything else in the world.



[TV Walter] I'll see you later.

[TV Mother] I love you, Walter.



[TV Walter] I love you too, Mother.



[Mrs. Swope] You know you're not supposed to serve food without something on your head!



I don't want your hair in my food! I told you 100 times!



Get in the kitchen!



[Maid] [Gibbering ...



and tripping into the kitchen]



The shows that constitute humiliation TV have been classified by programmers and critics alike as reality-based television. But there is nothing real about them, if by real we mean programs designed to show ordinary people in the process of going about day-to-day life. Humiliation TV shows are contrived from start to finish, and what they feature are not winners so much as losers to whom the viewing audience can feel superior. Their closest television roots lie in the shows of Jerry Springer and Howard Stern, where meanness is the norm, and nobody comes away with his dignity intact.

No show better illustrates the elements of humiliation television than the highly popular series *The Apprentice*. The show won huge ratings by pitting sixteen aspiring businessmen and women in a battle to win a \$250,000 job with real estate mogul Donald Trump, whose weekly task was to tell a contestant,

“You’re fired.” The “apprentices” were divided into teams and given a project (renting an apartment, making a profit from bicycle cabs) in which they knew in advance that one member from the losing side would be cut. The projects themselves were trivial, closer to a test contrived by a college fraternity than a business school, and that was the point. A serious approach to the business world would have been a distraction for the show as well as for Trump, whose hotel and casino holdings are currently mired in debt. The Apprentice centered not on the success or failure of any project but on the losing team’s having to face Trump across a huge conference table. Would the apprentices turn on each other? Would the hard-working contestant be defeated by the manipulative contestant? This was the drama the audience could not wait to see, and the most successful programs were the ones in which Trump fired someone the viewers had learned to hate, and the loser got into a waiting cab and drove off alone into the New York night.

In New York there are now Trump billboards that feature The Donald looking very stern and saying, “You’re fired,” and when we look at our television guides, we can see the formula that The Apprentice has perfected is everywhere.

-- Television and the Politics of Humiliation, by Nicolaus Mills



[Mrs. Swope] Honey, I'm sorry about this sandwich. That tile man's got the kitchen so stacked high with tiles, Cook can't cook anything. I'd send the damn tiles back, but you know we're having a dinner party on Friday.



[Reporter] How do you like working for Mr. Swope?



[Putney's Maid] You see, it's terribly difficult to run such a big house. But then I really do think it's important this house run well. And I'm not like washing windows here.



I'm sort of secretary in a very old-fashioned way.



[Reporters rush to interview Swope before he escapes in automobile]



[Reporter] Mr. Swope, do you think your approach to advertising will encourage young people to go into advertising?



[Putney Swope] I hope not!

[Reporter] Well, do you conceive your creations under the influence of drugs?



[Reporter] Hey, Swope. What do you think of the Panthers?



[Putney Swope] They look good against the bulldogs, but they need more depth to quarterback.

[Reporter] Last night, between 8 and 10 o'clock, only 14% of the usual amount of people left the house to buy newspapers and ice cream.

[Putney Swope] Uh huh huh!

[Reporter] In essence, your commercials were so good that nobody left the house to buy anything or burn anything. Uh, would you comment on that?

[Putney Swope] I think anything I would say would just be redundant.



[Reporter] Mr. Swope, where have you been all of these years?

[Putney Swope] Laying in the cut.

[Reporter] Mr. Putney, did you sleep with your wife before you married her?

[Putney Swope] Not a wink.



[Reporter] What is your position on the chicken board of life?

[Reporter] Is it true that you refuse to advertise war toys, cigarettes, and alcoholic beverages?

[Putney Swope] You said it.



[Reporter] Where did you get the name "Truth and Soul"?

[Putney Swope] In the streets.



[Reporter] Excuse me, Mr. Swope! Gourmet Magazine says your commercials are tasteless and that you should be censored. Now my question is, in what direction are you heading?



