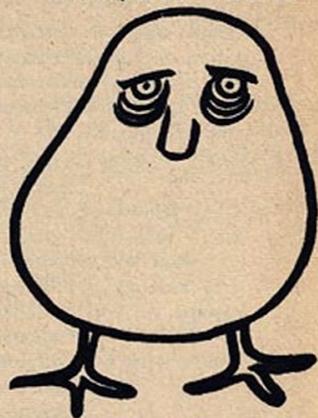


March, 1968 — No. 77

The Realist



Final Solutions to the Vietnamese Question

by Julius Lester

In the first week of May, 1967 the International War Crimes Tribunal met in Stockholm, Sweden to hear evidence and render judgment on the U.S. role in the war in Vietnam. The Tribunal was conceived in the fall of 1966 by Lord Bertrand Russell and was to have one primary function: to condemn the U.S. for the war in Vietnam.

In Lord Russell's opening statement to the Tribunal he stated, "In Vietnam we have done what Hitler did in Europe. We shall suffer the degradation of Nazi Germany unless we act . . . It is overdue that those without power sit in judgment over those who have it. This is the test we must meet, alone if need be. We are responsible before history."

To accomplish its task, the Tribunal brought together some of the great intellectual minds of the West — Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Isaac Deutscher, as well as such European radicals as Lelio Basso, Italian Socialist; Vladimir Dedijer, former Yugoslav partisan; and Mehmet Ali Aybar, Turkish socialist.

From America came Dave Dellinger, Carl Oglesby and Courtland Cox, who sat in for Stokely Carmichael.

From the Far East came Ali Kasuri, chief prosecutor of Pakistan; Amado Henandez, former Huk and poet laureate of the Philippines; and a distinguished delegation of Japanese activists and lawyers. And from Cuba came Melba Hernandez, a national heroine and comrade of Fidel from the early beginnings of the Cuban Revolution in the Sierra Maestra.

These were the people who sat for 8 days listening to the evidence that had been collected by the four investigating teams sent to North Vietnam, and the evidence was overwhelming. For the first time, it was proven conclusively that the U.S. was systematically bombing schools, churches, hospitals, hamlets, cities and dikes. It was brought out that the U.S. is using a new kind of anti-personnel bomb — i.e., a bomb designed to kill people rather than cause property damage, the steel pellet bomb.

(Continued on Page 13)

by Lou Razze

Communications officials say that within a year it will be possible for Americans to enjoy the war in Vietnam live on TV via satellite. What will it be like? Let's join a typical American family about to tune in . . .

The scene: Kitchen-dining room of average American home. Mother is busy cooking while her six-year-old child plays nearby with war toys. Father swings through front door carrying briefcase — obviously returning home from the office.

FATHER

Hi, dear—dinner ready?

MOTHER

Not quite, honey. Why don't you watch TV for a few minutes.

The child points a toy bazooka gun at his father.

CHILD

Pow! You're dead, daddy!

FATHER

(smiling proudly)

Hi, Junior. How's my little soldier today?(as he turns on TV) Whaddya say we watch *THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF VIETNAM* and see if our boys have destroyed that North Vietnamese village yet?

CHILD

(leering madly)

Yeah, yeah . . .

Cut to TV screen. We see announcer, Roger Fudd, standing to one side of scene: Battlefield with bullets ricocheting — shells bursting. As Fudd speaks the show credits run over the battlefield scene . . .

FUDD

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Roger Fudd in Vietnam where the International Broadcasting Company—first in dramatic new concepts in entertainment—brings you live and in color, *The Wonderful World of Vietnam*. Last week, as you

(Continued on Page 2)

WONDERFUL WORLD OF VIETNAM

(Continued from Cover)

recall, when we left the tired, battered 2nd Battalion outside the village of Pha Foey, they were just preparing for an assault on that village stronghold. Let's rejoin them now—as they tensely await the order to attack.

Cut to soldiers studying scripts, being made-up, etc.

DIRECTOR

Okay fellows—quiet! When we get the signal that we're on the air—this is what I want: Lieutenant—I want you showin' some pictures of your wife and kids to the Sergeant. Then, Sergeant, you become very sad and you say—

SERGEANT

That's what we're fighting for?

DIRECTOR

(screaming)

No, dummy! It's *not* a question! One lousy line and you have to mess it up. Comb your hair and study your line. (to Lieutenant) When he feeds you the line, Lieutenant—I want your face to glow with determination. Then, you whip out your pistol—turn to the men and shout—

LIEUTENANT

This is it men—over the top!

DIRECTOR

That's great Georgie. Except this time I want you to *lead* the men—not stay back here. The writer of the show insists on it.

LIEUTENANT

(glumly)

He would.

DIRECTOR

Now, men—I'd prefer that none of you got hit until you're out there beyond the big tree where we have a camera and microphone installed. However, if you should all happen to get that far without being hit I want a couple of you to fall at that point. And make it look real, will ya please? It'll look bad enough when Wince Edwards rushes out there to your side and does his phoney doctor routine. So help me, will ya kids? (mumbling) I've got enough problems with this lousy script.

A flunky runs in and whispers in director's ear.

What? We're on? . . . Okay, boys—*action!*

Soldiers charge across field with shells bursting around them.

A group of them stops in the middle of the battlefield and hastily forms a chorus line and begins dancing. As they dance:

1ST SOLDIER

This is the part that scares me.

2ND SOLDIER

Why?

1ST SOLDIER

I'm afraid I'll get hit in the leg and mess up the whole dance sequence.

Cut to foxhole crowded with soldiers and Roger Fudd. The soldiers are firing out of the foxhole. Fudd interrupts a Corporal.

FUDD

Excuse me, Corporal. We're jammed in here pretty tight. Does that worry you?

CORPORAL

It sure does. Did you get a whiff of the Lieutenant's breath? (*holding his nose*) Wow! I just don't care anymore; today I tell him.

He taps the Lieutenant on the shoulder.

Lieutenant—you have bad—

The Lieutenant wheels around with a bottle of FLUSH mouthwash in his hand.

LIEUTENANT

Corporal, I've found a new mouthwash. It's *Flush!* Once in the morning does it.

The Lieutenant gargles the mouthwash as the Corporal shrugs and looks stupid.

A walkie-talkie rings. The Lieutenant answers it.

LIEUTENANT

(flippantly)

Hello, this is where the action is . . . Right. (*hangs up—turns to men*) All right, men—fall back!

FUDD

Err, pardon me, Lieutenant—but why are you ordering the men to retreat? You're meeting very little resistance from the enemy here.

LIEUTENANT

Yeah, I know. We could easily take that village—but the choreographers said the boys goofed up some of the dance steps back there on the battlefield so we'll have to take the war from there.

The soldiers move out.

FUDD

(turning to camera)

While they're doing that, ladies and gentlemen, why don't we see if we can get a word with the busy producer of our show—Mr. Bill Dozzzzz.

Dozzzzz dives into foxhole with bullets trailing right behind him.

Ah, here he is now.

DOZZZZZ

(wiping brow)

Whew! Those guys must have seen my *Ratman* show.

FUDD

(to camera)

Mr. Dozzzzz, as most of you know, is responsible for such fine TV shows as, *Ratman*, *The Green Whore Net* and a host of other fine adult programs. (turning to Dozzzzz) Mr. Dozzzzz—does producing a live war present any particular problems?

DOZZZZZ

Yes. The toughest thing is getting real soldiers with talent. Guys that can sing, dance and fire a rifle ain't exactly a dime a dozen. I tried to get some male dancers from Hollywood to work the show. It would have worked out, too, if they hadn't shown up at camp wearing silk lace fatigue uniforms.

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A bearded, beatnik demonstrator walks past the foxhole carrying a sign that reads, "Like—end the war."

Hey—you creep! (throws a rock and hits beatnik squarely on the head but beatnik seems oblivious to everything as he shuffles past) Get out of here! Go back to Berkeley where ya belong!

FUDD

Pardon me Mr. Dozzzzz—but don't you want to see the war end?

Dozzzzz

Are you kiddin'? End the most successful war on TV? What kind of thinking is that?

Flunky rushes in.

FLUNKY

(to Dozzzzz)

Bad weather, sir. The weather man says that the monsoon season is due earlier this year. We can expect it anytime.

Dozzzzz

Drat! There goes my budget . . . Get over to our Viet Cong Coordinator and get a truce signed for the duration of the rain. Pass the word that we're moving the show to Santa Monica for a few weeks.

FUDD

Santa Monica?

Dozzzzz

Yes, and while we're there we can hold our decorations ceremonies with the Emmy Awards people . . . We have one fellow who's getting the Medal of Honor, you know. His country can well be proud of him, too. He single-handedly wiped out a whole enemy machine gun position while singing an aria from Wagner!

FUDD

Wagner, huh? That's pretty tough.

Dozzzzz

You better believe it, baby.

FUDD

(looking out of foxhole)

Say, isn't that Steve Allerino over there?

Dozzzzz

Yeah—he's filming a sequence of *It's A Secret I've Got, Already*.

Cut to Steve Allerino interviewing small, smiling Vietnamese woman.

ALLERINO

Now, Miss Chu, if you'll lean over and whisper your secret in my ear—we'll tell the folks at home what your secret is.

