

# THE BLOW-UP

## Case History of the Manchester Caper

by Paul Krassner

Once there was upon a time a face painted on the hand of Señor Wences that magically became a real person named Jacqueline. She kissed a senator in a Spearmint ad, and he in turn became a real person named Jack. They were married by Chief Justice Earl Warren and lived in good taste for not quite ever after.

Suddenly he was slain by the man who had most to gain—Mark Lane—who in turn was killed at the police station by Vaughn Meader.

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## Legal and Actual Concentration Camps in America

by Charles R. Allen, Jr.

While fascism is many things, reflected in unnumbered manifestations, it is, quintessentially, the art of the end square—carried to a terrible science. Hitler, Mussolini, Trujillo, Batista, Franco—and, of course, today's variant, Johnson—were, and are, above all proto-type squares.

It's not only that each in his own way—Mussolini with his castor oil 'treatment,' Hitler with his concentration camp system leading directly to the 'Final Solution' (the last, desperate

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## Blow-Up, Psychedelic Sexualis and The War Game —or, David Hemmings Is Herman Kahn in Disguise

Ready for another little trippypoo?

Start with this letter from a subscriber: "I've recently heard rumors that Paul Krassner doesn't exist and that he is, in fact, a composite of a number of fulsome individuals. These people, it's said, each subject themselves monthly to a strange experience, then everyone's experience is compiled into one story which is subsequently given some idiotic moral (much in the same way *Time* magazine writes its articles). In issue #74, for example, the *Crazy SANE to Loving Haight* story was actually written by a Krassner who attended SANE's rally, another who's an ascetic but takes acid, another who visited Haight-Ashbury, another who

reads *McCall's* ads in the *N.Y. Times*, another who insulted Joe Pyne, etc. In this way, the story appears to be the exploits of one man, the mythical Paul Krassner. I've also heard that a conspiracy has developed by which one faction of Paul Krassners is seeking to gain control over the rest through the use of CIA terror tactics. Is this the reason I haven't received issue #75?"

Now the whole world knows.

This has been Vietnam Summer, a men's cologne, more fragrant than Spring Mobilization, which sponsored an anti-war march on April 15, in San Francisco, where then-*Ramparts*-publisher-not-to-be Ed Keating

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# No, Virginia

by Alan Whitney

## New Contest, Enter Now

A Columbus, Ohio paper carried this headline:

Area Boy's Anus  
Wins Fair Ribbon

## Gray Flannel Mouth Dept.

When your grandmother lived in that sprawling frame farmhouse in the hills of Vermont, was her kitchen well stocked with "chocolate liquor; whole and defatted milk solids; manitol; cocoa butter; lecithin, an emulsifier; vanillin, an artificial flavoring; sorbitol, natural and artificial flavors"? It must have been, because those are the ingredients listed on the label of some "old fashioned homemade chocolates" I didn't buy the other day.

Anytime the advertising industry is on the defensive (i.e., anytime) we are assured that it doesn't really make a profession out of lying; at worst it just tells the good parts and leaves out the bad ones. So how come a TV person called Eydie Gorme assured me that "Plymouth dealers are having a great sales year" and the next day I read in the papers that their sales are off 14% from last year?

## Indian Extenders

*Fact* magazine is much given to exposing the misleading advertising and commercial legerdemain of other institutions. I recently received a letter from *Fact* reading, in part: "... we are extending your subscription to *Fact* for six months *absolutely free* [emphasis theirs]. However, in order to accomplish this, we are required by the Post Office to collect the sum of \$1.88. . . ."

## TV Good Guys

CBS gets this month's award for fairness beyond the call of duty, or maybe for publicity at any price. During the broadcasting strike, the network's press department sent out pictures of AFTRA members picketing its own studios.

## Let Them Eat C-Rations

The Pentagon's own total casualty figures support the view that the poor are fighting the war in Vietnam. When the raw state-by-state death statistics are related to population, a pattern emerges. Most of the Northern and Western industrial states showed one death for every 25,000 to 30,000 people. For Georgia, Alabama, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Kentucky, the figure ranged from one in 16,000 to 1 in 19,700. The highest death rate in the nation, one for every 14,754 inhabitants, was that of West Virginia—the very heart of Appalachia.

## Kosher Indelicacies

Cartoonist Bill Mauldin was "up front in Israel" for the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Presumably his famous Willie and Joe would be replaced by two new privates named Sheldon and Mark. . . . There was a hassle in Wayne, New Jersey when a board of education official opposed the election of two Jews to that body on the grounds that they would be ethnically impelled to throw money around like it was two cents plain. The real story is that the apparent anti-Semite was a B'nai B'rith plant subtly undermining the stereotype of the tight-fisted Jew. . . . There's a number in *Cabaret* in which the emcee dances with a gorilla and sings a song to the effect that the animal isn't so bad when you get used to it. In its present form the lyric ends: "She isn't a meeskite [ugly person] at all." The original line was "She doesn't look



Jewish at all," but the producer insisted on having it changed. . . . Sam Lefrak is a hard-working real estate tycoon who has built thousands of apartments in Queens. He has an 18-year-old daughter named Francine with whom any red-blooded American boy would like to tour the old man's master bedrooms. Lately Francine has burst on the cafe society scene, complete with press agent. But it seems that in a business which routinely advertises fire escapes as terraces, it would be unthinkable to market a superdeb under the Lefrak label. So our heroine's publicitor bills her as Francine Le Frak, and has the Gaul to complain when it doesn't come up that way in print. But at least one newspaper stoutly sticks to Lefrak and has told the tub-thumper it will use Le Frak only when shown documentary evidence that the spelling has been legally changed in court. . . . The caption on the AP wirephoto began: "No sign of Middle East Tension Here—If Israelis and Arabs would follow the example of Jewish actress Barbra Streisand and Egyptian actor Omar Shariff the Middle East crisis would

soon be over. They're rehearsing a love scene for the movie version of *Funny Girl*." It was a delightful picture, showing Barbra reclining on a couch with Omar grasping her around the waist and nuzzling her neck. Both were laughing and obviously having a great time. You would think that it would have had a certain reader interest in New York, which has about half of the nation's Jewish population and a goodly slice of the Arab contingent. But none of the metropolitan papers would touch it. In a society so hostile to love and good humor, does anybody really wonder why the young rebel?

## The Best News

A young nurse from the Philippines can teach us all the meaning of class. Corazon Amurao, whose eight dormitory mates were murdered in Chicago, was besieged by book and magazine publishers to sell her story for the sadistic titillation of the great American public. She turned them all down because "I don't want to profit from the deaths of my comrades."

## The Swinging Nun

I goofed. Three years ago, when the Singing Nun was No. 1 on the charts, we were solemnly assured that she was going to stay in the convent and never use her talent for commercial purposes. I should have written that by mid-1967 she would have gotten out of the habit, engaged an atheist manager, begun preparations for a U.S. television tour and written a song in praise of the birth control pill.

At first I would have been accused of another vulgar attempt at anti-clerical satire, but by now I would have been vindicated in every particular. Luc Dominique, as she currently calls herself, has left the nunnery, wears tight pants and high heels and will be over here in the spring to appear live and on TV. Not only has she written *Glory Be to God for the Golden Pill*; she is also instructing the Pope on what he should do about it. He has to okay it because "it's the only intelligent, right thing to do. It's shocking that The Pill shouldn't be made available to everyone who wants it."

Okay, I'm not going to be caught short again: Within ten years she will have married, produced a male heir, taught him to play the guitar and signed a contract for the movie sequel, *Son of Singing Nun*. Remember, you read it here first.

## Sho 'Nuff Note

This sign was displayed next to a stack of rightist pamphlets in a store in Atlanta: "Take one. We ain't needing no Federal aid to education. We is already ahead of the other states."

## Bullseye Note

The movie *To Be a Crook*, according to an ad in the New York papers, "Climaxes in a real crazy snatch."

## Editorial Giggies

### Mulatto Power

A while back, *Fact* magazine was preparing one of its non-articles—a poll on interracial marriage—and asked to include my point of view. “I don’t give a shit about miscegenation,” I replied. “My only concern is with the laws against it.”

Then, because of a personal difference with Ralph Ginzburg, I withdrew my statement. In its introduction, *Fact* called me a “pseudo-liberal” and said I was “reluctant to comment.”

I felt so strongly about the matter that, in the middle of a radio interview, I decided to renounce my U.S. citizenship if the Supreme Court failed to declare the Virginia anti-miscegenation statute unconstitutional. Last month they unanimously so declared, voiding similar laws in 15 other states.

It wasn’t the first time the Court had considered the freedom to marry. In 1883, the scared silly Justices refused to throw out an Alabama statute, holding that the law didn’t discriminate against Negroes, since whites could be equally punished for violating it.

### Some of My Best Friends Are Arabs

“The enemy of my enemy is my friend,” is an old Arab proverb. Many leftwingers who consider the U.S. their enemy sided with Egypt in its conflict with Israel, but the loyalty of others seemed to be determined by inverse proportion to the length of their foreskins.

Two professional leftwingers—M. S. Arnoni, editor of *Minority of One*, and Allen Krebs, editor of *Treason*—held a debate at the Free School of New York. Arnoni, who is also a professional Jew, supported Israel, calling Krebs anti-Semitic and a product of “Jewish self-hatred.”

He said that Krebs’ point basically is that whatever side the Soviet Union supports is necessarily progres-

sive—a posture which Arnoni himself has been assuming for years.

The chairman urged the audience to “save your hate for the question period.” One man dutifully recited Israel’s reactionary history and asked if the displacement of a million Arabs from their land repaid the relatives of 6 million dead Jews.

Arnoni began to respond: “You make me the spokesman for the Jewish fascists—” Krebs interrupted: “You made me the spokesman for Faisal!” Arnoni then sang *Hava Na Gila*, Krebs countered with *Havanother Na Gila*, and the meeting was officially adjourned.

### The Sex Life of J. Edgar Hoover

Last year Thomas Henry Carter, a fingerprint clerk for the FBI, was facelessly accused of “sleeping with young girls and carrying on.” He admitted only to necking—an irrelevant confession in view of his prurient rights—but was nevertheless fired for “conduct unbecoming an employee of this Bureau.” He filed suit against the man who signed his letter of dismissal, J. Edgar Hoover, and the case is now coming to a head in the Court of Appeals.

Hoover’s defense is being handled by the U.S. Attorney’s Office, whose brief denies that “the FBI was invidiously discriminating in the Constitutional sense in

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor & Ringleader

SHEILA CAMPION, Scapegoat

BOB ABEL, Featherbedder

JOHN FRANCIS PUTNAM, Nice Dirty Old Man

DICK GUINDON, New Left Fielder

DONALD WILEN, Chaplain

ROBERT WOLF, Reformed Idealist

MARSHA SAM RIDGE, Shit-On

MARGO ST. JAMES, The Realist Nun

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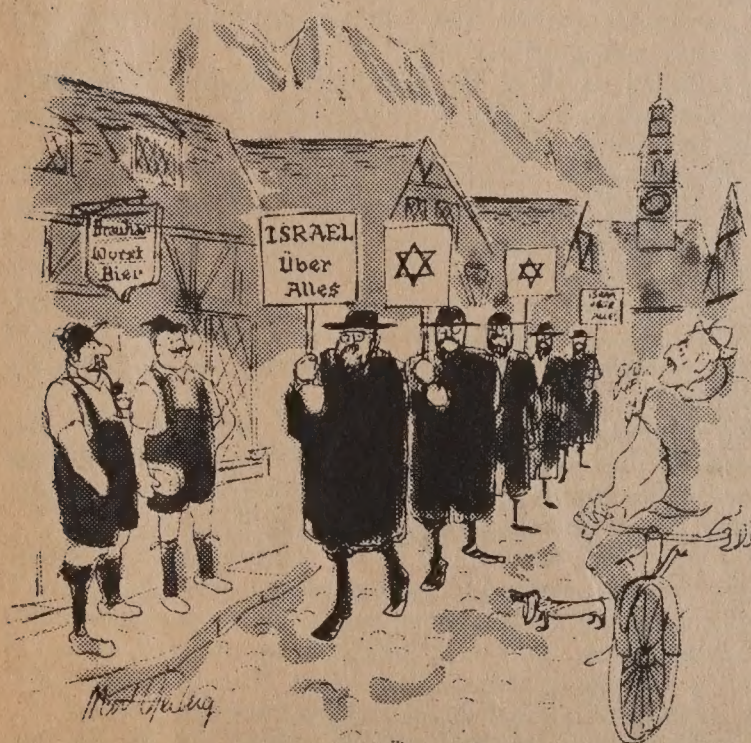
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dismissing appellant . . . on the grounds that he had kept a girl in his apartment overnight, and slept in the same bed with the girl, on two occasions, and that [his] sexual misadventures had become sufficiently public knowledge to cause an anonymous complaint to the FBI.”

One of Carter’s roommates had been asked whether he had “heard a bed creaking in the next room.” The answer was no. The question was superfluous:

“What took place inside is of little significance save that it was not entirely innocent; this was not appellant’s sister”—incest is obviously unthinkable—“and she spent two nights locked in that bedroom, and presumably in his embrace . . . people generally assume that couples who sleep together ‘also sleep together.’ Appellant knew that. He knew that the FBI had a reputation to protect.”

Exactly what stake does the Bureau have in celibacy?

“The FBI must aim at achieving cooperation from every possible member of the population. It cannot be satisfied with a majority, even of landslide proportions. It cannot allow the little old lady from Dubuque [of *New Yorker* fame] to withhold information from the FBI because she will not trust an organization whose

agents and employes are allowed to 'sleep with young girls and carry on!' ”

What kind of example is set by the director himself?

J. Edgar Hoover has never been married. He did live with his mother for the last 16 years of her life, but it is safe to assume that except for an occasional nibble on her earlobe their relationship remained pleasingly platonic. If a wife has ever graced his bed, it was somebody else's wife.

Since Hoover would not practice that which is contrary to what he preaches, we can be sure that during his long FBI career—forget about adultery—he has never once fornicated with anyone, neither young-girl nor little-old-lady-from-Dubuque.

Homosexuality is absolutely out of the question, if for no other reason than the Supreme Court ruling on May 22nd which upheld the exclusion and deportation of homosexuals under a law that bars “persons afflicted with a psychopathic personality.” (If I were really consistent about the freedom to mate, I'd renounce my citizenship over aberration instead of integration.)

J. Edgar Hoover has always been too much of an activist to wait for nocturnal emissions to come. Obviously, then, he patriotically indulges only in the official FBI practice of auto-eroticism. Altruists all across the nation ought to consider sending him their discarded pornography to facilitate his fantasies.



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### Ah Sordid Announcements

- As a pointless hoax, *Cheetah* magazine plans to mention my death in September; as of this writing, the report is false.
- Female readers who time their menstrual periods by the *Realist's* publishing schedule must think they're in a continuous state of knock-up-edness. This is the June issue, coming out in late August.
- We don't publish a July issue. The August, September and October issues will be sent to subscribers in September. They will not be available at bookstores or newsstands, but all three may be obtained by mail for \$1.
- I'll be taking my first real vacation in a dozen years, in Mexico? England? Japan? Arizona? Somewhere. The November issue will come out in late November; if you don't see it, that should mean only that your dealer hasn't paid his bill.
- Although we keep getting rental requests from mailing houses, as a matter of policy the *Realist's* subscription list is not available to anyone.
- According to Internal Revenue Service, ransom paid to kidnapers is not deductible from federal income tax.
- Apologies to those who ordered *The Now Book*; there will be an additional 6-week delay in publication.
- The portrait in issue #74 of The Realist Nun reading to a trio of eager novitiates (photographed by Lars Speyer) was actually a reproduction of her 1966 Christmas card.
- The psychedelic logotype on this month's cover was done by Jay Lynch, along with stoning Saint Realist out of his mind; our plastic dashboard version maintains its original, pre-acid shape and structure.
- I've finally succumbed to the urging of the Personality Poster people, but on *my* terms. The photo, you'll notice, shows me holding a spray can of car wax called *Instant Pussy*. It was either that, or nothing at all. If I'm going to appear, larger than life, on somebody's wall, the least I can do is have a message.
- June 12 was the first annual End of the World Day.

## CONCENTRATION CAMPS

(Continued from Cover)

act of the square) and Johnson with his napalm and 'lazy dogs'—bugged people in a patently criminal way but, more to the point, each was, and is, incapable of simply letting people the hell alone.

It is endemic for the square ideologue to impose *his* views, tastes, ways and, finally, political program on you whether you want it or not; like it or not; and if you don't like it, then, man, he'll lean on you to the point where getting up tight has all the verisimilitude of rational choice.

To groove and let groove is utterly antithetical to the square mentality.

When the fuzz bust hippies, beats, diggers, junkies, derelicts, militant Blacks, Wasp peaceniks and assorted straight Lefties, they are simply implementing the categorical imperatives of the square, who insists upon "duty" and unquestioning obeisance to "patriotism" and "national responsibility and commitment."

It was no accident that the national slogan of the Nazis was "common interest above self." Other German fascist commandments: "the State above all classes" and "life as duty and struggle" along with the Italian aphorism: "the Fascist State is an embodied 'will to power'" were not so much slogans of political substance as they were the verbiage of a frightened class of squares threatened by radical change in the Europe of the Depression.

The appeals made up a mixed bag of social demagoguery and deliberate terrorism designed to stop that change and to build up a totalitarian dictatorship from the Respectable Right.

The language employed by today's square, the scenes he makes and the targets of his wrath have shifted; but his purpose remains the same: the imposition of total conformity—or else. It is the "nervous Nellies" and "filthy Beatniks" and "drug-crazed Hippies" who now inspire a special hate.

Hatred is directed against them for their wondrous opposition, expressed in countless ways from direct action to limp passivity, by the whole range of conformity from the buttoned-down, air-conditioned nightmare of Suburbia to the dirty war of Johnson against the Vietnamese; by a racism whose logic inevitably leads from the denial of free speech (including, most assuredly, so-called filthy speech) movements on high school and college campuses, to genocide.

Moreover, there is a special quality to the demagoguery of the square, the quality of high-toned morality and pulpit hypocrisy.

Consider, for a moment, the language of a Lyndon Baines Johnson

who prayed for "peace" with his apostate daughter and her "little monks" at a Washington monastery on the night he ordered American jets to begin the bombing deliberately intended to reduce Vietnam to the Stone Age . . . all the while conceding expansively to his teen-age Baptist drop-out that "your Daddy may go down in history as having started World War III."

Consider the difference, if any, between these obscenities and the following: "Bolshevism is knocking at our gates! We cannot afford to let it in! We have got to organize ourselves against it, and put our shoulders together and hold fast. We must keep

italist demagoguery from a crude amateurdom to a science perverted.

Laying the Marxist jazz aside for a moment, the observation is valid. After all, we as a nation are being prepared to accept the consequences of incinerating the world—in the name of "honoring our solemn commitments" and "saving the world from communism."

Two vivid, undeniable incidents demonstrate how deeply this has seeped into our daily lives: the bloody, utterly unrestrained assaults on the Flower Brigade by the plug-uglies of the pro-war spectacle in New York City; and the unconscionable beating by the fuzz of Hippies for singing Buddhist love



America whole and safe and unspoiled. We must keep the worker away from Red Literature and Red ruses. We must see that his mind remains healthy."

The only difference is that Al Capone, the author of the latter statement on the eve of the St. Valentine's Massacre of a rival Chicago gang in the '30s, did not enjoy the office of the President of the United States.

That a Johnson invokes religion, God, morality and peace all in the same breath while escalating wholesale murder of a gentle, ancient people in the name of anti-Communism is in no sense a contradiction but an affirmation of the demagoguery of the fascist square.

It is a demagoguery which combines the most spiritual and pure along with naked gangsterism: something which is at once seemingly popular in form and anti-popular—square—in content. Someone said, with insight it seems, that if Marxism represents the development of socialism from primitive Utopianism to humanistic science, then fascism is the development of cap-

chants in Tompkins Square Park.

Similar outrages have been taking place elsewhere with a growing regularity and consistency over the past several years, coincidental, it may be argued, with the increased escalation of the Vietnam war and the accompanying atrophy of any likelihood of peace.

The pattern of violence against anti-Establishment dissenters of any hue has come to the point of apparent systematization; this at a time when the demagoguery of the square has reached a point of art, the meanest of arts: the art of fascism.

This entire development takes place within the shadow of one of the earliest legislative anticipations of the dictatorship of the American square: namely, the 1950 Internal Security Act and, in particular, its Title II—a law consciously designed to show dissenters what it's like and where it's at.

Among other things this legal grotesquerie known as the McCarran Act manages to do, is to make every dissenter in the land subject to the caprice

of that Dr. Strangelove in a 10-gallon hat who is empowered by the full might and majesty of this august law to clap anyone coming within its mad purview into a concentration camp for an indefinite time with, realistically speaking, little or no chance of getting out until LBJ is damn good and ready to let him out.

Title II, Section 100, of the McCarran Act provides that under certain conditions, the President may, on his own, single-o judgment, proclaim the existence of a "national internal security emergency" throughout the land. He can do so if: there is a declaration of war by Congress; there is an 'insurrection' within the United States; there is an 'imminent invasion' of the U.S. or any of its possessions.

Upon doing so, then the President's political appointee, the Attorney General, is required immediately to "apprehend and detain *any person* as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person *probably* will engage in, or *probably* will conspire with others to engage in acts of espionage or of sabotage." (The emphases, please be it noted, are in the original language of the Act itself.)

This measure was originally sponsored and authored by the so-called liberal bloc of Congress in 1950, among whom were such illustrious names as Hubert H. Humphrey, Paul H. Douglas (a phony liberal now teaching at the New School in New York), Harley Kilgore and, over in the House, John F. Kennedy.

Even the ultra-Yahoos gagged. McCarran himself branded it a "concentration camp measure, pure and simple." Senator Karl Mundt, that old reactionary reliable from one of the Dakotas, attacked Title II as "a startling program . . . of establishing concentration camps into which people might be put without benefit of trial but merely by executive fiat . . . simply by *an assumption mind you* [original emphasis] that an individual might be thinking about engaging in espionage or sabotage."

Homer Ferguson, the venerable King Canute of anti-unionism during the Depression, said, ho-ha, this is going even further than I can envisage! The law would allow a single person to go into the "inmost recesses of a person's mind" and determine if that person "probably might commit so-called espionage and sabotage at some time in the vague, indefinite future."

And then, Ferguson observed: ". . . upon the happening of a single event, one person, namely the President of the United States . . . would go out onto the highways and by-ways. . . . And what could such a person do? He could round up thousands upon thousands of people, and without trial, without hearing, without right of ap-

peal—he could put them into concentration camps! I think that anyone who after World War II was in Germany, and saw the concentration camps of Germany, in which men did not have the right to trial, would understand what I am talking about."

Later on, however, the McCarranites, very cleverly and gladly, included the proposed concentration camp measure into the full McCarran Act. So that Title II became, in the very best sense of square jargon—a consensus, a bipartisan measure, as it were, of the two extant wings of political square-dem, the Liberals and the Reactionaries.

Said Scott Lucas, the majority leader of the Senate at the time and Organization Man from Illinois: "I favor a strong measure. . . . One may call it a police-state measure or whatever else he may desire. . . . One may talk about concentration camps, one may talk about . . . creating a police state if he desires; but when we are dealing with Communists such as we know exist in this country . . . *there is nothing too drastic to meet that situation*" (original emphasis).

The late Senator from North Dakota, William Langer, who offered the only principled opposition to the measure from its inception, collapsed on the floor of the Senate while trying to uphold Truman's vain attempt to veto the McCarran Act. His last words as he crashed to the floor of the Senate had the prophetic ring of a latter-day Jeremiah:

"So it is now proposed to have concentration camps in America! We can be absolutely certain that the concentration camps are for only one purpose: Namely, to put in them the kind of people those in authority do not like! So we have come to this! Concentration camps!"

The McCarran Act with its Concentration Camp provisions became the McCarran Law on September 22, 1950. Title II still is the law of the land. Although it has not yet been invoked, it could easily be at any time; and, moreover, Congress has on 24 separate occasions *tried* to have the White House put it into action.

Within six months after he had vetoed it, then-President Harry S. Truman told his Attorney General (a tainted party hack by the name of J. Howard McGrath) to set up "on a stand-by basis" adequate facilities in the event that Title II was ever invoked.

The Justice Department did so in 1952, setting aside six federal prison camp sites for this purpose and getting nearly a million dollars to carry out the "detention camp program." The sites were as follows: Allenwood, Pennsylvania (just 4 hours by car from New York); Avon Park, Florida; El Reno, Oklahoma; Wittenburg and Florence, Arizona; and Tule Lake, California.

Back in 1952 while on *The Nation*, I was the first American journalist to take a look-see at the camps, interviewing the warden at Allenwood and also officers of the Bureau of Prisons which was responsible for setting up the physical facilities. At the time, the articles which appeared not only in *The Nation* but also *The New York Daily Compass* and *The New Statesman* caused a brief sensation, particularly because the Korean War—sorry, 'police action'—was pretty hot and there were cries about clamping "Com-mies" in the camps.

Just recently—because of the bad news that the Johnson Administration has been laying on us—I decided that the whole Concentration Camp thing ought to be brought up to date and re-appraised in the light of the new developments which have taken place over the past 15 years. I did so and published my findings in a booklet titled *Concentration Camps, U.S.A.*, which was commissioned by the Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties and published by Marzani & Munsell (available from the *Realist*; see coupon on page 4).

Briefly, I found that the program was still in full force. That the Johnson Administration is all set to swing into action. That there are at least one million Federal Internal Security Emergency Warrants waiting to be used if need be. That the FBI has a thing called "Operation Dragnet" which it can throw into full gear "overnight." That the concentration camps are, in one form or another, still ready on a "stand-by basis" and that they can hold at least an initial complement of 26,500 concentrationaries.

I also have discovered since the appearance of *Concentration Camps, U.S.A.* that certain circles in Washington have been put up tight about the whole thing. And that the likely candidates for being picked up in "Operation Dragnet" have expanded considerably since the passage of Title II so as to include the whole black-hippy-dissent scene—which was not the case back in the early 1950s.

I want especially to consider these latter developments which are of crucial importance in the light of the swift and confusing march of events with which we will be faced for some time into the indefinite future.

In the first place, the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department—which is charged with carrying out the details of the McCarran Act—has been very secretive about the concentration camps. I asked the bureaucrat who heads the Division—one J. Walter Yeagley, a Kennedy appointee—for an interview to discuss the camps.

In a letter, he not only refused to hold still for an open, thorough examination but arrogantly remarked *inter-*

alia: "It strikes me that any official view I might have on the subject of your inquiry [the concentration camps under Title II] should be for my superiors only and not a subject for public discussion."

Does that or does that not show where it's at?

Now comes Senator Robert F. Kennedy, the Democrat from New York who is running hard for the White House either in 1968 or 1972 or 1976 . . . or whenever. He knows an issue when he sees one; especially, his adroit exploitation of the anti-Johnson sentiment among the generally discontented who are sick and tired of Vietnam, Santo Domingo and other typically Democratic adventures into war.

In a significant exchange of correspondence with the Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties, Kennedy averred that the Internal Security Division enclave in the Justice Department told him that my writings about the camps were "replete with inaccuracies" and that my claim—that in 1952 a master pick-up list of "approximately 500,000 Americans was drawn up to serve as the basis for carrying out the FBI-directed 'Operation Dragnet' in which, initially, from 3 to 12 thousand would be picked up 'overnight'"—was, in the words of the Internal Security unit, "a complete fabrication."

Kennedy also wrote: "The Division states without equivocation that there are no 'concentration camps' in existence in the United States."

Well, I'm sure in hell not going to get in a shouting contest with the *sanctum sanctorum* of the rat finks (the Justice Department's Internal Security Division). But the Citizens Committee handled the whole matter very well.

In the first instance, the claim that there are no concentration camps in existence is very neatly reduced to the absurdity it is not merely by the evidence presented to date but additionally by a most germane exchange of correspondence between me and the Director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, Myrl Alexander, who is in charge of the concentration camp program's maintenance. I asked Mr. Alexander several key questions governing Title II and the camps. Among them were the following:

● *Question*: "The former director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, the Hon. James V. Bennett, stated in correspondence he issued on March 26, 1952, that, in his words, 'Responsibility for the detention program [has] been delegated to this Bureau. . . .' My question is: Has this been the responsibility every year since that statement up to the present?"

● *Answer*: "Yes."

● *Question*: "If so, has this responsibility been annually delegated anew by

the Office of the U.S. Attorney General, or has it simply been subsumed annually by the Bureau acting upon the force of the original directives by the Attorney General?"

● *Answer*: "Subsumed."

That the Internal Security crowd doesn't like the term concentration camps goes without saying. But concentration camps is the precise, generic term. Sorry about that.

The Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties had the acumen to point up this aspect of the Establishment's denials by reminding Senator Kennedy that the U.S. Senate justified



the enactment of Title II by "the precedents afforded by Court decisions sustaining the validity of the Japanese relocation program" when 110,000 Japanese-Americans were incarcerated during World War II.

Said the CCCL:

"In the Japanese cases, Mr. Justice Black, writing for the majority in *Korematsu v U.S.* found it unpleasant to call the detention centers 'concentration camps with all the ugly connotations that term implies,' but Mr. Justice Roberts, dissenting, had no hesitancy in identifying 'the detention camp centers as a euphemism for concentration camps.' The resistance of the Japanese to internment [was] characterized [by Justice Roberts] as 'not submitting to imprisonment in a concentration camp.' The learned Justice spoke of the order for internment as 'a cleverly devised trap to accomplish the real purpose of the Military Authority which was to lock him up in a concentration camp.' Mr. Justice Murphy in the *Hirabayashi* case, referring to the Japanese detention centers, said, 'In this sense it bears a melancholy resemblance to the treatment accorded to members of the Jewish race (sic) in Germany and other parts of Europe.'"

The Citizens Committee put it on the line by asking: "Can there be any

doubt that when the Presidential proclamation is issued, these camp sites, or others, will be concentration camps 'with all the ugly connotations that term implies'?"

But above all are two burning questions which the Justice Department and the FBI do not want to answer: (a) *how many* would be picked up in 'Operation Dragnet' by the FBI and the entire fuzz apparatus of the United States; and (b) *who* will be picked up?

