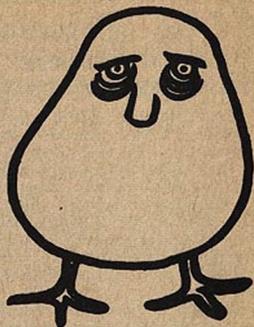


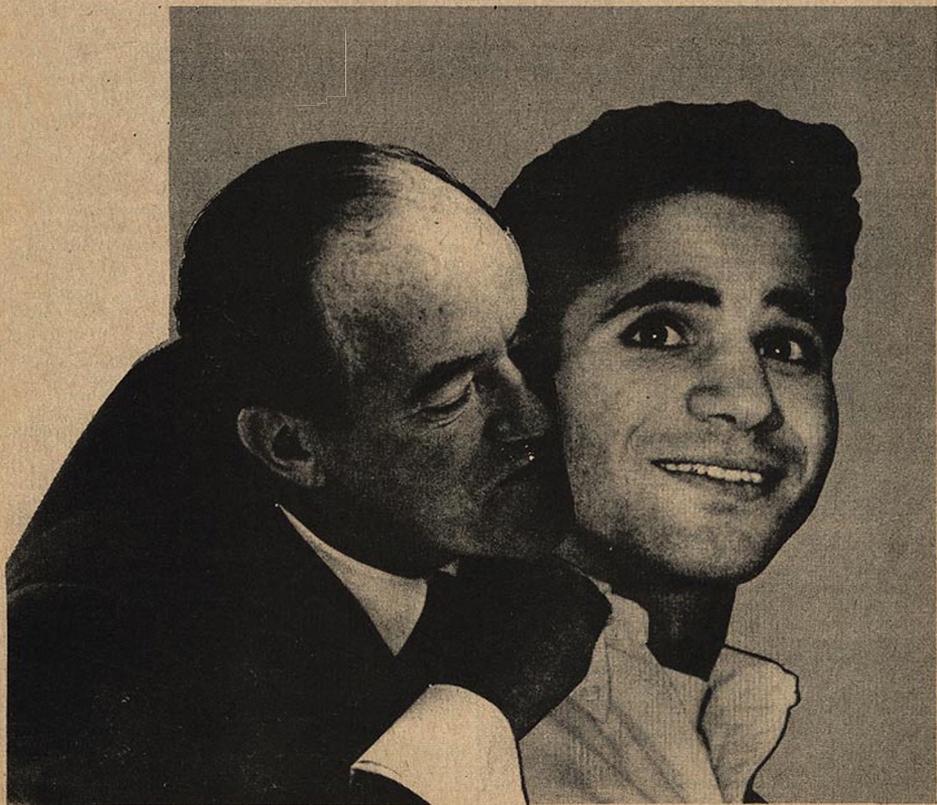
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No. 83
October, 1968
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The Realist

Mailer, McLuhan and Muggeridge: On Obscenity



No, Virginia

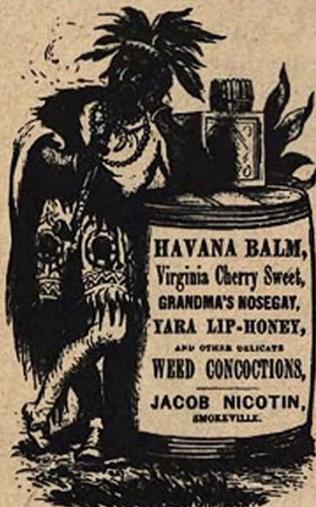
by Alan Whitney

This year's in tactic on Madison Avenue is neither the hard sell nor the soft sell, but the non-sell.

The hippie-come-lately *Saturday Evening Post* recently announced that it was going to lop from its subscription rolls several million of the rubes who have long formed the backbone of its readership, in order to achieve a customer profile more pleasing to its advertisers.

This bit of journalistic mercy-killing at least had the virtue of being quick and open. But what the *Post* has done publicly and abruptly, *Look* has been trying to do secretly and gradually. And that brings us to the ultimate irony of the Manchester book on John Kennedy.

When, after a long and costly legal battle, *Look* was finally able to publish excerpts from the work last year, the results were briefly elating, but ultimately



most horrid. The circulation shot way up. The only thing is, the cost of producing a copy of a slick magazine greatly exceeds the price you can get for it from the reader. So a jump in circulation is a disaster unless you can raise the advertising rates correspondingly. And when *Look's* space salesmen began mentioning such a raise to their big clients, they were instructed to perform an anatomically impossible act.

So, Cowles Communications, *Look's* parent corporation, ended its year of triumph with a loss of \$3.4 million. Since then the *Look* circulation sales staff has been cut back drastically, in order to keep the demand from getting any higher.

Business Week, I learned a while ago, has been playing the non-sell game

for some time. The way I learned it was by reading a letter which, out of compassion, I quote only in part:

"The word is out that *Business Week* turned down 18,958 subscriptions last year, or, to put it in more commercially dramatic terms, an income of \$186,942.

"Well, it's true . . . The reason is simply that *Business Week* is a special kind of magazine, published for a special kind of reader. It is meant exclusively for management men who hold responsible positions in business and industry. You'd think, wouldn't you, that housewives . . . ferryboat captains . . . basketball players . . . barbers . . . and affluent jockeys would understand that the publication is not for them. But they keep sending orders anyway. We turn them down as gently as we can. But hell hath no fury like a reader scorned. And our circulation men have the scar tissue to show for it.

"Under these painful circumstances, naturally, we have a very warm place in our hearts for you men of business whose specific interests our entire publication is designed to serve . . ."

Now, the reason I happened to read this letter was that it was addressed to me. Whitney, the mythical captain of industry, the Daddy Warbucks of Sheridan Square, was being offered a subscription to a publication that turns away such economic holders as Wilt Chamberlain and Vidal Sassoon.

The security system of *Business Week* obviously owes something to that of the Dallas police department. Next week, letters will go out to Eldridge Cleaver and Mao Tse-tung.

In an effort to forestall such mischances while more and more publications trim their invitation lists, I've devised a list of criteria, simple but fool-proof, to guarantee that each organ gets the readers it desires and deserves:

Anybody who wants the *Reader's Digest* will have to send along his ticket stub from Disneyland.

A *True Story* subscriber will have to submit a doctor's certificate testifying to incurable halitosis.

A girl who wants to get *Eye* will have to swear before a notary that she has wet her pants at least once at a rock 'n' roll concert.

A prospective *Playboy* reader will have to establish that he has a large Detroit car and a small penis.

If you want *The Reporter*, you'll have to send along a photograph of your lampshade made from a Viet Cong.

For the *National Review*, don't send American money. Formosan yen will be required.

A woman who wants *Cosmopolitan* will have to demonstrate that she's had at least two face-lifts.

Boy's Life will require its youthful purchasers to swear to one or more homosexual approaches from scoutmasters.

The *American Legion Magazine* will be available only to those who can recap from memory the plots of three stag movies.

Potential *Time* readers will have to display receipts for purchase of the Brooklyn Bridge.

The *New York Daily News* will require two psychiatric diagnoses of paranoia, and its sister paper, the *Chicago Tribune*, will demand a death certificate dated before 1960.

The *American Rifleman* will be sent only to those who have seen *The Green Berets* three times or exterminated two beagles.

And *Business Week* will just have to insist on proof that you play golf every Wednesday with people you don't like.

Jaundiced Press

This month's bad taste award goes to a perennial contender, the *New York Daily News*. With a picture of baseball star Rico Carty, who was to be examined for possible tuberculosis, the *News* ran the overline, "TB or Not TB?" It turned out, incidentally, that he did have it, and is out for the season if not for good.

Generation Gap Note

When Mark Rudd, the leader of the student rebellion at Columbia, appeared in court, the papers noted the presence of his father, surnamed Ruditsky. What the kid really wants, obviously, is to be a Wasp. If Columbia had been able to confer that status on him, maybe the whole hassle could have been avoided.

The Holy Land

An Anglican cleric has advanced the theory that Christ was a homosexual. I can see the headline now:

**Father, Son, Holy Ghost
Seized in Nazareth Motel Raid**



Editorial Giggies

The State of The New Republic

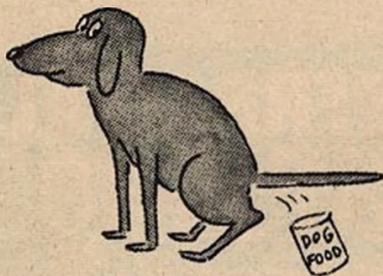
I was surprised when the *New Republic* refused to accept advertising from the *Realist*. We've taken full-page ads semi-annually for the past decade, and the specific ad turned down has already appeared on their back cover. I asked for an explanation.

On August 8, I received this letter from the publisher:
Dear Mr. Krassner:

... I remember one issue of the *Realist* that particularly kicked up a fuss among NR subscribers who had subscribed to the *Realist* through your ads in our publication. Evidently, your journal had referred to ours in some kind of deprecatory manner, and these people (not we) were upset that they "bought" the *Realist* through the ad pages of TNR—yet you put the knock on us.

It is our policy to check every subscriber complaint regarding advertising. In this case the many complaints justified discontinuation of the advertising.

Sincerely,
/s/ Garth Hite



On August 9, I wrote the following reply:
Dear Mr. Hite:

Although I believe that a criticism of the *New Republic* in the *Realist* ought to be irrelevant as far as our advertising in your pages is concerned, nevertheless I searched for the put-down which offended some of your readers.

The only reference I could find was in what I thought to be obviously a satirical piece by John Francis Putnam in issue #76—titled "The Right, Too, Bears Arms"—in the form of an imaginary panel discussion.

The excerpt in question follows:

The Realist: ... Now I have here a clipping proposing a ban on carrying loaded firearms in the City of New York—

Nat Turner: Is that law specifically directed against black men carrying arms, because if it is, they gonna have a big fuckin' fight on thea hands, you hear?! Nobody gonna deny the Black Man the right to bear as many arms as he can carry, anywhere, any time of day, or night, so just let them Honkie Bastards try to tell us—

The Realist: It was simply a proposal covering anyone carrying a loaded weapon in the streets of New York—

Lou Markup: Ridiculous! Laughable! Absurd! So now the wooden pellets, the replica ammunition must be emptied from the toy plastic gun before a child, his mind filled with health-giving violence fantasies, can walk about and not suffer persecution from police

bullies! They're hitting children, on the New York streets!

The Realist: But Mr. Markup, this is simply an article in the *New Republic* that describes proposed legislation—

Valle Forge: You know, them crummy bastards refused my ads! I had a two-page spread offering land mines at a fantastic discount and, would you believe it, they turned me down—

Virgil Lante: *New Republic*? Did I hear you say *New Republic*? You rotten little shithead, you dare to bring that liberal-faggot arse-wiping sheet into a serious discussion of a national issue?

The Realist: Let's forget the *New Republic* and inquire if you gentlemen have opinions on the legislation itself . . .

The insult to the *New Republic* thus came from the non-existent mouth of Virgil Lante—whose name, you'll notice, is a variation on *vigilante*—and who is described as "A Patriot . . . representing the Up to the Minute Men of America, Inc., an Association to Preserve, by Armed Force, Everything that is Patriotically Sound in the USA."

His negative description of your periodical, then, was a blatant parody of right-wing super-patriotic attitudes.

Under the circumstances, I trust you will immediately reverse the ban on our advertisements. While it was distressing to learn that you make certain decisions on the same basis that frightened mass media do, it would be sad indeed to know that you would stick to a decision based on the complaints of a tiny minority of readers despite your cognizance of how misguided they are.

Cordially,
/s/ Paul Krassner

As of September 9, there has been no response.

How to Feed Their Paranoia

This issue was prepared before the Democratic Convention. The inside story of the Yuppies in Chicago will be included in the *Realist's* 10th anniversary issue (#84), which will be out in late October.

It can be announced now, however, that the next gala event will take place in Washington, D. C. in January, coinciding with the inauguration of their new President.

Meanwhile, since the myth of democracy in the United States has already been exposed to the world, the polls are going to serve as the most appropriate setting for local guerrilla theater performances.

Therefore, all American citizens — from long-haired freakos to disenchanteds straights — are urged to register as a prerequisite. Then, what you decide to do in the privacy of that sacred voting booth will be limited only by your creative imagination and survival quotient.

Election day will also be commemorated by street gangs, affinity groups, PTA families, etc., in their own communities. Underground newspapers, please note: November 5th is hereby designated as National Do-Your-Thing Day.

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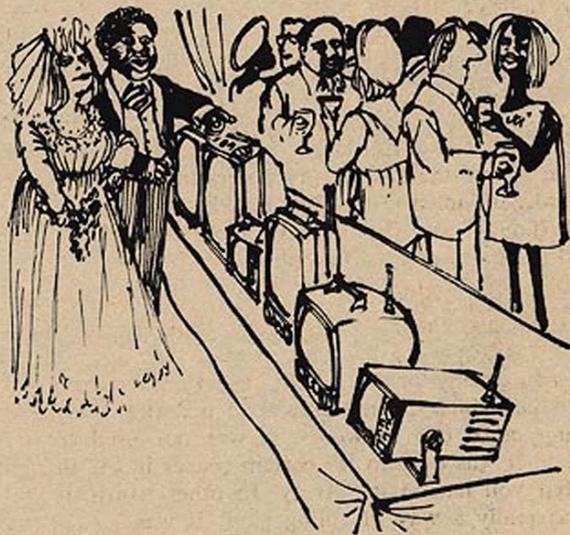
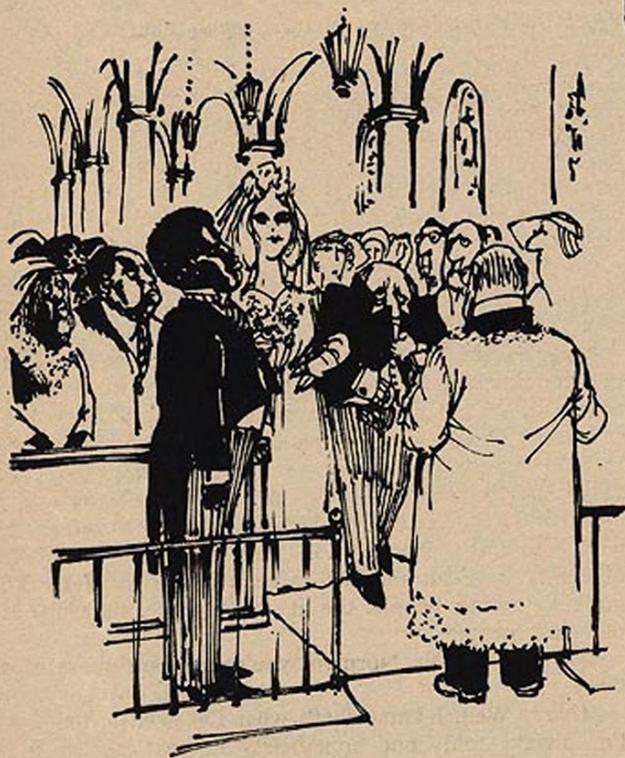
"... I knew you'd like it, Barbara, it was dug by my people in South Africa."



