

THE TV PRODUCER

It's Monday, the day after the Superbowl.
There's a snappy chill in the air.
An ABC-TV assistant producer enters.
He had come in for a hat
during the Democratic convention
and now he's back in San Francisco
to shoot the Superbowl.
He is short and round, smokes cigars
and is wearing a black warm-up jacket
with an ABC logo on it.

"I was setting up some shots
at the Superbowl," he says.
"I sent a crew to interview
you during the convention
but you weren't in."

"I was probably lobbying at Moscone
for the Peace and Environmental Coalition,"
I answer with some disappointment.

Pointing at me he says to his brother
who he is showing around North Beach,
"He is one of the few pure ones left.
I sold my ass in 1976.
You don't know how fucked it is -
They had eight cameras
on Reagan tossing the kickoff coin.
He's falling asleep at press conferences."

"Why don't you guys in the press
let the public know what a con it is?"
"Me!" He says. "I'm just a piece of fuzz
on the bottom of a pawn
on a giant chessboard."

"Well, what else do you hear?
Do you think he'll invade Nicaragua?"
"Not Nicaragua," he answers.
"He wants Cuba. Cuba in the spring."

They've been digging tunnels
from Guantanamo into Cuban territory
to prepare for an attack.
They'll knock out Cuba in a few weeks."

"Is that what you hear in Washington?" I ask.
"No, that's the word in New York."
He shakes my hand and he and his brother
return to TV land.