

# The Realist

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No. 93



## WILL REVOLUTION SPOIL GROUCHO MARX?

by Paul Krassner

*What follows was originally read on Sunday night, the 4th of July, last year while I was anchor man at KSFX in San Francisco for the broadcasting of the final Fillmore concert; it was heard simultaneously on Steve Post's show over WBAI in New York.*

(Continued on Page 2)

## WHY WAS MARTHA MITCHELL KIDNAPPED?

by Mae Brussell

*My research on political assassinations, election manipulations and clandestine governments is not political. Democrats as well as Republicans contribute to murdering and concealing their crimes.*

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## GROUCHO MARX

(Continued from Cover)

It all started with One-Legged Terry.

He said the secret word — "I-have-something-for-you-from Lebanon" — and a daffy duck dropped down from the ceiling with a healthy chunk of hashish in its beak.

Terry had smuggled it inside a piece of cloth wrapped around what's left of his thigh. No Customs agent had the audacity to say, "Excuse me, sir, but I'm afraid we'll have to search your stump."

Another time, he brought in some dope hidden at the bottom of his pet porcupine's cage. Nobody bothered to examine it.

One-Legged Terry fought with the Israeli Army, has taken LSD at Dauchau, and is sympathetic to the Arab cause. Several months ago, he moderated a two-hour radio program on the Jewish Defense League. There were six panelists, ranging from Rabbi Meir Kahane to Abbie Hoffman to me.

I opened with a suggestion that the Gypsies were also entitled to a homeland, perhaps an empty supermarket.

Maybe I should mention at this point that I don't consider myself Jewish.

A few years ago, Jules Feiffer and I were on the Les Crane show. (You may recall that it was Les Crane and Tina Louise who served as the original models for the Ken and Barbie dolls.) This lady called to complain about the preponderance of Jewish guests. Crane defended himself by pointing out that one of his ex-wives is still Italian.

Lenny Bruce was watching all this on a TV set borrowed from his hotel lobby. He scribbled a message: *To offset the Jewish imbalance, I am sending my Hawaiian friend . . . Aloha and behold, she came to the station, and Crane proceeded to read Lenny's note out loud.*

I responded that "I equate religion with superstition," and that "Anyone who thinks of Judaism as a race rather than a religion is accepting the tenets of Fascism." I hesitated, sensing that my syllogism was incomplete. Then I added: "Therefore, Lenny Bruce is a Nazi."

Les Crane quickly pressed the little red panic button which — thanks to the miracle of 6-second delay — enabled him to eliminate the sound of my voice. During a commercial, he explained why I was cut off: "That's actionable, Paul."

Can't you just see Lenny Bruce suing me because I called him a Nazi on television?

Besides, there were all these deaf mutes who could read lips and knew what I said. They would tell all their friends, "Lenny Bruce is a Nazi!" Or at least they'd pass notes to each other.

Hope I haven't offended any deaf mutes in the audience.

But back to One-Legged Terry and the Jewish Defense League. (Sounds like a surprise group that'll be playing tonight.) At the end of the discussion I summed up my position in three words: "Nyah, nyah, nyah."

Bob Dylan happened to be in the studio and he remarked later, "Hey, you didn't say very much."

"No," I replied, "but it's all that'll be remembered."

Dylan doesn't say very much himself. I asked him how come he was getting Hebrew lessons from One-Legged Terry, and his answer was, "I can't speak it."

When I asked how he felt about the six million Jews who were killed in Germany, he said, simply, "I resented it."

Anyway, Eric Christensen — program director of KSFX — also happened to be there. He used to read *The Realist* when he was ten years old (good Gawd, we really are a conspiracy), and now he's a hippie, busy learning how to deal with all the traditionally feminine problems; split ends on his long hair; carrying his shoulder purse with proper hand support; walking on high heels without turning his ankles into the police.

We discussed the possibility of my doing a regular show when I moved to San Francisco.

Now, most of my radio experience has been on WBAI, which is listener-sponsored. Whereas, my attitude toward commercial media has always been one of mutual exploitation: they use *me* to help sell products; and I use *them* to help make humanist waves.

I was skeptical about how much broadcasting freedom I would have, but John Turpin, the station manager, promised me: "You'll be surprised."

There were rumors that he was a Black Panther. On the wall behind his office desk there was a poster of Angela Davis, certainly not official ABC interior decorating policy.

Soon after he hired me, he resigned his executive position to become a disc jockey. The first night he was on, he sandwiched one of Malcolm X's speeches between Aretha Franklin and Ray Charles.

In view of the difference in salary, this change of status revealed a fantastic integrity. I still don't know if John is a member of the Party, but he's a true black panther.

I did an audition program in New York on WPLJ. My guests were the Vietnam Veterans against the War and a radical rock group, Elephant's Memory. I read a commercial for a movie, adding: "I haven't seen it myself, but if it's really good, you're friends'll tell you."

Around that time, Eldridge Cleaver was feeling so up against the wall that he busted Tim Leary and put us-all down as silly psychedelic freaks. It had racist implications. I decided to do the program only if I could use the name Rumplesoreskin. This was a commitment to my culture: Silly is beautiful!

And so here I am tonight, anchor man at the final Fillmore concert, on the 4th of July.

I think it's important for us not to get too self-righteous, though, about our so-called alternative life-style.

I have on my door the photograph of a napalmed Vietnamese child and his mother, silently pleading their inconceivable horror [published in issue No. 90 as "The Parts Left Out of the Pentagon Papers"]. Every time I walk out of this room I beg them to forgive me. My tax money helped do it to them. There's no way around that fact.

Groucho Marx said in a recent interview: "I think the only hope this country has is Nixon's assassination."

"Uh, sorry, Mr. Marx, you're under arrest for threatening the life of the President. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed *A Night At the Opera*. Here, now if you'll just slip into these plastic handcuffs . . ."

I wrote to the local office of the United States Department of Justice, inquiring about the status of the case against Groucho, particularly in view of the indictment of Black Panther David Hilliard for using similar rhetoric.

Here's the reply I received:

Dear Mr. Krassner:

Responding to your inquiry, the United States Supreme Court has held that Title 18 U.S.C., Section 871 prohibits only "true" threats. It is one thing to say "I (or we) will kill Richard Nixon" when you are the leader of an organization which advocates killing people and overthrowing the government; it is quite another to utter the words which are attributed to Mr. Marx, an alleged comedian. It was the opinion of both myself and the United States Attorney in Los Angeles (where Marx's words were alleged to have been uttered) that the latter utterance did not constitute a "true" threat.

Very truly yours,  
/s/ James L. Browning, Jr.  
United States Attorney

Well, I'm "an alleged comedian" too.

Kill Nixon!

In fact, I'm *officially* an alleged comedian. At the Chicago Conspiracy Trial, Prosecutor Thomas Foran said in his summation to the jury: "Are we going to be conned into believing that . . . you are only a good guy if you think Paul Krassner is funny?"

Presumably, I won't be prosecuted for breaking a law which is based on the assumption that people can't be trusted to make their own decisions.

That's why Richard Nixon had to *tell* us that Charles Manson was guilty — so we wouldn't notice that they're actually the same person. Have you ever seen President Nixon and Charlie Manson together? Of course not. Have you ever seen Lieutenant Calley and Patricia Krenwinkel together? Aha!

All Nixon was saying is that Manson was guilty of not having a Government *permit*.

What I mean is, on the TV news today, the newscaster started to say, "According to the Taiwan News Service," and then suddenly on came this film clip promoting *The Wonderful World of Disney*.

And the newscaster made no reference to it. Isn't it reassuring to know that you weren't the only one who saw that?

But the direction was clear.

First there was a soldier saying, "If the Army goes down, the United States goes down."

Hmmmm.

Then Martha Mitchell was quoted as saying that the newspapers will have to be suppressed. Does anyone suppose that her husband, the Attorney General of the United States, is *surprised* at this turn of events?

Obviously, Henry Kissinger told Richard Nixon who told John Mitchell who told Martha what to say. I'm sorry, Women's Liberation, but I do believe that. It's the ultimate soap opera. What did you *think* they do at night instead of balling? They discuss which trial balloon Martha Mitchell will next leak to the press.

And then — oh, yes — the Newport Festival was cancelled. But before we could feel too sorry for ourselves, there came the plight of the Menominee Indians.

Why can't the money we might have spent on a new record album be a tax on ourselves instead, for the things we believe in? I'd like to propose that the funds of the *Whole Earth Catalog* be used to incorporate a separate tax system, to be spent for the celebration of survival.

What really frightens people in power is the sense of *joy* permeating our music. We are an insidious pelvic movement, plotting to kill the Nixon within ourselves.

And be sure to tell 'em — Groucho sentcha.

## Editorial Giggy Trips

### This Is Another Pre-Anniversary Issue

A patient subscriber has compiled an embarrassing list of my broken editorial promises over the past four years:

"The 10th Anniversary Issue of *The Realist* will be out in June [1968]."

"This was supposed to be the 10th Anniversary Issue, but that's been postponed . . ."

"*The Realist's* 10th Anniversary issue . . . will be out in late October."

"Yes, I know this was supposed to be the 10th Anniversary Issue . . . it will be published in mid-February [1969]."

"Hey, look, that pre-touted 10th Anniversary Issue isn't a put-on, really . . . I promise it will be out during April."

"No, goddammit, this isn't the 10th Anniversary Issue either . . . it will be out in late October."

"In the summer of 1968 the 10th Anniversary Issue of *The Realist* was supposed to be published. Now here it is the summer of 1970 . . . but the 12th Anniversary Issue will have been worth waiting for."

"This is still another pre-anniversary issue . . . but the 13th Anniversary Issue should be ready in Spring 1971."

"This summer, the legendary-behind-its-time 13th Anniversary Issue . . ."

"The 13th Anniversary Issue . . . will be finished in time to celebrate the annual [1971] Christmas boycott."

"The next issue, No. 93, will celebrate our 13th Anniversary during, appropriately enough, our 14th year of publication. It will feature *The Parts Left Out of the Manson Book*, a subject which I've been investigating obsessively for the past few months. It's probably the most important piece I've ever written." I went on to say that "my journalistic and psychic priority is the story behind the spoon-fed image we've all gotten of the Charles Manson case."

But getting this issue out superceded that priority. Besides, there has been more material to gather on the case than I'd first suspected. Book-length, it'll cost non-subscribers \$1.

So then: Unless I get a job with the Administration promising they'll get out of Vietnam soon, the 13th Anniversary Issue of *The Realist* will be published before the end of summer [1972], featuring *The Parts Left Out of the Manson Book*.

What originally started out in 1968 to be the anniversary issue has been developing into a struggle between false humility and an urge to share my bizarre search, in the form of an autobiography to be called *The Truth Is Silly Putty*, which I'll return to, along with my novel and screenplay, *but only after* the 13th Anniversary Issue is published.

Of course I could've *called* — arbitrarily — *this* issue the 13th Anniversary Issue, but that'd really be ridiculous.

### A Few Words About Saint Mae

Mae Brussell is an extraordinary human being.

Back in November, 1963, she was just a regular housewife with five kids. Like the rest of us, she was stunned by the assassination of President Kennedy.

Her daughter, Bonnie, then 7 years old, was concerned about Lee Harvey Oswald, and decided to send him her teddy bear. It was all wrapped up and ready to mail when she saw him murdered by Jack Ruby on television that Sunday morning.

Mae couldn't help but wonder: What kind of world are we bringing our children into? That basic question is what inspired the initiation of a project, her dedication to which is now in its

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ninth year.

She reads 8 newspapers a day. She has carefully digested over 300 books on espionage and related subjects. She has cross-referenced the entire 26 volumes of the Warren Commission Report. Her files are incredible.

The evidence, once you really get into it, is overwhelming. The facts are there. The connections become obvious. The conclusion is undeniable: When John F. Kennedy was shot in Dallas, the United States Government was taken over.

Did you think that an elaborate plot to kill a President was simply in order to get Lyndon Johnson into office? Can you imagine him quitting that job on April Fool's Day Eve in 1968 voluntarily? . . .

For the past year, Mae Brussell has had a radio program called *Dialogue: Assassination* on KLRB in Carmel. An hour a week of dandy documentation, it's the furthest out show being broadcast today.

The repression in this country has been increasing; yet, in devoting herself to research of political assassinations, Mae's philosophy has remained optimistic: "There are higher values than power and force. Honesty and compassion are stronger than weapons."

She is some kind of saint, and truthseeking is her discipline. Knowing her, I've undergone a religious conversion: from believing in coincidence to believing in Conspiracy.

And so, this is to announce a new periodical I'm going to publish, in addition to *The Realist: Mae Brussell's Conspiracy Newsletter*, to be mailed twice a month. And remember, even if Paul Revere could've been diagnosed as a raving paranoid schizophrenic, it doesn't mean the British weren't coming.

Last year, Mae's daughter, Bonnie, who never had a chance to send her teddy bear to Lee Harvey Oswald, was killed, at the age of 15, in a suspicious automobile accident. But her impulse lives on in her mother's work.

## Notes of a Paranoid Schizophrenic

What I'm about to get into might be considered self-indulgent on one level, but I know that whatever problems I have are luxuries compared to a prisoner at Attica trying to decide whether or not to slash the throat of a guard being held hostage. Okay?

I've never taken any salary from *The Realist*, and have subsidized it from the beginning. From 1958-60, I lived out of savings. From 1960-64, I did interviews for *Playboy* and worked with Lenny Bruce on his autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*.

From 1964-70, I was *Cavalier's* film critic. But, shortly after I testified in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial, three wholesalers told the publisher they would no longer distribute *Cavalier* if my name continued to appear in it. The game was FBI harassment.

Then, *Rolling Stone* asked me to do a regular feature that would be of interest to their readers. So I submitted my first column based partially on data in the book *Efficiency in Death* (available for \$1.50 from the Council on Economic Priorities in Washington, D.C.).

It turns out that the manufacturers of anti-personnel weapons used in Vietnam include corporations otherwise associated with records, films, radio stations, theaters, tape recorders, automobiles, snowmobiles, sports equipment, insurance; brand names like Bulova Watch, General Tires, Dutch Boy Paint, Reynolds Wrap, E-Z Haul, Remington Shavers, Keds Shoes, Whirlpool home appliances, Victor office machines, TV by Motorola, Emerson, Zenith.

The largest producer of anti-personnel weapons and components is Honeywell, with contracts totalling over \$250-million. They also put out Pentax, Rollei and Stronobar cameras and photographic equipment, Takumar lenses, Elmo cameras and projectors.

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Ironically, Norris Industries, Inc., which *Forbes* magazine said "may well be the biggest corporate beneficiary of the Vietnam War," is also the number one supplier of residential locks in North America.

And, whereas the Baldwin Company (Baldwin, Gretsch musical instruments, Central Bank and Trust Co., Empire Savings) ordinarily competes with the Wurlitzer Company (Martin, Wurlitzer musical instruments, phonographs and jukeboxes), they cooperate on 2.75-inch rockets: Baldwin loads, assembles and packs their motors; Wurlitzer provides the power supply for their XM429 electronic proximity fuses.

*Rolling Stone* paid me \$75 for the article but never published it. That was the end of that column.

From April through October 1971, I had my own radio show on KSFZ, the American Broadcasting Company's FM station in San Francisco. I was fired because it was decided to change the format from free-form to pre-programmed. Disc jockeys could no longer select the records they played. When the new station manager George Yarhaes fired Eric Christensen, he explained: "The job of program director is not a creative one any more, but that of being a traffic cop."

*National Lampoon* asked me to do a monthly column. Here's a few paragraphs from the first piece I submitted:

"While it might not surprise the Daniel Ellsbergs among us that the Defense Department has been carefully studying ant warfare as a microcosm of pacification procedures in Southeast Asia, a far more insidious practice — unofficially referred to as 'pupae propaganda' — is being utilized to appease liberal sentiment in the scientific sub-community doing research in the relatively recent field of ethnically oriented chemical-biological weaponry.

"This process can be observed in *The Hellstrom Chronicle* as we are shown, for example, the quasi-racist role of the worker bees. The fact that the queen bee was deliberately taken away by the movie's producers so that we could watch the proletariat nurturing of her successor, was merely the lowest form of media manipulation yet . . .

"Of course, it's easy to become self-righteous about such 1984ish-sounding plans, but didn't we all approve of the anti-cigarette commercials on television to counteract the vicious, inhumane, exploitative pro-cigarette commercials? Yet, here is *Lampoon*, a somewhat anti-establishment magazine, coming to you partially by the grace of a couple of full-page cigarette ads. And what about little old smug me, writing all this in that context? Well, the difference between people and insects is that we have the superior ability to rationalize.

"So, my rationalization is . . . that anybody who buys cigarettes because they're advertised here deserves to die of cancer. Or, as Brinkley is bound to say when Huntley finally departs for that great newsroom in the sky, *Good night, Chet -- wherever you are.*"

They asked me to change *Lampoon* to *Natlamp* — a legal technicality — and to change "deserves to die of cancer" to "deserves to." I agreed to compromise and became a regular contributor, calling my column "The Unforgiving Minute" (a couple of which are reprinted in this issue of *The Realist*).

After several months of not getting paid by *Lampoon*, I discovered that Internal Revenue Service had put a levy on my income because I hadn't paid taxes in 1970. Goodbye, column.

In September 1971, Putnam published a collection of my *Realist* pieces, called *How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years*. I foolishly thought I'd be able to turn a lot of people on and get out of debt too. We had some really fine quotes:

*Joseph Heller*: "Paul Krassner is a blessing to his family, a joy to his friends, a bonanza to his publisher, and a credit to his country. More than any living American who comes to mind, he deserves to be called 'a great American.'" This collection of his writ-

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ings from *The Realist* over the past ten years is a valuable national asset and a formidable bulwark against pollution by cant and hypocrisy. It is also great fun. Years ago, I gave subscriptions to *The Realist* as Christmas presents. I wish I could give everybody in the country a copy of this book. Maybe I will. But until I decide, you buy it now!"

**Groucho Marx:** "Thanks for the book. I am sending this card to you, because I don't know where Mr. Krassner lives. Or even if he is alive. At any rate, it's a hilarious book and I predict in time he will wind up as the only live Lenny Bruce."

**Kurt Vonnegut Jr.:** "You are a great man. You give me hope."

**Terry Southern:** "*The Realist*, where these pieces originally appeared, was the first American publication to really tell the TRUTH; I mean literally and figuratively -- by ignored outlandish fact, by parable, by image, by creative hook and crook, whatever it took -- lighting the way like the proverbial kleig for the myriad counter-culture and in-depth type periodicals that followed. No doubt about it, this grand guy Paulie K. is the Bunyan of American journalism."

**Ken Kesey:** "A modern Yiddish masterpiece."

**Ed Sanders:** "Paul Krassner's book is amazing and brilliant -- it puts the past into a data-array that is wonderful. It is a thrill to read it. I will now steal ideas from it."

**Julius Lester:** "Almost singlehandedly, Paul Krassner has kept the art of satire alive in America. As with any satirist, nothing is sacred to him. Thus, one can't burden with political labels or definitions. The only one that really fits is genius, and maybe it's about time somebody said it. Thanks for being, Paul."

That's pretty flattering stuff, but as J.B. Newbrough wrote in an introduction to the *Oahspe Bible*, "And if a man turns out a good book, I accord him little more credit than I would a ripe apple for being on the sunny side of the tree."

I took neither the praise nor the criticism personally.

The Fort Wayne (Indiana) *News-Sentinel*: "Paul Krassner may go down in the iconoclast hall of fame, or rather ought to be in a hall for the insane . . . He does an admirable job of bringing out the evil in the best of us. But Krassner still should be given periodic saliva tests to determine the severity of his affliction."

The Camden (N.J.) *Courier-Post*: "If you want to read a book that sends chills of disgust up your spine, this one is it. But if you want a book that has you laughing hysterically (there is a funny side of the radical movement and Krassner shows you how Yippie embodies it), this is also that book."

The Raleigh (N.C.) *News & Observer*: "There is some writing skill, as you might expect from a former contributor to *Mad* magazine, and this might appeal to someone who actually enjoys seeing a very dirty word in almost every paragraph."

The Van Nuys (Calif.) *News*: "He is popular with the underground magazine fans but his material is not vulgar. He has too much talent to have any need for 4-letter words."

Ed McClanahan, retired Merry Prankster and chronicler of the Grateful Dead, queried *Rolling Stone* about his review of my book, but instead they ran a putdown, quoting me out of context. McClanahan then submitted his review to *Earth* magazine, but they turned it down because it was too favorable. *Ramparts* rejected it sight unseen because I owed them money for an ad.

Penelope Gilliatt, film critic for the *New Yorker* and screenwriter (*Sunday, Bloody Sunday*) called and asked if there was anything she could do to help my book. I said, "See if you can get the *New Yorker* to review it." They didn't.

My book was also not reviewed in *Time* or *Newsweek*; in the *Saturday Review* or the *Sunday Times*; in *Esquire* or the *New York Review of Books*.

The *Village Voice* didn't review it because "your book is a compilation of previously published articles, not a new book."

Both the *New York Times* and *Life* magazine paid for reviews that were extremely favorable, but which were never published.

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John Leonard, Book Review Editor of the *Times*, wrote to me: "We have a review of your book in the house -- it's just not a very good one, I'm afraid."

Now why would he lie like that? Perhaps it had to do with his understanding of the conditions under which he was hired in January 1971.

On December 1, 1970 the *Times* had cut and changed the meaning of his double-review of *American Grottesque* by James Kirkwood and *A Heritage of Stone* by Jim Garrison. Between the first and second editions, the headline was changed from "Who Killed John F. Kennedy?" to "The Shaw-Garrison Affair." A sub-head, "Mysteries Persist," disappeared. And the copy was amputated as follows:

"Garrison insists that the Warren Commission, the executive branch of the government, some members of the Dallas Police Department, the pathologists at Bethesda who performed the second Kennedy autopsy, and many, many others of lying to the American public.

"Frankly, I prefer to believe that the Warren Commission did a poor job, rather than a dishonest one. I like to think that Mr. Garrison invents monsters to explain incompetence. [In the next edition, the review ended at this point, chopped off in mid-paragraph. Here's what was deleted:] But until somebody explains why two autopsies came to two different conclusions about the President's wounds, why the limousine was washed out and rebuilt without investigation, why certain witnesses near the 'grassy knoll' were never asked to testify before the Commission, why we were all so eager to buy Oswald's brilliant marksmanship in split seconds, why no one inquired into Jack Ruby's relations with a staggering variety of strange people, why a 'loner' like Oswald always had friends and could always get a passport -- who can blame the Garrison guerrillas for fantasizing?"

"Something stinks about this whole affair. *A Heritage of Stone* rehashes the smelliness; the recipe is as unappetizing as our doubts about the official version of what happened. (Would then-Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy have endured his brother's murder in silence? Was John Kennedy quite so liberated from cold war clichés as Mr. Garrison maintains?) But the stench is there, and clings to each of us. Why were Kennedy's neck organs not examined at Bethesda for evidence of a frontal shot? Why was his body whisked away to Washington before the legally required Texas inquest? Why?"

So. If the *Times* and the CIA have the same conspiratorial policy -- to keep certain information about political assassinations out of public consciousness in order to maintain control -- then what was there in my book? In a piece called "David Hemmings Is Herman Kahn in Disguise," I had quoted Mort Sahl, on his Los Angeles-based show:

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

Mort Sahl was soon fired from that TV show.

I'm just one voice in a cultural revolution which the government is trying to suppress in favor of mindless productivity and programmed consumption.

To accept the notion that those in power would systematically set up a dictatorship in Saigon and in Greece, but not here, amounts to a malignant case of American Chauvinism.

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## Comic Violence From Batman to S. Clay Wilson

by William Hjortsberg

Things got off to a bad start early in the morning when the boy from the dry cleaner's brought the costumes and, even through the sheen of polyethylene, Bruce could see that the capes were still stained. There was no point in complaining, or even refusing to tip; all one could do was take his business elsewhere. It was always like this on Alfred's day off; the phone rang continually, tradesmen got the best of him, his eggs were overdone at breakfast. You come to expect the best in life and anything less doesn't satisfy.

Bruce hung the costumes in the bedroom closet, grimacing at the unsightly stains. Was it grease? Motor-oil? Blood? And just look at the hem; torn in three places. At \$55 apiece he expected more than three months wear from his capes, but people no longer seem to take pride in their jobs, and poor workmanship is the inevitable result. Bruce remembered a tailor Alfred had introduced him to in the late '30s. They had done time together, been cell-mates in fact; the tailor's fondness for floozy blondes and racetracks had prompted him to moonlight as a counterfeiter. But just as Alfred's years as a safe-cracker and second-story artist had given him the lightest tread and least intrusive manner of any butler in town, so the many careful hours spent hunched over etching plates yielded a sureness of stitch not to be duplicated at any price. A pity the man refused to be persuaded that crime did not pay; a rash of bad fifties drew him ten to twenty up-state, where he was murdered in the mess-hall only two years before becoming eligible for parole. Bruce had never been able to find another tailor quite as talented. And his capes certainly showed it.

It was the same story with the utility belts. Years before, Bruce had ordered them by mail from a saddlery in Bozeman, Montana; sturdy top-grain cowhide throughout, with the equipment loops double-stitched and concealed pockets brass-riveted at the corners. They were made with the same care the old concern formerly lavished on stiff-sheathed, fast-draw holsters for the West's most notorious gun-fighters but a five-alarm fire put them out of business forever. (Bruce often wondered if it hadn't been deliberately set; further harassment from his enemies. Could he detect the Joker's arsonous chuckle in the deed? Was it a fiery Valentine from the Penguin?) The jazzy Florentine numbers with pebbly Moroccan finish and little silver buckles, imported for him by Mark Cross, simply didn't compare.

Still, it always pleased Bruce to see the neat, pressed rows of costumes in his wardrobe closet; trim, form-fitting tights, the knee-high, patent-leather boots, an elegant drape of capes, the tailored blouses, each with the spread-winged emblem boldly emblazoned across the chest. Such a stylish outfit.

In many ways it was too bad the mask covered his forehead completely. Bruce thought, tossing his monogrammed, wine-silk bathrobe onto the double-bed as he crossed in front of the full-length mirror. He had the brow of a Greek god and a nifty widow's peak, all lost behind the hood-shaped mask. Bruce flexed his deltoids and admired his tanned reflection. Even if he was going a little gray around the temples, they don't hand out chins like his every day of the week and the stomach was still flat and as corrugated with muscle as a sheet-metal washboard. No need for any corsets yet. And there never would be, Bruce reflected, as he stepped into his gym trunks and pulled them up around his waist, what with his dedication to a daily workout on the rings and

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by John Francis Putnam

Recently I was standing in the lobby of a movie art house in New York waiting for *Death in Venice* to start and there were these two little kids in front of me. They were wearing what I would describe as "comfortable proletarian-street-people-revolutionary" overalls. They were smartassing around, passing comments on the shitty paintings that seem to get hung on foyer walls in movie art houses.

"That's real art," says one kid.

"Yeah, I know real art when I see it," says the other kid.

"I even know the name of a real artist," says first kid.

"Yeah, Pee-Kasso!" says kid number two.

At this point I interrupt (I'm 54, with long hair, a kind of scruffy-seedy type). I say: "I know the name of a real artist, too!" No answer from the kids. A look, yes. A nasty, merciless, appraising "What the fuck do you want you old creep" look. It was then that I said: "S. Clay Wilson" This did things for them. It did things for me.

S. Clay Wilson is the comic artist who does all those "set pieces" in the underground comics. They are usually single page explosions of mayhem, with people jabbing switch blades into eye balls, people sticking shotguns into vaginas and pulling the trigger. Everywhere, bits of flesh and bone flying about as those who are involved in the melee make with exhortations like "Take that, you black-hearted cunt!"

These tapestries of mutilation and slash follow strict locale and situation patterns: Motorcycle Gang brawls, Pirate Cut and Thrust sessions, and Grandiose Internecine Fraggings between Dyke Gangs, Outer-Space Demons and Amphetamine Blade Freaks. Every once in a while, if you're lucky, there'll be an S. Clay Wilson spread on an inside cover where they can run a red plate to show blood.

Wilson is a kind of Comic Devil's Advocate. He's a power for and on behalf of Evil. Good old *Evil!* Remember? For years there's come about a subtle change of tone and meaning to the word evil, and today, in some contexts, it even has a positive aspect: "Man, that chick . . . she's evil!"

We had somehow lost the sense of *evil* as a poetic conception. It still lurks around. If you are into reading the Tarot, you'll find all the evil you need. Malignancies that lurk just beyond the imagination. All that terror we carry around, un-resolved, un-released.

People in the Middle Ages were used to living with it: their world hovered perpetually on the edge of unspeakable violence. At any moment, rape, plunder, mutilation would *really* happen. If you were "wicked" and they caught you, torture, flaying, impaling would really happen to you.