As she leans over to whisper, the woman pulls a pistol out of her clothing and blows a Fosdick-sized hole through Allerino's back. While at the same time her secret is flashed on the screen: "I am a spy for the Viet Cong" . . . A shapely female army nurse rushes to Allerino's side and begins, rather haphazardly, to patch him up. Roger Fudd moves into the scene and turning to the camera says:

FUDD

Here you see one of our brave Army nurses, ladies and gentlemen, risking her life for a wounded performer. (to nurse) What is your name, nurse?

NURSE

Bonnie Knobbes. (angrily to Allerino) Lie still, will ya, pal? I don't like this anymore than you do!

Allerino groans.

March 1968

FUDD

Nurse Knobbes—what motivates a beautiful girl like you to join the Army Nurse Corp? Is it a sense of responsibility? A deep love for humanity?

NURSE

(still busy with Allerino)

It's my deep love of bread, dad. Visions of mucho coins is the only thing that keeps me going. I hate this dirty place. And blood—*ecck!* But this is the best way for a newcomer to break into show biz nowadays. My agent has me booked for six months in Vegas as soon as I get my discharge from this crummy—

FUDD

(embarrassed)

Nurse Knobbes—we're on camera . . .

NURSE

(excited)

Really?

She shoves a roll of bandages into Allerino's mouth to muffle his groans—plops on his stomach—pulls off her skirt to reveal thighs and reclines into a caricature of a Zsa Zsa Gabor pose—if there is such a thing . . . in the distant background now—a huge explosion.

FUDD

(shouting frantically)

There's trouble, ladies and gentlemen! It looks like our ammunition dump has been hit! For those of you with black and white sets let me say that the array of colors is fantastic! Reds—greens—brilliant blues! It's just too beautiful for words! . . . Let's get down to the command post and see how it happened!

Cut to the command post. The Lieutenant is scurrying around shouting orders. Fudd rushes into scene.

Lieutenant—what happened? How did the Viet Cong locate our ammo dump?

LIEUTENANT

They saw it on TV . . . That's not the worst of it, though. I've got some good men hopelessly surrounded by the Viet Cong near there.

FUDD

Isn't there any way you can get to them?

LIEUTENANT

No chance. The only people who could get through out there are Bob Hope and his gang. And they won't be here until Christmas. I'm afraid it'll be too late then.

The director runs into the scene.

DIRECTOR

(excited)

That's tough for the men—but great for our audience. (shouting to cameraman) Zoom in on those poor devils who are surrounded out there.

Cut to three men crouched in a jeep with their rifles pointing out at on-rushing Viet Cong.

1ST SOLDIER

Here they come! Make every shot count!

Two of the men fire and banners pop out of the ends of their rifles. On each banner is printed the word, "Bang!" The third man rips off a disguise and smiles broadly at the other two.

2ND SOLDIER

You're Allen Runt!

RUNT

And you're on *Candid Camera!*
As the three men are marched off by the Viet Cong:

1ST SOLDIER

(angrily—to Runt)

Why you dirty (Bleep-Bleep) . . .

RUNT

(laughing uncontrollably)

Oh, wait'll I tell Blurhead Kirby about this one
—he'll wet his pants! Cut to Fudd.

FUDD (chuckling)

We had an emotion-packed interview with some Vietnamese children slated as a climax to today's show—but I see we've run out of time. Closing on a note of levity is kind of nice for a change, of pace, anyway—don't you think so? . . . Please join us next week when our alternate sponsors—Doves of Peace Aircraft Company and Limited War Toys bring you chapter 13 of—*THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF VIETNAM!*

We pull back to show the American family we opened with, gorging themselves at dinner while the starving children stare blankly from the TV screen.

MOTHER

Shame about those kids.

FATHER

(Burp!) . . . Yeah. Pass me some more roast beef, will ya honey?

MOTHER

That's your third helping.

FATHER

Yeah—I know. Watchin' that show always makes me hungry.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

by Joel Lieber

Ticket-guessing is with us again. Kennedy and Fulbright. Nixon and Dirksen. But something of a precedent may have been started in Alabama, and it's possible that 1968 may see the first male-female White House ticket. The pairing possibilities are spectacular, infinite and the stuff of idle summertime beach games.

The following back-room projections take into consideration the concepts of Something-for-Everybody, Political Balance, and Poetic License:

- Thurgood Marshall and Lurleen Wallace
- Ronald Reagan and Abigail Van Buren
- Lester Maddox and Jessica Mitford
- Norman Mailer and Mrs. William Westmoreland
- Stokely Carmichael and Doris Day
- George Murphy and Madalyn Murray
- Archbishop Cooke and Oveta Culp Hobby
- William Buckley and Shelly Winters
- Warren Hinckle and Martha Raye
- Arthur Ochs Sulzberger and Betina Aptheker
- Nahum Goldman and Bel Kaufman
- Hanson Baldwin and Susan Sontag
- George Meany and Mary McCarthy
- Timothy Leary and Ethel Kennedy
- Adam Clayton Powell and Ada Louise Huxtable
- Norman Thomas and Betty Furness
- H. Mendel Rivers and Dorothy Schiff
- Louis Abolafia and Ayn Rand

Children in Mississippi

The following is an official Report (dated June, 1967) to the Field Foundation by a group of doctors.* It was marked (in handwriting) "Not for Release" but was literally stolen from a desk in Washington D.C., Xeroxed and returned.

We are physicians who have had a continuing interest in the medical problems of rural American children in the South and in Appalachia.

One of us works every day in Mississippi with impoverished children. One of us has worked throughout the South with both Negro and white children, and specifically spent two years observing migrant and sharecropper children, and treating them as a physician associated with a mobile public health clinic. Two of us have recently been doing a medical study in Appalachia. One of us—a pediatrician—has observed southern children at close hand, and another of us—also a pediatrician—spent several weeks last summer in Lowndes County, Alabama, living in a Negro community and observing its pediatric problems. And, one of us practices medicine in North Carolina and is the chairman of the executive committee of the Southern Regional Council.

In addition, four of us recently made a team-study of conditions in rural Mississippi, concentrating on the health of the children there. What we saw there we have seen in other areas of the South and in Appalachia, too.

The issue at hand is the medical (and social and psychological) fate of literally penniless rural families who are often enough removed from any of the services that even the poor in America can usually take for granted: that is, these families are denied medical care, adequate sanitation, welfare or relief payments of any kind, unemployment compensation, protection of the minimum wage law, coverage under social security, and even recourse to the various food program administered by the federal and local governments.

In sum, by the many thousands, they live outside of every legal, medical, and social advance our nation has made in this century.

What Children Need to Grow

We are here primarily concerned with children—though obviously it is parents who have to teach children what the world has in store for them. Before reporting our recent observations in Mississippi we want to emphasize the barest needs of infants and children, if they are to survive and grow. Even before birth or at the moment of birth a child may be decisively and permanently hurt by the poor health of the mother, or the absence of good medical and surgical care.

Again and again children are born injured, deformed, or retarded because their mothers could not obtain the doctor, the hospital care, they needed.

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From birth on children need food, and food that has vitamins and minerals and an adequate balance of protein, carbohydrates, and fats. They also need from time to time a variety of medical services—vaccines, drugs, diagnostic evaluation, corrective surgery. While all these facts are (or should be) obvious, we have to say them once again—because in various counties of Mississippi we saw families who could not take food for granted, let alone any medical care.

We shall now briefly state what such a state of affairs does to children.

Mississippi's Hungry and Sick Children

In Delta counties (such as Humphreys and Leflore) recently visited by us and elsewhere in the state (such as Clarke, Wayne, Neshoba, and Greene counties, also visited by us) we saw children whose nutritional and medical condition we can only describe as shocking—even to a group of physicians whose work involves daily confrontation with disease and suffering.

In child after child we saw: evidence of vitamin and mineral deficiencies; serious, untreated skin infections and ulcerations; eye and ear diseases, also unattended bone diseases secondary to poor food intake; the prevalence of bacterial and parasitic disease, as well as severe anemia, with resulting loss of energy and ability to live a normally active life; diseases of the heart and the lungs—requiring surgery—which have gone undiagnosed and untreated; epileptic and other neurological disorders; severe kidney ailments, that in other children would warrant immediate hospitalization; and finally, in boys and girls in every county we visited, obvious evidence of severe malnutrition, with injury to the body's tissues—its muscles, bones, and skin as well as an associated psychological state of fatigue, listlessness, and exhaustion.

We saw children afflicted with chronic diarrhea, chronic sores, chronic leg and arm (untreated) injuries and deformities.

We saw homes without running water, without electricity, without screens, in which children drink contaminated water and live with germ-bearing mosquitoes and flies everywhere around.

We saw homes with children who are lucky to eat one meal a day—and that one inadequate so far as vitamins, minerals, or protein is concerned. We saw children who don't get to drink milk, don't get to eat fruit, green vegetables, or meat.

They live on starches—grits, bread, Kool-Aid. Their parents may be declared ineligible for commodities, ineligible for the food stamp program, even though they have literally nothing.

We saw children fed communally—that is by neighbors who give scraps of food to children whose own parents have nothing to give them.

Not only are these children receiving no food from the government, they are also getting no medical attention whatsoever.

They are out of sight and ignored. They are living under such primitive conditions that we found it hard to believe we were examining American children of the 20th century.

In sum, we saw children who are hungry and who are sick—children for whom hunger is a daily fact of life and sickness, in many forms, an inevitability.

