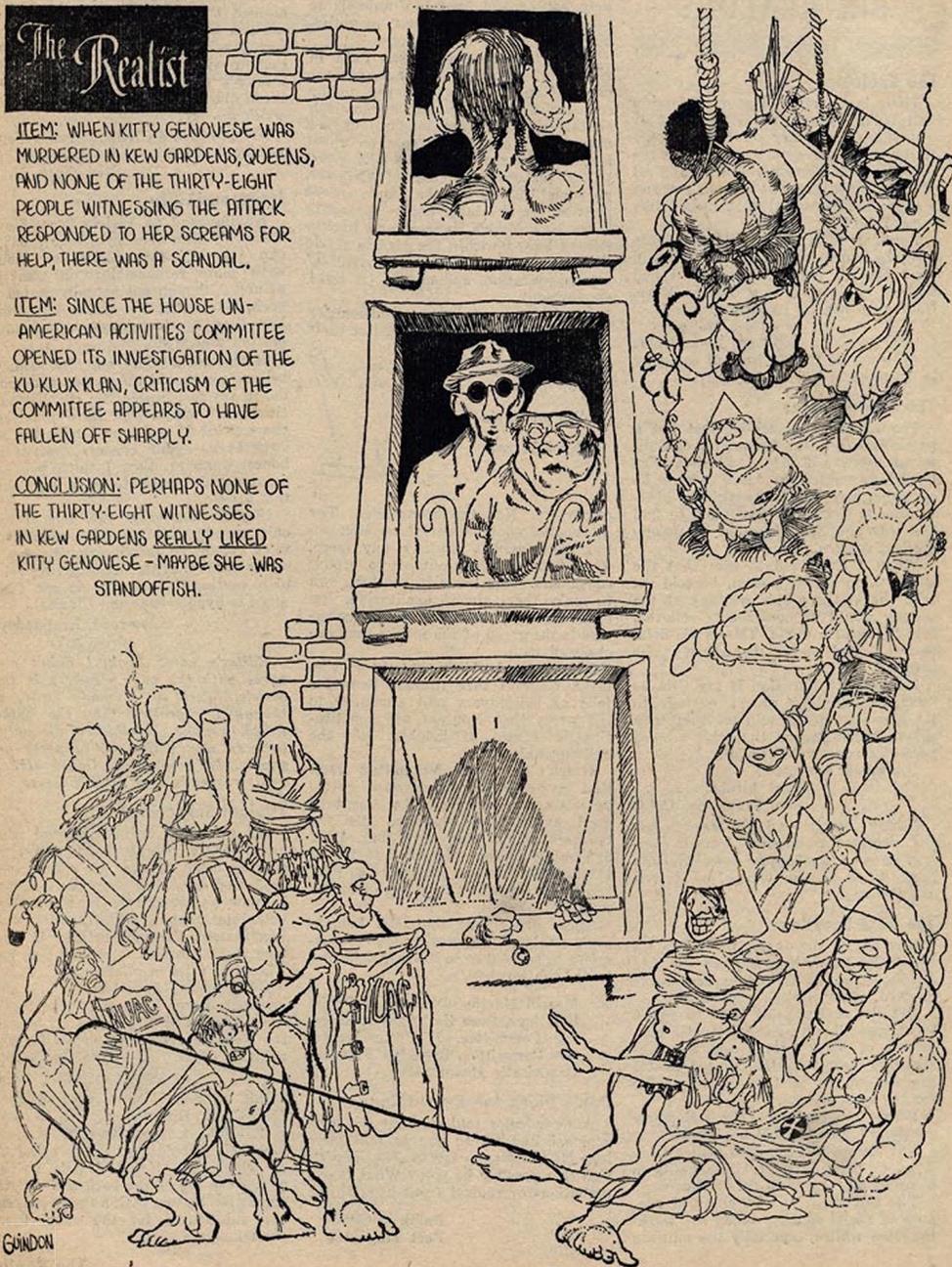


The Realist

ITEM: WHEN KITTY GENOVESE WAS MURDERED IN KEW GARDENS, QUEENS, AND NONE OF THE THIRTY-EIGHT PEOPLE WITNESSING THE ATTACK RESPONDED TO HER SCREAMS FOR HELP, THERE WAS A SCANDAL.

ITEM: SINCE THE HOUSE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE OPENED ITS INVESTIGATION OF THE KU KLUX KLAN, CRITICISM OF THE COMMITTEE APPEARS TO HAVE FALLEN OFF SHARPLY.

CONCLUSION: PERHAPS NONE OF THE THIRTY-EIGHT WITNESSES IN KEW GARDENS REALLY LIKED KITTY GENOVESE - MAYBE SHE WAS STANDOFFISH.



GARDON

SIR REALIST:

The Explainer

There is a portion of your readership still naive enough to believe that if you run an obituary on Lenny Bruce [issue #55], he must be dead. I have run into that portion recently, and all of them think that just because you ran a cartoon [issue #63] that looked like mine, I did it.

For their information will you please let it be known that it was, at least in your eyes, a parody, and that I had nothing to do with it except to serve, God* help me, as its inspiration.

Jules Feiffer
New York, N. Y.

*The use of God in present company is, rest assured, a literary device.

The Polack Jokes

Too much, too much—I just got a phone call from the University of California library Folklore division. The librarian wanted to know where he could get a copy of my article on ghetto humor, since they had tried to find the *Journal of Abnormal Sociology* without success.

When I explained to him that the whole thing was a put-on, he told me that one of the people working at the library would be enormously relieved, for: "He's in a panic. This is his field, and he had never heard of your article."

I asked the librarian if my title as "socio-neurologist" wasn't enough to tip him off, and he told me that they get so much jargon that this seemed perfectly conceivable to him.

Too much, too much.

Paul Jacobs
San Francisco, Calif.

Editor's note: And the Realist has just received an inquiry from a Congressman as to where he can obtain the first edition of The Journal of American Poverty.

The Real Enemies

Hurrah for the daring of PLM's Ed Lemansky in writing a piece for *The Realist* [issue #63] using the words bastard, son-of-a-bitch and bullshit.

But the real bullshit is to be found in phrases like "... the degraded conditions of black people and Spanish-speaking people in the United States are the source of tremendous profits for the monopolies. . . ."

What monopolies? The telephone company? Who is PLM kidding?

God knows big business still stinks. But let's not pretend racial equality is being blocked by Wall St. or Detroit.

The sad truth is that the real enemies of racial equality today are working-class whites, especially the millions

who have made it into the lowest level of the middle class as owners of cheap, ugly houses and fight like animals to keep Negroes out of their neighborhoods and out of their unions.

These are the people who fight in New York City, for instance, against every plan to integrate the public schools. These are the people who slash the tires of the rare landlord daring enough to rent to Negroes on their block. These are the people who greet CORE pickets with cries of "Nigger, go home!" These are the people whose political and labor-union pressure keeps New York's Negroes and Puerto Ricans locked within the vicious circle of barbaric ghetto housing, "custodial" ghetto education, and menial (if any) employment.

It's these stalwart mid-century knights of labor who do that. Not their

How does a
Polish mechanic
order 5 beers?



employers. Not the monopolies. The monopolies couldn't care less. Monopolies don't exploit workers any more. They find it more profitable to exploit consumers. This tends in the long run to make them almost egalitarian. Because the only color they really recognize is the green of the money they are obsessed with.

It isn't the building contractors who make Negroes take literacy tests for jobs as bricklayers and announce to the press that Negroes are constitutionally afraid of heights. It's the building unions.

It isn't the Chase Manhattan Bank that says children condemned to ghetto schools can't even have the benefit of good experienced teachers. It's the teachers unions that says that. UFT screaming against "forced transfer of teachers" sounds just as bigoted as PAT screaming against "forced transfer of pupils."

These are things that Mr. Lemansky's outdated theories would be powerless to becloud even if his article contained the word fuck.

Merrill Martin—Director of Public Relations, Boro Hall CORE; Steering Committee, EQUAL; Executive Committee, Brooklyn Freedom Democratic Movement

Don't Flush for Everything

A newsdealer told me that the government had forced you to pull your logo off the front page of *The Realist*. Can this possibly be true? What is explanation for radical front page shift?

Ralph Ginzburg
Fact Magazine

Query

Two weeks ago, when the police were notified that some people planned to set fire to themselves at 42nd Street and 5th Avenue, they said that although they would go there, they wouldn't really pay it any mind because these people only to it for the publicity.

What would a Civilian Review Board do about that?
Selma Rovinsky
New York, N. Y.

Irresponsibility

Having read "A Violent Peace Movement" by Don Waskey [issue #63], I can only say that the editor should show more responsibility in what he prints. Although not actually stated as such, I feel that the article is nothing less than an incitement to sabotage, murder and arson.

If the author had actually said, "I believe we should all go out and murder those responsible for the Vietnam situation," would you have published the article? If not (and I hope the answer is no—your readers deserve an honest answer), then I think you are naive or dishonest to have published this article.

If your answer is yes, then I can only regret that a truly courageous voice cannot be taken seriously, for it seems to me that the act of giving voice to a sentiment that you do not fully share is hypocritical and illogical.

Howard K. Sandoval
Astoria, N.Y.

Editor's note: Look, I didn't even agree with the page numbers in that article. Much of it made sense, although I regretted that the author failed to make the slightest distinction between destruction of property and people. In any event, David McReynolds responds to it in this issue.

Typical Subscriber

All the guilt feelings started when my friendly neighborhood postal inspector came to see me about issue #58. God, how that poor man suffered. I know he wanted to hear all about how I masturbate while reading anti-involvement Vietnam articles in your mag, but all I could blurt out was how I laughed a lot at your satire. . . .

Gentlemen, I have let the U.S. government down. I am a traitor to the Red, White and Blue; and all because the blood of my cherry is not on your printing press. . . . Lynn Bornhorst

Cincinnati, Ohio

P.S. Have finished your "Ethnic Joke/Class Distinction" bit in issue #63. I find it especially wild because I have this many-zipper motorcycle jacket which has *Hell's Angels* written across the top of the back and *Polacks* across the bottom with a flying garbage can substituted for the usual flying skull insignia.

editorial giggies

Department of Unintentional Satire

It is not so much events as the reaction to events which provide grist for *The Realist's* particular mill.

And so it was that the entire significance of Princess Margaret's visit to the U.S. was summed up when the pilot of a west-bound plane announced, "For those of you interested in royalty, if you will look out on the right side and behind us, you will see the flight bearing Princess Margaret and her party to San Francisco," and the passengers practically tipped over *our* plane in order to get a quick glimpse of *another* airplane.

Likewise, Pope Paul. It wasn't so much his neutralist contraception pronouncement in Rome; it was the fact that the very next day in *this* country Syntex (birth-control-pill stock) pricked up 24 points. As for his visit here, everything was anti-climactic to the musical greeting when Pope Paul arrived at Kennedy Airport: The band played *Hello Dolly!*

Dr. Johnson, the Sausage King

In August of 1965, *The N.Y. Herald Tribune* "learned that one reason for the Johnson administration's decision to turn down talks [in 1964] was its feeling that if word of peace negotiations had leaked out the Republican candidate, Sen. Barry Goldwater, might have capitalized on it as a sign of weakness and damaged the Johnson election campaign."

It's easy to attack the President and his advisers because their ego-power drives toward personal status have resulted in such utter inhumanity. But it may be more important to understand their motivations by realizing that the ultimate cruelty they practice is merely an extension of that which is practiced in one way or another by many (not all) of us, from sausage manufacturers to doctors.

Recently, in my *Cavalier* column, I reported on Bratwurst Day (reprinted, with permission, in this issue of *The Realist*). Mrs. Karen Taylor sent the following letter to *Cavalier*, with carbon copies to me and the Chamber of Commerce in Sheboygan, Wisconsin (the latter has yet to reply):

"Paul Krassner, in his recent *Cavalier* article, 'Don't Mention My Name in Sheboygan,' paints a picture of harmless, happy hicks in a sausage-gorging orgy.

"What he did not point out was that while these Sheboyganites waste their time and energy and tons of

food on the pretext of promoting bratwurst—which, if it is a quality product, should sell itself—not far away in Menominee County, Wisconsin, hundreds of their fellow citizens (Menominee Indians) live in the most desperate conditions of ill health, malnutrition and poverty. I have seen these conditions first hand a few years ago and have been assured this week by the Association on American Indian Affairs that the situation is unchanged.

"These Indian people seldom have meat in their diet, yet it is the fat-cat Sheboygan Jaycees who were given, according to the article, several hundred pounds of free sausage. (Please note that the Menominees are no longer the responsibility of the federal government but solely that of the State of Wisconsin, their reservation status having been terminated.)

"A self-satisfied Sheboygan consumes 20,000 pounds of sausage in one day, their backs turned on the stench of human suffering in their own back-yard. Perhaps they don't know about it. The Germans who lived next door to the smokestacks of the Nazi death camps insist they didn't know. . . ."