And then we slowly became more "civilized" and, what with the Enlightenment, Victorianism and the Scientific and Sociological Explosions, this all receded mercifully from consciousness. But it was always there. And it is still there.

All over sad and violent America, evil is on its way back in. And S. Clay Wilson is here to depict its emergence. *Wow!* Wilson is the great inheritor. Of Medieval visions of black doom. This guy has walked with Hieronymus Bosch long enough to know where it's always been at. But he has his own (and our) vision with him at all times. And that vision is Bosch *plus* black humor.

If you care to examine the detail of a 13th Century cathedral, you'll find lots of Wilson's friends. They're up there in the groins

Realist



S. CLAY WILSON. 1972.

and vaultings, some with their asses out, ready to take a shit on you as you look up. *Pow!* — right in the eye! Others are giving you the Medieval equivalent of the "stink finger." Irascible, angry, comic, writhing little fuck-all demons in stone, hidden away to remind you, that they are there and they are out to "get you!"

Wilson fantasizes for us; these are the fantasies we never quite dare to admit to ourselves. We can accept the funny tame fantasy of good old James Thurber and his Walter Mitty. Up to a point. But then all of a sudden, we are shooting off beyond all the "Pocketa-pocketa!" Wilson has placed us into the now fantasy: we clank around with stainless steel hardware and piss-cured leather in a Motorcycle Motherfucker Club outfit, cock and switchblade at the ready while a pair of bleeding-pussy teen-age runaways plead for some more of the ol' pork!

Wilson works to a curious scale. Like the 17th Century master of engraving, Jacques Callot (a master of horrible detail), Wilson's work can stand unlimited enlargement. Wilson, while confined to the space limitations of a comic page has the feel of a muralist. I hear that he has done a full size mural in his mother's basement.

Wilson's detail is fantastic. The drawings are littered with all kinds of great little details: scumbags oozing their forlorn contents, and innumerable empty cans of Tree Frog Beer. Wilson has the American passion for accurate detail: a Pirate pistol blowing off the top of a girl's head has the correct fire lock. The details on the Biker's Hogs are all there, from the chromed finials to the frames and motors. The leather jacket detail is out-of-sight. Never exaggerated . . . just for real.

In Wilson's world there is an abiding motto: that of the Roman Degenerate Emperor Caligula who said, "I can do *anything* I want to *anybody*!" And everybody does! The focal point of Wilson's fantasy is, quite simply, revenge. And who doesn't dig revenge fantasies?

You've been suffering from all the shit you've had to take from your rotten boss, right? Every day, no relief in sight. So you take refuge in a great revenge fantasy with a cutlass wielding Pirate, a chain waving Biker, and a covey of Amphetamine S. & M. Freaks to join you as you all work over your boss! *Wow!*

And all those sound effects as the boss gets his from knives and axes: *Plotch! Stursh! Slitch!* (Wilson's sound effects are rivalled only by *Mad's* Don Martin.) And, friends, you get to see how it would look like when you cut up the boss's body: nice anatomically correct layers of bone, muscle, ligaments!

Wilson's Porn is monumental. With him, *every fuck* is a Grudge Fuck! Courtship is unheard of in his world. You see, you grab, you *do!* And his delineation of sex organs is as accurate and highly detailed as his guns. Naturally. Cocks are wonderfully distended and throbbing; cunts are prehensile and ever-receptive. One cannot conceive of Wilson ever knowingly rendering a *dry cunt!*

Wilson's Girl is ever the same: talk about fantasies! She's a good-natured, cheerful, nice girl . . . not pretty, but pleasant, you know. You'd never hesitate to take her anywhere. Nice family, and all, and she'll *do anything!* And she'll take it from *anybody!* That nice girl, taking a two-foot dong from a Pirate, and still cheerful! It's the cheerfulness that does it.

Then there are the Demons. Amiable Evil. Like the Checkered Demon: he's biting off heads and spitting them out . . . he's munching torn-out cunts, but always amiably. With the Demons, Wilson has dredged up and valved out all matter of things that for centuries have been going Bump in the Night! Cosmic comic relief. And these betentacled spikey beings are quite the most civilized of all of Wilson's people.

The Pirates are often rather genteel British types who do awful punishment things to each other. There's a class structure there, too, with scummy pirates as lower ratings. A fine 18th Century frenzy abounds with a lot of explicit cutlass swinging.

Wilson's Dykes are something else. These butch ladies have been redeemed from the opprobrium where Middle America has cast them. The Dyke, in Wilson's drawings, strides proudly through all the mayhem. The Dykes actually *win!* They're in control, they are heroes! (None of your heroine shit, man!) Their leader is a strong lady named Ruby-the-Dyke. Ruby has harsh, iron-gray hair carelessly brushed back over a low forehead. She sweats a lot under the armpits. She smokes a cheap cigar and has obscene tattoos. Her tits are arrogant with brutal nipples and she swaggers around taking charge everywhere. I love her!

I think that the measure of an artist is the degree of fascination and the quality of work that compels attention and leaves residual flash images to wander about in your head.

## BATMAN

(Continued from Page 6)

parallel bars.

Bruce sat on the edge of the bed, lacing his sneakers. He was still thinking about the mask; glad for it now since it covered the gray hairs and there was no need for a weekly Clairol touch-up. But it had been a different story when he was younger. He wondered if the Parisian dress designer he'd spent six months locating hadn't been just a little bit jealous of his good looks. He remembered the early sketches; the one based on a moose with a headful of grotesque antlers, or the eagle motif, which included a full set of feathered wings and suggested a hovering cherub rather than a bird of prey.

It was precisely because of his original difficulties in François duBois' *salon* that Bruce had designed Dick's costume himself. It was an accomplishment he was still quite proud of: the bold, red tunic and green briefs. An altogether sensible outfit; with a built-in athletic supporter and the legs left bare to facilitate running. And the mask was no ponderous affair, but only a simple strip across the eyes that did nothing to conceal his ward's tousled, boyish hair and healthy apple-red cheeks.

Bruce regarded Dick's picture on the bureau and wished the boy were with him instead of away all summer at the ashram. After all, they were more than a team. Dick was his ward, the only family he had left, and he missed the lad's twinkling eye and eager punning. Next to the boy's smiling photo stood double-framed portraits of Mom and Dad, forever young and stylish. The horror of that wintry night long ago in front of the movie theater came sweeping back as Bruce bent to kiss the glass shielding the image of his mother's lovely brow. A solitary tear splashed against the tooled leather frame.

In the air-conditioned private gym, Bruce immediately went to work on the parallel bars. He dipped and swung and executed a graceful series of hand-stands. For a man of 53 he was still in tip-top shape, but he tended to grow winded easily and this worried him, as did the nagging twinges of arthritis which occasionally stabbed at his elbows and knees. However, much of the unhappiness brought on by the realization that he was no longer a spring chicken was alleviated by his ability to do 100 push-ups and climb a 75-foot rope without using his feet. He could still take it all right. And dish it out, too.

On the trapeze, Bruce exhibited a skill seldom seen outside of the circus. And even within the Big Top hierarchy he would have rated star billing. If Dick had been with him now they could have gone through the entire complicated routine of flips and catches and aerial somersaults; but even as a solo act Bruce was very impressive. He hung and swung by his feet; from one hand; no-handed using clenched teeth; and, the *piece de resistance*, a devilishly difficult chin-clamp.

Flying through the air with the greatest of ease, Bruce allowed his thoughts to drift back to past adventures: to the acrobatics of pursuit high across the girdered skeletons of unfinished

# CLAPERS

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skyscrapers; to dangling on silken cords as helicopters hovered above fleets of speeding getaway cars; to the soaring, gut-lifting exhilaration of second-story flying-tackles through panes of shattering window-glass; to all the leaps, jumps and tumbles which put the underworld down for the count in the course of his hectic career.

Oh, the crack of fist on jawbone; the satisfying crunch of nose cartilage; the exquisite joy of a well-aimed kick to the solar plexus. Bruce bounded nimbly down from the trapeze onto the tumbling mat, shadow-boxing furiously; counter-punching, lashing out, bobbing and weaving. His imagination provided an army of phantom opponents ripe for annihilation. The Boy Wonder was at his side as he scissor-kicked, pirouetted and spun about the empty gym in his relentless pursuit of the forces of evil.

This one's for Mom, he thought, driving his heel down into an imaginary mouth, sending shards of splintering dream-teeth every which-way. A swift karate-chop shattered a make-believe neckbone; his knee lifted into the groins of a half-dozen figments and spectres; Bruce whirled and kicked and in a terrifying finale of ferocity he rushed forward and gouged the eyeballs from the ghost who had shot down his father in the snow 43 years before.

He stood trembling on the tumbling-mat, his breath coming in short gasps as he stared at his blood-stained hands. All about him the bodies of the fallen lay broken and discarded. At his feet, ageless assassin's eye-sockets resembled hastily filled containers of strawberry jam. Justice had triumphed. Bruce felt a warm flush spread throughout his loins; all of his energy and anger seemed to dissolve, to whirlpool down through his abdomen and drain with a grateful, pulsing rush. The orgasm brought him to his knees. His maroon trunks were wet and clinging. Bruce picked up a bath towel and headed for the showers.

Under the stinging, needle-sharp spray, Bruce lathered and sponged, rubbing his hairless body until it was squeaky-clean. He cleaned between his toes and under his armpits, singing old camp songs in a lusty baritone. Later, after toweling dry and oiling his muscles until his sculpted body glistened in the mid-morning sun, Bruce returned to the bedroom, carefully avoiding the soiled trunks which lay discarded on the dressing-room floor, awaiting Alfred's attentions on the following day. Why should he touch the nasty, sticky thing? It was only right that his man, as a reformed criminal, should be given such menial and base tasks as a form of continued penance for his misdeeds.

Bruce dressed carefully in antelope slippers, buff-colored cashmere trousers, blue velvet smoking jacket and a perfectly-knotted, white silk ascot. Using a pair of silver-backed military brushes, he arranged his hair in a pompadour wave that displayed his widow's peak to its best advantage. He preened for awhile before the mirror and, after spraying his lapels with just a touch of cologne (a virile man-scent he had picked up in Paris during one of his European adventures), Bruce felt ready to face the day.

For almost half an hour he wandered through the mansion

looking for something to do. The mail contained only a routine collection of Post Office wanted circulars and an invitation to speak at the annual Boy Scout Jamboree. There were no calls on the police radio; nothing but annoying static on all four frequencies. In the library, he listlessly attempted to resume reading a heavy volume on ballistics he had put aside the previous week, but after only a few pages he slammed the book shut and jumped to his feet, snapping his fingers nervously.

Even the laboratory offered no consolation. There were several experiments in progress; one, a spectrographic analysis of fingernail cuttings, looked promising; another, which seem close to revealing an anodyne for *curae* poisoning, had been eluding him for months; but a half-hearted hour of dickering with test tubes and bunsen burners forced him to admit that he was only killing time.

Back in the library, Bruce fingered a hidden switch, causing the grandfather's clock to swing on secret hinges away from the wall. Behind loomed a shadowed passageway leading down to the Cave. Bruce descended slowly, feeling his way along the moist, mossy wall. In the subterranean garage, he paused before the crouching, black automobile and allowed his fingers to linger lovingly on the sleek hood. The swept-back tailfin stood up abruptly over the trunk, as menacing as a shark's dorsal in the half-light. Bruce slid in behind the wheel and turned on the ignition. He revved the engine until the throaty roar of pistons built into a piercing whine that shrieked and echoed in the low-ceilinged room — 600 horsepower, yessirree. After dark, he would prowling the back streets of the city looking for action.

The car door closed behind him with the pleasing solidity of a bank vault as Bruce hurried across the garage to the trophy room, a scented handkerchief pressed to his nostrils, for the air was fetid with exhaust fumes. In the high, vaulted cavern, Bruce wandered aimlessly up and down the aisles between the trophies: The spoils of nearly a quarter-century's war against crime: The collection made the famed "Black Museum" of Scotland Yard seem like a side-show at a country fair by comparison.

Every possible exaggeration of underworld ingenuity was on display; criminal contraptions that only the most twisted and evil minds could conceive. Viewing these mementoes from his long career always afforded in Bruce the most extreme contentment and pleasure, and today was no exception. For a while at least he was lifted out of his ennui and foul-humored depression by the surrounding presence of so much past success. Certainly all of this was testimony to his heroic prowess. In the face of so much evidence who could deny his claim to the title of Champion of Justice?

"Champion of justice," Bruce said aloud, softly. "Defender of the innocent." The words sounded good and he repeated them several times, drawing himself up to his full height; tall and proud. A lifetime of dedicated public service, Bruce thought, so how come it's been three months since anything came over the police radio? How come all I get in the mail is invitations to lecture at social clubs and youth organizations? Why has it been over a year since the searchlight signal pierced the night sky above the city to summon me into action? They forget who's been on the job all these years. Is it my fault that I don't possess X-ray vision or a magic ring? Can I help it if I can't leap tall buildings at a single bound? They hold it against me because I don't own a glass airplane.

"But I'm just as good as all the rest of them," he cried, knocking one of his trophies (a bullet-proof umbrella that doubled as a flame-thrower) to the floor with an angry backhand swipe. "Better. I'm a true Champion of Justice!" He was almost screaming now, repeating his claim to fame over and over in a near-hysterical voice until the stalagmites rang with an unintelligible echo, arousing the winged rodents that were Bruce's namesake from their torpor and starting them flapping in swarms across the ceiling in the relentless pursuit of nocturnal insects.

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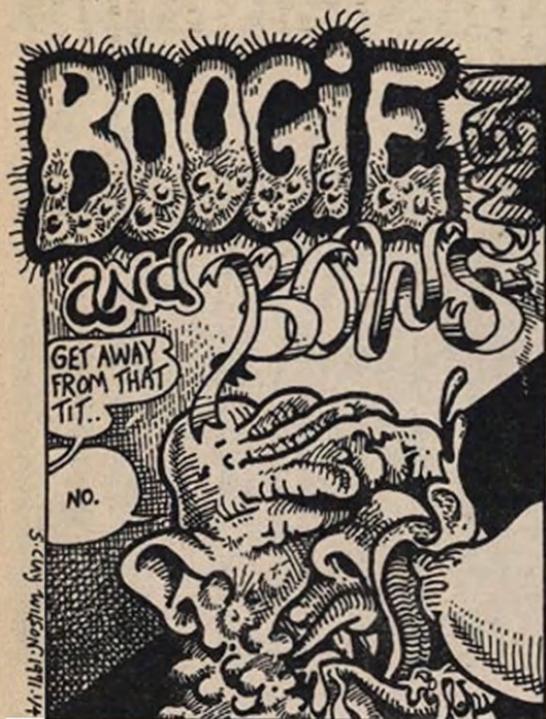
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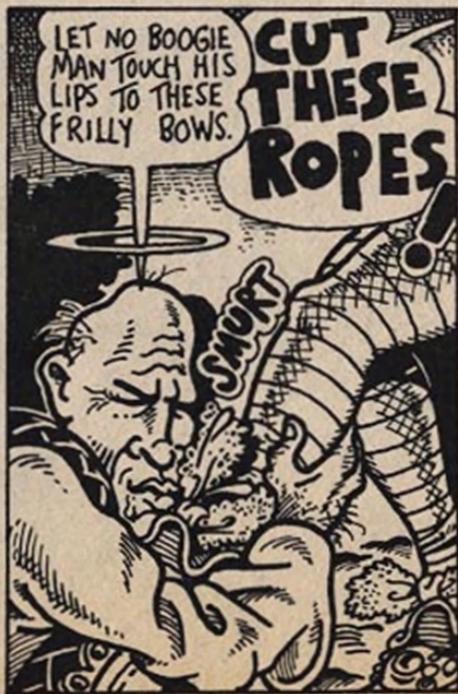
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THE FETISH  
SAVIOR SUDDENLY  
CONJURED UP....





## 10 Years on Death Row

by Joseph B. Morse

January 4, 1963. After the 2 bailiffs had escorted me into the courtroom, I looked up at the old dude behind the bench and thought, "Maybe I'll get a reduced sentence. After all, I was only 18 when they busted me. Yeah, that's it. The judge will feel sorry for me and give me a break . . ."

"Ready for The People, Your Honor," growled the prosecuting attorney.

"We, uh, seem, uh, to be, er, re-ready," my attorney eloquently replied.

"It now becomes my duty to sentence you, Mr. Morse," began the judge. "It is within my power to modify the jury's verdict, and I have given some thought to this possibility."

"I knew it!" I silently chuckled.

"However," the judge continued, "I have decided not to do so."

"Uh-oh . . ."

"I hereby sentence you to be put to death in the manner prescribed by law. I order the Sheriff of San Diego County to deliver you to San Quentin Prison, wherein you will be confined until your appeal has —"

"Well, I guess I may as well cancel my guitar lessons . . ."

"Bailiffs, you may return the prisoner to the jail."

When I saw my attorney scratching his ass as he started out of the courtroom, I suspected he wasn't going to provide any further assistance. I felt a cold flash of apprehension, and thousands of thoughts began to race through my mind. "Hold everything, God-damn it!" I shouted.

The aging judge looked down from his bench and asked, "Something wrong?"

"Sure is. That wasn't a legal sentence, and you know it. I want to object — or something."

"I assure you there was no procedural error committed during imposition of the sentence, young man," pouted the judge.

"Aw, bullshit. I've seen too many Death Row movies to go for some dumb trick like this."

"Well, just what do you feel was wrong with the sentencing?"

"You forgot to say, 'And may God have mercy on your soul.'"

The judge threw his gavel at me, but it was deflected by the arm which one of the bailiffs had just thrown around my neck in order to drag me out of the courtroom. "Ain't you ever heard of the Constipation?" I gurgled while being carried away. "I got a right to hear the 'mercy' routine. Come on, you stinking motherfuckers, give me my issue."

Two days later I was taken to San Quentin Prison. As the station wagon stopped in front of the antiquated institution, I looked up at the sky. It looked just as it did when I had entered the other 16 institutions which had apparently failed to rehabilitate me. The sky, in spite of the smog, looked good!

The commitment papers were given to San Quentin officials, and the deputy sheriffs who had transported me departed for a weekend of blowing the Mormon Tabernacle Choir before returning to San Diego. After being fingerprinted and photographed, two Quentin guards walked me across the prison's asphalt yard and showed me just how far penology had evolved. In order to clear a path through the general population prisoners, one guard shouted, "Out of the way! Dead man coming!" (This is done every time a condemned prisoner goes to or from "The Row.")

San Quentin now has five "Rows," but at that time there was only one and it is located on the top floor of the North cellblock.

(Continued on Page 13)

## 17 Years on CBS Row

by Jada Rowland

I'm writing this in the hope that it may help stop some other poor innocent from beginning a life of sin.

I had no idea that first day, 17 years ago, what I would one day be forced to do. I was just doing what my mother wanted. She was very determined and wanted me to do as I was told. I suppose you'll think what happened was her fault but she was as innocent as I. She had no idea what she was getting me into and, in fact, to this day refuses to see what I have become and does not understand why I have hidden myself away here with the sisters. Perhaps she never will.

I was celebrating my 10th birthday when they told us I had been accepted into the "family." They promised us what seemed like a lot of money. I don't remember very much of those early years, I guess because they didn't work me alot. I know some of the things they made me do and say seemed very strange but nothing like what was to come later.

I do remember when I was 11 all I had to do was sneak out of the house about once a week and meet a man (36 years old) in the park. He was everyone's enemy and I was his only friend. I comforted him and ran many secret errands for him. Of course, he eventually was shot down or burned to death or something, but when everyone found out what I had been doing, there was only approval. I still have a handkerchief he gave me.

I suppose I should have seen the few warning signals. I had to wear little puff-sleeved pink dresses with ruffles and they made me cry a lot and act younger than I was. But it didn't seem important. As for what the older women were made to do (or not do), I was too young to care or to notice and it never occurred to me that I would one day be like them.

Things began to get worse after about 5 or 6 years. They were much stricter than they had been. I had to wear a padded bra and a lot of make-up (my lips were outlined to make them appear larger and covered with dark red lipstick). My hair was teased and curled and sprayed into a bubble around my head. Spiked heels with stockings and garter belt. They wanted me to wear a girle but I convinced them I was too thin (I was 5'3" and weighed 93 pounds).

By the time I was 17 I was working every day. I was still allowed some independence and intelligence but not for long. I was in college by this time and had become an honor student in History. My history professor was a married man 15 years older than me. We used to meet in the rare book room for extra sessions. It was all very pure.

Then one day as he was helping me off with my wet boots something happened. He was kneeling in front of me; suddenly I felt him look up at me and our eyes met. The next thing I knew he was pulling me toward him and we were kissing, passionately. His lips were hot against mine and my heart began to pound but I struggled away from him and tried not to show how shaken I was. He didn't touch me again and I went home trying to pretend that nothing had happened.

It was hopeless. As the days and weeks went by we became more and more involved. We still had the same relationship (he taught and I listened) but now it was physical as well as mental. So they sent me away for the weekend with my history professor and I got pregnant. Then they made me quit school and since he wouldn't get a divorce from his wife they wouldn't let me see him again.

For a few months it looked like I was going to have the baby on my own but my independence didn't last long. When I was five

months along an old boyfriend of mine was let out of prison (he had accidentally killed a girl). They made me marry him so the "child would have a father." But they wouldn't let me "do it" with him (because I didn't "love" him) so he had an affair instead with my best friend.

One night they dressed me up in a negligee and an extra ton of make-up and teased hair. I was to "seduce" him because he was "mine" and I shouldn't let her have him. I remember asking him repeatedly, "Wouldn't you like a cocktail?" and standing at the bedroom door asking, "Are you sure you aren't tired?" The seduction failed. But that's what they wanted.

All during this period I was hardly ever allowed out of the house except when I had the baby (born cross-eyed because it was illegitimate). Most of the time I was kept in the kitchen and given cans of baked beans to cook (because I didn't "love" my husband the ex-convict). Also, I drank a lot.

After a year the history professor came back to town (divorced) and I divorced my husband and married the history professor in my mother's wedding gown. The things I mainly remember doing were vacuuming the living room (in high heels, dress, and full make-up always), opening the oven door to look at what I was cooking, once in a while holding the baby and frequently asking my second husband, "How were things at the office?" I was a "good" wife.

For three years I stayed home and never went out. Then, one summer, they sent me up to the lake with my child. But as punishment for leaving my husband alone they fixed it so he started having an affair. When they brought me back they got out the negligee and make-up again. This "seduction" was successful and I got immediately pregnant. He stopped having the affair and we were very happy. With another baby on the way everything was wonderful again. But a month later I had a miscarriage so we got divorced.

By this time I had begun to realize what a trap I was in, but I seemed unable to break away.

They wouldn't let me leave the house or do anything. Then a few months later my husband called me. He seemed to want to get together again and suggested we meet at a motel. They let me go, but when he wasn't there at the time he said he would be, I had a nervous breakdown.

They sent me to a sanitarium where I was told that I didn't trust men. I fell in love with my psychiatrist and was cured. Back at the house I was allowed to say, "Want some more coffee?" — and I could go out but only to visit my sister.

About a year-and-a-half ago, someone pretending to be my long lost half-brother moved into the house and they made me "fall in love" with him. They wouldn't let me do anything though, except look worried and offer him "Some more coffee?" One day he left town and I found out he wasn't really my brother so I went after him and immediately had a terrible car crash.

I hovered, unconscious, near death for several weeks until they found him and brought him back. He came into the hospital room, leaned down and gently kissed me and at that moment I began to recover. (I still couldn't walk.) Then he left town again because he wasn't good enough for me. He had no money, messy hair, wore dungarees, and didn't know what he wanted to do with his life.

I went from the hospital back to the house. Every once in a while someone would carry me downstairs (from my bedroom, which was pink) and prop me up on the couch in the living room so I could say, "I'm fine!" if they asked me.

Last fall they brought a lawyer to the house who began carrying me around (to parties, restaurants, etc.) so everyone said it was a perfect match. That's when I left.

In 17 years I only "did it" twice and I got pregnant twice! During the last ten years anytime I did anything independent, intelligent or aggressive, I was punished for it. And I had to act stupid-

er every year. You may wonder why I let them do this to my life. Money!

I know now that I sinned against women's liberation by becoming a soap opera queen, as Amy on *Secret Storm*. So I've joined my sisters and it's all going to be different now! The only thing that worries me is I just found out today I can't become a priest because I'm a woman. I'm going to talk to Mother Superior about this.

## DEATH ROW

(Continued from Page 12)

Less than an hour after arriving at the institution, I was taken into "The Row" and placed inside a 4½' x 8' cell. As I spent a few moments examining the sink, toilet, bed, wooden table & stool, and set of earphones — through which classical music was being piped — I had a growing feeling that something was wrong. A few moments later I realized what it was. According to every death row movie I had ever seen, there should be an old man in the end cell, and he should be whimpering a gospel song. "Fuck!" I grumbled. I didn't even hear anyone claiming, "But, Warden, I was framed. You gotta believe me!" In fact, I even began to doubt that my cell light would dim when they gassed someone. I became so disgusted I decided to jack off and go to sleep before any remaining death row myths were shattered.

At 10:30 the following morning a guard unlocked the cell doors and allowed my fellow captives and me out into the barred and screened enclosure which surrounds the row of 34 cells. This daily "exercise period" was to last for 3½ hours and it didn't take me long to realize that it was about as much fun as it would be to let a piranha give you a blowjob. The exercise area contained nothing but two wooden tables, a ping pong table, a television, and a record player which managed to break down at least 86 times a day.

With just a little effort, it's possible to take less than a week to become bored with watching soap operas, listening to Pat Boone sing about his fetish for writing love letters in sand, or even swinging a broken ping pong paddle at a cracked ball. As a result, most prisoners who bother coming out for the exercise period usually just stand around and talk. The discussions occasionally result in a fight — which is immediately broken up by an armed guard who ricochets a warning shot off the ceiling (or off someone's head) — but there is usually very little violence on "The Row."

The exercise period ends at 2 p.m. A food cart is then rolled along the fronts of the cells and the prisoners are fed their second, and final, meal of the day.

It began. Days which could not be distinguished from one another. Nights of contemplating the past or, in some instances, the day when The People would extract their pound of flesh. In January of 1963, James Bentley forfeited his 16 ounces and he was to be the last one executed in California for over 4 years. After Bentley's execution, things returned to normal and I settled back to watch the months creep by.

Thirteen months later I received the results of my appeal. The State Supreme Court, which handles all appeals in capital cases, ruled that prejudicial error committed during the penalty phase of my trial necessitated a retrial. I was returned to San Diego and a new jury of retired servicemen, bored housewives, perverted scoutmasters, and other typical San Diego residents was selected.

Evidence of the two murders was reintroduced and, much to everyone's surprise, the new jury decided to reduce the penalty to life imprisonment. I say "Much to everyone's surprise" as during the original trial I had been quiet, well-mannered, and had caused no trouble. During the retrial, however, I told the jury "I didn't give a fuck" what they did and I interrupted the proceedings on several occasions — one such interruption being the result of a bailiff having found a knife on me.

My unexpected good fortune was to be short-lived. Eight days after hearing the results of the retrial, and while still awaiting formal sentencing, I became embroiled in a dispute with a jail trusty over his gambling debts. The trusty was later found dead and I was charged with a third murder. Less than 3 months later, I had received a change of venue to Orange County, had been convicted, and was on my way back to "The Row."

In 1964 "The Row" experienced its one and only change. To the barred and screened enclosure, television sets were bolted in front of every third cell. This enabled the prisoners to look out through their cell bars and watch the various programs while receiving the sound through their earphones. Rather than being virtually isolated, "The Row" now had a means of catching glimpses of the outside world. The sets were a welcomed means of passing the monotonous nights. "The Row" was unusually quiet once the sets were in operation. In place of the incessant shouting, the only sounds to be heard were comments made by those who were inside their one-man cells.

Although nearly everyone watched nothing but movies and variety shows for the first few weeks, the novelty of the sets quickly wore off. One by one, the prisoners either resumed their law studies, or they began to watch more and more newscasts. It was a transformation from escapism (exemplified by comments like, "Jesus Christ — another commercial — and just when the crook was ready to rob the stage coach and screw the driver!") to a real interest in the strange things which were beginning to happen in the other world.

"Hey," asked a voice inside one of the cells, "where's Vietnam?"

"I don't know," replied another. "Why?"

"This guy just said we got a war going over there."

I didn't know, or even care about, the significance of the Gulf of Tonkin lie having been foisted off onto the public. It seemed to be just another war, but in time doubts began to arise.

"Ain't that some shit," commented a voice. "Look at those people. They're saying they're *against* the war. Must be a religious group or something."

"Well, whoever they are they oughta know the government ain't gonna let 'em get away with no shit like that."

News of Vietnam left the spotlight temporarily and I was unaware of the enormity of the burgeoning anti-war movement. As the months rolled by, my interest became even more profound as I watched the birth of such incredible events.