Firstly, as to how many would be picked up. The Justice Department flatly rejects the figure of 500,000 American citizens in 1952 as a "complete fabrication." What they failed to say is that I said—with emphasis—that the list of 500,000 had to be necessarily "the basis for carrying out the FBI-directed 'Operation Dragnet' in which, initially, 3 to 12 thousand Americans would be picked up overnight for incarceration in federal detention camps as potential spies and saboteurs."

Again I call upon the Citizens Committee's response to Senator Kennedy. The Committee points out:

"The Internal Security Division has not questioned the authenticity of Mr. Allen's quote from Senator McCarren's remarks in the Senate [in 1950] when he added Title II to the bill bearing his name. He said: '. . . according to FBI Director, J. Edgar Hoover, there are 12,000 hard core, dangerous Communists who could immediately be picked up . . . 55,000 [members] . . . [and] 500,000 additional Americans who are either willing tools or party-line followers. . . .' Mr. Hoover himself told the Congress on the eve of the Act's passage that 'there is a potential fifth column of 550,000 people dedicated to this philosophy.'"

The listing of so-called subversive organizations and their membership (and followers, as distinct from formal members) by the federal and state governments has a vague history dating back to beginnings of organized trade unions and the anti-slavery sentiments (the precursors of today's civil rights movement) about the time of the Civil War and immediately thereafter.

The first step toward systematizing this process was President Harry S. Truman's Executive Order 9835 issued on March 21, 1947. The loyalty oath or official litmus test became institutionalized by law, providing for widespread 'loyalty' investigations of federal workers.

As an indispensable part of this official witch hunt, the Attorney General promulgated a list of "subversive organizations." In 1948, the list contained 82 organizations; by 1953 the amount had jumped to over 250. Today the list is even larger.

The process has long since expanded beyond government employees; it ef-

fects virtually the entire work force of the country.

At the same time, the various witch hunters of Congress—like the Un-American Committee (which issued its own list of 600 by 1953), the Eastland Committee in the Senate and several others—along with a host of “little Un-American Committees” in the states and large cities of the country, also published list after list of not only organizations but the *names of individual heretics*.

By the mid-1950s, this frenetic hysteria over *names* and the un-ending hunt for *names* most certainly resulted in at the very least a compilation of 500,000 or more such “names” by way of an elaborate, scientific computer system. So that today, we know from a *World Journal Tribune* story of April 23, 1967 datelined Washington D.C. that there is a brand new, 2.5-million-dollar computer, Univac 1108, which has been “installed in a secret location outside of Washington” by the Office of Emergency Planning (OEP).

The FBI; CIA; National Security Council; Army, Navy, Marine, Air Force, Coast Guard and Maritime Intelligence Services; the Un-American Committee; the Eastland Internal Security Committee; a host of state “Little Un-American Committees”; the U.S. Post Office; the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service; the Intelligence Division of the National Labor Relations Board of the U.S. Department of Labor; the State Department; and every “Red Squad” and “Tactical Force” of every single metropolitan police force in the country: all of them are continuously feeding data—names, addresses, current political activities, associations, habits, movements, trips abroad, communications and correspondence — into Univac 1108 which, in turn, refines and keeps the Master Pick-up List right up to snuff.

We know further from the testimony of former FBI Agent, Jack Levine, that “Operation Dragnet” is standard operating procedure in the FBI which will put it into instantaneous action upon President Johnson’s invoking Title II after declaration of an “internal security emergency.”

I have further learned that one million Federal Detention Warrants have been printed up, all ready for immediate issuance to and for use by the FBI and other federal, state and local police agencies once “Operation Dragnet” is set into motion.

It is a fact that since the passage of Title II into law, both the quantity and quality of those who are the primary targets have changed significantly.

Firstly, the number of those who would be logically effected has considerably grown, from a round figure of about 500,000 back in the mid-50s to

well over one million today. This quantitative increase results directly from the changing shape and nature of dissent in the country.

At the time of Title II’s becoming law in 1950, the civil rights and peace movements in this country were pretty much confined—in a formal organizational sense—to the identifiable Left. This of course primarily concerned the Communist Party of the U.S. and the organizations of its general—but not, in any way, necessarily precise parallel—orientation. There were indeed several non-Communist and, in fact, anti-Communist, civil rights organizations and peace groups at the time but they did not receive *primary* attention from the McCarranites.

Demonstrable proof of what I’m saying is that Section 109 (h) (3) of Title II provides precisely that the U.S. Attorney General may consider membership in the CP *since January 1, 1949* to be “the existence of reasonable ground” to “apprehend and detain” in a concentration camp any “potential spy or saboteur.”

That was in the days of the Old Left. Today is a whole other bag. We not only have the Old Left (I most certainly do *not* use the term pejoratively as a put down; but merely in a descriptive, indeed, admiring, sense), but above all we have the New Left.

The New Left has exploded onto the American political scene, namely in the civil rights area, in the peace movement—and the Hippy movement. The Supreme Court decision of 1954 in the case of school desegregation gave impetus to the genesis of what has been rightly called the Black Revolution.

At first, the demonstrations were headed by such moderates as Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins, Daisy Bates and the NAACP, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Urban League and the like. But in the past several years, grown thoroughly tired of the moderate pace of the respectables—who rely primarily on the long and often futile court processes of a White Establishment—the New Left has seen the rise of an increasing number of Black militants who view their people’s struggle in a much more radical way and have the guts enough to implement it with action both on a short-range or tactical scale (such as the closing down of segregated schools here and there) and on a long range or strategical scale (such as CORE’s electoral victories in Baltimore and, of course, the Ghetto uprisings in Watts, Philly, Rochester, Cleveland, Harlem, Oakland, Boston, Newark and Detroit in which one can see the faint beginnings of a virtual state of seige in the major, metropolitan Ghettos of America over the next several years).

These organizations — not by any means gathered as yet into a unified

single program—are the Deacons for Decency and Justice, the Black Panthers, RAM (Revolutionary Action Movement), Concerned Black Students and other like groups which are growing, gaining new adherents as is their concept of Negro self-defense also gaining ground not only among Afro-Americans but their white allies and supporters. (Of course I do not exclude the Black Muslims and similarly rigorous black nationalists from contributing to this new aspect of the American political scene.)

This means that the source for opposition to Title II has widened but it also means that the numbers who would be picked up by the fuzz have also increased. It is a source of strength and a new danger. It is not for nothing in my own appearances on TV and radio that I have encountered reasoned, enlightened and solid concern over the concentration camp provisions of Title II coming *primarily* from this source. I am very proud of the fact that the Deacons and the Black Panthers have made *Concentration Camps, U.S.A.* required reading.

They know better than anyone else just where it’s at, man. They don’t have to be told that the White House could take one look at, let’s say, a combined Watts, Harlem ’64 and Detroit ’67 breaking out and—*zap!*—LBJ could yell “insurrection!”—one of the magic words under Title II—and a hell of a lot of black militants and their white brothers and sisters will be in those camps—*overnight*, baby.

On an ABC-TV appearance out in San Francisco—shortly after the Black Panther guys “invaded” the California State Legislature with shot-guns to indicate their feelings on the issue of Negro self-defense—I was asked if the beats, diggers and hippies were prime candidates for Title II. While the question was asked in a jocular manner, I considered (and still do) it a serious point.

Because of the special nature of Title II; and because the Hippies must be treated seriously as a politico-social phenomenon—largely as a vague, random and unprogrammable expression of a deep, reflective discontent with the status quo—it is not altogether inconceivable that the Hippies would be effected.

If the President declared a “state of internal security emergency” on account of an “insurrection” or a declaration of war, the Hippies—who in general are right up there with the militant cats and whose ranks, indeed, include a large percentage of Negroes; and who make their presence felt in the peace movement (“Flower Power” and “L-o-v-e” are peculiarly Hip—and important—contributions to the anti-war movement)—would very likely be picked up.

## Operation Dagnet

In the fall of 1962, radio station WBAI in New York scored an impressive journalistic coup when it interviewed a former agent of the FBI, Jack Levine, who charged that the FBI was guilty of systematically violating the basic civil rights and civil liberties of American citizens on the pretext that they were "Communists" or "subversives."

During the interview, the following exchange took place:

Levine: Well, for one thing, the FBI considers its mandate to do investigations into subversive organizations as a mandate to collect generally all intelligence information which will enable them to keep track of all 'subversive' groups and individuals that are operating in the United States.

Q: Is there a master plan behind this, some plan that, in the event of some kind of hostility, some action might be taken?

A: Oh, yes, the FBI has got a very carefully laid out and detailed plan of action. . . . This plan has been set up under the authority of the Emergency Detention Act (Title II of the McCarran Act) . . . the FBI has kept close tabs on those individuals they consider . . . a poten-

tial saboteur and in the event there is a deterioration, let's say, in our relations with the Soviet Union to a point where hostilities may be imminent, in that case, the FBI will round up all the known communists and people that they (the FBI) would suspect of being sympathetic to the Soviet Union and who might possibly act as saboteurs and will have them interned during the period of the crisis.

Q: Do you have any idea how many individuals that might involve?

A: I never heard any specific figure.

Q: Is this plan public knowledge or how did you learn of the plan?

A: Oh, this was freely discussed in our lectures on sabotage.

Q: Did it have a name?

A: Well, the FBI has labeled it Operation Dagnet . . . the FBI estimates that within a matter of hours every potential saboteur in the United States will be safely interned. They'll be able to do this by the close surveillance they maintain on these people and they (the FBI) envisage that with the cooperation of the local police throughout the country, they'll be able to apprehend these persons in no time at all.

More to the point, the Hippies already are demonstrably the recipients of a special hatred by the police. Assuming that Title II was invoked and, once the waves of largely political arrests were over, then the Hippies would most assuredly be next as despised outcasts and "undesirables" and "perverts"—just as their hip counterparts were in Nazi Germany and are today in fascist Greece where the military junta early decreed the immediate imprisonment of "bearded, filthy beatniks" and "unclean persons" in the concentration camps of the Aegean Islands where more than 13,000 "Communists" are now held in "detention."

The same is true of today's peace movement. The Vietnam war is now an undeclared "executive action." But there is increasing pressure to have Congress declare war formally. Look, even such a straight as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., can see what's coming up; he wrote in the August 12, 1966 issue of the *SatEvePost*: "For better or worse, we seem to be moving toward a deeper involvement and a wider war in Vietnam. This, I believe, is the condition which we must anticipate and for which we must prepare. As the war increasingly dominates and obsesses our national life, we can look for . . . a new McCarthy [and a] new McCarthyism. . . ."

In the year since he wrote this, the

war has grown wider; Johnson—who makes McCarthy a quaint memory—has steadily escalated us toward a thing with China and the Soviet Union; and the paranoia against peaceniks, Vietniks, Beatniks and Hippies is only just beginning.

We have today a considerable—but quite unorganized and, worse, quite defenseless, pacifistic—peace movement. Here too the anomaly of more resistance yet more potential victims for the concentration camps under Title II may be seen. The Women Strike for Peace, the DuBois Clubs, the Committee of the Professions Against the War, the SDS kids and the Youth Against War and Fascism are all recent expressions of the New Left whose membership lists, subscribers lists and meetings are carefully monitored by finks and duly recorded in that mindless Univac 1108 for inclusion on today's (and tomorrow's) Master Pick-Up List for "Operation Dagnet."

To clinch my point, consider *The New York Times* for May 7, 1967, which devoted nine full-page columns of its old lady type in a round-up ominously headed: 'The New Left Turns To Mood of Violence In Place of Protest.' The *Times* piece went right into the mare's nest for the following:

● "At the Internal Security Division of the Department of Justice,

an official said 'it is obvious that these [New Left] groups are becoming more and more vociferous and threatening' in protesting against the war in Vietnam and calling for sedition. However, he said . . . 'we are following closely the activities of some of these groups. . . .'

● ". . . The Number of young New Left militants who advocate violence is growing, it was found. . . . A potential threat to public order was seen in areas where racial disorders this summer are feared, including Cleveland, Chicago and, possibly, New York."

*The Times*, basing its observations on the very squares in charge of implementing Title II, said that the New Left has about 200,000 adherents across the country, although the figure was deemed, in its august opinion, "exaggerated."

Exaggerated or not, the New Left—mostly the kids and the peace guys and the New Black Militants—comprise, along with the wonderful old pros on the Old Left, what is clearly well in excess of a million prime candidates for being busted as those "whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person(s) probably will engage in or probably will conspire with others to engage in acts of espionage or sabotage."

If Title II is invoked it will touch off the biggest, most hysterical manhunt in history.

While I was working on *Concentration Camps USA*, I met an affable guy who was the editor of a daily newspaper located near the old Japanese relocation camp in Tule Lake, California and an original Title II concentration camp site.

He asked: "Say, what about a title [for your book] . . . got one?"

I said, "Yeah, but it's already been used."

"What?" he rejoined.

"*Waiting for Lefty*," I answered—and he doubled up with laughter.

Then I asked him what he would do in the event Title II was invoked. He grunted an inaudible curse. I needled him: "Ah, come on now. If the FBI picked up a bunch of peaceniks from Berkeley and moved them into Tule Lake, you'd get out a flaming red, white and blue editorial about how it would be everybody's patriotic duty to support the detention camp, wouldn't you?"

He sighed—with no apparent enthusiasm—"Yeah, I guess I would at that."

It's just what Kafka and T. S. Eliot and Orwell have been telling us all along about Big Brothersville, the end of the world and the final dictatorship of the Square. That it all comes, not with a bang but with a whimper—or a resigned sigh.

## Coexisting

by Saul Heller

By 1967, anti-patriotic acts had become fairly numerous in the United States. These were spontaneous upsurges—something like patriotism in other countries. In April 1967, for instance, a faculty member at the Indiana State University burned an American flag during a class-room lecture. Although it may have been done to keep the students awake, we believe it was, rather, part of a ritual of contempt that was developing at the time—the answering contempt for the Administration that the Administration habitually exhibited toward the academic community.

In May of that year, there was an art show in New York City that featured flag desecration. According to the *N.Y. Times* of May 21, 1967: "Morrel's show, a group of sculptures and fabric constructions that protested American engagement in the Vietnam war, contained one piece in which Old Glory formed a symbolic figure in a hangman's noose; another in which the flag was draped in chains, a third that featured it as a penis hanging on a cross."

During the same month, four students at the Yale University School of Drama were accused of "defacing the flag, using it as a blanket and shawl and throwing it on the floor and rolling in it." (*N.Y. Times*, May 24, '67.) Most significantly, charges were dismissed by Criminal Court Judge Frederick L. Strong, at the request of the assistant district attorney.

The pattern of anti-patriotism became very marked when it became clear that Nixon was going to oppose Johnson in 1968. The insensitivity of the Johnson Administration to popular feeling was, of course, notorious. The attempt to bypass the will of the electorate by withholding from it a choice on the Vietnam war had never before, however, taken so gross a form. It resulted in an enormous intensification of the hostile public attitude toward the Administration.

Even in 1967, the mood of the public had been nasty enough. UPI's Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Merriman Smith stated in April of that year that President Johnson had become the target of an extensive vilification that could "tear down public confidence" and lead to "anarchy." Smith, documenting his assertions, stated that New Orleans variety stores were selling license plates "associating the President with barnyard filth." Lapel buttons carrying "dirty sayings" about LBJ's family were being sold at Southeastern roadstands. Smith also called attention to the printed placard in wide circulation reading: "Lee Harvey Oswald, where are you now that we really need you?"

The tide of anti-Administration vilification began to rise toward the levels foreshadowed by Merriman Smith when Johnson was re-elected in 1968 by the loyal following he had among the small minority that turned out to vote. Anti-patriotic acts not only became common—the Administration had no power to stop them. Johnson's tendency to alienate all about him had been active so long, the Establishment was becoming uncommitted. Lacking the good will and cooperation not only of his own party, but even the Republicans, the Chief Executive was forced to endure in silence the unchecked contempt of the public.

One of the common targets of the widespread popular resentment was the American flag. Originally, the indignities to which it was subjected consisted chiefly of trampling or burning it. More imaginative humiliations of the national symbol soon developed.

Spitting on the flag was one. Manufacture of toilet paper decorated by an American flag pattern was another. Young men of draft age took a great satisfaction in wiping their anal openings with this kind of toilet tissue. Some who had been inclined to be constipated claimed it was beneficial in loosening their bowels. A certain number of them became so devoted to the ritual that they became fecally impotent when the paper was temporarily unavailable, and had to wait for relief until their neighborhood stores received a new stock of the stimulating toilet tissue.

Manufacturers who never let patriotism interfere with their more sensible emotions quickly recognized the latent profit potentials in the situation. One came out with a toilet bowl brush decorated with a flag pattern, possibly causing many people to clean their toilet bowls for the first time. Chairs with the Stars and Stripes painted on their seats became good sellers. The prospect of repeatedly bringing their buttocks into intimate contact with the sacred symbol of patriotism delighted many anti-patriots.

Passing wind became socially permissible in public, if the farter was, at the time, seated in one of these chairs. Persons who were too timid to indulge their flatulence and anti-patriotism publicly did so in private, with great satisfaction. Some psychosomatic physicians claimed that the act of passing wind against the flag had a therapeutic effect on ulcers.

In gyms, particularly those frequented by colored people, punching bags with an American flag on one side, and a picture of Uncle Sam on the other, were in common use. Even patriotic trainers of boxers forgot about their antipathy when they noted how much harder their fighters were punching these bags.

Flags painted on garbage cans were a common sight in slums. Sanitation men quickly got to hate them; so much garbage was flung against the outside of the cans that the clean-up work that had to be done doubled.

The venomous contempt prevalent found targets other than the flag, of course. Giant-sized photos of LBJ became popular. They were used for bizarre gatherings called *piss-ins*—parties at which mass urinations took place over the photo. At parties that went out of control, defecations were also engaged in.

Mass masturbations over the photos were also considered but generally rejected—sex in any form was, the feeling went, too sacred to profane in this manner.

There were violent protests on the part of decent citizens against these obscene shenanigans. The anti-patriots were, however, as unpleasant a bunch of people, by and large, as patriots had been in former years, and were likely to treat patriots in much the same manner as they treated the flag, and the photos of LBJ.

They carried knives and guns, and didn't hesitate to use them when attacked. Patriots citizens who had gotten used to standing by and watching criminals at work suddenly realized it was hardly worth-while to risk their skins fighting something so tenuous as a symbolic protest.

Police were also unwilling to tangle with the anti-patriots. Courts had ruled that the right to make such symbolic protests was guaranteed by the First Amend-

ment, removing the grounds for any arrests. Besides, a secret "Racketeers Against LBJ" group had been set up, and it warned cops to lay off.

Right-wing extremist groups initially attacked anti-patriots. When the anti-patriots took to tattooing American flags on the buttocks of any extremists who fell into their hands, the patriotism of the right-wingers ebbed very considerably.

Secret orders came from Washington banning the use of flags at public gatherings; so many people in the audience commonly thumbed their noses at the flag that it was considered wise to remove the provocation. Another secret edict prohibited the singing of the *Star Spangled Banner*. Audiences liked to sing it off-key, producing a hideous cacophony that made an undesirable impression on foreign tourists.

The anti-patriotic infection spread to churches and synagogues. Pray-ins were held urging God to strike the members of the Administration dead, or at least give them some crippling or hideous disease.

Doctors made ingenious contributions. When an eminent surgeon referred to pus as *Johnson's exudate*, others in the profession began to do likewise. A new term for blood—*Johnson water*—also became popular.

## Reporter at Small

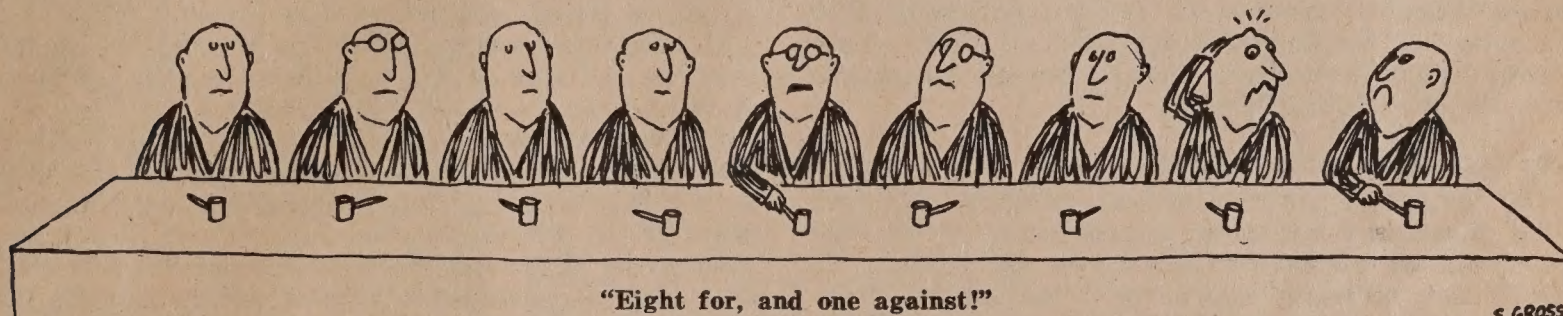
by Robert Wolf

### Injecting a Note of Rationality

The National Health Federation—a 10,000-member, non-profit league which furthers "freedom of choice in matters of health where the exercise of that freedom does not violate the equal freedom of another"—held its annual meeting.

NHF's full-time Washington lobbyist, Clinton Miller, told of a recent FDA ruling that would require a prescription for vitamins. The FDA was originally empowered in 1928 to label as drugs anything for which health claims are made. According to Miller, this means they can seize whole-wheat cookies and say "this drug is mislabeled." The NHF wants the regulation updated to apply to chemicals only, not food byproducts.

For once, the health lobby and the drug lobby are united. "We've never been in this bed before," says Miller. The drug firms have filed some 200 briefs on the matter, some costing \$100,000, and expect to see the



"Eight for, and one against!"

S. GROSS

Strange superstitions sprang up and flourished. Pregnant women, for instance, believed it was bad luck to mention LBJ's name in their presence—they felt it would induce a miscarriage.

Devil worship, suppressed for centuries, came into the open. Black masses were held at which LBJ was worshipped. There were stories that Johnson was not entirely displeased with this adulation, but no decent citizen—when one could be found—gave them any credence, of course.

Johnson was, understandably, much troubled over most of these developments and called together a representative grouping of professors to get their views on the causes of the situation. The report prepared by the professors stated, in essence: "The root of the trouble is that the people don't feel they have a voice in the government. They have come to despise it for its prevarications, its sadism, its corruption and its cowardice."

LBJ's looks grew blacker and blacker as the lengthy report was read. At its conclusion, he rose and addressed his bodyguard—some thirty men, armed with sub-machine guns, hand grenades and a small cannon.

"Get these bastards out of here," he shouted. "And don't ever let them come back . . . even if I absent-mindedly invite them."

In 1972, with the election of Robert F. Kennedy as President, the unprecedented wave of anti-patriotism began to recede, to be supplanted by less overt forms that acceptably polluted the air and water, laid waste the nation's resources, and fleeced the taxpayers.

hearings run a year or two. Head of the FDA Goddard is paid \$23,000 annually. The drug industry has tried to woo him away with job offers of \$50,000.

NHF also has a state volunteer, Arthur Cordts, who described a bill which would require registration of restaurants and stores which claim their food promotes health. This would affect the buffet luncheons of diet clubs, vegetarian—even Muslim—eating places. Cordts likened it to registration with the Subversive Activities Control Board.

Another bill would require compulsory vaccination of all children entering school—for measles, diphtheria, whooping cough and (non-communicable) tetanus. Cordts claims the bill was lobbied and pushed through by the Christian Scientists—who are exempted from it under the definition! The NHF asks, is a Christian Science child any less susceptible to diphtheria than another child?

Many people oppose vaccination because the live culture often *causes* the disease in patients. Since 1948, an NHF official stated, more people have died of smallpox vaccinations than of smallpox itself. Nevertheless, smallpox vaccination is compulsory, and now, since January 1st, polio shots are also required in New York schools.

### Echoes of UnAmerican Activity

Radical folksinger and Emmy-winning writer Millard Lampell was a member of a panel drawn together to conduct a biopsy on the blacklist. During those years he had to write under a pseudonym. At first this proved

little help because he couldn't show up for the editorial conference at the studio. Later producers took a cynical attitude toward the blacklist, and under his own name Campbell was assigned to revise a script he'd written under another name.

He told of two writers he'd met in London who were trying to pass as listees; they found they got more invitations to cocktail parties. Too, they could say they'd written such-and-such a film but hadn't gotten screen credit. Another Britisher—a contemporary of Shakespeare—Christopher Marlowe, actually *was* on the blacklist; HUAC had seen his name under a play given at a leftist theatre.

### **Intimations of Impure Journalism**

Although there was predictably paranoid interpretation by conservative columnists and editorialists of *New York Times* correspondent Harrison Salisbury's reports from Hanoi, the left-wing *Worker's World* suggested that Salisbury and the *Times* had "some purpose other than pure journalism" in sending him to Hanoi, such as a quest "for possibilities that can be further exploited by the State Department. . . ."

"It would be foolish of the sympathizers of the revolution not to utilize the Salisbury reports to the fullest for the benefit of the genuine anti-war movement. But the period of Salisbury's 'sympathetic' articles seems already to have passed now that he himself has passed from Hanoi to Hong Kong."

### **Copping Out Department**

The purpose of the meeting was to discuss how the police department relates to a community's needs. Police Commissioner Howard Leary was the guest.

A woman referred to those who prevent her from walking certain Greenwich Village streets and in Washington Square Park. "I'm forced to detour," she said. "Can't these people be arrested for disorderly conduct or loitering?"

Leary pointed out that one has to file a complaint; this means getting involved; New Yorkers don't want to get involved; in 1965 nearly half of all parking tickets weren't paid because nobody wanted to get involved.

### **Does Intercourse Cause Cancer?**

It was Youth Night in evangelist Billy Graham's Canadian Crusade. He shouted that promiscuity is the cause of cancer "and 64% of all those who get cancer in that way, die—according to the Canadian Cancer Society."

However, psychotherapist Murray Cook told an audience of New York Humanists that he's done "8 years of cancer research" and has found that heart attacks and cancer ("a form of suicide") can be traced to sex repression. Lately he has "intensively studied" prostitutes and he has come to the conclusion that to avoid cancer one should have sex a minimum of 3 times a day; the reason women live longer than men is that they have several orgasms to every one a man has. Someone asked if the three climaxes should be at one "sitting" or spaced out through the day.

Caught somehow between Rev. Graham and Dr. Cook, a worried woman at a recent conference of the Spiritual and Ethical Society wanted to know: "Can uterine cancer be caused by negative vibrations from the male partner?"

### **Technical Vindication**

The obscenity case against head fug Ed Sanders has been dismissed by a 3-judge panel. The police had seized a copy of his *Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts*; another periodical in his bookstore called *Blacklist*; a collection of Ed's poems; a work by W. H. Auden; a book of pornographic photos by Jack Smith; and a petition calling for an International Fuck-In Against the War in Vietnam.

Attorney Ernst Rosenberger reminded the court that presumption of intent to sell requires that 6 or more identical copies of each item must be found. Only one copy of each item had been entered as evidence. The court in turn decided that the state had failed to prove its case.

### **Computers: Admiration and Fear**

At the Riverside Museum there was a demonstration of the IBM 7094 digital computer as a translator of music. The composer was Princeton professor J. K. Randall, who said that his work could not realistically be performed by a human ensemble. He played a couple of tapes. One resembled a conspiracy in a clock factory; the other brought to mind a gang of mice bouncing on bedsprings. In a piece which illustrated the computer's ability as translator, the machine copied a violin solo with electronic music. When the demonstration was over, the audience of 50 was confronted with a moment of indecision: Do you applaud a computer?

On the other hand, at the Anthroposophical Society—whose members believe in that Omnipotent Computer in the Sky—an equal number of persons gathered to hear Dr. G. Unger say that it's entirely up to man whether he allows his fellow man to become less valuable than a computer. Someone asked, "When will America be taken over by computers?" He replied, "I would say it never will be—I have reason to believe that computers will not inherit the earth." As if the home team had just won a round in a hockey match whose outcome was uncertain, the audience applauded.

### **Short Takes**

● A lady at a meeting of the *Association for Feeling Truth and Living It* told of her need for affection when her husband is out of town: "Sometimes I use a substitute—the salt-shaker."

● At the Ethical Culture Society, Dr. Brock Chisholm was delivering a lecture titled *Social Change: Implications for Mental Health and Ethics*. "Warfare no longer is the answer," he said. "It's a pushing of the problem further into the future." Just then, two adults in the back of the audience started an argument which ended with one belting the other.

● An Italian restaurant in New York has one of those city-required signs in its 2-by-4 bathroom: "Employees must wash hands before leaving toilet." But there's no sink.

● On the wall of a classroom at Fordham University there is a poster which reads: "God is alive and well in South America. Says he needs money for a Jesuit center. . . ."

● A reporter told me of a time he was at the *World Telegram & Sun* and heard an assistant editor ask a senior editor, concerning the number of reported dead in a fire: "The *Journal American* had 13. Can't we make it 14?"

● *Graffito of the Month*: "Hubert Humphrey lays cornerstones."

## MANCHESTER CAPER

(Continued from Cover)

What you have to do now is try and savor the reality of Jackie—the dove in your kitchen who'd been replaced by Lady Bird, the hawk on your highway—Jackie, standing there in her mini-skirt, saying: "Anyone who is against me will look like a rat, unless I run off with Eddie Fisher."

Christ, I mean even Lyndon Johnson is against rats.

You have to see through Jackie's eyes this rodent named William Manchester, sitting there biting his lip to pieces, commiserating with himself on some level about the ambivalent notion that he is playing sloppy third to Theodore White and Walter Lord, dangling between the making of a President and the sinking of the Titanic.

Driven by the spark which is created



**Core Pornography of the Month**  
Performs Caninelingus on Lady Bird

when you rub grief and ego together, Manchester settled into obsession and wrote the book. Driven by that very same spark, Jackie exercised her legal prerogative as if it were a suborn stallion.

(Recently *Pageant* assigned me to hang around with Byron de la Beckwith—he was campaigning for the office of Lt. Governor of Mississippi solely on the unspoken basis that he had murdered Medgar Evers—but de la Beckwith agreed to cooperate only if I would let him approve the article before publication. This was of course out of the question, although I said he could check it for factual errors. But there's a difference between chronicling an individual you despise and a President you revered. One can understand an author's willingness to become a kept Manchester.)

The controversy began to build.