We do not want to quibble over words, but "malnutrition" is not quite what we found; the boys and girls we saw were hungry—weak, in pain, sick; their lives are being

shortened; they are, in fact, visibly and predictably losing their health, their energy, their spirits.

They are suffering from hunger and disease and directly or indirectly they are dying from them—which is exactly what "starvation" means.

Specific Medical Observations

We have the following specific medical observations to report.

They were made—be it remembered—on children who are not in hospitals and not declared "sick" by any doctor. They are, in fact, children who are getting *absolutely no medical care*.

In almost every child we saw in the above six counties during our visits in the May 27-30 period, we observed one or another parasitic disease: trichinosis; enterobiasis, ascariasis; and hookworm disease.

Most children we saw had some kind of skin disease: dryness and shrinkage of skin due to malnutrition; ulcerations; severe sores; rashes; boils, abscesses, and furuncles; impetigo; rat-bites.

Almost every child we saw was in a state of negative nitrogen balance; that is, a marked inadequacy of diet has led the body to consume its own protein tissue.

What we saw clinically—the result of this condition of chronic hunger and malnutrition—was as follows: wasting of muscles; enlarged hearts; edematous legs and in some cases the presence of abdominal edema (so-called "swollen" or "bloated" belly); spontaneous bleeding of the mouth or nose or evidence of internal hemorrhage; osteoporosis—a weakening of the bone structure—and, as a consequence, fractures unrelated to injury or accident; fatigue, exhaustion, and weakness.

These children would need blood transfusions before any corrective surgery could be done—and we found in child after child the need for surgery; hernias; poorly healed fractures; rheumatic and congenital heart disease with attendant murmurs, difficult breathing, and chest pain; evidence of gastro-intestinal bleeding, or partial obstruction; severe, suppurating, ear infections; congenital or developmental eye diseases in bad need of correction.

The teeth of practically every child we saw were in awful repair—eaten up by cavities and poorly developed. Their gums showed how severely anemic these children are; and the gums were also infected and foul smelling.

Many of these children were suffering from degenerative joint diseases. Injuries had not been treated when they occurred. Bleeding had occurred, with infections. Now, at seven or eight, their knee joints or elbow joints might show the "range of action" that one finds in a man of seventy, suffering from crippling arthritis.

In child after child we tested for peripheral neuritis—and found it, secondary to untreated injuries, infections, and food deficiencies. These children could not feel normally—feel pressure or heat or cold or applied pain the way the normal person does.

What they do feel is the sensory pain that goes with disease: pricking, burning, flashes of sharp pain, or "a deep pain," as one child put it.

The children were plagued with colds and fevers—in a Mississippi late May—and with sore throats. They had enlarged glands throughout the body, secondary to the several infections they *chronically* suffer. Some of them revealed jaundice in their eyes, showing that liver damage was likely, or hemolysis secondary to bacterial invasion.

What particularly saddened and appalled us were the developmental anomalies and diseases that we know once

dated: bones, eyes, vital organs that should long ago have been evaluated and treated are now beyond medical assistance, if it were available.

In some cases we saw children clearly stunted, smaller than their age would indicate, and drowsy or irritable.

In sum, children living under unsanitary conditions, without proper food, and with a limited intake of improper food, without access to doctors or dentists, under crowded conditions, in flimsy shacks, pay the price in a plethora of symptoms, diseases, aches, and pains.

No wonder that in Mississippi (whose Negroes comprise 42% of the state's population) the infant mortality rate among Negroes is over twice that of whites; and while the white infant mortality rate is dropping, the rate for Negroes is rising.

Recommendations

What are we to say? The communities we saw desperately need more and better food, and a beginning of medical care. Right now the government pours millions into a welfare program, a food program and a public health service that are not reaching these people.

We met families who have no money coming in. The father is declared "able-bodied" and so they are ineligible for welfare. The family does not have the money necessary to buy food stamps; they certainly have no money for doctors or hospitals—and they are not offered any care by the county or the state.

Welfare and food programs (including the commodity food program) are in the hands of people who use them selectively, politically, and with obvious racial considerations in mind. What is a human need, a human right, becomes a favor or a refusal, and if the person is "lucky," that is given some commodities and a welfare check, her children still don't get the range of food they need, or the medical attention.

We therefore feel that the food stamp program should be changed so that the rural poor can obtain food stamps free.

The food distribution activities of the states should be closely regulated and supervised—and if necessary taken over by the federal government or people within the particular (poor and aggrieved) communities.

The government should change its system of welfare support, so that its funds directly reach those who need them, without political or racial bias, and reach them in an amount adequate to their minimum needs for food, clothing, and medical care.

Medical facilities and programs supported by the federal government should be required to serve these people, and emergency medical treatment provided them.

The government should provide vitamin pills for such poor children, and other drugs such as antibiotics.

Local doctors can be called upon—and paid by money provided by the government to these families. If necessary new medical institutions and training centers can be created and supported.

(There is now exactly one Negro medical student in Mississippi's only medical school, and hundreds of Negro nurses are needed—and are not being trained.)

The U. S. Public Health Service could place in the face of this crisis one or two doctors and nurses in each county, to work with the rural poor. Emergency dental services also are needed.

It is unbelievable to us that a nation as rich as ours, with all its technological and scientific resources, has to

permit thousands and thousands of children to go hungry, go sick, and die grim and premature deaths.

The specific minimum needs of the children in the pre-school centers of the Friends of the Children of Mississippi might be approached along the following lines (pending a more adequate program that can be provided after the Office of Economic Opportunity funds these centers):

1. Physical examination of each child to include blood count, urinalysis, stool examination, tuberculin test.
2. Follow-up treatment and/or referral as indicated.
3. A vitamin supplement for each child. This need not be given daily as most daily vitamin preparations contains far more than minimal daily requirements. This requires no medical personnel to administer.
4. Immunization program - could be done by nurse under supervision of medical director.
5. Birth control information and medication. This program could be organized and conducted by the health counselor under supervision of medical director and would not require his personal attention.
6. A fund must be available to buy medicine for those who cannot afford them.
7. The above program would cost a minimum of \$50.00 per child per year, perhaps more. In our opinion, the staff and board of FCM are capable of organizing this program and getting it under way and of disbursing the funds as the needs arise.
8. The above recommendations do not make provision for hospitalization of the children.

Modest Proposals

by John Francis Putnam

"UP THE PEOPLE"

The Barbarians are not only at the gates, they're already inside, and still the Establishment keeps on offering incantations and magic bits in the hope that the hippies will be warned off and just go away. It is Roman History all over again.

Currently the Big Incantation is a touring concert series with a hundred and thirty Nice, Fresh, Clean-Cut Kids called "UP WITH PEOPLE!—The Sing Out Musical." The magic thing here is that if we get to see how really Nice Nice Kids are, there just won't be any chance for hippies any more.

And look who's behind it: Moral Re-Armament, Inc. (unlike the Catholic Church, this Crypto-Religious Organization states boldly that it is a Corporation); the *Reader's Digest*; the Shick Safety Razor Company and its President, Patrick J. Frawley, and Mrs. Frawley and their Nine Wonderful Children; and John Wayne ("you'll love 'em from start to finish") Pat Boone ("Songs you'll never forget"); the late Walt Disney ("happiest, most hard-hitting") and the usually late Dwight D. Eisenhower ("new and needed inspiration").

A recent issue of the *Digest* devoted six precious pages to celebrate this new Children's Crusade, with stuff like "an exuberant way of expressing to the world the vibrant idealism and wholesomeness of America's finest youth . . ." The article went on to tell about how these great kids have been singing all over the world (they loved them in Spain and Portugal), and how they appeared on national network television.

Since we've been overwhelmed with Hippy Articles in the

big magazines lately (*Life*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Look*, *McCall's*, *Time*, *Newsweek*) and the whole flower power scene seems to be taking over the media, we were delighted to receive freebie tickets to an "Up With People!" concert at Carnegie Hall, so that we could see what's really happening on the other side. They were \$6.50 first row balcony seats, too (we, who could never afford more than \$2.00 for Casals). Also, there is something very potent about the concept of "Wholesome"; what better magic is there to confront Creeping Hippysm?

In the lobby were two little Four-H Club chicks selling literature and records from a stand. Skirts below their knees, and neither of them over 18. Bright lipstick too. That's another clue. (It's okay to paint your mouth, child, but don't go painting a flower on your forehead with dayglo, the way those over-sexed hippy girls do.)

Inside, "indoctrination kits" neatly folded and waiting on the seats; program, reprint of "U.W.P." article from *Reader's Digest*, mail-away envelope to send money to support the cause in, etc. The program, a wonderful goof! Carnegie Hall programs are standardized for the whole season, pre-edited and set up with only the center-fold reserved for the evening's event. This program features The Music of Red China on the cover.

On stage, kids are lined up—ten deep, in rows—row of girls, row of boys, alternating, and a band to one side. Huge letters overhead: UP WITH PEOPLE. Kids are attentive, eager to begin. It's combination of the Montpelier High School Annual Football Pep Rally and Fred Waring & His Pennsylvanians.

Some of the boys look as if they have cowlicks; haven't seen hair combed like that since the last Andy Hardy movie. The girls: skirts below the knees again . . . you know you're not going to glimpse a flash of leg all evening.