"Look at *that!*" exclaimed a voice as The Beatles appeared in our electric window for the first time. "I wonder how much they had to pay them to get 'em to wear their hair in bangs?"

Things began to happen too quickly for me to understand, but I continued to watch what appeared to be a beginning of several movements. I saw students announce that they were tired of being told how to live and what to think. I saw people called "flower children" rise and ask that love be substituted for violence and hatred. However, it was apparent from the beginning that the world wasn't ready for such people.

"Look at all the fucking gypsies," a voice commented as part of the newscast dealt with the Haight-Ashbury district.

"They ain't gypsies, fool. They're hippies."

"What the hell's a hippie?"

"One of those kids who wander around preaching love."

"Oh. Dey ain't got a chance. I'll give you 8 to 5 the cops kill 'em all within a year."

The events became even more difficult to comprehend (especially since my only source of information was a tube which was censored by the networks), but I attentively watched the various causes come into being. Although shouting different slogans, each group appeared to be striving for the same goals. It seemed that these people were all demanding a return to humanism; equality; an end to poverty; an end to all forms of oppression; and an end to the government's well-disguised imperialism.

Regardless of their disagreement as to the tactics to be utilized in reaching their objectives, the various groups began to unite. Rather than multiple movements, it started to become The Movement. Each month seemed to add another group and/or cause. Ghetto dwellers' frustration exploded and began the first of the "long hot summers." Racial minorities, poor people, and all others who felt they were being oppressed stood up and, in one way or another, joined the struggle. Even women let it be known that being fucked both figuratively and literally was a thing of the past.

"Oh, my goodness!" giggled a condemned homosexual when he first heard of the Gay Liberation Front. "Legalized sucking."

Another scene flashed on the tube and an old smack freak grumbled, "Look at those motherfuckers. I spend my whole life trying to outlick the nars and now people walk around with signs saying *Legalize Marijuana!*"

By 1967 it became apparent that the country would have to make certain changes — or it would probably cease to be a country. For Aaron Mitchell, a black who made the mistake of thinking he could leave the cotton fields without losing his life, these changes did not come quickly enough. In April of 1967 he was devoured by the gas chamber.

"I wonder what that LSD is like," said one aging doper to another.

"I hear it's pretty mean. Supposed to make you jump off buildings and stuff like that. I'm sticking with heroin."

"I don't know, man. I'd kinda like to shoot 3 or 4 caps, just to see what it's like."

"I think you have to drop it."

"Fuck that. Swallowing pills makes me puke. I'm gonna shoot it if I ever seen any."

Many of "The Row's" inhabitants became so engrossed in the events outside, a few began to explore the political aspects of the movement. While they continued their unending argument as to which would be the most equitable form of government, others simply continued to watch the electric window.

"Hey, man, you still want to bet that carton on Kennedy winning the race?"

"Yeah, I still think he'll win. Okay, it's a bet."

"Right. Now send me my cigarettes. Some Arab just persuaded your horse that he should give up politics."

Somehow the movement always managed to stumble on. One step forward; two steps backward — followed by a step to the side and then three more steps forward. New thoughts began to flow. Materialism became less of an obsession, and many people became more interested in *living* than being an automated trinket-gatherer.

In 1969 the court reversed my third murder conviction. I was returned to Orange County and the months I spent awaiting retrial provided an opportunity to get a closer look at these people who were being callow enough to tell a government that it was, in fact, all fucked up. I eventually had a few of my questions answered, but my first attempt to communicate with one of these aliens wasn't very successful.

"Hey, are you a hippie?" I asked of a long-haired dude while we were in a court's holding cell.

"A hippie?" choked the stranger as he looked up from his copy of the *Selected Works of Lenin*. "What makes you ask that, man?"

"You look like one."

"Yeah? And just what the hell does a hippie look like?"

"Long hair and strange clothes — they fuck a lot."

"Wow! I must be having a flashback."

"Alright, chump. you don't have to cop to being a hippie if you don't want to. I'll ask you something else. Do the cops rouse the people who go to a Love-In to fuck?"

"A Love-In? Are you putting me on, man?"

I finally explained the reason for my incredible naivete and the "undercover hippie" started to bring me up to date and alter many

## What Does Ralph Nader Dream About?

by Clifford Yudell

On my 21st birthday I decided to Take Stock. Look at you boy, I said, look around you. Not one crushed velvet sofa to your name, no MG revving up the sidewalk, no bank account, Christmas Club, Master Charge, Diner's Club, no ranch house, no Oriental sculptured lawn, no Jewish Princess dripping after your ass, no job, no title, no calling, no future! What the hell, boy, what the hell is the matter with you? Where's that old get-up-and-Go, sock-it-to-em, jump on the American bandwagon? Are you American? Or are you some fucking Commie fag? Hey, boy?

A failure in every sense of the word. There it all was, out there waiting like they told me, and me sitting on my ass in an unfurnished loft, bathing in Sloth, the original sin.

What I wanted, obviously, was a good injection of Capitalism, that was it. Gimme buy me get me. Wow, just the idea of it started my head spinning, made my pulse beat like a rabid animal's, sent a supercharge of healthy red, white and blue blood into my cock. Yummy yum. All I needed was an idea. Wasn't that what I was put here for, for Christ's sake, to get me an idea and throw it out to the masses, then sit me back in leather, stick out my mitt and catch the bills as they flew off the boomerang?

I got the idea that night, while watching television. In the middle of a flick came this commercial for Leaning Tower Parmesan Product with 3% real cheese. It seems this real Italian couple were having a go at it under the Leaning Tower of Pisa when the girl, who looked a lot like Sophia Loren, shoved her tits back inside

of the opinions I had formed. During the following months I was able to speak with more of these strange beings. All things considered, I was impressed with some of them, and my pessimistic and cynical nature began to mellow a little.

The retrial resulted in another verdict of death, but that came as no surprise. Rather than trying to convince a jury of Birchers that I had a few redeeming qualities, I called ten condemned prisoners — who testified that I'm a helluva nice dude. (For a murdering dope fiend.) One might say the retrial was a waste of time, but I don't feel that way. In addition to being able to speak with some of these strange people I had seen only on television, I had an opportunity to become acquainted with acid. Someone who had his bail revoked had a stash on him at the time. He didn't want to risk taking it into the jail so I agreed to take it off his hands. (As my retrial clearly established, I'm a helluva nice dude.)

When I returned to "The Row" I seemed to be unable to maintain my insouciant attitude. Watching this so-called movement had put me through many changes, and I wanted to live long enough to see the badly-needed reforms effectuated. Besides, I had recently developed an urge to rape a zucchini squash, and I definitely wouldn't be able to accomplish this if I were in a coffin.

On February 18, 1972, the California Supreme Court ruled that capital punishment violated the State Constitution's proscription against "cruel or unusual punishment." However, we are still on "The Row" because Evelle Younger utilized the situation to gain some exposure. Wearing his best "law and order" mask, he announced that he would ask the U.S. Supreme Court to review (via a petition for writ of certiorari) the Cali-

her dress and said in bona-fide Italian with subtitles, "Mama mia, I can't go on!"

"What's the matter now?" groaned Marcello. "I must run down to the Piazza," she panted, "and buy some Leaning Tower Parmesan Product before the stores close!"

"Leaning Tower Parmesan Product! But why didn't you say so? Not even we Italians can think of *l'amore* without Leaning Tower! Let's go!"

We see them running to their local store, buying the stuff, cooking some spaghetti, then we hear Marcello sing, "That was some delicious sup, now I have the zing to get it up! Leaning Tower . . ."

Pretty clever, said I, and started ruminating. It seemed that the thing to do was go them one better. All I needed was a parmesan product I could get out on the market a few cents cheaper. What's more, I'd put in 5% real cheese. The money could be made up by cheap production and a basic powder to add to the cheese that would cost me nothing. I went to sleep thinking of things that were yellow and free and by morning I had it. Snot.

The problem was, where to get it, how to get enough of it, how to separate the yellow parts from the white, then reduce it to dry powder. Obviously it would take hundreds of people, all picking away, to come anywhere near producing the bulk I'd need.

Stumped, I called my good friend Little John, a dwarf who blows up banks and knows everything. He never makes a penny blowing up banks, nor does he have anything in particular against the System, to my knowledge. Little John just likes to do it. "Big noise!" he says.

fornia court's decision. After waiting nearly 3 months, the U.S. Supreme Court politely told Mr. Younger to go fuck himself.

California's ruling is now final and we should be transferred in the near future. Most of us will be sent to the general population in either Folsom or San Quentin, but a few will be sent to "lock up" or segregation. At any rate, none of us will aggrandize the Acme Cyanide Company's wealth. There is a high probability that capital punishment will be reinstated in California, which will require an amendment to the State's Constitution, but such an action would apply only to those who commit murders after the reinstatement.

And so it ends. Nearly a decade of not knowing — and sometimes not really caring — what the end results would be. Years of combating boredom, having to go without dope, going through innumerable changes, and suffering from terminal horniness. But now it's over and I know what fate has in store for me. Eight thousand, three hundred and seventy-two years from now I'll still be walking around some prison's exercise yards. Walking and scheming on a way to smuggle in a 300-pound ballerina who will have a mason jar full of dope stashed in her keister.

Each of us has to do time in his own way, and I've concluded that remaining stoned and molesting a fat chick's greasy armpit every day is the best way to do three life sentences. My decision will undoubtedly brand me a "male chauvinist pig," but having a 300-pound chick in a yellow tutu will make up for all the aspersions cast upon me. Besides, everybody gotta be something.

I knew Little John would have the answer to my snot problem and I was right.

"Monkeys," he said. "You'll need 500. There's a tribe of monkeys in Uganda that pick their noses like champs. I've seen them in the zoo. Cute little fellows, make lots of noise. Don't worry about a thing, I'll get them for you."

It seems Little John once worked a sideshow in a European touring circus where he met Zabar the Animal Trainer. Little John, whose name then was Tiny Timothy, was eventually fired for pissing on the customers and for putting extra dynamite in the circus cannon, which sent parts of Alfonso the Human Cannonball to circuses throughout the continent. It wasn't that Little John disliked Alfonso, it was just that he wanted to hear a bigger noise. Zabar, he said, was now a curator at the Bronx zoo and had all sorts of connections.

Three days later Little John called and said that Zabar had arranged everything, the monkeys would arrive that day. At four in the afternoon I answered the bell. Outside there was an insane chorus of screeching such as I had never heard before, like the barking of 10,000 Chihuahua dogs. When I looked down the stoop I saw ten crates, each filled with monkeys. A big truck was driving away to beat all hell.

Little John came by and helped me carry the monkeys inside, where we unloaded them and set them up one atop the other in their cages, rows of tiny monkey prisons. Little John liked the chatter and the screaming, but I had to run outside and listen to the traffic every hour or so, to clear my head.

They were grey, these monkeys, very small with green eyes like Little John's. Spooky. Zabar had said we only had to feed them lettuce, which was cheap enough, but I swear that in one entire day I didn't see one of the little bastards stick his finger into his nose.

"Something is wrong," said Little John. He called Zabar, who apologized profusely. He had

made a terrible mistake.

"Zabar says he got things a little mixed up," explained Little John. "These are Southern Ugandan monkeys. Brnis, they're called. The ones from the North are Brmis. They're the ones that pick their noses. These only eat their shit."

They did, which was a big help as far as the stink was concerned, but I had suffered my first business setback and I began to see why so many Capitalists throw their bodies out the window. We put our heads together and finally came up with an idea. I hired Eddie Canupe, a 12-year-old Italian boy who lived down the block, to stand in front of the cages and pick his nose.

I thought it was very fitting that he was Italian, since we were going to manufacture parmesan, and paid him five bucks an hour for a day's work, which helped him get his junk. We told him to deposit the stuff in a little container near his chair and put similar containers — empty Campbell's soup cans, to be exact — in each of the monkey cages. We left him alone with the monkeys for a few hours, then returned, but all the containers were empty, including Eddie Canupe's. The little schmuck had been eating his snot.

"Habit," he shrugged.

Little John flew at him and climbed up to his neck, applying a stranglehold that turned Eddie Canupe very purple. "Listen you Ginnee bastard, if you don't do what you're told I'm going to put two sticks of dynamite up your ass and hold your mouth and ears closed when it goes off. Big noise!"

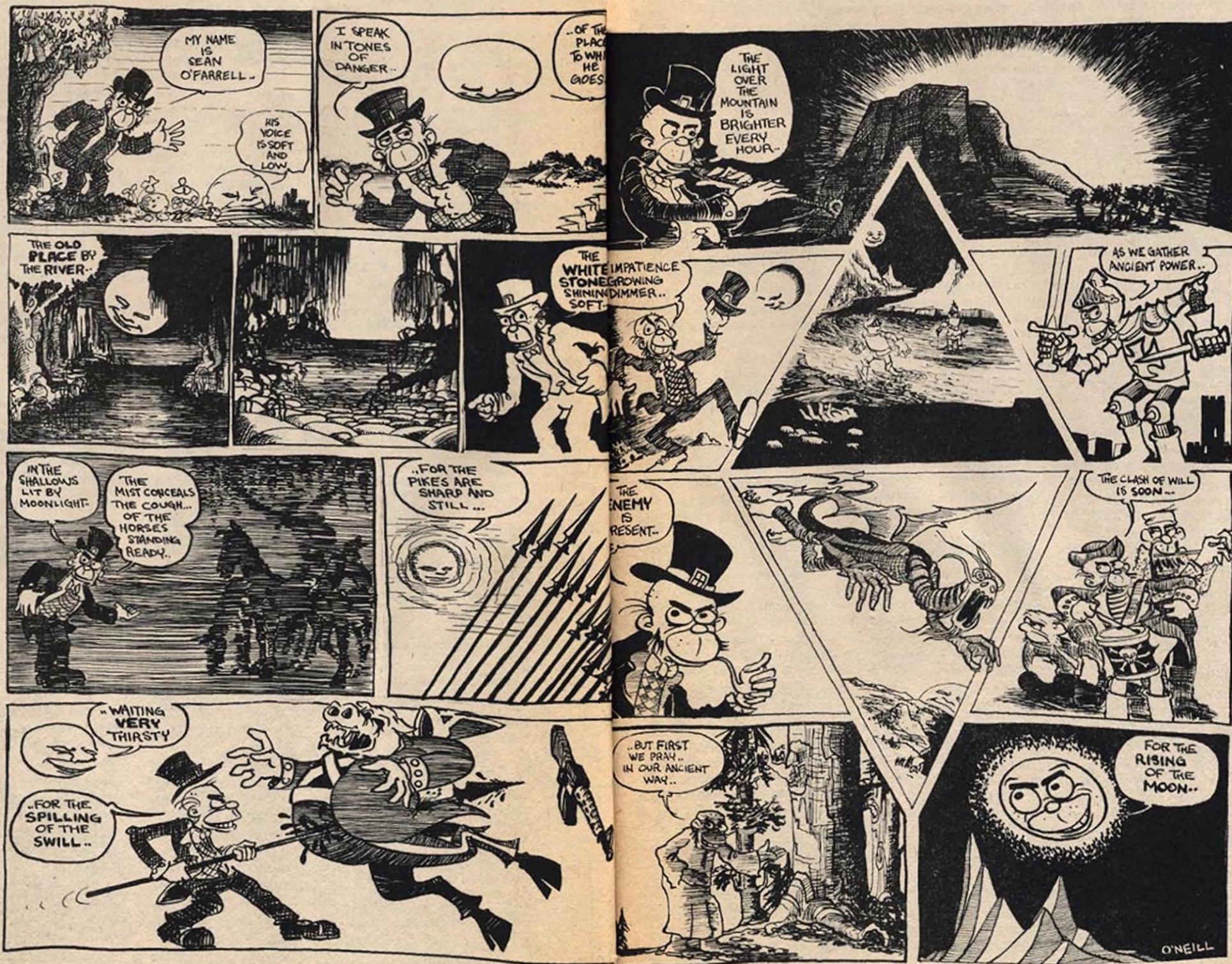
That straightened Eddie out a bit and by the end of the day — following the old monkey-see, monkey-do rule — our little grey friends were becoming quite proficient. I noticed that they used their pinkies instead of their forefingers, as Eddie did, because they had pretty small nostrils. Clever beasts.

We were in business. Little John suggested lowering the temperature in the loft and splashing the monkeys with water, so they'd catch nose colds and beef up production. At that stroke of genius, which worked perfectly, I appointed Little John official business manager for Mama's Parmesan Product with 5% Real Cheese, the name we had decided upon, and everything was turning silver.

The next day we invented the Snot Sorter. We spent 3 hours trying to reduce the stuff to its components but it was pretty tough, this Brni snot, impervious to even the most powerful chemicals. Ammonia, lye and sulfuric acid had no effect, but finally Coca-Cola did the trick. The yellow floated conveniently to the top. After that it was simple. We merely siphoned it off and steamed it dry with a Proctor steam iron and mixed it with 5% real grated Parmesan I had bought in bulk.

I gave Eddie Canupe and six of his friends a dollar an hour to work round the clock, stuffing the mixture into cellophane packets we had pre-stamped with the name of our product and a picture of Eddie's mother, the neighborhood whore, who was big and fat with stringy black hair and a warm smile. The cellophane, by the way, was a new kind, bullet-proof. Our slogan would be, "In case you're shot on the way home from market."

We taught the monkeys to rub Vaseline on the outside of their nostrils, which were becoming chapped, lowered the temperature ten more degrees and by the end of the first week we neared



the incredible production figure of 10,000 packets.

The money for all the lettuce, cheese, cellophane, Coke and the steam iron came easily enough. I simply applied for a small business loan from the city government. My interview was held with a Mr. K. behind closed doors in one of those green-and-grey-walled offices with white fluorescents peculiar to city institutions of benevolence. When I called to set up the appointment I noted that Mr. K. sounded very gay indeed, so before I went I lifted a few weights to put my muscles in the right place, dressed in black levis and a light blue muscle shirt, all of which caused him to drip when I walked in the door.

"Well, hello," he smiled, smoothing back his bald head. "With that physique I'm surprised to hear you want to go into business! Or are you in business already so to speak?"

I mumbled something about being an artist's model while I rubbed my hand across my nipples and down my stomach, but now I needed money. I told him about my product, leaving out the particulars, especially the monkeys.

"Well, aren't we an ambitious young man," he smiled, coming closer. "I hope your body doesn't go to pot behind some desk. How much did you want?"

I assured him I'd continue my weight-lifting because a young man ought to have a good body, particularly the arms, which I flexed, and the legs, which I spread wide. The tight pants showed my cock off to good advantage. Then I said I thought \$25,000 would be a good figure to start with, since I'd need production materials, rent on my factory and enough for a TV commercial.

By this time he was rubbing my back and commenting on its perfect V-shape and when he went down on me he shoved his left hand up my asshole while writing the contract with the other. I promised to pay back as soon as my first profits were realized with 3% interest, and told him I'd deliver my progress reports in person, on my way back from the gym.

A few days later we filmed our commercial. Little John knew a guy at a TV studio who shot it for us in his off-hours. They had worked together in street theatre until Little John put jelly concussion bombs inside the musician's cymbals.

We stocked the local supermarkets on Friday afternoon. On Sunday night at 8, prime time, our 30-second spot hit the air in the metropolitan area. The script went like this:

Titles: "Jack and Edna At Home." Jack sits at kitchen table petting dog, reading *Reader's Digest*. (Cover line: "An Infamous Psychiatrist Gives Two Easy Ways To Cure Schizophrenia — One For Each Of You!") On the table, a picture frame with two photos: a blond, crew-cut young football player and the same young man in uniform. Audio: Radio on kitchen shelf playing *Theme from Love Story*.

Enter Edna, wearing apron, carrying a letter.  
Edna: Jack! A letter from Chuck!

Jack: "Our boy in Nam!"

Edna (reading): "Dear Mom, Dad and Fido . . ."

Fido: "Woof!" (Canned laughter)

Edna (reading): " . . . Just wanted to thank you for sending those packets of delicious, nutritious Mama's Parmesan Product with 5% Real Cheese in its attractive bullet-proof package. (Jack holds product up to camera.) You

probably won't believe this, but that darn little package saved my life. I was flying a regular bombing mission over a small village, defoliating the gooks, when some anti-aircraft flak came busting in. Felt sort of a thud near m'heart. Then, I looked down and saw a bullet-hole right where the old ticker is."

Jack and Edna: "Mother Mary!"

Jack: "Kill those (bleep) Commies!" (Canned laughter)

Edna (reading): "Thought I was a goner for sure, till I looked down and saw I wasn't bleeding. No sir, the bullet had hit me right in the packet of Mama's Parmesan Product with 5% Real Cheese in its attractive bullet-proof package. I put it there, next to m'heart, before taking off, in case I needed a quick pick-me-up snack. Yessir, Mama saved my life. Very truly yours, your son, Chuck."

Jack and Edna: "God bless our boy!"

Fido: "And God bless Mama's Parmesan Product, now at your local store! Woof!" (Canned laughter)

(Radio plays latest hit by The Partridge Family as we FADE OUT)

Before the ad had even finished, the TV switchboard was flooded with calls, everyone wanting to know where they could buy Mama's. By 11 a.m. Monday morning, we sold out.

Money started pouring in. I used my first returns to buy everything we'd need for a second round of production, stashed the rest away in a bank Little John promised to leave alone, then applied for 17 credit cards, which I received with little trouble. I was beginning to feel like a Man! Little John used his cut to beef up his supply of explosives.

While the monkeys had another go at it, Little John came up with another brainstorm. "Look at Howard Johnson's," he said. "They don't sit back with plain old vanilla, do they? No, they've got 28 flavors. Look at Heinz — 57 varieties! That's the way it's done. People get bored with one thing. We've got to branch out."

So it was that on the first Wednesday of the second week we came out with assorted flavorings for Mama's Parmesan Product, adding tiny bits of various imitation flavorings I bought from a local supplier. We had 7 varieties in all: Mama's Parmesan Product with Imitation Cherry, Banana, Coconut, Ceylon Tobacco, Parmegranet, Asparagus, and Salami-With-Chocolate Sprinkles, plus, of course, the one and only original Mama's.

We ran another ad, in which Fido tells Jack and Edna about the exciting new flavors, then enlists. Needless to say, the second batch sold out faster than the first, and we were well on our way to a small fortune.

It's always darkest before the storm. I had learned in school, but in this case everything was going beautifully before the tempest hit. At once, things started to go wrong. To begin with, the Brnis were simply not talented enough to both pick their noses and eat their shit; it was either-or, and since we encouraged the former, we had a massive cleanup job at the end of each day. My loft smelled like the men's room in the Holland Tunnel.

When I tried to round up some more of Eddie Canupe's friends to do the dirty work, I learned that the whole lot had been busted for possession, so not only did Little John and I have to sweep out the cages (this was extremely difficult because the little devils were very possessive

about their crap — more than once we had to pry open their snotty little fingers and scrape the stuff off); we also had to take over the packaging itself.

This extra work, added to the usual snot-sorting and delivery (we saved money by doing our own distribution), drove us to the point of exhaustion. To boot, my landlord wasn't very happy about conditions inside my loft and banged on my door at all hours, screaming something about the Department of Health, a performance that only excited the monkeys to screech all the louder, driving me out of the house and into the subway to find some peace.

But most of all, I was rapidly becoming disillusioned with capital gains. I had divided my apartment in two, separating my living area from the monkeys', furnished it with a huge suede sofa, two crushed velvet chairs with plastic seat covers, a coffee table that was a real replica of a Spanish sea captain's trunk, bought an MG, subscribed to weekly magazines showing me 4-color pictures of wars in exciting foreign lands and clueing me in on Jackie Kennedy's orgasms. But was I happy? Far from it. I had learned at last what a wise old teacher once tried to tell me, namely that Money Cannot Buy Happiness.

So it was with mixed feelings of relief and trepidation that I arrived home one day to find a letter from the Food & Drug Administration requesting an interview and a detailed analysis of Mama's Parmesan Product with 5% Real Cheese in its attractive bullet-proof packet. Sensing that the jig, as they say, was up, I told Little John to take care of the monkeys if I didn't come back (I could not bear to dwell on what he would do; I knew it would be a big noise), and to sell my furniture. At 9 a.m. on the appointed day, I reported as directed.

After a short wait I was ushered into a small discussion room where ten black-suited, white-templed men sat around a long conference table. I said "Good morning, gentlemen," noticing, as I took my seat, several packets of Mama's Parmesan Product in front of each panel member. They all seemed to have sampled at least one variety. One of the members, whom I placed at around 103, apparently liked it very much. He was chomping down his sample with the relish of a starved wolf, his head practically touching the table as he shoved handfuls of the stuff down his gullet. *slurp slurp chomp*. Occasionally he raised his eyebrows and murmured "Mmmmm," then went on eating.

The director or whatever of this distinguished panel picked up a packet of Mama's and waved it at me.

"Well, we've all had an Italian breakfast, so to speak, ha ha, and I must say we enjoyed your tasty little product very much, haven't we, gentlemen?"

"Yes, I should say so, mm-hmm, very good, delicious, very nice, an achievement, yummy, *slurp slurp chomp*," said the panel.

"In fact, the little woman and I have been eating it for days. You know, the salami kind with chocolate sprinkles is wonderful on Rice Krispies with milk . . . a little recipe of my own, ha ha."

He cleared his throat. "Now! This is just a little formality, a little formality. We've got to file our reports for the Administration, keep everyone happy, keep everything in order. So if you'll just give us a little information. Am I correct in as-

suming that the 7 different varieties of Mama's Parmesan Product all contain the same basic ingredients, plus the specific flavorings?" He picked up a batch of onion-skin papers and began writing.

"Correct!" I said. "Every packet of Mama's has at base 5% real cheese, as advertised."

"Yes, our chemists succeeded in locating the 5% real cheese. In fact, I want to congratulate you. Your competition seems to believe he can give the American public the minimum amount of pure nutrient value and satisfy the national hunger for good dairy. But you haven't skimped, although I assume it lessens profits."

"True," I said.

"Now. Our chemists also succeeded in identifying the fruit and other flavorings and they tell me here" — he shuffled his pages — "yes, here . . . that in each packet the percent of flavoring is precisely 2%, except of course in the original Mama's Parmesan Product, which contains no flavoring."

"Yes, that's it exactly — 2% cherry, 2% asparagus, and so on."

"What we haven't been able to determine as yet, is the exact nature of the final 93% of your fine product, or in the case of Mama's original, 95%. This leaves our report a little incomplete. Now, if you will just tell us what your secret ingredient is, we can have everything in order. What precisely is the bulk ingredient of Mama's Parmesan Product with 5% Real Cheese?"

There was a great silence as all the panel members turned their heads to look at me — all except the old gent, who was now wolfing down his neighbor's sample and wiping his mouth on his sleeve.

"Monkey snot," I said.

Nobody moved for a moment, then I noticed several panel members lower their heads toward the table.

"Heh heh," said the director, "I beg your pardon?"

"Monkey snot," I repeated. "Only the yellow parts, of course. Brni monkeys, from Southern Uganda, 500 in all. Cute little fellows, but rather dumb. We had to teach them to pick their noses, imagine that!"

It was at this moment that the puking began. Can't say who started first, though the initial heave seemed to come from a rather quiet man on my immediate right. Pretty soon the entire room exploded with retching and heaving. Three panel members dropped to their knees and vomited on the floor. The director himself barfed on his reports (my God, I thought, his secretary will have a terrible time retyping them).

Between the gagging, coughing, gasping, croaking, the terrible liquid heavings and the awful stench settling over the table like a fog of skunk spew, I could hardly breathe. I thought it best to leave and started for the door, carefully avoiding the chunky puddles, when I remembered I had brought some new samples with me. I took them from my pocket and threw them on the table.

"Gentlemen, if you'll just give me one more minute, I want to give you our latest variety to taste, as a gift. Mama's Parmesan Product with 5% Real Cheese plus veal and prune!"

That was all I could say. For some reason my little speech brought a new flow of vomit, but with such force and in such unison (if only the monkeys had worked so well together, I thought), I was practically blown out of the

Realist

## Reporter at Small

by Robert Wolf

Austin Hartin had a childhood which he describes as "a living hell." He married — for what he admits are selfish, exploitative reasons — while serving four years in the Navy, and is the father of a 15-year-old girl. Intercourse wasn't exciting, he said, and he never found masturbation enjoyable. To satisfy his wife, he says, he used to go down on her.

The marriage broke up when he insisted on wearing his wife's clothing in public.

For awhile, he tried homosexuality, but didn't like that either. Three times he attempted suicide and once he tried to cut his genitals off. He returned to live with his parents in upper Manhattan, and wore drag much of the time. He's 36.

A few years ago, he heard of the sex-change operations, and was convinced that he would never be happy until he was legally a woman: "I'm not a homosexual, but a woman in a man's body." He says that he would have committed suicide if such an avenue were not opened to him. Recently he heard about a clinic in Morocco.