Bobby Kennedy was stuck in the middle. He privately abhors LBJ, but publicly calls him great—"and I mean that in every sense of the word," he added. One of Bobby's biographers-to-be, Jack Newfield, who was in England at the time, sent him a postcard: "To thine own self be true." Replied RFK: "Out, damned spot."

The German magazine, *Stern*, serialized *The Death of a President* without *Look's* omissions. I decided to publish the parts of the original manuscript which had been marked for deletion months before Harper & Row sold the rights to *Look*. I would announce: "An executive in the publishing industry, who obviously must remain anonymous, has made available to the *Realist* a photostatic copy. . . ."

By the way, that was a lie.

Not totally untrue, however. After all, I am in the publishing industry, I am an executive—if being Ringleader isn't an executive position, what is?—and I did prefer to remain anonymous. The only thing was, I didn't have a photostatic copy of Manchester's original manuscript.

Well, I could hurdle that minor obstacle.

At first, I planned to assign the piece to Dick Lingeman, who wrote the chapter from Dean Rusk's memoirs, *A Thousand Nights*, in issue #66. Then I decided to do it myself, mother. I started by studying Manchester's style and improvising notes on some of the stories that White House correspondents know to be true but which remained unpublished.

Meanwhile, Marvin Garson was turning on with a *Newsweek* reporter one night and got the idea for that infamous scene of what must be spelled neckrophilia. When he told me about it, I knew—instinctively I knew—that in context this was the perfect logic-absurd conclusion of what I was working on, both dramatically (it could be taken literally or symbolically) and psycho-

logically (it was the mutual simultaneous culmination of Jackie's and Lyndon's unconsciousnesses).

Garson gave me five pages, which I boiled down to one paragraph.

I would've had my manuscript ready for the printer on a Friday—when presumably a linotype operator would simply have gone about his business of setting it—but there were a lot of interruptions, and I ended up bringing it by on Saturday afternoon, when my printer happened to be there without benefit of employees.

See, I have this special kind of printer. He had been going for his doctorate in clinical psychology, but went into the printing business instead. An independent specialist intellectual, he more-or-less specializes in printing civil rights, pacifist and radical periodicals and leaflets.

He's often disagreed with material in the *Realist*. I once offered him the opportunity typesetters had during an early phase of the Cuban revolution—to state his disagreements in boldface type at the bottom of each column—but he never took me up on it.

(Only once did he object to actually printing something—an interview with Dr. Albert Ellis which contained a small section dealing with the semantics of profanity. I had to bring in a note from my lawyer before he would set it in type. That issue didn't go to press until removal of the union bug, an identifying label which union shops are ordinarily proud to display. Since then, I've never permitted the union bug to crawl on these pages again.)

A phone call woke me up on Sunday morning. It was my printer.

He tried to persuade me not to publish the Manchester stuff. But I had already done my soul-searching; any decision to be made at this point would have to be his. We agreed that I'd have to seek another printer for that issue. We were still on friendly terms. There were old ties. I'd had dinner at his home; I'd visited his wife in the hospital when she gave birth to their third child.

On Sunday evening, his wife—now a law student—called me to ask how I would feel if Jackie Kennedy were to commit suicide because of what I published.

On Monday morning my printer suggested that I could be charged with incitement to the assassination of Lyndon Johnson.

His wife consulted her professor of constitutional law, and he agreed that even Supreme Court Justice Black would finally be forced to draw the line concerning freedom of the press.

My printer asked me, "What do you think is the worst thing that can happen to you if you publish this?"

"I don't know, I guess I can be assassinated."

I didn't *expect* it to happen, but there's an interesting commentary that so many people *did*—dozens of whom offered me places to hide out.

My printer assured me that I would automatically go to prison for criminal libel. I have no desire to play the martyr game, but the only alternative would have been not to publish. Besides, somebody could always smuggle LSD into jail.

(During the Free Speech Movement's mass imprisonment, a Bible which had been soaked in an acid solution easily made its way into the cells, and the students just ate those goddam pages right up, here getting high on *Deuteronomy*, there taking a trip on *Exodus*.)

Who, I wondered, would be my cell-mates?

The man in Dallas who sells photographs of the sidewalk with a piece of John F. Kennedy's brain on it? Or the people who *buy* those photographs? Or maybe the TV interviewer who asked Marina Oswald if she didn't feel terribly guilty for depriving her husband of sexual relations on the night of November 21st, thereby causing him to sublimate the next day?

In 9 years the *Realist* has been sued exactly once. I had called M. S. Arnoni, editor of the left-wing *Minority of One*, a liar in print. He felt damaged to the extent of half a million dollars. There was a trial and—truth being the *only* defense in such a case—the jury found for your humble defendant.

(Beat novelist Chandler Brossard threatened that he *could* bring suit when I printed that he had ghostwritten Norman Vincent Peale's prayer-filled advice column for *Look*, but my source was an entrusted senior editor there.)

My printer begged me to consult a lawyer. My attorney—Marty Scheiman, an unheralded latterday Clarence Darrow—had committed suicide a few months previously, and I hadn't been up to 'replacing' him. But now I sought out a good constitutional lawyer, sent him a copy of the manuscript, asked whether he thought I should publish it, told him I'd publish it regardless of what he thought, and asked if he'd defend me. He said yes.

One printer after another refused to print that issue of the *Realist* (#74). Even the printer who does the Communist *Worker* turned down the job.

There was an AP dispatch datelined Bulgaria which stated: "The legal hassle surrounding the serialization and the efforts of the Kennedy family to trim some parts [of the book] are presented by Communist Party propagandists as evidence supporting the theory that President John F. Kennedy was the victim of a conspiracy." But to impute this particular *printer* with inconsistency would be to imply guilt by association.

Personally, I've written to Lloyds of London in an attempt to insure the veracity of the conclusion of the Warren Commission report, because I would certainly suffer great mental anguish if my faith in the fabric of American society were destroyed.

Anyway, I eventually got a printer, and the *Realist* went to press. Readers were furious. "This time you've gone too far!" Subscription cancellations poured in. Zip codes were included as requested.

Margaret McCormack wrote a letter to a friend: "Dear Mary,

"When you told me you were canceling your subscription to the *Realist* because of the Kennedy article, I of course had to read it. . . . I don't cancel my subscription to the *Chronicle* because I read every day of the horror, the obscenities, the crimes committed by LBJ. Why cannot I be shocked enough to do something about reality? . . .

"I had to be given an image upon which to dwell—a grisly image. That grisly image was *not* burned children in Vietnam, crying mothers, bombed villages or starving black kids in Oakland—that image was LBJ fucking a bullet hole in a corpse.

"Irony upon irony. The image presented (horrifying, obscene, shocking) pictured an event that could, in reality, hurt no one. (Jackie probably doesn't read the *Realist*.) Masturbating a dead corpse doesn't really hurt anyone, but napalming kids, and hunger, hurts—and kills.

"And while Jackie may get pushed out of shape over this article, Manchester's book or a thousand pulp magazines, she *could* try to use some of her influence with her rich Greek friends to get the Papandreous out of Greece while they are still injured but alive. . . .

"Anyway, what is horror? How would you try retelling the events of what happened in Dallas and what has happened since? It would be impossible to retell it in such a way to make it shocking. Okay, try satire. How in hell does one make real horror a fantasy horror? How does one make absurdity absurd? Throw in your subscription, if you will, perhaps on the fact that Krassner didn't really go far enough!

"Is it possible to shock if one remains in a frame of reference? If my mind can accept, then I am not shocked. Would you believe such a story if this were written in 1946 by some enterprising journalist who'd discovered a friend of Eva Braun's describing a homey scene with Adolph and his buddies? Throw in a dead Nazi rival and Goerring and it's Sunday supplement stuff.

"So—now I have two disturbing thoughts: one—I'm not shocked by the real thing, I have to be shocked by sex; and two—the whole fantasy is too

damn close to the truth. Question: If this story were true, would you return your subscription to LBJ? If so, how? . . . I eat my dinner watching TV news of Vietnam atrocities. I doubt if I could eat my dinner watching LBJ screw *any* corpse, let alone JFK's. . . ."

A London scholar wrote: "The body of JFK was supposedly in a casket. Therefore, short of lifting out the corpse, an act of inverted para-fellatio would be physically impossible." Oh, yeah? Next time you see Arthur Schlesinger, ask him about LBJ hanging his penis over the side of a boat, saying: "Watch it touch bottom!"

On the day that the *Realist* hit the stands I was at Princeton to participate in their weekend Response program. Friday I was on a panel with Al Capp and George Reedy. Saturday I was on a panel with Jonas Mekas and Evan (son of Norman) Thomas, who edited the book for Harper & Row. He passed a note informing me: "The passage you quote from Manchester was never in the manuscript."

I asked how he could have seen the *Realist* already. He told me their lawyers had obtained a photostat of the galley proofs. I offered him a complete copy of the new issue. He grimaced and said "No, thanks."

I knew that Harper & Row had no grounds on which to sue the *Realist*. Nor did *Look* magazine, although their legal staff also discussed the possibility. "Criminal fraud," spouted editorial chairman Gardner Cowles.

It was extremely unlikely that Jackie or Lyndon would bring suit, if only because they would have to concede that what I published was believable. Indeed, one of LBJ's favorite jokes is about a popular Texas sheriff running for re-election. His opponents have been trying unsuccessfully to think of a good campaign issue to use against him. Finally one man suggests spreading "a rumor that he fucks pigs." Another protests, "You know he doesn't do that." "I know," says the first man, "but let's make the sonofabitch deny it."

William Manchester was probably the only one in a position to sue. Then came this phone call.

I had buzzed my scapegoat and asked her to call Jim McGraw, a minister friend who edits *Renewal* magazine. A photographer had given him a shot of the ultimate graffito—*God Sucks!*—which he couldn't use but passed on to me. Now the scapegoat buzzed me back, which would ordinarily indicate that McGraw was on the line.

I picked up the phone and said "Hello." A strange voice on the other end said "Mr. Krassner?" I said, "Yes—would you hold on just a second, please?" I buzzed my scapegoat again: "Sheila, what happened, didn't you get Jim McGraw?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, I picked up to get a dial tone and—the phone hadn't even rung—Paul, it's Manchester!"

I braced myself. Thinking it had been McGraw, instead of saying "Hello," I'd almost said "God sucks!" Manchester would've been convinced I was some sort of pervert.

I picked up the phone again. "I'm back."

"This is Bill Manchester." (He didn't say *William*. If this is a put-on, it's very subtle.)

"Yessir."

"My attorneys told me not to call, but I wanted to talk to you." I recognized his voice, slightly shaky, from radio-TV newscasts.

"Well, here I am."

"Let me ask, did you talk to any of my people?"

"Only to Evan Thomas, but that was after the fact."

"Look, the late President meant a great deal to me."

"I'm aware of that. We all show our loss in different ways."

"I know you didn't write that article. I've read the *Realist* before and I know you're a moral man."

"It's irrelevant whether I wrote it or not, because it was my *decision* to publish it, so the moral responsibility is mine."

"That's true. But what was the purpose?"

"To satirize certain things about the assassination, its aftermath, the hypocrisy, the exploitation, the hypocrisy, the quest for power."

"Was it necessary to include that introduction?"

"Well, I had to establish verisimilitude. When Jonathan Swift wrote his *Modest Proposal*, he didn't say, 'Hey, folks, I'm only kidding, I don't really mean that we can solve both the famine and overpopulation problems by eating newborn babies.' It wouldn't have had the same impact."

"That's very abstract."

"Okay, let me give you a more contemporary example. I published an obituary of Lenny Bruce two years before he died. It was the best vehicle for the things I wanted to communicate."

"I know he was a friend of yours. I've just read his autobiography."

"Well, I edited the book, and he asked me to include that."

"Look, your readers are mostly intelligent, literate people, correct?"

"I suppose so."

"They'll know that what you published isn't true. But other people are going to pick up this issue and they might believe it."

"And then what? Then what?"

"Are you working on your next issue yet? Could you mention something to the effect—I know I shouldn't ask—"

"I really respect you. Why did your attorneys tell you not to call me?"

"I'll find that out in ten minutes."

"Give 'em my regards. I'm not making any actual commitment, but I appreciate your man-to-man confrontation, and I really will consider. . . ."

"I'll be looking forward to your next issue."

"So will I. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

The most significant thing about *The Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book* was the variety of reactions to it—especially the credibility of the incredible by intelligent, literate people ranging from an ACLU lawyer to a Peabody Award-winning newsman.

I insisted that those who called would have to decide for themselves if we had published an authentic document. One man said he could determine its truth or falsity by feeding the article into a computer, which would tell him whether or not it was Manchester's work.

*Antiquarian Bookman* described the piece as "Definitely, a collector's item."

*Library Journal*—in its Magazines section, edited by Bill Katz, professor of Library Science at the State University of N.Y.—called the *Realist* "the best satirical magazine now being published in America. This is *not* for the unfortunate who felt salacious thrills from Robert Lowell's latest poems or got poignant, pornographic kicks from Kazan's best-seller. It is for the vigorous mind, for the individualist who does not live in constant fear of the existing order. More properly, it is for the reader who is a witness to the basic goodness and humor of man. . . ."

"This year's May issue is typical. A lead item features short sections allegedly left out of the Manchester book—and no wonder, at least if this is on the up and up. One can never be quite certain how much of the revealing journalism is Krassner's imagination, and how much is plain fact. . . . The only sick part about the whole thing is the *Realist's* limited circulation in libraries. I would be fascinated to know which libraries take it, and how it is handled: open shelves, or hidden in the bottom drawer of the librarian's desk?"

The Acquisitions Librarian at Texas Southern University returned the May issue. "Please cancel this subscription—our library does not subscribe to pornographic material."

A reader in Mackinac Island, Michigan "went out and bought the original *Death of a President* just to see if your parts would fit into the book—they did. Amazing!"

The issue was removed from newsstands in Cambridge, and when Diggers tried to give copies out free at a Boston love-in, police confiscated them.

Merriman ("Thank you, Mr. President") Smith wrote in his UPI-syndicated feature:

"One of the filthiest printed attacks ever made on a President of the United States is now for sale on Washington newsstands. The target: President Johnson. This is the May edition of a so-called magazine which says it is entered as second class mail. One newsstand owner says sales of this particular issue have been 'quite active.'"

"This reporter is not embarked here on any defense of Johnson politically or personally, nor, for that matter, is this to suggest the need for greater respect for the presidency. These are matters that have been dealt with extensively in other forums.

"Certain unadorned facts, however, do stand out in the open circulation, mailing and other forms of distribution of this sort of slime:

"If a magazine of major national standing tries to use the same sort of language, federal action to stop it would be almost certain.

"The language referred to is not conventional hell or damn profanity—it is filth attributed to someone of national stature supposedly describing something Johnson allegedly did. The incident, of course, never took place.

"If a citizen printed some of the same words on a placard without reference to any individual, and strolled the streets of any American city with the placard in plain view, he would be arrested the instant he passed the first police officer.

"If a newspaper printed these words, there would be public outcry and possible criminal action, to say nothing of lost circulation. If such words, phrases and manufactured anecdotes were voiced on radio or television, the sponsors would depart as the police walked in.

"The publication referred to is not an entirely isolated incident. Similar material reflecting what seems to be senseless hatred and utterly fabricated incidents has been showing up in other sections of the country.

"Somewhat related material has appeared on signs at so-called anti-war demonstrations or new native rites of freedom in which the participants ask such things as liberation from oppressive drug laws, tuition payments, rent, the draft and little technicalities such as marriage laws.

"This sort of thing makes the truly concerned and serious opponents of the Vietnam war look bad by association. It poses undeserved shadows over entirely legal and deeply sincere civil rights protests. To say nothing of seriously damaging the legitimate right to political dissent."

Will Jones, columnist for the *Minneapolis Tribune*, wrote:

"The excerpts that the *Realist* prints are logical extensions of the British reviewers' complaint that Manchester is a pornographer who traffics in the

grief of the great; they are as funny as they are outrageous. The trouble that Paul Krassner is likely to have created for himself by publishing this conceit is hard to predict. . . .

"What is likely to be overlooked in all the fuss is that, while the Kennedys and LBJ are the subject matter of the piece, the real targets are William Manchester's style, and the people who dig William Manchester's style, which these days seem to include most of us. And which makes the Krassner assault technique all the more outrageous."

Jack O'Brian, professional gossip for the late *World-Journal-Tribune*, itemed: "Cover story of one of those recklessly irresponsible off-civilization publications has a so-called censored excerpt from the Manchester book that defies even abnormal imagination." A week later he asked: "Hasn't the Post Office held up a minor weekly because of its incredibly ugly assault on LBJ, Manchester and others, claimed as a reprint of something censored out of Manchester's JFK assassination book?"

A close friend of Manchester vowed to work very hard to cost the *Realist* its second class mailing privilege.

*Time*, *Newsweek*, the *N.Y. Times* and UPI called me to find out if the post office had refused to mail the issue.

Someone asked Manchester if he wrote the stuff in the *Realist*. He just grinned.

Ralph Ginzburg and George Lincoln Rockwell called on the same day to ask if what we had published was factual. "You got balls of steel," Rockwell told me. "For a Jew you shoulda been a Nazi."

I thanked him for the compliment and didn't bother to get into a discussion as to why I don't consider myself Jewish.

New American Library called to determine if the rumor was true that Terry Southern had written the thing in the *Realist*. I explained that Terry would've told them if he had, since they are publishing a collection of his short pieces.

Several curious persons wrote to the final arbiter of truth to find out—the Playboy Adviser.

*Look* magazine ordered 200 extra copies of the *Realist*, but when an employee at Harper & Row tacked the issue onto a bulletin board, he was fired, then suspended for four weeks without pay.

An editor at *Holiday* magazine threatened to beat me up.

Bob Scheer, managing editor of *Ramparts*, complained that I had destroyed faith in the veracity of the *Realist* so that articles like the CIA involvement in the murder of Malcolm X (issue #73) would no longer be taken seriously; editor Warren Hinckle sent a telegram reading: BRILLIANT DIRTY ISSUE.

A man sputtering with anger called up Lee Leonard on NBC radio and swore he would make a citizen's arrest of me.

The documents researcher for the award-winning Miami radio show, the Lee Vogel Open Phone Forum, wrote to ascertain if "the excerpts actually come from the Manchester manuscript, as claimed, or is this another of your tongue-in-cheek satires?" and "Do we have permission to publicize your article . . . short of actually reading the text of the article verbatim?"

I got a long-distance call from Joe Dolan, a San Francisco radio personality, who asked me on the air to confirm his belief that it was a "literary forgery." When I refused, he went into such a rampage that I could feel the veins in his neck bulging from 3000 miles away. Finally he shouted, "Why did you publish it!" I answered calmly, "To separate the men from the boys." He hung up.

It was on Dolan's show that Mark Lane told how he had been on the same London TV program on which Gore Vidal described an incident that had been deleted from the text of the then-unpublished Manchester book—but included in the *Realist's* excerpts from the original manuscript—that Jackie Kennedy, during the transfer of her husband's body, had moved to the rear of the plane where she saw LBJ leaning over the casket and chuckling.

In our version, Jackie "corroborated Gore Vidal's story, continuing. . . ."

Consequently, I received a call from Ray Marcus, critic of the Warren Commission report, who had figured out that the article in the *Realist* must have been given to me by a CIA plant in order to discredit *valid* dissent concerning the assassination, because how, chronologically, could Manchester leave something out of his book which was a *report* of something that he'd left out of his book?

An individual decided to start a petition to put the *Realist* out of business. I asked for one so I could sign it too.

A lady lawyer complained to the local precinct, and a police lieutenant visited my office. I explained the concept of obscenity. He agreed that the *Realist* hadn't violated any laws, but asked me off the record if I didn't think editors should have *some* standards. I replied that *everybody* has standards, even the Hell's Angels. He asked me what magazine they publish.

A week later, he and a fellow officer came in and asked for copies of the issue. Thumbing through it, one laughed and remarked, "That's a pisser." That same afternoon, a pair of sergeants came in and asked for copies. The next week the captain of the precinct stopped me on the street and asked when the June issue would be out.

In Hollywood, an attorney made several wagers with friends about the article. He wrote to Manchester, who replied: "The material in the *Realist*, as described to me by my attorney, is pure fabrication and was never in my manuscript."

I couldn't understand why Manchester was now implying that he hadn't read the issue himself. I wrote a letter, reminding him of our talk.

On July 8th, he wrote a note to me which he mailed on July 14th: "You and I never held a telephone conversation. Indeed, I believe that such a conversation would have been impossible. My telephone number is unpublished and is used for personal purposes, and until today I did not know your number. Of course, I would never have called you."

I've played the tape over and over. There are these possibilities: (1) Manchester didn't call me, but someone did a masterful job of method acting; (2) Manchester did call me, but he's schizophrenic and has blocked it out of his consciousness; (3) Manchester did call me, but he doesn't want anybody to know.

I believe the third possibility. Therefore it's true. That same principle applied to the *Realist's* whole Manchester caper. If you believed, it was true. If you didn't, it wasn't. Or, as one reader said, "It doesn't make any difference whether it's true or not, because that's really where they're at."

The ultimate target of satire should be its own audience.

Analogy: Several years ago there was a French-&-Italian film, *Seven Deadly Sins*, consisting of seven vignettes, one for each sin—greed, lust, avarice, pride, Dopey, Sneezey, Bashful—and at the end of the seventh sin, the narrator told us that we were going to see the *eighth* sin. On the screen were all the images that we have been conditioned to associate with intimations of sin—sailors, girls, an opium den—and then the narrator explained that the eighth sin was the desire to *see* sin.

The audience groaned its disappointment with a spontaneity that served only to underscore the narrator's point.

So, a reader sees the headline on that issue of the *Realist* and says: "The parts that were left out of the Kennedy book. *Oh, boy!*" Then reads it. Voluntarily. And says: "The parts that were left out of the Kennedy book. *Arrrrgh!*"

What did you expect?

What did you want?

Whether my motivation—to share this outrageous apocrypha with you—stemmed from hostility or affection, is as much a matter of subjective interpretation as was Jackie Kennedy's projection of what Lyndon Johnson did to her husband's corpse on that flight from Dallas. For all we know, it might have been an act of love.

(Continued from Cover)

kept telling hippies to keep off the grass, on the same field where football is played—wow, if only hippies would keep off the grass the war would be over—and in New York, where a young man, wandering around Sheep's Meadow in Central Park with a loaf of whole grain bread, looking for lean and hungries to share it with, was approached by someone with an American flag in one hand—"Would you hold this?" he asked—and a can of lighter fluid in the other.

Some fleeting considerations go through the bread-bearer's mind: After all, what is burning a flag compared to burning thousands of people? U.S. government vs. life; law and order vs. freedom; power vs. humanity; symbols vs. flesh. All right, brother, light it up.

This destruction of a symbol became the inspiration for a pro-war march on May 13. Ironically, the American flags carried by the flower children in that parade were torn to pieces by patriotic hawks, along with puching, stomping, and the spontaneous tarring-and-feathering of a bypasser who was guilty of needing a haircut. They were just Doing their Thing, that's all, only their Thing happens to be tarring-and-feathering.

That night there is An Evening with God at the Village Theatre—in celebration of the Pentecost—with Dick Gregory, Tim Leary, Malcolm Boyd, Harvey Cox, Len Chandler and myself ("speaking of the devil," adds the poster). I'm the token non-believer.

I recall Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin's plea to ministers and seminary students to flood the jails, committing massive civil disobedience by relinquishing their automatic deferments and declaring themselves conscientious objectors. I'd written to him so I could report to the audience on the status of that project.

Rev. Coffin replied: "That's quite a gang assembled with God. I think the *dramatis personae* must be quite pleasing in His sight, and I wish could be there.

"The seminary students are going back and forth on this one, as are so many other students. A weekend conference at Harvard is being held to discuss the possibilities. One of the problems is that you can't declare yourself a conscientious objector to this war in that the draft board determines your category.

"As long as you are 4-D they don't care if you're a C.O., 4-F, or anything else. This may mean that eventually you have to separate yourself from your draft card, which means you get prosecuted not for being a C.O. to this war but for being separated from your draft card. The dilemma has caused hundreds of them to sign an open letter to McNamara which may be open before you receive this.

"The other basic problem of civil disobedience is simply that those engaged in it tend not to communicate with the public at large. The monk turns himself into a burning signpost pointing at the war, but most Americans instead of reassessing the war simply reassess him.

"You're the realist, so you tell us! Once again I am sorry not to be on hand for the evening and do wish you all the best of luck."

I decide to burn one of my draft cards (I have several) at the Evening with God. "I stand before you as an atheist, doing what men of the cloth should be doing. A couple of decades ago, Joe Louis said, 'God is on our

side.' Now Muhammad Ali is saying, 'We're on God's side.'"

I'm past draft-age, but I've signed a public statement—along with Norma Becker, Dave Dellinger, Paul Goodman, Dwight Macdonald, David McReynolds, Grace Paley and many others—addressed to draft-eligibles, declaring that "we have conspired with you in the burning of your draft cards, we shall continue to do so, and we shall aid and abet others. We encourage you in this act and honor you for it. We are willing to share with you the risk of arrest, fine and imprisonment."

If you wish to become a signatory, write to Support-in-Action, 252 W. 91 St., New York 10024. Young men all over the country are pledging to return their draft cards to their local boards, or for those yet unregistered, letters stating refusal to register, October 16.

Girl peaceniks will also write to their local boards, telling Selective Service that they won't register or cooperate in any way with the draft process, then simply sign their first initial and last name.

A week after the pro-war parade and the Evening with God, Armed Forces Day is due. It has been designated Flower Power Day by the Workshop in Non-Violence: "Zap the military with love. . . . Blow their minds, not their bodies."

One guy offers to donate 1,000 paper airplanes, but the idea is vetoed because it would mean littering. Another suggestion: Chain male and female sit-downers together: "According to a New York City regulation, men and women can't be put in the same paddy-wagon, so the cops would have to march us down 5th Avenue." Someone suggests giving out food: On the April 15 march, Chinese fortune cookies were distributed (*You are going to meet a sad defeat, but be the better for it*). Perhaps psychedelichicks can spring ecstatically from the spectators and put flowers into rifle barrels.

But this planning was all *before* the civilian brutality of the previous week. Now we're scared.

The discussion continues 3 days later in Central Park. We still don't know what to do. Abbie Hoffman points out that we're huddled together like in a ghetto, afraid to watch a parade. We decide to confront it.

A police captain tells Alan Solomonow he'll have to give him a summons for holding a meeting without a permit.

"We're merely holding a conversation, officer. And why are you singling *me* out?"

"You seem to be leading the meeting."

I tap the policeman on the shoulder. "Excuse me, sir, but *I* was leading that meeting. You'd better give me a summons, too." I look around. "Who else was leading the meeting?"

Hands go up. "I was." More hands. "I was." "I was." About 50 people were leading the meeting.

The cop says, "I'm not gonna give you a summons, but the *next* time you hold a meeting—"

"You mean," I interject, "the next time we *don't* holding a meeting—"

"You'd better have a permit."

"I'm sorry, officer, we can't continue this meeting with you any longer without a permit."

And then pacifists and hippies head for an unknown happening, followed by a division of police. We pass the statue of Alice in Wonderland and all her friends playing around a giant mushroom. We romp over it, some remaining to give flowers to the Mad Hatter. The cops order us off. They *surround* Alice as if they're guarding

a fortress. An LIU junior asks, "Isn't this statue here to climb on?" A cop grabs him by the arm, pulls him off and inquires, "Do you think the law's for everyone but you?"

The kid gets a summons for climbing a statue without a permit. Later, another charge is added: failing to obey an officer. At the trial, a judge finds him not guilty on both counts, entering into evidence the defendant's snapshots of adults and children sitting on the statue.

Return to the scene of the crime and you'll find *Love* written on the mushroom. Holden Caulfield is grown up now and he finds that more offensive than *Fuck you*.

The Armed Forces parade begins down 5th Avenue.

Marines march by; we chant "Get a girl, not a gun." Sailors march by; we sing *Yellow Submarine*. Green berets march by; we shout "Thou shalt not kill!" The Red Cross marches by; we applaud. A missile rolls by; we call out "Shame!" Military cadets ride by on horseback; we advise "Drop out now!" The Dept. of Sanitation sweeps past; we cheer.

A flurry of violence; we scream "Police!" A pro-war nut is swinging a sandbag that narrowly misses my stomach. He gets arrested.

"Impeach Cardinal Westmoreland," someone yells.

"Bring back General Spellman," someone responds.

That same weekend in Washington, Vietnam Summer turns rancid. Brad Lyttle's motion to go on record as encouraging draft resistance is voted down. (Chief opponent Fred Halstead claims it's not an effective tactic—what is?—he will be the Socialist Workers Party '68 presidential candidate.) A resolution is passed, however, to support the anti-draft movement in Puerto Rico.

Memorial Day follows logically upon the heels of Armed Forces Day. Tompkins Square Park becomes the scene of an Event wherein officers of the law lose their cool and beat upon the hippies' hairy heads with their nasty nightsticks. It's easier for a cop to identify with the Mafia's motivations than those of an unorganized cult whose patron saint seems to be Ferdinand the Bull.

An ABC-TV crew comes the next day to interview the hippies on the same grass they were arrested for sitting on. Curious Negro and Puerto Rican kids hang around. A TV man tells them to go away. The hippies tell them to stay. The TV man warns them to go away or he'll call a cop. Hippies: "It's their park too," TV man: "What, are you guys trying to manage the news?"

The question of news management is implicit in *Blow-Up*. David Hemmings—a nameless photographer—takes pictures in a park of Vanessa Redgrave—a nameless subject—caught in the middle of a tryst with a nameless man, the victim of a murder arranged by Hemmings' imagination, which is beside the immediate ethical point of whether publishing such a photo would be an invasion of her privacy or not-publishing it would be allowing sentimentality to interfere with professionalism.

"I'm a photographer," he tells her. "I'm only doing my job."

Herman Kahn—director of the Hudson Institute, author of *On Thermonuclear War* and *Thinking About the Unthinkable*—is the dispassionate extension of David Hemmings. He is the personification of *The War Game* . . . a film he hasn't seen. His assistant, Tony Wiener, recommends it to him.

"How does it scan?" asks Kahn.

"It scans beautiful," answers Wiener. "But you really ought to see it, Herman. You're in it."

"Why? I saw *Dr. Strangelove*. I was in that."