"See, darling, I told you Mom would like you."

INTERRACIAL marriage

rodriguez



"... and that one from Uncle Fred in Detroit; the next one from my cousins Waverly and Tillie in Watts; that one from my Aunt Melissa in Newark; the tiny one from my Godfather in Bedford Stuyvesant ..."

Mailer, McLuhan and Muggeridge: On Obscenity

Editor's note: Following is the transcript of a program entitled "The Way It Is" which was broadcast recently over station CBLT-TV in Toronto. The panel consisted of Norman Mailer, Marshall McLuhan and Malcolm Muggeridge. The moderator was critic Bob Fulford.

Moderator: Marshall, you said a few minutes ago that obscenity is the way that young people establish their identities. Just what do you mean by that exactly?

McLuhan: Well, rough-house and rushing encounter with rough aspects of life is a great thrill for youngsters because it does help them to get a feeling of themselves . . . an image of themselves . . . body percept. Rough-house and rough language and rough activity . . . this is a great means of self-discovery. One peculiarity about obscenity, if you notice, is that whereas the individual obscene word is very involving, very tactile, very smelly, very rough-textured . . . it is always a part of the human body. It consists in breaking a bit off the human body and this is a bit of violence and roughage just as profanity is a kind of breaking of prayer into bits, into fragments, in order to create this rough thing.

Moderator: But Norman, you actually invented an obscenity or came close to it in *The Naked and the Dead* . . . you used the word fug, F-U-G.

Mailer: Yes, yes.

Moderator: About 400 times in that book as I recall it, and it's become part of the language since then, and there's a musical group called The Fugs.

Mailer: I know, some of my best friends are the fugs.

Moderator: . . . but you're still involved. How, incidentally, how do you like them using your word? I mean didn't you copyright it or something?

Mailer: They're welcome to it. The word has been a source of great embarrassment to me over the years because, you know, Talullah Bankhead's press agent, many years ago, got a story in the papers which went . . . "Oh, hello, you're Norman Mailer," said Talullah Bankhead allegedly, "You're the young man that doesn't know how to spell . . ." You know, the four-letter word was indicated with all sorts of asterisks and, you know, I became a sort of household joke. It was the first of my notoriety. And I regretted it. I was inflamed with Miss Bankhead for years as a result. I thought she should have hired a publicity man who had a better sense of fair play.

Moderator: Yes, that's ah . . .

Mailer: At any rate, the word never gave me any pleasure. I used it because I felt that it was a fair word to use to give the quality of the Army experience, which was not dramatic, which did not consist of breaking things off, of making clubs out of words, it was not used to intimidate . . . it was used to fill certain spaces in the thought waves that you had in the Army. In other words, it really, it was really a way of filling gaps. It was . . . it was used to give a kind of rhythm in speech. It has nothing to do with obscenity.

McLuhan: By the way, there is a peculiar aspect of the obscenity business . . . mainly that nudity is not obscene. And it's only the partial fragmented appearance of the body that is obscene.

Moderator: Or titillating, even.

McLuhan: Yes. Nudity, in fact, in England I believe, Malcolm, they have a strange law that any nude on the stage, as long as it does not move . . .

Moderator: They used to have that law.

Muggeridge: That was the rule, that was the rule, but of course we've moved on a step. It was the rule that if you were nude and kept absolutely still, it was okay. But having reasons why it's difficult to keep still if you're nude. One of them might be because it's cold.

McLuhan: Well, if there's a fly around or something.

Muggeridge: Absolutely right.

Mailer: Well, Malcolm, can I ask a question? What would happen if you kept absolutely still, but conditions in which your nudity was discovered was . . .

Muggeridge: Oh, I see what you're getting at now, exactly. And I think that would have created a special problem but as the people who were nude and kept still were female . . . this trouble didn't arise. I must suggest about this that Marshall was rather suggesting that obscenity is something that the young indulge in; but I should have thought that it was much more the old and impotent who have a taste for obscenity, and that far from seeking an identity, they were in fact trying to compensate for or stimulate appetites that were there.

McLuhan: Or recapture an earlier one.

Muggeridge: Recapture an earlier one, maybe, but I would have thought that most obscenity was in fact for the old and the impotent and often produced by them. I don't think the young produce much obscenity, although they may appreciate it.

Fulford: Well, they use it now. Certainly children use it now as a way of putting on their parents, or getting to their parents. They know if they say certain words their parents will have to pay attention to them. In that sense, you're finding identity, even a nine-year-old or a seven-year-old learns this in our culture.

McLuhan: They're invading a mature world.

Moderator: Yes, but he's establishing himself as a personality who has to have attention paid to him, even though he's . . .

Muggeridge: That's a very ancient thing, isn't it? I mean that famous wall in Pompeii, the obscene words written up there, it's an old and standardized practice.

Mailer: I disagree completely with Malcolm. It's not the old who use obscenity to delight themselves. I don't know any old people who go around using obscenity, getting themselves excited. Oh, maybe some poor old drunken bum here and there; but no, I think it's more . . . I think obscenity is about the last game preserve of class. You'll notice working people use it much more than the middle class people.

Muggeridge: Oh, Norman, you're hopelessly out of date there.

Mailer: Well, I know that's what I'm always, that's what I'm always told; but nonetheless I must persist in my opinions even if they're out of date.

Muggeridge: Cling to your dreams, dear boy. You're a great clinger to your dreams but if you watch the poor souls going into an obscene cinema show you will find that

they are most of them well over sixty.

Mailer: You're talking about sexual lucubration. I'm talking about the act of using obscene four-letter words. We're talking about something else.

Moderator: Really two different things entirely.

Mailer: I'm not talking about lucubration now.

Muggeridge: You mean just using coarse words?

Mailer: Yes, yes. Using the four-letter word.

Moderator: It's a working class thing; but it's certainly spread into the middle class today. I mean, those middle class students at Berkeley, California had . . . were putting four-letter words on signs and they had their free speech movement and so on. It's become almost a symbol to a certain kind of young person to use these words all the time and in casual talk.

Mailer: I know, but I think what they feel, I mean I'm presuming to speak for them and I have no right to, but I would just suggest that what they may be feeling is that the reason this is a political move, because we doubt very much if it's a political move, was that these words are used by the working classes who contain the vitality which makes the earth move around. They want to be a part of this working class. They want to get away with middle class hypocrisy. I mean, this middle class hypocrisy is not worth it.

Muggeridge: That was rather the D. H. Lawrence idea, wasn't it?

McLuhan: Yes.

Muggeridge: I think he was the fount for all this rubbish, wasn't he?

McLuhan: And by vitality, let's remember, it is basically tactility and down beat, and these people had never taken the time to specialize their sensory lives by literacy.

Moderator: Malcolm, you said, you said D. H. Lawrence started all this rubbish. I wouldn't have thought it was rubbish at all. I had the idea that there was something in this sexual revolution that was of value.

Muggeridge: Not at all.

Moderator: Nothing, nothing at all?

Muggeridge: Nothing whatever. I mean D. H. Lawrence was just a poor soul. He himself was a well known impotent.

Muggeridge: Working class boy who was mad to cease to be working class and who has provided an alibi for all the middle class people who try to pretend today they're not middle class. I mean he's, in a sense, he's performed a great service, you see. He's given them this tremendous alibi but the whole thing is absolute nonsense. His idea was that this was a sign of virility.

Mailer: Obscenity?

Muggeridge: Yah, well . . . and using these words and all that sort of thing. You know, his gamekeeper. This ridiculous character, Mellors, was a splendid virile man who took girls into the woods . . . whereas poor old Chatterley . . .

McLuhan: Paleolithic man? Hunter.

Muggeridge: Hunter, hunter. Poor old Chatterley had been wounded in an awkward place and therefore was immobilized in ah, in a chair. And this was the image of the middle class. But what's happened is that the book is a joke to Mellors, people like Mellors, but has been fallen on avidly by all the people like Chatterley.

Moderator: Well, of course there . . . they did sell a few hundred thousand copies of it, presumably some of —

Muggeridge: They sold millions in the end because then

. . . by that time it had got a sort of reputation of being an exciting . . .

McLuhan: Malcolm, that period was very fond of the word *escapism*—in letters and entertainment—and it is now a word that one never hears.

Moderator: Not very much. No.

McLuhan: The word *involvement* has taken over.

Moderator: It's, it's . . .

McLuhan: . . . and I think this has a lot to do with D. H. Lawrence.

Moderator: Actually, you have a lot to do with that involvement.

McLuhan: Just commenting on it . . . nothing more than that.

Muggeridge: But *involvement* is certainly the word now.

Moderator: It's a very big word . . . that and media. Mixed media. When I hear the word *mixed media*, I reach for my revolver.

Muggeridge: When I hear the word *revolver*, I reach for my media.

McLuhan: Wait. We're—we're exemplifying that mixed media right here by dialoguing in front of the cameras. Ah, you can't get any more mixed than that.

Moderator: Well, that, that's an interesting point you . . . about the use in *Lady Chatterley* of the working classes as vital and so on, but isn't it a very close parallel, Norman, to the White Negro idea that you had in which you saw Negroes in that famous essay of yours as having a certain potency. Isn't the Negro the working class for America?

Mailer: Yah. Well, what I, what I said on the White Negro . . . now, really looking back at it now, was that Negroes are more primitive in relation to life on several counts. One, because he came from primitive culture just a couple of, it was just . . . a couple of years away from primitive culture. But the other was that he says he had none of the benefits of American life, his relation to life was much more primitive in the more general use of the word. It was much more hungry. It was much more vivid. It was much more existential. It was much more naked and therefore, since his . . . he had very few of the sophisticated pleasures of the modern world. He had to go into the basic pleasures if you will of existence such as sex.

McLuhan: Well, ah . . .

Mailer: There's no use getting around it that the Negro's culture has been a profoundly sexual one and it was built on a different premise than the white culture. But I hate to talk like an anthropologist because I'm not one. I'd rather tackle Malcolm Muggeridge on *Lady Chatterley* and obscenity and all these matters because I think that we know . . .

Moderator: You have some disagreement with Malcolm on these points?

Mailer: Oh, well, I have, I have one with Malcolm and that is . . . his remark about *Lady Chatterley* being a work of rubbish. You know, Malcolm's great charm is that he is perfectly capable of taking a beautiful egg and throwing it in the air and he never looks to see if it lands, you know . . . I mean he's extraordinary that way because most people will turn around and look to see what they did to that egg. Malcolm won't. You just took one of my eggs and threw it in the air.

Muggeridge: Norman, you're not seriously saying that you think that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a good novel, are you?

Mailer: I think it's . . . it's one of the five or ten greatest bad novels ever written and that's a category I'm particularly fond of, since it's possible I've written a great many great bad novels myself.

Muggeridge: Isn't that what old . . . isn't that what old Sontag is always talking about?

Moderator: Great bad novels? No. No, I don't think that's it, although . . . but what you have in mind is a novel with a tremendous charge in it. A tremendous something in it that does . . .

Mailer: A tremendous flaw.

Moderator: A tremendous flaw which . . .

Mailer: . . . both very very good and very very bad.

Moderator: Yah.

Mailer: I think what's very very bad in *Lady Chatterley* is that Lawrence just travelled half the road and the other half of the road is altogether yet to be negotiated—which is, when you have an extraordinary sexual relationship, the next thing that starts happening is that you start having an extraordinary violent relation to life. Women being what they are, sex being what it is—all these things collapse upon one another and you get extraordinary dramatic . . .

McLuhan: Would you agree, Norman, that the bad novel tells us an awful lot about a lot of people and the good novel tells us a little about a few people?

Mailer: No. I wouldn't agree with that at all.

Muggeridge: I'm rather inclined to agree with you there, Marshall. Once I think that the bad novel . . . you can learn a lot about life from bad novels. I think that people learn a great deal about this stupid age from *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Moderator: You mean 200 years from now if we survive, they can look at it . . . very coolly and so on . . .

Muggeridge: . . . but they'll look at it and they'll see first thing is that there were very intelligent men like Norman Mailer who actually took this novel seriously, therefore there must be some reason. That . . .

Moderator: . . . that in itself will be a sense of comedy.

Muggeridge: . . . would be the enormous interest.

Mailer: Why are you curious why I took it seriously? Is it just because I don't have a rubbish detector in my nose?

Muggeridge: That, that is partly it. Your rubbish detector is not all I'd like it to be.

Mailer: My education at Harvard was unsatisfactory.

Muggeridge: Yes, I like to . . .

Mailer: Uh, if I'd gone to Oxford would I have a better rubbish detector?

Muggeridge: No. Much worse, much worse. I'm absolutely sure of that. Oxford and Cambridge are the worst . . . the worst possible places.

Moderator: Certainly you don't think at Oxford and Cambridge one learns to find out what's honest and what isn't?

Muggeridge: Quite honestly I don't think you learn anything of any value. I would really be quite happy if they were shut down for a bit anyway to get a sort of pause and for a lot of the Dons to die off.