The operation is illegal there, as it is in most countries — Hartin says that the authorities are concerned that sex-change operations will reduce the male work force, since it's said that 5 men for every woman seek the change — but the clinic was offering the operation for \$1500, marked down from \$2000 due to an increase in volume (two or three can be performed per day).

After unsuccessfully trying to get Medicaid to underwrite the cost of the operation, he borrowed \$1500 from a transvestite friend, secured \$350 for plane fare and flew to the clinic, in mysterious Casablanca. Within a few hours, he was under anesthesia; he says the last thing he imagined was that he was cradled in a pair of arms, and he cried out, "No, no!"

The operation lasted for two hours. His genitals were severed, and the skin of his penis was folded back into an incision in the perineum, to form a sheath for what would now become an artificial vagina. He says he remembers awakening briefly in his room between sedatives, and saw his legs covered with blood.

(Several persons in the audience at the American Humanist Association headed for the door at this point.)

Three days later, the doctor removed the stitching and drew from between Hartin's legs a tube around which the vagina had formed. Plastic surgery later built up the breasts "just a pinch." She returned home and showed her operation to her friends, with a piece of tape on her tummy on which she'd written, *Made in Morocco*.

She now calls herself Deborah. Slender, she wore a black-and-white miniskirt with a yellow blouse, patent heels (on which she was somewhat unsteady) and a tacky plastic bracelet and necklace. Her straight brown hair was shoulder length and parted in the middle, not long enough to cover her bangle earrings.

She wore heavy eye make-up and a beauty spot on her cheek, bright lipstick on a pouting mouth, and bright fingernail polish on long nails. She looks little different than she did as a transvestite (a category she now looks down upon) and seems to find as many obstacles in her path to happiness.

"Now I know that the operation is the easiest part."

(Continued on Page 32)

## Unintentional Satire

by Wotsiur Syne

A couple of years ago *Horoscope* magazine published the following poignant letter in their "Astrology at Work" section:

"I was born May 16, 1921, between 10 and 11 a.m. Although I had a pretty good childhood, things have gotten worse for me as time has passed.

"My problem is the need for a sex-change operation and my inability to have it done in a foreign country, due to finances. I have been under a doctor's care for the past six years, having hormone treatments, with his assurances that something will eventually be done. I think I could face everything if I could do it as a little old lady instead of a broken old man. The lack of advancement in my case makes me think the whole thing is hopeless.

"Is there any hope that by persevering, I will finally get my operation? It is so hard for me to make friends as I am.

"Although I have good office skills, my appearance precludes my getting a decent job. I have to take what is offered me at whatever salary they are willing to pay.

"The operation could change my whole life, for then I could fit into a normal existence. Please help me if you can."

This was the response:

We are setting a speculative chart for you. We find your ascendant is the fixed fire sign Leo, with the nebulous planet Neptune in Leo placed in your first house of personality and appearance, certainly when not well expected giving a strange look to the owner. Your Taurus Sun in your tenth house of career and prestige, in company with Mercury in Gemini, applying to the conjunction of your eleventh-house Mars in Gemini, indicates your good office skills. These last two placements also denote the difficulty experienced in securing your operation, as Mars particularly is coming to square your Uranus in Pisces, in your eighth house of sexual potentials.

Your second house of finances holds Jupiter, Saturn, and the Moon in Virgo, the latter in very good trine to your tenth-house Sun; so you can eventually look forward to a change in public status for the better. Your Venus in Aries in the ninth house of your chart, in adverse aspect to Saturn and the Moon in your second house, does mean that money for a foreign trip would perhaps be difficult to obtain. Your sixth house of health and work is the sign Capricorn; and its ruler, Saturn in Virgo, retrograde in your second house, afflicted by Venus, points out that your appearance is one of the causes of your not being able to make a decent living or to make close friends. However, the planet Pluto in Cancer in your eleventh house, in trine to Uranus, is fortunate in promising the eventual fulfillment of your hopes and wishes.

At this time, your progressed Sun in Cancer is within orb of a conjunction with your progressed Mars in Cancer, often an aspect indicating surgical treatment. Transiting Uranus in Libra is hovering near the square of these two placements, bringing sudden change. Neptune now in Sagittarius, with a short trip back to Scorpio, is in opposition to your progressed Venus in Taurus. We must say, however, that the long-continued hormone treatment, as well as those that must be continued after the surgery, pose a hazard to your metabolic balance due to your many planets in Virgo. You should endeavor to improve your nutrition so as to afford a base for these factors, for doctors to operate as favorably as possible.

Transiting Jupiter in Scorpio trine your Uranus and Pluto would seem to indicate that this year and 1971 hold the most favorable indications for securing surgery. Seek to approach, or have your doctor approach, one of the medical foundations on your behalf during the fall and winter of 1970. Try not to allow the transit of Saturn in Taurus over your sun to plunge you into despair; other transits are working for your benefit.

room in a gale of puke.

I turned around for one last look and witnessed the incredible sight of the director of the Testing Bureau of the FDA lying face down in a lake of vomit while three members of his panel

threw up on his back and head. The rest had either passed out under the table or were now hanging their heads out the windows. Only the senior panel member seemed to have retained his composure and was polishing off his sample of

Mama's veal with prune, and greedily reaching to the unopened packets.

I closed the door behind me, beat my chest with my fists, balled the office secretary and took the next plane for Morocco.

## Fables Without Morals

by Lee Quarnstrom

### The Fly Killers

February, I believe it was, 1960 and Al Roth and I set up shop in the kitchen of our house in *Colonia Florida* in Mexico City. Fortified with several bottles of *Benzadrina* and *Dexadrina* from the local *farmacia* and armed with a *matamosco* — a fly-killer or fly-swatter — we sat facing each other talking about life and killing flies.

We split the walls, ceiling and floor of the room up into zones, quadrants and sectors before we got down to the serious business of snuffing flies. There were plenty of flies and there was plenty of speed.

We talked fast but managed to keep half our attention on the flies. They'd wing their way into the kitchen from the front room and land here or there, seeking refreshment. When one would land, say on the wall to my left, about halfway up, between the closet and the stove, Al would briefly interrupt his musings about the nature of the universe to say something like, "Two, five, D."

Without bothering to look and almost without interrupting my part of the conversation I'd catch one-handed the *matamosco* thrown by Al, rise gracefully to my left, swing the swatter back-handed and mash the fly, as lithe and athletic in my own way as any ballet artiste. Then, without pause, the conversation would continue until another fly entered the room.

The fast talk and fly killing went on for three days. We covered just about every subject there is plus we killed every fly in the place. In fact, we finally left the kitchen to seek other victims in other rooms.

There were none. We returned to the kitchen and tried to take up the conversation where we'd dropped it. We gobbled more *Dexadrina*. It was no use. The world suddenly became lack-lustre.

So, with the unspoken consensus of lengthy speed fraternity, we each got up and walked to the back door. Through the window we saw flies, hundreds of 'em, in the back yard. And so, of course, we opened the door, returned to our chairs and waited.

### Reaching for the Moon

The World Smoke Ring Championships were held in Julius Karpen's North Beach apartment. Contestants were my brother, Dean, and Nick the Greek. Judges were Julius, Bruce Barton (aka d'Artagnan Pig) and myself. Competition was held on a Sunday morning, with spectating done from behind closed glass doors separating the fans from the playing field in the living room.

Competition was divided into five categories: Opener (diddle event); Target competition; Single Ring Event; Orgasmic Succession (machinegun competition); and the Exhibitionism Event. Both contestants were judged on the basis of extraneity, rate, esthetics, concentricity, diameter, torus approximation, backspin, shape variation, vibrancy, constancy, electric quality, friendship, audience reaction, dissipatory success and Kama Sutra influence in overall performance. Each contestant in each event was graded either the shits, OK or fantastic.

My brother won. There were some complaints which are still occasionally reiterated that my judging was biased and, as always, I deny this. He ain't heavy, he's my brother.

Going into the exhibitionism event Nick and Dean were almost tied. Nick went first in this crucial event. He poured some red wine into a glass, drank it and began blowing smoke rings into

the glass. They bounced back like halitosis signals in a breath mint commercial. The audience applauded enthusiastically. Nick filled the glass again, sipped, then smashed the glass and wine against the white wall of the room. Spectators cheered. Nick bowed and retired.

My spunky brother took the floor, blew some rings, then stripped, still blowing rings. Naked, he bent over, aiming his rear at the bleachers. He looked through his legs and blew an incredible chain of smoke rings toward the audience, which was going wild. Some spectators stood and cheered, others fell off their chairs (or had already fallen off their chairs and remained prone). It was Dean by acclamation.

### Why Are We in Underwear?

Ken Babbs wrote a novel years ago about his time in Vietnam. He has since burned the manuscript.

The hero of his book was an American serviceman stationed in Vietnam. This guy never changed his underwear. But as one set of underpants would wear out he'd put on another pair. Eventually the guy ended up with only one complete pair of drawers but with seven elastic bands around his waist.

### The Legend of Hassler's Asshole

It seems that at Hassler's high school the guys had a contest to see who could go the longest without having his jockstrap washed. Hassler won, going four whole years without having the nasty thing so much as rinsed.

His victory in this competition was not without its karmic results. Hassler subsequently spent years dealing with the combination of crotch ailments which came to be known as Hassler's Asshole.

Prostate infection was one of the symptoms of the dread Hassler's Asshole. It seems that to relieve oneself of prostate infection one has to have his prostate gland massaged, an operation which requires a partner since we are not dexterous enough ourselves to reach up our own assholes to touch the afflicted gland.

Well, after a narrow getaway from the Acid Test trail in Los Angeles, the Merry Pranksters headed to Mexico, where we were to rendezvous with the fugitive Kesey. We met him, paranoid in Mazatlan. Somehow we also rented a couple of rooms in a cheap hotel and gathered there to relieve the grassless condition which had marked our trip since California.

Stoned, we sat around one room while Hassler began his asshole-cleansing ritual. Soap, water and various patent medicines were applied. Then it came time for his prostate rub.

"Who will massage my prostate?" he wanted to know. None of us, of course. But after he'd whined and wheedled, George Walker finally agreed, but only if he could put on a rubber glove.

No rubber gloves were to be had but someone had a condom. Thusly protected, George approached Hassler from the rear. Hassler bent over and George's finger made its entrance.

The reason for massaging an infected prostate is to cause an orgasm reaction, which causes the infection to be discharged along with the semen, or whatever it is that is discharged from the prostate in orgasm.

As the rest of us watched from our stoned vantage points George gently massaged Hassler's prostate. But it was to no avail. Hassler couldn't come.

Finally, I suggested to George: "Tell him you love him."

It didn't work.

The door opened and Kesey, weird after weeks avoiding *federales*, looked in. He saw the both of them, two of his best Pranksters.

"So, it's come to this, has it?" he asked sadly.

(Continued on Page 47)

## A Couple of Unforgiving Minutes

**Q.** All right now, do you remember the very first time you shop-lifted?

**A.** Well, yeah, I started by accident, a few years ago. I was in the supermarket and I was just walking down one of the aisles when suddenly my eye was attracted by some grated cheese. I mean just the bright color of the containers. It wasn't on my shopping list or anything. Through sheer impulse — there's no other way to explain my behavior — I simply dropped it into my coat pocket. Maybe I secretly felt I was getting just a teeny bit of revenge for their high prices. But the thing is, then I bought a can of onion soup to go with the grated cheese. It was too big to stick in my pocket. But I was hooked.

**Q.** How did you finally get caught?

**A.** I was in a department store — I can't mention their name — and I was just sort of browsing around the athletic-equipment section after purchasing some ping pong balls, and I spotted this stainless steel chinning bar, you know? It's like an adjustable rod that you place in an open doorway and then you do chin-ups. I'm not even into any kind of exercise. I'll leave that to the muscle-builders and stick to table tennis myself. But I just couldn't resist taking that chinning bar. I think it was the challenge of getting away with something so outrageous. There was this counter filled with all these chinning bars — they're about three feet long — and while I was making believe that I was just looking at the pile, actually I was slipping one of them right up my coat sleeve. I walked very calmly to the elevator, and that's how they caught me, when I tried to ring the bell for the elevator. My arm stuck straight out. I should've used my left arm, because all I had in my left hand was the box of ping pong balls, but like a fool I used my right hand. Anyway, that's all Monday morning quarterbacking, because this store detective came up to me. I guess I must've looked suspicious, ringing the bell like that without even bending my elbow.

(Continued on Page 22)

Johnny Carson tried to call Howard Hughes during the *Tonight* show but failed to make any connection. This became a challenge to me, and after several intermediaries I was finally able to get through. Here is a transcript of our conversation:

**PK:** You don't know me, sir, but being aware of your own desire for truth, I wanted to check out, well, first, to see if you were actually alive.

**HH:** Of course I'm alive. Didn't you see the press conference I held on network television?

**PK:** Yes, but all that those seven reporters did was talk to a disembodied voice on a telephone sitting there in the studio.

**HH:** Well, I may be a bashful feller, son, but I'm sure as hell a newsmaker. I mean, you take all those Vietnam Veterans Against the War, they had to temporarily take over the goddam Statue of Liberty before the mass media would pay attention. And you take those prisoners at Attica State, they had to temporarily take over the goddam prison before the mass media would pay attention. But me, all I gotta do is make one lousy little phone call and I'm in like Flynn. That's power.

**PK:** In like Flynn?

**HH:** Yep, Errol Flynn, remember him, the great swashbuckling Hollywood actor? A real ladies' man. In fact, he wanted to call his autobiography *In Like Me*, but the publisher wouldn't allow it.

**PK:** Speaking of autobiographies, Clifford Irving has been quoted as saying that the success of his hoax was predicated on the belief that either you were dead or not of sufficient mental or physical capacity to denounce the book as a fraud. It would seem to me that he must've been pretty sure you would fit into one of those categories.

**HH:** Well, let's take them one at a time. First, dead? You're talking to me right this minute, so obviously I'm alive.

**PK:** Well, I don't mean to be argumentative, but there are ways of — for example, did you see "Diamonds Are Forever"?

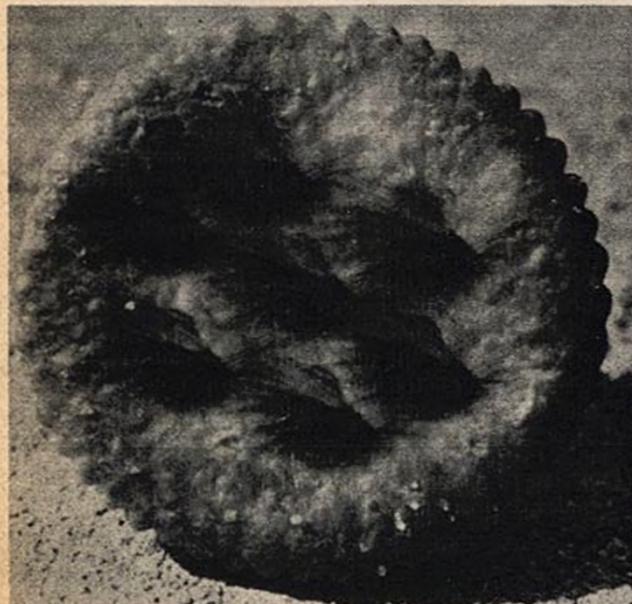
**HH:** Oh, that's one of those James Bond movies, isn't it? No, I'm afraid I don't get much chance to attend the local cinema.

**PK:** Well, it's definitely patterned after you. And there's a voice box which can sort of change a person's whole speech pattern so it would come out sounding like you.

**HH:** Sounding like me? It sounds more like science-fiction to me. I reckon I'll have to go see that movie. Mostly, I just read the newspapers, is all. Why, there was an item this morning, here listen to this, it's a UPI story datelined Los Angeles: "Ralph H. Canete, 25, collapsed and died Thursday while drying his hair with a hand-held electric dryer. His wife told the Fire Department Rescue Squad she saw a spark flash from the dryer. Authorities said there were no burns on the body and said an autopsy would be performed." Now doesn't that grab ya by the short hairs? I mean when I was that feller's age, we used to talk about your name being written on a bullet that was eventually gonna kill you, but can you fathom this guy's widow saying: "I guess his name was written on that hair dryer." It looks to me like this so-called Unisex Revolution is rapidly increasing the number of sissies around. So, I'm alive, all right, but when I do die, you can be sure it won't be as a result of drying my goddam hair.

**PK:** What'd you think of the way J.I. Rodale died, of a heart attack, right there on the Dick Cavett show? Is that manly enough for you?

**HH:** Now don't get sarcastic with me, son. J.I. Rodale was a saint when it came to spreading the gospel about physical health. Did you know that Lee Harvey Oswald was seen only minutes



— Photo by R. Cumming

"Seven Asshole Ritz Cracker"

after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy with a Coca-Cola bottle in his hand? And Mr. Rodale, he said, and I quote: "Oswald was not responsible for this action. His brain was confused because he was a sugar drunkard. So what is called for now is a full-scale investigation of sugar consumption crime." I'll tell you one thing, that certainly makes more sense than all this nonsense about the CIA being involved. Why, if that was true, that would mean they took over the whole goddam country then, wouldn't it? Including me, huh?

PK: Are you saying that the growing repression might have been forestalled by the grace of an organic prune?

HH: Very funny. Look, we've established that I'm alive, and that I'm in good physical health. What's left? You wanna know whether I'm insane or not, correct?

PK: Well, I realize that's a very subjective judgment.

HH: Lemme tell you a story. You won't find this in any book about my life, but it's a recent incident that has affected me deeply. Where I live now, there are quite a few barnyard creatures around, including a goose named Lucy. Well, one day, a dog or a fox or something attacked Lucy Goosey. She was bleeding real fierce. Well, there was no time to send for a veterinarian. I had to pull what seemed like thousands of maggots out of her myself, with a goddam tweezers, and then I put in some antibiotics and sewed 'er up myself. Then she just set outside, to begin the slow process of recuperation, but the smell of fresh blood attracted flies, and they just kept coming around and bothering her with their constant buzzing. So now I was just trying to relax — I enjoy sunbathing in the nude — but I felt so sorry for poor Lucy that I started kinda dancing right in front of her, waving my arms to chase the flies away. Then I was gonna sing for her, *America the Beautiful* — "For spacious skies . . ." — but then I forgot the lyrics, so I got out my kazoo and just hummed the melody. Now, if you had happened to come upon that scene — picture it, a naked old man playing the kazoo for a wounded goose — you would've figured I had gone plumb out of my mind. But what I was doing was perfectly logical under the circumstances. So, does that answer your question?

PK: I guess so. There's just one other thing. You know, I put out a magazine myself, and I was wondering if I could borrow some money from you so I can publish the 13th Anniversary Issue, because I've been doing all this research on the parts that were left out of the Manson book, and I'll tell you, Mr. Hughes, there's an incredible conspiracy —

HH: Son, you're crazy!

## KLEPTOMANIACS ANONYMOUS

(Continued from Page 21)

Q. Are you aware of the psychiatric contention that shoplifters unconsciously want to get caught?

A. Oh, sure. That's what my own shrink says. The department store agreed not to prosecute if I would seek professional help.

Q. Is that how you got involved with Kleptomaniacs Anonymous?

A. Right. My shrink recommended that I attend one of their meetings, and I've been going to KA ever since. You have to refer to yourself as a *kaka*, as a reminder that faulty toilet training as an infant may have been the root cause of your shoplifting. Kleptomania is just a mobile form of anal retention.

Q. What do you do at Kleptomaniacs Anonymous meetings?

A. Well, for example, you stand up and tell how you've been able to resist temptation. The thing I don't like is we hold the meetings at a different home each week, and sometimes you have to get searched before you're allowed to leave. I have nothing to hide, but when you get searched by a fellow *kaka*, well, how can you possibly give each other moral support if you don't trust each other?

Q. Is there any basis for the searching?

A. Of course. There's been things missing every week. The first time we met at my house, I announced I would refuse to search anybody as a matter of principle. But that was a mistake, because later I discovered that my scotch tape dispenser was missing, and my 1972 calendar, and a lot of other things, including all the raisins from my box of Kellogg's Raisin All-Bran. That was very discouraging, but I couldn't help admiring the thoroughness of whoever the *kaka* was who did it. Every single raisin was missing!

Q. Is Kleptomaniacs Anonymous a social organization too?

A. You bet it is. We even had a marriage in our group. A week after the honeymoon, though, the bride admitted that she had stolen Magic Finger — the entire works — from their hotel bedroom. Her husband wasn't even aware she'd done it until her "kakanfession" — that's what we call it. Now he doesn't let her carry around a screwdriver and pliers in her purse any more.

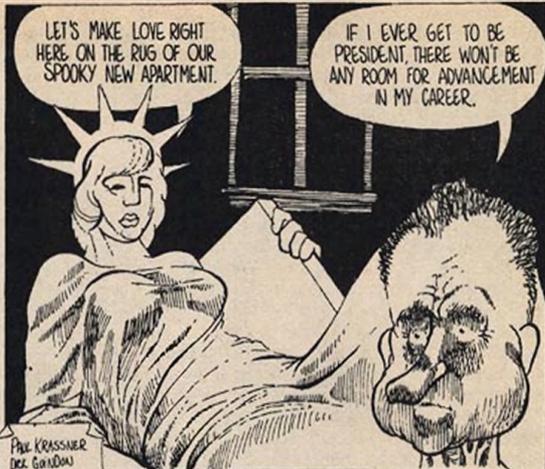
Q. What else happens at meetings?

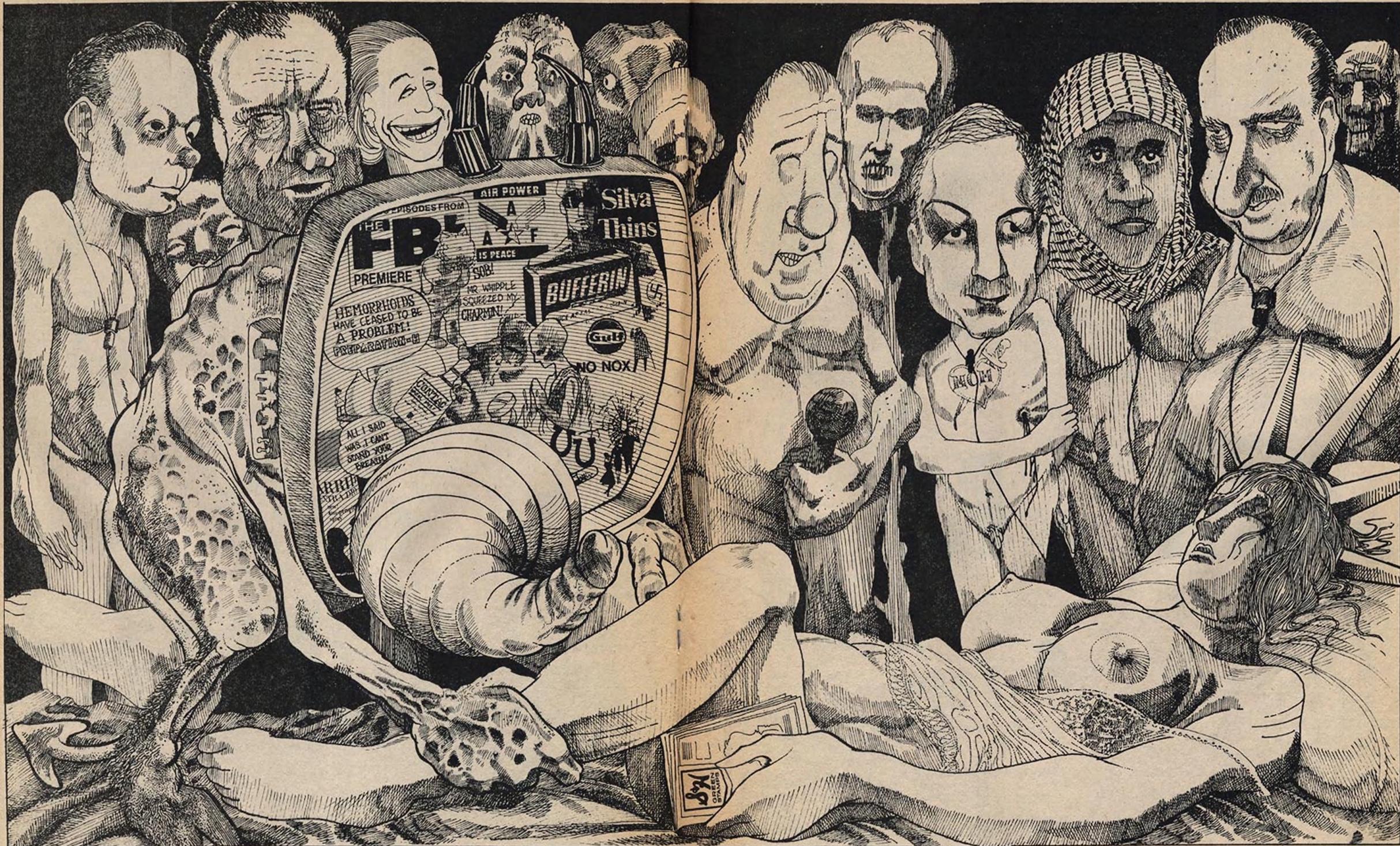
A. Well, we have guest speakers sometimes. We were addressed last month by the representative of a Private Detectives Association. They arranged for several of us to shop at Macy's, to see what we could get away with — I have to kakanfess that it's not as exciting as when you haven't been invited to steal merchandise because you know you're not gonna get in any trouble if they catch you, but we were giving these undercover people the benefit of our experience so they could learn what techniques to look for, like new gimmicks you can do with your clothing, and then they could develop methods to deal with their new knowledge. It was quite rewarding to be able to contribute something constructive to society.

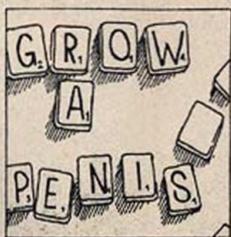
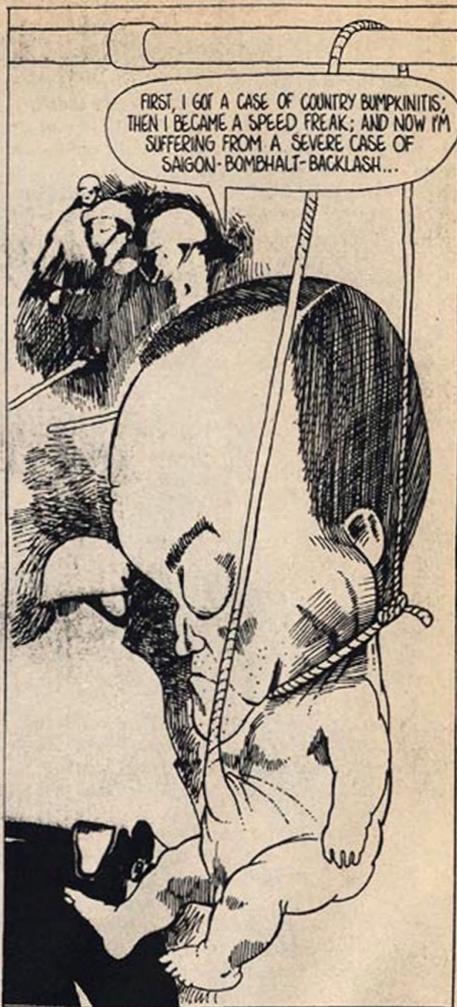
Q. I understand that you personally have extended that service to help ward off holdup attempts on the street?

A. Ah, yes. I teach people how to bark. I know what you're thinking. You're think, this crazy *kaka* has totally flipped out. But I really do that, I teach people how to bark like a dog. You see, once you understand the pathology of the criminal, you can adjust the way you act as a victim. So, let's say I'm walking along the sidewalk, and here comes this mugger type. I don't mean anything racial by that. In fact, we even have a colored *kaka* in our group. But suppose you were walking along, and you had a vicious-looking dog with you. Then that holdup man would leave you alone, correct? He could kill the dog, but if he uses a gun, the noise would be heard, and if he tries to use a knife or a blackjack, by the time he gets close enough the dog is already barking. So it's not the dog he's afraid of, it's the sound of the dog. Now, if you start barking like a dog when somebody approaches you — I teach people how to growl first, in order to frighten a mugger type away before any confrontation takes place — but when you actually bark, it's just not worth it for him to rob you. They figure you're nuts and probably don't have anything worth taking. Plus it's extremely embarrassing to try and pull a holdup on someone who's just barking away like mad. And also, you know what's really effective? Here, let me show you the way I can howl . . .









A PUBLIC OPINION POLL SHOWED NIXON AHEAD IN POPULARITY. HOWEVER, A RIVAL POLL SHOWED HUMPHREY AHEAD. JUST BEFORE ROSEMERICA WENT INTO LABOR, SHE CAST THE DECIDING VOTE ON WHICH POLL SHE BELIEVED.

A	<input type="checkbox"/>	GALLUP
B	<input type="checkbox"/>	HARRIS
C	<input type="checkbox"/>	ROPER
D	<input type="checkbox"/>	NIXON
E	<input type="checkbox"/>	HUMPHREY
F	<input type="checkbox"/>	...