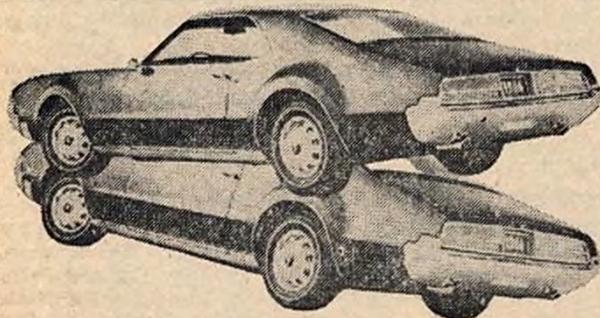
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Similarly, it is only a matter of degree from the doctor who hypocritically refuses to help a desperate girl with an unwanted pregnancy, to the war-hawk who prescribes napalm for Vietnamese children who live in a village where there are "suspected" Viet Cong guerrillas.

And, of a few hundred of those physicians who referred patients to a now-retired doctor who *did* help, not one would testify in his behalf when he was prosecuted. If Lynda Bird got knocked up, do you think for an instant that Lyndon would send her to Tijuana? Are you kidding? He'd have her in the finest operating room in the nation quicker than you could demote the Secret Service agents who had been assigned to watch her.

On December 1st, the AMA decided against urging states to loosen their abortion laws. And loosening would have been a compromise at best. Thus, the Society for Human Abortion (P.O. Box 1862, San Francisco 94101) does *not* endorse "legalized" abortion; they ask: "Does one ever speak of a legal tooth extraction, a legal appendectomy, a legal hysterectomy, a legal tonsillectomy?"

They point out the problem of getting "involved in the complexities of whether to allow abortion to protect the physical and/or mental health of the pregnant woman for rape, incest and so on. As long as such emphasis is placed on these individual (and relatively rare) cases, progress will be frustrated simply because underlying every argument is the mistaken concept that abortion, in itself, is evil. It would be rather



Soft-Core Pornography of the Month:
Auto-Eroticism in Harper's Bazaar

strange to hear surgery for ulcers described as evil rather than as a means of dealing with a condition which warrants change."

Unless you happen to be anti-contraception (in which case you would at least be consistent), then you are playing God by drawing the line at the precise moment of conception as to the morality of birth prevention.

Ads by the Society for Humane Abortion have been turned down by *The Los Angeles Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The National Review*, *The Saturday Review*, and *The Republic*. They have been accepted by *The San Francisco Chronicle*, *The Oakland Tribune* and *The Nation*. On Monday night, January 10th, 9 p.m. at The Committee in San Francisco, I will do a benefit ("An Evening With a Self-Styled Abortionist") for the Society. Tickets, \$2.50. For reservations call The Committee, EX 2-0807.

Ideally, the laws against abortion should be repealed. In the meantime, I would like to open a small hospital—which wouldn't be at all concerned about its image—where women could get legal abortions because the required board of doctors would give the go-ahead. I'd like to know the practical ramifications of that idea, as well as this: an abortion ship.

After all, the American Heart Association can have a gambling ship three miles out to sea even though gambling is illegal. . . .

The Lysergic and the Libel

In issue #60 I wrote about my very first drug experience, which had taken place back in April: "LSD was fun. I could easily take it once a week, or once a month, or once a year, but if I never take it ever again, I'll be happy. I enjoy coping with reality."

In October I took my second LSD trip.

It's difficult to describe . . . the same way it's difficult to describe a trial . . . nevertheless, I'll go through the motions of both.

M. S. Arnoni, editor of *The Minority of One*, instituted a lawsuit—the only one that has ever been brought against *The Realist* since its inception in 1958—alleging that Yours Untruly (see issue #26) "published a false, exaggerated and sensational article and the same was wrongfully, wickedly and maliciously printed and extensively circulated"; that, as a result, Mr. Arnoni "has been injured, prejudiced and damaged in his good name, business reputation and social standing in his community"; and that the editorial "caused plaintiff to lose the esteem and respect of his friends, his acquaintances and the public generally . . . and caused [him] to suffer great pain and mental anguish."

He was suing for half a million dollars—oops, there goes the whole *Realist* petty cash account—but he was willing to settle out of court for \$3500.

I refused.

And so, this month, our trial took place. With a jury. It had all the unreality of lysergic acid. Certainly the numb excitement of apprehension was comparable to LSD.

The first time, there had been a visual hallucination: While I was in the process of becoming more and more giddy, my guide left the room for a moment. When he returned I was convinced that he had put on clown makeup. Hyper-self-centered, I had assumed that he was on my trip and therefore it seemed quite natural that he should want to entertain me in such a fashion.

The second time, there was an auditory hallucination: I was at the home of a friend who lives on the outskirts of Los Angeles, and while we were sitting and talking on the porch he remarked that our conversation was competing with a Ray Charles record playing inside. Suddenly we were both positive that the volume on the phonograph in the living room had been turned up by his wife, who must have overheard his comment. She hadn't.

I wondered what Message there would be this time.

The Ray Charles record got stuck and kept repeating two words in the lyrics: *love only . . . love only . . .* No matter how deeply I might ever delve into insanity, I trust I'll always hang onto the reality that this was merely the great god Coincidence once again unknowingly at work.

A fellow named Alias gave credit to the Universe, though.

"Here comes Alias," I said, "dragging in the goddam Universe again."

"I always carry it with me," he replied.

Alias was high, not on LSD, but on Subud (which describes itself as "a life-long process" complete with spiritual exercises). It is *not* just a coincidence that all the people I know in Subud have changed their first name. Which is why I called him Alias. Getting away with it, of course, through *love only*.

The manager of a leading folk-rock group was there. He was high, not on Subud, but on LSD. He had lost a wife to Subud once. Now he understood why the application form states: "My husband does not object to my participating in Subud." I asked what would happen if his group changed *their* name. He said he'd already suggested that they call themselves The Punks, but they felt this would not exactly smack of pragmatic wisdom.

After much discussion of identity and labels, I finally concluded: "Judge Peter Schmuck would've changed his name if he hadn't been one."

The judge in my libel case was once involved in a scandal. During the period when he was first nominated, underworld leader Frank Costello's telephone was being tapped, and there were front-page headlines about a conversation between Costello and the not-yet-judge, who said: "You have my undying loyalty." Still he was elected, thereby proving that as a people we are always willing to reward gratitude if only it be sincere.

At any rate, he conducted my trial quite fairly.

In this type of case, where one is accused of *libel per se*, the burden is shifted onto the defendant to prove the truth of what he wrote. My defense was handled with brilliant understatement by *The Realist's* attorney, Marty Scheiman.

While the jury was out, I paced in the courtroom, alone save for the IN GOD WE TRUST inscription on the wall and a group of court clerks and officers. I went up to them and said in a loud voice: "Excuse me, where do I go to bribe the jury?"

"Right to state prison," said one. "You better be careful or you'll wind up in even more trouble," said another. "You must be pretty cynical," said another.

"No, I have great *faith* in this jury. Come on, you know I wasn't serious."

"A couple of weeks ago, there was a guy who said he was going to put a bomb on a plane, and he was only

joking, but they sent him to jail."

"That's different. Listen, would I have come up to all five of you like this if I hadn't been kidding?"

"Well, there's some things you don't kid about."

All this hostility, imagine, and to think I had approached them with *love only*.

The real Message of my second LSD trip came about when we realized that we weren't tape recording the session. With a finger-waving-in-the-air gesture of profound silliness, I proclaimed: "You can't tape record life!"

I'm sure I could've managed to say the same thing without LSD. The drug seldom really *changes* you—there are too many stiffies who will spend hours telling you how they've transcended their ego—it simply extends your present direction. I know a left-winger who takes LSD only to undergo a mystical confirmation of his Marxist orientation . . . and, conversely, a high government theoretician, to whom Southeast Asia is nothing but an abstract war-game board, who is an LSD-head.

The jury stays out for 53 minutes.

This being a civil case, they need at least 10 out of 12 votes for a verdict (otherwise it will be a hung jury and the case can be re-tried). The loser will have to pay the winner's court costs. If I lose I'm subject to compensatory damages (as little as 6c) plus punitive damages ("Don't do it again, buster!") at the discretion of the jury.

They file back into their seats. Intimations of soap-opera organ music. They've been talking about *me*. Seven men (including two Negroes) and five women (including an attractive lady in a yellow knit dress who smiled in all the right places). They know something I don't know. It's like being in the middle of a movie only you have to urinate but you don't want to miss the good part.

The foreman, a retired bank president, is going to say that the jury has found either for the plaintiff or for the defendant. Waiting for orgasm. Think of something else. Watching and listening to the silence. I wonder what the Beatles are doing right-this-minute. Focusing on the word to come: *plaintiff* or *defendant*?

I won the case, 10-2.

The ecstasy of this victory was like nothing that LSD will ever be able to produce for me.

The Realist Competition

Barbra Streisand is suing Trans World Airlines and the National Broadcasting Co. for 2½-million dollars because of the "unlawful" use of her name and picture in printed ads and NBC commercials. Sample: A billboard asserting, *Barbra Streisand Sings on TWA*. Well, at least her voice is heard on records played in flight. The airline claims that its contract with Columbia Records includes the right to advertise performers. Barbra complains that as a result of the ads she is "greatly distressed and humiliated" and has been "exposed to public ridicule and contempt."

Those are the facts. Now, since more and more cases are in effect being taken out of the courtroom and tried in the press, *The Realist* is going to sponsor a contest: You are the attorney for Barbra Streisand. Write a final summation of your client's plaint which will convince the jury to find in her favor. Entries ought to be somewhere between 300 and 1000 words; must be

postmarked no later than March 13th, 1966. The winner will receive \$50. This is not a hoax. Anyone may enter except Barbra Streisand's lawyer.

"Don't Get Involved"

OPENING SHOT: The American Eagle symbol. Its "E. Pluribus Unum" motto fades into the title of this screenplay.

CUT TO: A bed. MOM and DAD carry on a dialogue for us to hear while the camera shows them from all possible angles in a parody of the beginning of *Hiroshima Mon Amour*.

MOM: Honey?

DAD: Yes, dear?

MOM: Could I ask you something?

DAD: Of course.

MOM: Well—it's just that—you don't seem to have your heart in your foreplay tonight.

DAD: You mean it's not going to be a meaningful experience *again*?

MOM: It's *never* a meaningful experience any more. It's just a *ritual* we go through each time.

DAD: I'm sorry, but—do you realize how heavily committed we are?

MOM: Darling, that's what marriage is all *about*. Total commitment.

DAD: No, no, no—I'm talking about how heavily committed we are in *Vietnam*.

MOM: Oh, all you ever care about is what's going on in the *world*. Don't you ever care about *my* feelings?

DAD: Are you aware that we now have 750,000 troops over there?

MOM: I don't care if the whole American *army* is over there.

DAD: Well, you heard what the President said on television. That we should all of us not go to bed any night without asking whether we have done everything we could do that day to win the struggle in Vietnam.

MOM: I'm sure he didn't mean that *literally*, dear.

DAD: Well, I *take* it literally, I can't help it. I want to do something.

MOM: They already *are* doing something.

DAD: It's always *they*. Never *we*. I want to feel *involved* in the world situation.

MOM: I'm going to tell you something, sweetheart, and I want you to listen carefully. I'm getting sick and tired of a marital relationship that has to serve as a barometer of international tension.

DAD: Oh, come, now, it can't be as bad as all that.

MOM: Oh, yes it can. The day they built the Berlin Wall, a barrier went up between us.

DAD: I couldn't help it. I was suffering from universal guilt.

MOM: Nonsense. You were suffering from a severe case of unrequited nationalism.

DAD: Sometimes you talk like a Commie sympathizer.

MOM: And then there was Korea. The day *they* crossed the 38th Parallel, *you* became impotent.

DAD: It was only temporary. I regained my virility.

CUT TO: Close-up of a toaster. Immediately following the words "my virility" in previous scene, two slices of toast pop up. MOM's hand reaches for them. The family—MOM, DAD and college-age SON—are having breakfast. DAD is reading the newspaper. SON is try-

ing to get his attention.

SON: Say, Dad?

DAD: (Camera behind him shows him underlining with a pen certain lines in an editorial.) Just a minute, Son. (He writes, "That's so true!" in the margin.) Yes, what is it?

SON: I was thinking about what the President said on television last night about Vietnam—

DAD: And you felt you wanted to participate in some way?

SON: No, I don't want to kill any Vietnamese.

MOM: And you certainly don't want any Vietnamese to kill you.

DAD: Look, you don't have to kill anybody *directly*. I have a friend of a friend in the Defense Department. What with your ROTC credits, I think we might be able to get you into their special Military Adviser training program.

SON: Dad, what I'm trying to say is that, as far as participation goes, I mean where I—*me*—where I could really do something concrete . . . well, what I was thinking of was the horrible danger lurking only ninety miles from our *own* shore.