McLuhan: Surely one of the advantages of those places is dialogue. You do have an opportunity there to converse with an amazing variety of people without the benefit of too many courses.

Muggeridge: You do, but at the same time, it's all set in a certain pattern which makes, in my opinion, what amounts very largely to brainwashing.

McLuhan: Yes, but those who take the exams and curriculum very seriously, they're brainwashed of course.

Muggeridge: But even the Dons, the sort of talk that goes on . . . the talk that goes on . . . I think this is very dubious.

McLuhan: Yes, but there's also an awful lot of talk that goes on about them. You can participate in that too.

Muggeridge: Yes, that is of course to be preferred.

Moderator: Are we facing a situation where Marshall McLuhan is defending traditional institutions? Is this the situation I'm observing at this point?

McLuhan: I'm an alumnus of Cambridge.

Muggeridge: So am I, actually.

McLuhan: Are you?

Moderator: You feel you've cured yourself now, have you?

Muggeridge: Well, I didn't like it there and everything I learned about it since . . . has made me feel that it's a very dubious place to go to. Very dubious.

McLuhan: Would you prefer if you were a young man today . . . you would prefer an opportunity to attend a university in some other part of the world.

Muggeridge: Well, if I were to be very candid with you, Marshall, which I am going to be, I wouldn't be . . . I'm not very keen on education at all. I mean, I think it's a sort of mumbo jumbo of our age, you know. It's a sort of . . .

McLuhan: It's becoming big business.

Muggeridge: Big business . . . exactly what it is . . . and as such . . .

Moderator: Bigger every day too.

Muggeridge: Bigger every day and as such performing no function that I feel it ought to perform, you see. Uh, it's a sort of, it is a sort of, as such, religion. It's as though everything that happens, you know I spend a certain amount of time on these fatuous panels of the BBC. Did you ever see those when you were in England? You know, four people sit like this and someone in the audience said, "Do you think polygamy is a good thing?" and then you sort of scratch your head and Mrs. Stocks says, "Well, I met some very nice tribes, I met some very nice tribes who uh . . ."

McLuhan: Do you feel that we are managing to avoid the fate of those panels that you mentioned?

Muggeridge: A little, a little. Not too much.

McLuhan: Do the universities obtain their relevance from the culture in which they're placed? And would you say the North American culture has become the center of the world now?

Muggeridge: Yes I would. Unfortunately, unfortunately, I would say this.

Moderator: Fortunately or unfortunately, it seems to work that way increasingly in the arts too. In painting today, for instance, there's no question of what the capital of the world is . . . New York City. No question at all.

Muggeridge: The capital will always be where the power is. I mean that is where the artists gravitate. When we were rich and powerful, we English . . . we used to be . . . everybody's forgotten about it now . . . went there.

Moderator: T. S. Eliot went there and people like that.

Muggeridge: For what it's worth.

Moderator: Well, it wasn't worth a great deal?

Muggeridge: I got into terrible trouble, Norman, for saying that he was the death rattle in the throat of a dying civilization.

Mailer: I'm the death rattle?

Muggeridge: T. S. Eliot is.

Mailer: Oh, I'm sorry. It's my confirmed narcissism.

Moderator: Not to say paranoia as well.

Muggeridge: You're not the death rattle.

Mailer: I was hoping Malcolm would think enough of me to consider me a death rattle. The honor belongs with Eliot much more.

McLuhan: I would say on the whole that Eliot was a pretty festive rattle. A real crackling good rattle.

Muggeridge: He was a death rattle, wasn't he?

McLuhan: No. I wouldn't say so.

Muggeridge: Really?

McLuhan: Oh, for heaven's sake. This present time, we're moving into this electric age, in the dawn of much the greatest of all human ages. There's nothing to even remotely resemble the scope of human awareness, of human greatness . . . at this time.

Moderator: No, no. There we are . . . a value judgment.

McLuhan: Yeah, I'm . . . no, this is quantity. Most people make their judgments in terms of quantity. Now I'm merely saying quantitatively, this is by far the greatest human age. What further evaluations would you wish to have brought to bear?

Moderator: Well, I thought when you said *greatest* that you mean *finest*. That is, would be more admirable than the renaissance or Florence, or something like that.

McLuhan: We're a thousand times greater than the Victorian age.

Muggeridge: In size.

McLuhan: In size.

Muggeridge: But not in quality.

McLuhan: I don't know.

Muggeridge: You don't know.

Mailer: We may not . . . you know there might be some way of, let's say, if there is a good Lord it's possible He might measure these . . . have a handful of air that appeals to Him. He might take a handful of air in Winnipeg and say, "Marvelous air." He might pick up our air and say, you know, "All the fume exhaust."

Muggeridge: Well, I must say, Norman, if that were being done, contrary to what Marshall has said, I would say that if the good Lord was sniffing a sort of cultural quality of an age that He would turn away with the utmost distaste from the aroma that He'd get.

Mailer: I agree with you. I agree with you.

Moderator: You mean you have . . . you not only can imagine that there is a Lord, but you can imagine that you know His tastes?

Muggeridge: No. I wouldn't say that. I imagine that there is a Lord. I profoundly imagine that but I don't know His taste, but I think that contrary to what Marshall has so brilliantly suggested in all his writing . . . I think there are absolute standards in this thing, culture, in art, and that there are standards you can measure one age against another and that we happened to have lived, no great, no great misfortune really, we happened to have lived in what amounts to the Dark Ages.

Moderator: Well, Norman Mailer is one of the people who is contributing to the Dark, or otherwise, Age we're in and one thing is that film called *Wild 90* and the thing that interests me about it is that it's so obscene that you still think there's going to be some sort of censorship case in the courts.

Mailer: The language in it is obscene. The picture it-

self is absolutely chaste. My wife is in it, you know. I mean there, as a matter of fact, this picture is probably too chaste to be of interest to most people . . . visually that is. I mean nothing goes on. There are a couple of kisses in the entire picture. That's all. But the language. The language in it is absolutely . . . if people have a taste for obscenity, the language is absolutely sensational. You know there must be something like 500 four letter words used in 90 minutes.

McLuhan: In terms of texture and quality of effect, what is your feeling about this part of the picture? This component?

Mailer: Well, one of the things now . . . it has an extraordinary effect on audiences. The most unusual sort because, first of all, they've never had the experience before. No one in an audience has ever seen a movie which has this much obscenity unless it's some sort of experimental movie. But our movie is fairly conventional. It's about three gangsters who are holed up in a loft and they are seeing other gangsters and people come to visit them, family, police, friends . . . and in the course of the movie, the swearing just goes on and on. It's just one of the elements. It's like the whistling of the wind outside.

Muggeridge: This interests me very much. The tastes that the contemporary bourgeoisie have for obscenities spoken in a public performance. This was the case with Lenny Bruce. You must have been to Lenny Bruce's shows. Anyway, I have. I don't know whether you have, Marshall. The thing about it that struck me was exactly what you say. He was a kind of tragic, tortured moralist, wasn't he? And there was this terrible sort of bourgeois audience, for instance — I saw him in Chicago — waiting for him to use these words, you know, and every time the word came out, giving an awful kind of shiver out of it. I noticed the same thing—I was telling you, this terrible poetry festival that I compered in London two weeks ago—the same thing when these words were used. The audience was absolutely typical, sort of Arts Council audience . . . ladies up from Tunbridge Wells . . . very respectable ladies. They sat there waiting for Ginsberg to use these words. Now there must be a reason . . .

McLuhan: Obscene words are profoundly mixed sensory experiences and they . . . that's why they, empathically, they hit you in the midriff.

Mailer: I've got a few friends who are fairly . . . what I would call guys who are really, fairly tough guys, you know. They love the picture. They laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh, and they laugh because, you see, there's one thing that goes along with obscenity that makes it altogether different from these dances, I think, which is that the dances finally involve a direct sexual provocation, you know, and I say their appeal is slightly below the midriff.

Muggeridge: Of course. It's . . . they're erotic.

Mailer: Whereas obscenity, if we're going to talk about the part of the body, it's the shoulders. For instance . . . (Now, Marshall, let me make this point as it has just occurred to me; I'd hate to lose a point the moment I get it) which is: an obscenity, after all, speaks of people beating you over the back with a club or punching you and the reaction that many people get when they are cursed at is to punch. It's sort of a tension through here you see. What happens is that tough guys after all, I'll use this word, I mean hard guys, whatever you want to call them, walk around

... they have a great life with their shoulders. They're always moving with their shoulders. No, it's absolutely true.

Muggeridge: I know. It's absolutely true.

Mailer: So what happens is that, therefore, obscenity is one of the ways they have of moving their shoulders. They're always sizing each other up. They jolt each other with obscene talk back and forth and what comes out of it is a whole series of showdowns back and forth because tough guys are always acting. You see, a tough guy isn't always tough. He wakes up with a hangover. He's in love with a girl. He's feeling soft all over. He's his worst enemy. (Marshall, let me just nail this down because I'm really on it now.) And so they have to act and they know more about acting instinctively than most audiences, and so they love, they love this picture with all the sinning going on because we were playing three gangsters who just kept putting each other on all the time, each pretending to be tough and then the other would poke through or not poke through it and so, for them, it was a comedy of manners. Whereas other people in the audience, what it meant ... people who had a delicate sensibility, what it meant was that this world is really quite horrible and one of the reasons it's horrible is because there's such a marvelous logic to this obscenity. It goes on. It's so Laocoon. It is indeed a comedy of manners and this comedy is atrocious.

Moderator: How is it that it is now possible to consider actually showing a movie like that today? I mean six years ago you wouldn't even have thought of making it would you?

Mailer: Well, there's been an extraordinary acceleration ... This is Marshall McLuhan's field so much more than mine, but there's been such an extraordinary acceleration of environments and one of them has been this, if you will, these permissive environments in the arts. I mean, each shell replaces the shell the year before.

McLuhan: And when you put a new one around an old one, as you're doing right here, you get a new art form.

Mailer: Yes, I think you're ...

Moderator: I've never been able to quite understand how these permissive shells are created though. Do you know ... have you any theories on that, Malcolm?

Muggeridge: My feeling about it is completely different. I mean I think this is just what happened to decadent civilizations, you see, and I don't think ... I think just ... It's characteristic when a civilization is running down, which I firmly believe our western civilization to be, on the one hand the sort of bourgeoisie, the establishment loses its nerve, is on the run and therefore it wants on one hand, as we were saying about D. H. Lawrence, to try to identify itself with its social inferiors and on the other it's going to get the shock, and it gets the shock out of these four-letter words.

McLuhan: While we are ... the old one is running down though, Malcolm, we're creating a new one and ...

Muggeridge: Are you sure, this is perhaps ... well, Marshall, I wonder, you see ...

McLuhan: You see the electric age is highly integral. The old mechanical age was fragmented and special. We're a highly integral civilization and this is what distresses people who belong to the old specialist disintegrated one. They can't find a little place for themselves.

Muggeridge: Yes, but are you sure, you see, are you absolutely sure that this is the birth struggle of a new civil-

ization? Are you absolutely sure that it's not just the break-up, not just the break-up. That's what I think is perhaps the whole difference between North America and Europe, really ... is that you over here do believe that. You do, you do.

McLuhan: You have a bigger stake in the old technology.

Muggeridge: Well, we're inclined to think that all these things you imagine to be of such enormous importance, like for instance, this thing we're doing now on television because there's a lot of people goop at television ... for hours every day. You're inclined to think that's an enormously important thing. I just think it's a sign of the kind of vacuity that comes when a civilization breaks, like the circuses in Rome. If there had been a Marshall McLuhan then, you see, Caius Marcius McLuhanibus, he would have written a great book about the circuses and he'd have said, "There's this new civilization ..."

Moderator: There's no medium.

Muggeridge: No.

McLuhan: No. They had no new technology. Ah, the ... that's ... Caesar, by the way, educated the Gauls by war ... this is the approved western method of educating backward areas, is warfare, and Alexander the Great did it the same way. Napoleon, I was reading a book on the Russian revolution the other day in which the author was explaining enthusiastically that the great forward thrust in Russian institutions came from Napoleonic inventions and then from the Crimean War. What is happening in Vietnam now is a great educational forward thrust from us on the war front ... on the war path.

Moderator: It's very pleasant to think of it that way.

McLuhan: I don't think, I don't ... I think it's a horribly ... it's like roast pig, you know Charles Lamb's theory of roast pig ... 'Burn your house down.'

Muggeridge: Yes ... and I'm a bit inclined to agree with you but I don't think it's done consciously. I think that's just ...

McLuhan: Oh, no, we never do anything consciously.

Muggeridge: No, no, no, but what I mean is this is not, I mean you would see this as the manifestations of some new way of life.

Moderator: Would you say that this North American society is basically optimistic still ...

Muggeridge: Yes, I would.

Moderator: ... and European is basically pessimistic?

Muggeridge: In very general terms I would. Here I'm sticking my neck out but I'm going to say this. Marshall may disagree with me strongly but I'm going to say this. That you over here do believe that the environment men create governs their nature and their lives. I don't believe in that. I think that this is only a very small part.

McLuhan: We are of 18th Century origin and it was precisely at the time that Rousseau invented the theory that the environment was the great educator.

Muggeridge: That's right and a lot ... a load of rubbish it was. Absolute rubbish, which has produced the present chaotic situation.

McLuhan: Nature as a teaching machine is now capable of being programmed by human intentions.

Muggeridge: But these too, in a way, Marshall, are just words. I mean you program it. Men program computers. You mean they put in something and then the computer ... but you see that is a non-creative process.

McLuhan: But it's like programming lighting levels, sound levels, temperature levels.

Moderator: This is an idea to be welcomed.

Muggeridge: My great point that I'm trying to make is that, that is not life. That's a surface thing, you see, and I think that life is about something much more than that.

McLuhan: It's like saying though, isn't it, that disease is not just a matter of symptoms. On the other hand, if you can get rid of all the symptoms, who cares what disease he has.

Muggeridge: Yes, but the fact is that, the simple fact is, taking that analogy, is that treating the symptoms does not cure the disease. Very often, if you just treat a symptom and get rid of it, you get another. It's the disease itself that matters. In fact, that's very much what I'm trying to say.