*The War Game* was originally produced as a BBC documentary about what could happen if nuclear warfare were waged on England, but it was felt to be too strong for TV. Director Peter Watkins resigned in protest, the movie was presented instead at regular theatrical showings, and members of the press were invited to judge for themselves.

"It may be the most important film ever made," wrote Kenneth Tynan in *The Observer*. "We are always being told that works of art cannot change the course of history. I believe this one might. . . ."

Unfortunately, that's dopey bullshit nonsense.

Herman Kahn had a request. He wanted a nice tour of the lower east side. I was pleased to oblige.

In a button store, he gets a poster: *Chicken Little Was Right*.

I tell him the CIA is running opium dens around Cambodia. He isn't surprised, because they smoke dope and show affection with equal openness. In his capacity as a human think-tank, he was present when a Laotian general was briefing John F. Kennedy. "The trouble with your people," complained the exasperated President, "is that they'd rather fuck than fight." Replied the general: "Wouldn't you?"

Kahn's point of view is that of the creator of an objective scenario, out of which come pronouncements. Example: The hippy dropout syndrome is delaying the guaranteed annual wage.

We stop in a book store. On the way out, I say, "I'll show you the books I bought if you'll show me the books you bought."

"You know, when I was 3 years old, I said to a little girl, 'I'll show you mine if you'll show me yours'—and she wouldn't do it—now you'll print that because I was frustrated as a child I want to blow up the world."

His purchases: poetry by Allen Ginsberg; something on Russian economics; a John Hersey novel; short stories by Isaac Singer; LSD & problem-solving.

As David Hemmings says to Vanessa Redgrave in the park, so Herman Kahn says to mankind at large: "It's not my fault if there's no peace."

In a civilization where scientists at Pennsylvania State University under government research grants can still seriously promulgate fallout shelter programs, you don't have to be a working paranoid to entertain justifiable suspicions about the LSD/chromosome-damage alarm campaign.

Dr. Samuel Irwin, professor of Pharmacology in the Dept. of Psychiatry at the University of Oregon Medical School, is one of the two-man team investigating cell damage in LSD users. He deplores the sensational publicity, particularly in regard to deformed babies, calling the *Saturday Evening Post* article "a complete distortion" and "an atrocity."

Two separate studies of LSD users in the Haight-Ashbury area show no damage to chromosomes. Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld—medical advisor to the underground press—states: "The researchers for one of these studies has had some difficulty publishing these results although their research methods and credentials are unimpeachable. The second study was only recently completed. . . . One doubts that the results of these studies finding no chromosome damage amongst LSD

users will be so prominently featured in the news media."

Substitute highs attempted to fill the panic gap.

The Food & Drug Administration utilized laboratory apparatus which "smoked" dried banana peels for more than 3 weeks and, according to their press release, "never did get high." How can a goddam *machine* get high?

While it was the *East Village Other* that pushed rotten green pepper as a hallucinogenic if it is properly smoked by means of a regular cigarette, when push came to shove it was the *L.A. Free Press* that promoted pickled japaleno pepper, which is anally inserted. All over southern California, heads were sticking vegetables up their asses. And in Washington, the FDA office looked like a grocery store specializing in peppers—testing, 1, 2, 3. Artificial anus, anyone?

In San Francisco, I had done a benefit for the Diggers, and mentioned in passing that after STP the next drug would be FDA; sure enough, *Time* magazine reported that there would be "a super-hallucinogen called FDA."

At the request of post-graduate Students for a Democratic Society, I arranged for a few west coast leading Digger non-leaders to come to Delton, Michigan for the SDS "Back to the Drawing Board" conference.

It was a confrontation of the talkers and the doers. The Diggers were so disruptive that old-timers were convinced—and so stated—that the CIA was behind it all. But what else could you expect from a Communist who owns his own factory? He compensates for his proletarian guilt by remaining pro-union.

SDSers were upset that the Diggers have been known to steal food. They were not so upset that they were themselves unable to steal the notes of the *Washington Post* reporter at the conference.

Later that night, female SDSers agreed with Diggers about the injustice of property rights, but balked at sleeping with them only because their husbands might object.

Could it be that the Diggers are just using love to



United Arab Republic President Gamal Abdel Nasser is a man who likes to keep in touch with the people, and if he can't be there in person, he sends a bust as a substitute. These rows of Nasser statues were destined to decorate a new artists' village near Cairo. Apparently there would be an image of Nasser on every street corner.

get laid? Are they really fraternity brothers in hippy clothing? We're all one, aren't we?

The difference is one of philosophy. It's the difference between advertising a soft drink with a slogan—"The Now Taste of Tab"—and seeking one's pleasure with Alan Watts' awareness of our position as "insignificant germs on a minute ball of rock, attached to a minor star on the outer fringe of one of the smaller galaxies."

Of course, if you happen to be balling a cute pair of teenyboppers like in *Blow-Up* the glands are way ahead of the philosophy.

Moreover it's possible that many hippies indulge in mysticism because they have enough of a puritan hangover that they can't accept pleasure on its own terms, they have to rationalize it with spirituality.

In Chicago, a bookstore owner and my distributor had been charged with selling and distributing obscene material. Specifically, the complaint was about the Disneyland Memorial Orgy—a two-page center-spread in issue #74, which has since been enlarged into a wall poster—but Chicago reporters tell me that the charge is actually a smokescreen attack on the *Realist* for publishing the Manchester stuff, and that the Catholic church there is most likely behind it.

In Baltimore, the Sherman News Agency sold that issue with pages 11-14 missing. One employee said that the Maryland Board of Censors had ordered this—that it was the only way the *Realist* could be sold in that state—but there *is* no Maryland Board of Censors. Sherman's had taken what they considered a precaution. We've secured the missing pages, and any Baltimore reader who bought a partial issue can send us a stamped-addressed envelope, any size, and we'll send the rest of that issue.

In Oakland, some mysterious individual or group put out a flyer, with the *Realist* logotype on top, reproducing a few parts of the Disneyland spread along with the last four paragraphs of the parts that were left out of the Kennedy book—added, "Now on Sale at DeLauer's Book Store, 'Your East Bay Family News and Book Store'"—and handed it out in churches and elsewhere. The police would have moved in for an arrest had it not been for my west coast distributor, Lou Swift—a rare combination of courage and kindness—who asked them not to act until they got a *complete* issue and could see the material in context.

Theoretically the charges in Chicago can't stick. The cartoon spread doesn't arouse prurient interest—can you imagine a prosecutor telling a jury how they might get horny because look what Goofy and Minnie Mouse are doing?—and even if it *did* arouse prurience, the rest of the *Realist* is certainly not *utterly* without redeeming social value.

On July 10th, however, a judge found issue #74 "to be obscene." The charge against the distributor was dismissed, based on his lack of knowledge of the obscene contents. The ACLU is seeking a federal injunction restraining authorities from interfering in any way with local distribution of the *Realist*; other dealers were afraid to sell that issue, and in fact were warned by police not to.

I go on a late-night Chicago radio program so the police can arrest me too if they wish. Unlike the bookseller and distributor, I would plead not guilty. Nothing happens, except that a lady who is listening to her

car radio has pulled over to the side of the road, and a policeman questions her. "I thought you were a prostitute," he explains, "here for the Furniture Show."

If only the hippy influx to Haight-Ashbury were able to transcend the sexual revolution and the chicks would charge *money* for their enjoyment, the mayor of San Francisco might extend the welcome mat to them as if they were conventioners.

The North Beach Movie was featuring a film about a nude hippy orgy—*Psychedelic Sexualis*—"No plots to wear you out! No mysteries to make you nervous! No symbolism to frustrate you! Not recommended for prudes, persons who are embarrassed easily or devotees of serious Art Cinema in the tradition of Bergman, Fellini and Antonioni."

We called up the theatre and the manager agreed to let in a bunch of hippies free, to see what their reaction would be for possible publicity purposes. I invited the Realist Nun to accompany me.

Paul von Blum, an instructor at Golden Gate College, included in his final exam for a class in Political Science this question: "Paul Krassner, editor of the *Realist*, knows a former prostitute who happens to own a nun's costume. She has joined the staff of the magazine and is known as the Realist Nun. Each month she will become involved in some adventure—in uniform—and report her findings in the *Realist*. Discuss the following report of her adventures [reprinted from issue #74], particularly in terms of some of the ideas we discussed in our class when we dealt with the role of symbols and images."

Only recently the Realist Nun performed an abortion—a skill mastered during her days as a hooker—while wearing her nun's outfit, an authentic habit, from Mammy Yokum button-up shoes to hip rimless granny glasses, save for a button under the collar reading *Chastity Is Its Own Punishment*. The desperate girl thanked her for this act of Christian charity.

(Governor Reagan has signed a bill that would permit abortions in cases of rape where the victim was 14 or younger. If you're going to San Francisco, wear flowers in your hair, but if you plan to be raped there without benefit of contraception, be sure you haven't reached your 15th birthday.)

With about 18 Diggers and hippies—me looking like a Hell's Angel reject, with the Realist Nun on my arm—we depart for the theatre. She smiles at everyone who stares. A nun going to see *Psychedelic Sexualis*?

(According to an AP dispatch, 39 postulants to an order of Catholic nuns will take lessons in charm from stewardess trainers. Arrangements for a short course at the Dubuque Motherhouse of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary have been made with the women who train hostesses for Continental Airlines.)

The film is exploitative and pandering. No actual screwing can be seen. But, my God, they're showing pubic hair! Look at that—pubic hair! The hippies cheer. The usher asks us to be quiet so that people can enjoy the orgy.

(The Gillette Scaredy Kit—a tote bag containing Lady Gillette razor and shaving products—has been advertised this summer in *Mademoiselle*, *Glamour*, *Ingenue*, *Teen* and *True Story* for "the bathing suit shave, the most sensitive shave of all. You think shaving your legs and underarms is a big nuisance? Welcome to summer. With skimpy bathing suits and short

shorts. And another shave to worry about. The scariest, most sensitive of all.")

Some of the hippies start necking. People don't know whether to watch the screen or the audience. The Realist Nun unzips my fly and starts fondling my genitals. That is to say, she begins to Do my Thing. That phrase has always had a masturbatory ring to it, anyway. Do your Thing. Okay, I'll Do *your* Thing if you Do *my* Thing.

Even the hippies' minds are blown. They thought she was a real nun.

At the Summer Solstice celebration in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, the same hippies who implored the sun to come out at 5 a.m. would ridicule Lyndon Johnson's call for a national day of prayer (there was *more* rioting, however, because Rap Brown called for counter-prayer). Although these hippies have given up trying to influence the administration, they're still trying to influence the universe.

Two days later, on June 23rd, LBJ is due in Los Angeles for a \$1,000-a-plate dinner at the Century Plaza Hotel. With 14,999 other protestors, I march that afternoon. A public address system lies to us, claiming that we're assembling unlawfully. Then, "In the name of the people of the state of California, I order you to disperse."

The demonstrators answer in unison: "*We* are the people! *We* are the people!"

The p.a. system: "You are *not* the people! You are *not* the people!"

And, while Lyndon is inside innocently giving the Supremes a standing ovation, 1500 police who for 3 weeks have been primed for a riot go ahead and start one (they get the *Berkeley Barb* by mail).

Great moments in violence. . . .

One woman, being clubbed by the cops, screams: "Help—police!"

Though the sadism may have seemed random, it was definitely goal-oriented. Just as U.S. bombing of the Quanh Lap leper colony 15 times in 5 days was calculated to terrorize the Vietnamese, the L.A. Keystone Tragedy Cops had their task—to get all those people the hell out of there because there's just too many of 'em to arrest—and, not bloodied heads, but the *sight* of bloodied heads, was precisely a means to that end.

The more repression of open protest, the more clandestine activity there will be.

Demolitions experts in Long Beach conducted a stem to stern search of an Army cargo ship loaded with napalm after a phone tip that a time bomb was aboard. The *Linfield Victory*, carrying more than 1,000 tons of napalm—destination Vietnam—was towed to a remote part of the harbor after the call to city police.

Norris Industries Inc. in Vernon, California, manufacturer of bombs and bomb components, has received about 40 bomb threats during the past year.

Another bomb-maker has experienced numerous incidents of sabotage, from rags being stuffed into a compressor to pennies being put in tanks of acid solution used to clean ordnance products (the copper in the pennies changes the chemical makeup of the solution, rendering it useless).

At the Chamberlin Manufacturing Corp in Chicago, absentee rates are running as high as 25% among workers at its ammunition plant which produces mortar shells and cartridge cases for Vietnam.

### Escape to the Renaissance Pleasure Faire.

I go with some friends, including Jay Thompson, a photographer. Naturally, he brings his camera. We see a girl lying on the grass like Sleeping Beauty and, in the spirit of the occasion, decide I should make like a prince and wake her up with a kiss, while Jay photographs the whole sequence. Being chicken, I ask her first if it's all right. She says sure. Jay instructs me—"On her upstage side, Paul"—like the pornographic photographer who says, "Wait, wait, don't come till I reload."

We joke about the possibility of discovering a murder when the pictures develop.

A man in a knight's costume is holding a placard which reads "Get Out of Constantinople Now!" He has a lapel button that says "Ban the Catapult!" I ask Jay to get a picture of him. Later I see the man again and—not to get his permission, but just to make him feel good—I tell him I plan to use his picture in my magazine. His wife says, "I don't think you should." He explains: "I have too much to lose."

All of a sudden I'm in the middle of *Blow-Up*.

Legally, there's no problem; this is a news event. Morally, it's a quandary. Suppose he's a teacher and would lose his job? Is such a job worth having? But he has a family to support. Yet he took a chance that someone who knew him would be at the Pleasure Faire. He can always cop out and say he was making *fun* of demonstrators because there has *always* been protest.

The only reason I'm not publishing his picture is for lack of space; a blow-up would have revealed that he is a silent partner in an arranged mass murder.

In L.A., I get invited to appear again on two TV shows, from left to right, Mort Sahl and Joe Pyne.

Some sample bits of dialogue from the Sahl show:

MS: "What are you doing on the west coast?"

PK: "I'm here to open a branch office for Twiggy."

MS: "A great girl . . . a great American . . . if only there were more of her."

PK: "If the miniskirt were any shorter, they'd discover that Twiggy is really a *boy*."

MS: "Ronald Reagan is a big name in Washington. They really think he's the man, that he's going to be the nominee. [Audience: 'No, no.'] I don't think no is

an answer. I'm telling you what they think. This is like when Freud addressed the Vienna Medical Society, he told them what he heard people say on the couch, and they all said 'No.' No is not an argument. I appreciate your opinion. You have to understand that if Ronald Reagan was elected—I want to make this point, this is important—if you find that this system he utilized to gain an office you don't feel he qualifies for is in error, you must amend that *system*, not him."

PK: "If I were given a choice now to vote in a presidential election—between Lyndon Johnson and Ronald Reagan—it would be like being given a choice of being burned by napalm or suffocated by Saran Wrap."

MS: "The liberals are spending all their time defending McNamara. 'He's a genius. I mean, I may not agree with his policies, but the man's obviously a genius.' They're really unbelievable."

PK: "It's like a reversal of McCarthyism, where they used to say, 'Well, I respect his goals, but I don't like his methods.' Now what they say about McNamara is, 'I like his methods, I just don't like his goals.'"

MS: "Yeah, well, they'll accommodate any kind of madness. He said that I was one of the few guys who has a grasp of administrative problems, so I guess I'll get an appointment any day now. [Audience laughs.] Well, you people may think that's a compromise, but the way I look at it. . . ."

PK: "If you want to work from *within*. . . ."

MS: "That's right—work for change from within."

PK: "You know, that's the best rationalization for not confronting the draft, 'Well, I wanna work from within.'"

MS: "I went to the Archives [and saw] the Zapruder film. I was in there for several hours, running it, then looking at it frame by frame on a slide projector. When the President is first struck it seems that he's struck in the back. It's reasonably obvious looking at it, you don't have to be a ballistics expert. Then he's struck in the throat—and his hands go up—and he begins to fall slowly into Mrs. Kennedy's lap, he sags as the life goes out of him, and then he's hit in the head, and as he's hit in the head it's the force of a *train* hitting you. The President is hit from the right front. I saw it repeatedly. I saw a major portion of his skull fly to the rear and to the left. [Audience recoils audibly.] Yes, it's shocking, and it'll help any of you who can't make up your mind about where you are in this. . . ."

It was for reaching people in these ways that Mort Sahl's show is no longer on television.

The most important thing to remember about the Joe Pyne show is that there are no subpoenas. Guests go on of their own volition.

A couple of weeks previously, an interviewee's father-in-law walked up and slugged his son-in-law on camera, the two of them wrestled to the ground, Pyne broke it up, and the scene was deleted from the tape. When the viewer got finished watching a commercial, sitting there being interviewed was the father-in-law, the son-in-law having disappeared without explanation.

But word got out, and now the studio audience is overflowing with sweet little old ladies of both sexes and all ages, hoping against overwhelming odds and vicarious ids that there will be more of the same kind of excitement.

Pyne's staff works with the FBI in digging up information. This proved particularly useful when the guest



"Wop!"

"Kike!"

was to be Norman Ollestad, author of *Inside the FBI*. According to my FBI contact, the show was privately screened for FBI agents (who approved it) the day before it was due to be telecast.

My own background is pure and clean, although Pyne is able to get me a little off balance by asking questions based on information he's gotten from the FBI on a man I'd worked for 14 years ago.

And then he makes reference to my acne scars.

"Well, Joe, if you're going to ask questions like that, then let me ask you: Do you take off your wooden leg before you make love with your wife?"

His jaw drops, the audience gasps, the producers avert their eyes, and the atmosphere becomes surrealistic as he goes through the motions of continuing the interview, blatantly ignoring my question.

Too bad, it might have proved an interesting area of investigation.

If he does remove his wooden leg before he makes love with his wife, does he list to one side? Or, in order to avoid listing to one side, does he get on bottom, a position which might well be humiliating for someone with a masculinity hang-up like Pyne's.

He owns seven guns, in case you're a phallic symbolism fan. Maybe he removes his wooden leg and *uses* it to make love with his wife.

Joe Pyne doesn't like to be touched. The final guest that night makes the mistake of embracing him at the conclusion of the interview. Pyne shoves him away, making threatening karate gestures, and walks off, hair mussed, loosening his tie. On his way out of the studio, he passes me and mutters: "Sonofabitch put his hands on me. That I don't like."

When the show goes on TV there, I've been rendered soundless. Not only has my wooden-leg question been eliminated, but also my description of the L.A. police riot. In New York, my interview is *entirely* omitted from the show. First they say it was pre-empted by an Anti-Defamation League program. But that was officially scheduled for one a.m. So then they say the tape was damaged.

The next week another interview isn't aired—in Washington and N.Y.—Pyne's encounter with Robert Rowe, author of *The Bobby Baker Story*. They tell him, too, that the tape was damaged, but a *Variety* reporter investigates and finds out that they lied.

At the Evening with God, I was invited to speak at the Youth Pavilion in Expo. I was also asked to give my impressions of the U.S. Pavilion on CBC television. I begin by saying that Buckminster Fuller, the architect of this huge geodesic dome, is one of my heroes.

"It's really beautiful," I continue, "with all these flowing colors." The cameraman doesn't know where to look. "You don't see them, but I do. There's an interesting kind of symbolism, though. These military men—combat marines—I don't see that in any other pavilion, military men guiding you around, saying, 'Yes, there's the little girl's room' or 'Would you like to touch my medals for killing enough Viet Cong?' I think it's very appropriate that we should be right here by the largest escalator in the western hemisphere, since the U.S. is the greatest escalator in southeast Asia.

"The more I think about it, the *less* Fuller becomes a hero, because what a magnificent gesture it would've been for him to have *refused* to build this pavilion. That's the difference between French intellectuals and

American intellectuals. De Gaulle might've backed out of Algeria for the wrong reasons but he did back out, and what a fantastic example Buckminster Fuller could have set by saying, 'I refuse to build a monument to a country that is burning children.'

"I don't mean to sound ungrateful to the country that nurtured me, but it's like, I love my mother and father, but if they were beating my brother—and the Vietnamese people are my brothers—I would feel duty bound to speak out and say, 'Hey, Mommy and Daddy, don't do that, it's wrong.'"

Q. "Now that you've laced through Buckminster Fuller, what about the more obvious displays here, the less subtle things than the marines and the escalator?"

A. "Oh, well, it's too bad we don't have a *roving* camera because we could see—like they have a tremendous picture of Bette Davis right over a catapult from some movie, and it catapults her right into Debbie Reynolds's bed. And then there are some fire exits which are symbolic of Detroit and Newark."

Q. "What about some of the other displays—the hats—"

A. "When you think about it, we're very limited in scope here. There's pictures of Hollywood stars and stuff about space travel, but it doesn't seem as if there's much else to talk about. I mean they don't *mention* that there's a civil war on in America, for instance. So we have the space capsules up there—and it's really very awesome to see them, to know they went through space—but I somehow cannot be as *impressed* seeing them, knowing . . . I don't mean to keep coming on *obsessed* with destruction that we're doing in another part of the world, but I can't *separate* it from this, because it's blood money."

Q. "Well, what's your general impression of Expo as a whole?"

A. "It's very symbol-conscious. One of the symbols is interesting because it has to do with the whole of Expo—people's inability to experience existentially the pleasures of *now*, so they somehow have to get their passports [admission price to Expo includes a 'passport'] stamped to show that they've been there, and you see the *clamor* to get their passports stamped, even though they don't really *have* that much freedom to travel. If I want to go to certain countries, I can't, and if you think back to before World War One, Bertrand Russell made the point, you could travel anywhere in the world *freely*, and now we've come to accept passports the way we've come to accept the *subway*—as if God planned it this way. . . . There's more symbolism. I think the Minirail going through the American Pavilion there is a lovely bit of sexual symbolism. It's my favorite moment at Expo. Mostly, there's a kind of *technological* joy. There's something paradoxical about waiting on line to have a good time."

Q. "Waiting 4 hours to see something that lasts 15 minutes—that's sexual too, you know."

A. "Well, you can read whatever you want into it. What I would like to do here, as a gesture of my commitment—since I feel there's something lacking in the American Pavilion, which is a certain recognition of the fact that the country is really split in two—since we're a nation of symbols, I would like to indulge in a symbolic act. I have my draft card here."

Q. "You're kidding."

A. "Would I kid about a thing like that?"

Q. "It's his draft card."

A. "And I'll hold a match here."

Q. "Are you sure you know what you're doing?"

A. "If I may."

Q. "He's burning his draft card—how about that for a scoop, hey?"

A. "Now, the reason I'm doing this is, again, because we get hung up on symbols. People will be more upset about this than about the fact that *children* are being burned alive."

Q. "Do you intend to stay in Canada now that you've burned your draft card?"

A. "I'm leaving tonight, but I want to see more of Expo first. You know, just because—I think there's a joy in the senses and in nature, and that Expo represents a celebration of technological achievement rather than man's relation to man—just because I burned my draft card, it doesn't mean that I can't, as a human being who digs life, *groove* on everything that's happening here. The significant thing about Expo to me is that of all the pavilions here, the only one that has anything written on the wall is the Youth Pavilion, where someone scrawled: *The duty of revolutionists is to make love!* So I want to just go around and do my duty—to my country—as a revolutionist."

The marines tell me it's against the law to burn my draft card. So I show them my draft card. "I lied on television," I lie. "That's not a crime. People do it all the time."

The U.S. Pavilion should consist entirely of a gigantic blow-up of an *actual* application for employment which contains this loyalty oath: "I am not now a member of the Communist Party nor will I become a member during the course of my employment with Lever Brothers Company."

Leaving the CBC people to argue it out with the USIA people, I go watch the film on children playing games. I sit there crying and laughing. The message is simple: There was once a time in your life when playing games was the most important thing in the world.

Someone at Expo has taken LSD and thinks he's me. He makes a collect call to my office, giving my name, and my scapegoat accepts the call. He tells *her* he's me. She can't hang up on him because he threatens to freak out if she does, insisting that she listen to his idea.

He's read the scare article on acid in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and although he doesn't trust it, he's decided to stop until more objective research is done. This is his last LSD trip for a while. Rather, his next-to-last.

He feels that the scientific method has been lacking, that all the happy trippers have been ignored, and he would like to sponsor an event that will be a combination anti-war-protest and pro-scientific-research—his idea: a psychedelic fuck-in—where all those who have taken LSD so many times that if what the *Post* says is true then it's too late, will go to Washington or Expo or somewhere and have an outdoor mass ball.

If others aren't ashamed to let children witness napalm-dropping, we're not ashamed to let them witness lovemaking. And then *let* the scientists *see* what kind of babies come out of these holy acid unions.

His idea is a bad one. I've seen the violence—from Tompkins Sq. Park to Century Plaza Hotel—that police are capable of inflicting on helpless demonstrators.

And of course I won't pay for the call. It was obviously someone else who placed it, my scapegoat accepted

the call *thinking* it was me, and then she had no humane choice but to continue the conversation.

Meanwhile, the interview has officially been labeled an "incident." It's shown on TV that night and becomes front-page news in Montreal papers the next day. So what? It hasn't changed anything. Every day a certain dread of pain automatically sets in just before the news comes on. In order to survive, you try to live your alternative of pleasure.

But pity the poor hippy who is allergic to flowers, who becomes nauseous from incense, whose hair just doesn't seem to grow, who breaks out in a bisexual rash from wearing beads, who hurts between the toes from wearing sandals, whose collective unconscious recalls a leper colony whenever people wearing bells walk by, who coughs uncontrollably at every inhalation of pot, and who, worst of all, doesn't have a Thing to Do.

Oh, somewhere there is a place for each of us: between the mysticism of the Electric Lotus (a tribal store whose guru thinks there is profound meaning to the fact that dog spelled backwards is God—an observation once made by Nick Kenny) and the materialism of the Electric Circus (a discotheque whose puppet show features a Buddhist monk immolating himself); between the Communist Headache (with a flower on the invitation to visit their new party headquarters) and the Capitalist Bufferin (with a TV commercial promising you turned-on days forever); between the ego-trip of Louis Abolafia (sitting in a restaurant, calling out "Down with the *Village Voice!*" [which had ridiculed his presidential campaign], "Up with *EVO!*" [which had front-covered him], stopping only to impose kisses upon an unpuckered stranger) and the ego-transcendence of Richard Alpert (sitting in a restaurant the day before he leaves for India to meditate for 6 months, discussing choiceless awareness while trying to decide what to order on the menu).

Actually, ego-transcendence is a Great Spiritual Myth. Ego has been getting a terrible press lately, but if, as I believe, consciousness and ego are synonymous, then consciousness-expansion means *ego*-expansion. The vibrations may vary, but there are *only* ego-trips—transcendence being the most self-involved journey of all—and the bullshit-quotient remains a function of your perception.

Choiceless awareness is another Great Spiritual Myth. You have to *choose* choicelessness. Even Andy Warhol has to *pick* his next camp site. What are you, a man or a camera?

At first I thought the flaw in *Blow-Up* occurs when David Hemmings fails to bring his camera with him to the park in order to record the presence of a corpse he's gone there for the *purpose* of verifying. But it's not a flaw, it's the crux: the only way he *can* be sure of reality is by taking a photograph of it.

No, the real flaw in *Blow-Up*—crystallized by the final scene of the pantomimed tennis game, when Hemmings picks up the imaginary ball at the silent urging of players and spectators, then throws it back to them—is the implication that involvement and detachment are mutually exclusive.

In the original ending, put to rest on Antonioni's cutting-room floor, David Hemmings picks up the non-existent tennis ball, *then runs away with it*, players and spectators chasing wildly after him, shaking their fists and shouting unheard curses, utterly enraged because he has interfered with their imaginary game.

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*Edward Apple*

ETHEL  
and BOB

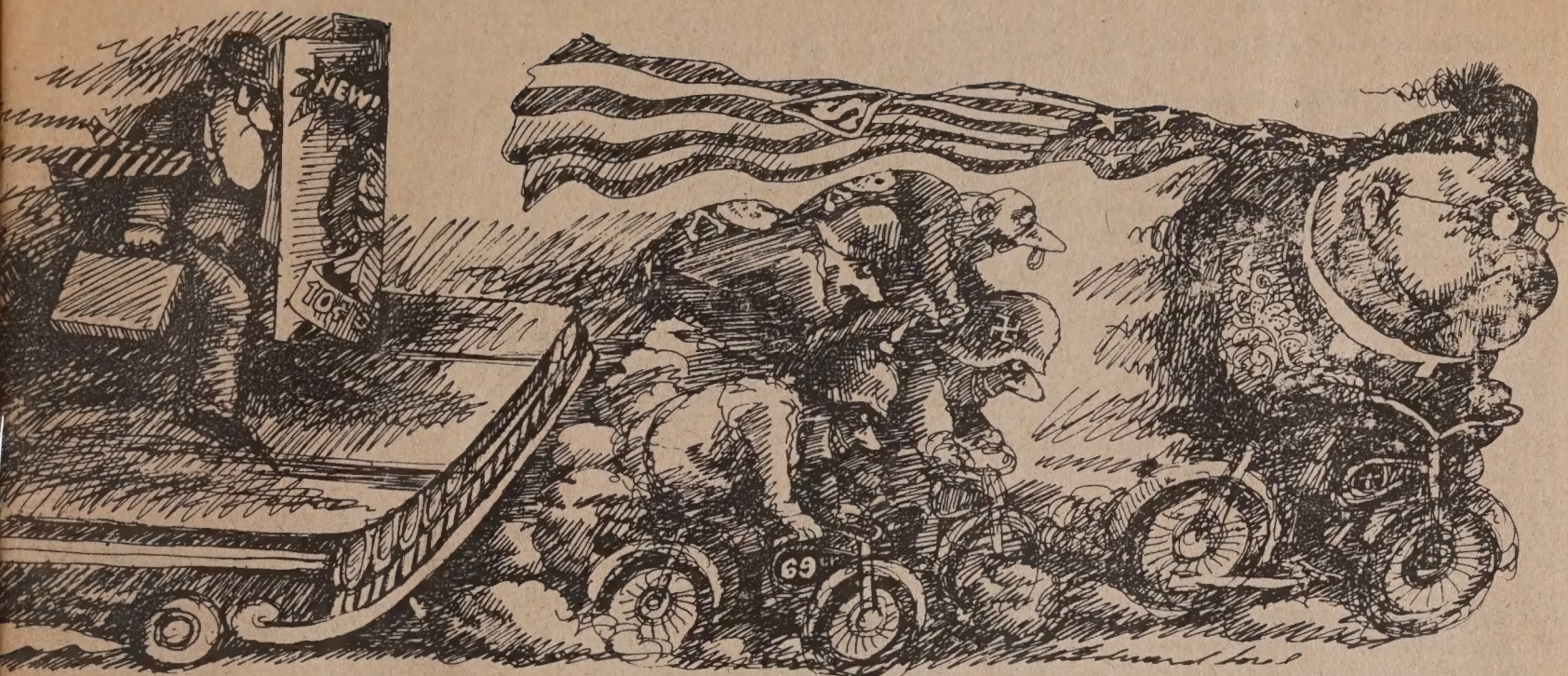
KENNEDY IN  
**I GOT RHYTHM**

WITH  
CARDINAL CUSHING  
as JACK OAKIE

**HEAR**  
I've Grown Accustomed To Her Pace  
'When Irish Thighs Are Smiling'  
'I'm Only High Society's Child'  
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CENTURY  
FOX**

"This war is, I believe, a war for civilization."  
—Francis Cardinal Spellman



## The Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book

An executive in the publishing industry, who obviously must remain anonymous, has made available to the Realist a photostatic copy of the original manuscript of William Manchester's book, *The Death of a President*.