## MARTHA MITCHELL

(Continued from Cover)

*If the exposure of our CIA, its methods of operation and secret fundings comes in an election year, that is a coincidence and not planned. For nine years I have written and telephoned public officials in the hope they would examine the evidence of conspiracies that exist in Washington, D.C.*

*The Watergate Affair is too large for the Democratic Party to prosecute or investigate. The best objective minds, not like the hand-picked Warren Commission, must work together. We must follow the pieces of scotch tape left in the door latches of the Watergate Hotel that led to the arrests, and continue to open more and more doors.*

"The Greek military government that took over in 1967 has not proven itself to be as horrendous a specter to contemplate as most people thought it would."

—Spiro Agnew

The Watergate Hotel, located in Washington, D.C., is the home of John and Martha Mitchell. John Mitchell, former Attorney General of the U.S., resigned that impressive appointment to head the all-important Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon.

Also housed in the Watergate Hotel complex are the offices of the Democratic National Committee.

In the early morning hours of June 17, 1972, five men were arrested removing parts of the ceiling from the 6th floor panels in the Democratic National Headquarters. These men possessed expensive electronic equipment, cameras, walkie-talkies, burglary tools, various James Bond accessories, and rubber gloves to conceal their identities.

Two of the men arrested also were comforted with the telephone number of Howard Hunt, White House Consultant. Hunt had worked with the CIA for 21 years.

James McCord, Jr., employed as Chief of Security for Mitchell's Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon, was one of the five men arrested. McCord was formerly employed by the CIA for 19 years. His position with the CIA was Chief of Security over the entire grounds, the immense compound at Langley, Virginia.

Nine persons, all registered with false names taken from CIA novels written by Howard Hunt, stayed at the Watergate Hotel May 26-29 and again June 17-18. Five of them, the night of their arrest, had been discovered when security guard Frank Wills noticed pieces of scotch tape over the door locks. Washington police arrived and made the arrests.

All of the five men caught in the Democratic headquarters were connected with the CIA in some way. The other relationship they had in common was having worked together for the CIA-planned Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba.

### THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

#### The Five Men Arrested at the Watergate:

##### 1. James McCord, Jr., alias Edward Martin

Native of Texas. Wife attended Baylor College, Texas; on Board of Directors, McCord Associates, Inc.

Sister, Dorothy Berry, employed by an oil company in Houston; also on Board of Directors, McCord Associates, Inc.

Lieutenant Colonel in Air Force Reserves.

Served in FBI 1948-51 as radio operator.

CIA from 1951-1970, former Chief of Security for "Fairfax Highway Research Station," otherwise known as the CIA.

Recently was paid \$750 to address the Chief of Police Association on Security.

Served with Special 16-Man Unit attached to the White House, having to do with "Emergencies, radicals, and contingency plans" in case

of war. Specialized on "Censorship of news media and U.S. mail."

Salaried Security Coordinator for the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon.

Under contract for McCord Associates, Inc., to provide all security for the Republican National Convention in Miami.

Worked with the CIA at the time of the Bay of Pigs.

##### 2. Bernard Barker, alias Frank Carter, alias "Macho"

Prominent in Republican Party in Miami. Known in Miami for his "important contacts in Washington."

Close friend of Frank Sturgis (also arrested) for 11 years.

Close associate with exile Cuban community in Miami.

Name of Howard Hunt, White House consultant, with him at the time of their arrest.

Partner 4 years of Michael Suarez, Miami attorney; gave his name to police when arrested. Used Ameritus, the organization Suarez heads, for hotel reservations at the Watergate.

Met with Howard Hunt, on payroll to the White House, in Miami 4 weeks before the arrest. Hunt and Barker worked very closely together planning the Bay of Pigs invasion.

Conduit of funds for the CIA; payment of recruits for Bay of Pigs invasion. Hunt did the planning of the operation.

Worked with Frank Bender, CIA, who recruited the Army for the Bay of Pigs invasion.

Set up a secret 7-man team in April, paid provocateurs from Miami, to demonstrate at J. Edgar Hoover's resting place.

Transferred secret \$89,000 from Mexican bank to Miami Republican National Bank. \$30,000 paid for Watergate expedition and equipment. \$10,000 was for Washington demonstrations. \$6500 with the men when arrested.

Approached architect Leonard Glass 8 months before the conventions for "floor plans and air conditioning plans of the Democratic Convention halls." Offered Glass "business in South America" in exchange for the air-conditioning plans of Convention Hall in Miami. Had "important connections" in Washington.

Part-time business partner of Howard Hunt in Central America.

Served with the Secret Police of dictator Fulgencio Batista in Cuba.

Officer in the U.S. Army, World War II.

Close to Manuel Artime, who commanded landing force at Bay of Pigs.

In 1964, was a conduit of CIA funds to commanders being trained in Nicaragua for anti-Castro harassment raids.

Background of intelligence; well-connected to U.S. intelligence.

Had some knowledge of Miami conventions; told people that "something is going to happen" and "interesting things are afoot."

Planned demonstrations for both Miami conventions to support the Vietnam war in general and Nixon's bombing of Haiphong Harbor in particular.

Barker lost citizenship 10 years ago. Researchers in Senate and House Judiciary Committees and Immigration subcommittees said they had no records of legislation introduced to restore Barker's citizenship.

Had instructions to call Howard Hunt, White House consultant, if in trouble.

##### 3. Frank Sturgis, alias Joseph Hamilton, Frank Fiorini, and a dozen known aliases

Worked with Castro's Cuban military before leaving Cuba. Named by Castro to be overseer of gambling operations in Havana before Castro removed Syndicate.

U.S. Marines, World War II, served in South Pacific.

Key figure in Bay of Pigs invasion.

Lost U.S. citizenship in 1960; got it back with aid of Senator Smathers.

Close friend of Diaz Lanz, Cuban exile community, involved with right-wing movements such as the John Birch Society and Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade.

Extensive CIA contacts.

Part-time employee of Pan-American Aluminum Company in Havana.

Most-travelled of the group; holds Mexican passport.

At time of arrest, had birth certificate, two driver's licenses and Social Security card with name of Joseph Hamilton.

Lieutenant, Reserve in Civil Air Patrol.

Close association, over 20 years, and source of information for columnist Jack Anderson.

Pilot of plane for International Anti-Communist Brigade that went over Havana after Bay of Pigs invasion.

Travelled recently to Honduras. Had visa from Mexican government to visit Mexico from January 7 to April 6 of this year.

Registered as a Democrat, rounding up support of Nixon's policies.

Busy getting demonstrators to Miami; organizing demonstrations.

Close friend of Bernard Barker for 11 years.

Sturgis was among those questioned by the FBI after John Kennedy's death because of his activities. His home had been an arsenal complete with 20-millimeter cannons. Carlos Prio Socarras, former President of Cuba, was planning demonstrations for the conventions. He worked with Permindex, David Ferrie, and the entire Miami-Houston-Havana group named, by independent researchers, in association with Kennedy's death. Did Sturgis and Socarras work together in 1963? Are they connected in any way, by banks or weapons, with 1972?

#### 4. Eugenio Martinez

Served with Castro's army, then became anti-Castro guerrilla fighter.

Violated immigration laws, 1958, flying private plane to Cuba.

Licensed real estate agent, notary public, Miami.

Works with Bernard Barker's real estate office. Barker got his real estate license only last year. No mention where Martinez worked before that time.

Connections with the CIA; Howard Hunt's White House name, phone number, in his address book at time of arrest.

Worked closely with Birgilio Gonzales, exile Cubans, military trained. Ex-Combatientes from Fort Jackson, South Carolina; 800 men from Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961 were moved to S.C. in 1963. Close association of military trained exile Cubans in Miami and Washington, D.C.

Working with Young Republicans scheduled to arrive in Miami for 1972 conventions.

#### 5. Virgilio Gonzales

Formerly a barber in Cuba.

Employee at Missing Link Key Shop as a locksmith. Miami.

Became known as "pro-American, anti-Castro" in U.S.

Associated with Eugenio Martinez, Ex-Combatientes, Cuban exiles.

A friend of Angel Ferrer, who is President of Ex-Combatientes and closely associated with U.S.-trained troops, veterans, trained by the U.S. Army; meet in Miami with important American friends.

### The Four Suspects Who Got Away:

#### 1. Angel Ferrer

The press gave his name as one of the suspects. But Washington police and the FBI would not give out their names. Ferrer was supposed to have been registered at the Watergate Hotel.

Had important ties with anti-Communist activists in Miami.

Trained with the men at Fort Jackson that were associated with Martinez and Gonzales.

Offered Washington persons "direct action to combat what they view as left-wing causes in the United States."

#### 2. Suspect — "man from Kansas"

#### 3. Suspect — "man from New York"

#### 4. Suspect — "man from New York"

### Other Names Mentioned, Not Arrested

#### 1. Howard Hunt, alias "Eduardo"

Worked in CIA 21 years.

Ivy League New Yorker, field man for CIA in Latin America, Spain, far East.

Wrote 45 novels for the CIA — science-fiction, detective, short stories. Pseudonyms: Robert Dietrich, John Baxter, Gordon Davis.

Senior member of a Special Task Force during two periods of national emergency; participant in White House conferences on security matters.

Planning director for Bay of Pigs Invasion; worked closely with Barker, conduit of funds for Bay of Pigs.

Developed and guided media operations abroad and negotiated with senior officials of foreign countries for CIA.

Defense Department counsel, 1957-1960.

Military service, Navy Reserve, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Conservative Republican.

White House consultant, 1971-72 on Pentagon Papers and Narcotics Intelligence.

Shared offices with Robert Bennett of Mullen & Company. Bennett, through 75-90 "dummy" organizations, raised the secret \$10-million for Nixon's Committee.

Spoke up against radicals, black protestors at Brown University alumni; deplored "the lack of patriotism in youth."

Left Washington, New York, maybe the U.S., after his friends were arrested.

White House desk, examined by FBI after he fled, contained a pistol and two walkie-talkies that could connect to the walkie-talkies confiscated at the time of the Watergate arrests.

Worked in offices of Robert Bennett of Mullen & Company, public relations firm, in 1969, while still with CIA. Close friend and attorney Douglas Caddy shared the same offices; Caddy was co-founder of Young Americans for Freedom. Robert Mullen alleged to be CIA, as well as Caddy. Close links of CIA and Spiro Agnew through this office.

Business partner of Bernard Barker in Nicaragua, Santa Domingo.

#### 2. Robert E. Bennett

Son of Senator Bennett, conservative Republican, Utah.

President of Mullen public relations firm.

Offices directly across from the White House.

Shared desks with Howard Hunt, White House consultant; Bennett also shared offices for four years with Douglas Caddy, lawyer for McCord and the four others arrested.

Bennett's organization, The American Dream, refused to disclose the source of \$10-million for Nixon's re-election. Admitted that the 75-90 committees to collect funds for Nixon's re-election were phony groups.

Robert Mullen supposedly CIA; co-founder of Young Americans for Freedom. Members of YAF are supporting Agnew for President.

#### 3. President Richard M. Nixon

Occupant of the White House, Washington, C.C.

Selected agent of the CIA (see "How Nixon Actually Got Into Power" further on in this issue). Briefed daily by the CIA, National Security Council, White House consultants.

Directly linked to Special 16-Man Unit concerned with Emergency Plans and Preparedness, U.S. Military Reserves, concerned with "radicals in the United States"; James McCord a member of this unit.

White House directly linked through walkie-talkies, private radio frequency to James McCord via Howard Hunt, 21 years with CIA.

Secretly funded with \$10-million; no list of sources offered. The same funding that kept Richard Nixon in political position through his entire career. The funds would have been cut off in 1968 if he did not take Spiro Agnew as his Vice-President.

#### 4. John Mitchell

Former attorney for Nelson Rockefeller.

Appointed by Nixon to Attorney General of U.S.

Resigned Justice Dept. appointment in 1972 to head Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon.

Controls the Justice Dept. with Nixon; made no appointment to succeed J. Edgar Hoover. The White House and the CIA now manage the FBI from the Justice Dept.

Resides at Watergate Hotel with his wife, Martha.

#### 5. Patrick Gray III

Resigned 20-year career in Navy — graduate of Annapolis — to work for Nixon's election in 1960. Helped Nixon campaign in 1968.

Sat with National Security Council and "observed Nixon" when Nixon was only Vice-President.

Unknown to America, an "Administrator," helped Nixon with anti-bussing, crime, drug abuse, wage and price controls.

Attacks the news media, people who criticize police brutality.

Halted the investigation in Los Angeles of the police murders of Jerrie Lee Amie and Reuben Salazar, Isle Vista riots.

Was Nixon's hatchet man to stop ITT investigation.

"Closed" Governor Wallace investigation; Arthur Bremer having "mental tests" when evidence of conspiracy exists.

Stayed at Newporter Inn, California, the same time as John Mitchell, following Watergate Hotel arrests. Martha Mitchell confined by force.

Not approved by Congress to be head of the FBI.

Too closely associated with Nixon, Mitchell, Republican Party to investigate political assassinations or arrests, crimes involving Republican Party.

President John Kennedy wanted to "splinter the CIA into a thousand pieces and scatter it to the winds." The Bay of Pigs invasion caused him to realize that certain persons and powers dictate to the President. The CIA was fingered for their decision to make policies that belong to Congress and the citizens.

Members of the same CIA team that was active in the Bay of Pigs operation — the training, planning and financing of that fiasco — were working as a very strong team 11 years later when arrested at the Watergate Hotel. The decision-making organization of the CIA was tampering with the electoral process one more time around.

President Harry Truman said, "There was something about the way the CIA was functioning that has cast a shadow over our historical positions." Those observations were made in 1963, at which time Truman regretted his "building an American Gestapo."

The CIA is not new at altering the choice of candidates or Presidents. Innocent people believe the electors have a choice of candidates through the primaries or by direct voting. The same CIA that killed President Kennedy because he won the majority of votes, eliminated opposition to Richard Nixon in every election that followed Kennedy's death. Murders, accidents, attempted murders through the use of hired killers, planted patsies, and news coverage that conceals the crimes, have been effective so far.

Two governments have existed side by side, one visible and one invisible, for many years. As the power structure gets more arrogant and sure of itself, the invisible becomes more clear and overt. If the truth about the Wallace shooting and Arthur Bremer are told, and if the Watergate Affair is exposed, you will see how invisible governments agents go about their daily business.

The Democratic National Committee has placed a lawsuit against the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon for one million dollars. If the Democratic Party has the courage or if it is allowed to follow through with this suit, you will find the most fantastic duel in American political history.

U.S. Judge Charles R. Richey said, "I don't intend to make this into a political case." Democrats suing republicans has to be a political matter. Remarks by Judge Richey should be reason to disqualify him on the grounds of stupidity. The lawsuit placed between these two parties is not over a simple grabbing of votes at the election booths. The Democratic Party should try its best to wrangle truths of information out of that invisible government.

All the persons arrested, and each of their contacts and sources of funding, will be protected by every possible method. Several of the group have left the country. Others will refuse to talk. Every means of avoiding answers to questions will be used. But even silence will prove beyond a doubt that those arrested and the ones that got away from the Watergate Hotel were working for the CIA at the time of their arrest.

Extensive research on past political assassinations has revealed all the intricacies of the clandestine government. Although most members of the CIA deny the source of their funds or associations with the agency or with each other, their

actions, finances and moving patterns can be recognized for what they are.

If the Democratic Party wishes to avoid a *coup d'etat* in the United States by the CIA, they should use researchers on the past political assassinations for their investigative work. District Attorney Jim Garrison in New Orleans and researchers like myself have been saying for many years that the CIA would damage the process of democratic elections.

Martha Mitchell made her Washington debut with sarcasm about war protestors who reminded her of "Russian revolutionaries." Three years later Martha wishes those same youths would come to her aid. When President Nixon held a press conference a few days after Ms. Mitchell was taken prisoner, she complained that "nobody asked about me."

The youth of America had tried to tell people like Martha Mitchell that the President does not listen to any voices except a few. Why would he care to hear Martha's problems?

There was a smug complacency about the John Mitchell family in the days when he was promising this country that it was "going so far to the right we won't recognize it." Those were the carefree days when John and Martha were not caught in the bending process.

But did John Mitchell, one of the dirtiest, meanest men in political history, expose his "little sweetheart" to espionage agents doing some kinds of dirty work and distasteful acts? At what point did Martha have to be removed, silenced, and totally discredited?

The political princess, who once was cleared for classified materials when she worked with the Army Chemical Corps, was suddenly turned into a negligent, selfish mother who sat idly by while her son's teeth rotted away. From now on Martha gets the Dita Beard treatment with visits from Army doctors and psychiatrists.

Four days after the arrests at the Watergate Hotel, Martha Mitchell called a UPI reporter from Newport, California:

—"I am sick and tired of politics."

—"I gave (John) an ultimatum I would leave him if he didn't get out."

—"I am a political prisoner."

—"Politics is nothing but a cops and robbers game."

—"I know dirty things."

—"I saw dirty things."

—"I am not going to stand for all those dirty tricks that go on."

—"I was a patriot until I got assassinated. What country can I go to?"

—"I am sick and tired of the whole operation."

—"They threw me down on the bed, five men, and stuck a needle in my behind. A doctor stitched my fingers after the battle with five guards. (She had bruises on her arms and thighs.)"

Martha's telephone conversation was bugged when she summoned the UPI for help from California. Her room was entered, the phone was pulled from the wall, and the silencing treatment began. A security agent from the Committee to Re-Elect President Nixon gave Martha an injection in her behind and a doctor was called to stitch up her finger.

Martha next found herself in New York after saying, "They wanted to keep me here in California."

Patrick Gray III, acting head of the FBI from the Justice Dept., was staying at the same Newport hotel as the John Mitchell family following the arrests at the Watergate Hotel in Washington. Even *Time* magazine called that coincidence "suspicious."

Gray should have a reputation by now of stopping investigations that would lead to possible conspiracies. He halted the investigations of the Jerric Lee Aimie murder in L.A., the Reu-

ben Salazar murder in L.A., the Isle Vista riots in Santa Barbara, the ITT investigation in Washington, and the George Wallace shooting in Maryland.

It is little wonder that our FBI chief would not come to the aid of the Mitchells and see who was making Martha a "prisoner" when he was staying in the same hotel.

A High summit meeting was held between John Mitchell and President Nixon. Both came out of it agreeing on two things: Wives of politicians sometimes have a difficult time entertaining themselves; and Martha only had "one guard" from the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon.

Nine men registered at the Watergate Hotel where the Mitchells lived. Four suspects were not yet found at the time this was written. One of the men arrested worked for the re-election committee. Did any of the other suspects work for John Mitchell's committee at the time they disappeared? Did Martha get four extra guards suddenly? Could John use his family for a cover in order to help four men leave Washington, D.C.?

Neither the long hours of work nor the absence of John Mitchell from his family ever bothered Martha before the Watergate arrests. She made it known publicly that she was *angry* when her husband gave up his position as Attorney General, which is more demanding than heading an election committee.

Was the discrediting of Martha Mitchell by Jack Anderson understandable when it became known that Frank Sturgis, one of the five men arrested at the Watergate, was a life-long friend and source of information for Jack Anderson's career?

John Mitchell resigned from the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon after Martha's remarks were printed around the world. His gesture that the family needed him — "that little sweetheart, I love her so much" — hardly resembled the Duke of Windsor when he abdicated for Wally Simpson.

The manner in which Martha was handled simply indicates how the Fascist police agents are forced to treat any witness to their espionage acts. Parts of that invisible government were visible to Martha Mitchell and she panicked. Martha has to be a political prisoner because she was a witness to some kind of dirty work.

This year, 1972, is the most important year in American history. Provisions have been made to eliminate the outdated Constitution. The new version of democratic rights does not resemble anything but a Fascist dictatorship. A new cabinet, designed by Roy Ash of Litton Industries, would trim away every department except those of Defense, Treasury, State and Justice.

The same groups of people who put Hitler into power, and revived Fascism in Greece and other countries, are determined to maintain their power and control over other people's lives. This decisive year will determine if that power will be maintained by manipulating candidates, assassinating politicians, or by creating a situation where martial law will become necessary so that elections can be cancelled.

Whenever a populist candidate appears to win an election which could bring about economic or social improvements for the masses, that person must be removed. The CIA that killed President Kennedy and Robert Kennedy did a test case in Greece on cancelling elections.

Andreas Papandreou, often compared with John Kennedy, appeared to have a good chance of winning Greek elections in 1967. The U. S. Army, the CIA and government agencies helped replace their elections with a *coup d'etat*. A Fascist dictatorship returned to Europe, the first since World War II.

The same CIA that helped fund the cancelling of elections in Greece offered Richard Nixon the money he needed for his 1968 election if he took political unknown Spiro Agnew as Vice-President.

Money to manage an election campaign is difficult to separate when you mix CIA funds with Republican Party dollars. Robert Mullen, Chairman of Mullen & Company, shared his office space at various times with Howard Hunt, Robert Bennett and Douglas Caddy, all possibly CIA agents.

Robert Bennett, through this office, raised \$10-million in secret funds for John Mitchell.

In 1968 Nixon was offered, through CIA conduit Tom Pappas and other sources, the funding he needed for elections if he took Agnew as Vice-President.

Robert Mullen played a large role in the campaign of Nixon-Agnew in 1968. Did the money four years ago come from the same secret funds, possibly CIA money, to Nixon for his last election?

These questions are important to ask now. Douglas Caddy, CIA attorney for the Watergate Five, was co-founder of the extremely right-wing Republican group called Young Americans for Freedom. YAF was infiltrated in the fall of 1962 at the home of Robert Morris in Dallas.

A group of Nazi-American military experts intended to help certain forces, by "whatever means necessary," to secure the White House by 1970 for the conservatives. A large number in this group support Agnew for President this year.

If security agents allow some members of YAF close to Richard Nixon, through important contacts in the White House, Agnew would not have to be elected. He would be the next President.

Can CIA funds, promised for the election campaigns, force Agnew on the Republican ticket?

Can CIA funds, channelled from Washington, to Chile, to Mexico, then Miami, end up in the pockets of men at the Watergate Hotel who connected directly to a weapon and walkie-talkies in the White House?

Can persons associated with the extreme radical right-wing factions of the Republican Party, who think Nixon is a pinko because he went to Russia and China, or didn't invade Cuba, be financed through the CIA to create martial law and then kill Richard Nixon?

How many of the persons connected with secret funding of the Nixon team are associated with the more reactionary Republicans?

Is the same CIA that offered Greek colonels assistance in their *coup d'etat* working with a large organization to create martial law in the U.S., having selected Agnew as their man?

The significance of the Watergate Affair is that every element essential for a political *coup d'etat* in the United States was assembled at the time of their arrest. The team of men represented at the hotel went all the way from the White House with its Emergency Contingency Unit, walkie-talkies and private radio frequency, to the paid street provocateurs and troops who would create the emergencies.

Was the target of their associations the cancellation of elections in 1972?

*The Glass House Tapes* by Louis Tackwood (co-author: Donald Freed) — "The Story of an Agent Provocateur and the New Police Intelligence Complex" — will be published by Avon Press.

Louis Tackwood, a man of patriotic courage among a world of too many cowards, made his public appearance in September, 1971, in a press conference that could have been broadcast over the entire world. Tackwood's information was ignored by people who know better and should have taken his words seriously.

A former paid agent of the Los Angeles Police Dept. for 9 years, Tackwood surfaced and disclosed the kinds of jobs the LAPD expects an agent provocateur to do for them. The most

important revelations made by Tackwood gave a good view of that invisible government John Kennedy warned about.

The "Glass House" is the Los Angeles Police Department, the same agency that took care of candidate Robert Kennedy 4 years ago. Tackwood resigned from the LAPD after he became familiar with their plans for the 1972 elections, known by the name "Squad 19." Agents of the police department were to create enough violence at the Republican National Convention that martial law would be declared:

"Squad 19 was formed by CCS (Criminal Conspiracy Section) and the FBI to provoke violence at the Republican Convention in 1972.

"It involves *coordinated contingency plans* under the direction of CCS and FBI.

"The plan entailed planting a number of agent provocateurs both inside and outside the 1972 Republican Convention. Agents were to infiltrate the groups planning demonstrations against the war and poverty. At the time of the demonstrations, these agents were to provoke street battles with police surrounding the convention hall. Meanwhile, agents inside the convention hall were to plant explosives timed to blow up coincidental with the riots in the streets. The purpose is to kill a number of delegates.

"The result would be to create a nationwide hysteria that would then provide President Richard Nixon with the popular support necessary to declare a state of National Emergency.

"Orders came directly from the State Department of Justice, District Attorney Evelle Younger, on these special squads.

"Richard Nixon would then arrest all militants and left-wing revolutionaries and cancel the 1972 elections. He could invoke special emergency powers leading to the detention of political activists. Martial law would be achieved."

(As *The Realist* goes to press, Louis Tackwood has been re-arrested on the original charges — going back nine years — over which the original deal had been made.)

A CIA operation, whether it involves altering elections or planning political assassinations, contains many ingredients that work together toward the final purposes. The object is to lose all traces of your past, co-workers, contacts, and employers. Some groups of people will spend millions of dollars on a particular plan. While the time involved may take years to succeed, the methods are always the same.

Once the motive is agreed upon, the plan of action goes into effect. Assuming the "Squad 19" plans were for martial law, how can we relate that to the Watergate arrests?

Because all the suspects at the Watergate Hotel were caught before proceeding with further plans for their clients, they will deny any speculations about their motives. But robbery and surveillance were not the sole purpose of this group forming together.

My opinions of their motives are based upon: (1) what their training and past experience was; (2) who they worked for, the kinds of employment; (3) the contacts of persons represented among the nine who registered at the hotel on two different occasions; (4) their past jobs and investments together; (5) the sources of their funds; (6) who they were to call in case of emergency; (7) their associates who were named but will never be called as witnesses.

There are sources of CIA funds and planners that have altered the course of American history. I have studied that history very carefully and find the Watergate crowd associated with the CIA.

If their motive was to create confrontations for the Republican Convention in order to arrest "radicals" and to create martial law, in what positions would agents be located for such a plan?

Realist

James McCord, Jr. held two important jobs at the time of his arrest. He was Chief of Security for the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon. With that appointment, McCord was issued his own radio frequency. And that employment was the smaller assignment of the two.

The biggest contract a security agent could receive went to McCord Associates, selected by Secret Service agent Al Wong, to provide all security for the Republican Convention in Miami.

Considering the Tackwood allegations that were made public a year ago at a press conference, maintaining security at the conventions was equal to securing our electoral process.

If there was but a fraction of truth to the Squad 19 plans, the person hired to protect the life of the President of the United States and others, both outside and inside the convention hall, should be a citizen with a non-political, perfectly spotless record of security experience.

The CIA, FBI or Secret Service must certainly have investigated the Tackwood charges about convention provocations to create martial law. Every possible element who could be used to provoke violence in Miami should have been scrutinized.

The Secret Service that hired McCord did not follow his off-duty meetings at the Watergate Hotel May 26-29. If the data banks and surveillance systems keep records of "radicals" and "demonstrators," it seems they could follow their own hired Security Chief.

Either he was moonlighting for another client they should have known about, or else McCord works for the CIA at the present time, and associates with the CIA agents who hire provocateurs. If the CIA funds violence for Washington, New York and elsewhere, are they funding the very violence in Miami that James McCord is hired to "secure"?

Bernard Barker was telling people in Miami that "something is going to happen at the time of the conventions." He was then planning demonstrations in approval of Nixon's bombing of Haiphong Harbor.

April 24, Barker and a secret team of 7 men went to Miami to hire provocateurs for a New York demonstration in May. Four of this team were arrested at the Watergate Hotel. Three men were in Miami at the time, and one left the country because, according to the *New York Times*, he was "headed for trouble."

Money to pay for street scenes and fights with police and radicals came from the same money man, Bernard Barker, who served as the conduit of funds for the Bay of Pigs invasion. This time Barker was handing out crisp, consecutive CIA \$100 bills that came to Miami's Republican National Bank, from a secret source in Mexico, via a secret source in Chile.

James McCord, Chief of Security for the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon, and Chief of Security for the Republican National Committee, was paid for the Watergate job with the same funds that hired street altercations.

Bernard Barker's wife said that her husband had not been active with the Cuban community for five years. She was surprised he was arrested working with that group again.

That observation fits in with the "Squad 19" plan which was arranged for San Diego. When the convention was moved to Miami, a whole new group of street people would have to set the milieu for confrontations. Some persons could be imported. Local varieties would be better. The radical, emotional, well-trained, constantly provoked Cuban exile community could be worked up sufficiently with enough of those CIA \$100 bills floating around again.

One man in Miami was offered \$700 "CIA money" to demonstrate on the streets in August for the Republican Convention.

Bernard Barker handed out \$30,000 to the Watergate boys for hotel expenses and elaborate equipment; \$10,000 went to Washington provocations where a few people were supposedly shot.