[Putney Swope] I'm going uptown. Can I give anybody a lift?



[Hits his bodyguard ...



who hits the driver]



[Chauffeur] Get out of my short, baby!



[Car drives off]





[Mrs. Swope] You little bitch! What are you doing out here?



Get your ass in that house immediately! Go on!



Move! [inaudible]



Come on! Get in there, you motherfuck!



Get in there!



[White Exec] I believe Mr. Swope asked you to use the freight elevator.

[Messenger] Since when is that your business?



[White Exec] Since right now! And if I catch you using that elevator again, I'm going to tell Mr. Swope.



[THINGS ARE CHANGING]





[Sister Basilica] [Smoking]





Is that Mr. Swope?

[Receptionist] That's him, baby.

[Sister Basilica] Oooh!





Swope!



[Exec] Putney. Putney. Sonny Williams again. He was a guest on Dating Game, and when he didn't win, he stood up and exposed himself again.



CBS went off the air for 7 hours.

[Putney Swope] Bail him out, and get him in here.



[Sister Basilica] [Fanning cigarette smoke away] Ah, Mr. Swope.



I'm Sister Basilica. And this is Billy Reilly.



[Whispering] Billy's an orphan, and he wants to be your pal. Now, if you want to be Billy's pal ...



all you have to do is fill out the necessary papers, and take him out of the Settlement once a week. Oh, you know, you know, you can take him out to lunch, or take him for a ride.



[Putney Swope] You're taking me for a ride!

[Sister Basilica] Oh, be a pal!

[Putney Swope] Shouldn't you be in school?



[Billy Reilly] Fuck you, and fuck the Establishment, and fuck you people who are trying to make me part of the Unestablished Establishment.



[Putney Swope] Alright. I'll pick you up tomorrow at 11 o'clock. I'll take you to the zoo, then we'll go to the ballgame.



[Billy Reilly] Why don't you just adopt me and get it over with?

[Putney Swope] Don't push me, pal.

[Billy Reilly] Whatever you decide, don't do it out of guilt.



[Putney Swope] [Laughs]





[Exec] [Places coin in her coffee cup]

[Sister Basilica] Oh, bless you!



If this stiff comes through, we have it made.



[The Arab] Brother, you were voted in here on a jive hummer. Now how, when are things going to happen, man? Your whole cart has been peeped. When are things going to start to change? Where is the revolution you were talking about? There ain't nothing happening. There is no revolution the way you're running this joint, man. Now, when is something going to happen? When are you going to do it? When and how? What date? Give me a time, man? Show me how progress is going to be made. There ain't no progress the way this is running now.

Q. In the 2012 campaign, Obama was saying he had saved Detroit. What would your response to that be?



A. Well, I wrote Obama a letter, and I said, "Dear President Obama. God bless you, but you did not save Detroit. You saved General Motors. You saved Chrysler." Detroit, at this point, would stand a better chance if they were an Iraqi or Syrian city in terms of getting some sort of help. And I think Obama -- sadly -- has been, you know, has done many, many good things, but he has also been a HUGE disappointment. And I really feel like, I wish somebody would say to him -- maybe I'll say it, in case he's watching -- "You do read the Hollywood Reporter, Mr. President, don't you? When the history is written of this era, this is how you'll be remembered: 'He was the first Black President'. Okay! Not a bad accomplishment. But that's it! That's it, Mr. Obama. One hundred years from now, 'He was the first Black American that got elected President.



And that's it! Eight years of your life, and that is what people are going to remember.



Boy, I got a feeling knowing you that you probably wish you'd be remembered for a few other things, a few other things you could have done." So, on that level, he's a big disappointment.

-- "Michael Moore Slams Obama: History Will Only Remember You Were a Black President, Interview with Michael Moore," by The Hollywood Reporter, 9/9/14



[Exec] Putney. This is Sonny Williams.