Mailer: I think I probably would agree with you generally that the world is an extraordinary bad place right now and it's possible that we're sitting on the last twenty years of anything we know or understand.

Muggeridge: Very likely.

McLuhan: It could be twenty minutes.

Mailer: Well, I know, but quite without any apocalyptic end to the world I think we can sort of poison ourselves.

McLuhan: Do you think with an apocalyptic it's a mere speedup in time? Escalation?

Mailer: Well, whether it's twenty minutes or twenty years, what I'm getting at is, because it is a desperate time, I think that a conservative like yourself has got to regard one possible . . . has got to look one aspect of it squarely in the eye, which is this . . . that they will take extraordinary measures to save this world and that one of the reasons the world got into this impasse is because of a profoundly conservative view of existence which went on for several hundred years and finally failed in a most profound way. Even though it may have been right it may have drawn the line too high. You see, for example, if you go back to obscenity, at least there's a little useful reference as we all know what we're talking about. There's something about obscene language that I find personally offensive. In other words, when I look at this movie sometimes it made my skin crawl. I said, "How the hell could I get involved in a movie like this? I can't bear to listen to it. It offends a good half of me." It did. It was something about the repetitiveness of it. It was obscenity without charm . . . there's not a great deal of wit in it or something. It just goes on. It's like a . . . it's halfway between a leaky sink and a gutter. The language is. All right, one of the things that goes on is, one of the things I'm trying to say is that line about obscenity was drawn too early and too high, you see, and too much of this line was kept out of polite intercourse and because it was kept out it festered and took on anomalous forms and it may be the . . . one of the things we have to do now is we have to dig up all this language and find ways to use it so that there's no longer a ridiculous tension and hypocrisy attached to it. I'm not . . . I'm not saying this is going to save the world. Obviously it's not, but it's one of the 10,000 things that may have to be done.

Muggeridge: First of all, let me say to you that I am not a conservative in the sense that, let me make it absolutely clear. There's no time in the past that I thought . . . think, was wonderful.

Moderator: But you must think there were times that

were a lot better than this one.

Muggeridge: There were times when human society has integrated and times when it's disintegrated. There are times when civilizations are waxing and times when they are waning and it's enormously good to live in all those times. In fact, I seem to detect in Marshall's writing . . . that point that there's such a lot to be learnt from a phase of life which may be to you very repugnant. But what I'm concerned to say only is this, that in this part of the world you are inclined to say, now as Marshall does, 200 years ago printing was invented.

McLuhan: Five hundred.

Muggeridge: Five hundred year ago printing was invented. Life has never been the same since then.

Mailer: Absolutely true.

Muggeridge: I don't agree with that. I think that printing or television or all these things may affect the surface of men, but the fascination of life to me is the exact opposite that I find in Socrates and St. Augustine and all these people who lived before printing.

McLuhan: But not before writing.

Muggeridge: Well, if you like.

McLuhan: By the way, there's a wonderful book called *Preface to Plato* which just mentions in passing that Socrates' great contribution was to the dialectic . . . was the ability to say, "Would you mind repeating that please?" This kind, the Socratic irony, the Socratic questioning was a playback. With the coming of writing, the possibility of playback came into human society for the first time. Socrates was very much a product of technology, new technology.

Muggeridge: I wouldn't dispute that. Marshall. I wouldn't presume to dispute it but I would say that if you, as far as I've been able . . . in a very sort of amateur way to read and think about various contributions to knowledge which have been produced at different times, the thing that astonished me about them is the huge area which is the same, which is constant, and how narrow is the area that belongs to particular environmental changes whether a civilization is in a very stable or advanced state or whether it's in a chaotic state.

McLuhan: Remember the phrase 'Polite Society' when that came in? This historically meant a society that established its values on the word of the behavior that was capable of inspection that would bear looking at and polite society no longer is with us because we no longer live in a visual culture, and so the values of polite society are for the birds and I'm not free of the nostalgic look back at some of those old values. On the other hand, I can see why they've gone down the drain and I can see why new ones are forming right under our noses and I can see why the new ones create such revulsion, total recoil.

Muggeridge: I think that very often today in the western hemisphere things that seem to me to be surface things are thought of as decisive, see what I mean, and that I think is because of a whole different attitude of mind and philosophy of life if you like. Perhaps you could simplify it. I've often thought of simplifying it in this way, you know. There are two questions that you can ask about life, really. You can ask the question *how* and you can ask the question *why*. But I'm passionately interested in the question *why* and I'm not interested in the question *how* . . . but I think you over here are enormously interested in the question *how*.

McLuhan: What about the matter of appearances . . . do they matter?

Muggeridge: Not terrifically, but they're interesting. They don't matter.

Moderator: What about Norman Mailer's assertion that all this trouble we're in the world now is caused by 300 years of conservative ideology?

Mailer: I didn't say that.

Muggeridge: He didn't say that, actually. He said that this conservatism had existed and had been unable to correct what was happening and he's quite right.

Mailer: I think it's solved the problem too superficially, if you will. In other words, it created a life which worked reasonably well. In fact, looking back it worked very well for a large number of people but it didn't work well enough, finally, for the entire world.

Muggeridge: The conservative has never known what he wants to conserve, anyway. What would you conserve today if it were possible to be a conservative in . . .

Mailer: Oh, I know exactly. I am a conservative. I know exactly what I'd like to conserve.

Muggeridge: What would you conserve, Norman?

Mailer: The trees, first.

McLuhan: It's not a political sentiment.

Muggeridge: No . . . but we may need you to protect them.

Mailer: No, I think that's a very good test of a conservative, which is if you present him with the problem . . . somebody comes up to you and says, "Look, here are five men and here are five trees, which are you going to execute?"—you know, and you answer, you say, "Well, I don't know, let me look at them."

McLuhan: Speaking of this strategy . . .

Muggeridge: . . . but you'd have to execute the trees.

Moderator: Then you are a conservative.

Mailer: No, I wouldn't have to execute the trees.

Muggeridge: Yes, you would.

Mailer: No sir, no sir.

McLuhan: There's a wonderful sign hanging on a junkyard in Toronto which says, "Help beautify junkyards—throw something lovely away today." I think this is a thought that conservatives need to consider.

Mailer: There's a point I do want to make. You know, when you talk, Malcolm, you talk blissfully about how nothing has really changed. We're still marvelous and this is all superficial stuff . . .

Muggeridge: No, I didn't. Norman, now steady, my boy, steady.

Mailer: Alright, alright, I'm exaggerating what you said.

Muggeridge: I said the area of life which didn't change was much greater than is normally supposed.

Mailer: Alright, fair, right. I'm saying that I think you're absolutely wrong on that. I think you're wrong for what particular reason which is what's going on from the birth of writing to the present time is that man has become more and more aware of himself in the superficial narcissistic sense and he's become more and more the instrument of his own will. Every invention you point to, writing, printing, radio, all the means of communication, keep enabling us to become more and more aware of our relation to the universe. In other words, the feedback, as McLuhan is always saying, is really the center of that whole thing, but the more feedback man gets the more he ceases to be man . . . becomes something other and the nature of man is that he begins in the state of innocence.

McLuhan: I'm amazed. I think, Norman, you assume that man is the content of the universe.

Muggeridge: He's not.

Mailer: Well, I think of course . . . I have certain . . . that you won't agree with at all but I think . . . man was the crown of the universe at a certain point. I think he was the noblest invention of God.

McLuhan: But that the universe was in profound sense an extension of man.

Mailer: No, I think the universe at one time was an extension of the Lord.

Muggeridge: Do you think the Lord is gone?

Mailer: Well, I think the Lord, being a sporting gentleman, obviously if he was going to get into any contact with the Devil, it would have to be where he wouldn't have absolute control over the game. You have to start the game on equal terms with the Devil, otherwise there's no real game.

Muggeridge: You see, Norman, it was that Lord . . . the thing . . . the phrase . . . one of the phrases I most chose, you see . . . 'As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be.' It's a marvelous phrase.

Mailer: That makes you much more the conservative than me.

Muggeridge: No, it doesn't make me a conservative. It makes me believe the truth and it was that Lord that you're talking about, you see, and this is really what I'm trying to say . . . that of course, all these things happen . . . of course civilizations come and go. Of course human beings make the most extraordinary inventions, move faster, move slower, have ways of projecting their thoughts, telephone each other, talk to each other.

McLuhan: Speed reading.

Muggeridge: Yes, speed reading, the whole gamut. But still you have it. In all seriousness, what I'm trying to say is, 'As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be.' In other words, there is an enormous area of life which is constant and that is both what has enabled human beings to survive which is an extraordinary thing and out of which also comes their religion.

Mailer: Gentlemen, you must give me the last word. I have just received the signal. I've got to get on my horse and gallop off to the aeroplane.

Muggeridge: I'm sorry you're going, Norman.

Mailer: No, no. I want to get the last word.

Muggeridge: You shall have it.

Mailer: Lord willing that I have a last word . . . I may not.

Moderator: Yes, but you have this microphone problem.

Muggeridge: Yeah, but he's got to keep it on for his last word. I want to hear your last word because I shall cherish it.

Mailer: Well, it seems to me that the only notion of existence that makes for any fun at all, any sense of dignity, is that the universe started not as a noble conception but started as an extraordinary contest. In other words, if you have a God, this God would have to engage evil in order to absorb some of it, so there would be less evil in the universe when it was all done and we of course are the embodiment of that contest between good and evil.

McLuhan: We are the blotter that's to sop up the evil part.

Mailer: Well, no, no, I think it was left entirely for grabs, if you'll forgive that profound vulgarity. It was up for grabs and I think we're losing the game, or at least I think the Lord may be losing the game. I think these are desperate times . . . and on that cheerful note I'm going to grab that plane.

Muggeridge: Yes, it is a cheerful note. Goodbye.

Moderator: Actually, one thing that point brings up, it's always astonished me about the climate in which Norman Mailer's novels are received, is that he is a completely religious novelist and the only one in America and it's quite impossible, in fact it's done every year, to review or discuss Norman Mailer's books without discussing religion.

Muggeridge: Of course it is. I have always said to him, he's a Rabbi. He's a Rabbi.

Moderator: I think, I think it's because God is in bad taste in North America now.

McLuhan: I think we're heading into a profoundly religious age.

Muggeridge: I'm almost certain of it.

Moderator: You're certain that we're heading into a profoundly religious age?

McLuhan: Yes.

Moderator: Why is that?

Muggeridge: Well, because I think that this, I mean, I think that human affairs proceed by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* and I think materialism will reach its *reductio ad absurdum* and in reaching this *reductio ad absurdum* in order that the opposite proposition begin to be attractive. There are very clear indications of this, all round, including evil, this sort of business of, these drugs and things, which in my opinion are very degraded.

Moderator: LSD and so on.

Muggeridge: It's fatuous. Expressions of the desire, but the message of it to me is that, in all of them, is this purely materialistic view of life is not valid, it won't work. It won't satisfy and therefore some will turn to it sooner. Sooner or later transcendentalism, in some form or another, is bound to come as the alternative.

McLuhan: The matter itself has become somewhat porous.

Muggeridge: Certainly. Certainly.

Moderator: So you think the young people who are experimenting with drugs and so on are groping their way towards some kind of religion?

Muggeridge: Absolutely. I mean, they are saying in effect that the materialist Utopias, on which mankind really lived, I mean western man lived from Darwin onwards . . . no longer interest or attract me.

McLuhan: Consumer's paradise.

Muggeridge: Yeah, they don't interest or attract me. Therefore I seek some other . . . living in an essentially foolish society, he thinks that you can swallow a pill or smoke a cigarette and achieve that . . . of course you can't. But still the impulse is there.

Moderator: What do you think about the young people who are in this hippie thing? You're one of their favourite people. Are they among your favourite people?

McLuhan: Well, I can't say that I have given them too much cause for comfort, or I haven't done very much besides observe what they are . . . what sort of form their behavior seems to indicate is behind their life. And, I can see clearly that their desires have a very much more rich social life, involvement in social life, and the mere finding of little niches and jobs and so on, will not satisfy them.

Moderator: Aren't they becoming tribalized? You say the whole world is, and they're actually doing it. And, they even use the word, don't they?

McLuhan: I don't know, but tribal is not a new form exactly, but post-literate tribal is a very different matter from pre-literate tribal. And, we're tribalizing simply by virtue of a much closer family . . . a sense of the human family.

Muggeridge: This is what I was going to say. This is the thing. This is the essence also of religion. That it says to man you are not alone; you are a member of a family.

Moderator: How can you reconcile your idea that this is the end of a civilization with the idea that we're coming into a great religious age?

Muggeridge: Supposing we were sitting on this place here, talking at about, in about the Second Century. Alright, I, taking the views I do, would have said — this Roman civilization is absolutely over and done with and can no longer produce any sort of ultimate satisfaction. It is materially successful, it's militarily strong, it's spiritually empty — and you would have said, — well, that's a most extraordinary thing to say. I mean, where's your alternative? Now, we wouldn't have known about the alternative. The alternative were these extraordinary obscure events which took place in a remote part of the Roman empire of which nobody had heard. A religion of slaves. And yet, that was going to produce 2,000 years of high civilization so far known, so that, when I say that I think our civilization is breaking down to something like, the Dark Ages, are descending upon the earth, I'm by no means precluding the possibility or even the probability. Something of that kind will be happening, but we shouldn't know about it.