MOM: You mean Cuba?

SON: No, Mississippi . . . I'd like to go there this summer.

DAD: But, son, it's *dangerous* down there.

SON: I know that, but I've been doing a lot of soul-searching, and, Dad . . . Mom . . . I—I've decided to become a voter registration worker in the South.

MOM: Oh, God, how have we failed!

DAD: Now you listen to me, you have no business going to Mississippi—

SON: But, Dad—

MOM: Oh, God, where did we go wrong!

DAD: Don't but-Dad me. If you were really concerned about voting rights, you'd *want* to go to Vietnam and do something about insuring free elections *there*. . .

MOM: All right, that's enough—please, no arguments this morning. (To Dad) Anyway, you've got to get to the office. (To Son) And if you don't hurry you'll be late for classes.

SON: And what are *your* plans, Mom?

MOM: I think today I'm going to report some obscene mail to the postmaster. (DOORBELL rings. Mom answers door. It's the mailman. He gives her mail. She looks through the mail.) Ah, yes, here's some more of it now. (Looks at what appears to be photos.) *Uhhh*, disgusting!

SON: Can I see them, Mom?

MOM: Certainly not, they're obscene photographs. (Heads for telephone) I'd better make an appointment right now. (Begins dialing)

CUT TO: A telephone ringing. The postmaster picks it up, brings it to his mouth. As he speaks, camera moves back to show him sitting at desk.

POSTMASTER: Postmaster speaking . . . yes, ma'am, yes . . . two o'clock this afternoon would be fine . . . oh, ma'am? . . . please be sure to bring the obscene mail with you . . . swell . . . I'll see you then . . . thank you . . . goodbye. (Hangs up. Then licks his chops and rubs his hands together.)

CUT TO: Attractive, college-age GIRL, talking to SON, on campus.

GIRL: I just don't wanna get involved.

SON: Look, I'm not asking you to *marry* me . . . I'm not even asking you to go steady . . . all I want you

to do is go on *one* lousy picket line with me.

CUT TO: DAD's office. He presses buzzer of intercom. Secretary's voice says "Yes, sir?"

DAD: After you finish typing out those sales orders, I'd like you to do a little research for me. I want you to check into the height of the average Viet Cong. . .

CUT TO: POSTMASTER's office . . . MOM enters . . . He has the window-shades down . . . candlelight . . . soft music on phonograph.

POSTMASTER: Did you bring the obscene mail?

MOM: Yes.

POSTMASTER: You show me yours and I'll show you mine. . .

CUT TO: GIRL: I just don't wanna get *involved*, that's all.

CUT TO: DAD: You say the average height of a Viet Cong gook is four feet seven inches . . . are you *sure*?

CUT TO: MOM and POSTMASTER dancing.

CUT TO: GIRL: Can't I just meet you at the movies *after* the demonstration?

CUT TO: DAD: I have a sneaking suspicion that some of these so-called Viet Cong I've seen on the news are actually Red Chinese soldiers. . .

CUT TO: POSTMASTER: You wanna play Post Office?

CUT TO: GIRL: Look, I'll print your placard for you, but that's as far as I go.

CUT TO: DAD: They must be smuggling them in through Hanoi.

CUT TO: POSTMASTER and MOM necking furiously on his desk.

CUT TO: GIRL: I *told* you, I don't go all the way.

CUT TO: Close-up of a strange man's face. He is a RAPIST. He is talking to his VICTIM.

RAPIST: I'm going to rape you.

VICTIM: (a sweet little old lady) You just want me for my body.

CUT TO: POSTMASTER's office. He begins to undress MOM. She speaks in a teasing way.

MOM: I'm going to report you to the Postmaster *General*.

CUT TO: SON, nuzzling girl's ear and mumbling into it at the same time.

SON: Please, you don't even have to carry a sign or anything. I just want you to be with me.

CUT TO: RAPIST: Promise me you won't scream.

VICTIM: Oh, yes, I will. (screams) Help—criminal assault, criminal assault—help, help, I'm being criminally assaulted—help! (She keeps this up, a parody of That Scene in *The Knack*, and a crowd gathers around them, being careful not to interfere.)

RAPIST: I love you.

VICTIM: Years from now . . . when you talk about this . . .

CUT TO: DAD, walking along the street, muttering to himself.

DAD: We're too soft on Communism, too soft, too soft. . .

CUT TO: POSTMASTER: (teasing) You're giving me a hard time. . .

CUT TO: GIRL: You can do whatever you want (she says to SON), I won't protest.

SON: I know you've demonstrated with *other* guys.

CUT TO: VICTIM. Her dress has been torn off, and she is wearing old-fashioned pantaloons, etc. DAD walks by and joins the crowd watching. He speaks to a MAN in the crowd.

DAD: Excuse me, what's going on here?

MAN: Rape in progress.

(We now have a *Psycho*-like series of quick cuts . . . back and forth, between POSTMASTER and MOM; between

(Continued on Page 11)

The Americanization of Zen

by William Duffy

Irving Cardinal Rosenbloom, ranking prelate of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, was among the first serene pilgrims to visit the relocated Ryoanji Zen Buddhist Temple Garden of Kyoto, opened at last after being moved—the positioning and polar axis of each volcanic stone having been registered by computer—to Scarsdale.

With Japan gold-rich and pebble-poor from meeting the demand for Zen relics from U.S. zealots, Dow Chemical Corporation announced it would soon market a line of beautiful Realfake plastic volcanic stones.

The American Cancer Society, the Heart Fund, the Cerebral Palsy Association, the Muscular Dystrophy Institute, the Hertz Rent-A-Gall-Bladder Foundation, the Mothers March on Dandruff, Hemorrhoids Anonymous and other pillars of the diseaseestablishment, seeking to end incestuous infighting over slim telethon pickings, merged into the National Association for the Prevention of Death.

Rejecting Zenotions of negotiated peace with microbes, viruses and other Schweitzerei, the NAPD escalated a national Buy American Health program, in an attempt to snuff out outbreaks of Blue Cross card burnings at Viet Cong brown rice cookout orgies in the yacht-infested Okefenokie Swamps.

Saffron-robed, former NASA Chaplain Otis Furlong, premature Peace Corpsman, one-time national idol, immolated himself by coldfire after unwittingly discovering the 30-year Tranquillize Our Backward Areas campaign he had been fronting to distribute obsolescent last-year's miracle drugs gratis to ungrateful underdeveloped nations had been a corporation - charity - tax-write-off gimmick of the Upyours Pharmaceutical Cartel, as Furlong put it, "the whole cotton-picking time."

A statue was raised—by telekinesis—in Cambridge, Massachusetts, canonizing the legendary Harvard Zen monk who ran up a \$114 American Express tab in a Broadway Mambo and belly-rub emporium satorizing a sanpaku taxi dancer in the winter of 1965. This brief star-crossed encounter inspired the macrobiotic mastication and marching folk-anthem, *Come On, Baby, It Won't Hurt Bad—Chew, Chew, Chew...*

Boys and girls danced together in Lincoln Center Plaza celebrating the withering away of the Mattachine Society.

Delegations of Herosandwich Maidens, hairy-lipped
(Continued on Back Cover)

The Devil's Visit to New York

by John Francis Putnam

If a pious non-entity like Pope Paul could, while tippy-toeing through New York on the arm of Cardinal Francis ("Kitty") Spellman, provoke the greatest press, radio and TV coverage in recent memory, imagine what a really interesting personality might stir up. Like, say, his Holiness' Honorable Opposition, a very definite personality whose kingdom is based in some respects upon as shadowy a basis as that of Giovanni Battista Montini (whose stage name is Paul VI).

We are speaking of the Devil.

Obviously there would be no greater drawing power than the Prince of Darkness. Milton was unconsciously right when the Devil emerged as the more sympathetic and vital person in *Paradise Lost*. We all seem to remember and even cherish the villains long after the heroes have descended into the blissful quicksand of a "happy ending."

The Realist now presents a factual, carefully documented account of the follow-up to the Pope's New York visit, and how for once the Devil didn't take the hindmost.

The official attitude to the Devil's visit was best expressed by an editorial in *The New York Times* which said, in part: "... while offensive to many religious sensibilities, it must be remembered that the 'devil's' visit to New York must be considered in the spirit of the American tradition of offering Equal Time and Opportunity for the presentation of all views, however distasteful. . . ."

Naturally, preparations for the Devil's visit were even more elaborate than those for the Pope. Security and protocol were top priority considerations which at times proved baffling.

As J. Edgar Hoover stated in an interview, "The problem here is simple . . . just *who* are we protecting? I'd say we're really faced with the problem of protecting the public from our infamous visitor, which reminds me that I'm going to have a thorough check of the records to see if we can indict him on any of a number of charges while he's here . . . diplomatic immunity be damned!"

New York City Police Commissioner Vincent Broderick was faced with a dilemma of his own: whether to direct his police to face the Devil or the crowd. He secured the cooperation of the City Fire Commissioner for the loan of asbestos Fire-Fighting suits of the type used in chemical and aircraft fires, to be worn by the escorting motorcycle police in the motorcade.



The Consecration of the Host

Protocol, on the other hand, was extremely hard to establish since there existed no secular expertise on this subject, and the Separation of Church and State policy of the U.S. Government led to some delicate situations as far as preliminary consultations were concerned.

The day was saved for secularists at the State Department when a check of personnel there revealed the existence of a "Staff Demonologist" left over from the Harding Administration and serving unnoticed since that time at a salary of \$6,000 per annum. A frail, brooding man of 82, he was reputed to be a third cousin by marriage of H. P. Lovecraft, and the leading U.S. authority on obscene Runic inscriptions.

"Let the entire affair be ruled by common sense and a native delicacy," he stated. "Simple observance of a few rules will allow the affair to come off without incident. For instance, be sure that all crosses, or crucifixes publicly displayed along the Devil's route to the Waldorf and the U.N. be covered. See to it that no one makes a sign of the cross in his presence, and have the police make a search of all suspected religious fanatics for hidden vials of Holy Water that they might want to asperse the Devil with. One single drop of Holy Water touching the person of our distinguished visitor might have frightful consequences."

The time and place of the Devil's arrival posed even more delicate problems, since it was not known just where he was coming from and by what means of transportation.

Seismologists at Fordham, when consulted, were of the opinion that he might simply erupt from the ground somewhere in a sparsely settled area. It was presumed that he would avoid erupting up through cemeteries or churchyards because they were "consecrated ground."

It was finally agreed that due to the special considerations such an emergence upon the earth would involve, a slag pit of the Acme Smelting and Ore Processing Yard in Corona, Long Island, would be an acceptable site for the "spewing forth" as it was characterized by the editor of *Our Sunday Messenger*, a leading Catholic intellectual weekly.

A battalion size detachment of the Office of Chemical Warfare set up a camp at the Smelter and posted warning signs and radar, keeping the press corps at a safe distance. "Belch-out" time was set for 6 a.m. of All Hallow's Eve, the only appropriate day on the Church Calendar for His Majesty's appearance.

Here follows a sampling of Press Opinion just prior to the Devil's emergence.

The New York Daily News: "GO TO HELL!—Yes, we know that we are going to offend many of our readers with this statement but we know that all of our readers, without exception, will agree with our plain-speaking statement. Yes, the Devil and those homosexuals and Commies at the U.N. who are responsible for bringing him here can all go to Hell, and if they think they can. . . ."

Status Magazine: "Just how does one address the Devil? Unique situation posed by arrival of The Prince of Darkness. Although he's probably a distant cousin of ours, like most Royalty there remains the problem of just how to approach our most unusual visitor. . . ."

Good Housekeeping: "How to remove the odor of sulphur without damage to fabrics. . . ."

Vogue: "Pontifical White is definitely and irrevocably out as Couturiers scramble for the dye vats seeking hellish shades of ego- and figure-flattering red. Red is dreadfully in, as is the new Rudy Gernreich "Hot Bra" which not only uplifts, but also points the bosom accusingly, and causes electronic tingles. To quote Mr. Rudy himself, "It's as if the Evil One's hand had lightly, caressingly, meaningfully touched YOU!" Courreges introduces detachable, self-whipping red leather tails and is showing a new line of cloven boots which will dismay all but habitual wearers of Japanese split-toe sandals. . . ."

The National Enquirer: "I LOOKED UPON THE DEVIL AND THEN OFFERED MY BODY TO THE FIRST MAN WHO CAME ALONG EVEN THOUGH I AM A RESPECTABLE MARRIED WOMAN, THE MOTHER OF TEN!"

A sampling of the commercial reaction to the Devil's visit is of equal interest:

Pocket Books, Ballantine, Avon, Dell and Signet simultaneously rushed special souvenir paperback editions of Dante's *Inferno* into print, all with the usual Gustave Doré illustrations. Grove Press, not to be eclipsed, dredged up the long-lost pornographic Aubrey Beardsley illustrations for *Paradise Lost* and issued them with a preface especially written by Gershon Legman.