And it's, like, integrated. Just enough Negroes, some Koreans (in national dress) and yes, some American Indians (in national dress? Deerskin dresses like that you can buy in those fake Western Stores on 42nd Street).

So it's off to a peppy start. Like any good incantation, it is totally unintelligible. The first number is all impact, but the famed Carnegie Hall acoustics do nothing for its message. Segue into the next number: The "Sing-Out" Express. So help me, it's old High-School Locomotive number. And with it, the old "arm making like a piston bit." Everybody in motion, arms driving in unison as they sing. With all that arm motion, we can see why they've separated the boys from the girls.

After five numbers of unrelenting exaltation and snappy rhythm (orchestrations from the *Broadway Melody of 1934*) our attention wanders back to the program insert: The boys shirts are by Arrow, Jackets by Palm Beach. No credit for the girl's jumper dresses: by their mothers?

The Ride of Paul Revere. After the Locomotive bit, we should have been conditioned to expect mass motion, but not *this* . . . I mean, *horse riding*. Every body bending forward, hands held out as if to grasp the reins, and the arse movement, up and down, up and down . . . unfortunately, the chorus was facing the audience; if the girls had but faced the other way, they'd have gotten their only encore call of the evening.

Two lines of the lyrics (from the printed text; the whole evening remained at the unintelligible level): "I wonder if, two hundred years ahead (*Ride! Ride!*) If they will ride, or if they'll stay in bed. (*Ride! Ride!*)" This seems to be an unconscious expression of the old classic American folk

saying: "We are riders of the night, we would rather fuck than fight!"

Looking around at the audience: we're the only one without a necktie. In the next box a group arrives. Three elderly gentlemen, and they all look like Warren Gamaliel Harding. In a box further down, an obvious reporter type is attempting to relax and has his feet up on the edge of the box. One of the President Harding types gets up and remonstrates. Reporter obliges, withdraws feet, sits up straight like in Church.

Follows bigger inspirational number. (What with increasing superlatives, it's a regular Montgomery-Ward "good," "better," "best" evening): "What Color Is God's Skin?" In case you're really interested, it's ". . . black, brown, it's yellow, it's red, it is white, every man's the same in the good Lord's sight."

Then the UP WITH PEOPLE spectacular. This song involved a lot of finger-snapping. "Up! Up with people! You meet 'em wherever you go! They're the best kind of folks we know/If more people were for people/All people everywhere/There'd be a lot less people to worry about/and a lot more people who care!"

The kids on stage in a frenzy of finger-snapping. Then two boxes over, somebody is standing up, snapping fingers. Planted shills all over the audience stand up, snap fingers. The three President Hardings are standing up, clumsily snapping fingers. Six nuns snapping fingers. We remain seated, with moist, limp hands.

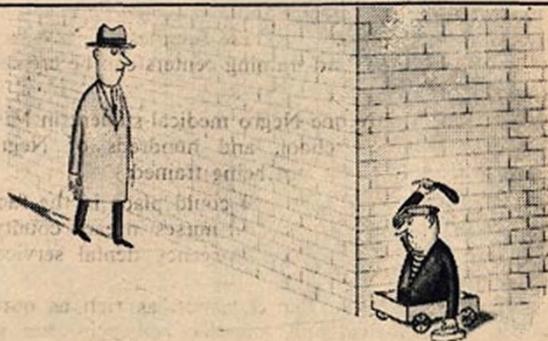
All through the evening, the kids keep up their Fresh Enthusiasm. It is there to be seen. Gives the impression that they are really good obedient kids. You can trust 'em out of sight: kids like that won't turn on or screw or sign petitions to bring the guys back from Vietnam. Kids like that have heart.

They're like the Shakers, who did things the Real American Way, never smoked or drank or had intercourse and as a result there are three of them left, all over 80.

The "Sing Out" kids are all on stage, moving in a kind of horrible unison. After two hours, it is like a painful, sustained note. (Their drummer holds the world's record for non-stop drumming for 100 hours and 23 minutes.) If you smile too long, notice how your cheeks hurt. There must be a lot of sore faces after each concert.

"Freedom Isn't Free" —big finale—. . . *In ancient Rome they felt so free / Doin' what comes naturally. / They were so busy bein' merry ones! That they didn't notice the barbarians . . .*

The three President Hardings were last seen outside getting into a large black limousine. They all had the same little satisfied smile. The limousine didn't have a "Z" type livery licence, either; it just had one superb initial in the middle of the plate.

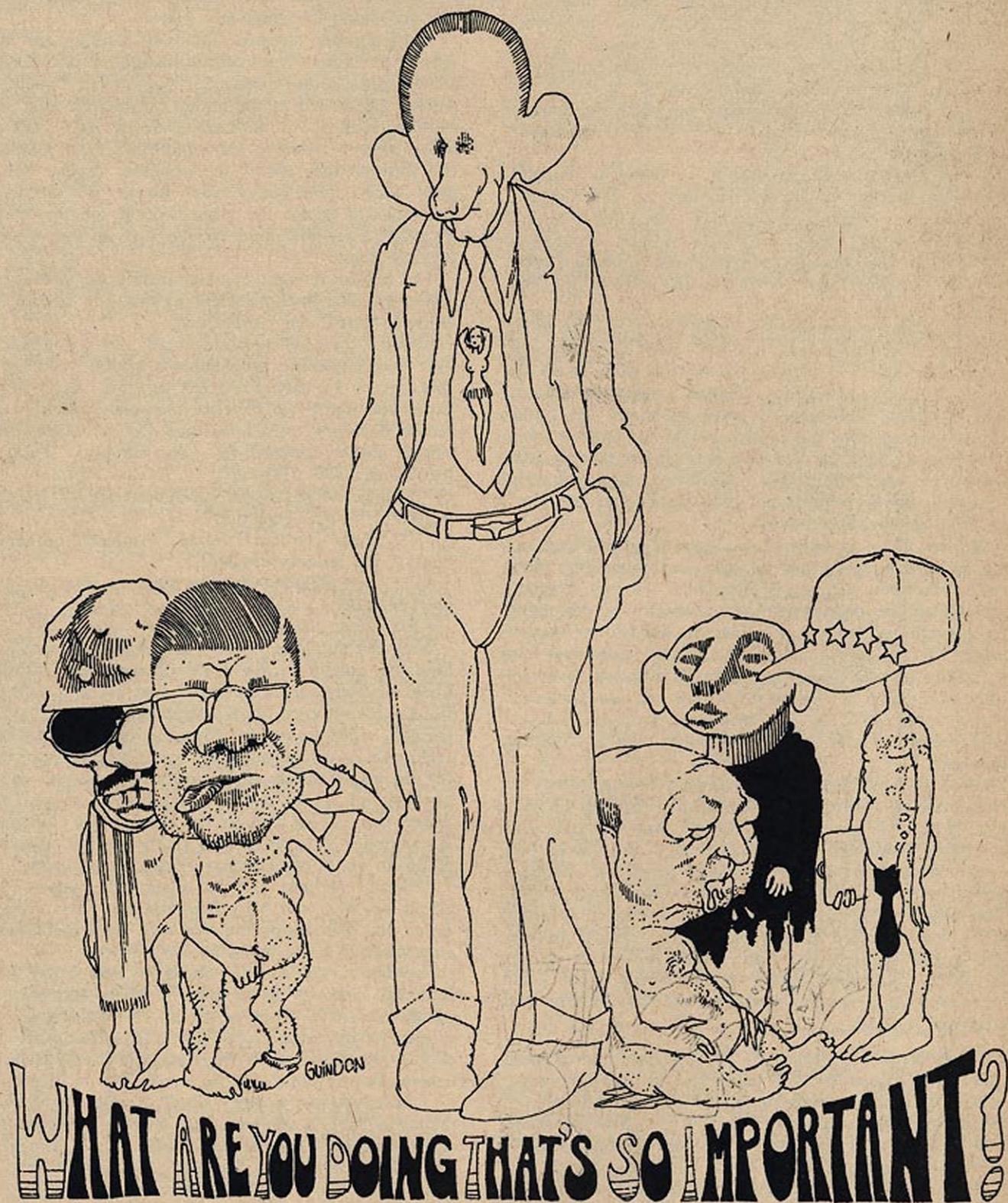


When your child is ready for college will college be ready for him?



Variation on a subway poster: no. 2

IF THE PRESIDENT CAN FIND TIME TO HELP THE MENTALLY RETARDED



Variation on a subway poster: no. 1

The Best Seller

(Rule #1: Use a punchy, memorable, promotable title, starting with "The.")

by Dick Schaap

The author squashed a king-sized Kent in the reclining-nude ashtay on his publisher's desk and blew a final, lazy smoke ring over the heads of his editor and his agent. He knew he had to concentrate on this meeting, had to think about his book, but the memory of the nymph he had just left kept intruding, and he smiled, savoring the vague pain along his thighs, where her lips and tongue and cheek had generously bruised him. (#2: *Get the reader into the story quickly.*)

He was going to be bigger than all of them, he thought. Bigger than Wallace and Robbins, Suzanne and Cooper, bigger than any of the Irvings had ever been. (#3: *Mention, preferably in a list, the name of the person whose life you are stealing; this titillates the reader and, simultaneously, helps ward off libel suits.*) Hell, he had worked for this chance.