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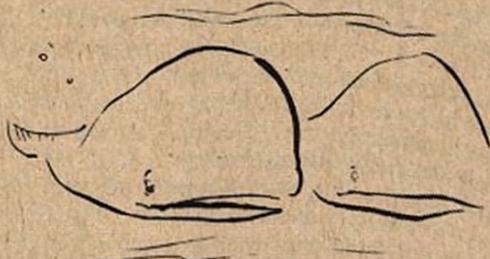
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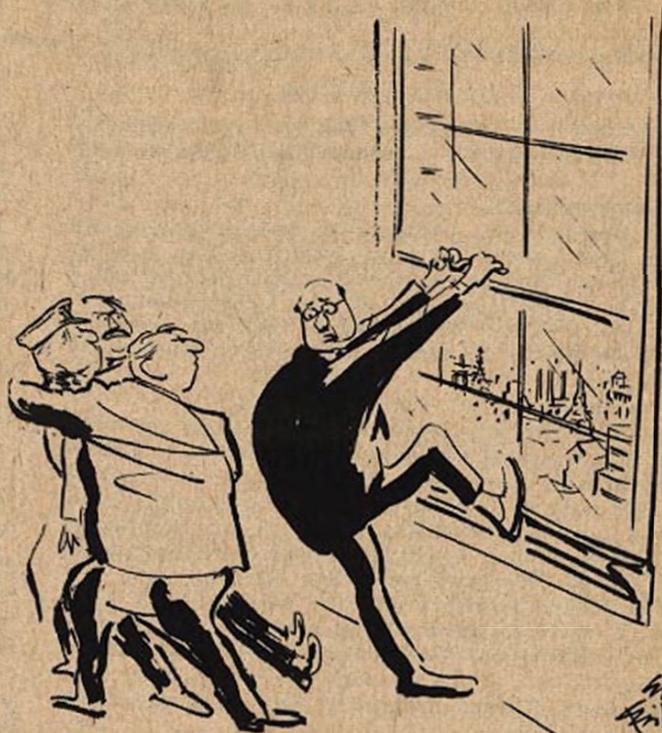
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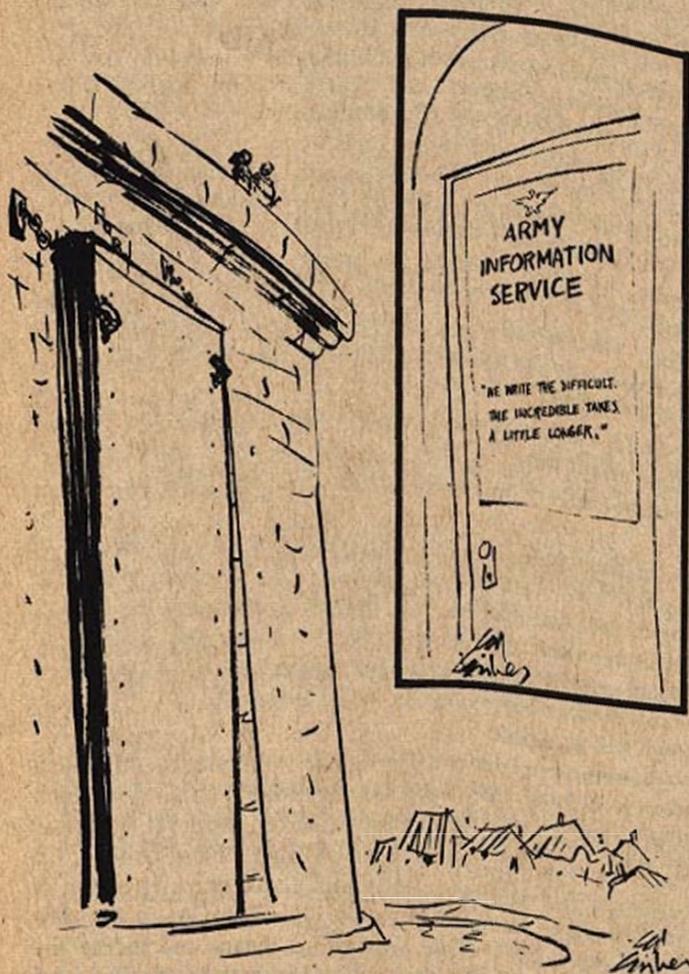
"How can I burn, baby, burn if you won't
light, baby, light!"



"—I can, therefore I do, have this great
big mammalian breast-fixation!"



"Damned Russian-made window catch! — no wonder we Czechs
no longer practice defenestration!"



"You don't know what a pleasure it is, Sir Henry, to meet
someone in this town who isn't hysterically jabbering about
crime in the streets!"

ACME-COMFA.
LOUNGE-CHAIR CO.
THE SCIENTIFIC CHAIR
FOR ENDLESS RELAXATION



"They threaten that if we don't give in to their demands, they'll
end their sit-in, claiming backache, tiredness, discomfort . . ."

What Are We Going to Do About Pornography?

by Paul Hoffman

Mike: I said it two years ago. You got to go deep in the fucking holes and make new tunnels. That's what we gotta do.

Pete: Underground.

Mike: Underground. Underground and reorganize and come up. And leave a couple of fucking bodies on every fucking corner. And every fucking stool pigeon we got a line on. There hasn't been any of that. I don't want to be vicious. I don't want to be bloodthirsty, but, Pete, you talk to people and they're not afraid no more. They're looking to defy you.

Pete: Yeah.

Mike: They're actually looking to defy you. So, you don't want to say, say Jesus Christ, you don't want to be known as a bloodthirsty guy. Where is all this going to get us now? Guys walk in. They want to spit in your face. I mean every . . . not every third guy, but every guy that walks in to the Station House or FBI office is given an opportunity to be a rat. So, he's got a house, he's got a business, he's got a few dollars. He's facing twenty years.

Larry: We got a lot of no good cocksuckers there. There's even been a fucking guy. One, one friend over there that we think . . .

Mike: I know. I know all about it. This cocksucker. Nice fellow.

Larry: This is ours. This cocksucker. I got to take this cocksucker . . . this dirty motherfucker . . .

Mike: You know where you got to put him? You know what I told Pete? You got to pick a lamppost. He's got to put the . . . hang him on the lamppost. You understand? You got to cut his prick off. You got to put it in his pocket and you got to give him a nice slash and leave him up there. That's what you got to do. That will serve notice to every fucking rat stool pigeon what's gonna happen when and if he finks.

Larry: Mike, we gotta lotta garbage.

Mike: You can't leave them and you can't bury them. Bury them you can't.

Larry: Nah. You know what I told 'em? You know what I told 'em? I said, look, let's fuck around . . . let's fuck this shit. They know everything. Now fuck them. Let 'em see what we'll do. Then let them go fuck themselves. What are they gonna do? Go and hide? Fuck them. To let them go they gonna break their mother's cunt. Go break the Rock of Gibraltar. They got a better chance. What are they gonna break? They're gonna break their sister's cunt?

Mike: The ones they were gonna break, they broke down already. The rats they already broke down. It goes back to the same thing we said yesterday. The ego's been deflated. We took their prestige away. Now, I have an old proverb: 'If I can't fight you, I join you.' This is what we have to do then. Then we got to retrench ourselves. Now, we got to get wise to ourselves. We got to get to go deep, deep, deep, deep. Like you said yesterday what you did with your book-maker. You took from here and you put it to there. That's what we got to do now. We have to do what we should have been doing. We had a meeting one time—who did you bring there? Who was he? Where was he born? How was he born? What is he doing right now? Every fucking friend should be screened. I wouldn't give a fuck. Pete, have you got anything to hide? I got nothing to hide. Whoever was my Godfather? What am I doing? He's got to come and he's got to ask me what I'm doing and how I'm doing and where I'm doing and I got to tell him. Every skipper's got

by Don Baumgart

The Post office, in its perpetual attempts to rid the country of smutmongers such as James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence, has finally screwed itself and knocked up the junk mail industry to boot.

Tacked onto the recent federal pay increase bill was a rider that, as of April 15th, gives anyone the right to stop delivery of mail considered "erotically arousing or sexually provocative."

But get this: *The person filing the complaint is the sole judge of whether his mail is offensive.*

"This judgment is entirely left to the discretion of the individual," a postal inspector said over the phone.

Complaint forms will be available at any post office and, once signed, the postal authorities will contact the sender and order him to remove the person's name and address from his mailing list. Failure to comply would bring court action against the sender by the feds.

I've been getting a flurry of letters from various merchants of lake property suggesting I bring my wife out for a Sunday drive to their glorious subdivision. I find their presumption that I am married, and their suggestion that I would like living in a subdivision, highly obscene. The idea of a Sunday drive in the company of a woman with whom I am sleeping is, however, quite arousing. The next such letter I get will be reported to the post office.

Reader's Digest sends me envelopes with imitation handwriting shouting "Bonus!" and "Limited Offer!" I taste obscenity in the milk of thy solicitation, oh, Pleasantville, New York. I also report you to the feds.

Tabloid size Sears shopping papers, bulk-mailed to Occupant, I had formerly returned with the note "No longer at this address." Now instead I will file a signed complaint with the post office. After I carefully scan the panty and bra ads, of course.

Under the law the person receiving mail addressed only to boxholder or occupant can file and have the river of paper junk stopped.

I'm sure the direct mail lobby in Washington didn't foresee this application of the smut law or they would have scuttled the whole pay raise bill to save their right to inundate.

By making use of the law—probably the only one we will ever get to save us from our assigned fate as postal bedpan for Proctor & Gamble—we can reduce to absurdity the final fluttering attempt of the post office department to establish itself as a schizoid crusader against its own ideas of filth and simultaneous panderer of advertising.

Junk mail go home.

to bring a fucking report on any fucking man that belongs to him and if he feels the least bit of doubt he's got to show it and he's got to screen him and each skipper has got to get two or three guys. Screen out Mike Scandi. Yeah. Screen out Petey Pumps and we got to do that. Like I said we don't want to be bloodthirsty. Leave a couple of fucking heads hanging on a fucking pole. The stool pigeons that are floating (sic) it in our face, they'll think twice. They'll think fucking twice before going over to the Law. Friends

or no friends. They seem to say the same thing. What are they going to do to me? They aren't going to hurt me. They're getting deals out of it. They're coming out and telling you that they put a fucking fort around Gallo. Gallo gave them fucking information. Whether it's true or isn't true we have our own ways to find out.

* * *

The dialogue above was published in 1968.

Is it from the latest "hip" play from Grove Press or *Evergreen Review*? A juicy tid-bit from some "long-suppressed" classic just re-issued by Brandon House or Greenleaf? A quickie churned out overnight by Boudoir Classics or Nighstand Press?

Guess again.

You, the taxpayer, paid to publish this little collection of four-letter words. It could be called "official obscenity." It was published—believe it or not—by the New York Joint Legislative Committee on Crime, Its Causes, Control and Effect on Society, Senator John H. Hughes (Republican-Syracuse), Chairman.

The dialogue is from the transcript of "an educational tape" titled *The Voices of Organized Crime* which the committee prepared to bolster its case for a new New York eavesdropping statute. It consists of actual conversations obtained by law enforcement authorities through "bugs" or wiretaps in recent years.

Is it obscene?

Apparently the committee thought so. When the tape was played during the debate on the eavesdropping bill, the Senate galleries were closed and all women and minors were barred from the chamber.

Perhaps Hughes' own report could become Item No. 1 in the "State Library of Pornography" the Syracuse Senator wants to set up in Albany.

Sound strange? I quote from a newspaper account of January 13, 1967:

... Under a bill being drafted by Sen. Hughes, chairman of the Joint Legislative Committee on Crime, all materials in obscenity prosecutions would be collected in a central repository run by the State Police.

"The law now requires that such books and films be destroyed," explained Gary Axenfeld, counsel to the GOP Senator. "There's no single place a DA or police chief can go to find out if a particular work is obscene or not. Everybody starts from scratch.

"This way we'll have a complete file on everything that has been judged obscene and we can tell a DA whether or not he's got a case."

"The library, Axenfeld stressed, would be open only to law enforcement officials or accredited scientific observers."

No doubt the first cards would be issued to those dauntless defenders of public virtue and virginity, the members of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee to Study the Publication and Dissemination of Offensive and Obscene Material.

Lately, they've been having a field day.

In its latest report, the committee stated:

"Grove Press has recently released a paper-back edition of three writings of 'the Marquis-De Sade' (sic on the punctuation) containing *Philosophy in the Bedroom* which is obviously obscene. It contains conversation and narrative in detail of lewd sexual acts including sodomy and other acts of perversion as well as acts of intercourse.

"The committee has reviewed a great quantity of smutty

paper-backs . . . and has reached the conclusion that the majority of such books are obscene. The committee feels that existing laws are adequate, if promptly and properly enforced, to control the illegal distribution and sale of such obscene publications."

Among the works the committee considered "objectionable and obscene" were *Bubu of Montparnasse* (Preface by T. S. Eliot), *La Batarde*, *Candy*, *The Story of O* and *I Jan Cremer*. Apparently the committee members never read some of the works in question. *Story of O* (which picked up the article *The* in the report) was declared obscene on the basis of a (favorable) review in *The New York Times*; *I Jan Cremer*, on the basis of an advertisement.

The committee also recommended prosecution "in appropriate circumstances" of the purveyors of "obscene greeting cards, particularly for some religious holidays, which debase, defile and destroy the spirit of those solemn holidays. These cards are particularly offensive to most people in view of their extreme bad taste and suggestive contents."

I wonder what action the committee would recommend about a publication entitled, "The Voices of Organized Crime—An Educational Tape Prepared by the New York Joint Legislative Committee on Crime, Its Causes, Control and Effect on Society." In fact, I wonder what it would do if, out of the blue, it were confronted by a document titled, "Report of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee to Study the Publication and Dissemination of Offensive and Obscene Material"—a 111-page, slick-paper publication which is almost as highly prized by pruriently interested legislators as seats on the committee itself.

The report contains full-page spreads of buxon nudes and semi-nudes in provocative poses to illustrate "the nature and content of some objectionable magazines." It also runs page after page of ads for nudist magazines and "smutty paperbacks" like *Queer Sister*, *The Gay Bunch*, *Garter Party*, *Virgin's Bed* and *Lash of Lust*.

Another case of "official pornography"?

For this the People of the State of New York, by Joint Resolution of the Senate and Assembly, forked out \$25,000. Strangely, none of the Republican members complained that this was another instance of government moving in when free enterprise could do the job better. "Nighstand Press," I'm sure, could have turned out a better report, given it wider circulation at, say, \$1 a copy and even made the publisher of *Garter Party* pay the freight for (excuse the expression) advertising exposure.