Frank Sturgis was planning demonstrations for the Republican Convention. Even the law enforcement people in Miami thought that was strange. According to the *Washington Post*:

"Law enforcement officials predicted the Cuban exiles would demonstrate at the Democratic National Convention to express opposition to any proposals for better relations with the Castro regime. But they were confused and found no solid explanation of why Sturgis and Martinez were seeking rooms for the Republican convention, rooms for which the Party has no need."

Two private Catholic colleges received a call from Sturgis asking for "lodging in August for Young Republicans." He left with them his phone number at Bernard Barker's real estate office. Sturgis also called Barry College, said he was an "organizer" and wanted rooms for 200 places.

Where were these Young Republicans coming from? Douglas Caddy, attorney for the men arrested, was co-founder of Young Americans for Freedom. That group is infiltrated with Nazis, right-wing radicals and extremists, many who supported Agnew for President. Because we don't know the source of funds for all this, it is difficult to screen out which Young Republicans will arrive.

A group of them were ready for action in Dallas when John Kennedy was killed. Their goal was control of the White House by 1970. There was a determination that this country could be controlled, with their help. These men were never arrested or called as witnesses before the Warren Commission after Kennedy's death.

Eugenio Martinez, real estate partner of Barker, was making his own reservations to bring in Young Republicans — about 3,000 of them — for convention time. Depending upon the background, training, beliefs of a para-military, religious, violently anti-Communist element, there is no way of telling if Martinez, Barker and Sturgis were planning to import trouble.

If they hired provocateurs for the Washington demonstrations in May, who were they making these Miami reservations for in August?

Virgilio Gonzales and Martinez were closely associated with the well-trained military veterans of the Bay of Pigs. Following their defeat in 1961, Cuban exiles moved to Fort Jackson, South Carolina in 1963.

This group of guerrilla warriors, armed with modern warfare hardware, were trained and have been held together with some purpose in mind since 1963.

The war could come to American soil, the excuse being to come down on "radicals" and "left-wing" troublemakers. The CIA that trains these exiled Cubans can use them to create our own political Fascism.

Angel Ferrer was not arrested, but he was named as being one of the men who stayed with the group at the Watergate Hotel. Ferrer trained at Fort Jackson with Ex-Combatientes, the veterans of the Bay of Pigs. He was active with the exile Cuban community in Miami and had Washington contacts. Ferrer was supposed to have offered *direct action to combat left-wing causes in the U.S.*

Arrested with James McCord were political extremists, violently anti-Communist intelligence agents. They were all planning convention demonstrations. Each of these men would make McCord's job more difficult in Miami unless they were working as a team for another purpose.

James McCord, Chief of Security for the Republican convention in Miami, was not only arrested with members of a se-

cret team well financed to hire provocateurs. But, as a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army Reserve, and with 19 years of CIA employment behind him, McCord sat with a *Special 16-Man Unit, concerned with plans and preparedness, which is part of the executive office of the President.* This Unit's purpose was concerned with radicals and contingency plans for the radicals.

Both Captain R. Franz, Navy Reserves, and James Landis, retired Army colonel, spoke of McCord's work with this Unit, which included *control of the news media and U.S. mail.*

When McCord was arrested, the Special Unit disclaimed his association by saying he "left four months ago." McCord had two important positions for the next months that would take him to other places. The "contingency plans for radicals" remains ready to be used, and their connection to the White House is only one of the links of this group to Nixon.

Howard Hunt, who fled the scene when his friends were arrested, also had experience with "radicals." Known as a very

## REPORTER AT SMALL

(Continued from Page 19)

Before she can get work, she says, she has to have her name legally changed — "If you had a name like Austin, you'd go for a sex change too." In the past, she sold sewing machines, vacuum cleaners and was a Fuller Brush Person. But she can't get her name changed legally until she gets a divorce from her wife. And she can't get a divorce until she has some money.

She was living on welfare, and was broke. "There's nothing I'd like more than to become a taxpayer." She hopes to become a professional lecturer, perhaps to write a book, maybe to found a "civil rights organization for transsexuals"; she spends a lot of time now answering questions for researchers.

She has been and still is in psychotherapy, and says, "I've been asked every question you can think of." She exhausted the Humanist audience's curiosity, answering all questions — if not responsibly, at least without embarrassment.

No, she hadn't tried intercourse yet (though she gave no reasonable explanation why not). Is she looking forward to it? "You bet!"

"Can you have an orgasm, like from masturbation?"

"Yes. But it's mental."

"How does that feel?"

"I can't describe it. You'd have to be a woman to understand."

"What do you think of the feminist movement?"

"I'm against it. I enjoy my femininity. I plan to join the Daughters of Bilitis, though, to learn more about it."

A skeptical male: "Don't you think you wanted to become a woman just so you could be taken care of by a man?"

Another hostile man asked her, "What are you going to do when some man doubts you're a woman?"

"I'll lift my dress and show him. Do you want to see?"

"Yeah."

"Later."

A man came to her defense. "You don't have to prove anything to anybody. If anybody doubts you, tell him to go screw himself."

The audience applauded.

In the audience were a couple of oddly-proportioned, homely women with hairy arms and pancake make-up that seemed to be hiding a 5-o'clock shadow. Deborah identified one of them as a transsexual and asked Carla, smiling, to stand and identify herself.

The audience applauded again.

Deborah said that, like Carla, a disproportionate number of transsexuals she knows are Catholic Italians. She said she even knows a priest who plans to get the operation, "but he's not ready to kick the habit yet." She said that Catholics suffer double jeopardy, because the Church won't alter the baptismal certificate to cover their new identity.

conservative Republican during his 21 years with the CIA, he had occasion to put down the "radicals," "blacks" and "war protesters."

When students at Brown University objected to hearing Henry Kissinger speak to them, Hunt wrote the alumni that he "deplored the lack of patriotism in youth." He called them "hirsute know-nothings," which makes me believe that CIA author Howard Hunt writes Agnew's speeches.

Hitler's youth, arms in the air, boots marching in rhythm, were called "patriotic" and then later judged as criminals at Nuremberg. What kind of blind patriotism does Hunt desire?

During his CIA days, in addition to planning the Bay of Pigs, Hunt was senior member of a Special Task Force during two periods of national emergency, and participated with the White House on security matters. What periods of crisis were these?

There is no way to know in what capacity Howard Hunt was serving the CIA when John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King were murdered, when Ted Kennedy's car was pushed into Chappaquiddick, when Diem was removed by our CIA *coup d'etat*, or when Greece was overthrown. In order to understand Hunt's possible involvement with the "Squad 19" plans, it would help to learn more about his usefulness in past crises.

Louis Tackwood said that the number he had to call, as part of the "Squad 19" plans, was named "White" — which is the alias Howard Hunt used as White House consultant to Richard Nixon.

McCord's walkie-talkies at the Watergate were similar to the radio frequencies of Howard Hunt's walkie-talkies in the White House.

John Kennedy recognized there was a hidden government. Many of the same people he feared were still working together as a team in 1972 just before crucial elections. If those teams were directly connected to the White House, martial law is a possibility if it appears that Nixon could lose the election. A lot of power has been accumulated in the hands of a few people, and they have taken every precaution to keep it that way.

All the elements necessary for "Squad 19" were assembled. Five men, skilled in cloak-and-dagger intelligence operations, all with CIA experience, veterans of the Bay of Pigs together, heavily and secretly financed, connected to military troops waiting for "direct combat" against the radicals and left-wing, were dining together and living at the Watergate Hotel at the time they were all arrested in one bag.

How can you recognize a CIA espionage plot as opposed to a "third-rate burglary"? The methods of operation include:

1. The Cover Story
2. Deniability
3. Dummy Front Organizations
4. Funding
5. Communications, Radio Control
6. Aliases
7. Migratory Birds, Job Changes
8. Housing
9. Local Police, Military, Treasury Dept., Justice Dept., FBI
10. Dirty Tricks
11. Cities and Countries
12. Coincidences
13. Witnesses Never Called, Questions Never Asked

### 1. The Cover Story

Every CIA operation, secret in nature, must have a cover story in the event one or more agents are discovered going about their dirty work. The immediate excuse for their pre-

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sence must conceal the actual circumstances and divert attention from larger plans or co-workers.

The cover story for the Watergate arrests fell into four categories:

#### (1) Intelligence gathering —

"Boys will be boys," we all sneak up on each other. The importance of the boys was ignored.

#### (2) Exile Cubans curious about Democratic attitude toward Castro —

The Bay of Pigs veterans involved at the Watergate, with high CIA officials, did not need such an elaborate plan to get this information for the exile community in Miami.

(3) *Robberies at the Watergate* — The breaking in at the Democratic offices was explained as one of many robberies. If there were so many recently, why didn't they hire more guards instead of letting one go home sick that night without being replaced?

#### (4) *Amateurs, Mickey Mouse, Mack Sennett, Keystone Kops* —

The men arrested were made to look like silly fools with 1950 tools. But McCord was *Chief of Security of all CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia, Chief of Security for the Committee to Re-Elect Nixon, and Chief of Security for the Republican Convention!* Ronald Zeigler, Nixon's Press Secretary, called them "third-rate burglars." The news media that print this foolishness also print facts. Read both and figure out what kind of fools were arrested.

### 2. Deniability

*The Pentagon Papers* offers a wonderful view of CIA "deniability." From August 24 until November 1, 1963, our CIA and State Dept. were arranging the *coup d'etat* that would remove Diem. Lieutenant Colonel Conein, CIA agent, was working with General Don from Vietnam. Their instructions were:

"Make security fully deniable."

"Issue instructions orally, to provide plausibility to denial."

"At last minute have cut-off with Conein and designate Don, this officer completely unwitting of any details."

"If *coup* aborts, *disavow CIA agent Conein at any time it may serve national interest.*"

When James McCord and the other four men were arrested, friends, associates, exile Cuban community, all started their denials. Listed here are several out of more than 20 different denials given to the press during the two weeks following the arrests:

*John Mitchell*, Chairman of the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon. James McCord was receiving \$1209 monthly from this Committee when arrested. Mitchell said, "McCord was working for another client."

*Cuban exile group in Miami*. When Bernard Barker was arrested, the group that heard him attempt to recruit demonstrators for the Republican Convention said, "He came to our meeting uninvited."

*McCord Associates* needed three members of a Board of Directors to become incorporated. Dorothy Berry, sister of James McCord and one of three directors of the agency hired by Mitchell for Security of the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon, said: "I didn't know I was on the Board of Directors."

*Ameritus*. Reservations for the nine men at the Watergate Hotel were made on stationery from this organization in Miami. Barker's friend, Suarez, heads the group. When the men were arrested, Suarez said "the letterhead was stolen." He knew nothing about reservations.

*Martha Mitchell*. Martha was emphatic there were five men with her in California. The White House and the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon said: "Mrs. Mitchell only has one guard, and you know she always has problems at night."

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**Howard Hunt** — 21 years with CIA, White House consultant on payroll of White House at the time he skipped out on the FBI. Also worked for Robert Bennett. When Bennett learned that two men arrested at the Watergate Hotel had Hunt's name and telephone number in their address books, Hunt was "fired if he didn't show up for work the next day."

**Robert Bennett**, fund-raiser for Nixon's secret \$10-million. When asked about Hunt a few days later, he said, "The only comment I have from him is a flat denial that he was anywhere near the Watergate." (His gun was in his White House desk along with his walkie-talkies.)

**Special Unit 16**, Emergency and Contingency Plans, connected to White House. James McCord met with them every month. When McCord was arrested, they announced he "left the unit four months ago."

**McCord fired too**. As soon as President Nixon and John Mitchell discovered their Security Chief was arrested, they gave an indignant, "Mr. McCord is off our payrolls as of Monday morning."

**Robert Odle can't speak**. Robert Odle was fingered as the man from Mitchell's Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon who hired James McCord for their Security Chief. The White House would not let Odle be interviewed.

"He is not available because he is not a public figure."

Nixon and Mitchell discount responsibility for the Watergate Affair. Their employees are protected because they are important enough to hire agents but not important enough to be responsible for their decisions.

**Hunt and Chappaquiddick**. White House Librarian Ms. Schleicher told a *Washington Post* reporter that Howard Hunt was doing research while at the White House on Ted Kennedy's Chappaquiddick accident.

(The entire affair was CIA-staged for the purpose of removing Ted Kennedy as Democratic candidate. Pages 262-3 of Jack Olsen's book, *The Bridge at Chappaquiddick*, indicate that the water pressure would have made it impossible to open the car door, so that Ted Kennedy could not have been driving, or even inside. The National Safety Council has not a single case in its records of any person ever escaping from a submerged automobile.)

The White House ordered Ms. Schleicher to stop giving out information. She then denied the first conversation took place. After giving the name of the book and material Hunt was reading, she changed the story and said she had never had any borrowing requests from Hunt, referred the reporters to the press office, saying she did not know who Hunt was.

### 3. Dummy Front Organizations

#### *McCord Associates, Inc.:*

When James McCord "left" the CIA after 19 years, he opened his own security agency that was hired through Robert Odle for security of the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon.

At the time of his arrest, information about this agency was revealed. The Maryland Secretary of State's office showed they were not incorporated until November 19, 1971, several weeks after a contract had been signed with the Republican National Committee.

Incorporation requires three individuals on the Board of Directors. McCord, his wife and his sister, Dorothy Berry, were listed. Ms. Berry, employed by an oil company in Houston, was not aware of being on the Board of Directors.

McCord Associates was not licensed to perform security services, as required by law.

Their charter mentions nothing about security work. The agency is listed as "Business services, studies, analy-

sis, reports in connection with business, industry, academic institutions."

This company filed no 1972 tax returns with the Secretary of State by the April 15 deadlines.

The entire CIA is called the "Fairfax Highway Research Station" and conceals its purposes. If James McCord is not listed for security work, was this the headquarters for planning a contingency to the elections without it being part of the regular CIA operations?

#### *Ameritus:*

Ameritus was described as a secret Cuban revolutionary group. Hotel reservations were made in their name. Federal officials never heard of this group, even though it was a corporation. Hector DeLara, Miami accountant whose name was listed as Treasurer, was not on the Board of Directors. There was no record of Ameritus in Dade County Business Transactions.

#### *Barker Real Estate:*

Bernard Barker's real estate office in Miami was a mystery. He had the license for only one year before the arrest. Source of income for Barker is money from Latin America. Where does he invest it? What taxes are paid on money like the \$89,000 cash he had since April 1972?

Barker and Howard Hunt were supposed to be business partners in Nicaragua and Santa Domingo enterprises that "fell through." Were they CIA fronts for contacts because all the time they were together Hunt was in the CIA, and Barker was a conduit of funds with Hunt during the Bay of Pigs.

#### *Mullen and Company, public relations:*

This office is a nest of CIA agents: Hunt, Bennett, Mullen, Caddy. Robert Bennett admitted that his 75-90 organizations which raised money were "dummy fronts." This is what the CIA is all about. They create false organizations to fund their operations, through foundations and other names which mean nothing at all except that CIA money passed through the doors to selected agents.

#### *Interprogress, Washington, D.C.:*

Robert Bennett, president of the public relations firm at which Hunt works, said the firm also has an affiliate called Interprogress that is attempting to increase American trade with Communist countries. The secret funding for the Watergate gang now comes from Chile; secret funding for Nixon comes from Bennett's office; and the question of ITT financial connections is related to Chile. What countries does Bennett's office contact, and do they include Chile?

#### *All State Investment Fund, Inc., Panama:*

Michael Suarez, head of Ameritus, described All State as a subsidiary of Ameritus. Bernard Barker is associated with Suarez and used Ameritus stationery for reservations at the Watergate. Is All State Investment Fund one of the many Pan-American CIA fronts for operations between Florida and Central America?

#### *Pan-American Aluminum, Havana:*

Frank Sturgis was owner of a salvage company, and concealed from the court his part-time employment with a corporation called Pan-American Aluminum. What kind of organization is this aluminum company?

#### *Houston Oil Company:*

Many people from the CIA were associated with Houston and various other oil companies at the time of John Kennedy's murder. John Connally is closely tied in with oil interests and CIA foundations in Houston, and is politically lined up for a very important Washington position again. Because of the conspiracy that killed

Kennedy, and the close-knit group of people that worked together through those years, any possible source of funds or contacts into McCord Associates should be investigated.

#### 4. Funding

*Robert Bennett, Mullen public relations:*

Robert Bennett admitted setting up "dummy" front organizations to raise \$10-million for Nixon's re-election; 75-90 organizations were supposed to donate this money. John Mitchell refuses to reveal sources of the money.

All of the men in those offices at one time — Howard Hunt, Douglas Caddy, Robert Bennett and Robert Mullen — were part of the CIA. Bennett's office, The American Dream, collected cash before the legal date stipulated to declare the donor.

James McCord's salary from this Nixon fund could have come from the CIA.

The fundraising committees that Bennett formed — bearing names such as "Supporters of the American Dream" — were established in 1971 as a means of legally collecting Nixon campaign contributions without reporting them under the Federal Corrupt Practices Act.

Among the contributions sent to the organization was \$325,000 given to 68 different committees by the political arm of the Associated Milk Producers, Inc., a cooperative with more than 30,000 member farms in 20 states.

The contributions led to a suit filed by Ralph Nader's Public Citizens, Inc., which charged that the Nixon Administration raised government milk support prices as a payoff for the donation.

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#### *Bernard Barker:*

Known money man, conduit of funds for CIA-planned Bay of Pigs; worked with Howard Hunt, planner of the operation. April 24, \$89,000 from an unknown Mexican bank was put into Barker's account at the Republican National Bank in Miami.

Barker said that Mexican money came from Chile, where he "can't get people involved because of fear of retaliation from the socialist government in Chile." Is this the ITT money, CIA into Chile through ITT, that goes to Mexico, then Miami, then Washington?

May 8, Barker took \$89,000 cash out of the bank in \$100 bills. When arrested at Watergate Hotel, the men had \$6500 of those bills from Miami, Mexico and Chile. McCord and others at Watergate were paid from this Miami bank.

If James McCord's money, both from the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon and the Watergate Hotel robbery, is from secret funds, how can we find out if the CIA supplied the provocateurs in Washington as well as the security for the conventions?

Would any of the secret money raised by Bennett's office go into Chile, to Mexico, to Miami, to the Watergate? If so, the White House would be paying to institute martial law as in the "Squad 19" plan because of the provocations that could follow if enough people were paid in Miami.

Does a share of all tax money that goes into security, or the CIA, appear in the Nixon-Agnew fund while the Democrats have to raise their cash with barbecues and telethons?

Do "good Democrats" like Hubert Humphrey get CIA money if they are candidates?

#### 5. Communications, Radio Control

James McCord, hired for Security of the Republican National Committee, was assigned his own radio frequency on May 7, 1972.

Does the Democratic Party have *their* own radio frequency?

The Watergate arrests revealed sets of walkie-talkies. Taken from the White House desk of Howard Hunt were two walkie-talkies that could connect with the others.

After five men were arrested and four escaped, police said that "Other persons staying at the Watergate Hotel could use hotel rooms for listening posts to monitor conversations beamed by transmitters." John Mitchell lived at the Watergate Hotel. Could Martha have found men listening through the walls?

Ken Clawson, Deputy Director of Communications in the White House, was giving out interviews about Charles Colson and Howard Hunt. Did he work with these men?

Robert Odle, the man who hired McCord for Security, was staff assistant with Communications in the White House.

Howard Hunt, CIA 21 years, worked with developing and guiding media operations.

James McCord did radio operation work for the FBI 3 years.

The importance of radio and communication control at the time of martial law and the cancellation of elections is described in Stephen Rousseau's *Death of Democracy, Greece and the American Conscience*.

A *coup d'etat* was possible in Greece because all communication was limited to a few people. The regular sources were cut off, and taken by surprise.

The suit against the five arrested may charge them with "unlawful interception of wire communications" and "unlawful possession of wire devices." Is there any way the Democratic National Committee offices could be cut off in case of an emergency, whereas the Republicans, through their own radio frequency, could continue to communicate?

Methods of control by Fascists in Greece, achieved by our CIA, must be examined now.

## 6. Aliases

All nine men registered at the Watergate Hotel used names from CIA novels by Howard Hunt. They also used code names from Bay of Pigs days, and other identification. Some of the names were not revealed except to mention the fact they were used.

*Howard Hunt* — "Eduardo"; Writing pseudonyms: Robert Dietrich, John Baxter, Gordon Davis

*James McCord, Jr.* — James Martin

*Bernard Barker* — "Macho"; Frank Carter

*Frank Sturgis* — Frank Fiorini, a dozen aliases, including Joseph Hamilton; at the time of arrest, Sturgis had a birth certificate, two driver's licenses, Social Security card with the name of Joseph Hamilton.

(When James Ray, the alleged killer of Martin Luther King, left Missouri State Penitentiary April 22, 1967, he was given Social Security card 318-24-7098, alias John Larry Raynes, gift of the same CIA-FBI printing office.)

## 7. Migratory Birds, Job Changes

In the course of my research on political assassinations, I noticed a moving pattern of agents from the time of their assignments until delivery. Cross-filing the witnesses before the Warren Commission, I labeled them "Migratory Birds."

The large majority of people who testified had certain professions; living patterns. They moved into Dallas, changed occupation and housing. After the assassination, by the time they were asked to testify, they had new jobs that revealed a lot about the military-type conspiracy involved.

From that time on, I followed job changes and contacts until the shooting. Just from the brief news of the Watergate boys, it is obvious there was a shifting of positions. Here are a few samples:

*James McCord, Jr.* — Chief of Security, Langley, Virginia, CIA, for 19 years. Left in 1970. What other clients since he left? If McCord Associates not formed until November, 1971, where did he work until that time? Special 16-Man Emergency Unit for radicals; military officials said he "left there 4 months ago."

*Howard Hunt* — Worked with CIA 21 years, left same time as McCord, in 1970. Went to Mullen and Company, worked as White House consultant, every reason to believe those were still CIA jobs but he was severing from large CIA institution, like McCord. Was it for 1972 plans?

*John Mitchell* — Resigned as Attorney General to head Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon.

*Al Wong* — Was secretive when asked how long he worked for Secret Service. This is important because he supposedly hired McCord for the all-important Miami assignment, and did not investigate Louis Tackwood charges.

The time of service is important to the life of the President. Winston Lawson, responsible for Kennedy's life in Dallas, never was in charge of a trip like this before. He was only in Secret Service school at the time Kennedy was inaugurated. For his dangerous journey to Texas, Kennedy needed the best, longest, most experienced security.

*Ken Clawson* — White House aide, interviewed about Howard Hunt and others — "new in the White House" and "used to be a reporter."

*Robert Odle* — The man who hired James McCord for Security Chief of Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon. Worked in Communications with Herbert Klein from January 1969-May 1971. In 1971 he left Communications to work for Mitchell's committee.

*Bernard Barker* — Real estate office in Miami. Described as being a realtor only a year, no mention of occupation before that time. Co-partner of CIA agent Howard Hunt in Nicaragua, other countries, in Latin America.

*Frank Sturgis* — When he was arrested, he was hesitant to talk about Pan American Aluminum in Havana where he was a "part-time employee." Employed by Hampton Road Salvage Company, but on the move, in Mexico; travelled. Referred to as "soldier of fortune" which simply means being paid money by the CIA to do various jobs which we don't want to admit arranging.

## 8. Housing

There is not enough information yet on the homes or apartments these various men live in.

In all CIA work, with Oswald, Ray, Bremer, the men kept homes away from home, isolated from everyday activities. James McCord had two apartments in Miami. Was one to meet for security arrangements needed for the convention, while the other apartment arranged the provocations?

## 9. Local Police, Military, Treasury Dept., Justice Dept., FBI

### Police:

In order for a CIA operation to be successful, it must achieve desired goals without being detected. This requires planning and assistance from many law enforcement agencies and Government agents.

Louis Tackwood describes in *The Glass House Tapes* the Los Angeles Police Department, and how it plans conspiracies that will eventually lead to Fascism and a police state.

In the Watergate Affair, like all CIA activities, local police could assist by many methods. They didn't disclose the names of other men registered at the hotel, which could help find the suspects. There was a total absence of information about the Watergate Hotel staff. The FBI ordered the hotel manager "not to speak" after it was learned that his name and telephone number were with one of the men arrested.

The accounts of the arrest, and information that came as a result of the arrests, shielded the suspects. If the police and FBI were looking for members of the Black Panthers, the police would give out detailed information and have an all-out description of the missing agents.

In Dallas, Memphis, Los Angeles and Maryland, all suspects were allowed to get out of town by the local police while the FBI narrowed in one one chosen patsy for the crimes. The Watergate Affair had the same similarity.

James McCord, arrested while wearing rubber gloves with his fine dinner suit, addressed the Police Association this year on "Security." Did he give them a lesson on what to do if they get caught in the act? Police Departments are to provide security. As Tackwood illustrates, some members of police departments are allowed to create chaos.

### Military:

Every one of the five arrested at the Watergate had close contacts with branches of the military service.

James McCord, Lt. Col. in the Army Reserves, worked with the Army and Navy and on the Emergency Contingency Unit.

Bernard Barker worked with Ex-Combatientes Manuel Artime, and served in the U.S. Army in World War II.

Frank Sturgis was a Lt. Reserve in Civil Air Patrol. Named in connection with the John Kennedy assassination, along with Frank Sturgis, was David Ferrie, Civil Air Patrol. Lee Harvey Oswald, before joining the Marines, worked under Ferrie in Civil Air Patrol.

Eugenio Martinez and Virgilio Gonzales were closely as-

sociated with Fort Jackson troops, the exile Cuban veterans.

Also, Howard Hunt was in the Navy Reserves and the U.S. Army Air Corps.

And Angel Ferrer was offering Washington "direct combat troops when needed."

#### *Treasury Department:*

The Treasury Dept. is responsible for Secret Service protection.

Al Wong, Secret Service agent who hired James McCord, was described as "secretive" about his experience or length of time with the Secret Service.

Howard Hunt, "consultant to White House on Narcotics Intelligence," works through the Treasury Dept.

Larry Shears, intelligence agent for the Treasury Dept., revealed plans to kill Cesar Chavez and Eldridge Cleaver through the Narcotics Department. Evelle Younger, now Attorney General of California, named as a planner in the "Squad 19" tapes, denied the charges. If Howard Hunt and Charles Colson, who works in the "dirty tricks department" in the White House, are connected with Narcotics Intelligence, could they be part of those plans?

#### *The Justice Department and the FBI:*

There is a web that connects the CIA operations, the FBI that investigates them, and the Justice Dept. that prosecutes the selected agents.

Only carefully selected agents examine the evidence, represent the men arrested, or interview the men convicted if and when they are ever found.

The Nixon-Mitchell Justice Dept. consists of an agency that hires assassins; plants evidence against the innocent; pays informers or offers parole from narcotics or other arrests if they will lie about a suspect; creates conspiracies; designs special Tactical Squads for further repressions.

John Mitchell, after the Watergate arrests, decided to "retire." That is the style of the Nixon administration to avoid arrests. The My Lai officers, Abe Fortas, Will Wilson, General Leavelle, John Mitchell — all just step down from office.

A group of black Republicans, hoping to win Nixon Nazi smiles upon their faces, were planning a pro-Nixon dance called *Do the Nixon*. The only step they need to learn for the dance troupe is how to "step down" when the heat is on, run and get out while you are still ahead.

How can the FBI or Justice Department begin to investigate the Watergate Affair? John Mitchell and Patrick Gray III, both organizers for Nixon's presidency many long years, are not about to expose any plan to keep their power from the hands of the electorate.

## 10. Dirty Tricks

The CIA has a "dirty tricks" department. Richard Nixon has a "dirty tricks" consultant. Martha Mitchell said she witnessed "dirty tricks" that caused her to become "a political prisoner."

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Charles Colson, associate of White House consultant Howard Hunt, was described by Ken Clawson as the man who does Nixon's "dirty tricks."

The President of the United States should be above these kinds of games, but that is not the way Nixon came to power.

Colson was reported to have written a smear article about Senator Tydings of Maryland just before his last election that was printed in *Life* magazine. After Tydings lost the election, all charges were proven false, but the vote of one more member of the Senate was assured for whatever votes were needed by Nixon.

## 11. Cities and Countries

CIA conspiracies are complicated. They involve a network of cities; geographic areas that are used often for espionage agents to lose their past associations.

The Watergate Affair centers around Washington, New York, Miami, Texas and California.

Countries the agents visited were Chile, Mexico, Honduras, Nicaragua, Spain, Panama and the Dominican Republic.

## 12. Coincidences

### *Missing Link Key Shop:*

Virgilio Gonzales, arrested at the Watergate Hotel, worked as a locksmith at the Missing Link Key Shop in Miami.

The same week the five men were arrested in Washington, all keys to the convention centers for the Miami halls were stolen. Fifteen keys on one ring, removed from an attache case inside a locked room, were missing. They opened all the major locks at the convention hall complex that included three buildings.