Those passages which are printed here were marked for deletion months before Harper & Row sold the serialization rights to *Look* magazine; hence they do not appear even in the so-called "complete" version published by the German magazine, *Stern*.

*Second*

At the Democratic National Convention in the summer of 1960 Los Angeles was the scene of a political visitation of the alleged sins of the father upon the son. Lyndon Johnson found himself battling for the presidential nomination with a young, handsome, charming and witty adversary, John F. Kennedy.

The Texan in his understandable anxiety degenerated to a strange campaign tactic. He attacked his opponent on the grounds that his father, Joseph P. Kennedy, was a Nazi sympathizer during the time he was United States ambassador to Great Britain, from 1938 to 1940.

The senior Kennedy had predicted that Germany would defeat England and he therefore urged President Franklin D. Roosevelt to withhold aid.

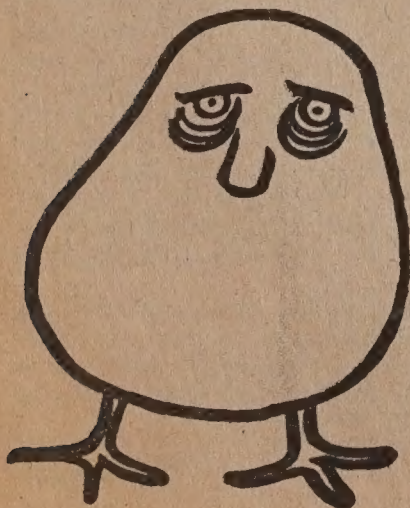
Now Johnson found himself fighting pragmatism with pragmatism. It didn't work; he lost the nomination.

Ironically, the vicissitudes of regional bloc voting forced Kennedy into selecting Johnson as his running mate. Jack rationalized the practicality of the situation, but Jackie was constitutionally unable to forgive Johnson. Her attitude toward him always remained one of controlled paroxysm.

*Second*

It was common knowledge in Washington social circles that the Chief Executive was something of a ladies' man. His staff included a Secret Service agent referred to by the code name *Dentist*, whose duties virtually centered around escorting to and from a rendezvous site—either in the District of Columbia or while traveling—the models, actresses and other strikingly attractive females chosen by the President for his not at all infrequent trysts.

(Continued on Page 18)



# The Realist

No. 74

May, 1967

35 Cents

irreverence is our only sacred cow

## Sir Realist:

### Letter from a Rightwinger

I occupy a political position which, I am sure, would be anathema to you, i.e., conservative. But I nevertheless find your publication lively, legitimate and interesting. Also I am curious as to why you have never realized that the conservative (particularly the Goldwater-style) position is basically libertarian, anti-establishment and thus closer to yours than, for instance, that of the institutional socialist.

Karl Hess  
Washington, D. C.

### Letter from a Leftwinger

Your juvenile editorial treatment of Leo Bernard and the Socialist Workers Party ["Mind Over Martyr," issue #69] is an illuminating example of yellow journalism at its very worst. Congratulations, and cancel my subscription.

The sick and puerile nature of your article excludes adult response; nevertheless, certain observations must be made. One is that in this issue of the *Realist*, you have gone round the bend from merely degenerate to openly reactionary. All of which leads me to the conclusion that before "their revolution" is accomplished, you will have earned a one-line obituary on the comics page—somewhat to the right of Little Orphan Annie.

And, when another unemployed taxi driver enters *your* office and confronts *you* for being "anti-administration," will you then know why?

W. Blumenthal  
Montreal, Canada

### Letter from a Freethinker

I find myself renewing with a goodly number of qualms. As a reader from the very beginning, I think I have the right to register a squawk or two.

What ever happened to the old Paul Krassner? Did you get old and ideologically hidebound? Whatever happened to "freethought criticism and satire"? Some of the stuff you've been printing lately is just plain repulsive. Any time I want to find how glorious life is in the DDR, all I have to do is find Radio Berlin International on my short wave set. Any time I want to find out about weird objects inserted in the rectum, all I have to do is call up my favorite proctologist. For that kind of dreck I don't need the *Realist*.

Let's face it, Paul—we're all getting a little older. Why not become a little more responsible in your radicalism? I've done it.

Leo Sirota  
Baltimore, Md.

### Letter from a Homosexual

For some time now I have been a fan of the *Realist*. I find it interesting, stimulating, thought-provoking and, all in all, a great publication. Your analysis of major and minor events is superb. For these reasons, I cannot help but wonder why the *Realist* seems to be anti-homosexual—or at the very best, not informed of the work of the Mattachine Society Inc. of New York.

For an instance, I found "The Fag Battalion" [issue #69] to be as obnoxious to me as I do "The Committee to Fight the Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces." We at the Mattachine are aware of the activities of this *very small* group of people, and we have received a great deal of undeserved criticism from their activities.



I would like to use this opportunity to point out that we are not only non-related groups, but that MSNY vigorously disapproves of their stated policy.

MSNY is a civil-rights group; nothing more, nothing less. Some of us vigorously oppose the war in Vietnam, whereas others in our group favor it. Since the goal of this Society, and the homophile movement, is to procure the legal rights denied the homosexual by law and to educate the public in regard to homosexuality, we refuse to mix issues by engaging in foreign policy. Our main goals are difficult enough to achieve.

MSNY is not a social organization; nor is its purpose to apologize for homosexuality. We are activists who are convinced that the time for asking to be treated as human beings is past—we are demanding our right to human dignity now. We use the methods of leafleting, picketing and court-action to achieve our goals.

This is the other side of homosexuality, the side I would like to see presented in the *Realist*. If nothing more, we would appreciate a statement in your pages to the effect that there is no

connection between MSNY and the Committee to Fight the Exclusion, etc. We would also like to make it clear to your readers that, not only did we not participate in their leafleting campaign, but we heartily disapproved of it, because it splits the homosexual community into pro-war and anti-war factions.

John L. Timmons, Secretary  
Mattachine Society of N.Y.

*Editor's note: Fighting the exclusion of homosexuals from the armed forces would certainly qualify as a civil-rights activity; if that form of discrimination is ever remedied, then those homosexuals who don't want to be drafted will no longer be able to exploit their deviation rather than face the consequences of conscientious objection.*

### Letter from a Heterosexual

I understand that homosexuals held a nationwide demonstration in protest of the armed services policy of excluding their ranks from military employ. Wouldn't it be a gas if they composed some sort of fight song, possibly *The Ballad of the Pink Berets*.

Warren Simpson  
Dept. of Sociology  
University of Alabama

## HEY, HEY, LBJ

(Continued from Page 20)

The President's neighbors could hardly be less congenial to the Park. As far as they're concerned, Lyndon Johnson is simply using the power of eminent domain to enlarge the LBJ Ranch where the power of dollars has failed.

The attitude of local landowners is neatly expressed by Joe Chapman Jr., a San Antonio real estate man who bought his 16-acre parcel across the Pedernales after plans for the Park had been announced: "If Lyndon Johnson craves my land as much as he appears to, I will sell same at a profit to him or his agents. In my view, this park is most peculiar."

Earl W. Sweeney, who raises peaches, plums and pecans directly opposite the Ranch, has led a two-year fight to make the Commission abandon the Park. His suit for an injunction against the condemnation proceedings is still in the courts. The retired marble dealer, who bought his 70 acres 7 years ago, has had 53 of his acres condemned.

Sweeney claims that his land is worth \$152,440. W. C. Brown, an Austin real estate broker representing the trustees of the Park, set the value at \$46,000. Finally, a board of special commissioners split the difference and called it \$62,000.

If you can't find out about the Lyndon B. Johnson State Park from the officer at the main gate, just march across the road and ask Earl or Martha Sweeney.

## Editorial Giggies

### Accept, Evade or Confront?

*Up Tight With the Draft?* is a pamphlet published by the War Resisters League, 5 Beekman St., New York, N.Y. 10038. Price: 10c; 12 for \$1; 100 for \$5. Or send them \$1 for their Draft Packet, which includes, along with the *Up Tight* pamphlet, a copy of *The Handbook for C.O.'s* (over 100 pages of essential information), the SDS pamphlet, and *Of Holy Disobedience* by the late A. J. Muste. The War Resisters League has men trained in C.O. counseling in most major cities. The name and address of the counselor in your area will be supplied on request by their New York office.

### Donald Duck Eats Daisies

The first free-lance article I ever sold was to *Mad* magazine a dozen years ago. It was illustrated by Wally Wood, who is also known to science fiction and comic book fans. Now Wally has completed the cycle with his after-Disney orgy in the centerfold of this issue. He has also turned publisher on his own with *Witzend*, which might roughly be termed a "fanzine" except that it's done by professionals—Frank Frazetta, Al Williamson, Harvey Kurtzman, Don Martin—so that along with the juvenile and stilted writing, it contains the work of perhaps the best comic artists and illustrators in the world. Price: \$1; subscription, \$4 for 4 issues. Wallace Wood, Box 882, Ansonia Sta., New York, N.Y. 10023. Enlarged copies of the Disneyland poster are available from the *Realist* (see coupon).

### Out, Damned Truth

I was planning not to exploit the *Realist* by mentioning here that I'm the biggest backer of *MacBird*, but that would be a form of censorship, right? Besides, now that the news has appeared in *Variety* and *Books* and the *World Journal Tribune*, there are a few things I'd like to clear up.

First, it isn't *Realist* money that's been invested in the play; it's my own personal \$3,000—savings from my income as a contributor to *Cavalier* and Society Editor & columnist for the CIA-subsidized *Ramparts* (I've never taken a salary from the *Realist*).

I originally met the author of *MacBird*, Barbara Garson, when I was involved with the protest scene at Berkeley. In a speech, her tongue slipped and she fell on her association: she accidentally referred to the

President's wife as Lady MacBird. Out of that, there developed a play whose only purpose then was to entertain her fellow demonstrators.

She submitted the manuscript to the *Realist*. I rejected it because the targets had already been verbally goosed so often in these pages. But when they eventually began holding backers' auditions, I decided to gamble—sight unseen—because so many people who don't read this magazine could now be exposed to such theatrical irreverence.

Elsewhere in this issue, Alan Whitney briefly criticizes *MacBird* for indulging in a left-wing version of McCarthyism. However, the Senator was acting in an official governmental capacity; the playwright is communicating a private parody.

Moreover, Joe McCarthy pretended he had evidence to back up his anti-Communist obsession; Barbara Garson pretends to have nothing but a literary device, and any irresponsibility may well dwell solely in the mind of the beholder.

Certainly the notion that the Johnsons had Kennedy killed is not new. And having fun with a notion ought not to be confused with promulgating it.

Barbara Garson and I were talking about what we would do if Lyndon ever invited us to the White House. I said I would accept it, if only to grasp the opportunity of confronting his feelings about the photos in *Ramparts* of napalmed Vietnamese children.

I asked *MacBird's* creator how she thought LBJ would react if he ever met her. She paused a second, then replied: "He'd say, 'How did you know?'"

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## THE CYNIC ROUTE

(Continued from Back Cover)

An unpopular favorite went: "Lady is a bird/ and Lynda is a bird/ and a bird is a dove/ and a dove goes cooooo (pronounced *coup*)/ LBJ, what happened to you? Peace! Peace! Peace!"

Another classic: "Two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar; all for peace stand up and *holler!*"

No one stood up and hollered.

After every speaker, the cheerleaders were called out to do a "locomotive." So, for example, after Dr. Benjamin Spock spoke, they did: "S! . . . S-P! . . . S-P-O! . . . S-P-O-C! . . . S-P-O-C-K! . . . Spock! *Spock! SPOCK!*" Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin lamented the wasted lives of American boys in Vietnam. When he finished, the SANE spokesman called out, "Now let's have a Coffin locomotive!"

The showbusinessization of protest has come to this pass: Norman Mailer *didn't* sign the Angry Arts petition ("It's not going to stop one V.C. from being burned") and Barbra Streisand *did*. But then she chickened out. Too bad, Barbra could've been the Dr. Spock of Pop.

Even atrocity has become Instant Camp.

A mixed-media presentation featured the live re-enactment of screaming Vietnamese peasants being tortured to the background of news quotes read aloud and the showing of *Night and Fog*, a silent testimonial to the effectiveness of Nazi genocide.

An actor was in the midst of violently slaying a girl portraying a Vietnamese woman. He stopped, carefully rearranging her skirt so her thighs wouldn't show. Simultaneously, on the screen, naked Jewish women were lined up to enter a shower.

A Washington businessman intends to open a topless discotheque for GIs in Vietnam. The Department of Defense's official position is one of helplessness even though bare-breasted go-go girls endanger "the moral climate to which are servicemen are exposed."

Meanwhile, in El Cajon, California, a night club has been headlining the 250-pound topless Vera.

On the night before Christmas Eve there occurred the cross-fertilization of the psychedelic scene with the protest scene. A candle-lit walk up 5th Avenue to express sympathy with suffering in Vietnam culminated at the Palm Gardens Ballroom in a celebration to express love of life everywhere.

The Pageant Players did a morality play on our foreign policy in the context of a laundromat. Ordinarily the troupe does their thing in *actual* laundromats before dirty clothes-bearers who never intended to become an audience, but they were never so apprehensive as now.

"We went over great at the Militant Labor Forum," confided a leader, "but we've never performed before to a stone-hippy crowd."

If *drug revolution* seems like a contradiction of terms, it would behoove us to taste for a moment the notion that the spreading of joy, as an alternative to horror, is indeed an act of rebellion, certainly no *less* effective than your 19th nervous teach-in.

True, one man's ecstasy is another man's freakout, but as long as the taking of a drug is a voluntary act—coercion being immoral, deceit being unethical—and as long as all the avenues of communication remain open, every individual has the right to go to Hell in his own way.

### Editor's Note

You may be wondering why issue #73 was dated February whereas this, issue #74, is dated May. Because of a delay, we decided to skip the March and April issues. This will not affect your subscription, which is figured by number of issues rather than by date.

Now, about that delay. For the first time since the Realist began in 1958, our printer refused to print an issue — and other printers subsequently turned down the job — because the cover story is so offensive.

You think it's fun being a censor? Try to empathize with the restaurant owner who, when Bobby Kennedy showed up at a farewell party for N.Y. Post columnist Pete Hamill, rushed into the men's room and rubbed a graffito off the wall: "Jackie Kennedy is a bad lay." He was afraid, of course, that Bobby would write underneath: "She is not."

When cancelling your subscription, please be sure to include your zip code.

During the past two years, I've taken LSD a dozen times, every one a good trip.

"How come I never have any bad trips?" I asked Tim Leary. "God knows I've tried."

"You've had them all, Paul."

He was right. For a dozen years *before* LSD, I indulged in a kind of uncompromising introspection, constantly objectifying my motivations until my unconscious and my conscious were increasingly one.

So, for me, LSD is like an ice cream soda of the soul. I don't smoke tobacco or pot or bananas; I don't drink coffee or alcohol; I don't eat aspirins or tranquilizers or amphetamines. One man, one drug.

However, on the day that Leary announced the formation of a new religion, I wrote him a note asking if I could be their first heretic.

Nevertheless, I've dutifully attended each media mass, learning one week all about the beat-beat-beat of my heart and how every one of us is Christ — J. D. Salinger, Arthur Goldberg, the girl in the box office — and the next week all about what's happening in my alimentary canal, baby, and how every one of us is Buddha—Premier Ky, David Brinkley, the Pinkerton guard watching over the congregation.

But the beautiful thing about the League for Spiritual Discovery is that the Supreme Court will eventually find itself faced with the delightful task of deciding what exactly *does* freedom of religion mean in America today?

Of course, Tim Leary is in cahoots with Ronald Reagan in encouraging young people to drop out of college—in Leary's case, as an act of harmony; in Reagan's, as an alternative to tuition. Still, Leary saw fit to have stapled to a League press release a roster of guides listing the number of years each has attended college.

We take you now to Millbrook, New York. A guide ushers in a long line of visitors, one by one.

Martin Garbus: "Dr. Leary, I've been listening to your sermons and I've decided to drop out of the legal game. So I won't be handling your case any more. . . ."

Dorothy Ross: "Dr. Leary, I've been listening to your sermons and I've decided to drop out of the public relations game. So I won't be booking you for any more TV interviews. . . ."

William Hitchcock: "Dr. Leary, I've been listening to your sermons and I've decided to drop out of the landlord game. So you and your extended family will have to leave my property. . . ."

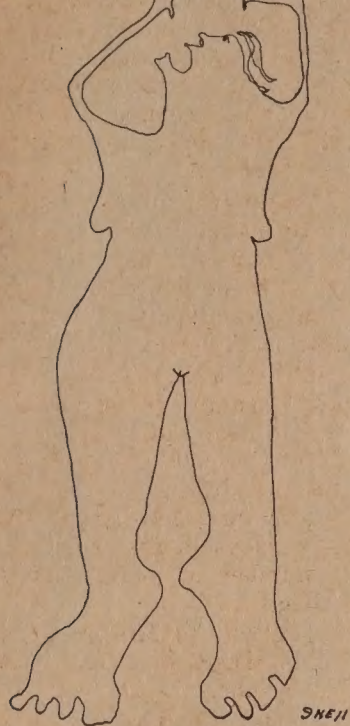
Richard Alpert: "Dr. Leary, I've been listening to your sermons and I've decided to drop out of the psychedelic game. So I won't be lecturing about LSD ever again. . . ."

Sitting in the lotus position on stage, Alpert talked about his mother dying and how there seemed to be a conspiracy on the part of relatives and hospital personnel alike to deny her the realization of that possibility. He also told about some fellow in a mental institution who thinks he's Jesus Christ.

Dick Alpert and I enjoy non-competitively upleveling each other. On one occasion, for example, I was particularly manic and he pointed this out, choosing an eggbeater as his metaphor. He was correct; I calmed down. Later I kidded him about having discussed his mother openly yet concealing the fact that the man who thinks he's Christ is his very own brother, death obviously carrying more respectability than craziness. I was correct; at the next performance Alpert identified him.

There have been parties after these League celebrations. In order to get in

LOVE ME YOU BASTARD



you must be on a list held by the Pinkerton guard watching over the door. An associate of Leary expressed his ambivalence: "Suppose someone really gets turned on spiritually by Tim and wants to come and share in the afterglow of his religious leader, but he's not on the list?"

Maybe the list could be narrowed down to two names—Christ and Buddha — then everyone could go. "Hi, I'm Jesus, my name's on the invitation list." "Hello there, I'm Buddha, Tim Leary told me so." Even the Pinkerton guard would be able to join the festivities.

It's one grand psychedelic soap opera: Did Richard Alpert give LSD to his dying mother? Will Timothy Leary have a fight to the finish with Alpert's brother? Is God really dead or has He merely dropped out? Be sure to turn on next week. . . .

There is a section of San Francisco where Haight and Ashbury Streets cross each other like a pair of mind-manifesting priests engaging in mutual perpetual genuflection. It's the United States of Mecca.

There is the new breed of panhandler—a long-haired young boy (what do you call a *male* teenybopper?) who asks, "Mister, can you spare a quarter to expand my consciousness?" — and the new breed of shoplifter—a non-violent Raskolnikov who describes his theft of a record from the Psychedelic Shop to someone who turns out to be a co-owner of that store (you can't tell the dropouts from the merchants without a program) —so the next day the records are sold from behind the counter.

In the window of the Psychedelic Shop, there was a photo of a 24-year-old

boy whose homeliness would transport Lee Harvey Oswald to matinee idol status. Next to the photo was this letter, for all passersby to read:

"I Peter Albert Roy have experienced under the drug LSD the total loss of exterior EGO, and as a beginning I shall state that I am a total Virgin in the physical sense of the word.

"I am also looking for a sincere girl to teach me the fundamentals of sexual love, for I have never known the feeling. I am not Homosexual nor do I wish that any male intervention bother me about this matter.

"Would somebody please help me?"

Below his signature was an address, but his request has yet to be fulfilled. Me sometimes thinks the acid community doth protest its love too much.

Their newspaper is the *Oracle* ("We are not responsible for our readers' habits"). A memo posted on the bulletin board in the office announced, "Will the Kooze who 'borrowed' the *I Ching* from this room please return same! — The Management." They interviewed me. Excerpts:

Q. You say you don't see LSD as a panacea?

A. LSD is a catalyst to awareness, so what I'm really saying is, I don't see *awareness* as a panacea. I don't believe in the Biblical concept, Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make ye free, because people have such a fantastic capacity to rationalize the truth.

Q. I was an atheist before I took LSD. Now I have an understanding of what is meant by God instead of just putting it down.

A. Now wait. I never put God down any more than I put Santa Claus down.

Q. Did your atheism change after LSD in any qualitative way?

A. No, no, how could it change? There was a different God I didn't believe in. People were very Christian before Christ ever existed, if He did. People were very humanistic before Humanism was ever organized. People were very loving before LSD was ever discovered. I dug defecating before I ever knew it was a Zen thing to do. So, what I'm saying is, *awareness* existed before LSD. . . .

But there is an ecological renaissance.

While hundreds of thousands of gallons of milk are being dumped daily by farmers in 25 states of price-consciousness, a phenomenon known as the Diggers are feeding each other at *no* cost. Standing in their rented garage, the Free Frame of Reference, I wondered aloud how they feel about charitable gestures. A Digger said, "Why don't you give us \$10 and find out?"

I gave him a \$1-bill.

He held it up, sing-songing: "Paulie gave us a *dollar*! Paulie gave us a *dollar*!" Then he touched it to a candle, and I watched my dollar burn. We're now burning over a billion dollars a month to show Vietnam what destiny it

should seek; we're sending a couple of million bucks up in flame just to destroy a crummy little bamboo bridge.

The tiny unburned corner that was left, the Digger placed in the hand of an 8-year-old Negro boy, saying: "Here, bring this home to your Mommy, and ask her about poverty . . . and she'll slap your face."

The kid said, "How can you do a stupid thing like that, burning a dollar bill?"

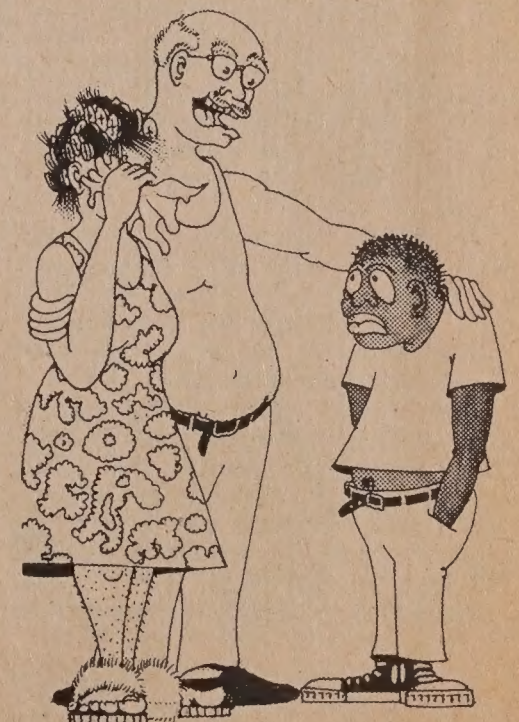
The Digger responded, "You have another level to go."

There are those who feel that if only black people would take LSD they'd stop aspiring to white middle-class values. But the desire to avoid rat-bites may well transcend white middle-class values.

*McCall's* magazine took a full page ad in the *N.Y. Times*. The space was taken up almost entirely by this challenge: "How you feel about the 15 words below tells if you're a bigot." Below, in much smaller print: "Your 14 year old daughter's first boyfriend is class president, intelligent, neatly dressed and Negro." The ad reveals *McCall's* bigotry in its blatant assumption of white readership.

In Detroit, Michigan, the Kongo Kemical Kompany manufactures the genuine, improved *KKK Hair Straightener*. But in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the Aeroseal Corporation manufactures *Instant Pussy*, a new spray car wax. Man, *that's* transcendentalism.

The Diggers were spawned by a curfew that grew out of racially poor unrest. You had to be indoors if you weren't doing something specific. So these courageous kids made food for themselves and ate it in the Golden Gate



"Son, it's about time your mother and I told you — you're adopted!"

Park Panhandle. Not even the National Guard could make them go away.

But that was a compromise. To stand on a street corner—*waiting for no one*—is the real goal.

Two principles became implicit in the afterbirth of the Diggers: (1) Autonomy is power. (2) Social activity is an art form.

Eight years ago Gregory Corso was enumerating all the things that didn't matter. I asked, "What about poetry?"

"That doesn't matter, either. When I write poetry, it's just a form of masturbation."

"You may be masturbating when you write poetry, but you want other people to *know* you're coming."

A few years later, Corso jerked off a play called *Standing on a Street Corner*. And a few years after that, incipient Diggerdom revised and performed it on a street corner, and blew pedestrians' minds in the process.

Hustling bruised food that would otherwise be thrown away at 4 o'clock in the morning and peeling a potato for the first time in your life at 4 o'clock in the afternoon are nothing but extensions of *theatre* in the guise of necessity.

Which helps explain the great tomato fight the Diggers had with a bushel of tomatoes that had been given to them for the purpose of eating, not splattering.

Further escalation leads to the Theatre of Cruelty. A guy spent \$200 to buy a used station wagon which he gave to the Diggers. They killed it. I'm telling you they assassinated that car. For it was a gift. And doesn't the recipient of a gift have the right to do with it what he will?

Your parents gave you the gift of life, but do they have the right to tell you what to do with that gift? They're left sitting in the audience between the tomatoes-donor and the guy who bought the station wagon, and together they're all experiencing the delusions of self-sacrifice. That, Mr. Bones, is where it's at.

The Diggers are a cross between the Mad Bomber and Johnny Appleseed, a combination of Lenny Bruce and Malcolm X, the illegitimate offspring resulting from the seduction of Mary Worth by an acidic anarchist.

Their leader doesn't exist and his name is Emmett Grogan, a hoax unwittingly played upon you by the underground press and the establishment press. Even *Ramparts* was tricked into using the photo of a member of the San Francisco Mime Troupe.

Emmett Grogan is the generic term for an existential hero of our time.

Norman Mailer talked to one Digger posing as Emmett Grogan. (Mailer: "LSD will make everybody pacifists." Grogan: "C'mere, I'll bite your nose off.")

The Quakers offered an \$8,000 salary to another Emmett Grogan but they refused his condition that it be given in at once in a lump sum.

A judge who faced yet another Emmett Grogan, charged with operating an opium den, asked: "Isn't there supposed to be an Oriental present for this?"

Bob Fass had a Digger claiming to be Emmett Grogan on his all-night WBAI-FM radio program. (Grogan: "Have you ever taken LSD?" Fass: "No, but don't tell anyone, it would ruin my image.")

On the Alan Burke show, a chick presented herself as *Emma* Grogan. A fellow Mad Digger chick came out of the audience and gently skwooshed a gooey cream pie in her face. They were ejected from the studio.

I was given—not sold; given—some LSD by a Digger calling himself Emmett Grogan. It was the purest, most powerful acid I'd ever had. Once, an LSD dealer gave five \$100-bills to the Diggers. They cut them up into tiny squares and ate the pieces as a communion breakfast.

*The Trip Without a Ticket* is a store in Haight-Ashbury. It has other names: *Property of the Possessed*; *The Federal Government*; *Systemicide*. It's theatre in the free form of a free store run by Peter Berg. Nobody pays anything except the changes they go through.

Peter was in a bar and asked the bartender what his tab came to. "Two-thirty," was the answer.

"That sounds like the time. What time is it?"

"Five-ten."

Peter paid the bartender \$5.10.

In San Francisco I stayed at the home of Margo St. James, a former prostitute. She's the hip hooker that Lenny Bruce knew only as a myth.

In Chicago, when he was working on his autobiography, he picked a whore off the street and paid her to read the manuscript so that he could see her reactions. But she was, after all, just a dumb broad, and before finishing the first couple of chapters, she said: "Hey, listen, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather ball."

Margo now owns a nun's costume and has joined our staff. She is *The Realist* Nun. Each month she'll get involved with some adventure—in uniform—and report her findings in these pages. As *Ramparts* becomes less and less Catholic, the *Realist* will fill the void.

When Henry Luce died, the *Ramparts* staff felt extremely mournful because they thought the word-of-mouth news referred to their office mascot, a monkey of the same name.

(*Time* put the Luce obituary on their cover only after learning that *Newsweek* planned to put it on *theirs*. If those periodicals really had a sense of humor,

they would've listed his death under "Milestones" and "Transitions" respectively, and let it go at that. In addition to requiring employees to stand in the lobby and listen to the funeral oration over loudspeakers, *Time* issued press passes: orange tickets for outside the church and red ones for inside. They said, "Henry Luce Funeral.")

On the night before New Year's Eve, I attended another workshop in advanced sensuality conducted by Maxine Serett (alias Rey Anthony). Capsule case history: Mr. X had a spontaneity hang-up; if Mrs. X said she liked something he could never do it again; they got divorced when he ran out of anatomical parts.

The fear of sensuality was evident in an arrest made because the Psychedelic Shop was selling *The Love Book*, poetry by Lenore Kandel. This was a violation of civil liberties. The trouble with dropping out is that the kids thought ACLU is something you smoke.

Censorship always backfires. At the City Lights Bookstore, only 35 copies had been sold during the two weeks prior to the arrest; 1800 copies after.