Revlon and Max Factor engaged in a million-dollar lawsuit over the rights to the trademark for lipstick called *Hot Lips*.

The Young's Rubber Co. featured a new "Trojan Tickler" with "simulated Devil's Horns on the tip . . . guaranteed not to harm the delicate membranes. . . ."

The classified surplus-type ads on the back page of *The N.Y. Times* Sunday Sports Section featured ads like this: "SEE HIM IN SAFETY! Surplus black glass viewers left over from the International Geophysical Year for viewing solar eclipses are now made available for Devil-viewing. Preserve your vision from the actinic rays that Scientists tell us emanate from our infamous visitor. Only \$2.98 postpaid. . . ."

Underwood Potted Meat products showed a net gain in sales of over 200% during the Devil's visit, with Poland Water a close second in the percentage increase pattern.

John's Bargain Stores made a fantastic killing when a quality control operator discovered that he could mass convert the round ears into sharp little devil horns on 600,000 Mickey Mouse Club "Mouseketeer" factory-reject hats.

A random cross-section of subway graffiti will serve to show the prevailing sub-cultural mood at the time of the Devil's visit.

Men's room, Times Square I.R.T. Station: "Hey, Devil! I got an asbestos cock! Make date any day 4 p.m.!"

Men's Room at the Feenjon, Greenwich Village Coffee House: "The Devil is NOT Jewish! He's an incandescent spade!"

Schoolyard wall of P.S. 41: "Miss Crazy Ethel Schwartz our teacher did it with you-know-who and got her pussy burnt. I'm glad!"

The Archdiocese of New York circulated a full set of instructions to the Catholic Faithful under the imprimatur of Cardinal Spellman:

(Continued on Page 18)

Hell's Angels vs. Berkeley Vietniks

by Paul Krassner

A couple of years ago, *The Realist* began offering for sale a patriotic poster, red-white-and-blue, starred-and-striped, hammered-and-sickled. Its message: "Fuck Communism!" This official-looking epithet was intended to serve as a satirical crystallization of our national obsession as embodied in our international relations.

On the basis of sales of the poster, we were able to send—with poetic irony—a reporter to Vietnam and Cambodia: Robert Scheer (whose article in issue #48, "Academic Sin," documented the role of Michigan State University professors in the Diem dictatorship).

His booklet, *How the United States Got Involved in Vietnam*—based on 14 months' research—is available free from The Fund for the Republic, 136 E. 57 St., N.Y. 10022. As for the article which resulted from his trip, due to time-and-space problems it was published in *Ramparts* (a quasi-radical, ostensibly Catholic magazine) instead of *The Realist*.

I was thinking about all this as Scheer spoke at a rally on the Berkeley campus this October. He was comparing U.S. intervention in Vietnam with Russian intervention in Hungary. Only in America can one critically liken Lyndon Johnson to Josef Stalin and be accused of spouting Communist propaganda. (Just ask Khrushchev.)

A reporter asked me what I was doing there. I explained that I was a graduate student majoring in Outside Agitation. Actually, the Vietnam Day Committee—a logical outgrowth of the Free Speech Movement (*Don't trust anybody over 30*)—had invited me to emcee. "I'm over 30," I confided to the audience, "but I'm passing."

They have since changed the slogan. It now goes: *Don't trust anybody . . .*

Paul Goodman spoke and then it was announced that he needed to be driven to the airport. Someone volunteered, and I suggested that another volunteer was now needed to protect the driver.

M.S. Arnoni spoke in his old Nazi concentration camp prisoner's uniform. He also wore a white shirt and a red tie, so that nobody would mistake him for a beatnik. He was on the dais for such a long time that if the Vietnam Day Committee really had a sense of humor, they'd have gotten two guys in S.S. uniforms to drag him off.

Mike Myerson spoke in a recently-acquired Vietnamese worker's uniform. He is under investigation by the State Dept. for possible violation of U.S. departure control laws, for having gone to Hanoi.

He is international secretary of the

W.E.B. DuBois Clubs, a socialist youth movement. J. Edgar Hoover has charged that the DuBois Clubs of America were "spawned by the Communist Party." Officers of the organization label the charge "false."

The 25-year-old Myerson is quite tall and refers to himself as "the Jolly Red Giant." He has been informed by the FBI—which has infiltrated the Minutemen, an underground right-wing organization—that he is second on the list of the ten individuals the Minutemen would most like to kill. The FBI wouldn't tell him who is first.

I thought it might be appropriate to give him one of those Avis Rent-a-Car lapel buttons that say they're only number two but they try harder.

Anyway, the speeches and entertainment continued until that evening, when 15,000 impatient marchers were chafing at the bit pulled by Ken Kesey and his band of Merry Pranksters.

There had been a rumor that they were going to invite the Hell's Angels—various gangs of anti-social motorcyclists—to a big bash at their community in Honda. When a group of Hell's Angels showed up, to their surprise they were befriended. And they began hanging around.

It came to pass that the Vietnam Day Committee invited novelist Kesey to speak at their rally. He accepted, dancing tongue to cheek. Neo-togetherness: The Hell's Angels and Merry Pranksters painted a bus and made toy ack-ack guns to use on enemy planes (anything that flew), and a kind of put-on *cum* put-down participation began taking shape.

Kesey was the next-to-last speaker. There is something about an outdoor public address system that can make you sound like a rabble-rouser if you're not careful, and Kesey commented on the sound rather than the words of those who preceded him.

He played a few bars on his harmonica between his own words, which consisted essentially of warning that we should love our neighbors, that the protest march wasn't going to change anything, that wars have been fought for 10,000 years.

Well, it's true. The latest Peace Calendar & Appointment Book (available for \$1.50 from the War Resisters League, 5 Beekman St., N.Y. 10038) itself becomes inadvertently cynical by featuring anti-war poetry from 1500 B.C. to the present. Still, you can't just ignore insanity.

It took *The London Observer* (July 18, 1965) to tell it like it is:

"There is the uncouthness, along with the dazzling ability, revealed in

the minor personal traits. He picks his nose. He is liable, when slumped down in a chair, to reach casually and unashamedly into his groin to ease his pants. His phrasing is of a kind not usually associated with the Presidency of the United States.

"To a reporter who began an interview with a trivial question, he said, 'Why do you come and ask me, the leader of the Western world, a chickenshit question like that?' When the handsome and dignified Italian Secretary of NATO, Signor Manlio Brosio, came on a visit to Strategic Air Command, in Nebraska, the President invited the accompanying reporters in the plane to come and talk with Mr. Brosio. As they settled down to question the distinguished guest, the President stood up. 'I'm going to have a piss,' he explained."

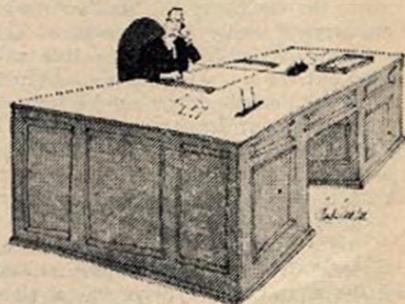
Now there is nothing intrinsically evil about scratching your balls during a press conference—a few months ago one reporter's lead paragraph began, "The President handled himself beautifully this morning . . ."—the frightening thing is the megalomania of his crudeness. In a private interview, he avoided talking about Vietnam, so at the end the reporter asked him about the war. Replied LBJ: "What the Commies are saying is 'Fuck you, Lyndon Johnson.' And no one's going to say 'Fuck you, Lyndon Johnson' and get away with it."

May we have another chorus of *Hail to the Chief*, please?

And so we marched that Friday night, from Berkeley to Oakland, where the police and the national guard were out in force, waiting on the border, pointing prohibitively at us like an arrow-shaped Berlin Wall.

And so we turned around and marched back to Civic Center park in Berkeley, where someone threw tear gas at us from a roof and the jug band was literally petrified and Bob Scheer had to slap their faces while telling everybody to lie down on the grass because tear gas rises.

After this unscheduled intermission, the outdoor teach-in continued.



"I'm very sorry, but we of the FBI are powerless to act in a case of oral-genital intimacy unless it has in some way obstructed interstate commerce."

February 1966

<http://www.ep.tc/realist>
THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

On Saturday afternoon, we marched again, this time about 5,000 strong. Along the sidelines, a refugee held up a poster which said — in English, French and German — *You Are Now Leaving the Democratic Sector of Berkeley*. A little girl had a sign that said *Welcome to Occupied Oakland*. The police and the national guard had once again formed their mass welcoming committee. Instead of the traditional *We Shall Overcome*, we sang *Help!*

Enter the Hell's Angels.

At a previous civil rights demonstration, Oakland police were overheard encouraging them to, let's say, fool around. And, when Jack Weinberg (the arrestee inside the police car that thousands of Berkeley students had surrounded back when it all officially began) was in jail he became friendly with a Hell's Angel, who came back to visit him and disclosed that the Oakland police had offered to drop certain charges against them if they would, let's say, mess up.

They wouldn't cooperate. But, just as in the left wing, there is factionalism in the Hell's Angels. And now here they were, their cockiness having been legitimized by Ken Kesey and his magic harmonica, although it was hard to tell exactly what side they were on, because for the Hell's Angels to ally themselves with the police would have been blatantly out of character.

The thing is, there were *two sets* of police.

At first, when the Hell's Angels were strutting toward the wedge of Oakland police, I thought, "Oh, shit, they're gonna spoil our march." But the Berkeley police were *escorting* them toward the Oakland police. At that moment the Berkeley police became their enemy.

Suddenly the Hell's Angels turned around—it looked as if the Oakland police had parted like the Red Sea to let them back into Berkeley territory—a fracas developed and a Berkeley policeman got his leg broken by one of the very Hell's Angels who had helped paint the Merry Franksters' bus.

Since the Berkeley police were protecting the marchers, we automatically became the enemy of the Hell's Angels. They ripped away the banner of the marchers at the front of the line and pulled out the wires of our sound truck before the Berkeley cops subdued them.

Meantime our leaders had started a chant—*Keep cool! Keep cool!*—and the marchers all sat down in the street. The speeches had to be given through a bullhorn.

"This is not a beatnik invasion of Oakland," I said, and the police smiled for the first time. "There was a time when beatniks were criticized for not having social concern. Now they're being criticized for *having* social concern. . . ."

This month the director of the National Council of Men's Fashions issued a press release, stating that "Sloppiness in dress is a part of the subversive breakdown of this country. In every instance, it is the left and way-out groups which first adopt such clothing trends."

But as the protest escalates, the demonstrations become more middle-class. The wife of one man who went on the recent March on Washington said to him upon his departure: "If you get arrested, for Christ's sake put the bail on Diner's Club."

At the same time, red-baiting becomes diffused. What with increasing publicity being given to pacifist groups, hecklers are now shouting, "Hey, are you a Quaker?" and "Why don't you go back to the Quakers!"

You can remind them that Richard Nixon is a Quaker, but it doesn't seem to make any difference. If John F. Kennedy could remain politically uninfluenced by the dogmatism of his Catholic background, so could Nixon remain unmoved by the implications of Quaker doctrine. I mean, you have yet to hear him identify with a single draft card burner.

Station WLLH in Lowell, Mass. has announced that it will not broadcast news of draft card burnings and other illegal protests against U.S. policy. So far I've burned photostats of my draft card in 4 states and Canada; what I would really like to see is a conservative who is *for* the war in Vietnam, but against government-bureaucracy, burn his draft card.

When I talked about this on Dan Sorkin's early morning radio show in San Francisco, the station manager ordered that the interview be terminated. Sorkin refused to comply because this would have been a violation of his contract, which includes the first ten amendments to the Constitution.

The real meaning of the Hell's Angels is that they are merely the violent end of a spectrum which would burn, not draft cards, but the Bill of Rights.

"The Hell's Angels only did what everybody wanted to do," said the director of Republicans for Conservative Action. "At least they weren't draft dodgers even if they have had notoriety in the past."

His group formed an organization called *Friends of the Hell's Angels*.

This, though the Angels had once been called Communist-inspired. They themselves had once inspired a film, *The Wild Ones*—the climax of which was when Marlon Brando smiled at a waitress—and, had Brando been on our march (he would have if he were in town), then try to comprehend the *further* splitting of their loyalties.

The Hell's Angels have always been apolitical. In Richmond, Calif., the Col-

ony Furniture Co. refused to recognize a carpenters' union, and when the union called a strike, the company brought in members of both the Hell's Angels and Hitler's American Sons as scabs. But when the latter group tried to indoctrinate the former with Fascist philosophy, the Hell's Angels listened carefully and then beat the Nazis up.

They learn fast.

So it was fascinating to watch the metamorphosis of their image into new American patriots . . . and even more fascinating to watch the Hell's Angels act as if they believed it.