[Putney Swope] What have you got to say for yourself, Sonny?



[Sonny Williams] [Exposes himself]

[Exec] Don't feel bad.





[Sonny Williams] [Exposes himself again]



[The Arab] Now there's a man who is doing something. That is a revolution, man. Don't you understand? When are you going to start? When are you going to do something?



[Drums beating]



[Rufus] Putney, the President of the U.S. wants to see you in three hours.



He says he'll meet you half way, so it's all set for Philadelphia.



[Mark Focus] Swope, Mark Focus.



[To Exec] I did this for Hertz. That's Colgate. That's Nabisco. That's IBM. And this for Mr. Swope. That's Rockefeller. That's Rockefeller.



[Exec] What are you going to do for me? Paint ducks?



[White Exec] You made it, Put. It's phenomenal. We've thrown a tremendous hump into the cooling industry.



[Putney Swope] Who told you to open your mouth?

[White Exec] No one. It just happened.

[Putney Swope] Alright. I created Face Off. I conceived the Borman Six. And don't forget the Mousetrap. The rest of you people took old ideas and broken-down concepts, and embellished them with a sense of show business. But that's not enough. When I see things that ain't fresh, I get butterflies in my ulcer.



So from now on, you've got to come up with completely original fantasies. Stop looking at the Tube. Stop reading magazines and newspapers. And don't talk to strangers. And --



[Messenger] Mr. Swope.



[Putney Swope] Get on the freight elevator!

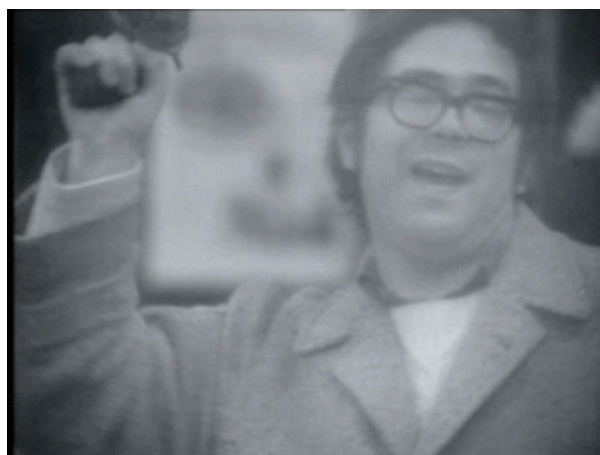


[Messenger] [Pulls out gun and starts shooting]



[Bodyguard] [Looks for missing gun in his pocket]

[Everybody screams and gets under table]







[Man in White Suit] [Opens hand and Messenger puts his gun in it]



[Bodyguard] [Still looking for gun in empty pockets]



[Man in White Suit] [Grabs Messenger and takes him out of the room]



[Putney Swope] Get rid of him!

[Exec] What do you want me to do with him?

[Putney Swope] Get him a gig with the president!

[Exec] [Tackles Bodyguard]



and takes him from room]





[Putney Swope] [Ties gun to string and then to new bodyguard's coat]



First day on the job, and you get to meet President Mimeo!



[New Bodyguard] Well, I'll take him off!



Drink Coca-Cola



[Conflict Music]



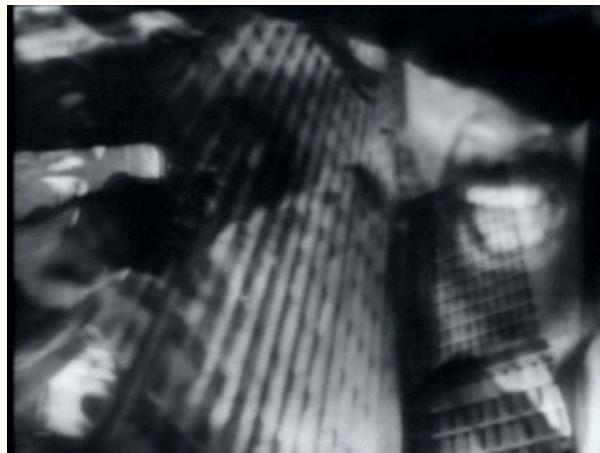


[Demonstrators attack Putney Swope as he leaves building and gets into car.]