He had come up through the men's books and the girlie books, and he had fought his way into *The Saturday Evening Post* and *TV Guide*, and he had done it all by himself, all on his own talent. He had written paperbacks, dozens of them, polishing his skills, learning his trade, working his way from the fag market to the dyke market to the heady heights of the sado-masochistic market, and now he was ready for the big time. (#4: *Characterization is always helpful.*) He was going to show them all now, show them all how big he was.

He was going to show his ninth-grade English teacher, damn her, the way she had always worn those low, loose blouses, draped so temptingly that when he had stood at her shoulder, he had pretended to watch her correcting his compositions, but all the time he had stared at that incredibly lovely white flesh tantalizingly vanishing into the half-bra just at the point where it promised to reveal to him everything he had tossed in his bed dreaming and sweating about. (#5: *A little childhood background never hurts.*) She had never given him better than a C-minus, damn her.

And he was going to show all those taunting starlets he had interviewed, all the ones who had treated him so coldly, who had ignored his burning hunger, who had snatched his hand away from their loins every time he had overcome his natural timidity to offer a gesture of affection, who had rejected him simply because he had never written a best seller, who had not given him a chance to show that he was as gifted as any other lover, even if he was a one-legged spade. (#6: *For further protection against libel, subtly alter the physical traits of your model.*) He remembered, as if it were yesterday, the first time he had interviewed a starlet . . .

. . . Her name was Nicolette Chicolette, and he had come to her like a peasant bearing jewels for his queen, so eager to ask the right questions, to elicit the right answers, to show her that he could paint her on a canvas of silken words, as hot and glorious as she was, and she had sat upon a couch, her feet up, and after his first question, he had kissed her toes and he had begun working his lips upwards, and he had progressed almost as far as her ankle when her

knee had slammed into the bridge of his nose and he had realized, then, that he had not established rapport with his subject. (#7: *Flashbacks are an excellent literary device.*) He had written the story, anyway; he was a pro . . .

And he was going to show his wife, damn her, too, the phony white liberal who wouldn't have been satisfied marrying a two-legged spade, damn her frigidity, damn her letting him discover her in bed when he came home unexpectedly early one afternoon, finding her in the sack with the maid, a damned colored maid. (#8: *Show that your protagonist has problems, too.*) He had begun to suspect that she didn't love him any more.

The publisher stopped thumbing through the stack of French pictures in front of him, marveling at the gymnastic ability some people possessed, and looked directly at the author. He looked at the author warmly, fondly, suddenly filled with an almost unbearable desire. (#9: *Try to have broad appeal to all sexual minorities.*) "I've watched you rise through the ranks," the publisher lisped, with a wry grin, "and I think you're ready for us. We like to publish two kinds of books, the 'what if' kind and the 'non-fiction disguised as fiction' kind. Which way do you want to go? In your book?"

The author thought quickly, feeling the pressure of the casual question building, knowing that now he had to prove himself. "Both," he blurted out.

"Swell," the publisher murmured, gently folding his eyes shut and imagining unimaginable scenes. "We should be able to get an easy \$100,000 for the reprint rights, the paperback rights. (#10: *Take the reader behind-the-scenes in the field you are examining.*) Do you have a title?"

The author lowered his gaze humbly. "I call it," he whispered, "*The Messiah.*"

"We'll get \$250,000 for the reprint rights," the publisher ventured. "What's it about?"

"It's about the first Jewish President of the United States," the author revealed.

"We'll get \$500,000 for the reprint rights," the publisher recalculated.

(#11: *Keep the dialogue pithy.*)

Now the publisher's public relations man, who had been lounging quietly in the back of the room, daydreaming about his scheduled rendezvous that evening with the publisher's love-starved wife, seeing in his mind once more the soft, sensuous curves of her too-long-neglected body and feeling the sweet, unbelievably arousing touch of her searching fingers, suddenly came down to earth and entered the conversation. "I got it," he interjected. "I got it. Teaser ads everywhere. *The Messiah* is coming . . . *The Messiah* is coming . . . We'll take space in the religious press. Build an air of anticipation about *The Messiah.*"

"Swell," cheered the publisher, who knew everything about his wife and his public relations man, who did not care, who was happy that his wife was receiving the gifts he could not bring himself to give her.

"When is *The Messiah* coming?" "Where is *The Messiah* coming?" "Who is *The Messiah*?" The public relations man rambled on. "A whole series of ads. We'll send out small Bibles for promos. We'll get Mahalia Jackson to record *The Messiah* theme. We'll release the book early in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It'll be terrific."

"Have you got a story line?" wondered the publisher's editor-in-chief, a stunning, lithe blonde who had graduated from Radcliffe magna cum laude. (#12: *Develop strong secondary characters.*) She had dreamed of becoming an editor ever since she had written her senior thesis on the structural similarities between the *Catcher in the Rye* and

the Aeschylus trilogy. (#13: *Classical references add tone to the work.*)

She had dreamed of working with the Faulkners and the Nabokovs and the Hemingways and the Sheilah Grahams, helping them perfect their prose, but now she had sold out, a confession she made only to herself. (#14: *Inner conflicts are the best kind.*) Yet deep within her burned the desire, the need, to edit a real book, an important book, perhaps even another *Sex and the Single Girl*.

"The book starts with the Jews and Arabs about to go to war in the Middle East," the author began, the passion of his story reflected in his tremulous voice, "just after the main character—I call him Sid Gold, which symbolizes his sense of values and will make some readers think of the Ambassador to the United Nations—has been inaugurated as President. Both sides want the United States to help them in the war, and all kinds of economic, political and international pressures are being exerted, which I will explain in great detail, sort of a concise history of world diplomacy." (#15: *An occasional extended speech lends verisimilitude to the dialogue.*)

"We'll get \$300,000 for the movie rights," the publisher panted, visions of Rod Steiger dancing in his skull. "It's perfect for Otto to produce."

"As soon as I set up the conflict," the author continued, "I flash back to explore the earlier life of the main character. He grew up on the Lower East Side of New York—I'm borrowing the locale from the life of Jacob Javits, who I saw once at a cocktail party—the only son of poor but orthodox parents. His closest friend is the toughest kid on the block, who tells him stories about sexual adventures that get him all excited, but he has no time for sexual adventures himself because he's too busy going to Hebrew School and reading the biographies of famous Americans. His idol is Lyndon Johnson. (#16: *To increase credibility, weave real names into the narrative.*) This'll show that it isn't all based on Jacob Javits."

The author hesitated and glanced at his literary agent, hoping for a reaction. He felt utterly dependent upon his literary agent. In fact, he loved his literary agent, silently, painfully. Boy, would he like ten per cent of her! His literary agent was a former go-go dancer, twenty-five year old, bright and firm and decisive, with jet-black hair pulled straight back on her head and enormous, sharply-sculptured breasts. (#17: *Provide a physical portrait of each major character.*) His literary agent was a mother image to him.

"One day, however," the author went on, "Sid Gold is left alone in his tenement flat—it's Yom Kippur and he has 102° fever and he can't go to synagogue—and his closest friend comes to visit him and there, right in his parents' bed, they have a homosexual experience, a quick, fleeting homosexual experience."

"Swell," the publisher enthused.

"Sid feels terribly ashamed—after all, it is Yom Kippur—and the experience haunts him all through Bronx High School of Science, Brandeis University and into graduate study at the University of California, where he falls in briefly with a crowd of Haight-Ashbury hippies and, on his first acid trip, sees himself becoming President of the United States."

Abruptly, the author paused, almost unable to believe what he was seeing. His agent and his editor were holding hands under the table, their fingers frantically caressing each other, their knees, extending out from their miniskirts, rubbing heatedly together. (#18: *Don't be afraid of sub-*

plots; Tolstoy wasn't.) He felt the framework of his world shattering, but he thought of the royalties and the subsidiary income and the fame *The Messiah* would bring him, and he fought back the emotions swelling in him. He felt a twinge of sorrow, for himself, losing an idol, and for his literary agent's husband, who was his best friend.

"While he's studying at Berkeley," the author pressed onward, "Sid Gold, still virginal, still afraid of sex, goes down to Los Angeles one weekend, gets high on pot and winds up in a whorehouse. The madam, an Irish Catholic who has left the church, takes a liking to this shy, studious Jewish boy, and she teaches him how to make love, teaches him tenderly, wonderfully, and all his fears and inhibitions disappear. In fact, he gets hung on *shicksas*. He develops an insatiable craving for them; only a *shicksa* a week can keep his homosexual memories submerged. He marries a fantastic Swedish blonde he meets in graduate school—his parents promptly declare him dead—and this looks like it will solve everything. But one evening he happens to leaf through some old letters of his wife's and discovers, to his horror, that her mother was Jewish. He is shocked—his parents declare him reborn—and the old craving comes back, a craving he satisfies in brothels and in periodic clandestine love affairs." (#19: *The sex should be plentiful, but realistic.*)

The publisher, the agent and the editor hung now on every word, and the author felt a strange power surging through him.

"Then I trace Sid Gold through his political career, starting first as the campaign manager for a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant, then realizing that he, too, can run for public office, running successfully for Congress, then for the Senate—against a Negro—then for Governor. Finally, he becomes a candidate for Vice-President and through a cruel trick of fate—his successful Presidential running mate dies of a heart attack the day after the Electoral College votes—he becomes President. His need for *shicksas* persists, of course, even in the White House."