Has Nelson Rockefeller ever thought of *that* as a way to balance his budget?

But the New York State Joint Legislative Committee to Study the Publication and Dissemination of Offensive and Obscene Material does far more than merely publish and disseminate offensive and obscene material. It also drafts bills.

One of them actually managed to pass the Assembly and Senate. It was known as the "Museum Bill." Not because it dealt with museums. It would have barred minors from places where "objectionable literature" was available: it defined "objectionable literature" as the literary description of sexual activity or the pictorial depiction of the unclothed human body.

It was called the "Museum Bill" because, strictly enforced it would have prevented school-children from entering such

premises as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to say nothing of the New York Public Library, or even the State Capitol in Albany where such publications as "Report of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee to Study Publication and Dissemination of Offensive and Obscene Material" are on file.

The sponsor of the "Museum Bill" argued that the measure was aimed at "the gray area of unwholesome literature." He was asked if Michaelangelo was "unwholesome." "If it fits the definition of 'unwholesome' in *Webster's Dictionary*, I would say 'yes,'" he answered.

Governor Rockefeller, who has adorned the Executive Mansion in Albany with a life-size statue of a nude woman stepping from the shower, vetoed the bill. Had he signed it, he might have been arrested for letting his 4-year-old son come visiting.

One more quotation.

This one is from an 1866 court decision that, as far as anyone knows, has never been overturned:

"No man's life, liberty or property are safe while the Legislature is in session . . ."

A Pair by Puechner

Editor's note: The following two pieces by Ray Puechner will appear in his book—"The LSD and Sex and Censorship and Vietnam Cookbook"—to be published next month by Harris-Wolfe & Company.

Late Death Returns

Dave: Good evening, America. As this holiday weekend begins, we are once again ready to bring into your living room the latest, up-to-the-minute reports on all highway traffic accidents. According to the estimates of the National Safety Council, the weekend is expected to record an all-time high in traffic fatalities, so stay tuned to this network for all the exciting action. As the returns come in, they will be fed into our giant computer to give us an accurate projection of the number of deaths we might expect.

Chet: That's right, Dave. And to keep you informed of them as they happen, we have the vast network facilities at our disposal and over 10,000 field representatives to bring you on-the-spot coverage. I might mention too that this program is being beamed to Western Europe via Telstar and will be seen on videotape by our fighting men in Vietnam.

Dave: Excuse me, Chet. I have an early return here from New Hampshire. Only a few moments ago a man and his wife and four children were hit by a truck on Interstate Highway 27. Of course, these early scattered returns are generally too insignificant to establish a trend, but let's switch to special reporter, Hank Frank, for a detailed report.

Hank Frank: (smiling) Hello, this is Hank Frank speaking to you from Granite, New Hampshire, an unincorporated village of fifty-three people, which for the past twelve holiday weekends has been first in the nation to report a major traffic accident. The gentleman standing beside me is Fred Banner, Mayor of Granite for the past ten years and driver of the truck that struck and killed Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whipple and their four children. Mr. Banner, would you tell us what happened?

Fred Banner: Gee, it all happened so fast. I really don't know what to say.

Hank Frank: I understand, but just tell us in your own words how it happened. (pointing) Look into that camera over there.

Fred Banner: You mean I'm on television? Do you mind if I say hello to my wife? (waving) Hi, Mabel, I'm o.k. (grabbing the mike) I'd like to point out that Granite, New Hampshire is first again. Granite welcomes everyone and extends a warm invitation to all vacationers to come and visit . . .

Hank Frank: (Struggling for the mike) Thank you. And now we return you to our studios for an exclusive filmed report of the wreckage of the accident.

Film shows totally-demolished car buried under the front of a semi as police attempt to gather parts of the bodies.

Chet: Let's see. That looks like a leg the police officer has just picked up. From the size of it, I'd say it must be part of the driver's body. Or maybe it's an arm. What do you think, Dave?

Dave: I'd say it's a leg, very definitely a leg. But it could be a woman's leg as well as a man's. Hard to say.

Chet: (Picking up a sheet of paper) Here's the computer projection for New Hampshire: 6 deaths, 27 injuries, and 89 collisions. Well, that's good news for the people of New Hampshire. They've already reached their quota.

Dave: Yes, everyone driving there can breathe easy now.

Say, I just received a rather interesting item here from Canton, Ohio. It seems that two distraught lovers signed a suicide pact and tried to kill themselves by driving into the river, but (chuckles) they couldn't get the car started, so they dropped a match into the gas tank and blew themselves up.

My question, Chet, is this: Can we list that as a traffic accident which will count toward Ohio's quota?

Chet: I don't see why not, Dave. If no other state objects, let's count it as part of Ohio's death toll. At least the intent was there.

Dave: Right, Chet. Let's take a look at the latest projection from the computer. On the basis of early scattered returns, the computer is predicting 19,487 traffic deaths this weekend. This looks like the beginning of one of the most startling upsets in accident history.

Chet: Well, Dave, there have been many other upsets in American history. It's all part of the game. You can't argue with the logic of the computer.

As an example of how our computer predictions are already starting to pay off, we have the first major accident from a key area, the Kennedy Expressway in Chicago. The accident occurred at almost the precise spot the computer predicted and our field reporter was lucky enough to photograph it as it happened from the overhead helicopter.

Film clip of car skidding to sudden stop and six following cars piling into it accordian style, the man in the lead car being thrown through the windshield and landing about fifty feet ahead where he is run over by a motorist trying to pass on the inside lane.

Dave: Let's take another look at that one on instant replay with stop action. Note the driver's head hitting the windshield, the moment of impact, his body in mid-air, and watch as he hits the ground the instant before he is killed.

Chet: Looks to me like the driver flew fifty or sixty feet before he hit the concrete. With six cars hitting him that

averages out to about eight or ten feet per car. I wonder if there's some sort of equation involved here? Suppose, for example, he had been hit by twelve cars. Would he have flown a hundred to one hundred and twenty feet?

Dave: Hard to say, Chet. Mathematical formulas always baffle me.

Chet: (receiving a late bulletin) Here's news! The computer has revised its total projection to a mere 823 fatalities.

The reason for the large early projection was that there were some unusual early returns, the most surprising of them being from Arizona, which had a projected death toll of only four. It seems that a school bus driver taking a load

of twenty-two children on a picnic went berserk and drove his bus into the Grand Canyon.

Dave: Well, that is good news. It's a good thing the computer corrected itself in time. It might have saved thousands of lives.

Chet: (opening his eyes for the first time) Let's take a roll call of the states and see how things are progressing. Alabama. The projection is 5 deaths, 19 injuries, and 38 collisions. Returns show no deaths, 4 injuries, and 17 collisions. That's funny, you would expect at least one death by now.

Dave: Hold it, Chet. I just got a call from our man in Alabama. It seems that Governor Wallace ordered the State



Highway Patrol not to count Negroes in the death totals, but there actually have been two deaths already.

Chet: Great, Dave. That means Alabama is running about normal. (*Proceeds with roll call*) Say, here's another big upset in Nevada—twelve deaths. What do you make of that, Dave?

Dave: I don't know. Las Vegas is a strange place where strange things happen. People become caught up in the hypnotic power and spell of money, sex, and excitement. Everything becomes a commodity to be gambled, even one's life. The strange fascination . . .

Chet: Sorry I asked.

Dave: There are still over 700 accidents to report, and you'll be seeing them all right here on the network with the most complete news coverage. It's time for a station break but we'll be right back after the following messages.

. . . Oh, Mrs. Olson, he's always complaining about my coffee . . . I'd rather fight than switch . . . no matter what shape your stomach's in . . . here's what . . . Bold gets clothes cleaner than clean . . . You're in the Pepsi Generation . . . Hello, I'm Joseph Cotton . . . Do you think I could have—bad breath? . . . Here's Edie Adams with a word about . . . a Ford in your future . . . new skin . . . intensified . . . never before . . . nothing like it . . . improved . . . satisfies longer . . . to give you that extra . . . miracle finish . . . when you're out of Schlitz . . .

Click.

A Hard Day's Night

Monkeys have been sexually aroused by radio command; one pair so stimulated was provoked to copulate eighty-one times in ninety minutes.

—Saturday Review, February 5, 1966

There's the professor again. Wonder what he's up to now? Yesterday he had my eyes dilating and expanding from the pinlike beads of a junkie to ping-pong ball Orphan Annie size. It gave me quite a headache. I hope he leaves me alone today. I'm just getting over a rather severe bout with smoker's cough. Fortunately I only pretended to inhale all those cigarettes. I had to smoke or I'd just be another statistic on the lung cancer page.

Now the professor is reaching into the cage for Zelda. Good show. Maybe I'll have a few hours peace. That woman picks on me all day long. Hmm. He's sticking a pair of electrodes in her head and bringing her back. Bum luck. The story of my life. I can't get away from her. Even when I walked into the monkey trap in the jungle, she found out about it and joined me. Just when I thought I was rid of her. She sat there peeling an orange and complaining. Now there are such things as ugly monkeys and *ugly* monkeys. Zelda is an ugly *ugly*.

The professor reaches in for me, and I sink my teeth clean through the old bastard's hand. He screams like hell. But he comes back with a damp rag and knocks me out with a dose of ether. When I wake up, I've got a pair of electrodes in my head too.

I look over at Zelda and suddenly she has become the most beautiful, exciting, and desirable monkey in the entire world, and I find myself wanting to make mad love to her. I haven't felt so good since I was on LSD experiments. I feel like a desert island castaway who suddenly discovers Sofia Loren is also stranded on the island. I pounce upon her eagerly. For the first time since we were married we click together on all eight cylinders. We both achieve wild orgasms and fall away in sweet exhaustion.

Zelda wants to do it again. Right away. She can't wait. And, surprisingly enough, neither can I. I hop her again and this time it's even better. We soar to the heights of pleasure described in the cheap paperbacks, and I begin to believe that everything I've read in them is true.

We barely catch our breath between the next two turns. Who cares? It's great. Zelda can't get enough and neither can I. I haven't had so much fun since the days I had a bachelor apartment just off the campus of the women's college. Those were the days the blue-faced monkeys were protesting against racial discrimination and, to show I wasn't prejudiced, I sponsored sleep-ins at my apartment every Saturday night. But even those glorious days paled alongside the present tintinnabulations of swinging delight.

I look at Zelda and she looks at me. I feel like an animal. One more time. Encore. Encore. I feel like I could rewrite the marriage manuals. If the professor doesn't know it already, he's got something with those radio-controlled electrodes. Every woman not only looks, but acts, like a love goddess. Put it on the market and Hugh Hefner is wiped out overnight.

After seventeen times the all-time record for our breed is demolished completely. It was formerly held by Arthur Fonteveld, who did thirteen consecutive before being taken to the hospital. The poor devil wound up a shell of a man, so shattered by the experience that he turned homosexual. But I feel like I'm just getting started.

After forty-six delirious orgasms, we have not only demonstrated the eleven classic positions, but have played through thirty-five variations. I pause briefly to consume a dozen bananas and drink two quarts of coconut milk. I know I have to keep my strength up.

After sixty-three spins in the sawdust, I begin to slow down. Not only my body but my imagination is being strained. The professor obviously gets his kicks as a voyeur, and he's going out of his mind with excitement. It's not quite as much fun anymore, but I just can't stop. I'd like to take a little nap, but the radio beam is pulsing with constantly increasing strength. I drag myself over to Zelda. Her tongue is hanging out, and her eyes have turned a strange shade of violet. She feebly attempts to push me away, but I can't stop myself. It's a good thing I've got monkey glands or I'd be dead by now.

As it is, my arms and legs feel like a boneless soft pulp which has just gone through the meat grinder, like 49c a pound chopped meat, the lowest grade. I can scarcely see and fear that I'm going blind. I want to scream "Enough! Enough!" but my throat emits only a weird, slurred, rasping sound. Zelda is cowering in the corner with fear.

Someone comes to the laboratory and delivers a note to the professor. He leaves immediately. I sigh with relief and fall in the corner, determined to sleep forever. But then I feel the pulsating desire throb again. I look out of the cage and see that the professor left without turning off the radio control.

With resignation I sob and helplessly yield. Praying for a heart attack to end my misery, I drag myself into position again. By midnight we've passed one hundred and Zelda is begging for mercy, trying to keep me away, but I can't help myself, I can't stop loving her.

In the morning the professor will find my shrivelled-up, three-ounce body lying on the floor of the cage like a dried-up prune. And, if he examines it closely enough, he will see that I have been castrated.

Co-Existing

by Saul Heller

Now That You're Going, Please Stay

It was instructive to see Southern Congressmen who have long yearned to impeach Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, express their opposition to his retirement in favor of Abe Fortas.

Warren aroused the intense dislike of the Southerners, and they wished he would get the hell out of office, and now that he has obliged them, they wish to hell he would stay a while longer. The love that passeth understanding has nothing on the hate that surpasseth it.

Somebody should explain to our troubled Southern Congressmen that given time and patience, they will probably get to detest Fortas just as much as Warren.

Apartheid, American Style

A study recently released by the National Commission on Urban Problems indicates that apartheid is coming to the United States. Negroes will occupy the inner cities, whites the suburbs. Considering the greater economic importance of the inner cities, it looks as if whites will be the segregated race this time. Let's hope, when that grey day comes, Negroes show intelligence and patience in handling riots, civil rights marches and looting by their opposite numbers.

An End to Pretending

The pretense that the American public—at least, the white, over-30 part of it—is in general honest and law-abiding is a canard against our citizens that has too long gone unchallenged. Although convincing evidence is available to acquit the people of the charge, our leaders keep repeating it. President Johnson, for instance, in signing a bill intended to restrict the illicit traffic in goof balls and pep pills, said: "I cannot express too strongly my determination that this good and decent and law-abiding society shall not be corrupted, undermined or mocked by any criminal elements."