The Sexual Freedom League invited me to their New Year's Eve Orgy. Naturally, I accepted. It was for couples only. My date had guests that evening, so we took a cab—the driver gave her a rose, which she in turn gave to me—and after we were admitted to the orgy site, she left me there.

It was a large theatrical studio, with 150 people free-form dancing in the nude. Behind the closed curtains on the stage there were 15 small mattresses for those who wished to screw.

I sat on a chair, conspicuous because I was fully dressed, sniffing my rose like a voyeuristic pervert.

As Tim Leary points out, any six people with a lawyer can start a new religion, but any *four* members of the Sexual Freedom League can start a new 'circle.' So far there is the Peace Circle, the Kama Sutra Circle, the Eroticism in the Arts Circle and the Horny Men's Discussion Circle, which concluded at one meeting that a good place to meet girls would be the local laundromat.

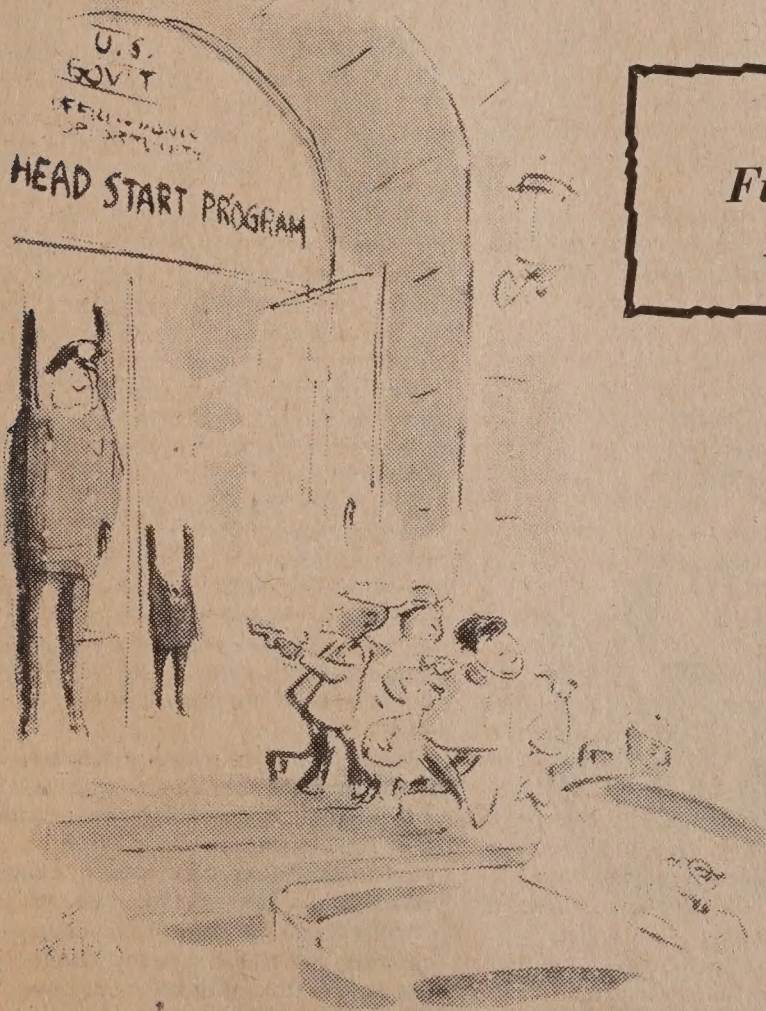
You don't have to be a circle jerk to love horniness, and so on New Year's Eve, a few independents could be found backstage, playing with themselves as they ogled couples playing with each other.

Out front, some males were being frustrated by females who didn't think it should be assumed they'd automatically have intercourse with their dance partners of the moment. I asked one such girl if this wasn't cockteasing.

"No, it's okay to hug when you're dancing close, but if a guy starts to kiss me or put his tongue in my ear, I tell him not to. Or if he begins to get an erection, then I tell him we'd better stop



"What do I say about the Warren Commission? I say the Warren Commission was hasty in its judgment, devious, bigoted, guilty as hell of covering up, and inclined to make serious accusations without considering all the evidence. *That's what I'd say; offhand.*"



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"It's simple. We use Vietcong tactics. Sneak into some little jerkwater midwest town. Strike a blow against the Establishment. Then simply fade among the population."

dancing. It's only fair. You have to draw the line somewhere."

At about 11 p.m. a League official announced that somebody was smoking an illegal substance, and since the orgy, albeit legal, was particularly vulnerable to a police visit, the smoker was endangering the other guests and would he kindly leave.

And three-quarters of the party split.

Midnight arrived, but kissing didn't appear to be part of the anti-tradition.

I was undressed by this time, and later a girl started stroking my knee. Not knowing quite what to say under the circumstances, I said, "You're very neighborly." It was instinctively appropriate.

At about 2 o'clock in the morning we went backstage. If sex has become casual, the drug experience is now treated the way sex once was. You don't usually take LSD on the first date.

A couple of weeks previously the Diggers had a street happening to mark the Death of the Old Haight and the Birth of the New Haight, with whistles and streamers and lollipops and a funeral procession to celebrate the spiritual departure of the Dollar. To indicate that time is more precious than money, a motorcycle roared down Haight Street with a girl standing on the seat behind the driver, and on her back was the message: NOW!

Police soon heeded this piece of philosophical advice by arresting a pair of Hell's Angels as insidious marijuana possessors.

For some odd reason, bail was hurriedly and arbitrarily set at \$157. The Diggers immediately took up a collection, and hundreds of them marched to the police station.

The goal in New York is that hippies will have as much concern for the arrest of a Puerto Rican kid, although it must be noted that when, at a Grand Central Station be-in, a girl got arrested for blowing bubbles without a license, the concept of solidarity dissolved like a sugar cube.

On New Year's Day in San Francisco, the Hell's Angels gave a sort of thank-you party for and with the Diggers in Golden Gate Park. While their motorcycles nuzzled each other, Angels wandered around, smoking pot in order to cover up the odor of the burning incense sticks they were giving out to other celebrants.

*Mary Poppins is a Junkie* was a bumper sticker originated by disc jockey Dan Sorkin. Walt Disney threatened to sue. I had gone on Sorkin's show and suggested that he put out another bumper sticker, *Mary Poppins Is NOT a Junkie*, but he had a better idea: *Grumpy Is a Horny Dwarf*.

Now, standing in the crowd on New Year's Day in the Panhandle was a lonely-looking dwarf. Suddenly a girl rushed up to him—an old friend—and

they hugged each other like mad. He stepped back, saying, "You're so fucking pretty," and I, the eavesdropper, stood there crying. Only rarely—maybe *Candid Camera* at its best, or Jeff Weiss performing in his play, *A Funny Walk Home*—has staged theatre had as much impact on me.

A hippy took the microphone and complained that the Hell's Angels get publicity only when they do something bad, whereas nobody ever tells how they go around giving baskets of food to needy families. A *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter passed along that news the next day.

One recalls that when Pope Paul visited the UN on October 4, 1965, he donated a diamond-studded cross and papal ring—valued at about \$150,000—the proceeds of which, when sold at public auction, were to feed the world's hungry.

The UN negotiated with Parke-Bernet Galleries to sell these acquisitions (they drummed up \$2.3-million for Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* in 1963). Postponement after postponement has occurred. Finally, Parke-Bernet thought this Easter would be an appropriate time, but as March rolled around they decided the market wasn't good enough. The auction has been postponed until autumn.

People can be put on—and they can also be put off—by Hell's Angels living up to their name. Needy families may still be waiting for their baskets of food, but the Angels really *did* have a brightly-painted bus with the sign, "Free Public Transportation," stopping at regular bus stops. Somehow, citizens didn't seize the opportunity to be their non-paying passengers.

Not that Hell's Angels are consistently anti-money. "We're gonna sue the producers of *The Wild Angels*," one told me.

"What for?"



"So I thought it would be nice, Father, if you would bless the napalm."

"Four million bucks."

"No, I mean *why*?"

"Slander. We would never mess up a church like they do in that movie. . . ."

Meeting a guru is a nice way to start off the new year. The classic searcher always ends up somewhere in a far-off cave in mystical India. My guru came to me. I was luxuriating in a sunken Roman bathtub; he was spouting his wisdom from the ivory tower of a toilet seat: Thaddeus Ashby, who got a grant while he was up, from the Sandoz Corporation, then the main manufacturer of LSD.

He had written about "the spontaneous production of an LSD-like substance in the body; say, something like serotonin, or a byproduct of adrenalin such as adrenochrome, or like tryptamine . . . recent experimental work seems to indicate that such an LSD-like substance indeed does appear naturally in the brains of mammals, with higher concentration in primates. . . ."

"The saints and mystics, such as Jesus, were both generously endowed with LSD-producing brain tissue, possibly located in the pineal body. Lesser lights were either born with an LSD-deficiency — or they submitted more easily to that cultural conditioning which dries up, discourages, atrophies or calcifies our natural wellsprings of LSD."

Now I was asking him about the metaphysical bit. He accused holy men of being dishonest about reincarnation by not acknowledging it as allegory: that we are reborn every *day*.

I went further. Why not every *minute*? Why not be reborn every *second*? Why not just one continuing *nowness*?

In Los Angeles there is this couple, Vito and Sue. Their 3-year-old son, Godo, fell through a skylight and died. That same night they went to a party and danced. When all is here and now, is it possible for grief to be too brief?

We think it silly of Lurleen Wallace, who was governor-elect at the time, to have said that there would be no inaugural ball when she took office because it would be inappropriate as long as Alabamians were fighting in Vietnam.

We're tolerant of the British parents who have called for the dismissal of a teacher who asked his science class: "A man is hanging on a rope in a prison death chamber. The man weighs 168 pounds. What is the tension of the rope?"

We feel no vital tinge of tragedy over the 25-year-old Spaniard who climbed up a 20-foot wine vat to take a drink, fell in and drowned in the wine.

Can a sense of detachment, then, be stretched to embrace the loss of your own child? When beautiful little Godo was alive, he was always with his parents, and Vito called him "My flower, my butterfly." On the evening of the day he

died, Sue explained his absence to other party-goers: "Godo couldn't make it tonight."

"Experts," Aldous Huxley wrote, "continue to act expertly and to find satisfaction in their accomplishment, even when friends have just been eaten."

Sue was already pregnant again.

The Realist Nun decided that her first project would be to drive me to the airport, where we would neck goodbye—arms, hands, lips, tongues, bodies—people couldn't believe their eyes. She gave me a farewell pinch on the right buttock. I responded, "Give my regards to Father Berrigan." Nobody would sit next to me on the plane.

In Los Angeles, I stayed at the home of Ed Lange, publisher of several nudist magazines. Recently he tried to place this ad in the *Village Voice*:

"How About Those Kooky Nudists? What's their story? Do they do it for kicks? Or is there some substance in what they believe? (For that matter, what do they believe?) The answer to these and a host of other questions about one of the western world's least understood practices are contained in two comprehensive booklets, *The Nudist Fact Finder* and *Nudism Explained*. Frankly but tastefully illustrated, both deal candidly and forthrightly with the philosophy which has given birth to a whole new approach to living for literally hundreds of thousands of otherwise perfectly ordinary people."

There were tiny 3/4-inch photos of the booklets' covers. The *Voice's* advertising manager replied: "I am returning the enclosed ad, as it is not acceptable in its present form. We may give consideration to running the ad without the 'benefit' of the illustrations." (The booklets are available from the *Realist*.)

The *Voice* has a double standard for editorial and advertising matter. Here's another ad they wouldn't accept:

"A Memo from Paul Krassner: I don't mean to boast, but it's quite possible that on the opening night of *MacBird* I personally made theatrical history. When the play was over and the actors had taken their curtain calls and Barbara Garson had curtsied her response to the bravos, I stood up and shouted: 'Fuck you, Walter Kerr!' Now that isn't exactly the sort of behavior one expects from the biggest backer of a production, but my generic outburst to the critics was really a statement of faith in the audience. The reviews will be irrelevant."

The *Voice* accepted: "Darn you, Walter Kerr!"

It's a significant barometer that the line which gets the biggest reaction in *MacBird* is when Bobby Kennedy says, "I basically agree with both positions." In real life he both comes out *against* the bombing and (along with Senator Fulbright) votes for LBJ's supplement-

al budget to subsidize the Vietnam war.

The latter fact was reported by Jack Newfield, a stroke of integrity since he is Bobby's approved biographer as well as his bridge to the New Left. RFK has personally shown his expedient rear parts to Staughton Lynd and Tom Haydn and Phil Ochs.

If, to the left of Ochs' guitar, stands folksinger Dave van Ronk, saying that we should openly declare our support for the NLF—and if you don't dig their terrorism that's tough titty—the radical end of the psychedelic spectrum refuses any more even to *acknowledge* the war.

"McNamara hasn't dropped out yet," pleads Robert Scheer to the acid culture. But he pays taxes and they don't. Sure, it still costs \$85,000 to buy one commercial TV minute on the Super Bowl game. But simultaneously these pockets of Digger subculture are dropping in all over the country: communities based on the premise that altruism is the highest form of selfishness.

And when that Big Depression comes . . . already economists are talking about the first *wartime* recession in American history.

The schism is basic. On one hand Navajo Indians have committed themselves to aid the Diggers in land reclamation. On the other hand Navajos have contracted to aid the General Dynamics Corporation in the development of tactical weapons for use in U.S. Navy vessels. That company recently won a multi-million dollar Defense Department bid for the Standard missile.

Los Angeles, site of the famous tourist attraction, Generation Gap, bounded on one side by a mountain range with a giant profile of Lolita sculpted into the rock, and on the other by Art Linkletter's retirement ranch, Last Stop, where guests are busy compiling a book, *Senior Citizens Say the Darndest Things*.



"It was a truck that just went by. They said: 'Show me your lark, fella!'—so I did."

I met some of the Los Angeles Provos. Four of them, dressed in suits and ties, had put a dime in a parking meter and assembled chairs in the parking space they'd paid for. They sat there quietly for an hour. Mimeographed sheets were given out with questions, such as: "How do you buy time without buying space?" A busdriver told them they were double parked. A teenybopper accused them of wasting time.

On another occasion, the coin slots of parking meters were filled with epoxy glue.

And then there were those 4,000 marijuana cigarettes planted in books at four libraries. In the background we can hear the Provos singing: "Om coming, Om coming, for my head is bending high. . . ."

I was scheduled to do a couple of TV shows.

With Joe Pyne, it's a package deal, you have to do his radio show too. It was on radio, though, that I learned his style. He asked why I was for repeal of the abortion laws.

"Because I don't think that a woman should have to bear an unwanted child as punishment for accidental conception."

"Do you edit your magazine because you were an unwanted child?"

"No, Daddy. . . ."

I'm still waiting for non-exploitative doctors to commit civil disobedience; I'm still waiting for an abortion ship to be launched; I'm still waiting for an island of humanity. Readers are invited to contribute to a fund to pay for abortions on teenage girls who were raped; send your tax-deductible donations to Parents Aid Society Inc., 130 Main St., Hempstead, N.Y.

The *Realist* is organizing a rape-in. We plan to have volunteers sexually assault the wives of all those legislators who vote against the abortion reform bill. Our purpose: mass impregnation. Then let *them* lobby it out with their husbands. "Don't give me that murder bullshit, you *schmuck*, just get me a good doctor!"

I taped the radio show in the Capitol Records building. This was the day that Jack Ruby died (everybody sing *Goodbye Ruby Tuesday*) and Capitol was exploiting the event by pre-releasing their l.p. on the Kennedy assassination, featuring an interview with Ruby in the hospital.

The family had received \$5,000 for this exclusive dialogue, but brother Earl wasn't satisfied with it. So producer Larry Schiller switched tapes—he hadn't even seen *Blow-Up* yet—and gave him a blank tape, which he destroyed.

Earl Ruby did consent to speak to reporter Bernie Gavzer, who filed his story with this lead: "Jack Ruby, fully aware he's dying of cancer, pleaded today for a lie detector to prove to history

that he was not involved in any conspiracy to kill Lee Harvey Oswald."

That's a fundamental philosophical situation—when you *know* you're dying, you spout the truth, right?—only Associated Press changed the phrase to "Jack Ruby, in his dying days. . . ."

I signed the agreement that "I shall have no claim (against Joe Pyne et al) for compensation or for defamation, libel, slander, violation of privacy, or otherwise. . . ."

He began on TV by calling the *Realist* a filthy, avant garde, left wing rag, and then he asked: "Why do you feel compelled to print the most obscene words in the English language every month?"

"Why do *you* feel compelled to underline a few words in a magazine that contains 20-or-30,000 words?"

The game is to put *him* on the defensive.

"Does your magazine cater to homosexuals?"

"Why Joe, did you find something that appeals to you?"

The studio audience doesn't care who wins, the Christians or the lions, as long as there's action.

Pyne opened up issue #64 and said, "Well, this caught my eye here, you printed a cartoon about a homosexual act."

"Joe, that's fantastic, it's a heterosexual act."

The cartoon depicts a man sitting at a huge desk, speaking on the telephone: "I'm very sorry, but we of the FBI are powerless to act in a case of oral-genital intimacy unless it has in some way obstructed interstate commerce." Pyne wouldn't read the caption out loud.

"Look it up in the dictionary," he said.

"Look it up in the Kinsey report."

Remember, the viewing audience had no idea what this Ambiguous Act was. Their collective imagination was being strained beyond belief.

"You're bluffing," he said.

"You're bluffing."

Obviously Joe Pyne has never shared the pleasure of oral-genital intimacy with his wife.

The other TV program was the Mort Sahl show, which had been dealing outspokenly with contemporary controversies, so when the option wasn't renewed ostensibly because of a low rating, there was much suspicion. But Sahl had a nightly radio show and asked his listeners to write in to KTTV. By the time 31,000 letters arrived, they had conveniently discovered another rating service and the option was renewed.

Of course Mort has gone crazy—he has a blackboard on which he has written things in chalk like "We Demand Faith in the Future," and the audience applauds faithfully—but if you search among the megalomaniacal weeds you'll find growing some of the funniest, most incisive socio-political commentary

around, and it's on a mass medium.

Sahl wants to have a mock trial on his program as a preview of the Vietnam War Crimes Tribunal, and he asked me to return and act as defense attorney. He actually expects me to *defend* Johnson, Rusk and McNamara. I agreed to do it. My plan is to plead insanity.

Once, in my class at the Free School, the subject of the Tribunal came up. I suggested that Donald Duncan, the ex-Green Beret, would be a logical U.S. representative. The students said things like "No, he's too identified with the Establishment," and "No, he would only represent the Administration point of view."

It finally came out that they'd misunderstood what I'd said. For 10 minutes we had been quasi-seriously discussing the possibility of whether America's action in Vietnam constituting a crime against humanity should be decided by Donald Duck.

My trip to the West Coast culminated with getting kicked out of Disneyland.

I went with three friends, one a lawyer whose dog jumped into the car as we were leaving his home. Dogs aren't allowed in Disneyland. In fact, male *humans* with long hair or beards or other stereotypical beatnik accoutrements aren't allowed in.

The Beatles wouldn't be permitted to enter Disneyland—unless they were performing there. Jesus Christ wouldn't be permitted to enter Disneyland—unless he was performing there.

(In the lobby of St. Patrick's Cathedral there are exactly 17 signs in the lobby warning: "Do Not Enter Unless Properly Dressed for Church." Jesus Christ wouldn't be allowed in even if He were performing there.)

We bluffed our way into Disneyland by convincing a ticket-taker that the manager had given us permission earlier on the telephone inasmuch as the dog was needed to guide my friend with the impaired eyesight. Inside we continued to fake it, explaining to the Disneyland

Virgin that the dog had already been cleared by the ticket-taker.

After lunch a big man with a small walkie-talkie approached us with the choice of putting the dog in the Disneyland kennel or leaving the place altogether. My friend explained how this exception to their rule had been arranged *two weeks* ago, and he asked to speak to the chief of security.

"I'm the chief of security."

"Just the man I want to see."

Incidentally, I should mention that the canine in question was *not* a seeing-eye dog. It wasn't even a German Shepherd. There was no metal brace for the owner to hold onto, just a rotten, knotted leather leash. And the dog was a blood-shot-eyed Basset Hound that kept stumbling all over the ground because it had to pee and was searching for a spot where a dog had previously peed, but no dog has *ever* peed in Disneyland.

Especially not Pluto.

Okay, if we had to leave, weren't we entitled to a full refund? Yes, we were. So, while the others waited at the gate, I was escorted to a building called City Hall. Inside, a woman was requesting that her lost child be paged over the loudspeaker, but she was refused because it wasn't an emergency.

I didn't wish this man to think that I wanted him only for his money, so I asked if there had been any special ceremony when Walt Disney died.

"No, we kept the park open. We felt that Mr. Disney would have wanted it that way."

"Well, wasn't there *any* official recognition of his passing?"

"We did fly the flag at half-mast for the rest of the month."

And Disney stock rose one point the day after his death and continued to ascend. The Studio earns about \$100-million a year now, and even though his God is dead, Mickey Mouse will live on.

Where does the psychedelic revolution fit in?

The *East Village Other* sent a memo to advertising agencies asking: "Do you want to reach the thousands who influence the 'tastemakers'? A dynamic new media exists. . . . Ours is an influential audience. It is a buying audience that is first to respond. Local advertisers have found it to be an effective selling media. Ask yourself, 'Who's hip?' Then ask, 'Do I want to reach them?' If you do, our media will serve your needs. Try us!"

In that utopia where LSD will be legal, then, perhaps we can expect to see a series of ads guaranteeing the consumer a better trip than that provided by the competitor's product or your money cheerfully burned.

Meanwhile, the Pageant Players will continue to perform their morality play, and sooner or later they're going to confront the Horny Men's Discussion Circle looking for girls at a laundromat.



— S. GROSS

"No, my child, this is not a magic wand. I just lit a fart."

## Modest Proposals

by John Francis Putnam

### Top Secret Budget for CIA Expenditures

● \$35,000 disbursed to the Topps Bubble Gum Corp. of Brooklyn for research and development of their toy series of Monster "Flying Things" model airplane gliders, as part of a nationwide subliminal flight-aptitude program of pre-conditioning for U-2 pilots.

● \$10,000-a-year pension disbursed to Amos "X"—a 76-year-old Negro composer now living in semi-retirement, still chained to the same piano he was first shackled to back in 1913. Pension is awarded to him in honor of the many patriotic songs he's written, including *God Bless America*.

● \$2,000,000 final installment payment for the British Navy. The CIA has been secretly buying up the British Navy and destroying it so that it would not fall into Communist hands. When the need arises for the British government to "show the flag," the CIA borrows a frigate from the land-locked navy of Ghana.

● \$23.86 to *Commentary* magazine to encourage them to restore linguistic lapses such as, for example, the substitution of "Jew's Harp" for the current "Jaw Harp."

● 25c payment from out of special funds, to defray costs of Pennsylvania Station coin-in-slot locker storage of last remaining copies of *Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts*.

● \$40 for a custom-tailored radioactive garter belt for Miss Gloria Steinem. Purpose of this item is highly classified.

● \$2 for a set of insulators for the above.

● \$700 for purchase of novelty shop "Poo Cushions" to be placed on every chair occupied by United Nations delegates from Iron Curtain countries with a view to-



The Realist Nun Reads to a Trio of Eager Novitiates

ward bringing discredit upon them en masse when they are formally seated at the next opening session.

● \$238,000 to MPO Productions, Inc. to make a dirty movie about William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies for showing to Dominican freedom fighters as an infiltration course morale-building film.

● \$3,000,000 in small bills for use in CIA's own training program. This money (in singles, 5's and 10's) will be used to teach our agents how to start a fire when no kindling wood or newspaper is available.

● \$456,098 for disbursement to Widows and Dependents Pension Pool for cases of Mistaken Identity Casualties connected with the Class C Routine Assassination Program.

● 85c for sun pictures and secret ink.

● \$230 to the Herbert Berghof School of Dramatic Art to train six operatives to become doubles of Chet Helms and Ken Kesey.

● \$23 to Chet Helms and Ken Kesey.

● \$3,000,000 bribe to the Prefect of the Congregation of Sacred Rites of the Supreme Roman Rota at the Vatican to include the name of Lenny Bruce in the 1968 Calendar of Saints.

● \$1,000,000 Persuasion Fund to convince the New York City Police Department to re-establish the Vice Squad and rescind Mayor Lindsay's ban on entrapment of homosexuals in public toilets.

● \$4,500 to Norman Rockwell to paint a likeness of Cardinal Spellman to be placed on all rubber prophylactics distributed to Catholic servicemen.

● \$24.65 to Dave's Candy Store & Luncheonette to encourage a richer mix in the egg creams.

### Will the Transfer System Go to Pot?

An unimpeachable source (a close friend who was actually there) informs us that the Atomic Energy Commission's top executives ride around in Cadillac limousines which were actually confiscated from underworld figures who had run afoul of the tax system. This, he tells me, is standard governmental practice: take it from the Bad Guys and give it to the Good Guys.

Now, tell me, what is happening to all the beautiful marijuana that gets confiscated every year by the federal narco squad? I hear it goes up in smoke—via government incinerators.

Why not apply the transfer system already set up with the Cadillacs? I can see the pot being used to turn on the Peace Corps (they're frustrated enough, God knows, trying to explain our foreign policy all over the world). Or it could be burned in special braziers and the smoke fed into the air-conditioning vents at the Pentagon and at the Strategic Air Command war room.

A good healthy cloud of Acapulco Gold might not do the Presidential office suite any harm, either.

### Send This Boy to Camp

What with the art season about to swing into full bloom, and what with happenings all over, we would like to suggest the following as a new art form: a special exhibit at the Castelli Galleries of two dozen nude teenyboppers and Chelsea-type girls upon whose fair flesh various ardent practitioners of the hitherto private art have applied "hickies."

A beautiful Hickies Exhibit—neck hickies, thigh hickies, below-the-ear-hickies—all that passion and devotion to art can allow. "Hold still, honey, we want this one to *really* stone 'em . . . there . . . and it's raspberry red too!"





## Advice to the Veteran-Lorn

by Marvin Kitman

While policing up the area in the attic of my house in Leonia, New Jersey, pursuant to my wife's orders for a pre-spring clean-up, I recently found my old Army duffel bag.

It was filled with the 60 pounds of national defense materiel all ex-GIs are required to sign out for in triplicate before they are allowed to come marching home from peace. Essentials of war like: trousers; fatigues, khaki; boots, combat, leather; shorts, under, cotton.

As soldiers in the inactive reserve we're under orders to hold on to the government property in case we're suddenly called back to fight for democracy. What puzzled me is that I had completed my military obligations in 1961, yet the government still hadn't picked up its property.

I called some of my old Army buddies and discovered that they, too, unknowingly had been stockpiling national defense materiel.

"How would you like to get involved in this Vietnam protest thing?" I asked.

"I get it," one vet said. "We burn our duffel bags?"

This was no time for politics, I explained. What was wrong with Vietnam was not the waste of lives over there, but the waste of taxpayers' money. Just the other day our president asked for a 6% surtax to pay for the war. Funds allotted to buy new equipment could be better used to increase, say, veterans' benefits.

I'm no von Clausewitz, but there didn't seem to be any military reason why our troops couldn't fight in old clothes, as long as they were clean. War is *supposed* to be hell.

There was some evidence that old clothes might even *help* the war effort in Vietnam. In the early days of the war—when the Pentagon was supplying the boys old equipment—we were winning the war. Every time a GI was spotted wearing a Sam Browne belt or riding a World War I mule, a top Pentagon official would call a press conference.

"The war is going well and will succeed," Secretary of Defense McNamara said on January 31, 1963.

"The corner has definitely been turned towards a victory in South Vietnam," explained Assistant Secretary of Defense Arthur Sylvester on May 8, 1963.

But now that the corner has been turned, after spending billions for new clothes and other frills, we seem to have discovered a dead end sign. Victory statements have fallen off sharply.

Even if American mothers objected to the economy measure, the Pentagon could sell the old clothes on the world arms market. There's always a big demand for fatigues, especially in Cuba.

How much in savings was I talking about here? Curious myself, I threw my old duffel bag into the back of my station wagon and drove to an Army-Navy store to have it appraised.

At Weiss & Mahoney's of New York City, I found that the dozens of national defense materiel in my duffel bag would cost almost **\$200 at today's market prices**. Using the latest cost accounting methods now in favor at the Pentagon—1,000,000 duffel bags x \$200—

it was easy to see that millions were at stake in reclaiming old duffel bags.

To make it easier for the Defense Department to process in an orderly manner these patriotic contributions towards reducing the arms budget in fiscal 1966-67, my idea was that all ex-GIs should return their surplus equipment on one day, April 15. But my plan seemed to have one flaw.

All the vets I talked to were afraid to get involved with the Pentagon. The military is famous for mistakes. Somebody who suddenly turned up with a fully packed duffel bag might find himself being shipped by McNamara's computers to Vietnam. Since it was my idea, my buddies suggested that I volunteer to turn in *my* duffel bag first.

They were being silly. With all his new efficiency measures and sound business procedures, the newspapers were saying, Secretary McNamara had revolutionized the way the military did things. Still it wouldn't hurt to alert the nation's largest veterans group in case something went wrong.

"We can't assign you legal counsel just because you say you're a poor veteran," said an official of the American Legion's New York County Welfare Committee. "What crime do you think you've committed?"

"What if the computers accuse me of illegally possessing government property the last six years?"

"They've probably forgotten about your duffel bag," he said.

"There weren't any loose ends when McNamara was running the Ford Motor Company," I explained, "and it isn't like him to forget anything now in his fight to reduce costs and improve efficiency in the military establishment. I might be walking into a booby trap. What should I do?"

He suggested I wear the uniforms in parades.

The principles of following the chain of command had been drilled into me as an enlisted man. So I decided to begin turning in my duffel bag at the Pentagon.

I worked out a secret code with my wife. If she received the message "CALL MY CONGRESSMAN" it meant that I was in trouble. And then I boarded a crowded train for Washington. A man gave me his seat because I was carrying a duffel bag.

On the afternoon I approached the nerve center of the military-industrial complex of America thousands of civilians, officers, non-commissioned officers and Communist spies were walking in and out of the doors. I followed after them, saluting the officers.

At the front desk, I asked a receptionist, "Who am I supposed to talk to about duffel bags?"

"Did you lose one?" she asked without looking up.

"No, I found one."

"Did it have an address on it?"

I pulled rank on the receptionist "Just direct me to the Escalator."