"Better than *The Man*," breathed the publisher, blowing a kiss to his PR man. "Deeper than *Valley of the Dolls*," sang the editor, embracing the agent gently, as though merely to consummate a business deal. (#20: *Keep the subplots flowing.*)

"Now," the author exclaimed, "we come to the crux of the plot, the pivotal situation. Gold has long lost track of his tough young friend from the Lower East Side, the friend with whom he had enjoyed the homosexual experience, but he has never forgotten him. Suddenly, he pops up in, of all places, Israel. He's the commanding general of all the Jewish forces. Oh, yes, one other thing. He lost an eye in a teenaged rumble in Bedford-Stuyvesant and he wears a black patch all the time. But Gold recognizes him anyway, partly from his smile, which is almost a sneer, and the old feelings rise again, so strongly that even though Gold buries himself in *shicksas* for six straight nights, he cannot escape them."

"The old friend comes to Washington to plead for help from the United States. He is waiting, alone, in the Blue Room. At the same time, the Arabs, who have discovered through a spy in the Washington press corps Gold's weakness for *shicksas*, have brought into the White House two dozen of their most gorgeous and agile belly dancers, each primed to do anything Gold wants for as long as Gold wants if he will help the Arabs. The girls are waiting in the East Room with the Arab foreign minister, an exoti-

DAN CARLINSKY

(Continued from Back Cover)

here guard hill, those fella fleak out down-stair?"

Then, some of the red pepper mines the guerrillas have planted begin going off and our boys are really flying. But out of the sky come our Air Force rescue choppers, lifting in a small head shop, with a complete line of psychedelic weaponry. The Cong cheer. "Outa sight," they say. "Lay it on us. Beautiful."

Fierce fighting. Dust settles. Everyone lies back, peaceful, doing his thing.

MARK TWOHY

(Continued from Back Cover)

to be obtained. The key aim of this program will be to instill in the conscious of the American population a broader interpretation of its established moral values.

The Condors' only difficulty in this area is to "start the ball rolling," so to speak. Their problem is due in most part to the widespread ignorance of them and their activities. Because of this fact, they cannot find a public relations firm that will take the risk of backing their proposed project. Thus, according to the Condors, the age-old plague of mankind, fear of the un-

known and the untried, again raises its ugly head to attempt to stifle the beginnings of a worthwhile change in our society.

Although to the Condors, the previously mentioned benefits of their master plan are certainly justifiable reasons for it to be instituted, the argument that the Condors are pinning their hopes for national acceptance of their ideas on is this: American servicemen are dying daily because of the fact that superior American air power and weaponry are not being brought to bear to their fullest against the enemy.

This is due to Americans being against the death of more civilians than enemy communists in a given conflict, because the civilians do not serve a purpose in their dying. If the civilian personnel were to serve a useful function after death, they would not die in vain. Knowing this, those conducting the war would find it far easier to put the "ten-to-one" theory into practice.

In effect, the "ten-to-one" theory consists of killing any ten Vietnamese personnel, knowing that one of that ten will be a Viet Cong, or in some other way representative of the North Vietnam communists. The way this saves American lives is obvious; it eliminates the need for

personal selection (American soldiers out on the field) of Vietnamese personnel for possible communist affiliations.

The soldier could then be taken totally out of this conflict, to be replaced by superior American airborne fire power. American deaths could be cut from the present level, to virtually nil.

Almost needless to state, the Condors advocate the use of only conventional technology for this solution, as nuclear weapons would surely render the future meat inedible.

By equating, as they consider it only right to do, their ideas with patriotism, and by appealing to Americans' logic and common sense, the Condors and their philosophy are destined to become a very influential part of the contemporary American scene.

MARY JANE RACHNER

(Continued from Back Cover)

country, but the protesters would have to stop criticizing the administration for its lack of imagination.

Eventually we may hope that the total programming of limited wars with respect to all relevant factors might become an important new application of the computer industry.

cally beautiful and brilliant Eurasian who once had a torrid affair with the one-eyed Israeli general."

"We'll get \$1,000,000 for the movie rights," the publisher squealed. "Perfect for Burton and Taylor."

"Gold has got to make a decision," the author summarized.

"What does he do?" barked the PR man.

"I've been studying this man for twelve months now," commented the author. "I've been living with him every minute. I know exactly what he'd do."

"He goes to his friend, doesn't he?" pleaded the publisher.

"He has a wild orgy with the two dozen belly dancers, doesn't he?" exhorted the editor. (#21: *Prolong the climax.*)

"He does both," the author announced, triumphantly.

"Both?" echoed the publisher. "Both?"

"Yes," amplified the author. "He has a flash of diplomatic genius, goes to the Blue Room, takes his old friend wordlessly by the hand and leads him to the East Room and offers him to the mysterious Eurasian. Their passion for each other flames anew, and while Gold romps happily with the exquisite harem, the Arab foreign minister and the Israeli general decide to settle, peacefully, the differences between their people. Gold, of course, gets credit for bringing lasting peace to the Middle East."

The author leaned back, exhausted by the experience of outlining his story, yet exhilarated by the prospects stretching endlessly before him, the hundreds of thousands of dollars he would earn from *The Messiah*, the fame and adulation he would gain, the hundreds of nubile young women who would flock to satisfy each whim of the best-selling author.

"It's great," the publisher exuded. "It's fantastic. I love it. Where'd you ever get the idea?"

The author hung his head, modestly, and lit a fresh king-sized Kent. "It's always been my dream," he con-

fessed, "to write an honest book." And then he stood and turned and walked out, hurrying home, hoping against hope that if he were lucky he would get home early enough to watch his wife and the maid, his sister, in bed. (#22: *Maintain the theme from beginning to end.*)

SIGNS ALONG THE CYNIC ROUTE

• Allied Chemical announced its "international annual Christmas party" in a memo to employees dated November 8th. The party was to be held in the Green Tree Room of the Hotel Gramercy Park—on December 1st. In an even greater attempt to beat the rush, the Woolworth's store in the Wall Street area put a Christmas tree in its window on August 30th.

• Two plaguing problems of life in Manhattan were epitomized by a crayoned sign on the front door of a Lower East Side apartment house: "Apartment already rented." Handwritten under it: "And bulgarized."

• An announcement for a new course at the School of Visual Arts (headed "Achtung") begins by saying, "We will try to find out who and what the students are as individuals, and try to start thinking of ourselves as different from everyone else!" The announcement ends: "All students are required to wear a uniform of the instructor's choice!"

JUDGMENT AT STOCKHOLM

(Continued from Cover)

It was also brought out that the nature of the war makes it different from any war previously waged. The bombing of North Vietnam is aimed at the psychosocial structure of the country, not at military targets. This accounts for the predominant targets being schools, churches, villages, women and children. This was made even more clear when one witness read from the Air Force ROTC manual, *Fundamentals of Aerospace Weapons Systems*:

"For purposes of target study, the psychosocial structure of a nation or people is often reduced to terms of morale, because morale is something that can be sensed, observed and influenced . . . Some of the conventional targets for morale attacks have been water supplies, food supplies, housing areas, transportation centers, and industrial sites. The objectives of these attacks in the past have been to dispel the people's belief in the invincibility of their forces, to create unrest, to reduce the output of the labor force, to cause strikes, sabotage, riots, fear, panic, hunger, and passive resistance to the government, and to create a general feeling that the war should be terminated."

All of this important information and more was heard at the Tribunal, yet few people in America or Europe are aware that there even was a Tribunal, not to mention the nature of the evidence collected by the Tribunal. The press simply blacked-out most news about the Tribunal, as it was supposed to do by its very nature. Many Third World political activists viewed the Tribunal as did a diplomat from Mali who said, "What is the Tribunal going to do? Give Johnson four years in jail?"

This was the political reality. What could the Tribunal do?

Sartre recognized this in his opening statement when he said, "What a strange tribunal: a jury and no judge. It is true; we are only a jury. We have neither the power to condemn, nor the power to acquit, anyone. Therefore, no prosecution. We, the jury, at the end of the session will have to pronounce on the charges: are they well founded or not? But the judges are everywhere. They are the people of the world, and particularly the American people. It is for them that we are working."

The Tribunal's judgment was, of course, that the U.S. was guilty of aggression in Vietnam, that the U.S. was guilty of bombing civilians in North Vietnam. Having said it, what was said? The judgment had not changed the political reality, which was the war in Vietnam. The steel-pellet bombs and napalm were being dropped as the Tribunal met and they are being dropped now. Yet, the feeling at the close of the Tribunal was one of self-satisfaction by most of its members.

When Vladimir Dedijer closed the session on May 8, the audience in Stockholm's Folkets Hus rose to its feet and applauded for a half-hour as members of the Tribunal hugged each other on the stage. The next day Folkets Hus was empty except for the few members of the Swedish committee of the Tribunal who worked at clearing out the accumulation of documents. The Tribunal members themselves had returned to their respective homes and jobs in Paris, Rome and other places.

The judgment had been made. They had not been silent as had the citizens of Germany when the smoke from the

crematoria had filled their nostrils. This time they had spoken up. They had marshalled many documents of legal evidence to show that the U.S. had broken international law, that the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the Nuremberg Statutes, the Hague Convention, the UN Charter all had been violated.

Of course they had. The world is not governed by law, but by power, and the U.S. has the power to break or make any law that is in its interest to do so.