They announced they would "move into all future anti-war demonstrations in this area." They debated with Allen Ginsberg at San Jose State College. They decided not to interfere with the next march, issuing this statement: "Our patriotic concern for what these people are doing to our great nation may provoke us to violent acts." They wired President Johnson an offer to serve as "a crack group of trained gorillas [sic]" in Vietnam.

Meanwhile, the first couple of thousand copies of Robert Taber's book on "the theory and practice of guerrilla [sic] warfare," *The War of the Flea*, were bought up by the United States Army, Navy and Air Force.

There is, however, one guerrilla tactic not mentioned in the book: Saigon has been importing whores from Korea because the Vietnamese prostitutes have developed a nasty habit of stabbing G.I.'s with whom they are in bed.

Finally, there is the UPI-dated report about "a small band of U.S. airmen who call themselves the Ranch Hands. . . . Secret experiments in defoliation, or killing jungle foliage, were conducted in South Vietnam as early as 1961 [leading to] the decision in 1962 to begin defoliating strips several hundred feet wide along either or both sides of the principal roads and waterways of the sprawling Mekong Delta. . . ."

"While the spray planes deprived the Viet Cong of brush and mangrove concealment, they also deprived numerous villagers of their coconut and rice crops. Still today, an occasional rubber or jack fruit plantation withers and dies alongside a Communist infested jungle. (The Ranch Hands' unofficial theme song is *High Hopes*, with particular stress on the line 'Oops, there goes another rubber tree plant.')

The article concludes:

"Despite the known dangers of being a Ranch Hand, Maj. Hay-Chapman boasts that all of his men are 'two time volunteers—first for Vietnam and second for the Ranch Hands.' Why do they volunteer? The answer is an unprintable, anti-Communist, two-word slogan displayed prominently on the Ranch House wall."

EDITORIAL GIGGIES

(Continued from page 6)

SON and GIRL: between RAPIST and VICTIM . . . and DAD's reaction, over which we hear his inner voice each time we return to the scene of the rape, his strain clearly visible).

DAD's Voice: Why is everybody just standing around and watching? . . . This is different from Vietnam—there's a perfect chance for personal involvement here. . . . Nobody else is doing anything about it, why don't you? . . . You've been waiting all your life for an opportunity like this . . . Go ahead . . . Go on . . . go on . . . Now!

(DAD surges through the crowd and pounces on the VICTIM, pummeling her madly, and ripping at her underthings. The crowd applauds and yells its encouragement to him. The crowd suddenly turns into cheering spectators in a baseball stadium, where the attack is now taking place at approximately Second Base. The noise of the onlookers gets louder and louder, reaches a fantastic pitch, and then. . . .)

CUT TO: Close-up of MOM, in the kitchen.

MOM: Dinner's ready.

(DAD goes into the bathroom and washes his hands. As he is about to dry them, we see two towels on the rack. One is inscribed WE and the other is inscribed THEY. At this point the SON appears in the bathroom doorway. Before we see which towel DAD reaches for, the picture freezes, as at the end of *The 400 Blows*. During this whole non-dialogue scene, we hear music—the theme to which POSTMASTER and MOM had been dancing—we hear it faintly at first, but it rises to a crescendo at the freeze. We never find out which towel. . . .)

Ah Sordid Announcements

- Issue #63 was dated October. This issue, #64, is dated February. You haven't missed anything between.
- Volunteers, from evening-receptionists to painters, needed at the Inst. for Rational Living: LE 5-0822.
- Lenny Bruce's autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, has not been reviewed by *Time* or *Newsweek* (both of which were anxious enough to give him space when *The Realist* ran his 'obituary'); nor has *The N.Y.*



At the March on Washington, Norman Thomas said he was more concerned with America saving its soul than its face. Here we find a pair of counter-demonstrators putting his words into action. The Hell's Angels are the Dorian Gray of the Pepsi Generation . . . they are the factory rejects of the Dodge Rebellion . . . they are the underbelly of the Great Society.

February 1966



Times carried a review of the book, although they assigned Kurt Vonnegut to write one.

- Dick Gregory is going to run for mayor of Chicago in 1967. Contributions may be sent to Independent Voters for Dick Gregory, P.O. Box 4967, Chicago, Ill.
- Frank Cieciorka (who created *The Realist's* infamous One Nation Under God cartoon) and his wife, Bobbi, co-authored *Negroes in American History: A Freedom Primer*, \$1.50 per copy (\$1 each for 20 or more) from SNCC, 360 Nelson St. SW, Atlanta, Ga.
- William Dufty (who wrote "The Americanization of Zen" in this issue) is the translator and editor of *You Are All Sanpaku*, a book about macrobiotic eating.
- *Realist* contributors Avery Corman, Mort Gerberg and Marcia Seligson are the co-authors of *What Ever Happened to . . . ?*, an exercise in malignant nostalgia.
- Militant atheist Madalyn Murray was married in a Texas civil ceremony which required her to swear "I do" in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.
- *Playboy* Magazine now has a discount rate on subscriptions from clergymen.
- Larry Cole, director of the Lower Eastside Action Project, writes: "We need your help to provide warm clothing and Christmas food and presents to many of our families who will otherwise go without. Your contribution to LEAP's Christmas Fund is tax deductible and nice." The address is 44 E. 3 St., N.Y. 10003.
- Negro sharecroppers in the Jackson, Miss. area who had registered to vote have been evicted. Toys, books, clothing and household utensils may be sent to *Christmas Project '65* c/o Charles Kaska, 6-31 Cedar Ave., West End, N.J.
- The post office requires that we include the zip code with all subscribers' addresses. If we don't have yours, please drop us a card as soon as possible.
- *The Handbook for Conscientious Objectors* is available for 50c from the Central Committee of Conscientious Objectors, 2006 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Lyle Stuart is an honest journalist; for his report from Cuba, send 25c for the November issue of *The Independent* at 239 Park Ave. S., New York 10003.
- Students for a Democratic Society combines an uncompromising philosophy with a willingness to get its hands dirty in community work. Send \$3 for a subscription to their bulletin: SDS, 1103 E. 63 St., Chicago, Ill. 60637.
- The Humanist Student Union of North America has begun investigating incidents which violate humanistic values; to form a chapter, write them in Yellow Springs, Ohio.
- This is to give much-belated credit to the man who suggested the name of *The Realist*: Fred P. Wortman.
- In 1966 every day will bring another New Year's Eve.

Report from Hanoi

by Michael Myerson

Hanoi is a beautiful city of French colonial architecture, tree-lined streets, and many spacious lakes. The streets are filled with people in motion. Ninety % of all traffic is by bicycle, and these days what motorized vehicles exist are camouflaged.

The daily life of the city is a paradox, for while there are military fortifications throughout Hanoi in preparation for an attack, there is simultaneously a great effort made to normalize existence.

For example, everywhere one goes, whether to the lakes, across bridges, to the university, the government buildings or the factories, anti-aircraft fortifications are visible.

It is not unusual at dawn or dusk to see dozens of young people walking with rifles and camouflage to and from militia practice. At the same time, no curfew exists and there are no air raid drills.

The people of Hanoi refer to those areas now suffering from U.S. bombing attacks as "the front." I mean here those areas of North Vietnam under bombing attack.

Immediately upon our arrival in the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRV), we asked to be allowed to go to "the front." After a week in Hanoi, we received permission and left for Thanh Hoa province, one of the biggest in the DRV and one suffering daily bombing raids.

We had to make the trip by night, as the road leading south from Hanoi is bombed and strafed each day. We left our hotel (the Unity, formerly the Metropole, which, under French colonialism, barred Vietnamese from entering) late one afternoon for the 8-hour drive south, traveling in camouflaged Soviet jeeps.

By dusk, we had come to Nam Dinh, the third largest city in the DRV and a major industrial center. As we drove through the town, we spotted a partially destroyed hospital, a bombed out pagoda, the major textile mill heavily damaged after several raids, and several houses leveled by the attacks.

There may have been "military installations" which also were destroyed, but we saw none. Night came as we left Nam Dinh and, driving with no lights, we continued on to Thanh Hoa as part of a military convoy, several hours long.

We had been given to understand, through reading the American press, that road travel had almost become impossible due to U.S. bombs destroying the network of bridges in the DRV. But we crossed several dozen bridges on the way to Thanh Hoa. Only three had been destroyed.

In two cases we had to cross the rivers by ferry, and in the other a prefabricated bridge was up to keep the traffic flowing at night and would be taken down before dawn, giving the impression to U.S. planes that the bridge was still destroyed.

Great efforts are made in these districts, as in Hanoi, to normalize existence. Market places come alive at night. The people claim that production has actually increased since the bombings began. In the villages, one hears a constant stream of singing, poetry-reading, and story-telling.

We were told that there are more artistic assemblies now than before the escalation. Before we left Hanoi we had met dozens of artists, poets, actresses, and musicians who had come south to "the front" for months at a time to entertain and to participate in the self-defense corps.

Almost everyone we met was in a self-defense unit. Students after school have anti-aircraft practice and study in the trenches at night by oil lamps. When the bombings of the north began, the Vietnamese Youth Federation called for militia volunteers and over two million young people responded.

Everyone is armed, and presumably from that comes the rationale of bombing homes and calling them military barracks.

Thanh Hoa province contains the Ham Rong bridge, one of Defense Secretary McNamara's eight "must" targets, and upon which day and night bombings had been directed for the four months prior to our visit. According to the Vietnamese, 58 planes had been downed in that period.

The bridge itself doesn't cost as much as two aircraft, and isn't worth the cost of any of the human lives that McNamara has spent.

The simple heroism of the Vietnamese in defending their country is particularly striking. We spoke to Ngo Thi Tuyen, a 19-year-old militia woman in the Nam Nan village in Thanh Hoa.

On the first day of bombings directed at the Ham Rong bridge, the job of Sister Tuyen (most Vietnamese women are called *Thi* or Sister) was to supply the militia on the other side of the half-mile long bridge. She is slight, weighing 98 pounds, quite average for the Vietnamese.

Under the heavy attack of several dozen jet planes, Sister Tuyen carried 220 lbs. of ammunition on her back across the bridge. We asked her how she could manage this and she replied, "It had to be done."

The determination to defend the country and the national pride of the Vietnamese is fantastic. Morale is very high. The bombings have had much the same effect on the Vietnamese spirit as did the Nazi *blitzkriegs* on the British.

One older peasant in Thanh Hoa told us, "If we do not win, then our children will, and if they do not, then our grandchildren will. We are prepared to fight for many years." But he added, "the question is not fighting for and winning a victory. Rather if we do not fight, we will die, and we will lose our freedom and independence. The question is not victory or defeat, but life or death."

At dawn on the morning of our arrival (the Vietnamese workday begins at 6, breaks for four hours at midday to escape the most intense heat, and resumes until dinner), we visited the sight of Hospital Number 71. Formerly a major tubercular sanatorium with a complex of thirty buildings, it was now a jumble of ruins.

We were told that the 500-bed hospital was the victim of three separate bombing raids, the last one with over 100 bombs. Nguyen Thuai, the director, took us about the ruins, showing us where forty patients and five doctors had gone to their deaths.

For a mile in any direction, the peasant villages surrounding the hospital were also leveled. We asked the director if it were possible that the hospital might have been taken from the air to be a military barracks.

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He replied that there are no barracks in that area, that the hospital has been there for five years, and that on top of each of its thirty buildings large red crosses had been painted.

[*Editor's note:* In its October 1st issue, *Life Magazine* ran two pages of photographs taken by Chris Koch—snide captions courtesy of *Life*—but they wouldn't publish his photos of bombed civilian targets.]

The medical workers in the DRV believe that hospitals, like schools, have become prime targets for American jet planes. They report that several dozen have been destroyed throughout the country, all in similar situations to Hospital Number 71, all with red crosses on the rooftops, all far distant from any military installations.

The most famous of all of these is the Quynh Lap Leper Hospital, an isolated colony on the DRV sea coast. We were told that Quynh Lap has been subjected to fourteen separate raids, killing 120 patients, and that the last raid was aimed at the funeral of the previous dead and killed several mourners and destroyed the coffins.

Because of this pattern of destroying hospitals, the medical workers have decentralized the provincial and district hospitals, dispersing sections of each into surrounding villages. We paid a visit to one such village unit and met with the patients and medical workers.

We saw a 7-year-old boy who had been playing in a rice paddy, when a U.S. plane spotted him, flew in and strafed him, blowing his legs off.

We met a 28-year-old mother of two children who was working in the fields when a plane strafed her. She was three months pregnant at the time but lost the baby, as her back was broken. Her legs will be permanently paralyzed.

In no way could they have been mistaken for "military installations." There were half a dozen other such victims in this small unit, all there is room for along with the normal hospital cases.

There was always electricity for surgery in the regular hospitals but these makeshift units must make do with dry cell flashlight batteries.

The economy of the DRV is still rather poor, but if the peasants of Thanh Hoa are at all representative, there is great national pride in the accomplishments of the revolution.