[Conflict Music]

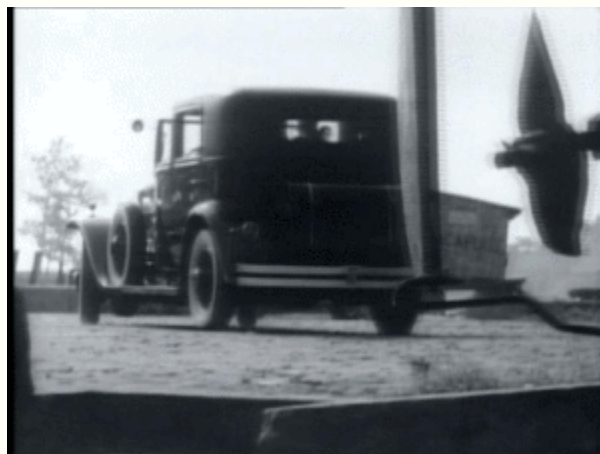














[President of the U.S.] How do you like my demonstrators, Swope?



I put them in front of your building ...



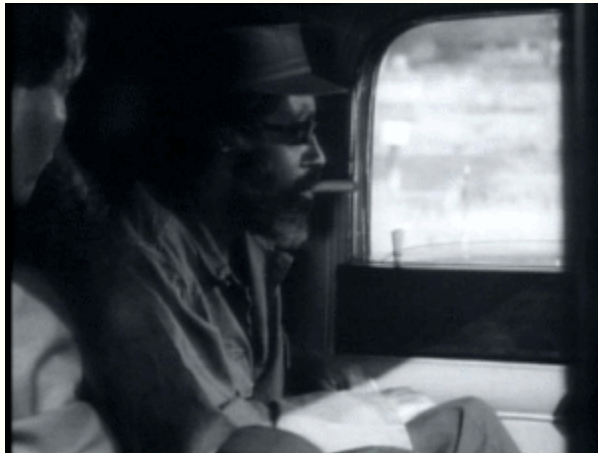
'cause you won't advertise cigarettes, war toys, or alcoholic beverages.



And that's discrimination!



I also hear you flipped over the Borman Six.



Bum trip, Swope. If you keep discriminating against those products, I'm going to keep up the demonstrations.



It's a smart word, Swope. Don't cross me!



[To chauffeur] Let's move out!



[President's Mimeo's Chauffeur] Say please!



[President of the U.S.] I said "Move out!"





[Leaving Swope's old bodyguard holding machine gun on street]



[Putney Swope] Back to welfare, traitor!





[To chauffeur] Okay, move out!



[Chauffeur] Find yourself a short, schmuck!



[Old Bodyguard] [Collapses in despair on the ground]







[Poet] Hin! My word, "Hin!" Maybe Hin [inaudible], or Hin so real. Hin smells nothing, begins nothing, possible unto Webster. It is my very, very own Hin. Hin in the teeth of the wind, and in the faces of governments and men. Hin. Hin uninvited, Hin unexcited. Hin retiring into his own Hinhood.



I built a wooden Hin, once and fooled no one. I painted Hin in oils, and ran out of canvas. But I shall follow wherever Hin leads, till Hin vanish into darkness.



My word "Hin." Hin soul.



[Putney Swope] Get everybody into the conference room.

[Exec] Got it!

[Poet] Hin!





[Putney Swope] [To Cigarette Man] Put that out!

[Mr. Lunger] Lunger Cigarettes, Swope. What do you say?



[Mr. War Toys] Daily War Toys. We just came out with a new game called "Cops and Demonstrators."