After all, it was the power of the victor that had convened Nuremberg. It is the power of the victor that demands war reparations from the vanquished. It is the small and weak who need law, and law can do no more than request the powerful to respect the rights of the small and weak. Law is successful, of course, only when it is respected by the powerful. The weak are in no position to break it, even if it were in their interest to do so.

Thus, law is a fiction and will remain so until Justice takes off her blindfold, puts down the scales and picks up a machine-gun.

But the Tribunal chose to use as its foundation the law, and it announced that the U.S. was guilty of "war crimes." It 'proved' that it is a "war crime" to bomb little children, peasants, old ladies, hospitals, dikes, churches, etc. It may be a "war crime"; if so, what is a "war legality"? Children above 16 are O.K.? Women under 65? If war itself is not condemned as being criminal, then any weapon used against the 'enemy' has to be considered legitimate. There is no nation that goes into battle with copies of the Hague Convention in each soldier's knapsack.

The only "war crime" a soldier knows is not coming back alive.

The legalisms mean nothing. Either one takes a pacifist position and condemns war or you choose sides. The Tribunal avoided both and simply said, there are certain things which the law says you can't do in a war. This was very reminiscent of what a New York businessman told an Abolitionist, Rev. Samuel May, in the spring of 1845, when the good cleric had come to the businessman with moral arguments against slavery.

"Mr. May," the businessman told him, "we are not such fools as not to know that slavery is a great evil and a great wrong . . . A great portion of the property of the Southerners is invested under its sanction; and the business of the North as well as of the South, has become adjusted to it . . . We cannot afford, sir, to let you and your associates succeed in your endeavor to overthrow slavery. It is not a matter of principle with us. It is a matter of business necessity. We cannot afford to let you succeed . . . We do not mean to allow you to succeed. We mean, sir, to put you Abolitionists down — by fair means, if we can, by foul means, if we must."

Lyndon Johnson, lacking the nobility of expression that prevailed in the 19th century, simply laid it on the line when he spoke to U.S. troops at Camp Stanley, Korea in November, 1966: "There are 2 billion of them and 200 million of us. They want what we've got and we're not going to let them get it."

This is the political reality. America is fighting for its own salvation and you can publish a million photographs of napalmed babies and by the time you've finished, you'll have a million more to publish.

The Tribunal seemed unwilling or unable to deal with the realities of the 1960s. Instead, they were concerned with making their statements, to let the world know that

clean. They were not concerned that their acts of conscience be politically effective.

Since World War II a mystique has grown up around "acts of conscience," as if it were enough, in and of itself, to speak out in the face of injustice. Undoubtedly it is better to speak than not to speak, but the result of either is too often the same — the political realities remain unchanged.

The War Crimes Tribunal was an act of conscience by European radicals seeking to affect public opinion in the West. It is difficult to believe that these radicals were serious about their task. Every attempt to broaden the scope and approach of the Tribunal was thwarted. In many instances, the Tribunal split neatly into two categories — the Europeans vs. the rest. This was particularly apparent on the two occasions when racism in relation to the war was brought up.

The first was after the testimony of a Japanese lawyer who stated that the U.S. would not drop steel-pellet bombs and napalm on Europe, that it was on the Japanese that the atomic bombs had been dropped and that the U.S. was using the Vietnamese to test new weapons. The witness reiterated what he said upon questioning by Courtland Cox.

After the questioning, Gunther Anders said, "I hope you are not trying to say that a war waged by white people against colored people is worse than a war waged by whites against whites. You forget that war was waged in Europe by white people against white people."

The Japanese lawyer made no reply, for what could be said? If one is trying to understand the nature of a war, then one must consider if there are any elements that differ in a war waged by whites against coloreds as opposed to a war waged by whites against whites. Too, one didn't want to embarrass Anders and remind him of the dominant element of World War II — the murder of 10 million Jews.

Yet, the same scene was repeated the following day when Tariq Ali of India testified to the racist character of the war. Upon questioning by Cox, once again, Ali told the following story. "One evening I was standing at the bar of the Hotel Reunification in Hanoi with all of the Canadian members of the International Control Commission who are stationed in Hanoi. One of them said to me, 'I hope the Americans knock the hell out of all these little yellow bastards.' He said it in the hearing of all the Canadians there and not one of them opened his mouth to disagree."

This time it was Isaac Deutscher who said in patronizing tones, "I trust, gentlemen, that we will not inject race into the discussion." And he continued into various clichés about race not being that important, etc.

Yet, the fact remains that at the present time the world is polarizing into West (white) versus everybody else (colored, black and yellow) and that the war in Vietnam is only a rehearsal for what the U.S. must do if it is to protect its interests in Latin America, other parts of Asia, Africa and at home. The Tribunal insisted on viewing the war in Vietnam in a vacuum without attempting to relate it to what is happening internationally.

From reading the writings of Sartre one might have expected him to speak out when Deutscher and Anders made their comments on racism and the war. Yet, Sartre, along with the other Tribunal members, remained silent.

In many respects, the Europeans, particularly the French, dominated and ran the Tribunal. On the very first day the Japanese, Filipino and Pakistani members were packing their bags to leave, and some hard persuading had to be done to convince them to stay. Yet, the Tribunal never made itself relevant to them or to the Americans.

The Tribunal addressed itself to the U. S. government, the press and Europe, which is about the same as if Stokely called a press conference on Black Power and invited only the Klan press and expected them to explain Black Power to the black community.

The Tribunal should have addressed itself to the peace movement and the students. The Americans on the Tribunal represented the three organizations that have done the most in opposing the Tribunal—Dellinger of the Spring Mobilization Committee, Oglesby of SDS and Cox of SNCC. When this was mentioned Sartre's reply was, "America is not the center of the world."

No, it isn't. It is the world.

It even controls 75% of France's industry, the major factor behind France's current anti-American stance. America is the country waging the war and the Tribunal should have addressed itself more to that element in the country opposing the war. Instead, it acted as if the war was going to be stopped on Boulevard Saint Germain des Pres.

Perhaps the split in the Tribunal was most obvious on the personal level. It was the Japanese who presented small gifts to the Swedish youth who did all the 'dirty work' at the Tribunal—running the mimeograph machine, telephoning, hunting for paper clips, etc. It was the Cubans who presented everyone with a cigar. It was Mr. Kasuri from Pakistan who made a habit of 'stealing' the pocket books of the girls so that he could sneak bars of candy inside. It was the Americans who found the time to sit down and talk to the Swedish youth and to speak before their student organizations. It was the Europeans who stayed among themselves, energetically maintaining an air of unapproachability.

It is a little thing, perhaps, but there was a noticeable difference between the two groups. You felt that the one group cared about people. I was never sure what the Europeans cared about. Perhaps it was nothing more than their own intellectual commitment.

This was best exemplified near the end of the Tribunal when a debate ensued as to when the Tribunal should render its decision. Some were for waiting two weeks. This would be a good tactic, it was felt, as it would surprise the Tribunal's critics and would serve to create suspense. Others felt that the decision should come immediately. One European said, "The Vietnamese are waiting for our decision." The debate went on until Sartre spoke. "Unless the decision is given immediately I will resign from the Tribunal and issue my own statement."

That settled the issue. It was typical of the kind of black-mail Sartre had practiced throughout the session. Whenever things didn't go his way, he would threaten to resign and issue his own statement. Possibly, he should've been allowed to.

Aside from the information that the Tribunal has amassed and published it was probably more of a danger than an asset. In an age of revolution, an "act of conscience" is a luxury that cannot be afforded. As Fidel has said, "The job of a revolutionary is to make revolution." The effect of the Tribunal was not toward revolution. Even if it had been toward disruption it would have been more valuable. But it refused to deal with the question of racism; it refused to

place U. S. aggression in Vietnam in an international context.

Thus, the nature of the war has only been dimly illuminated and the war itself remains unchallenged. Instead, we have more napalmed babies to contemplate and more atrocities to shock our moral consciences, while David Rockefeller opens a branch of Chase Manhattan in Saigon and the U. S. builds an American-style suburb for 50,000 servicemen outside Saigon and expressways to lead into that city and Danang.

In and of itself, there is nothing wrong with a war crimes tribunal. But the manner in which the session at Stockholm was run amounts to an abdication of responsibility if one's aim is to be politically effective. If the only aim of the Tribunal was to salve the consciences of a few European radicals, I'm certain that they are sleeping well these nights, though the bombs still fall.

The Tribunal was reminiscent of the early days of the civil rights movement when its thrust and motion was toward the moral conscience of America. Non-violence was the weapon and, it was felt, America could not help but respond positively to the just cause of the movement.

Well, it didn't take long to find out that America has no moral conscience. Every tree that grows in this country was watered by the blood of Indians and Negroes. Recognizing this, the movement has undergone a transformation.

If a man has no moral conscience, threaten his life. So it takes a 4-day rebellion in the ghetto to get sprinklers put on the fire hydrants for the summer. You have some idea then what it is going to take to get the U. S. out of Vietnam.

The Tribunal did not recognize this reality and, sadly, showed no interest in even trying to recognize it. Commitment is something that Sartre has written extensively on and I presume that his involvement at Stockholm was an example of this commitment. If so, possibly what this age needs is not commitment, but just caring about other people and being willing to die because you care so much. I couldn't help but feel that Sartre was as much my enemy as L.B.J. Both are men of commitment.