### *"Balderdash, no conspiracy":*

Jack Anderson, who carefully ignores any facts or evidence of conspiracies that killed President John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy or Martin Luther King, put down research author Don Ritey last summer for attempting to link a high level plot of the CIA, FBI, Dallas Police, Anti-Castro Cubans, and the Syndicate.

When Frank Sturgis was arrested at the Watergate Hotel, Jack Anderson went to court immediately to vouch for his long friend and source of information. Sturgis had been questioned by the FBI about his connections to the John Kennedy murder.

The widow of Drew Pearson, Jack Anderson's former boss, could have in her husband's files important information that was passed to JFK on October 28, 1963, saying: "Cancel Dallas trip. Arrest Lee Harvey Oswald." Anderson refused to help find this memo, passed it off as "too far-fetched."

### *Blueprints and Air-Conditioning Plans:*

Bernard Barker asked architect Leonard Glass for plans of the floors, exits, entry at the Democratic Convention headquarters.

Eight months later, Bernard Barker was arrested at the Watergate Hotel after illegally entering the Democratic National Committee.

## 13. Witnesses Never Called, Questions Never Asked

The FBI, Justice Dept. and police agencies conceal clandestine witnesses and evidence that would prove conspiracies exist. Many questions important in trials or investigations are never asked.

Included in my research on cases where I believe the CIA is involved are hundreds of questions never asked — *if and when the carefully selected attorneys go to trial*. Here are a comparatively few questions about the Watergate Affair. There are dozens more that need further investigation to unravel the re-

relationship of the arrested persons to our espionage establishment.

McCord, CIA, Houston, Dorothy Berry (sister of James McCord) — Is Ms. Berry, on Board of Directors of McCord Associates, Inc., hired for security of the Republican Convention and the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon, associated in any way with any CIA foundation in Houston, such as the Hobby Foundation, the M.D. Anderson Foundation, the J.M. Kaplan Fund?

What other clients did McCord Associates serve as security services? Names, countries, contracts? What taxes were paid on those services? How many employees? If James McCord is not still CIA, he should have a large organization in order to be hired by the White House and John Mitchell.

What taxes were paid by Ameritus? Who are the actual Board of Directors, since one of the supposed signators — Hector DeLara, a Miami accountant — did not even know his name was on the incorporation papers? How long has Ameritus been in existence? For what purposes?

Hector DeLara was surprised when informed that records in Tallahassee list him as Treasurer of Ameritus. One of the firm's officers told him the group intended to hire him as Treasurer, then apparently decided against him and forgot to tell him his name was used.

Why has the FBI delayed publication of the source of the \$89,000? The money made an around-the-world trip to the Republican National Bank. If \$89,000 was sent from Chile, to Mexico, to Miami for "investment purposes," why was it used for provocateurs? Who put it into the Chilean bank?

Investment business of Bernard Barker — How many land investments and properties were transacted through the Barker real estate firm?

Which businesses of Barker and CIA Howard Hunt in Central America were legitimate "failures" — or were they all CIA fronts? Does Howard Hughes' new interests in Nicaragua have any connections to Hunt and Barker's investments?

Why does the FBI and the White House prohibit investigators from speaking with persons who could provide clues on where to find suspects?

How many more guns are in White House desks? If Howard Hunt, White House consultant, kept a weapon in his desk, how many of them are allowed?

Investigation of the break-in — The Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon "is conducting its own investigation of the alleged break-in and bugging of the Democratic National Committee Headquarters." Mr. DeVan Shumway said the "inquiry has been going on for some time." If John Mitchell, Mr. Justice Department, and Patrick Gray III, appointed by Mitchell and Nixon, can't do a good enough investigation on their own, what agencies will the Committee use to investigate?

What were the last Security jobs Al Wong, Secret Service, had before coming to the White House? How long has he been with the White House?

Is there a conflict of interest in having U.S. Attorney Titus prosecute James McCord and his friends? Titus was the author of the controversial D.C. Crime Bill of 1970, and is a known conservative. The group arrested at the Watergate had direct involvement in ways to handle "radicals." Harsh laws were put into effect after provocateurs created the circumstances supposedly necessary for them.

Frank Sturgis said he joined Bernard Barker in order to aid Cuban exiles from Spain to enter the U.S. He wanted the importation of 30,000 to 40,000 Cubans in exchange for certain services. The Cuban population in Miami and the U.S. has a greater income, more mobility and better job opportunities than blacks in Florida.

Why do we keep bringing refugees from "Communism" to the U.S. before taking care of our own? Why are the ex-Communists used and trained to turn against the blacks or students of this country? What percentage of paid CIA provocateurs are from Eastern Europe, the Middle East, and Latin America?

Did any of the Young Republicans being imported by Sturgis have contact with the organization CUSA (Conservatism U.S.A.) that helped the John Birch Society in Dallas in 1963?

Where are Larry Schmidt, Bernard Weissman, Volkmar Schmidt, Dale Davenport, Norman Baker, Larry Jones, Bill Burley, Ken Glazebrook, and the group from CUSA that were in Dallas November 22, 1963? What have they done the past 9 years?

How much contact does Claude Kirk of Florida, and his Wakenhut Organization — a private police agency, made up of retired military and FBI — have with Frank Sturgis, Bernard Barker or Michale Suarez, the head of Ameritus?

Why did Richard Helms, Chief of the CIA, and William Buckley, editor of *National Review*, recommend Howard Hunt as a White House consultant? After 21 years with the CIA, in every possible position, Hunt needed no "introduction."

It is difficult for most Americans to imagine that certain persons, even members of their own families, could have any part in a conspiracy to end the democratic process. Rationalizations for political assassinations vary. The most inclusive umbrella is the excuse that violence always existed and political systems are accustomed to murders.

This fact of violence is used to conceal *planned violence*.

Germany, like England, Italy, France, Austria and other conservative, authoritarian and militaristic ruling class, changed its political system after its World War I defeat. Behind the back of the public ruling class developed an illegal, secretive, sadistic, well-organized second government.

This group of clandestine agents moved upwards into political power systematically, strategically and secretly. They manipulated the Supreme Court, lower courts, police departments, the media and electoral processes.

Hours after their agent Adolph Hitler was "elected" into power, the team surfaced for what they really were: Fascists.

The world had never known such a large number of sadistic, cruel, inhuman things since life began on this earth.

Those Germans who realized that defeat was imminent after World War II was over, were incorporated into our State Department, FBI and the White House. They formed our CIA with their Chief of Intelligence, General Reinhard Gehlen. Richard Helms, acting head of the CIA today, is part of the original team of clandestine operatives.

The Watergate Affair gives a clear view of how that secret government was operating, their chain of command, and their determined intent to do "something with the Democrats" as well as people at the Republican Convention.

This article was completed for *The Realist* on July 11, 1972, the same day that Richard Nixon and John Mitchell wanted to put off investigation of the Watergate Affair. According to Associated Press:

"The Committee for the Re-Election of the President is worried that a hearing on a suit involved in the break-in and bugging attempt could cause 'incalculable damage' to President Nixon's campaign.

"The Committee asked U.S. District Court to postpone suit against [them] until after the November 7 election. To hear the suit before the election, the Committee said, could deter campaign workers and contributions, force disclosure of confidential information and provide the Democrats with a reason to hold a news conference."

President Lyndon Johnson passed the Civil Rights Act in

1964. Parts of that Act were violated at the time of Martha Mitchell's abduction, and in the way she was handled.

Her telephone was pulled from the wall, five men silenced her, and an unknown substance was injected into her body against her will.

As a friend of the court and a citizen, I have a right to charge that there has been a violation of her civil rights by those in responsible positions. It is in the national interest that she be permitted to talk freely before a responsible group.

We want to know what she saw. Martha Mitchell is the wife of one of the most responsible men in this nation. When she is treated in this manner, all of us are involved in having a right to know who is doing these things.

*What happened to her could happen to any of us.*

Those guilty of making her a prisoner are subject to \$10,000 fine and 10 years in prison. If a conspiracy is proven, each and every person involved in subject to the same penalties.

The national interest is involved. If the Democratic Party fails on behalf of all citizens to pursue this matter, and if they settle for a deal of silence, I shall file a Civil Rights suit myself on behalf of all United States citizens.

Free Martha Mitchell!

## American Assassins Are Not Mutations

"There is something undeniably different about the American variety. The individualism of American assassins is what Europeans, and some Americans too, find hard to grasp. In other parts of the world, political assassination is usually the result of an elaborate plot. The object is to bring about a shift of power; it is a rational exercise, even if a murderous one. No such plan appears to guide the American assassin."<sup>1</sup>

*Time Magazine, May 29, 1972*

The American assassin is a different variety than history ever produced before. This mongrel is not a pure breed Nazi but the deformed and hideous baby produced from the marriage of Nazi General Reinhard Gehlen and his mistress, Allen Dulles' CIA. It has taken a long time to recognize just what is different about this creation whose birth followed a quickie ceremony immediately after World War II.

The parents, who had helped finance Adolph Hitler's ascendancy, and the agencies still longing for revenge and war against most of mankind, changed their domicile but not their habits. The nursery moved from Germany into the United States and Jamaica. When the TV cameras turn their lens away from the crowd or the hired man who is photographed holding a weapon, the wide view screen will show the chambers of Washington, New York and Montreal where the real American assassins shall be properly identified.

Europeans and some Americans who find the explanation of our assassinations hard to grasp have not yet recognized the species. Every time we are ready to change domestic and foreign policies through the electoral process, the candidate who would effect some better changes gets smashed. Once again that "withdrawn and unemployed failure" with "no ideological basis" manages to keep us back in the 19th century. Senator George McGovern called the alleged assassins "lone sociopaths."<sup>2</sup> Any person who wishes to become President should be more familiar with the conspiratorial process.

If other parts of the world have their elaborate plots, none of them equalled our murders, attempted murders, or accidents. Master minds, experts for many years in illegal rearmament and political assassinations in Germany, combined agents and agencies with the U.S. The "Gehlen Organization" was financed by the CIA to the extent of \$200,000,000 through Allen Dulles.<sup>3</sup>

Families from Eastern Europe, Russia, and Germany, screened by Gehlen, were imported into cities over the United States,

particularly in the Southwest. Many of these people still dream of a war against Russia, or Asia, and a study of their background would quickly reveal why wars against Asians, blacks, Chicanos, natives — all non-whites — are taking place today. The use of this emigre group of Russians and Germans was essential to conceal the plot of assassinations that started in America on November 22, 1963.

The object of assassinations in other countries is for a shift in power. The object of American assassinations has been to keep the power in the same hands of those who controlled President Eisenhower and his Vice-President Richard Nixon, their selected agent.<sup>5</sup>

The murders of John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy, the accident at Chappaquiddick and the shooting of Governor George Wallace were plots to maintain control over the electoral system. Only one candidate gained from all this violence, and that was Richard Nixon and Company.<sup>6</sup>

Our American assassins, hired as decoys, are either killed or isolated in their cages. The "lone assassin" becomes an animal to be dissected by the Pentagon social scientists and psychiatrists.

Selected attorneys and privileged biographers write their histories. Soon the puppet media and other "experts" pick up the lingo and pass along misinformation as facts. While this human being is being turned into a patsy who is monitored every second and isolated until his death, a group of covert agents manufacture what are supposed to have been his motives for becoming an assassin.

That fictitious personality will be studied and is supposed to become the model of assassins America produced in the 1960's and 1970's. By legalizing murder under the title "Death Penalty," Attorney General Evelle Younger can kill his patsies on Death Row: Sirhan Sirhan, Charles Manson, and John Frazier. If these men were free to talk, they would shake American "justice" and conspiratorial processes down to their very roots.

Creating the false motives for Lee Harvey Oswald's supposed killing of President John Kennedy was a project between brilliant and ruthless individuals. Once his traits and personality could be firmly established in our minds, it would then appear possible that Oswald actually killed somebody in Dallas.

There was another purpose for creating a set pattern of personality traits to describe the assassin. This biographical profile would be used for future murders if other candidates threatened the occupant in the White House, or if it was time to kill the President again. Madame Nhu sent a message after President Kennedy was killed which stated "anything that happens in Vietnam will find its counterpart in the U.S."<sup>7</sup>

We had our own kind of Domino Theory working in our own back yard. If you believed the first time around that President Kennedy was killed by Lee Harvey Oswald, who was supposed to have been a "loner," "misfit," "rejected," "unknown," who "wanted a place in history," and that he actually fired those amazing bullets in Dealey Plaza,<sup>8</sup> you would buy the same story next time told in Los Angeles, Memphis, Maryland, or at Chappaquiddick.

Oswald supposedly inspired James Ray, alleged assassin of Martin Luther King. Both men had lived in rooming houses and liked to travel across many continents. Ray and Oswald would impress Sirhan Sirhan, alleged assassin of Robert Kennedy. Arthur Bremer, ten days before shooting Governor George Wallace, checked out two books on Sirhan and found time to leave messages for hero Oswald. Before long every candidate who opposed or challenged Richard Nixon's presidency was falling from the same bullshit instead of the bullets.

All the physical evidence used to solve crimes such as the weapons, bullets, autopsies, examination of clothing, wounds, photographs proves that a conspiracy existed in every assassination. Attention was carefully camouflaged from where it

should have been focused. Locked up for 75 years, or destroyed, altered, missing, planted and forged, evidence could be examined today to prove the plots to murder political leaders.

Instead of using all methods of criminology to solve killings or accidents, a profile of assassins was created as a diversion from actual facts. The most important ingredient towards the success of concealing American conspiracies was to make the cover story sound good and repeat it so often that nobody followed up the source of the information.

The Gehlen Operation, master spy outfit for Hitler's hot war against Eastern Europe and the USSR, moved many of their agents via Allen Dulles's CIA into the Dallas-Fort Worth-Houston area. Most of the emigrés had large oil and land holdings taken from their families and hoped to return and claim what the Bolsheviks took away from them. Members of the Solidarists, members of Vlassov's Army of Liberation against the USSR, and Nazi war criminals were moved into Texas and the Southwest long before John Kennedy was assassinated.<sup>9</sup>

George DeMohrenschildt, Lee Oswald's closest friend in Dallas, came from a family where his "father was Director of the Nobel Oil Interests in Minsk Province. He was the elected representative of the landowners to the government of Czarist Russia."<sup>10</sup>

John J. McCloy, member of the Warren Commission, was the attorney for Rockefeller's Standard Oil and represented the refineries of the "Nobel family's giant Caucasian oil fields" that had been taken by the Bolsheviks.<sup>11</sup> (At the time of the assassination of President Kennedy, DeMohrenschildt was employed by Lyndon Johnson's friends Brown and Root, largest constructors for Vietnam contracts.)

Conduits of funds for the transfer of emigré groups into the United States from Eastern Europe or the Middle East were through organizations such as the Tolstoy Foundation, the Greek Orthodox Church, and other DIA and CIA front organizations.<sup>12</sup>

Members of a close-knit emigré group in Texas that quickly adopted Marina Oswald as their own were named by the Warren Report as the "Russian Speaking Community." These people were the ones who were to provide the Warren Commission with the thinking habits and personality profile of Lee Harvey Oswald. Many of those persons in the Dallas-Fort Worth area were part of a large espionage activity. Most of them were closely identified with defense and warfare factories, oil exploration, or worked directly with government agencies.

When the guns of November 22, 1963 went off, thirty emigré canaries, plus a few Americans directly connected with Nazi General Walter Dornberger at Bell Aerospace, and Marina Oswald, wife of Lee Harvey Oswald, were singing for the news media and the Warren Commission. These were the people whose testimony the Warren Report quoted, which was false information. Nothing these people said about Oswald had any basis in fact. Nobody questioned the source of their fabrications and outright lies. No members of the Warren Commission attended hearings from the Russian Community except for the testimony given by Marina Oswald and Kathryn Ford.

The Warren Commission staff and lawyers who took testimony which should have been important in solving the Dallas conspiracy were mysteries themselves. How they were selected for their job with the Warren Commission is such a secret process that even this information is locked into the National Archives for 75 years and marked "national security."<sup>13</sup>

There was no cross examination of witnesses with conflicting testimony. A set of agreements was arranged on which questions would be asked, and each witness speaking against Lee Harvey Oswald carefully filled his requirements. Perjury, falsehoods, outright lies were accepted without proof and left unexamined. The Warren Report then used this kind of testimony as the basis for concluding that Oswald was mentally capable of shooting

John Kennedy, even though the rifle found behind some boxes wasn't. Oswald never owned a rifle or saw the so-called assassination weapon in his life.

My interest in Lee Harvey Oswald started November 24, 1963. Oswald said he was a "patsy" and that he "did not kill President Kennedy." Was Jack Ruby hired to kill Oswald in order to silence the truth and to prevent Oswald from revealing information about the murders in Dallas?

The Warren Report was supposed to summarize evidence and testimony pertaining to the murders of President John Kennedy, Officer J.D. Tippit, and Lee Harvey Oswald; 26 volumes titled *Hearings Before the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy* were published and contained the exhibits and testimony upon which the Warren Report was based. Allen Dulles, another member of the infamous Warren Commission, thought it would be safe to print all the evidence and documents because "I don't think anybody would pay attention to it to begin with."<sup>14</sup>

That old spy master was wrong because many of us did pay attention to the wide discrepancies that existed between the Warren Report and the evidence contained in the *Commission Hearings*. For eight years I examined those differences and came to the conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald was an agent of Navy Intelligence and then the FBI. Other researchers, working independently and thousands of miles apart from each other, came to these same conclusions based upon the actual evidence in the case.

There were two profiles of Lee Harvey Oswald. One was created by the select group in Texas of emigrés and government employees that the Warren Report quoted and passed off as the truth. The other Oswald, pieced together from all kinds of sources in the 26 volumes, and gathered from witnesses other than a chosen few in contact with Oswald for different reasons, gave the impression of a talented, skilled, disciplined, educated, and capable person.

What I considered factual were service records, testimony of his officer in the Marines, State Department papers, contacts with top CIA officials in the USSR, job applications, a letter of resignation (which is different than being "fired"), certificate of special training in radar, electronics, photographic skills, Russian language tests and proof of learning abilities, college applications and acceptances, intelligent correspondence with the Navy and important public officials, FBI contacts in Texas and New Orleans, access to passports and special favors, funding by the State Department, arrangements provided by the Treasury Department, cancelled pay checks and continuous funding associated with Government employment, proof of being coached in legal rights, and Oswald's connections with U-2 flights over the USSR.

Oswald was not rejected by the society in which he lived. He received special favors in the Marines, being relieved of duty while meeting with secret persons. His discharge was honorable from the service. His entry from Helsinki into the USSR was speeded up in an "unusual" hurry. Housing and finances in the USSR were superior to that of anyone around him. All waivers were passed, breaking particular stipulations in the State Department, to allow his Russian wife speedy entry into the U.S.

Lee and Marina stayed at the best hotels, were met by VIP at the New York harbor, were taken to their hotel, airport in limousines. Oswald had special privileges, traveled in the USSR without passes, received an immediate passport renewal in the U.S. in June 1963, and proved that with every gesture he made somebody was catering to his wishes, rather than rejecting his plans.

Research indicated that Lee Oswald was not without friends in the U.S. or in the USSR. All of his contacts and associations were with persons hired by war criminal Walter Dornberger, with two

other men who had been suspected of being Nazis during World War II,<sup>15</sup> medical students, lawyers, doctors, oil engineers, accountants, professional people, professors, employees of space and defense industries. There was a chain of command from the time of his arrival in Fort Worth in June 1962 that took care of introductions, jobs, housing, placements, assignments. All of this had the earmarks of a very complicated and successful intelligence operation.

Code names used in the USSR between Lee and Marina Oswald were duplicated between agents in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Important proofs of conspiracies in Dallas existed and were bound into the 26 volumes of *Hearings* which the FBI and investigating teams never bothered to examine.

The unhappy marriage between Lee and Marina that the *Warren Report* keeps using as a possible motive for Oswald's behavior was actually no wedding at all. This union had all the appearances of a convenience between two espionage agents. Their engagement followed three public meetings and only after Oswald's papers were being prepared for his return to the United States. No member of Marina's family attended the ceremony even though they were walking distance away.

Three weeks before John Kennedy and Lee Oswald were murdered, Agent J. Hosty of the FBI was offering Marina Oswald "protection" and told her she could remain in the United States and "defect from the USSR."<sup>16</sup> Marina was here on a temporary visa. It would be interesting to find out how the FBI takes over State Department decisions and makes such offers. Oswald objected to the FBI visits with his wife and Ruth Paine, and suspected the "notorious FBI."<sup>17</sup> Within a very short time, Marina was receiving protection and citizenship in the United States and Lee Oswald was buried at Arlington cemetery.

There is a clear distinction between assassins or alleged assassins being "alone" and being "loners." Clandestine operations require secrecy and the kind of persons attracted to these jobs have spent many years of their childhood or life alone. When Col. Edward Lansdale went to North Vietnam to contaminate oil supplies he didn't take his wife or family.

Men on assignments remove themselves for one year or more before their actual work proceeds. Relatives, parents, wives, girl friends, brothers, all sources of contacts are locked out of this private world for obvious reasons. Being alone is a necessity for certain heads of state, espionage agents, masters of war and deceit as well as their selected and paid employees.

Nobody gets close to Henry Kissinger for the same reasons that Lee Oswald, James Ray, Sirhan Sirhan, and Arthur Bremer remained semi-isolated. Important to the success of plots and conspiracies is the ability to lose the chain of command and all contacts related to the plans.

My research project consisted in separating the origin of negative statements made about Lee Harvey Oswald by that select group of 30 people in Dallas-Fort Worth and comparing them to all evidence that indicated these persons were obviously coached and not telling the truth. A small homogeneous set of persons, identical in backgrounds, interests, political philosophy, similar in goals and memories, related to oil industries and warfare employments were the associates of Marina and Lee Oswald. When Lee was killed, they provided the motive for the *Warren Report* which would be used over and over again for any other conspiracies and assassinations.

Allen Dulles, former chief of the CIA, was removed from that agency by President Kennedy following the Bay of Pigs "invasion" of Cuba. John Foster Dulles and brother Allen had controlled the State Department and cold war policies of the White House for eight long years.

Insane and genocidal decisions were backed up and put into effect by our international police, armies, and the CIA. Many heads of other governments were blown off to keep their

economics and institutions under control of the United States.

When newly elected President John Kennedy indicated that he was not taking orders from some other invisible government then it was time for him to be assassinated.

Following the murder of President Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson immediately appointed Allen Dulles as a member of the commission to investigate the killing of Kennedy. With Dulles' CIA agents placed over the United States, and Gehlen's Eastern European and German agents nestled in Fort Worth, Dallas, Houston and New Orleans, these persons could be useful to provide the smokescreen for the Warren Commission.

The first witness called to testify before the Warren Commission was Marina Oswald, widow of Lee Harvey Oswald. Without the testimony of Marina, there would be no possible way of associating Lee Oswald with the Dallas murder evidence. Marina supplied false information and lied to the Commission.

Before her testimony started on Feb. 3, 1964, she had contradicted herself continuously in 40 previous FBI interviews. Her testimony could have been proven incorrect in ten minutes if members of the Commission had examined exhibits and documents that were in their possession at that time.

Chief Justice Earl Warren helped Marina along when her memory failed. Using the old card trick of selection by elimination, Earl forced Marina to identify a picture of General Walker's home supposedly among Lee's possessions when earlier she insisted she never saw that picture before in her life.<sup>18</sup>

David Belin, attorney for the Warren Commission, wrote Chief Counsel J. Lee Rankin that Marina Oswald should have a polygraph test because "a substantial portion of key testimony by Marina is not subject to ordinary tests of credibility." Belin also suggested that if a polygraph test was *not given*, and if Marina "had not been truthful in her testimony, it could throw an entirely new light on aspects of the investigation."<sup>19</sup>

It was my research into the fabrications from Marina Oswald and the Russian Community that led me to know the entire investigation must be explained and understood for what it was, a cover-up for an elaborate conspiracy to kill President Kennedy and for future assassinations.

Allen Dulles came to the first meeting of the Warren Commission with a paperback book for the members. He explained this book would set the tone for their investigation and that if read, they would see a compilation of traits ascribed to previous assassins.

"It is a fascinating book, but you'll find a pattern running through here that I think we'll find in this present case."<sup>20</sup>

The espionage expert also suggested that he be the one who would collect all the witness testimony about why Oswald would want to kill the President. None of the Warren Commission meetings went into actual evidence or matters of criminology. Their sole concern was to kill rumors, create motives, and find reasons that could be explained. All this was to be completed before elections in 1964.

Witness testimony would be accumulated by Allen Dulles for the *Warren Report*. All the *Report* would quote or publish was from that select few persons and not the wide range of testimony that contradicted Dulles' agents.

"I have seen together 20 or 30 items in various reports, these can be pulled together. I found a dozen or more statements of the various people as to *why they thought he did it, or what his character was, or what his aim* and so forth that goes into *motives*. Regarding previous assassinations, there is a pattern that runs through. It is rather interesting. I have been studying that a good bit myself."<sup>21</sup>

It was quite a surprise to read witness testimony and learn that many people Dulles quoted for the *Warren Report* on why they

"thought Oswald did it" never met Lee Harvey Oswald in their lives. Other persons saw him once and never spoke to him. Many of these people, working in warfare industries, were meeting alone with Marina Oswald who was feeding them this information against her own husband.

There are similarities between Oswald, Sirhan, Ray and Bremer, over 35 that I could list, but none has anything to do with personality traits or habits. Rather, in each assassination there were more bullets fired than were located in the victims and at the scene of the crime than the alleged weapons could discharge. Bullets recovered from the victims did not match the alleged weapons. All other suspects were released immediately. "No conspiracy" was announced within hours of the shootings, even when there was no suspect after the killing of Martin Luther King.

The creation of the motive for assassinations in America was so important that Allen Dulles took control of this matter at the first meeting of the Warren Commission. When testimony was taken from 552 witnesses, Marina Oswald was given first honors. She proceeded to discredit her husband, even when she had to lie to do it. Nobody ever wrote about her motives for offering the Commission the testimony they wanted you to believe. Considering what she had before, and received in exchange, it is obvious that her testimony should have been challenged.

The most important ingredient in the entirely phony *Warren Report* was going to be the study of an assassin's personality. Therefore it was little wonder that New York attorney Louis Nizer's introduction to the *Warren Report* would be nothing but a continuous blast against Lee Oswald's mental derangement. If you believed what Mr. Nizer said was factual about Oswald, then information that followed in the *Warren Report* would not have to be challenged or examined.

Conspiracies and plots to control elections in the United States were aided and protected by the Supreme Court, judges, lawyers, and the carefully selected legal staff. Hitler's lies, cover murders, and political assassinations were also concealed by his Supreme Court and justices.<sup>22</sup>

Chief Justice Earl Warren accepted his responsibility to head the Warren Commission because of Lyndon Johnson's argument that "millions of people would be killed in an atomic war if he didn't dispel these rumors." On the basis of this being "more important" than a war, Warren accepted his job and covered truth for Lyndon Johnson.<sup>23</sup>

The war that actually started from the time that John Kennedy was killed was against blacks, Chicanos, youth and the electoral system among other things. It was also against Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, Greece and other countries we helped overthrow to establish military dictatorships. Protecting the real assassins so long has made the way for air war escalations, slaughters of natives, famines, legalized Fascism in Greece, recognition of military dictatorships whenever possible.

These conspiracies brought us Warren Burger with his desire to do away with trial by jury if and when that New Constitution goes into effect,<sup>24</sup> Patrick Gray III who closes conspiracy cases when the Federal Government is involved,<sup>25</sup> Richard Helms' new powers in the White House even though he is the protégé of Dulles and Gehlen, and his agents are used for political assassinations, Henry Kissinger, Richard Kleindest, William Rehnquist, John Connally, Evelle Younger, Ronald Reagan, and more to come after elections in 1972.

There is a plan that guides the American assassins and every person connected to that plan in some way moves higher into positions of power which should be questioned on the basis of facts connected to the murders.

By using Louis Nizer's name and asking him to write the introduction to the *Warren Report*, more prestige and authority would pad the document. The flimsy evidence would be ignored, hopefully, with that opening persuasion and emotional pitch about poor Lee Harvey Oswald. The anger and embellishments

Nizer threw into this section went way beyond the hatred mouthed by the Russian exiles and defense department agents. Nizer pointed out Lee's weaknesses, impotence, hatred of the rich, resentment of authority, poor marital relations, desire to be famous, aggressions and hostilities, frustrations, neurosis and loner's pattern.

How ironic that every adjective used by Nizer was provided by that select group of emigrés, Lee's wife, and the defense department employees. Albert Jenner, attorney for the Warren Commission, referred to this group as a "cast of characters who touched the lives of Lee Oswald and Marina Oswald."<sup>26</sup> A few of them had definitely touched Marina Oswald, but never Lee.