[Mr. Bourbon] Bullcar Bourbon. You name the price, Swope.



[Mr. Lunger] Lunger Cigarettes, Swope, what do you say?



[Mr. Ethereal Cereal] Ethereal Cereal -- you saved me!



[Kisses Swope's hand; Swope grabs it back]





[Putney Swope] [Hands bag to Cowboy] Fill this up!

[Cowboy] Right.





[Putney Swope] [To all Execs] I want everybody to drop whatever they're doing, and start thinking up ideas for Bullcar Bourbon ...



Lunger Cigarettes, and a new game called "Cops and Demonstrators."



[Secretary] I thought you said we wasn't going to advertise that kind of stuff.

[Putney Swope] I changed my mind.

[Secretary] I thought only women changed their mind.



[Exec] The Man's copping out.



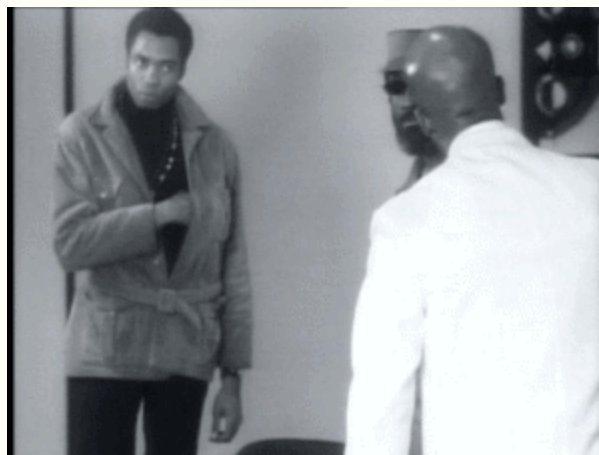
[Putney Swope] What did you say?



[Exec] I said you're a copout!



[Putney Swope] Get out of here! And don't come back, either. Shit!



[Man in White Suit] You're a punk!



If you wasn't my brother, I'd kill you.



[New Bodyguard] [Draws gun and points it at Man in White Suit]



[Putney Swope] I want these campaigns ready by 5:00 o'clock. Sharp!



[Exec] Are you sure you want to do this?

[Putney Swope] I already done it!



[Secretary] What do you really want to do? Advertise garbage, or do what's right?



[Putney Swope] Both.



[Exits with bodyguard]



[White Young Exec] The man's a genius!



[Putney Swope] Good people! I tested them, but they did not cop.



[New Bodyguard] You mean that whole scene was a put-on?

[Putney Swope] That's right.



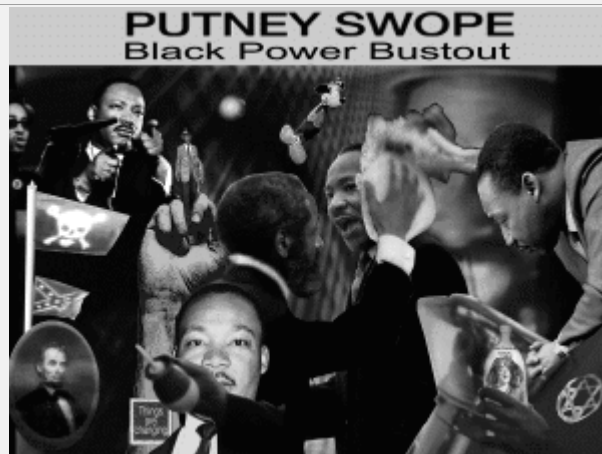


[Cowboy] [gives bag of money to Swope] There's \$8 million and change here.

[Putney Swope] Figure what's left, and divide it up equally.



Forget the messengers, and forget the Arab.



PUTNEY SWOPE: Black Power Bustout



[Cowboys] [Slap each other's hands] You are the [inaudible] baby; you are the [inaudible].