Malaria and cholera have been eliminated. Mosquito netting is now available for protection at night. There are now thousands of village hospitals and first-aid stations, and all medical services are free. Vitamins are now plentiful and there are no longer any nutritional deficiency diseases in the country.

All of this has been done in eleven years under what are hardly optimum conditions.

We visited the Dai Thang agricultural co-op which had suffered through four raids and fifty deaths, mainly women and children, in the three weeks prior to our arrival. The co-op consists of 170 households, or 800 persons.

Under the French, the peasants in the village owned no land, had no education, no medicine, and little food. Food output has been almost doubled and the co-op now has paved roads, schools, an animal husbandry complex.

Illiteracy, which was universal eleven years ago, has been erased. Over 100 youths from the village are now studying at universities.

But progress may now come slower; the United

States has "escalated" a war these people were not fighting. Two-thirds of the co-op's houses are now destroyed, some by napalm; many children are dead, some by Lazy-Dog anti-personal bombs.

As we met with the peasants, we heard the planes approaching and we were herded through the village, across some paddies, to stand beside the trenches, prepared to enter the tunnels that lead away from the populated areas.

The planes had a different destination, however, and we were in no danger. We repeated this experience four times that day.

Others have not been so fortunate.

At the Nga Ba Moi Sanatorium, 5 elderly people were killed; in the Thieu Nguyen village nursery school, 25 children and three teachers died; 40 others perished at the raid on Kieu Eai village; the bombings of the Tu Tiu marketplace killed at least 29; and 7 peasants were killed while working in the rice paddies.

In the past twelve months there have been 2,100 such raids on Thanh Hoa province.

Hundreds of factories, schools, hospitals, marketplaces, Buddhist pagodas, Catholic churches and fishing vessels have been destroyed. The United States has dropped rockets, napalm, phosphorous bombs, time bombs, Lazy Dogs, and even air-to-ground missiles, according to the peasants we met.

When the air raids came, we found that children would warn the villagers by running through the streets shouting "John is coming! John is coming!" We were told that Ho Chi Minh had begun this by deriving "John" from Johnson, adapting the name to the monosyllabic Vietnamese.

We wondered aloud if they knew that in the American idiom "john" means toilet. They smiled, telling us that "Uncle Ho" lived many years ago in the United States, in Alabama, and is no doubt familiar with American slang.

Thanh Hoa province has a population of 1.9 million people living primarily in large delta areas and along a long coast line. Since 1954, they have built a major textile factory, a food processing plant, sugar refineries, blast furnaces, a fertilizer manufacturing complex.

Five thousand youth brigadiers have rebuilt the 90 kilometers of railway destroyed by the French before their final defeat. They have also built several dams and dikes to prevent crops from being water-logged. In the DRV, as throughout the socialist world, the youth are the major bulwark of socialism.

We were told of Nguyen Ba Ngoc, a 4th grade student who, after a bombing raid on a nearby nursery school, herded two small children to shelter. When the raid was over, he went to get the other children and was hit by rockets. He dragged the other children to safety but died himself of burns and loss of blood.

His story is repeated in the young lives of hundreds of others.

We met 14-year-old Le Van Cung of Thap Linh village. Cung was studying in school last April when the bombs hit. He and his classmates entered the village to put out the fire and save the smaller children. While he was carrying a small baby a plane swooped down to strafe the village and wounded Cung in both legs and one foot. Every day since, the doctors have to remove splinters of bone.

He explained to us that if the baby had lost his life, the country loses a human being. His loss is a loss for

all. Cung smiled his sad smile and said he was pleased to meet his American uncles and asked us to give his regards to all his uncles and aunts in the United States.

We met Sister Dinh, a blast furnace laborer and militiaman, who in defending her factory was maimed and is scarred all over her body. Her hair has fallen out (she is 18 years old), she is without two fingers, and her ears bleed each day for long periods. But she reports that even while defending the country, her compatriots have increased production.

The women of Vietnam are strikingly beautiful. One can walk down the street and pass a dozen beautiful girls in a row. We estimated that one quarter of the Vietnamese women are only pretty; the rest are gorgeous.

One of the most beautiful we met in Thanh Hoa was Sister Phuong Hanh. Sister Hanh works as a waitress in a restaurant, serves in the militia and sings the most tender lullabies I've ever heard. We had many talks about the life of young people and, when one of us asked her what was the first thing she looks for in a man, she replied after some thought, "a fighting spirit for the fatherland."

We asked Sister Hanh why she fought and what she thought the war was really about.

She told us that for 1100 years the Vietnamese people have suffered through outside aggression and foreign domination, that throughout those years they struggled in wars of liberation and achieved a victory recognized throughout the world in 1954 with the Geneva Agreements.

Now a new aggression had come and once again the Vietnamese must suffer atrocities to defend their homeland but once again they would be victorious.

"You know," she said, "we are a poor country, but we are jealous of our independence and proud of our accomplishments. We work very hard each day in the fields or in the factories (the workday in the DRV is 7½ hours), and when work is done we have poetry readings and story-telling and we get together and sing. And late at night under the stars we go with our sweethearts down to the river to have heart-to-heart talks. That is why we fight: to preserve our way of life."

Two days later, back in Hanoi, we had an opportunity to interview USAF Captain Robert Daughtrey of Eagle Pass, Texas, one of the captured American pilots.

It had taken more than a week to secure permission from the Defense Ministry to meet with one of the pilots, and when it was received we went to the Youth Federation Building, which, during the resistance war against the French, served as the French Officers' Club, and it was from here that French operations at Dienbienphu were directed.

After the settlement in 1954, the Youth Federation was offered its choice of buildings in recognition of its contributions to the resistance. The French Officers' Club, one of Hanoi's grandest mansions, was ideal.

Today, it stands directly across the street from France's diplomatic mission. "A perfect example of peaceful coexistence between peoples of different social systems," said one youth leader, with an ironic smile.

Captain Daughtrey had flown from Korat Air Force Base in Thailand (the U.S. still denies flights originate from Thailand) on August 2nd, his primary target being the Ham Rong bridge in Thanh Hoa. When his plane was hit by anti-aircraft fire he began losing

altitude very quickly and ejected only 300 feet above ground, breaking both arms in his fall.

When we met him one month later both arms were still in casts. He was reluctant to talk with us in the beginning but when he learned we had recently come from the States he asked us about the baseball standings.

After we had exhausted the National League, we asked Daughtrey about his capture and his subsequent treatment. He said that after his fall he was in great pain and entertained the thought that his captors might kill him.

He discounted the possibility of torture although he said he had read *Life Magazine* accounts of Americans torturing Vietnamese and assumed the reverse was most likely true as well.

The villagers who shot him had also found him in pain and, after disarming him, offered him a thermos of hot tea and a loaf of bread. They then dressed his wounds and turned him over to the local hospital.

He is now kept in a hospital near Hanoi in a room with another American prisoner so that he has company. He receives three meals a day, reading material, and a ration of cigarettes. He seems grateful for the way he has been treated and, prior to our visit, he gave an interview to Radio Hanoi in praise of this humane care. He had had three operations on one arm already and seemed confident of its full recovery.

We asked Daughtrey if, after returning to base following his sorties, the pilots talked among themselves about the war. He told us that the war itself was never a subject for discussion, that the purposes of the war are not considered, and that to think about the war might in fact lead to a breakdown in military discipline.

We are soldiers, he said, and that is like being parts of a machine. Machines don't think. I pointed out to him that human beings do think, however, that soldiers are presumably human beings as well, and that in fact his army was losing to an army which both thought deeply about why it fought and still maintained its military discipline.

Such talk did not faze Daughtrey.

He asked us if the Ham Rong bridge, his target, was still standing and when we replied in the affirmative, he smiled. It was like a sporting contest, he explained.

I asked him why he joined the Air Force and he replied that it was a good job, with retirement benefit, PX privileges, and good pay; he was not making enough money on the farm in Texas. This was just a good job.

I asked why he didn't get another job. He said he loves to fly.

I asked why didn't he fly commercially. He said, no, man, that's just like driving a bus; he likes to just get up there by himself and zoom and roll over.

I asked if he considered the fact that in his zooming he was killing people and destroying their country. He replied that he never thought they would shoot back.

As the meeting drew to a close, we told Daughtrey that we would be returning to the U.S. soon and asked him if he would like us to bring a message to his wife, children, or father in Del Rio, Texas. He had no message for his wife or children but asked us to have his father return the two air conditioners to the store for him as he won't be needing them now.

This was the moxie of this poor schmuck. He was a nice fellow, kept a good sense of humor, and was a typical product of his system.

He can't believe his government can do wrong and he had no real understanding of the seriousness of what he had done or the spot he is in presently.

He has no real sense of social responsibility and absolutely no political interest, let alone awareness. He is a classic Nice American Boy.

He is loyal to his family; he is generous with his friends. He just wants to live the good life of air conditioners and PX privileges. And he would napalm a civilian population in Vietnam without thinking twice.

When we were in Thanh Hoa, we had an opportunity to examine the contents of one downed pilot's survival kit. There was the customary compass, maps, rations, and cooking utensils. And there was the poison capsule to be swallowed, in order to escape torture presumably.

I wonder now how many, if any, American flyboys have died at the hands of DuPont Chemical and the USAF in order to avoid a punishment they would never have received.

Also in the kit we found a U.S. Armed Forces phrase-book of what to say upon capture. Written in several languages by the Office of Naval Intelligence, the book

is called *Pointee-Talkee*. The no-tickee-no-washee racism comes all the way from the top of our Great Society military.

Phrases every captured pilot should know include: "Will you accept gold?"; "Can you direct me to the nearest friendly guerrillas?"; and "Where is the nearest telephone?"

One other item of interest in the kit is an American flag, accompanied by a phrase written in English, Burmese, Thai, Laotian, Cambodian, Chinese, French, Dutch, Malaysian, Indonesian, and Vietnamese. (Why, I often wonder.) The phrase reads as follows:

"I am a citizen of the United States of America. I do not speak your language. Misfortune forces me [he's just been shot out of the sky, remember] to seek your assistance in obtaining food, shelter, and protection. Please take me to someone who will provide for my safety and see that I am returned to my people. My government will reward you."

Sister Hanh in Thanh Hoa is different of course from many Vietnamese, but I believe her thoughts about the war are typical of the people we met; at the same time, while I know that not all soldiers are like Captain Daughtrey, I believe his mentality to be typical of the U.S. military.

Symbolically, in my mind, the war has become one between a poor people fighting for the right to determine their own fate, to be able to have heart-to-heart talks with their sweethearts at night, and on the other side, a "superior" race that wishes to impose on these people its great society of air conditioners and pointee-talkee.

The relationship of the Vietnamese to one another is lovely to behold. The people we met were very gentle and giving toward each other. There seemed to be immediate rapport even between strangers, and love seemed to flow between people as commonly as hate and distrust does in our country.

While generally people seemed reserved, there is still an openness to the Vietnamese manner, and "games" of personality are seldom played. Strangers' hands are held and they are immediately made members of the Vietnamese family.

Perhaps it is attributable to their Buddhist traditions, or perhaps to the circumstances necessitated by 1100 years of foreign aggression, but most everybody we met seemed to regard each other as brother and sister.

This relationship seems to prevail on a political level as well. President Ho Chi Minh, their revolutionary leader, is referred to as Uncle Ho.

While he is held in great affection and admiration throughout Vietnam there is little of the cult that is found in most revolutionary situations. In fact, as our traveling companion Chris Koch noted, there are fewer pictures of Ho in Hanoi than there are of Johnson in Washington, D.C.

Ho's informality and his relationship to his people can only be compared to what I've heard of Fidel and the Cuban population. One day last year, Ho phoned the Youth Federation to say he was going to tour the provinces for the next couple of months, so please arrange for the Young Pioneers to take over the Presidential Palace and grounds.

The Palace was formerly the home of the French colonial governor, and its grounds are bigger in size

(Continued on Page 29)

No Complaints

If you are one of those soft-headed bleeding hearts who has been concerned about the slaughter of Vietnamese villagers by American bombers, we have some news that should make you sleep a lot better tonight. The notion that these greatly underestimated patriots resent being killed in the noble cause of American anti-Communism turns out to be just another example of Viet Cong propaganda.

According to columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak (October 11th), it seems that "a special task force studying the psychological reaction in the villages indicate no mass anti-U.S. feeling resulting from the bombings." And "the counter-insurgency mission . . . that has gone into the villages to win over the people has not sent back a single complaint about the bombing."