On the last day of the Tribunal I was talking with a Swedish student when a Cambodian who had testified earlier came over to us. He took our hands in his and said in very halting English, "We must not forget that we three, we are comrades." He squeezed our hands tightly, smiling broadly, said a few more words that I didn't catch and waved goodbye.

Lord Russell himself may have known something of the split that existed within the Tribunal, for it was in his closing address, read by Ralph Schoenman, that the real judgment at Stockholm was given:

"The starving and the suffering will no longer die in silence. The Tribunal must inspire a new understanding that the heroic are the oppressed and the hateful are the arrogant rulers who would bleed them for generations or bomb them into the stone age. The Tribunal must warn of the impending horror in many lands, the new atrocities prepared now in Vietnam and of the global struggle between the poor and the powerful rich.

"Wherever men struggle against suffering, we must be their voice. Whenever they are cruelly attacked for their self-sacrifice we must find our voices. It is easy to pay lip service to these ideals. *We will be judged not by our reputations or our pretenses but by our will to act.*"

Then, with a dramatic pause, Schoenman turned directly to the members of the Tribunal and, with pronounced deliberation, said: "And we must not forget that those who now sit in judgment will one day be judged by better men."

March 1968

The Menopause That Refreshes

by Viva

One of the major disappointments last month was the admission by Father Berrigan that the blood he poured into the Selective Service System files was only partly his. In fact, the main portion of it was duck's blood—imported, yet—from Holland.

For years I have been saying that power should be in the hands of the women, and this pallid priestly protest only proves the point. Women, stand up and be counted! You can begin with the number you're most familiar with: 28.

Every 28 days those of you who rely on that old Catholic standby, Kotex (we've heard that the Church recommends this archaic diaper to its female members inasmuch as the use of Tampax may be a cause of grave sin, due to the pleasure of insertion), can stage a mass sanitary drop-in.

Leave your napkins at the door of the draft board and let loose your menstrual blood directly into their files. This method has a double advantage over the duck blood method: menstrual flow will not only achieve the desired visual effect but will also be accompanied by an appropriately pungent odor.

Those of you of the Protestant faith could stage a plug-out by quietly pulling the collective strings of your Tampaxes.

We are not forgetting our Jewish sisters; bigger and better plans are in store for them . . . Hadassah may stage a mass miscarriage. This abortive idea can be accompanied by various slogans: Miscarry-a-Major Day; Plop-a-Private Day; Leak-a-Lieutenant Day . . . or to tie it all together in a neat bundle, a Washington D. and C.

Now, in keeping with draft regulations we want our women to attempt to register their miscarriages and aborted fetuses with Selective Service. As for our men, attempt to register your discarded sperm. You have a definite advantage over us women. Whereas we can only prevent one egg per month from reaching the army, you can prevent millions of wriggling spermatazoa per hour from getting to the battlefields.

Masturbate everything into the jars we will be passing out. At the end of each week your sperm will equal the amount of glue to be found in a Lepage bottle, and it should by that time have the same consistency of said glue. You will be issued unglued stamps. We are printing them now, encrusted with the symbol of our movement, a cupped hand.

You will also be issued a stamp book. For 100 stamps you can purchase a Vibrex to make the chore a bit more pleasurable; 200 stamps entitles you to a plastic mouth; 300 stamps entitles you to a plastic mouth complete with a self-moisturizing mechanism; 400 stamps bring you an artificial vagina; 500 stamps brings you an artificial vagina with the added attraction of a mechanical contraction contraction.

By the time you have saved 2,000 stamps you will have a complete plastic body—male or female. Thus we feel we have covered all possible sexual tastes and possibilities as compensation for non-human sexual involvement in the cause of stamping out war.

Abuse yourself, not the Viet Cong.

A Few Clean By-Products of The Dirty War

by Dan Carlinsky

At last there has been a turning point in the war. Word has gotten out that the Army is teaching its Chemical Corps officers how to use a new gas, Agent BZ. All our boys have to do is spray the enemy with the stuff and, according to the reports, almost immediately the reactions range from a slight feeling of giddiness to hallucinations, and the enemy cannot function properly.

In other words, the little yellow bastards get an instantaneous high, which is a hell of a way to fight a war.

The *Washington Post* reported that, in one testing maneuver, a soldier on guard duty was sprayed with BZ and then approached by a strange soldier who said he didn't know the password. The *Post* said that "the guard tried to remember what to do about it, couldn't, got tired of the whole problem and went to sleep." Beautiful.

Think of it—General Westmoreland gives the word and a whole enemy platoon takes a trip . . .

"COMMUNIST CASUALTIES REPORTED: 75 DEAD, 113 WOUNDED, 207 TURNED ON, THIRTEEN MARINES WERE REPORTED SLIGHTLY LOOSE FROM BACKFIRE . . ."

It'll make everything different. Bob Hope and Martha Raye will be replaced by Tim Leary and Allen Ginsberg. Recruits will begin bribing the brass for extra combat duty. Everybody turned on all the time: nobody will even care whether or not they're fed saltpeter. Then they'll figure out a way to stuff grenades with bananas. They'll have to give Special Forces instructions on how to blow their bereted minds.

Then, of course, civilians will begin a protest movement: "WE WANT OURS TOO!"

"I am not happy about turning people on," the President will say. "But I must be firm in taking whatever steps are necessary to convince the enemy that we seek an honorable peace. In times of war we learn to tolerate things we abhor."

Soon, of course, the Soviets will learn the secret and start supplying the Cong with the juice. After that, for both sides, it'll be more of a gas to lose the battles than to win.

They'll be sitting up on the hill pleased as can be and a big group of us comes along and we start up the hill. They zap us back with a psychedelic blast. Their guys look down and see us all looking beautiful just coppin' out and digging every minute of it.

"Hey!" they say. "Why we gotta sit up

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by Mary Jane Rachner

"The first tabulation of Vietnam war dead by states has been released by the Defense Department . . . The Pentagon refused to estimate the cost of operating the computer to keep up with casualty identifications. The massive machine . . . also is used for other functions." — Associated Press dispatch.

It is encouraging to see what is being done with the multi-million dollar computer leased from I.B.M. by the Pentagon. Among the interesting tabulations already released are the number of servicemen killed in Vietnam listed according to their home states.

When we consider that figures fed into the computer may include everything from rates of bomb consumption to the cost of a can of hair spray in Saigon, we realize that there is no end to the variety of charts, graphs and tables which might be forthcoming from the Pentagon.

Data which might seem indigestible and even nauseating to a sensitive human being will be easily digested by the mechanical monster from I.B.M.

However, it is to be hoped that the Pentagon will move from this kind of tabulation to the programming of problems. The computer, being completely impartial, affords tremendous opportunities for answering questions from the public without endangering further widening of the credibility gap.

Newspaper reporters, instead of having to interview soldiers or state department representatives, could be given the opportunity of calling the Pentagon and submitting questions for programming.

Here is an example of a typical interview:

Reporter (to wounded soldier in hospital): "Well, how do you like this war?"

Soldier: "Not so good, but then I guess it's better to fight over here than on the Hudson River."

The conversation usually ends right there, leaving the public no better informed than they were before. However, if computer service were to be provided for reporters, the matter about the Hudson River, for instance, could be pursued further. It might take several days for the machine to compute the answer, but in the end, we could all be pleasantly surprised.

The computer might show that our government would be ahead, both financially and morale-wise, to air-lift thousands of Viet Cong to wooded areas in the northern part of our country and then to organize search-and-destroy missions on a volunteer basis as a kind of weekend family outing. Not only would every citizen then have an opportunity to serve his

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by Mark Twohy

There has been much attention given to the so-called Doves and the so-called Hawks, in reference to the Vietnam war, but none has been given to any other "war birds." From past news coverage, it would seem that these two are the only groups in existence. This is wrong, as there is also a third group, which to my surprise has received little or no publicity — The Condors.

The Condors believe that there is too much waste in the war, because the corpses produced by the conflict are not being utilized in such a way as to facilitate efficiency. The killing of enemy and civilian personnel represents many dollars and man-hours that, up until now, have been written off as unrecoverable. The Condors' solution to this problem is simple: take the bodies of all non-American personnel killed in Vietnam, and ship them to the United States, for the purpose of entering them into our economy.

This end is to be accomplished by:

(1) Processing the flesh of the bodies for use as food on the tables of American families. Since human flesh is similar in taste to pork, there would be no new flavor to become accustomed to. Naturally, all precautionary measures for sterilization against germs and disease would be taken.

(2) Converting the head and bones of the bodies into bone meal, for use as poultry feed.

(3) Using the inner portions of the bodies, such as internal organs, intestines, etc., as pet food for the nourishment of household animals. Since virtually no part of the bodies would go to waste, a figure of close to one hundred percent efficiency would be arrived at.

From the Condors' point of view, then, it goes without saying that the chief by-product, or "fall-out", of the Vietnam war—in this case, bodies—could, and indeed should be used in such a way as to be a partial financial reimbursement to the American economy, for the money and effort expended in securing freedom for the Vietnamese people.

The logic of the Condors could be summed up as this: nobody actually wants people to die in this war, but as long as the inertia of their death has set in, for God's sake let us be sensible, and harness this momentum for some tangible benefits.

The Condors are realists, however, and can see that a program of this magnitude will not meet unanimous public approval at its outset. Therefore, a re-education program is considered to be of vital importance if a meaningful degree of success is

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