[Execs come in]





[Exec] Putney, if you want to push cigarettes and booze, it's alright with me.

[Secretary] That's right.



[Gay Guy] Putney, I don't care what you advertise, as long as I get my raise.



[Man in White Suit] Brother, if you want to advertise crap, that's your prerogative. You're my man.

[Secretary] That's right.



[Exec] I'm with you, Put. Whatever the hell you want to do, I'm with you.



[White Young Exec] You're a genius, Putney. Do your thing.





[Putney Swope] [Shakes his head and leaves]





[The Arab] Putney, I hear you're splitting up the money equally. That's cool.

[Putney Swope] How did you find out?

[The Arab] The drum.

[Putney Swope] The drum should have told you you ain't getting a penny.



[The Arab] If I don't get my piece by sundown, your ass is mine!



[Runs off]





Get out my bread, brother.

[Cowboy] The Man says you gets nothing, Arab!

[The Arab] What? Man, you better get your story straight. What you talking about? The drum says equal shares for everybody, and everybody means me. Don't you understand, mister?



So come out your dream world and get your story straight, man, before I get hot here and have to tell my cousin Siran Saran-Wrap --



[Man in White Suit] The Man says you gets nothing, you gets nothing.



[The Arab] The Man say I get nothing, then I gets nothing.



[To cowboy] You got a light?

[Cowboy] Right.



[The Arab] Manza! Manza!



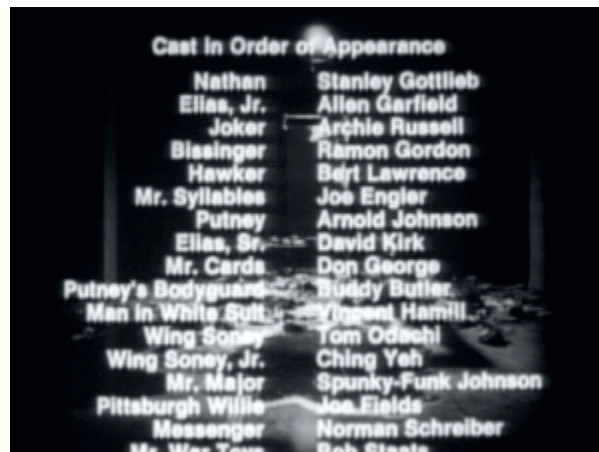
[Throws lighted paper into money box, which explodes]





The ordinary translation in modern versions of the Hebrew "olah". This term does not mean literally "burnt offering," but "what is brought up" or presented to the Deity. The name is a translation of the Septuagint rendering, which is itself based upon the descriptive phrase often attached to "olah" in the ritual prescriptions: "an offering made by fire unto the Lord" (Lev. i. 9 et seq.). A synonym is, which defines the offering as complete; i.e., when it is placed upon the altar, to distinguish it from the other forms of animal sacrifice (see I Sam. vii. 9; compare Ps. li. 21). The burnt offering was the highest order of sacrifice in the Old Testament ritual. The bloodless offerings were made only in connection with it.

-- Burnt Offering, by Jewish Encyclopedia



Cast in Order of Appearance
 Stan Gottlieb ... Nathan (as Stanley Gottlieb)
 Allen Garfield... Elias, Jr.
 Archie Russell ... Joker
 Ramon Gordon ... Bissinger
 Bert Lawrence ... Hawker
 Joe Madden ... Mr. Syllables (as Joe Engler)
 Arnold Johnson ... Putney
 David Kirk ... Elias, Sr.
 Don George ... Mr. Cards
 Buddy Butler... Putney's Bodyguard
 Vincent Hamill ... Man in White Suit
 Tom Odachi ... Wing Soney
 Ching Yeh ... Wing Soney, Jr.
 Spunky-Funk Johnson ... Mr. Major
 Joe Fields ... Pittsburgh Willie