Just how law-abiding are our people, really? A questionnaire study made by Wallerstein and Wyle in the late '40s revealed a degree of criminality in the general population that might disquiet even a hardened criminal. Keep in mind that this study was made at a time when the crime rates were much lower than they are today, and criminal activity was not an accepted form of social protest. The study was made on 1,020 men and 678 women who came from a cross-section of the population balanced with respect to race and religion, but not social level. A disproportionately large number of the people in the study came from the upper social classes, which make the results even harder to brush off.

Participants were given a list of 49 offenses and asked to check off those they had committed. *Ninety-one %* admitted committing one or more crimes during their adult years for which they could, if caught, have received prison sentences. (A similar percentage for the nation as a whole was recently cited by the President's Commission on Crime.) If we add to the number who admitted their crimes, the people too modest to do so, the total might very well be almost 100%.

The importance of not catching the major portion of our criminals now becomes obvious. What would we do with them? How could our society continue to function with a majority of the population in jail? How could the minority outside of jail even feed these multitudinous prisoners, assuming it was good-hearted enough, and flush enough, to attempt such a chore? And we aren't even considering the moral and philosophical questions that would arise if an uncaught criminal minority were to pass judgment on a less fortunate criminal majority. We have reason to be grateful for the inefficiency of the police; it permits us to bypass really awesome dilemmas.

Wallerstein and Wyle's informative study revealed that the average number of offenses among the men was 18; women averaged 11. Here were no reluctant criminals who had yielded once to temptation, then resolutely returned to the straight and narrow. These were, rather, hardened repeaters—men and women who went right on committing crimes, one after another, regretting nothing except, perhaps, the inadequacy of the loot.

The offenses weren't trivial, either. They included grand larceny, auto theft, burglary and robbery. Sixty-four % of the men and 27% of the women had committed at least one felony, according to their own admission.

"The fact that almost all persons (in the United States) have at some time deliberately committed crimes, often of a serious nature, is . . . evidence of our criminal tradition," commented Edwin Sutherland, noted criminologist. This is the great tradition—perhaps the only tradition—Americans are faithful to. President's Johnson's attempt to misrepresent our society as law-abiding can now be seen to be more charitable than accurate.

Our people are overwhelmingly criminal, and the sooner we accept this fact and its implications, the more headway we will make against the moralists and reformers who constitute the real threat to our way of life.

Doing Nothing in Tennessee

At the time this is being written, three Nashville, Tennessee men are seeking re-election to public office by promising to do absolutely nothing. They are attempting to retire the office of constable, and allow fees that would otherwise flow into the pockets of office-holders to go to the public treasury.

At first sight, their promise seems like a daring campaign pledge. Come to think of it, though, politicians have long been getting elected and re-elected in the expectation that they would do nothing once they got into office. The big difference in this case is that the politicians *promised* to do nothing . . . a procedure that may not necessarily commend itself to voters, considering how readily politicians break their campaign pledges.

Sex on a Lofty Plane

New York University's School of Education is going to offer the nation's first graduate degree program in sex education. Perhaps, as an ex-bachelor of sexual arts, I may be permitted to make some suggestions for course listings:

Modern Sex Practices: Discussions of homosexuality, rape, sodomy, incest, flagellation, bestiality, and other common expressions of the sex urge. If time permits and class interest warrants it, one session will be devoted to normal sex practices.

Sex After Fifty: Constructive roles that can be played by politics, mah jong, social work and regular bowel habits.

Incest and Its Ramifications: Does the striving for togetherness lead to incest? Family situations in which incest is not desirable. Effects of early incestuous practices on voting preferences in later life, attitude to civil rights and views on Vietnamese war.

Laboratory Sex: Practice in cohabitation with members of the opposite sex under laboratory conditions. Dr. Masters will lecture, then supervise a workshop. Class will watch selected couples. Couples will be given the opportunity to get to know each other after intercourse.

Sex With Animals: An attempt will be made to explore the psychology of farm boys who, discouraged from normal sex experimentation, seek animal partners. Animals will be supplied to give students a better insight into the farm boy's viewpoint. A gift of sufficient funds to pay for thirty pigs and cows is expected from the Ford Foundation.

Sex in the Classroom: Pointers for teachers of sex education. How to deflect a young student's question on human intercourse to a discussion of the asexual reproduction habits of lower species. Topics to avoid in discussing sex habits of birds and bees. When sex with a student is permissible; what to tell a girl's mother. Unemployment insurance information for teachers.

Cunnilingus: What doctors have to say about the wholesomeness of the practice. Maximum and minimum jail sentences in various states for practicing cunnilingus. Consumer's Union ratings for vaginal deodorants. Broaching the subject. Number of homicides attributed by Kinsey to tactless solicitations. Should wives insist on cunnilingus as a marital right?

Fellatio: Freud's thoughts on cigar smoking as a substitute for fellatio. Cigar smokers' thoughts on Freud. Fellatio as a sign of sexual maturity. Why fellatio is frowned upon by people who practice it.

Case for Small Fines

A \$1 fine was recently levied in New York City against a company that had prepared 12,000 pounds of veal later confiscated as dirty. The meat was intended for the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. Hair, paint, brush bristles and sawdust were among the interesting ingredients found in the veal.

A question that will intrigue some of us is, what decided the judge to impose just this fine? Did he roll and toss sleeplessly far into the night, finally deciding that a fine of 99 cents or less would be too little, and might show partiality to the company, whereas a fine of \$1 would not?

Did he meditate long and patiently on the wisdom of making the fine as high as two or three dollars . . . or even \$3.95? Boosting the fine to this level would hardly have imposed an intolerable financial strain on the corporation—it could readily have absorbed the loss by using a lower-grade sawdust in future veal shipments. A two or three dollar fine might, however, have given the judicial proceedings a faintly punitive character, open to misinterpretation by the meat industry, to say nothing of the companies involved in the processing of hair, paint and brush bristles.

It might be interesting to determine if there is anything standard about fines of this kind. If the amount of veal involved in this case, for instance, had been 18,000 pounds instead of 12,000, would the fine have been upped from \$1 to \$1.50?

If the fine had nothing to do with weight, might one infer that a company that shipped only 1,000 pounds of dirty veal

would be fined the same amount? If so, would it be fair to impose the same penalty on a firm only one-twelfth as guilty?

Would the fine have been smaller if the intended customer wasn't an institution engaged in the defense of our country?

Was the dollar fine intended to act as a deterrent? If it was, and a one dollar fine can be expected to deter a company from poisoning part of the U. S. army, why penalize far less harmful activities on the part of individuals—prohibited parking, for instance—by much stiffer fines? Why hang a fine of \$1,000 or more, to say nothing of a year in jail, over spitting in a dirty New York subway, when the threat of separating him from one hundred pennies would be just as effective in deflecting a subway rider's thoughts from a planned expropriation?

Diary of a Sniper

The following are excerpts from a diary kept by a sniper who was killed by police some time ago. The diary fell into my hands by accident. The sniper was an honor student at college; his grades indicate that sniping did not interfere with his studies. Readers may be interested in the light this diary sheds on the compatibility of moral feeling and random homicide.

May 1: Went to Central Park at 7 a.m. today and shot two people. It's taken me quite a while to realize that early morning is the best time for sniping. What a pleasant way to start the day!

May 3: Shot a well-dressed man who was walking a dog. Guy didn't even have the decency to walk his dog in the gutter . . .

May 4: Why do I kill people? Why shouldn't I kill people? Can something be wrong, when it makes you feel so good?

May 6: If the government can order young men to kill peasants in Vietnam they *don't* want to kill, why can't I kill people I *do* want to kill? If it's right to kill people under compulsion, it's even more right to kill them voluntarily. Can you imagine a situation where compulsory sex is legal, and voluntary sex a crime? The authorities and I agree on the necessity of killing—it's only the attendant circumstances over which we split hairs.

May 8: Shot a pretty young girl today.

*If she be not sweet for me
What care I how sweet she be?*

May 10: I guess people hate me more because I shoot them at random, and make no effort to be selective. Who is selective in this country, when it comes to venting hostility? White people who dislike Negroes dislike them all; Negroes who hate whites are just as indiscriminating. A Negro called me a mother-fucker last night, as I was walking along the street, and he didn't know me or my mother. Why should I feel an obligation to be selective?

May 11: As a matter of fact, I sometimes am selective, but then my conscience bothers me. Shot a woman the other day who was eating on a park lawn and using it as her private garbage pail. I hate people who strew dirt around and create ugliness. But killing them means putting my homicides on a personal basis, and lowering myself to the level of a common criminal. A sniper with a mission should be above such pettiness.

May 12: Am I cruel and unfeeling? No more so than other people. Congressmen regularly pigeon-hole bills intended to save people's lives. Surgeons perform major operations they know are unnecessary. People drink before

driving and habitually violate traffic laws, causing thousands of others to be killed and maimed in auto accidents. U. S. planes napalm South Vietnamese villagers who have no guns, offer no resistance, and are on our side. *Me* a ruthless killer? We're all ruthless killers.

May 13: The most serious accusation against me, as I see it, is that I kill innocent people. The fact that they believe themselves innocent doesn't make them innocent. The belief in our innocence and virtue is one of the most pernicious characteristics of Americans, as Schlesinger notes. "We are today the most frightening people on the planet," he comments, "because the atrocities we commit trouble so little our . . . self-righteousness, our invincible conviction of our moral infallibility." The people I kill aren't innocents—they are accessories to crimes.

May 15: Maybe I have a messiah complex. Guess I have a thing that people aren't being punished for their irresponsible, vicious behavior, and don't even feel guilty about it. Maybe I consider myself a sort of virus sent by the Lord to speed the death of our society. Maybe I shoot people to make others understand that someone is around to exact retribution. There is a God, and I am his agent. Repent, you sons of bitches!

May 18: I've long given up my secret ambition to become the greatest mass murderer of modern times. People must adjust to their limitations. If I can polish off several persons a week, I feel I'm making a contribution. I hate do-bad-ers with an eye on immortality . . .

May 20: Saw my psychiatrist today. He told me I needn't return to the hospital for further treatment. Said I had made a pretty good adjustment to society . . .

Reporter at Small

by Robert Wolf

You Don't Have to be Jewish to Whore

Twenty students and adults joined an NYU-sponsored tour of Doyle Dane Bernbach, one of the 2,000 advertising agencies in a city which hosts 85% of the country's agencies. DDB began 20 years ago with a half-million dollars in house accounts. Today \$250-million a year passes through its hands and into the media, 15% of all billing being retained by the agency.

A turning point for DDB came with Volkswagen ("Is your wife afraid of a stick shift?"). Accounts now include Polaroid, American Airlines (whose uniforms the agency has designed in its "product styling" division), Avis (DDB is finding that the public is getting tired of rooting for an underdog with such a large advertising budget), Sony and General Telephone & Electronics (the second largest phone company in the nation).

In the casting department for models, one of the two black women in the tour group asked the girl in charge why there are so few Negroes in ads. The girl supposed that it was a policy of the client, and said there are few Negro models. It was pointed out that a Negro had been used in the Levy's Bread ("You Don't Have to be Jewish to Love . . .") series, implying that there are no black Jews.

However, I was told privately by a DDB executive that an ad had once been suggested to a client in which a Negro

hand would be shown. "Nope," said the client, "we don't want no niggers, no Puerto Ricans and no Jews." I wondered how he could have spotted a Jewish hand—the one with the diamond ring on the pinky, perhaps?

The average DDB account has a budget of \$1-2-million, but they took on an "ethnic food" account some years back which no longer would fit into the agency because of its piddling budget of \$200,000.

So they were anxious to take on another ethnic food, Buitoni Spaghetti, whose profits now are also on the rise. We were shown a commercial which featured a Mafiosi-like family of brothers who had inherited a business whose product is sold on the snob appeal that if you pay more it's bound to be better.

They appear to have gone legit after getting out of the Better Protection Business. When their chef tells them that putting a little less starch in the spaghetti will mean that they'll have to soak the consumer more, the Buitoni boys' collective eyebrows raise knowingly.

Although the audience was too polite to hiss, they did snicker disparagingly at the next three commercials, all produced for GT&E for an out-of-town market.

One told us that the citizens of Redondo Beach need never be "embarrassed" by the fire department sending 5 or 6 fire trucks for just a small backyard fire, because these privileged citizens can speak directly to their fire department operator and explain the cause. A fringe benefit is that a permanent recording is made of their call. For this service, the citizens pay only \$18,000 a year in taxes to lease the equipment.

Another GT&E commercial shows an elderly woman running a mile, to the tune of a ringing telephone. Just as she crosses the finish line at near collapse, she grabs the phone off the hook and hears the click of someone hanging up. Moral: If you don't want to kill your Mom, you'll buy her an extension phone.

The third was done in futuristic style with a team of 2001-type archeologists unearthing an extension phone. The expedition leader explain that in the old days, people actually walked from one room to the other to answer the phone. "How primitive," says a girl. The leader continues, "Many people persisted in struggling along with only one phone." Then, wistfully: "There are many things about those times that we shall never understand."

A man in the audience complained that the ads implied that "You're not a competent human being if you don't own at least one extension phone." The laughing reply: "That's what we want you to think."

A commercial for Allerest decongestant showed a girl on

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location in Paris, her vacation spoiled by sneezing brought on by an allergy to ragweed. ("Paris. Love is in the air. But so is pollen.") Allerest opens her internal orifices. The only false note here is that ragweed doesn't grow in Europe.

On one DDB wall there is a doctored William F. Buckley mayoralty campaign poster, accentuated to make Buckley look like a fag.

Every candidate in 1968's presidential race — except Nixon, but including Wallace—has asked the agency to ballyhoo his virtues. Since they had the LBJ account last time out, they decided to take Hubert out of loyalty. But some of the account executives working on the Humphrey campaign support McCarthy privately.

All Worker and No Play

The *Daily Worker*, unofficial organ of the U. S. Communist Party, was published for 34 years until it folded in 1958 to become a weekly and then a semi-weekly. Last year the *Worker* floated the idea of a new leftist daily paper, carrying reader discussion in its pages.

One subscriber proposed that news items for the new paper "could be collected by individuals . . . and forwarded to a competent Marxist center in each state to be screened for newsworthiness." He went on to warn: "Don't publish any smut."