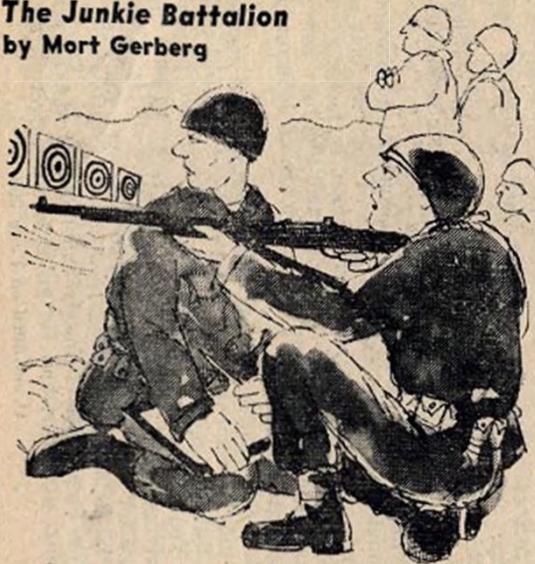
How about that? It just goes to show that the truth will out, however comforting. By happy coincidence, we have just received the results of the latest South Vietnam Government Public Opinion Agency poll, which should take care of the cynics among us. The questions asked by their interviewers were these:

Do you have any complaints about the way American planes bombed your village?	Yes 0%
	No 24%
	No opinion 76%
Which do you prefer: bombing, burning, or machine-gunning?	Bombing 20%
	Burning 2%
	Machine-gunning 2%
	No opinion 76%
Are you satisfied with the way the bombing has been handled, or shall we shoot you now?	Satisfied 24%
	Shoot now 0%
	No opinion 76%

The rather high no-opinion vote, according to Ngo Diem Gallup, head of the agency, did not reflect a lack of interest on the part of respondents, but merely physical inability to answer because of death, etc.

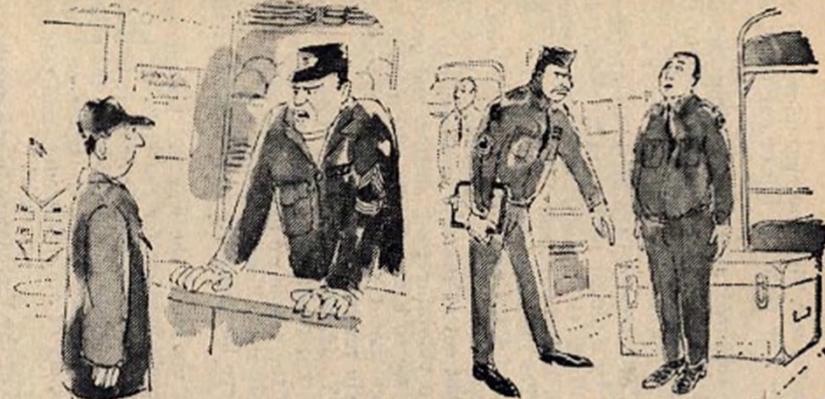
—L. L. CASE

The Junkie Battalion
 by Mort Gerberg



"Bull's-eye? Shit, man—I thought that bullet would never even get there . . ."

Washington, Oct. 20 (AP)—The Army should begin drafting the nation's "punks and young toughs," Rep. Paul A. Fino (R-N.Y.) said today. He introduced a bill which would amend the Selective Service Act to provide for drafting persons now considered deficient because of criminal records. He suggested special "junkie battalions" for those with narcotics records.



"You got it wrong, buddy—that's not what supply rooms are for . . ."

"Sarge, I can't spit-shine my boots. I ain't been able to spit in four years!"

"That's only 16! I said 20 push-ups, Burnhill!"



"Now! You want me to jump now? Before we take off?"



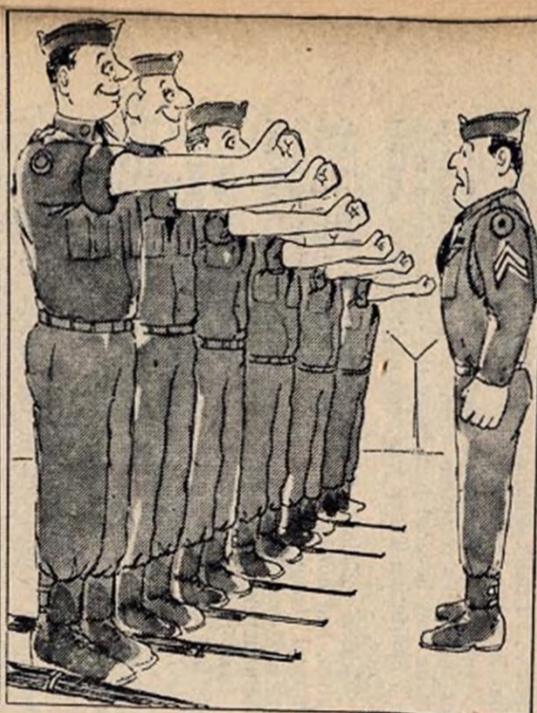
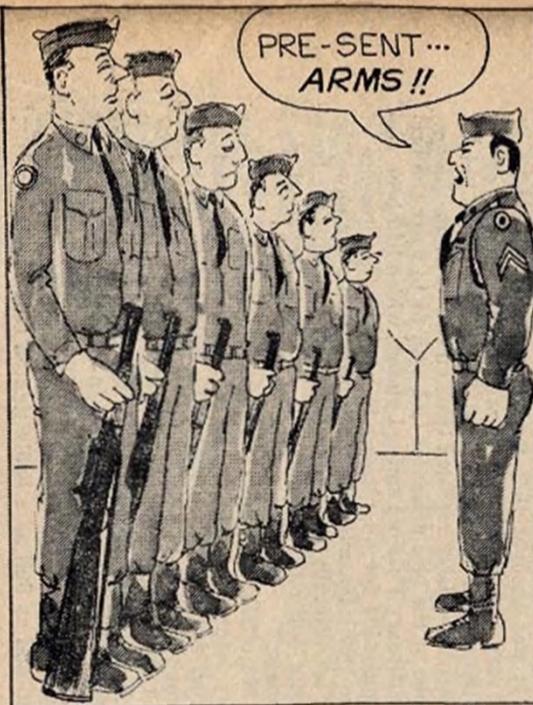
"Did you come yet, honey?"



"My KP's? In my kitchen? In my Army? A tea break."

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February, 1966



"Why can't I just stick him with a needle and sorta kill him with kindness?"



"I think they're trying to tell us something. This is the 18th straight day of cold turkey."



"All right, you guys—no more weekend passes!"

DEVIL'S VISIT TO N.Y.

(Continued from Page 8)

We Catholics cannot afford to ignore this "damned" occasion and affront to faith, dogma and morals. We must, even as soldiers do, "know our enemy" although it be at the risk of mortal sin and/or excommunication. In order for us to face up to this great trial of the spirit, we make the following suggestions for all practicing Catholics in this area in the hope that they may confront the devil in our midst and fittingly deny all his evil works.

A. TELEVISION VIEWING

Before turning on the set say an Act of Contrition. While focusing the image, say one Hail Mary, then one Our Father while turning up the sound. Be sure to hold a rosary at all times while viewing. Wealthy parishioners who can afford it, are urged to hire the services of a practicing, licensed exorcist to stand by during all telecasts of the devil's visit.

B. VIEWING THE PARADE

As soon as the Unspeakable One comes into view, start your pious ejaculations as you grip tightly (1) your miraculous medal, (2) your scapular, (3) your gold crucifix. Do not under any circumstances loosen your grip on these religious articles as long as Evil Personified is within eyesight.

C. PICTURE TAKING

Bless camera and film before taking any pictures. Clean lens with holy water if available. Use an infra-red filter and stop down to f. 22.

D. WRITING ABOUT THE EVENT

At no time, whether in the pursuit of reportorial duties or in private diaries or personal correspondence should the word "devil" be capitalized.

E. GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS

If, upon viewing the Evil One, you find yourself inspired by normal religious zeal and wish to use imprecations or even bad language, the Vatican has set up a temporary dispensation for this purpose. Any and all invective will be permissible as private utterance expressed as thought. Spoken imprecations, where uttered in the presence of the Catholic family, should avoid words of any erotic or sexual nature. Invective, in order to qualify for the dispensation, may only be used when the devil is actually within viewing range.

At 6:30 on Halloween morning, October 31, 1965, the center of Slag-pit #4 at the Acme Smelting Yard in Corona began to smoke ominously, and as six color television cameras burned out, their electrical systems totally destroyed, the Devil emerged in a pale blue cloud of smoke.

CBS-TV had their own expert on hand to describe what was not possible to be shown due to the unforeseen effects of the diabolic emergence; the Advocatus Diaboli, Monsignor Isidore O'Rourke, had been flown in from Rome the previous day.

The circle of welcoming dignitaries represented all parties and all faiths. At first, when the committee lists had been drawn up, everyone invited had refused to accept, claiming that their presence at the "belch-out" would be a political kiss of death. However, they all were on hand: Sen. Robert Kennedy, Boss Buckley of the Bronx, several New Jersey Mafia Leaders, and all the New York Mayoralty candidates.

Informants close to the situation later explained that this 100% attendance record was simply due to the fact that the devil obviously "had" something on everyone invited and that it was a question of their damn well *having* to show up.

Like the Pope before him, the Devil changed his

mode of transportation before driving through the city to his meeting at the Waldorf with the President. He discarded the New York City Police Department's Bomb Disposal Truck for a more open Department of Sanitation Tow-Away rig in order that the crowds might get a good look at him.

The size of the turnout of crowds viewing the devil's passage through the streets was kept a secret out of deference to the feelings of the recent Ecclesiastical visitor. Unofficial sources, however, claimed that the turnout was at least five times as large as that for Pope Paul.

In addition to a full turnout of police to guard the way, the Civilian Defense Corps Fire Wardens were ordered out in force. Every third policeman was provided with a fire-extinguisher.

The crowds proved more curious than violent and there were few demonstrations or evidences of opposition, although the police recorded six arrests for possession of Holy Water.

The devil's motorcade was preceded by the Police Department's Riot Squad loudspeaker truck which announced "Please do not attempt to touch our guest!"

One child was observed to say as the devil passed by, "But . . . I don't see *anybody!*" It was later discovered that he was a Unitarian.

At the Waldorf, preparations were still under way for the devil's reception when the cloud of sulphurous smoke that hovered just above the distinguished visitor's Sanitation Truck was seen at 59th Street and 3rd Avenue.

Waldorf officials, fearing damage to their V.I.P. suites, had quickly set up makeshift quarters for the unusual visitor inside the low-pressure boiler in Heating System #5, which was accessible to the lobby and the underground limousine entrance.

Lyndon Johnson's meeting with the devil was the shortest meeting between heads of state ever recorded. Exactly 30 seconds, after which the President was treated for heat prostration (although some suggest that it was really because LBJ had at last found someone who felt that U.S. intervention in Vietnam was not *enough*).

Later that day at the U.N. the entire Soviet bloc delegation walked out in the middle of the Devil's address.

It was thought that they objected to his praise of slavery and colonialism as well as his support of the international drug traffic and child prostitution, but investigation later revealed that, on orders from Moscow, none of the bloc delegates had seen fit to wear the precautionary Polaroid smoked glasses which had been recommended for all persons to wear in the presence of the Devil, inasmuch as "such precautions are unworthy of scientifically-minded socialists who disdain the bourgeois superstitions about a crypto-mythological personage."

No official statement was now forthcoming, but one day later, a supply house in New York received an order for 376 white canes to be delivered to the Soviet Embassy.

Later, at an improvised chapel set up in the Belgian Village at the World's Fair, the devil presided at the first Black Mass said openly in the New World. Apart from a summary arrest of the young lady on top of the altar for indecent exposure, the Black Mass proved as sad and as dull as a badly lighted blue movie.

At 11 o'clock, the Devil disappeared, taking the entire Belgian Village with him, along with an undetermined number of devotees attending the Black Mass. Experts later confirmed that this was the visitor's long-overdue assumption unto his fiery bosom of all those who had recently sold their souls to him.

When finally checked out by the Missing Persons Bureau, the list was found to include the following "big names" and celebrities:

Robert Moses; David Merrick; Brian Epstein; Oleg and Igor Cassini; Generoso Pope, Jr.; Lord Snowden; Dr. Frank Stanton; Jonas Mekas; Glenn Gould; Otto Preminger; Richard Burton; Ralph Ginzburg; Mary Travers; William F. Buckley, Jr.; Israel Young; Hubert Humphrey; Nick Meglin; James Warren; Terry Southern; Bob Dylan; Leonard Bernstein; Earl Scruggs; and the manager of Speedy Cleaners at 324 Horatio Street who lost my best pair of slacks and tried to make up for it with a gift certificate from Barney's Imperial Room.

The Trap of Violence

by David McReynolds

Don Waskey wrote a piece in the October *Realist* titled "A Violent Peace Movement." It was an article which symbolized in one way the kind of terrible frustration Roger LaPorte showed in a very different way when he immolated himself in front of the United Nations building.

I suppose I am glad *The Realist* ran Waskey's article, for in a society so insane that it can use napalm against Vietnamese children in order to save them from the perils of Communism, and in a society so tense and with so little real communication within itself that LaPorte was driven to a fiery death in a final effort to speak to his nation, I have no doubt there will also be those who think the road to peace is paved with the kind of violence Waskey advocated.