To write this strong introcution Nizer was quoting from a handful of people and never verified the source of his information. This was one huge psychodrama where the stakes were high and the cover story had to hold all the loose pieces together. The total effect would be to sell for all time the profile of the assassin to explain the Dallas murders and any others that would follow. The script for the conspiracies, which was not supposed to get title credits, was written by Allen Dulles and Richard Helms of the CIA, and J. Edgar Hoover's Division V of the FBI. Song and dance men like Nizer and Warren, with legal costumes, distracted from what was really taking place.

There was a strange twist of fate in asking Louis Nizer to help write the account of our American assassins. In 1944 Nizer belonged to a group called "The Society for the Prevention of World War III." This organization of several thousand members was dedicated to the prevention of all future wars by "whittling down Germany's war potential in all fields of activity." Remembering how the Nazi "experts" developed meticulous gas chambers, there was an interest to limit future war-making machinery and immigration into the United States.<sup>27</sup>

Twenty years later, in 1964, Louis Nizer was being used by the Warren Commission and actually quoted the very persons he had feared would start World War III some day. The importation of certain persons allowed former Nazi war criminals to conduct World War III on Asian soil.

The 30 year's war being waged in the name of Peace has been a continuation of experimentation with weapons and oppressions transferred from Germany into the United States. The power to escalate this global conflict became possible by the continual murder of political candidates who stood in the way of the war machine mentality.

The time has come to stop feeling safe when the Justice Department tells you there was "no conspiracy" while you watched your candidate being slain. Everybody in the nation knows that Ted Kennedy would be killed by the same persons who murdered his brothers if he wanted to be President or if you wanted him to be your President. Lee Harvey Oswald is dead and Sirhan Sirhan is in San Quentin, and neither of these men killed John Kennedy or Robert Kennedy.

The "climate of violence" does not encourage or breed assassins. This excuse conceals the real assassins and allows plots and conspiracies to increase. When attention is focused away from all the falsehoods that conceal conspiracies and plots by calling attention to personality motives, our American mutant will then be studied for what he is.

Hopefully, the alleged assassins who are still alive will be taken to a safe place, offered amnesty and safety so that they can tell us the truth about the persons who hired them to shoot a weapon at the scenes of the crimes, even if they did not kill.

1. Some day an entire book will be written about the part played by *Time* and *Life* in protecting conspirators. Their diversion away from evidence in the plots to the alleged assassins' families and personalities served only one purpose, to divert from the truth about the assassinations.

2. *Los Angeles Free Press*, June 1972, Interview with Ivan Dryer

3. E.H. Cookridge, *Gehlen, Spy of the Century*, Random House, New York, 1972

4. Ibid., P. 51
5. National Security Council on Foreign Relations. The Council on Foreign Relations must make all major decisions on American investments, enemies, sources of oil, resources, power. The National Security Council sends its agents, via CIA and other agencies, to put these decisions and "necessities" into effect.
6. How Nixon gained from the assassinations, attempted assassination, and accident at Chappaquiddick:
  - A. Nixon lost election to President Kennedy in 1960  
Penn Jones Jr., *Forgive my Grief*, Volume III, Page 85  
Description of Hoover, Nixon, home of Murchison Nov. 21, 1963.  
Nixon close with Texas group associated with the assassination; having Lyndon Johnson as President was not losing control of the White House decisions. Nov. 24, 1963, the war was ready to escalate in Vietnam. Nixon, Connally, Johnson, Hoover, Dulles, Helms could work very well together.
  - B. Martin Luther King assassination  
James Ray said "King had to be killed in an election year," *Look Magazine*, 11-22-68.  
The riots that followed King's death made unknown Agnew prominent and ripe for "law and order" candidate.  
Pappas Foundation, CIA, Greek oil money told Nixon if he wanted to be President and have their financing, he would select Agnew as Vice-President. King's death responsible for Agnew's selection and for Nixon's financial backing he needed to run.
  - C. Robert Kennedy  
Nixon had close competition for White House control, Kennedy chances good of winning.  
By killing him on primary victory eve, the electoral process was under control again. Humpty Dumpty, if he won, would have been easier to manage than JFK or LBJ.
  - D. Ted Kennedy  
In 1969 political poll watchers realized Ten Kennedy was the only person likely to give Richard Nixon a difficult contest in 1972. By giving him an espionage treatment identical to Otto John's in Germany, where he was discredited without being killed, Nixon's opposition was eliminated early and would not be associated with the electoral process.
  - E. George Wallace  
The Southern Strategy of John Mitchell and Nixon did not anticipate populist vote appeal of Wallace, or that Nixon would lose votes in Maryland, Michigan, other states to Wallace. Even though it was close to election time, he was supposed to be killed.
7. NBC Television Network, NBC News, *Seventy Hours and Thirty Minutes*, Random House, New York, 1966, page 100.
8. E.B. Cutler, *Two Flightpaths*, Mirror Press, Danvers, Mass, 1971  
Josiah Thompson, *Six Seconds in Dallas*, Bernard Geis Associates, 1967  
Both these books are on the bullets and cross fire, the proof that Oswald's weapon did not kill President Kennedy.
9. Clarence Lasby, *Project Paperclip*, Atheneum, New York, 1971 p. 33, 78, 113.
10. Testimony of George DeMohrenschildt, 168 H IX
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## How Nixon Actually Got Into Power

The rise of Adolph Hitler and Fascism in Germany was carefully planned.

It began with the illegal rearmament of a covert army following defeat in World War I, which was an intentional, secretive breaking of the Versailles Treaty disarmament agreements. American munition manufacturers and industrialists aided the clandestine military leaders of Germany in their rearmament.

Over **FOUR HUNDRED POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS** of legitimate government officials from various agencies in Germany took place during that period. These murders were necessary for the desired power and position the hidden German government needed.

German law courts, plus their *Supreme Court*, assisted the growing military regime from 1920-1933. Two governments, one official and legal, one clandestine and secretive, existed side by side, Hitler, front man and leader of the illegal armies, mistaken for comical by the intellectuals, was administered the oath as Chancellor of the German Reich January 30, 1933.<sup>1</sup>

The rise of Richard Nixon in the United States was carefully planned.

An illegal attitude toward the Versailles Treaty allowed American financiers to feed and support Germany's illegal rearmament. An illegal attitude toward the Geneva Accord was also approved by Dwight Eisenhower for Indochina in 1945.<sup>2</sup>

A study of our State Department and espionage establishment reveals that we had clandestine, secret armies functioning both abroad and in the United States.<sup>3</sup>

Hundreds of political assassinations related to minority races, labor leaders, spokesman against Fascism have taken place in the U.S. since World War II. In 1963 the political assassination of President John Kennedy in Dallas became necessary for our own hidden, clandestine government to maintain control. The candidate for President in 1968, Robert Kennedy, was murdered by the same people on the night of his victory in election primaries.

United States law courts, plus the Supreme Court, have supported this clandestine government and military regime by lending their name to the concealment of the conspiracies to murder our leaders. They refuse to examine documents that exist, allow truth to remain locked in the National Archives on the basis of the big lie, "national security."

Richard Nixon, front man and leader of this illegal government, mistaken for comical by the intellectuals, was administered the oath of President of the United States on January 20, 1969.

Military and industrial fanatics felt deprived and defeated when John Kennedy would not make war with the Soviet Union as late as 1961. E.M. Dealey, militant publisher of the *Dallas News*, told President Kennedy, "We need a man on horseback to lead this nation. Too many people in Texas and the Southwest think you are riding Caroline's tricycle."<sup>4</sup>

Two years later, in Dealey Plaza, John Kennedy was murdered.

He feared the hidden government behind his back, publicly stating he wanted "to splinter the CIA in a thousand pieces and scatter it to the winds."<sup>5</sup> The day our President was murdered, the streets of Dallas were filled with posters and handbills proclaiming him a traitor. This was the same motivation for illegal assassinations and killings in pre-Nazi, and Nazi Germany.<sup>6</sup>

The Warfare State was set free, following November 22, 1963, to show its ugly face. The war in Asia began to escalate, with no noticeable provocations, only *three weeks after* the murder of President Kennedy.<sup>7</sup>

John Foster Dulles was U.S. Secretary of State from 1953-1959. Before and following these years heading the State Department, this public servant wielded tremendous power and influence with the military and industrial monopolies of power and wealth in the world. He was the architect of "containing Communism."<sup>8</sup> Mr. Dulles confided, "President Eisenhower surrendered all his power to me." In 1956 he said, "Don't bother about what the President said. I write what he says."<sup>9</sup> The State Department was "in my hat." You did not have to rely on the department or its bureaucracy.<sup>10</sup>

His brother, Allen Dulles, headed our spy agency formerly known as the OSS. As long as John Foster Dulles was Secretary of State, Allen Dulles had no need to "chafe under political control." Both brothers "placed Supreme confidence in their personal judgments." They were completely trusted and were able to act at will and "shielded from any unpleasant consequences."<sup>11</sup>

Adolph Hitler declared war in 1941. By 1942 Allen Dulles was moved to Switzerland for the purpose of rounding, up and importing to the United States, German "specialists." *Two years before the war ended*, or its fate was decided, the United States was making arrangements for Nazi scientists, arms experts to come to our democracy (for which the boys were fighting and dying at that moment).<sup>12</sup>

From 1945 until 1952 the U.S. military brought over 642 alien "specialists" and their families from Nazi Germany. They were known collectively by the code name "paperclip." German missile and rocket experts, munition makers, war experts were carefully selected and located into aerospace programs, war industries, armament factories, defense and warfare manufacturing.<sup>13</sup>

Violent anti-communist fears by the military and munition makers justified the exchange for a once democratic nation into the Fascist state we have today. Members of the Nazi party now hold key positions in our universities, factories, aircraft and aerospace programs.<sup>14</sup> When the Nazi empire collapsed in 1945, ex-Nazi General Reinhard Gehlen joined forces with our OSS. Gehlen was placed in charge of wartime intelligence for Foreign Armies East. "It was not long before Gehlen was back in business, this time for the United States. Gehlen named his price and terms."<sup>15</sup> A series of meetings was arranged at the Pentagon with Nazi Gehlen, Allen Dulles, J. Edgar Hoover and others.<sup>16</sup> The Gehlen organization combined forces and agents with the OSS, which was soon to become known as the CIA. *Experts in clandestine and illegal control of Germany through political assassinations and reversal of judicial processes became the new teachers for Allen Dulles and Richard Helms.* They helped form the new CIA in 1947, based upon clandestine activities in Nazi Germany.<sup>17</sup>

Espionage networks were supposedly to spy out secrets of other nations. Instead they have secretly engaged in clandestine political actions, stirred revolts, overthrown governments and attempted to bring about political change.

The method of maintaining billion dollar war machines and related armament and aircraft factories requires controlling people, political leaders, and otherwise legal governmental agencies. The Communist scare, hot war and cold war propaganda, would continue to manipulate the majority of the people. This scare was the brainchild of the Fascist strategist.

Enter Richard Milhous Nixon.

He applied to serve in the FBI following graduation from law school. No answer followed. When World War II was declared, Nixon requested sea duty and was assigned to the South Pacific Combat Air Transport Command.<sup>18</sup> Nixon's fifteen months in the South Pacific ended when he was transferred to Fleet Air Wing 8 at Alameda, California, and from there was assigned *on special orders* to the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics. The Navy assigned him to "winding up" active contracts with such aircraft firms as Bell and Glenn Martin.<sup>19</sup>

As a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy, Richard Nixon's next task was that of "negotiating settlements" of *terminated war contracts* in the Bureau of Aeronautics Office at 50 Church Street, New York City.<sup>20</sup>

That year was 1945, when importation proceedings began for the 642 Nazi rocket and aerospace experts and scientists from Germany to the U.S. Through the "generosity of the Guggenheim Foundation they obtained a suitable site — a huge medieval castle, built by financier Jay Gould on a 160-acre estate at Sands Point, Long Island. Here the Germans began work on a secret project for the Navy's Office of Research and Inventions."<sup>21</sup>

April, May, June and July, 1945 — worldwide attention fell upon German atrocities. From Belsen, Nordhausen, Buchenwald, and Dachau came stories of slaughter and grotesque medical research conducted in the name of science. Public opinion polls gave no evidence of generous feelings toward any group in the German population. But opinions do not automatically create policy.<sup>22</sup>

By 1945 the armed services accepted the Nazi's skills and mentality as indispensable to our military power. Young advisors could not fully appreciate the concern about clandestine maneuvers after World War I, and were not alarmed by the devastation and destruction of the Third Reich. They looked upon the German scientists with excitement and anticipation.<sup>23</sup> The Department of Navy was the first to act upon the importation process.<sup>27</sup>

States to benefit economically from the influx of munition makers, rocket and space industries, warfare hardware were based in the South and Southwest. Segregated, racist states were natural habitats for imported Germans. Cold war propaganda, perpetuated by hatred of the Soviet Union and much of Asia, was financed and fostered for the most part in Florida, Louisiana, Georgia, Ohio, Texas, Alabama, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and California.

The same mentality that allowed genocidal, inhuman slaughters on the continent of Europe built machinery to extend pain and warfare in Southeast Asia.

Richard Nixon was in New York, serving the Navy, the summer that importation plans started going into effect. He soon moved to Maryland where a very important telegram was to arrive. "He wanted to get out of the service, but there was the great question, 'What now?' While he pondered his alternatives, events and circumstances were deciding the question for him. A telegram was the instrument of fate."<sup>28</sup>

In August, 1945 a Committee of One Hundred men located in California placed an advertisement in 26 newspapers:

**WANTED —** Congressman candidate with no previous political experience to defeat a man who has represented the district in the House for ten years. Any young man, resident of district, preferably a veteran, fair education, no political strings or obligations and possessed of a few ideas for betterment of country at large may apply for the job. Applicants will be reviewed by 100 interested citizens who will guarantee support but will not obligate the candidate in any way.<sup>26</sup>

That ad was typical, a covert method of pretending this was an open contest for office. Richard Nixon, located in Maryland, still in the Navy, received a telephone call from Herman

Realist

Perry. "Are you a Republican and are you available?" were the two questions asked of Nixon.<sup>27</sup>

Herman Perry was Vice-President of Bank of America<sup>28</sup>— which was soon on its way to becoming the largest private bank in the world. By 1960, one hundred top corporations were spending \$21-billion for military goods. In California alone, fully half of all jobs related directly or indirectly on the continuance of the arms race.<sup>29</sup>

Richard Nixon, poor, from an unknown family, absent from the California scene for many formative years during law school and military service, was selected to represent old guard California Republicans who picked him to run for Congress.<sup>30</sup> He was called upon to serve the strategists.

Nixon was "recognized."

Significant to the political escalation of Richard Nixon from Senator to Vice-President was the Alger Hiss case. The Hiss case was to Nixon what the Reichstag fire was to Hitler. Both were dramatic lies planned and executed by the clandestine strategists.

Parallels to Germany strategy — assassinations, destruction of evidence, distortion of evidence to discredit legitimate public servants — existed precisely in America.<sup>31</sup> In 1934 Alger Hiss was legal counsel for the Senate Nye Committee. This group was set up for the purpose of *INVESTIGATING ILLEGAL REARMAMENT PRACTICES*.<sup>32</sup> During those years Hiss was antagonizing American industrial and banking giants. Germany was illegally rearming. It became necessary to discredit any persons such as Hiss who were interested in peace, working for legitimate peaceful alternatives.

Whittaker Chambers made a point of becoming acquainted with Alger Hiss in 1934. At that time, some considered Chambers to be a German spy.<sup>33</sup> Using techniques of imported masters of espionage, plans were being made at that time to discredit Alger Hiss. By waiting several years, Hiss could be strategically occupied in various Government services. John Foster Dulles was instrumental in placing Hiss as head of the Carnegie Foundation, a group associated with peace and the United Nations.

Attacks on Hiss started in 1941, attempting to associate him with Communists, exploded into a time bomb in 1948. The total effect in delaying the smear was to discredit an era. Richard Nixon became recipient of the efforts. The reputation of Roosevelt, the New Deal, Dumbarton Oaks Conference, United Nations and Truman's administration all became tinted "red." Joe McCarthy entered this milieu and expressed fears that had been fomented in lies.

Richard Nixon had always served his masters by employing fear and hysteria. His original campaigns against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Douglas were *unfounded red smears*. That is the only way he operates.

## The Parts Left Out of Laugh-In

When Jack Margolis, co-author of *A Child's Garden of Grass* and columnist for the *Los Angeles Free Press*, was a staff writer for TV's *Laugh-In*, he submitted the following sketch for the Dirty Old Man and the Prudish Old Woman on the park bench:

*Tyrone*: Ah, my little fawn, my little woodland nymph . . . Tears of joy are welling in my heart because I'm so glad to see you.

*Gladys*: Fuck off, Tyrone, and keep your stinking hands off my breasts or I'll kick you in your stupid balls.

*Tyrone*: Look, you ugly bitch . . . the only reason I'm coming on to you is in the hope that I'll eventually be able to pee on your mangy hair. Now knock off the bullshit or I'll poke your little button eyes out with my cane.

*Gladys*: Look, you old fart, I've got a police whistle secreted in my asshole and I'll blow the hell out of it unless you split, creep.

*Tyrone (exiting)*: Fuck it. I'll go home, pull my pud, and come on my picture of Teresa Brewer.

One of the clues to covert smears is the common mishandling of evidence. For 8½ years I have studied carefully the evidence associated with the murder of John Kennedy. Bullets, clothing, weapons, X-rays, photographs, car interior, autopsy reports, cameras, street sign, curb, lamppost, clothing of John Connally, diaries, FBI documents, CIA reports and State Department papers were either burned, airborne to Michigan and destroyed, altered, planted, missing or locked up.<sup>37</sup>

Evidence to prove covert murder of Robert Kennedy is "locked up for seventy five years."<sup>38</sup>

What happened to the *lone piece of evidence* in the Alger Hiss case that was important to his conviction, the famous Woodstock typewriter? Because Richard Nixon said his "name, reputation and career" were linked to this case, he will tell you about the typewriter himself:

Richard Nixon, *My Six Crises*

Doubleday and Company, Inc.

Garden City, New York 1962 \$5.95, page 59

"A massive search was initiated for the key 'witness' in the case, the old Woodstock typewriter on which Chambers said Mrs. Hiss had typed the incriminating documents. On December 13, FBI agents found the typewriter. The same day I appeared before the Grand Jury with the microfilm."

For \$5 less, and six years later, you can buy the same story, by the same author, without the typewriter.

Richard Nixon, *My Six Crises*

Pyramid Books, 95c, page 64

"A massive search was initiated for the key 'witness' in the case, the old Woodstock typewriter on which Chambers said Mrs. Hiss had typed the incriminating documents. On December 13, FBI agents were unable to find the typewriter, but they did find some old letters which Priscilla Hiss admitted having typed on the Woodstock."

At this point, Nixon added a footnote blaming the "press, who were busy in those tense days and there were several rumors behind the closed doors of the Grand Jury. One reporter said the typewriter was found, but actually it was not found until several months later."

Even with the above explanation, Nixon still does not inform the reader that the Woodstock typewriter was found not by the 35 FBI agents several months later who were turning Washington upside-down searching for it. The typewriter was actually found by Donald Hiss and his own investigators, and presented by Alger Hiss at the first trial as an exhibit for the defense.

The chief prosecutor of the Alger Hiss case, Richard Nixon, trying to pin a conspiracy or Communist label on Hiss, could not write his own book correctly about the key evidence used against him. This kind of smear and investigation was going to be used as the excuse for elevating Nixon into the role of Vice-President of the United States. Allen Dulles and John Foster Dulles would control all State Department policies and espionage activities for the President.

There was another observation regarding the famous Woodstock typewriter. Robert Kennedy, as Attorney General of the United States in 1962, was making a "recent check and finds the FBI never had the Woodstock typewriter". Writing to Meyer Zelig about this matter, Claude Cross mentioned, "In my mind there is a mystery connected with this typewriter and its whereabouts from the period just prior to the trial."<sup>39</sup>

Why was Robert Kennedy searching for this important evidence, the link in the Nixon saga? Were the Kennedys getting ready to investigate Richard Nixon's pieces of planted evidence used for purposes of slander and red-baiting?

Three of Alger Hiss' friends who could have changed the tide of history — Harry Dexter White, Walter Marvin Smith and

Lawrence Guggan—were found dead shortly after having contact with our FBI.<sup>37</sup> When the covert government creates its plot, in Germany or in the United States, nobody stands in their way.

Isaac Don Levine is the man who took Whittaker Chambers "by the arm," a reluctant Chambers, and arranged the meetings where he would begin to smear Alger Hiss.<sup>38</sup> It was no coincidence that the same Isaac Don Levine would be meeting with Marina Oswald, widow of Lee Harvey Oswald, immediately following the murder of President Kennedy. They were in a huddle to exchange money for squeezing a "communist" story out of a CIA plot.<sup>39</sup> Levine served Richard Nixon's career faithfully and many times through the years.

"This fellow Levine is in contact with Marina to break the story up a little more graphic manner and tie it into a Russian business, and it is with the thought and background of a Russian connection, conspiracy concept."

—John J. McCloy  
Minutes of Warren Commission Meetings  
January 21, 1964

Alger Hiss said that Richard Nixon was engaged in something "beyond his scope and size."<sup>40</sup> Richard Nixon, like Adolph Hitler, is a patchwork quilt. Both men represent the sum total of all murders, secret plans, behind-the-scene covert imaginations that created their existence. They were hand-sewn and designed by identical masters. It was a community project between persons from Nazi Germany and the United States military and intelligence agencies.

They are in power today, continuing mass murders, political assassinations. Industrial giants scrape the bottom of the ocean, the surface of the moon, the face of the earth for the oil, gold, minerals, resources within their grasp. It is the moral obligation of human beings to halt this hunger for power and legalized greed toward the majority of persons on the planet earth.

High summit meetings, a false sense of euphoria preceding elections, does not conceal increased budgets for weaponry, new laws of repression or further concentration of power in the White House. The family of humanity is not represented by the strategists who are few in number, still holding on to their power. Secret organizations such as the Lincoln Club, formed in 1963, continue to finance and dictate to Richard Nixon.<sup>41</sup> This group should be carefully examined.

Nixon's kind of power — over other people's lives — is elusive, and vanishes rapidly at the proper moment. The human family has new weapons in the war against secrecy. Information is power. Speed of communications is power. Ability is power. Sheer numbers of intelligent and concerned citizens becomes power. Facts are power.

Available facts and documentation of past political assassinations must be exposed today, before the next election in 1972. The *coup d'etat* in 1963, and again in 1968, did not represent the people or the interests of the majority. It is time to call a halt against the cold war, the hot war, and the war against ourselves. By examining the evidence of political assassinations, it is possible to understand how the country was misled down the line by a select, elite minority.

The strategists, aided by clandestine and covert planning, do not represent the people or the interests of the people in the United States.

### Postscripts to the Martha Mitchell Story

Douglas Caddy, Washington lawyer, has been found in civil contempt of court for refusing to answer a series of grand jury questions about the June 17th raid. He had briefly represented the five men arrested during the Democratic break-in, and he reportedly also represents Howard Hunt, linked to the White House as a consultant, and a seventh man identified only as "Mr. X."

Mr. Hunt and Mr. X have been described as friends of Douglas Caddy. Mr. Caddy refused to answer questions about the occasions that he has been retained by Mr. Hunt and Mr. X, and the telephone calls he placed or received on the night of the raid. Attorney Caddy has hired no fewer than *four lawyers* to defend him against the contempt charges.

Also, the Justice Department was accused in a lawsuit by a Ralph Nader group of permitting and even encouraging a wholesale, widespread and flagrant violation of Federal election laws. The government itself had become the chief protector of "corruption, fraud and dishonesty in financing the presidential and congressional campaigns," according to the suit.

Named as a defendant in this suit was Harold H. Titus, Jr. — the current United States Attorney for the District of Columbia who is the *chief Federal prosecutor* in the jurisdiction where such indictments would have been sought.

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## FABLES WITHOUT MORALS

(Continued from Page 20)

### The Peter Eater

From Mazatlan, Kesity, Mountain Girl and I went to Mexico City for fruitless talks with a lawyer. Then we rejoined the bus at Manzanillo. From there Hassler, Zonker and I decided to split for the United States.

We reached the border in the evening and never ones to waste anything, swallowed all of our medicines, which included various stimulants and painkillers. We were clean when we crossed the border.

Hitchhiking wasn't paying off well and we spent several hours standing at various spots along the highway. A short ride here, another there. But then we struck paydirt.

A white convertible, top up, pulled up. How far were we going? L.A. Well, here was a ride to Seal Beach. We took it. After we'd thrown our packs in the car and got in ourselves the guy driving turned to us and said, "Hi, I'm Harry Brown and I'm as queer as a three-dollar bill and I want to suck your peters."

Zonker, in the front seat, seemed most perturbed by this introduction. We begged off and Harry Brown and his white convertible carried us off into the night.

Harry was not one to give in quickly. He pleaded and insisted that he be permitted to suck our peters. He even bought us a beer, which got the Mexican medicines churning again.

Finally, we said okay and Harry pulled over on a deserted stretch of highway. We followed him for a few yards into a bowl-

shaped field. There was a full moon. Harry asked if it would be all right if he jerked off while he sucked our cocks. We said we'd rather that he jerked off while looking at our cocks. A compromise was reached.

Harry also asked if we'd whip him with our belts while he jacked off while sucking our peters. Hassler and I said No. A man has to have some sense of what's right and wrong.

But Zonker agreed. However, Zonker only had a cotton woven Mexican belt and told Harry it wouldn't hurt very much. "Ah, well," Harry said, "go ahead and hit me with it anyway."

It's the thought that counts.

### One Picture Is Worth . . .

One of my editors, when I was a newspaper reporter in Chicago, considered doggedness to be next to godliness.

When he had been a young man he had been assigned to get a photograph of a boy who had been killed in a freak accident. He went to the boy's home only to be rebuffed by the parents, who wanted to keep their only photo of their son. Other newsmen were also hovering around the front door, seeking the picture. The parents were adamant.

So the reporter who was to become my editor went to the rear of the house, found some paper, stuffed it under the house and lighted it with a match.

The house caught on fire, the fire trucks came, the reporter rushed into the burning house and grabbed the dead boy's photo from atop the mantle, then rushed back to his office.

The house burned to the ground.

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You mean this  
actually removes  
hemorrhoids  
without surgery?

## How District Attorney Jim Garrison Was Framed

Jim Garrison was arrested in July 1971 by federal agents who charged him with taking bribes to protect illegal pinball gambling in New Orleans.

John Mitchell in Washington and U.S. Attorney Gerald Gallinghouse from New Orleans announced the arrest. They were assisted by the FBI and the Internal Revenue Service.

A federal judge earlier that Spring had ordered Garrison to halt charges of perjury against Clay Shaw which stemmed from his conspiracy trial in New Orleans.

Associated Press, UPI, *Life*, *Time* and all the media were on hand to photograph Jim being fingerprinted, framed and taken away by federal agents.

*The New Orleans States-Item* delighted in printing every word of the 107-page allegations against the New Orleans D.A. It made front pages for many consecutive days.

Pershing Gervais, former friend and investigator for Jim, helped the government attempt to imprison and fine his pal.

On May 25, 1972, Gervais surfaced and had a change of heart.

Details were revealed about how the Jus-

justice Department went to great efforts to get some kind of a conviction against Jim Garrison. This was obviously punishment for his revealing the conspiracy that murdered President Kennedy.

The Justice Department, the FBI and the Treasury Department are involved in every one of the major and minor political assassinations and conspiracies in the U.S.

These departments are supposed to investigate misconduct and criminals. They are not supposed to frame and turn the word 'justice' around to create convictions of innocent persons.

Pershing Gervais gave a detailed account of his relationship with the Justice Dept. Legal action by Congress, impeachment of public officials, is required.

Associated Press, UPI, *Life*, *Time* and all the media were strangely silent as the account of Jim Garrison's innocence was announced. There were no cameras on hand to photograph the criminals in Washington.

Gervais made the following statements:

1. "The Justice Department forced me to make a false affidavit against Jim Garrison."
2. "Gerald Shur, Ries Cash, Kathy Kimry

were my contacts from the Justice Dept."

3. "I was given a phony minister's permit in order to work in Canada."

4. "I was given an alias in Washington, following the New Orleans arrangements, which became Paul Mason."

5. A birth certificate was issued to his son under the new false name, so he could attend school in Canada.

6. "My next job, in Canada, was to spy on an oil company, to see why they were not getting drilling rights."

7. The chain of command from the Justice Dept. went from Washington, to General Motors in Detroit, to General Motors in Canada where Gervais was placed in a job paying \$18,000 a year. He didn't work. This was a pay-off.

8. The contact man in Canada was a man named Blackemore, now a "retired" member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Pershing Gervais has stated that "I have been working at a fake job in Canada since January, and living there since July, all because of connivance between the Justice Department, the Canadian Government and General Motors."