Another reader wanted "socialist oriented crossword puzzles."

Murray Kempton laughingly columnized in the *N.Y. Post* that maybe the new paper would carry "Mao's Thought for the Day." But, of course, the CP is anti-Mao; instead they carry a box on the editorial page with a daily thought from Lenin, etc.

And so the *Daily World* was born last month.

An under-30 had objected because the name reminded him too much "of the paper Clark Kent worked for" (the *Daily Planet*). A red-baiting columnist had suggested that the name be *Kremlin Echo*.

An over-30 had said the paper ought not concern itself "with those SDS kids that are all hung up on drugs and who think that all the socialist countries are as evil as the capitalist countries."

There was some hope of getting ads, but "imperialist sources" would be able to advertise only if they "have union representation."

The editors had proposed that the *Daily World* could help fuse the splintered left into a unified force, but two editorials in the first week's issues attack the views of the *National Guardian*.

And a review of Norman Mailer's *Why Are We in Vietnam?* described the book as "208 pages of swear words."

All the Lonely People

The New York Humanist Association has been holding a series of "feel-ins." Sample topic: "Aggression and Game Playing in Love Relationships."

Leader Joseph Ben-David explained that a feel-in is close to group therapy, and somewhere beyond an "encounter." If encounter sessions encourage honesty, feel-ins embody communication "on positive levels." That means before you speak you should try to feel compassion for the other person.

Another purpose the feel-in serves, for \$2, is as a public meeting place for the outlet of emotions.

In both game-playing and real experience (as if they are different), we were told that a certain amount of aggression is usually required to achieve our aim. A reasonable amount is called *ambition*, said one person, and an excess amount is called *rape*.

Ben-David added that there comes a point at which you must ask yourself how much misery you're willing to generate in order to achieve your goal. He asked if the present situation wasn't a game; didn't we all come here wanting to achieve a particular goal? What was it? The participants responded:

"To communicate."

"Communicate what?"

"Umm, I'm here for the same reason as everybody else."

"Which is?"

"Say it! Say it!"

"There's no point playing beat-around-the-bush . . . to meet people . . . Why are you all laughing at that? To find a marital partner."

"I don't necessarily want to find a marital partner. I just want a meaningful relationship."

"What is a meaningful relationship?"

"When somebody pays your bills."

"So we all came here for the same reason?"

"Well, put it this way: how many men would have come to an all-male meeting and how many women would have come to an all-female meeting?"

"I would have come if I'd known just *one* man would be here."

At another feel-in, the chairman asked participants what would be their assumptions if they knew that a person smoked marijuana. One girl replied: "Pot has less calories than alcohol, so I'd assume that he was trying to lose weight."

The Surtax and How Not to Pay It

The meeting took place at the Washington Square Methodist Church. It concerned the recently-enacted surtax (which wouldn't have been necessary if it weren't for the war in Vietnam).

The tax began in April but deductions by employers didn't start until mid-June. No retroactive deductions were made, so it means that a wage-earner will owe 10% of his usual withholding figure for nearly 1/4-year.

Maris Cakars of the Tax Resistance Project said that last year "a surprising number" of people got tax returns of as high as 25% by writing on their return, under "credits," that they wanted a refund because of their refusal to pay for the Vietnam war (23% of the tax dollar). Computers apparently process some returns that humans never see, so the refunds were made.

Bert Neuborn, civil liberties attorney, pointed out that such a procedure is not illegal, providing your return is accurate. But so that you won't be charged with fraud, you have to attach a statement explaining why you think you're entitled to a refund.

When the government does prosecute, it usually collects. If the amount is below \$200 it probably costs them more to collect than they net. Practically the only prosecutions so far have been against people who, when hailed into court, have still refused to reveal their assets; then the charge is contempt.

Otherwise, you don't have to tell the tax men where you work or bank. They often find out the latter by working in

a radiating circle from your home, checking every bank. It's a crime to conceal your assets, so you'd better have a good reason if you move your account to another bank.

Cakars told how at one time the government sent a man out on the job of tax-refuser Ammon Hennacy, who was picking peas at the time. The tax man stood at the end of each row collecting Hennacy's 25c, until Hennacy made a deal with his boss to pay him for each row in advance. The tax man slinked away.

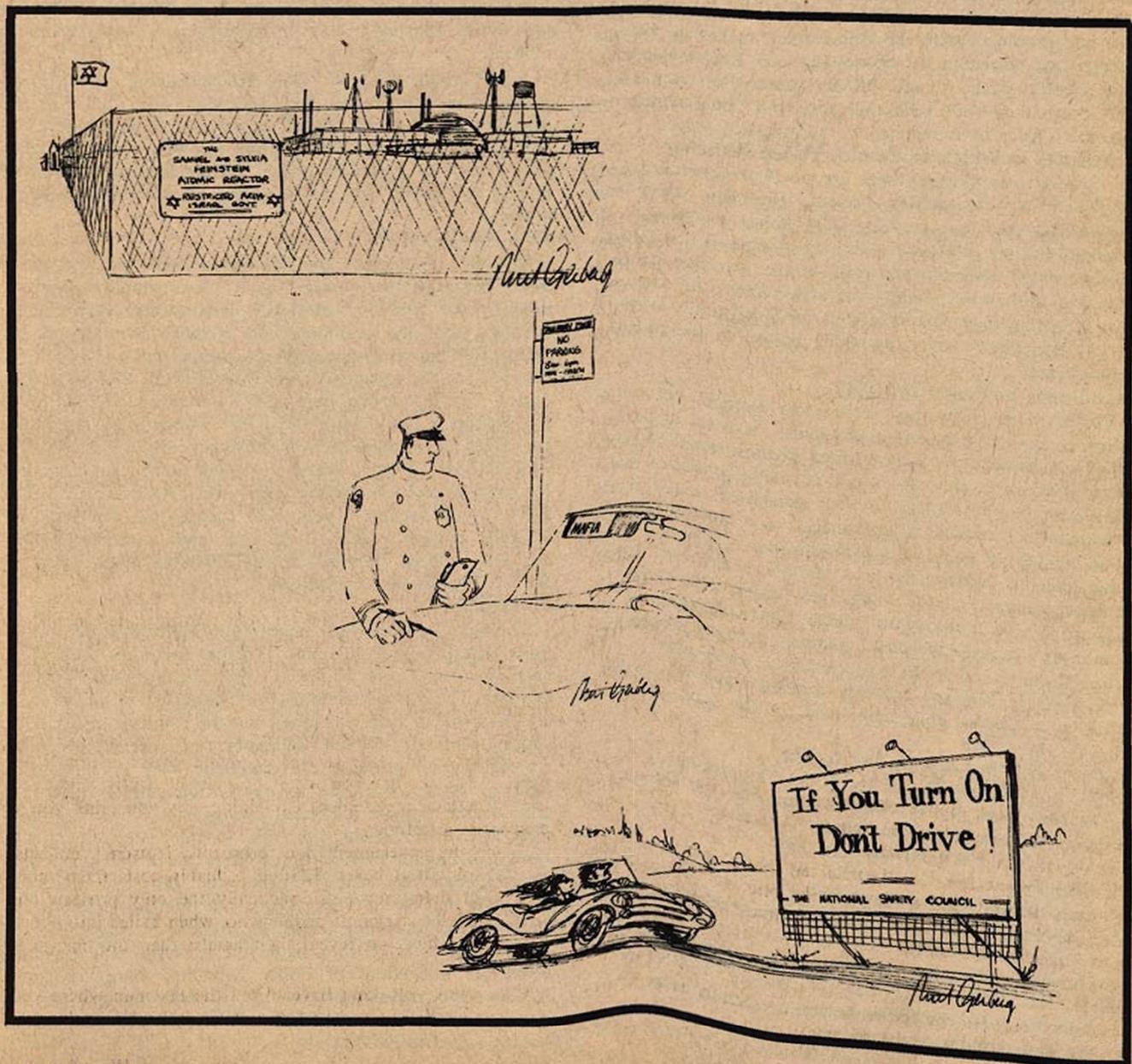
So far about 6,000 persons nationally are refusing to pay the 10% telephone tax levied in April of 1966. Consequently the government, which attempts to collect it from subscribers every two or three months, spends an average of \$70 per collection. If the amount is small enough, they try to forget it.

The way the government learns where to make the seizure in these cases is to ask the phone company what bank your checks come from.

Tax men usually make a personal visit before seizing your money. From ten days after the time they send you their Form 17—notice of taxes due—they can levy the amount against your bank account or demand it from your employer, but they may take several months to do so.

They can take your car (but have found auto auctions to net very little), but they can't take your clothes, furniture, fuel, vocational books up to \$250, livestock up to \$500, your unemployment check or your guns. They can take your Social Security checks.

They can also put a lien on your house. Years ago, the government seized a Southern brothel for non-payment of taxes and ran it until the bill was squared.



The Police Brutality Manual

by John Francis Putnam

What is Police Brutality?

Police Brutality is a non-existent, vicious allegation, without basis in observed or proven fact, that has been brought to bear against the Police Department as a pressure weapon on the part of known homosexual-left-leaning-pot-smoking-peace-demonstrator types as a part of their continuing massive program to discredit regular Law Enforcement Agencies so that they can take over and invite the Russians in to loot and burn our homes, violate our daughters and desecrate our churches.

What Useful Purpose Does Police Brutality Serve?

Police Brutality, or P-B, may be designated as the "Fun Part" of police work. It should not be considered a duty as much as an emotional release that, even more than salary and prestige within the Community, makes up for the danger and boredom of day-to-day Law Enforcement. In other words, guys . . . it's OK for you to "get your rocks off" once in a while with that good old "Employment of necessary force in apprehension and arrest of suspect."

Situations in Which to Employ Police Brutality

Anywhere, as long as there are no News Photographers or TV News Cameramen present. However, where the Newsmedia men are present, alert Police teamwork will facilitate the use of vigorous and satisfying P-B if the Body Shield system is employed. Half of the arresting officers surround the suspect, hiding the action from the cameras, thus affording their fellow officers an opportunity to move in for disciplinary action upon the person of the resisting demonstrator.

Techniques of Police Brutality

Verbal: This is the least satisfactory method, but is the safest to employ. It is best used against members of the female sex, especially young radical demonstrators. Verbal Police Brutality in this case would normally consist of overt and perjorative references to their presumed sexual practices or to their organs of reproduction as a blatant instance of the totality of their innate personification. (We gotta write it out like this because this is a Manual, remember? What we mean, gang, is, it's OK to call 'em "Dirty Little Cunts!") A good rule of thumb with Verbal Police Brutality is to curse in an increasingly "dirty" manner in direct proportion to the refinement and prettiness of females so confronted.

Physical: If physical brutality methods have to be described to a Career Policeman, what in the fuck are you doing on the force?

Whom to Hit and Whom Not to Hit

Since it is the function of the Police Department to protect property first, and individuals owning it, the following considerations are offered for study:

WHOM NOT TO HIT

1. Slumlords
2. Bank messengers carrying money
3. Well-dressed little old ladies walking poodles with rhinestone collars
4. Nursemaids pushing expensive baby carriages

WHOM TO HIT, BUT IT MUST LOOK ACCIDENTAL

1. *New York Times* reporters covering student riots
2. Students participating in riots
3. Professors encouraging students to participate in riots

Special Circumstances

Fellow Officers: Often during a demonstration, you will find yourself swinging on the usual creep types. Don't forget that some of your fellow officers have infiltrated the creep ranks in disguise. Don't impair their usefulness with too hasty an expression of your violent enthusiasm. Check their shoes before you hit the hippie. If it happens to be a fellow cop in disguise, he'll be wearing regulation patrolman foot-comfort shoes, and in hot weather, perforation ventilated light-weight Thom McCans. If a brother cop is really deep into the Hippie Thing, he'll be wearing Robert Hall shower sandals.

Falsely Assumed Minority Status: Black power advocates of American descent have lately taken to wearing Native African dress (long robe, embroidered skull cap, lion's claw necklace) during demonstrations to avoid brutalization and arrest. Forget it! Hit 'em all you want. As far as is known, no Diplomat from any Emerging African Nation has ever been known to emerge from air-conditioned surroundings during his stay in New York: they can't stand our kind of heat.

Non-Catholic Clergy: Many radical-leaning, leftist Protestant clergymen attend demonstrations. They may be distinguished from regular Roman Catholic clergy by the fact that they look cheerful, smoke pipes and wear tropical weight gray suits with a clerical collar. Hitting them must always remain a matter between you and your individual conscience.

How Hard to Hit

Personal animosities and instinctive dislike of low class minorities aside, the force of your blows should be measured by the type of button the demonstrator is wearing. Starting from the bottom of the Relative Brutality Scale (RBS) we have to start with the jocular *fun tap* which is reserved for the wearer of a WALLACE FOR PRESIDENT button. Moving up the scale, a *firm shove* for NIXON button wearers, a *fast trip up* and a *shove down* to the sidewalk for HHH button wearers, and a discreet *kick in the balls* for McCARTHY button wearers. At this point you pass the *Restraint Threshold*. Anything goes for MAKE LOVE NOT WAR button wearers—your best professional clobbers for PEACE button wearers—and you might consider trying out your special "dirties" on VETERANS FOR PEACE IN VIETNAM button wearers.

Conclusion

The alert Police Officer engaging in Police Brutality must think defensively at all times. Whether there has been provocation or not, every blow is automatically struck in Self Defense. The P-B perfectionist will always try to hit the rotten Peacenik in such a manner that the resultant injury will appear to be self-inflicted. Remember, with every blow, you are fighting to preserve the American Way of Life: the right of every American to enjoy Commercial Interruptions twenty times a half hour during late TV Movies, the right to live in Queens, the right to enjoy stag movies at American Legion Parties, the right to move out when the Niggers move into your Neighborhood, the right to teach your kids that Sex is Filthy Dirty, the right to despise people who read too many books, the right to be Right.

And remember, if they haul you up before the Review Board for allegations of Police Brutality, there are over 28,000 right-minded guys waiting to back you up, just as long as you claim self-defense, even if you're charged with kicking a seeing-eye dog.