

The Ulianov Tapes

LEONID BREZHNEV is being briefed by ILYITCH ULIANOV III, Kremlin staffer formerly in charge of Dirty Tricks in the Ukraine, now, among other things, Chief Monitor of the American West Coast.

ULIANOV: ...now, we come to San Francisco...

BREZHNEV: Oh, yes, full of crazy radicals and long-haired chippies...

ULIANOV: hippies...

BREZHNEV: Them, too. I hope our Consul there, whatsis-name, is mixing with the right people...

ULIANOV: Oh yes. The Consul is the social lion of the city. Meets all the richest people. In fact, (giggling) our consulate is known as the Pacific Union Club East.



Raab

BREZHNEV: (not giggling) What is that?

ULIANOV: A local trading post.

BREZHNEV: Trading? Good. Maybe I should have gone ... (Tape becomes indistinct).

ULIANOV: No sir, comrade sir. The Jewish natives there are very restless.

BREZHNEV: (Loud sigh). I suppose they demonstrated.

ULIANOV: Yessir... There was an attempt there to have the local Central Committee—what they call the Board of Supervisors—pass an edict to prevent demonstrations within 500 feet of any consulate. In our case, that would have put them on the next block. But the Jews objected.

BREZHNEV: Funny country. Well, they've had demonstrations before, I'm sure.

ULIANOV: (A little nervously) Yes, but this time it wasn't the usual hundred and fifty people. The whole community sponsored this one, and it ended up with a couple of thousand people. Quite embarrassing. We'd hoped that the interest would die down, not accelerate.

BREZHNEV: (Another sigh). As we have reason to know, they're a bull-headed people. Maybe...

ULIANOV: (A little more nervously) Something even worse...

BREZHNEV: What?

ULIANOV: An ad protesting our treatment of Jews was published in the local newspapers...Signed not just by Jews but by the leading representatives of the workers... and by representatives of the oppressed black, brown and yellow peoples...and others...

BREZHNEV: Look here, Ulianov...

ULIANOV: (Quickly) But something good happened...

BREZHNEV: You've resigned, and confessed!

ULIANOV: (A little more quickly). Two bags of red paint were thrown at our consulate!

BREZHNEV: Well, now you're talking. I'm sure the citizenry was properly outraged. Good work, Ulianov!

ULIANOV: (Cautiously) I'm not yet sure whether our people did it, comrade, sir.

BREZHNEV: Who else?

ULIANOV: Well, the Jewish Defense League has been accused, and they haven't denied it, but there's really no evidence they did it.

BREZHNEV: What difference...As long as they don't deny it, and the people think the Jews did it... That'll take some pressure off us there... After all, we only have one consulate... Speaking of which, Ulianov—why is it that I have to think of everything—since that's our only consulate, perhaps its time for us to send an underground shipment to that area...

ULIANOV: Moscow Gold?

BREZHNEV: No, you idiot, red paint...