Reaching Secretary McNamara's office on the second floor, I dropped the duffel bag off in a corner, saluted smartly, and said, "Greetings."

His aide asked, "Who wants to see the Secretary of Defense?"

"US51284531," I said.

"US512—*what?*?" asked the WAC corporal on duty.

"US51284531, *sir*," I apologized. "He'll remember me. Everybody says he has a mind like a computer."

"What is the nature of your business with the Secretary?"

"I'm really sorry about the delay in returning his property. I won't let it happen again."

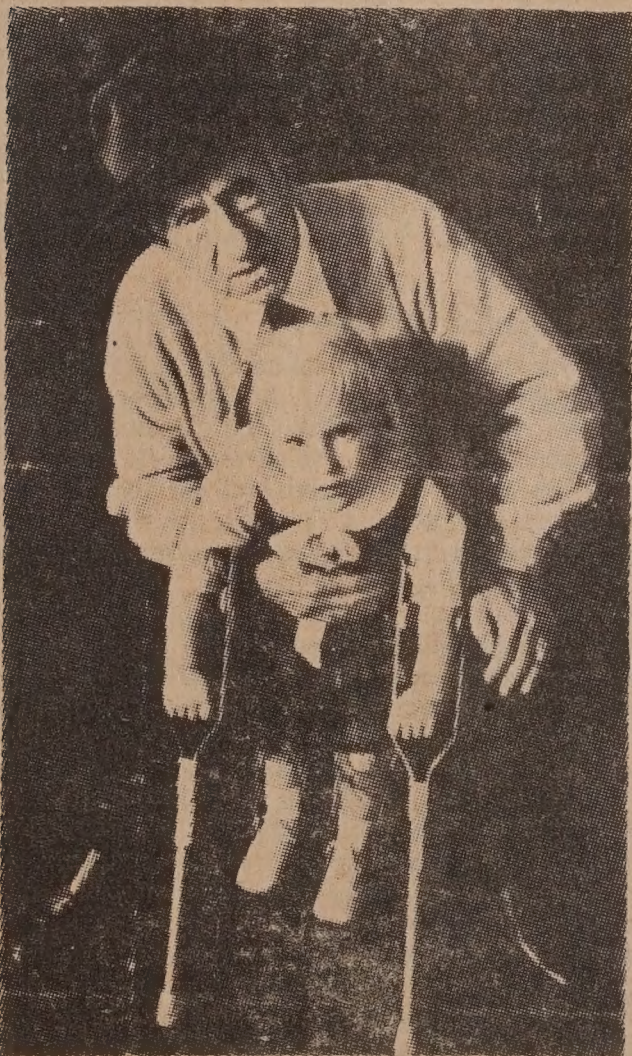
She didn't seem to be familiar with my case. So I suggested that I wait for the Secretary, who was out at a Congressional hearing. Never having been so close to the center of the power structure, a man who has President Johnson's ear, I gave his aide some of my theories about what was wrong with the war in Vietnam.

"We have to start escalating on the home front," I explained. "First, all Vietnamese-Americans should be rounded up and shipped to internment camps in California. There may be a little trouble recognizing friendly South-Vietnamese-Americans from North-Vietnamese-Americans since they all look alike. All Vietnamese-Americans should be interned, regardless of their minor political differences. What this country needs next is press censorship. The newspapers have been guilty of giving the American people the impression that the administration knows what it is doing in Vietnam. As a result our people aren't worried enough about the war. Then the government should condemn hoarders. . . ."

"What's going on here?" an officer asked. I jumped to attention. "Do you think the Defense Secretary has time to handle duffel bags personally?" he asked. "That's the Secretary of the Army's job."

I swung the duffel bag on my shoulder and double-timed down the Pentagon's corridors to the Secretary

### Soft-Core Pornography of the Month



Pedophilia in the Reader's Digest

of the Army's office. Even though I was dressed in mufti, there was something about my manner which commanded respect.

"By order of the Secretary of Defense's office," I sounded off loud and clear, "Kitman, Marvin, PFC (Ret.) requests permission to drop off his bag, duffel here, sir."

The WAC on duty at the Army Secretary's front desk slapped shut the copy of *Silver Screen* she was reading camouflaged behind the *Army Infantry Journal*.

She leaped to attention.

Trying to relax her, I said, "At ease."

While she phoned to ask if the Secretary could sign for my duffel bag, like any veteran I began swapping war stories.

"I was drafted right after President Eisenhower was elected," I reminisced. "At the Fort Dix Reception Center I said, 'I will go to Korea with Ike—providing I can come home with him.' You know how the Army is, they never give you what you ask for. They sent me to the Brooklyn Army Base instead. That's one of the installations the Pentagon phased out in the last economy wave. Maybe I should have left the duffel bag there so you could have picked it up with your other stuff. . . ."

She finally told me to report to the Adjutant General's Office where I should have been sent in the first place.

Where would the Army be without orders, I thought as I slow-marched along, feeling more and more like the unknown soldier. *There's got to be discipline.*

"EM do not report here," explained a civilian in the AG office, "when they're called back to active duty."

I turned a shade 33 (green) while I explained the misunderstanding. Then I turned red with anger: "If you don't take your property off my hands, I'm going to report this whole place to the White House!"

That wasn't an idle boast. During the last presidential campaign, I was at a rally on New York's 7th Avenue when President Johnson said, "Yuh-all come and see me some time." I know that all 200,000 of us would still be welcome.

My threat was effective. The civilian ordered me to bring the duffel bag to where it should have been in the first place, the Deputy Chief of Staff for Logistics.

Having once read there were 27,000 employees at the Pentagon, all of whom might be required to order me around under Secretary McNamara's new sound management system, I decided to speed up the process by using an automation device. I dropped into the next phone booth in the corridor and called the Pentagon.

The executive officer at Deputy Chief of Staff for Logistics referred me to the people at Inventory Control Branch. "It sounds to me like *they* should have picked up that property six years ago," said a civilian at that branch. "If you have any trouble getting disposition action, tell them you spoke to the Pentagon about this."

I obediently told that to the proper authorities at Supply Management Division. "We handle rockets, tanks and machine guns," she said. "Is that what you found in your attic?"

When the operator accidentally cut off my call to the Lost and Found Division, I began to understand why the Edsel was such a successful car when the Defense Secretary was in the automobile business.

I did an about-face and went back to the Secretary of the Army's office for an amended set of orders. A

new WAC on duty said, "No sweat, just follow me." She marched me to the Army Secretary's Administrative Supply Group and gave the Section Chief orders to take care of the duffel bag. "What do you expect us to do with that?" he asked, as soon as the WAC left the room.

"I'm sure you still have some men in the Army with my sizes. Just give me a receipt."

He dialed most of the numbers in the Pentagon's classified phone book for 30 minutes. Then he reported back: "They say this isn't government property any more. It belongs to you."

"My old supply sergeant didn't say he was giving me a going-away present," I said coldly. "What he said was, 'If you don't bring this government property back properly maintained, it will be your ass.'"

The civil service worker lowered his voice. "Keep it. Why, I still have *my* old duffel bag from World War II, and *I've* never gotten into trouble."

"A lot of people cheat on their income tax," I cried, "but that doesn't make it right. I don't believe in khaki-collar crime."

Three of his assistants quickly grabbed my duffel bag and pushed me onto an Army bus in the Pentagon basement. For some reason, I had the feeling the Pentagon was trying to get rid of me because somebody in top management had slipped up in figuring out what to do with the millions of duffel bags the government had been issuing since World War II.

I couldn't get off the bus until it stopped in North Post, Fort Meyer, Virginia.

"Where are you going with that duffel bag, soldier?" barked two Army civilian employees in dungarees.

"To the House Armed Forces Committee," I explained. "I've uncovered millions of dollars of waste, inefficiency and corruption. Wait till Representative Gross of Iowa hears about this. Do you have a phone in here?"

They grabbed at my duffel bag. "It's mine," I said, quoting the Secretary of the Army's Administrative Supply Group. "I need it for evidence at the House hearing."

The commotion brought two MPs on the run. They wanted to know if the civilians had finally caught the thieves.

"Just turning in my old equipment," I said cheerfully. "No sweat," I added, watching the civilians begin the traditional final shakedown inspection.

"Three shoes, oxford, brown," the foreman called out while his assistant checked the items off an Individual Clothing Record (DA Form 10-195). "Seven socks, wool, cushion sole. . . . Four pegs, tent, wood. . . ."

"My only regret is that I have but one duffel bag to give to my country," I said, when the sentimental moment was all over "Now, where is the paymaster?"

I explained to the two authorities that in the interests of sound accounting procedures the Defense Department should have picked up its property by the end of fiscal year 1961. By not doing so, the Defense Secretary in effect had been using my attic in Leonia, New Jersey, as a storage depot.

I had returned the duffel bag out of patriotism, but while I was at it I was also entitled to storage fees.

Many other patriotic Americans had profited from running a stockpile of items needed for national defense. I mentioned the names of people like former Secretary of the Treasury George Magoffin Humphrey,

whose firm had charged the government on a cost plus 415% rate.

The Department of Army employees said I had better talk to the Pentagon about that.

"Nuts," I said, quoting General Anthony Clement McAuliffe's reply to the Germans' request that he surrender at the Battle of the Bulge on December 22, 1944. "I would rather explain it to Internal Revenue Service agents when I deduct the charges from my 1967 income tax."

I still think every ex-GI should return his duffel bag on April 15. But I'd recommend you send it by parcel post or Railway Express—collect.

## Reporter at Small

by Robert Wolf

### The Passover Plot

In one corner of an erotic art exhibit—"Hetero Is"—at the Nycata Gallery, there was a contribution from Joyce Greller (who put together *New York Unexpurgated* under the pseudonym Petronius).

Surrounded by collages of nudist photos clipped-and-pasted to form pornographicky poses and Rorschach blow-ups of playing-card fellatio, hers was an open steamer trunk which might have belonged to a prostitute. Inside were garish underthings, rhinestone jewelry, sequined dresses, wigs, glittery shoes and cosmetics.

Pasted under the lid were pictures which might have belonged to the whore—photos of herself, a man, cock-tail napkins, theatre ticket stubs, a colored card of Jesus and Mary.

Soon after the gallery opened, a man who had quickly passed over the other exhibits, paused before the trunk, suddenly yelled—"He doesn't belong here!"—snatched the picture of Jesus, threw a \$5 bill on the reception table and ran out.

### The Unlearning Process

The Summerhill Society sponsored a symposium on the successes and failures of experimental schools in N.Y. State. George Dennison of the demised First Street School told of an experience he'd had with a Puerto Rican boy who had come to New York at the age of 6 knowing how to read Spanish. "After 5 years in the city schools he couldn't read English or Spanish."

### Copping In

*Chafed Elbows* is a film about a guy who marries his mother (they're then eligible for welfare), becomes a painting, is mistaken for a cop, etc. The credits include, "Special Hindrances: NYC Police Dept."

The dialogue calls for St. Peter to call his boss a necrophiliac; the Virgin Mary is played à la Marlene Deitrich ("Just call me Mary, big boy" and "Tell Charlton Heston I'm waiting for him"); and there's a rock number titled *Black Leather Negligee*.

Writer-producer-director-promoter Bob Downey hired pregnant chicks to picket the premiere with outraged signs. Sample: *Incest Isn't Funny!* One placard designated the girls as members of a local chapter of The Unwed Mothers of America. "Act like you're knocked up and pissed off," Downey coached them.

A Negro man was incensed because there were no Negro girls on the picket line.

In the movie, a detective is called "an interpreter of the law." An actual officer—Captain Fink by actual name—arrived on the scene and insisted that the searchlight be turned off while he checked headquarters about its permit. Standing in the lobby using the phone, he noticed coffee and cookies being sold. "You know," he said, "you'll have to have a restaurant license to do that."

While waiting for the return call from headquarters, he stepped inside to watch the film. He especially enjoyed the scene where a doctor who's about to perform a hysterectomy on the hero is told, "You have to have a license for that."

### **Scatological Symptoms**

An anthropology professor confessed to a group of 50 single parents at the Ethical Culture Society that his wife is constipated for 3 days every time his mother comes to visit. "My kids say I have anal-retentive tendencies, too," he admitted. "I keep putting the cap back on the toothpaste."

### **Birds of Dogmatism**

The N.Y. School for Marxist Studies is the only school where historian Herbert Aptheker ever taught. They billed him as "one of the most influential contemporary commentators on political events," showed their latent pessimism by not providing a hall to seat more than 75, then showed their overt greed by packing the hall, at \$1 per, with 115 persons.

Although Aptheker has written and lectured on Negro history for 30 years (he's white), only 5 Negroes showed up for the talk. He read a few sentences from obscure publications to prove that Marxism is in a revival—"I can taste it." He said he'd like to see the draft law changed to apply to men 45-60. "Then I'd be able to go to prison."

He suggested that more outsiders should be invited to the lecture series. A man in the audience asked, "What would be healthy about inviting Jesuits, capitalists and the middle class for a dialogue?"

"Not out of benevolence but out of necessity," was his reply. "The Communist Party has grown a great deal lately, and most new members now are not Jewish, not by a long shot—3 out of 4 are Catholic."

### **Extra Sensory Charlatan**

"We don't know much about him," said an official of the All Souls Unitarian Church. "We just rented the hall to a Christian Metaphysical Chapel." There's no such listing in the Manhattan phone book; nor for Rev. Warren Mason Smith, who mentioned before an ESP demonstration that he ministers at the First Universal Spiritualist Church in Manhattan (there's no listing for that either).

The *N.Y. Times* once called him a "warlock."

Some 300 persons attended his performance, at \$1 per, mostly well-powdered old ladies, details of whose lives Rev. Smith revealed—the kind of details that can be overheard in a conversation or collected in simple research. The first 3 women to whom he gave 'messages' said they'd attended his demonstrations before.

A blindfolded 'reading' of folded billets—questions written on paper earlier—followed. Rev. Smith had to have the billets (a) unfolded, (b) under his nose and (c) right-side up. Also he preferred the shorter, more

legible questions. One note was so long he had difficulty reading it "psychically," let alone cogently answering all the parts. The pronunciation of certain names gave him great trouble too.

"I sense," he said to one man whose note lay open under his nose, "that you are thinking of numbers."

"There are numbers in my note."

"Well, how would I know what's in your note?"

### **Mr. Jones Is Happening Too**

The lecture at the Cooper Union Forum was presented by Allan Kaprow, art history professor at the State University of N.Y., former painter and father of the word *happening* in 1959. "The only reason I don't sue the people who appropriated it," he said, "is because they seem to be enjoying themselves."

Descriptions of the art/life form have ranged from "When the spermatazoa enters the ovum that's a happening" to "The Vietnam war is a happening gone out of control." Kaprow pointed out that "A person who declines to participate in a happening often is indirectly participating."

A woman asked, "Is a Billy Graham sermon or a prison riot a happening?"

"According to Marxist thinking," said a man, "there's only one happening, which is oriented toward the revolution."

"What are the standards," asked another, "which we can keep in mind to help us decide whether we're enjoying a happening?"

### **Department of Tit for Tat**

A letter to the *Long Island Press* from a reader identified only as #71513 took issue with that newspaper's report of the bombing of a car at a SANE meeting.

"In the name of the Minutemen," he wrote, "I would like to disclaim any connection with the so-called bombing. . . . If it had been done by any one of us, the car would have been totally demolished, and we therefore resent the implication that we were responsible for this bungled bombing. Also, we would not at the same time decorate the area with Minuteman stickers to advertise our presence at the scene. I doubt if anyone but a moron would fall for this poor attempt to smear our organization."

Meanwhile, the Minutemen were revealed to have distributed a leaflet themselves—ostensibly signed by a Negro civil rights group—urging rape of white women.

### **Avoiding Suspicion**

A junkie I know, hooked on terpine hydrate, was aware that druggists and doctors often recommend this opium derivative for stomach cramps in children. In order to look like he wasn't buying it for himself, he'd always order a can of talcum powder or baby oil whenever he attempted to score.

### **Short Takes**

- The U.S. Committee to Aid the NLF included this promise in an ad for films from Vietnam: "See American aircraft be shot down!"

- A draft conference in Chicago entitled "We Won't Go" drew 500 students, but only 32 signed a pledge not to go if called.

- The American Civil Liberties Union requires loyalty oaths from staff members.

## THE KENNEDY BOOK

(Continued from Cover)

"Get me that," he had said of a certain former Dallas beauty contest winner when plans for the tour were first being discussed. That particular aspect of the itinerary was changed, of course, when Mrs. Kennedy decided to accompany her husband.

She was aware of his philandering, but would cover up her dismay by joking, "It runs in the family." The story had gotten back to her about the late Marilyn Monroe using the telephone in her Hollywood bathroom to make a long-distance call to *New York Post* film-gossip columnist Sidney Skolsky. "Sid, you won't believe this," she had whispered, "but the Attorney General of our country is waiting for me in my bed this very minute—I just had to tell you."

It is difficult to ascertain where on the continuum of Lyndon Johnson's personality innocent boorishness ends and deliberate sadism begins. To have summoned then-Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon for a conference wherein he, the new President, sat defecating as he spoke, might charitably be an example of the former; but to challenge under the same circumstances Senator J. William Fulbright for his opposition to Administration policy in Vietnam is considered by insiders to be a frightening instance of the latter.

The more Jacqueline Kennedy has tried to erase the crudeness of her husband's successor from consciousness, the more it has impinged on her memories and reinforced her resentment. "It's beyond style," she would confide to friends. "Jack had style, but this is beyond style."

Capitol Hill reporters have observed the logical extension of Mr. Johnson boasting about his six-o'clock-in-the-morning forays with Lady Bird to his bursts of phallic exhibitionism, whether in the swimming pool or the lavatory. Apropos of this tendency, Drew Pearson's assistant, Jack Anderson, has remarked: "When Lyndon announces there's going to be a joint session of Congress, everybody cringes."

It is true that Mrs. Kennedy withstood the pressures of publicized scandal, ranging from the woman who picketed the White House carrying a blown-up photograph supposedly of Jack Kennedy sneaking away from the home of her press secretary, Pamela Turnure, to the *Blauvelt Family Genealogy* which claimed on page 884, under Eleventh Generation, that one Durie Malcom had "married, third, John F. Kennedy, son of Joseph P. Kennedy, one time Ambassador to England."

But it was the personal infidelities that gnawed away at her—as indeed they would gnaw away at any wife who is shaped by this culture—until finally Jackie left in exasperation. Her father-in-law offered her one million dollars to reconcile. She came back not for the money but rather because she sincerely believed that the nation needed Jack Kennedy and she didn't want to bear the burden of losing enough public favor to forestall winning the Presidency.

Consequently she was destined to bear a quite different burden—with great ambivalence—the paradox of fame. She enjoyed playing her role to the hilt, but complained, "Can't they get it into their heads that there's

a difference between being the First Lady and being Elizabeth Taylor?"

Even after she became First Widow, the movie magazines wouldn't—or couldn't—leave her alone. Probably the most bizarre invasion of her privacy occurred in *Photoplay*, which asked the question, "Too Soon for Love?"—then proceeded to print a coupon that readers were requested to answer and send in. They had a multiple choice: Should Jackie (1) Devote her life exclusively to her children and the memory of her husband? (2) Begin to date—privately or publicly—and eventually remarry? (3) Marry right away?

Mrs. Kennedy fumed. "Why don't they give them some *more* decisions to make for me? Some *real* ones. Should I live in occasional sin? Should I use a diaphragm or the pill? Should I keep it in the medicine cabinet or the bureau drawer?" But she would never lose her dignity in public; she had too deep a faith in her own image.

American newspapers seem to have a schizophrenic approach to American leaders. They *want* to expose their human frailties and they *don't* want to expose their human frailties. Gore Vidal was on a television program in London, and he explained why Jacqueline Kennedy will never relate to Lyndon Johnson. During that tense journey from Dallas to Washington after the assassination, she inadvertently walked in on him as he was standing over the casket of his predecessor and chuckling. This disclosure was the talk of London but not a word was mentioned here.

Of course, President Johnson is often given to inappropriate response—witness the puzzled timing of his smiles when he speaks of grave matters—but we must also assume that Mrs. Kennedy had been traumatized that day and her perception was likely to have been colored by the tragedy. This state of shock must have underlain an incident on Air Force One which this writer conceives to be delirium, but which Mrs. Kennedy insists she actually saw. "I'm telling you this for the historical records," she said, "so that people a hundred years from now will know what I had to go through."

She corroborated Gore Vidal's story, continuing: "That man was crouching over the corpse, no longer chuckling but breathing hard and moving his body rhythmically. At first I thought he must be performing some mysterious symbolic rite he'd learned from Mexicans or Indians as a boy. And then I realized—there is only one way to say this—he was literally fucking my husband in the throat. In the bullet wound in the front of his throat. He reached a climax and dismounted. I froze. The next thing I remember, he was being sworn in as the new President."

[Handwritten marginal notes: 1. *Check with Rankin—did secret autopsy show semen in throat wound?* 2. *Is this simply necrophilia or was LBJ trying to change entry wound into exit wound by enlarging?*]

The glaze lifted from Jacqueline Kennedy's eyes. "I don't believe that Lyndon Johnson had anything to do with a conspiracy, but I do know this—Jack taught me about the nuances of power—if he were miraculously to come back to life and suddenly appear in front of him, the first thing Johnson would do *now* is kill him." She smiled sardonically, adding, "Unless Bobby beat him to it."

# Hey, Hey, LBJ—How Many Cattle Did You Run Today?

by Craig Karpel

The credibility gap begins at home.

Home is a sparkling silent white rambling ranch house on the North bank of the lazy Pedernales River, set among oaks and pecans on a Kodacolor-green lawn. From across the river, it looks very much like power does in 1967: so close you feel you're looking at it through binoculars, perched bigger than life on the shore of a foreshortened river, and if you forgot what it was and who you were for a moment and started to make for it, to touch it and see if it were really as pristine, as crystalline as it seemed to proclaim itself, they'd be all over you quick as you could say Jack Rubenstein, and you'd find out that the little Pedernales is really very wide indeed.

So instead you walk over to the toy-soldier guardhouse and try to engage the *carabiniero* in some small talk. "How many folk the President have working this place?" No comment. "How much land the President have?" Just over 450 acres. "That all? I thought it was more." That's all. "What kind of cattle do they have here?" Registered Herefords. "How many?" Couldn't help you on that. "Had much noise about that LBJ Park across the road?" Wouldn't know. "Sorry about that." What you say? "Never mind." Shrug.

The officer is neither stupid nor acting stupid. He is under explicit orders from the head of the White House security detail at the Ranch, a Secret Service officer named Braker, not to reveal certain items of information. The citizens of this country employ Officer Braker, charge him with responsibility for the physical safety of Lyndon Baines Johnson. This he undertakes to secure by promulgating the following order [see photo inset]:

- "Items you do not reveal.
- The location of the Presidents bed room.
- How many employees work at the Ranch.
- How many Special Officers are assigned.
- How many Ranches the President has.
- Do not volunteer any information about the Dana, Martin or Jordan places.
- How many cattle the President runs.
- Do not get into any discussion what so ever, on issues related to the proposed State Park along Ranch Rd. 1."

If the number of ranches Johnson has ever fell into the *wrong hands*, don't you see, if the number of cattle he "runs" were ever to become known to, well, shall we say *hostile parties*, could Mr. Braker rest easy? Knowing as he did that at any moment, somewhere out

there a covey of malefactors could be plotting the overthrow of . . . er, the *subversion* of . . . of . . .

Just exactly what? Excepting the location of LBJ's bedroom and the size of his bodyguard, why are those "items you do not reveal" not to be revealed? Are they, like the body count of our side after a skirmish in Vietnam, matters of "national security"? Or are they tessera in a mosaic of official secrecy and mendacity that is coming to have more to do with shame and sheer deviousness than with security?

When does Machievellian mendacity give way to pathological mendacity?

You have to go beyond the lies about the number of our casualties because the impulse to fib in such a case, though

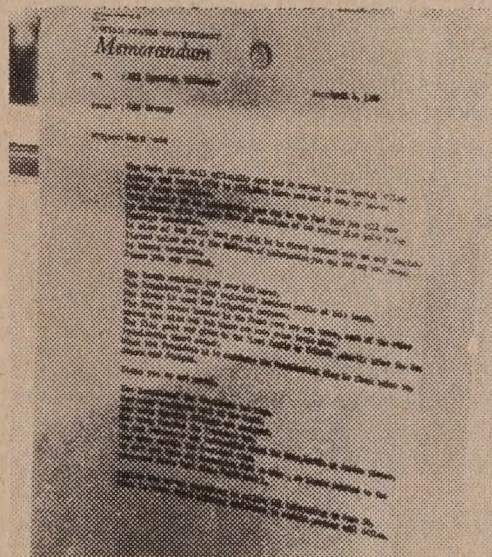


Photo by Kingsley C. Fairbridge

mean, is grounded in sanity. You have to go beyond lies like that so you wait until you're reading the December 25, 1966 *New York Times* and you see where Johnson has rebuilt his father's holdings to the point where he now has 775 of the original 950 acres of what is now called the LBJ Ranch. 775 acres.

You pull out the photograph you copped of the memorandum in the guardhouse and sure enough, there it is: "The Ranch contains just over 450 acres." Maybe the memorandum is outdated—it was composed April 4, 1966.

But the *Times* said: "After Mr. Johnson bought the original 244 acres from Mrs. Martin. . . . In 1956 the broadcasting company bought another 150 acres of the original property. . . . In 1965 the corporation . . . added 370 acres at a cost of \$78,406. . . . On November 23, 1965, the Texas Broadcasting Company acquired another 36 acres for the ranch."

That made it 775 in 1965.  
Not 450 in 1966.

Why did the White House stick by the lower figure? 775 acres is hardly an imposing spread for this part of the country, let alone an extravagant one. Why not give a tourist a straight answer to an innocent question? Why lie?

The officer isn't asked to *lie* about the number of ranches the President has—he is told simply to keep his mouth *shut* on the subject. Sam Rayburn once told reporters, "Hell—Lyndon's place isn't really a ranch at all. It's just a little old farm." This is the image Johnson would like to keep before the public—the President likes to keep close to the land, but please: not too much land. Well, 450 acres or 775 acres, the LBJ is still just a little old farm, but Johnson is far from being a little old farmer.

In addition to the LBJ Ranch, Johnson, through the family-owned LBJ Company (later changed to Texas Broadcasting Company) owns enough ranches with enough acreage to make him a certifiable Big Daddy. These include the Haywood Ranch, also known as the Clear Creek Ranch (4,561 acres) and the Nicholson Ranch (2,784 acres) near the bend in the Colorado River recently renamed Lake Lyndon B. Johnson by the state of Texas (one of Big Daddy's neighbors on the other side of the lake told Dick Dudman, a reporter for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, "Just between us, I think it was a little bit premature. They should have waited until he died").

Johnson and his business partner and trustee, A. W. Moursund, have subdivided portions of both ranches and have been offering lots for sale in these "prestige locations," as they are described in commercials on Johnson's Austin television outlet. Arthur Krim—law partner of Louis Nizer, president of United Artists, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Democratic National Committee and former chairman of the New York mosque of the President's Club—is conspicuous among the purchasers. Presumably the touch is being put on other Democratic fat cats.

Other phantom LBJ Ranches include the Lewis Ranch near Johnson City (831 acres) the Clear Green and Granite Ranches, known together as the Scharnorst place, in Blanco County (1,728 acres), and the Three Spring Ranch, also in Blanco (467 acres). Last but not least, we have 1,381 acres abutting the northern boundary of the LBJ Ranch, bought in 1965 from (don't ask) Johnson neighbors Dana, Martin and Jordan.

Kind of makes the question of whether the LBJ Ranch *per se* comprises 450 acres or 775 acres academic, don't it? Just a little old farm.

The President's up-tightness about how many ranches he does or does not own came to light as the White House reacted to a story by Charles W. Bailey

of Cowles papers which appeared in the *Minneapolis Tribune* and the *Des Moines Register* on July 15, 1965. Bailey pegged Johnson's total landholdings at 14,000 acres, much of it, he said, acquired since he assumed the Presidency.

In addition, Bailey related, "President Johnson or representatives of concerns in which he holds a major interest are reported by knowledgeable observers to be actively bargaining for the purchase of additional ranchland that might total as much as 26,000 acres."

The *New York Times* tried to give A. W. Moursund a ring at his one-story, windowless office in Johnson City, but Moursund never did get back to the reporter. The next day, Billy Don Moyers told the *Times* that neither LBJ, Lady Bird, Lynda or Luci had purchased or leased any land themselves, and that the LBJ Co. had leased—not purchased—some five or six thousand acres for grazing purposes.

Moyers said that under the conditions of the trust, Mr. Johnson is not informed of any action of the LBJ Co. Maybe that's why Officer Braker instructed the main gate not to tell anybody how many ranches the President owns—maybe the *President* hasn't the slightest. After all, if he did know, we might expect the White House to be true to form and report, the "ranch count" as *light to moderate*.

At any rate, while Moyers was ministerially truthful, as far as he went, he didn't go far enough to refute Bailey. Now that he has vaulted the credibility gap and is safely ensconced in an LBJ-proof office in Garden City, New York, he might explain his answer this way: Said the first family neither leased nor purchased land themselves; said the LBJ Co. had leased five or six thousand acres. *Didn't say that the LBJ Co. hadn't purchased any land.*

LBJ Co. or Texas Broadcasting Company had, according to the *Times* of December 26, 1966, purchased two parcels from the time the President took office to July 16, 1965: 370 acres added to LBJ Ranch at a cost of \$78,406, and 2 acres purchased from neighbor Harvey Jordan for the model of LBJ birthplace at an undisclosed price, for a total of 372 acres.

So Bailey had overstated the scale of Johnson's purchases during his Presidential tenure. But nevertheless, there were purchases. Why couldn't Moyers admit them? Maybe that's why he's in Garden City. Bailey's contention that 26,000 acres would soon be added seems not to have worked out. To date, a total of 2,239 acres have been purchased in Johnson's behalf since he assumed the Presidency.

The number of cattle the President runs apparently falls in the same category as David Greenglass' sketch of

the atomic bomb. Somewhere between April 4, 1966 and the news conference following Johnson's operation last fall, this figure, like the sketch which was instrumental in convicting Greenglass' sister and brother-in-law, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, was declassified. Presumably the secrecy of the number of cattle on the LBJ Ranch, like that of the sketch, is no longer vital to our national security. The cat is finally out of the bag.