Norman Schreiber ... Messenger
Robert Staats ... Mr. War Toys (as Bob Staats)



Alan Abel ... Mr. Lucky
Sol Brawerman ... Mr. Dinkleberry
Steven Ben Israel ... Mr. Pit Stop (as Ben Israel)
Mel Brooks ... Mr. Forget It
Luise Heath ... Secretary (as Louise Heath)
Barbara Clarke Chisolm ... Secretary (as Barbara Clarke)
Catherine Lojacono ... Lady Beaver
John Robinson... Wayne
Charles Carlton Buffum ... Director (as Charles Buffum)
Ron Palombo ... Assistant Director
Wendy Apple ... Script Girl (as Wendy Appel)
Antonio Fargas ... The Arab
Geegee Brown ... Secretary
Vance Amaker ... Wall Man
Al Green ... Cowboy #1
Chuck Ender ... Cowboy #2
Anthony Chisholm ... Cowboy #3
Walter Jones ... Jim Keranga



Khaula Bakr ... Mrs. Keranga
Melvia Marshall ... Little Keranga (as Melvia)
Annette Marshall ... Little Keranga (as Annette)
Andrea Marshall... Little Keranga
Laura Greene ... Mrs. Swope
Ed Gordon ... Mr. Victrola Cola

Eric Krupnik ... Mark Focus
 George Morgan... Mr. Token
 Abdul Hakeim ... Bouncer
 Allan Arbus ... Mr. Bad News
 Jesse McDonald ... Young Militant
 C. Robert Scott ... Militant #1
 Leopoldo Mandeville ... Militant #2
 Vince Morgan Jr. ... West Indian
 Al Browne... Moderate
 Marie Claire ... Eugenie Ferliger / Nun
 Eileen Peterson ... Narrator
 William H. Boesen ... Bert / Mr. Lunger
 Carol Farber ... Secretary



Cerves McNeill ... Youngblood
 Carolyn Cardwell ... Borman Six Girl
 Chuck Green ... Myron X aka Rufus (as Charles Green)
 Pepi Hermine... President of the United States
 Ruth Hermine... First Lady
 Paul Storob ... Secret Service Man
 Lawrence Wolf ... Mr. Borman Six (as Larry Wolf)
 Jeff Lord ... Mr. Bald
 Tom Boya ... Mr. O'Dinga
 Major Cole ... Idea Man #1
 David Butts ... Idea Man #2
 Franklin Scott ... Idea Man #3
 Paul Alladice ... Idea Man #4
 Exit ... Idea Man #5
 Ronnie Dyson ... Face Off Boy (as Ronald Dyson)
 Shelley Plimpton ... Face Off Girl



Elzbieta Czyzewska ... Putney's Maid
 Paulette Marron ... Air Conditioner Girl
 Delilah ... Stewardess #1
 Carol Hobbs ... Stewardess #2
 Birgitta ... Stewardess #3
 Grania ... Interviewer
 Marco Heiblim ... Lucky Passenger
 Peter Maloney ... Putney's Chauffeur
 Larry Greenfield ... Lead Reporter
 Lloyd Kagin ... Billy Reilly
 Perry Gewirtz ... Sonny Williams
 Herbert Kerr ... Bodyguard #2



Hal Schochet ... President Mimeo's Chauffeur
 Fred Hirschhorn ... Mr. Bourbon
 George T. Marshall ... Mr. Executive (as George Marshall)
 Donald Lev ... Poet
 Donald Breitman ... Mr. Ethereal Cereal (as Donahl Breitman)
 Peter Benson ... Mr. Jingle

 Special Thanks to John Simon, The Guggenheim Foundation

PUTNEY SWOPE

A "GET OUT OF HERE" MOVIE



A FILM BY
ROBERT DOWNEY, SR.

Up The Civil Rights Movement

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check which has come back marked "insufficient funds."

-- I Have a Dream, by Martin Luther King, Jr.