"Don't hold me to it," LBJ told the nation, "but it's somewhere around 100."

Then there's that embarrassing Park on Ranch Road 1. The proposed 265-acre Lyndon B. Johnson State Park will front a mile along the road, across the Pedernales from the Ranch. Its purpose is to stop the development of the land opposite the Ranch as a strip of self-styled "LBJ Information Centers," praline-peach-pecan-candy-film-postcard-and-souvenir parlors, Tasti-Freeze Drive-Ins and other gewgaws.

Not that Johnson is anti-tourist, or even anti-souvenir. Indeed, he authorizes a ranch employee to collect rocks from a dry creek bed on the property and sell them to Joseph Croft of Johnson City, a funeral parlor operator whose business was suffering because the City's 611 inhabitants weren't kicking off fast enough, who had recently opened, reportedly with Johnson's blessing, Croft's VX Ranch Curios LBJ Information Center.

Croft sells the rocks for 35 cents each. Johnson apparently authorized the arrangement when he learned that a pair of Austin sharpies was selling dried calf-manure chips as "LBJ Land Chips" [see issue #66]. "We don't claim they actually come from the President's ranch," demurred Reuben Kogut of the Austin Souvenir Co. "That's why we say they are from the 'LBJ Land.'"

The manure chips were sold in



Press leak: In a symbolic gesture of news management, LBJ shows NBC White House correspondent Ray Scherer the old pump at his birthplace.

opaque packages to capitalize on what Kogut called the "element of surprise." Johnson, thus surprised, acted to make sure that any souvenirs sold as "LBJ Rocks" in an "LBJ Information Center" would be authentically Rocks as well as authentically LBJ.

Johnson doesn't want to have to see signs advertising the rocks from his bedroom window, though, and so he had A. W. Moursund—who is, convenience of conveniences, one of the three members of the Texas Parks and Wildlife Commission—arrange to have the strip of land on the other side of Ranch Road 1 acquired for a park. For some reason, it was decided that the park ought to be built with private funds—anonymous contributions from individuals and corporations.

In June 1966, Sen. James S. Bates, chairman of the Texas Senate General Investigations Committee, had received a number of complaints that members of the Commission were "using the name and prestige of the President of the U.S. to 'blackjack' contributions."

One man whose business is under the jurisdiction of the Commission—it controls such industries as salt-water fishing and the dredging of shells, a widely used paving material in the state—reported to Bates that he had given \$25,000 after having been approached by two members of the Commission.

Bates asked the Commission for an audit of the fund and for the names of the donors, but the Commission refused. They cited a decision by the state's attorney general that since no tax money is involved, no details need be given out.

Bates then turned to Gov. John B. Connally and "attempted to impress" him with the "seriousness of the complaints." The 42-year-old lawyer, a strong supporter of Johnson in '60 and '64, halted his efforts short of a full-scale investigation of the Commission, during which he would have the power to subpoena the fund's records.

"I will state for the record," Bates told the *Times* on October 15, 1966, "that pressures have already been brought to bear to the end that this investigation will not be completed. There are various political pressures that can be brought. The first three persons who called me about this thing asked me where my bank loans were."

One can only speculate as to who his three callers were, but Bates probably ought to consider himself lucky that they didn't ask him for a \$25,000 contribution while they were at it.

Subsequently, Gov. Connally came around by himself — apparently he didn't have any loans outstanding—and ordered the names of contributors made public when the final accounting of the fund is made public. This will, unfortunately, be small comfort to the donors, who have been strong-armed out of more than \$200,000 to date.

(Continued on Page 2)

## Co-Existing

by Saul Heller

### Tranquilizing Effects of Law Violation

In a touching encomium, Senator Allen J. Ellender (Dem., La.) praised President Johnson for devoting so little attention in his State of the Union Message to civil rights. Ellender noted, manifesting pleasure and arithmetic competence, that Johnson had used only 40 words in discussing the subject.

"This no doubt made the nation rest easier," Senator Ellender commented. "I believe," he added, "that the nation is seeking a degree of peace and tranquility which we have not enjoyed in the recent past."

Perhaps the tranquilizing effects of abstaining from attempts to enforce laws other than those pertaining to civil rights is also worth some study. The big problem is, of course, deciding how much law enforcement is compatible with the nation's peace of mind. Once this has been worked out, we should have a basis for determining when to enforce laws that is considerably more predictable than the haphazard one in current use.

### The Need for Official Crime

In these days when obedience to the law is unsophisticated, impractical or downright dangerous, and government and citizens compete in fracturing its remnants, standards for rating a particular administration become increasingly difficult to set up. Possibly a useful standard might be one that rates the degree of responsibility with which a government violates its laws.

A superior administration, according to this standard, is currently functioning in the state of Rajasthan, India. The local government here violates the national prohibition law, a recent article in the *New York Times* reports, but it does so in the interests of the people. The local government, it seems, decided to get into the illegal liquor business several years ago, to prevent less needy law violators from usurping the total take.

Concern over hard-drinking citizens, and respect for the law it violates, prompted the local government to gradually reduce the alcoholic content of its cheaper line of liquor. This is not so different from the practice of the less ethical type of bootlegger in "dry" counties of the United States. The motive, however, was loftier—the idea was to get citizens to consume less alcohol. State revenues from the illicit liquor operation have been so good, however, that officials have decided to stop tampering with the product, possibly to avoid diverting customers to less moral lawbreakers who give fuller measure.

Here is food for thought for civic-minded people in this country—one reason, perhaps, why the *Times* featured an item so eminently unnewsworthy in other respects. Instead of letting government officials muscle in sub-rosa on the profits of illegal enterprises, why not set up the state or city government as the *major* illicit entrepreneur, and let the proceeds of lawbreaking flow into its official coffers?

This is better than making criminal enterprises legal, then letting the state run them. Businesses that give

customers the satisfaction of breaking the law greatly enhance their profits.

Various investigators have indicated that 50% of the profits of illegal gambling—our biggest illicit industry—winds up in the pockets of politicians, police and other government representatives. Unsurprisingly enough, syndicate racketeers evince little enthusiasm for giving Uncle Sam in his official capacity a further big slice of their take. Their income tax evasions make the tax burdens of citizens in legitimate rackets considerably heavier.

If state or city governments ran illegal gambling, on the other hand, giving the Federal government its fair share of the booty, taxes could be greatly reduced. Huge sums would flow into depleted treasuries, graft would be greatly diminished, and local governments would acquire the financial base to deal with problems they have long neglected.

Local governments might also take over the narcotics traffic as well, as the 18-year-old ruler of the Lower Yafa Sultanate, a tiny Arab state, recently did, to give his subjects good quality narcotics at reasonable prices. (Inhabitants of this British protectorate chew *kat*, a narcotic herb.)

The inconsistency, irony or outrageousness of the government engaging in activities it has declared illegal should trouble no one who is untroubled at the identical situation that exists now: FBI agents, for example, practice burglary; Congressmen violate laws they have set up regulating campaign expenditures.

Once we recognize that government officials and politicians have no legal or moral right to hog money derived from criminal enterprises, city and state governments should begin making financial progress.

Outcries from conventional moralists shouldn't trouble us—they don't at any other times. Morality doesn't impede the flow of vast sums of illicitly-acquired cash into the private bank accounts of government representatives now. All that our proposal would do is divert the immoral flow from illicit terminations where it serves no socially useful purpose, to other illicit terminals where it does.

Organized crime is America's biggest business. A serious student of white collar crime might be inclined to say, it is America's *only* business. How thoughtless of us—the non-criminals and minor criminals of America—to nourish and subsidize it without getting any of the profits.

### Our Coming Friendship with China

Capitalists who wonder what will become of them if we lose our cold, hot or luke-warm war against Russian Communism and commissars swarm over the land spreading destruction and socialism, need worry no longer. A safe haven exists in Communist China.

A study of Communist China's industrial system, published in a recent issue of the *Harvard Business Review*, reveals that there were 300,000 capitalists in that country as of last June. This is a number comparable to the masses of capitalists toiling in this country. Capitalists constructively employed exploiting the proletariat in a big segment of our economy—manufacturing—totaled 186,000 at the last count.

(According to the 1966 edition of the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, there were 186,000 proprietors and firm members of manufacturing plants

with 20 or more employees in the U.S. during 1958, the last year for which such combined statistics are available.)

Without going into the intricacies of counting heads in other capitalist sectors, one thing is clear: China is in the same league as the United States as far as the promotion of capitalism is concerned.

Chinese capitalists are not ersatz concoctions. They are, in the ways that count most, reasonable facsimiles of the American species. They receive not only the same salaries they drew under the regime of Chiang Kai-shek, but also 5% interest on the value of their invested capital. One factory manager cited in the study, for instance, in addition to his regular monthly salary, pocketed an annual interest payment of \$32,000. Even in Communist China, this is not chop suey.

The situation certainly calls for a thorough overhaul of our clichés regarding China. A China that is hospitable to capitalists can hardly be called a menace to capitalism. It might, with much greater validity, be called a spur to it. Semantic accuracy will no longer permit us to talk of *Communist* China, although it may be permissible to refer to *allegedly* Communist China.

When we consider the fact that something like 24 out of 25 new products developed in the United States fail to make money (according to the *Wall Street Journal*), and mull over other hazards of free enterprise as practiced in this country, it may occur to us that capitalists probably take fewer chances and thrive better under the Chinese capitalist system than they do under our own.

As a matter of fact, U.S. capitalists have very little use for free enterprise; the ubiquity of anti-trust-law violations attests to that. "Practically all large corporations engage in illegal restraint of trade," says Dr. Sutherland in *White Collar Crime*. "When . . . business leaders, through corporate activities, violate the anti-trust law, they are violating the moral sentiments of practically all sections of the American public except the socialists." A system like that of the Chinese, which permits capitalism and eliminates free competition, would be just what U.S. capitalists dream about.

A major economic crisis would probably be needed before U.S. capitalists could persuade the public to give the Chinese system a chance. If the U.S. ever plunges into another '29-type depression—and a recession seems to be threatening us right now, according to many economists—we might profitably toy with the notion of trying out Chinese capitalism here in order to put U.S. capitalism back on its feet.

It is not inconceivable that China and the U.S. may, in the not-too-distant future, recognize the similarities in their ways of thinking. They may even exert joint pressure on Soviet Russia, to make Russia give her capitalists an equitable share of the Communist pie—i.e., a much greater share than the workers get.

In any case, people with fixed ideas about communism in the current world have no place in the U.S. establishment. Some day, perhaps, an enlightened President, acknowledging the facts and facing up to their implications, will put a stop to all talk of a holy war against China—land of our capitalist brothers.

### **What Russians Can't Figure Out**

A Minnesota professor who has been touring the Soviet Union with a group of American students says that Russian students find it hard to understand why

Americans are fighting in Vietnam. You don't have to be Russian to run into this difficulty.

Americans have long had trouble figuring out why big old Uncle Sam busies himself beating the bejesus out of small Vietnamese peasants with rather dubious Communist credentials (according to pro-Western sources, no more than 30% of the Viet Cong is Communist), while Cuban Communists are permitted to run their own affairs as if they had a right to do so, East European Communists are given financial assistance, and Russian Communists are urged not to be so stand-offish.

No major country of the world seems to understand what Uncle Sam is up to either, judging from their refusal to give Uncle a hand, and the unkind words they use about him.

Maybe Uncle Sam himself doesn't really know, but is afraid to stop because people will wonder why he started in the first place.

### **Egypt's Women Move Up**

The right to make life hateful for his wife—one of the long-cherished privileges of the Egyptian husband—has been taken from him. A wife will now be able to walk out on a husband she finds detestable, without finding herself on the wrong side of the law or the right side of a policeman determined to bring her back.

This rise in status for women is expected to be followed by others. Since Egyptian women have the right to vote (another recent development), they may be ungrateful enough to cast deciding votes against polygamy, once more expanding women's rights by reducing men's.

Polygamy is no longer as respectable as it once was, in any case, although one government form still leaves space for a man to list four wives (the legal maximum) as well as twelve children. An Egyptian man with only one wife and twelve children—or worse yet, one wife and six children—must feel considerable shame at leaving so many vacancies on the form—evidence of his meager uxoriousness and lack of virility.

Next step for Egyptian women interested in getting more equality for women, and less for men, is to do away with this suggestive form. Husbands are more likely to remain true to one, two or three wives if they are not permitted to brood over job forms listing four.

It shouldn't be too difficult for women to deprive men of their polygamous privilege, or at least reduce its expansiveness. Relatively few Egyptian men—at least in urban areas—have four wives, in spite of the technical appeal of such a pentagonal arrangement. While the possibility exists—in theory—that four wives can do household chores much better than one, one wife and one maid are no doubt less expensive to maintain than four wives and no maid—assuming four modern wives could be found who would agree to do without a maid.

If Egyptian women press their quest for civil rights, in bed and elsewhere, they may aspire to ultimate equality—equality in filling the country's highest political posts. With a woman running Egypt, as Cleopatra did in ancient times, and once proud Arabs tolerating such feminine leadership, who knows what other earthshaking changes may become acceptable? Egyptian men might even become humble enough, or hen-pecked enough, to consent to making peace with the Israelis.

Maybe the best investment the Israeli CIA can make is to subsidize Egypt's feminist movement.

# No, Virginia

by Alan Whitney

## Age of Miracles Dept.

From the *New York Times*:

"Moscow, Dec. 26—Luna 13, the latest Soviet research station on the moon, attempted today to drive a rod into the moon's surface. . . ."

I've heard it suggested for years in the most urgent terms, but I never thought I'd live to see the day when somebody actually *took* a flying fuck at the moon.

## Double Your Standard

There is a clever play around named *MacBird* which charges, without presenting any evidence, that the Johnsons had Kennedy killed. Similarly reckless, though less serious, accusations were being hurled about 15 years ago—from right to left. At that time the phenomenon was known as McCarthyism.

## Double Your Think

In my never-ending pursuit of non-conformity, I intend to remain the only American journalist with nothing whatever to say about a certain book concerning a recent President of the United States. But I would like to call your attention to a peripheral development that once again emphasizes the accelerated pace at which we approach 1984.

Both the Harris and the Gallup polls hit the papers on the same day with surveys relating to the effect of the hassle over the aforementioned book on the public standing of this President's widow (who will be known hereinafter as Tuesday to avoid invasion of privacy).

There was a subtle but significant difference between the polls, though they both suggested a substantial decline in public esteem for Tuesday. Harris asked: "As a result of the controversy over the book . . . do you think more of [Tuesday], less or has it made no difference in your attitude toward her?" But Gallup didn't care about anything so superficial. He wanted to know: "Do you think the recent controversy between [Tuesday] and the author and publishers of . . . has hurt or helped her image with the American people?" In other words, "We don't care what you think of Tuesday; just tell us how you think she's doing imagewise."

Clearly Gallup represents the wave of the future. He recognizes that people have come to mean very little in our media-mangled society; that the status of one's image is what counts—from the schlock-bound coast of Peyton Place to the faggy crags of Marlboro Country (which has finally been located; the commercials are actually made in a

wooded section of Staten Island, one of the most smog-ridden areas of New York City).

One has only to consider the case of Andy Warhol. It is commonly conceded, even in such redoubts of inverted Philistinism as the East Village, that his artistic endeavors amount precisely to shit. Yet his image, as measured by sympathetic ejaculation of printer's ink, is very strong indeed.

Again, those who read the TV sections of the newspapers will be aware that the periodic releases of ratings of the shows are generally given bigger play than reviews of the same programs. And what is a rating but an image in mathematical form?

The next thing will be instant ratings which, by the familiar split-screen technique, will be rendered continuously in a corner of the picture while the show is going on. As a close-order drill team performs its macabre comedy act on the Sullivan show, the number will constantly fluctuate. If it drops below a critical point indicated in red on color sets, Ed will appear with a shepherd's crook and yank the platoon sergeant off camera.

But this phase will, itself, only be transitional. The season after next, shows will disappear entirely, with *only* the rating numbers being shown on the screen. The typography, of course, will be by Warhol.

## Only as Square as You Feel

New York's lately merged newspaper, the *World Journal Tribune* (known in the trade as *The Widget*) is gotten out largely by senior citizens, most of the younger set having left in anticipation of the disaster the paper turned out to be. Maybe this circumstance accounts for the staff's pitiful anxiety to appear hip. I assure you that all three of the following headlines blazed forth in one edition of the paper:

Yeah, Yeah!

Portugal Hep to Jazz

\* \* \*

Ah! A Gear Show  
On Carnaby Street

\* \* \*

Like It's the Go-Go Village,  
And Anything Goes, Man

## Life Goes to a Funeral

There's a picture magazine of considerable circulation which I think of as *Death*, though it prefers a different title. *Death* lives on blood. You can't pick up a copy without confronting a full-color spread of what the boxing announcers (another vampire sect) call claret. *Death* brings you war blood, crime blood, medical blood and sports blood. The way things are going, menstrual blood may be next.

On the day the astronauts were buried, *Death* ran a full-page ad in the *New York Times* exploiting their demise to sell its forthcoming issue. By the Luce ethical standards under which

*Death* is edited, making a buck on somebody's funeral is routine procedure. What made the ad even less edifying, though, was the fatuous copy, which began with a painful excursion into astrojargon and, went on to say that the deceased had the "almost sissy names of Virgil and Edward and Roger. . . ."

I had never thought of the names quite that way. Virgil Trucks pitched two no-hitters for Detroit. Edward (Whitey) Ford has performed valiantly for the Yankees and Roger Maris broke Babe Ruth's home run record. Roger Young was one of the great infantry heroes of the Second World War, and Eddie Rickenbacker shot down Krauts before there was a *Death*. The original Virgil had the guts to publish his work under a byline.

On the other hand, now that the subject has been brought up, it seems to me that Henry really is an almost sissy name.

## Blackbirds of 1967

The 1935 Brotherhood Award is hereby presented, retroactively, to Dante Robilotti, U.S. Marshal of Brooklyn, who recently told the *New York Daily News* that Willie Mays is "a credit to his race." . . . Is there anything so ludicrous as Madison Avenue trying to be Aware? *McCall's* magazine ran a full-page ad in the *New York Times* with a huge picture of a Negro boy over copy that began as follows: "Are White People People? White people are landlords. Movie stars. Schoolteachers. Policemen. Black people are mothers. . . ." *Whitey's Watermelon Shop* is located in the Washington Market in lower Manhattan. . . . A Negro woman, head of a Brooklyn civic association, was asked during a court proceeding whether her group was integrated. She said: "We have one white family and one Italian family."

## Oh Say Can JayCee

The Junior Chamber of Commerce has unveiled its Ten Outstanding Young Men of the Year, who thus join the distinguished company of such past winners as Billie Sol Estes and Bobby Baker.

## About-Face, Ma'am!

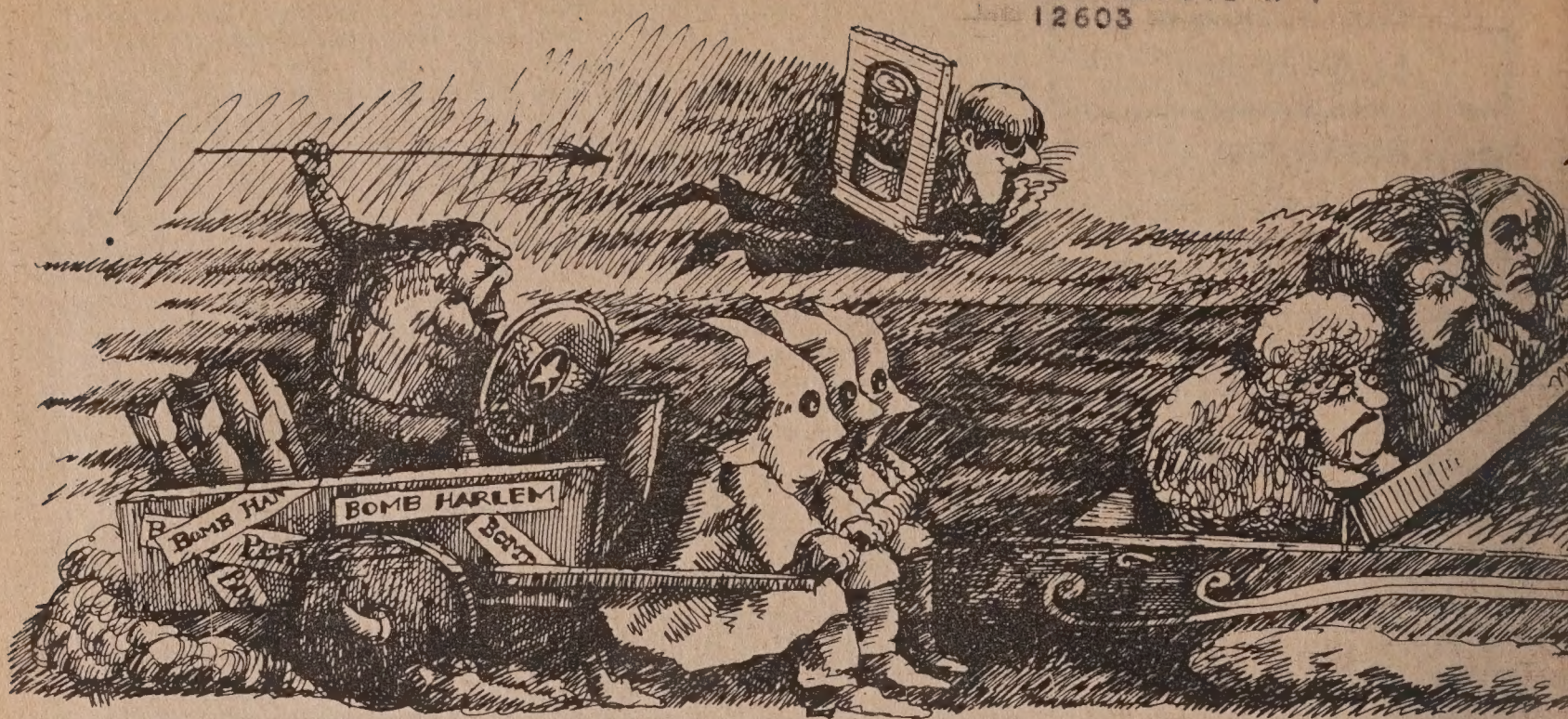
The March of Dimes has been barred from door-to-door soliciting in Fort Worth, Texas, because it violates local law by keeping more than 20% of the take for "expenses."

## Eternal Vigilance

Drew Pearson's column reported with no sign of tongue in cheek that the "Kill a Commie for Christ" posters are issued by the John Birch Society.

## Rumor of the Month

Congressman Powell and Senator Dirksen are going to make a record together; they'll be billed as "Adam and Ev."



## The Cynic Route from Crazy SANE to Loving Haight —or, Walt Disney Is Alive in Disneyland

by Paul Krassner

It's all related.

If you say "Open sesame seed," the doors of perception may reveal that the psychedelic revolution is merely another hallucination.

Ah, but a *real* hallucination or a *false* hallucination?

Did you know that in 1945 Aldous Huxley went to work for Walt Disney as a consultant on the filming of *Alice in Wonderland*!

"If people would think more of fairies," said Disney a year later, "they would forget the atom bomb."

Old Walt was a magic mushroom dropout.

One week before his death, the Sane Nuclear Policy Committee sponsored a necessary fairy tale at Madison Square Garden. Exactly 20,000 people gathered to protest the Vietnam horror in what Jules Feiffer called "our annual infertility rite"—Pete Seeger's song patter about "a bunch of bastards" notwithstanding ovation.

During the collection ritual, when several spectators shouted out questions about SANE's position on withdrawal, screw-wise, moderator Ossie Davis answered one, then announced: "It has just been suggested that those who ask questions make a sizable contribution."

The collectors' instructions advised, "If your can is filled, notify your captain. If you have any *other* problems . . ." (Italics discourtesy of

*Realist*.) The take came to between 10 and 15 thousand dollars. Admission brought the gross up to more than \$60,000.

The money will all be spent on penicillin to treat a severe dose of Pentagonorrhea, which is how one poet refers to the military infection so rampant in Washington LSDC, as my fellow acid-heads would have it.

If Floyd McKissick of CORE seemed to display a low threshold of bravery at the Garden when he congratulated

"you people who got the courage to come out here tonight," SANE finally reached the *depth* of insanity with a brand new end-the-war feature—cheerleaders—to help make the world safe for choreography.

There had been "considerable debate" about this particular portion of the peace circus. Some felt it would be "too light-hearted." But SANE decided to make what they considered a concession to youth, and wouldn't *you* like to have the youth concession?

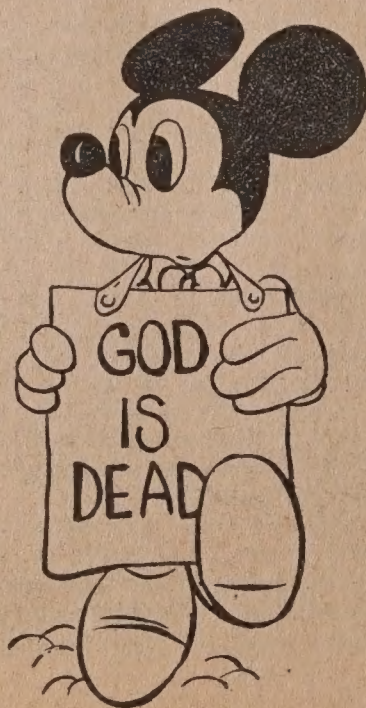
Nevertheless, an apologia to the audience: "We'll do this cheering in the most serious spirit."

A dozen cheeryboppers followed their professional leader. Boys wore white sweaters, white bell-bottom slacks, and carried megaphones. One hoped they might sing a chorus of *St. Patrick's Cathedral, you're bringing me down*. Girls wore white sweaters, blue mini-skirts, and carried pom-poms. On the sweaters, front and back, blue felt doves had been applied with airplane glue.

"Block them bombs! Block them bombs!" . . . "2-4-6-8, LBJ negotiate! 1-3-5-7, Peace on earth, not in heaven!" . . . "Stop—that dirty war! (*clap, clap*) Start—that lovely peace, yeah! yeah!" . . . "With a P (*clap, clap*) With an E (*clap, clap*) With an A (*clap, clap*) With a C (*clap, clap*) With an E (*clap, clap*) With a P-E-A-C-E! Peace! Peace! Peace!"

Author! Author!

(Continued on Page 4)



are distributed to the public so that all may see the details of the invention. Of course a patent also confers a legitimate 17-year monopoly to the inventor or his assignee, but this monopoly is granted only if the inventor is willing to have the details of his invention made public. *The government grants a monopoly in exchange for the right to publish the details of the invention.*

What, then, is the purpose of publishing the details of an invention if only the inventor or his assignee can use it for the next 17 years? First, a patent owner rarely exercises his right to bar others from using his invention; others

are usually *licensed* to use the invention so that the patent owner can collect *royalties* from his licensees. Publishing, however, has several purposes. Another is to let the public know what is patented so that they will be able to know whether what they make, sell or use infringes another's patents. A third, but no less important purpose, is to give the public the benefit of others' new-found knowledge.

Thus while some patentees, such as those who manufacture electronic muscle stimulators, may not *wish* to have the details of their circuits published, they have implicitly consented to such publi-

cation, in exchange for patent protection. *It is perfectly legitimate for anyone to obtain copies of any patents.* Of course if anyone builds, sells or uses any patented invention without a license or permission from the patent owner, he will then be practicing "skulduggery".

D. R. PRESSMAN

Philadelphia, Pa.

### THE ULTIMATE KICK

Dear Editor:

The editorial "Electronics and the Aged" in your June 1965 issue, was brought to my attention recently. As an example of the dangers in some of the suggestions you make in the later paragraphs, I would like to tell you of the experience of Kermit Sueker, late chief engineer of WCCO in Minneapolis.

Mr. Sueker was approached by an acquaintance who owned a mink farm near the city. In his efforts to speed up the process of getting out a new mink mutation, he asked Mr. Sueker for some help in setting up a process of artificial insemination, using a prod and a low-voltage pulsating current to induce what you refer to as "electro-ejaculation."

Having nothing to go on but the experience of dairy breeders, Mr. Sueker put his slide rule to work establishing proportions between the mass of a bull's body and that of a mink, rectal measurements, etc. He came up with a blunt darning needle, a transformer and some specifications on voltage and frequency of current alternation.

Came the day to try the new device: the men each put on heavy gloves, inserted the probe, turned on the current, and the male mink—with a blissful expression on his face—curled up his toes and died.

The moral to all of this, I think, is: it's a fine way to go!

ROBERT P. SUTTON  
Vice President  
and General Manager

KNX Radio  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### EXPLAINS EUROPEAN SEMICONDUCTOR CODING

Dear Editor:

Here in England RADIO-ELECTRONICS represents the best value in radio magazines. There is no other publication so packed full of circuits and news.

I have one criticism of American transistor coding. It gives no indication of the usage of the device. The current European coding tells whether the device is for domestic or industrial uses and whether it is a germanium or silicon.

The code consists of two letters followed by three figures or a letter and two figures.

First letter—semiconductor material

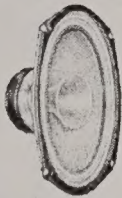
A Germanium

# NOT JUST HORNS NOT JUST CONES OXFORD HAS THE FULL LINE

Model  
OP-6

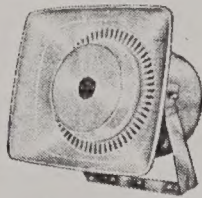


Model  
DVC-8J4



## to Supply Commercial Sound Needs

Model  
OH-10

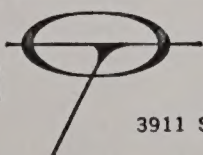


From the OP-6 & OP-8 paging and talkback horns and the OH-10 outdoor high fidelity system, which changed the outdoor speaker market in 1964, to the startling new DVC-8H4 and DVC-8J4 units with two separate voice coil winding, providing immediate access to the speaker, Oxford is the one source best qualified to supply all your speaker needs.

Our line also includes intercom speakers, public address speakers, all-weather cones, shallow ceramic magnet units, and the "Specialist Series." The Specialist Series (which includes models DVC-8H4 and DVC-8J4) are a series of popular 8-ohm speakers that have been prepared for "instant use" by the commercial sound installer, with factory installed transformers and bulk packaging.

It makes good sense to use the line that is orientated toward the commercial sound installer by both design and marketing. For more information on the OXFORD line, write for complete catalog.

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