He himself, of course, will not engage in this violence because, as he put it, "I personally am not that committed to America to save it by my engaging in terror." Nonetheless he scored off the whole peace movement, and also such left-Marxist groups as Progressive Labor, because they content themselves with petitions, visits to Congressmen, public meetings, and demonstrations.

Waskey's argument is simple enough. The use of non-violence in something like Civil Rights worked because there were millions of Americans—10% of the population—who were directly and personally affected by racism and could be mobilized to fight it, and, because the white 90% were not only morally intimidated by mass demonstrations, but deeply frightened by the riots in Harlem and Watts, they were prepared to make the necessary concessions (or some of them).

But, he argued, in the matter of Vietnam, very few Americans are affected by it, concerned about it, or interested in it. The bombs fall a long way from home. The people who die, die screaming beyond the range of our hearing, and those who live, live weeping beyond the curve of the earth. Thus Johnson can escalate almost forever without fear of any real public pressure to reverse his course.

Since the Pentagon can ignore the "respectable" peace movement, our hope lies in those who bring the violence of Vietnam to our very doorsteps—by blowing up troop trains, by throwing home-made napalm bombs in military trucks bearing troops to ports of embarkation, by assassinating generals and by planting explosive charges on the hulls of troop ships—Waskey is quite explicit on all these points.

He concludes his dramatic vision of a violent peace movement by assuring us that "As the terror and sabotage increases, as more draft age young men place black powder bombs in front of their draft boards, the military will tighten its security. Thousands of men will not go to Vietnam to kill but will remain here to guard installations. Troops will have to guard factories. Then the Minutemen will be seeing Communists everywhere plunging society into chaos. And then the average citizen will begin listening to the moderates, the liberals who preach justice under law."

If *The Realist's* editor expects me to rebut Waskey by some vague appeal to morality, I must disappoint him. Aside from one brief point on morality, I propose to dissect the idiot logic of Waskey without help from the prophets. Yes, I am a pacifist, and as an executive officer of the War Resisters League I oppose all violence. But my answer to Waskey is not in terms of faith, hope, charity, or pacifist dogma. It is in terms of asking that people think before acting and, hopefully, that Waskey think before writing any more nonsense about a violent peace movement.

Let me begin by ticking off the areas in which violence can work.

Case One would be within a nation where the repressed group was either a majority or something very close to it. Thus trade unionists could use a great deal of violence and survive, because they represented so vast a segment of the population. Since, by definition, the government cannot put all workers in jail without unwittingly creating a "General Strike," the establishment must—after its own terrorism, rigged courts and legal attempts at suppression have failed—finally come to some kind of terms with trade unionists and must overlook and forget the fact that workers were so uncouth as to have used bricks, bottles, shotguns and hunting rifles in reply to the clubs and guns of the police and the Pinkertons.

Case Two, violence can work within a nation when the "establishment" is in a state of immediate crisis due to some catastrophe such as war. Lenin came to power in Russia during World War I, and Mao came to power in China shortly after World War II. (Cuba is an exception to my tidy rule; Fidel gained power through violence even though Cuba was at peace, and had the firm backing of the U.S.)

Case Three, violence can work when the oppressor is both a minority and is foreign, permitting the entire population to rally to the resistance. India won her freedom nonviolently, but she could have won it violently. The British could not have stayed forever. The Dutch finally lost Indonesia. Our own armed forces will eventually be driven out of Asia for the same reasons: we are foreign and we are oppressive.

But I know of no case in history where violence was successfully used by a minority against a government supported by the majority.

In some ways the sporadic and blind fury of ghetto Negroes in areas like Harlem and Watts can be said to

have aided those radicals who were trying to persuade the general public of the need for far-reaching social changes. But those same Negro leaders who are—at least in the area of Civil Rights—profoundly radical are the ones most appalled by talk of “aggressive” violence by the Negro, for they know that the impact of such violence, when exercised by a minority, will not bring progress, but the overwhelming weight of brutal violence by the majority.

(Those Negroes who do talk cheerfully of violence—writers like LéRoi Jones—are not burdened with any responsibilities of organization and are free to give vent to their anguish by writing about violence.)

It is also worth noting that with very few exceptions those who write or speak in favor of violence usually favor someone else doing it. Thus Waskey, after his detailed appeal for a violent peace movement, concludes that, of course, he has no intention of getting involved in such a movement. Similarly, for all the talk of violence among sections of the Black Nationalist movement, very little organized violence has been attempted.

There is an odd kinship between Waskey and men like Nixon, Buckley, and their YAFnik followers on the Right.

Waskey tells us the time for violence is at hand, that he favors such violence but that he won't take part in it. Men like William Buckley and Richard Nixon have not volunteered their services for combat in Vietnam, but they are urging the government to step up the military action there. Beware of the man who preaches violence; he will still be preaching violence from his armchair while you (if you follow his advice) will be lucky to be nursing your wounds in a hospital bed.

I do not mean to be nasty about this. There are none of us who do not, in a rage of frustration, want to urge that some “Committee of Justice” go down South and execute the known and identified killers of Civil Rights Workers. But we do not urge this, not simply because “execution squads” can operate in both directions, but for the more urgent reason that the immediate response within the South would be an increase in violence directed against the Negro community.

I know the frustrations that can drive men to advocate violence, but I know something, also, of the rational and the compassionate reasons why we so rarely give voice to these frustrations, and why we even more rarely carry them into action.

I have cited three situations where violence can work. Even in these cases I would advocate nonviolence because I am morally committed to it, but intellectual honesty compels me to admit that, yes, there are situations where violence can work. But even in the situations I have named, violence may fail. John Brown tried to liberate the great majority of Southerners by his rebellion at Harper's Ferry—and paid for the effort with his life.

In Europe following the First World War we know of Lenin's triumph, but we forget that violent revolutions in Hungary and Germany were crushed, and the Communist movement in Eastern Europe driven underground and rendered virtually ineffective until Russian armies moved into the area in 1945.

Castro won in Cuba, but a dozen equally decent revolutions in Latin America have been crushed. The tactics and the philosophy of nonviolence are hard to follow, and they bring no swift results. There is a romance and glory to violence, but we forget how very

often violence has failed us, leaving behind only blood, bodies, oppression, and such glory as dead men pass on when they have failed in a good cause.

Before I define the reasons why, in the present situation, violence would not work, I would make only one short moral point. (I don't need to bring in moral points to win this argument, but there is one comment which must be made.) Is it not a paradox that someone who is appalled at the killing, by Americans, of innocent persons in Vietnam should demonstrate his opposition to such “unjust violence” by advocating the blowing up of troop trains, the sinking of troop ships, and the hurling of home-made napalm bombs into troop-filled trucks?

Who are the troops? Are not most conscripts, being sent to battle against their will? If they have failed to resist and are guilty, is not their failure the human failure of lacking enough courage to have chosen prison as opposed to the army, and their guilt the guilt which is common to all humanity?

The men Waskey asks us to kill are fellow citizens being sent to a battleground of which they know nothing. If I strike down these men, I find myself in existential alliance with the leaders of this nation, who order out on the B-52's from Guam, to rain death on the innocent. For, with those leaders, I will have accepted the principle that to wage war against the innocent is justified by higher ends.

The practical arguments against the use of violence by a minority, and against a central authority which is supported by the majority, are abundant. They are not original with me.

Lenin was among those who fought hard against those Russians who viewed terror as the ideal weapon to bring down the Czarist state. Again and again Lenin argued that when violence is used by a minority, it is an attempt to substitute terrorism for politics, and is doomed to failure. It leads only to the suppression of the minority and to a general “political retreat” on the part of those liberals who had some sympathy for the goals of the revolutionist.

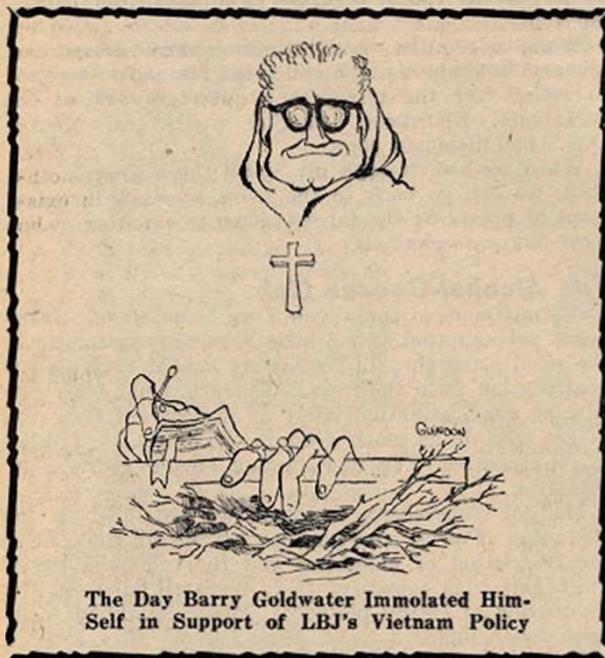
For one thing, violence requires a tight and conspiratorial organization. It cannot be used in an open, diffuse way. And it is precisely the tight control, the need for acquiring chemicals or weapons, for storing them, etc., which makes police penetration of such a movement so easy. No “violent peace movement” would get beyond blowing up one troop train before it would be infested with police agents.

Mr. Waskey, whatever else he may be, is not a student of revolutions and social change. Those who are students know that Lenin's own tightly controlled Bolshevik apparatus was penetrated by Czarist secret police to the very highest levels. Lenin's putsch succeeded because the State was in chaos, and because the old Czarist agencies had been overturned. He did not succeed because his organization and its members were unknown to the old secret police.

The recent weird case of the “Statue of Liberty Bomb Plot” is an excellent example of how police agents not only penetrate groups oriented to violence, but often serve as the most active agents in promoting these plots. In the South the FBI, yielding finally to political shifts, has penetrated the KKK and had an agent actually riding in the car loaded with killers who cut down Viola Liuzzo.

To seriously think that some sub-section of the Vietnam peace movement could turn toward violence and keep this fact a secret is to reveal a marvelous and touching naivete. I am not arguing now whether violence would be nice or nasty, I am simply arguing that the very nature of a violent movement renders it far easier for police to penetrate than a nonviolent movement.

Beyond this, however, a violent movement of any kind requires a certain degree of "social support" in order to operate. Violence—racist violence—works in the South because the racist there is, like Mao's famous guerrilla, a fish in the water. His neighbors do not notice his purchase of guns, they do not hear him when



The Day Barry Goldwater Immolated Himself in Support of LBJ's Vietnam Policy

he plots, they do not report him when he leaves on his midnight mission of terror. If he is pursued, his neighbors will hide him. If he is caught, his neighbors will refuse to convict him.

Does anyone think that the population of this nation is prepared for this kind of silent complicity in the workings of a "violent peace movement"? Obviously not. If it were known that I had blown up a troop train, and in the process killed several dozen men, who would hide me except others who, like myself, would already be under police scrutiny, whose phones would already be tapped?

Many Americans question our policy in Vietnam, but basically they support Johnson. Waskey thinks that if only there is enough violence, enough terror, then the general public will be alarmed and listen, at last, to those of us in the peace movement who are "moderate" because we condemn all violence. But, again, how little Waskey understands the workings of a society.

If there were a terrorist "peace organization" which through brilliant planning could avoid all detection, and could strike down political and military leaders without being caught in the process, what would Americans do?

They would panic and in their panic they would strike down the liberals for whom Waskey has such contempt. Support of the war would harden, and it would spread through the general population as people became aware that "the Communist menace is real." Even if the terrorists were not caught, the rest of us would be. Our offices would be raided. Our people jailed . . . if they were lucky. And the moderates—upon whom Waskey is counting to make the peace—would be eliminated altogether.

To argue that American troops will be diverted from Vietnam in order to guard factories and military installations here is to underestimate, first of all, the power of the routine police apparatus to maintain order in the face of any violent movement that might be launched.

But, more urgently, it is to fail to understand that given the state of terror which terrorism brings upon society there would be no lack of volunteers for military service, and no difficulty in obtaining sufficient manpower to guard factories here while killing Vietnamese abroad.

All of this is academic, for terrorism would never get far enough to require any massive guarding of factories or military installations.

Waskey himself is sincere—I assume that. But, granting his own honesty, does he not see who would really be served by "peace terrorism"? No one other than Johnson himself! If I were to try, as President, to think of some method that would finally divide and destroy the peace movement, and silence the growing criticism of the Vietnam policy, I would, with skill and secrecy, instruct a handful of political agents to launch a "violent peace movement." The public outcry after the first terror bombing would be so great that I could easily move to suppress the peace movement.

I pray to God that the October issue of *The Realist* was read only by second echelon FBI agents, and that Waskey's plan was not forwarded to the "political echelon" of the FBI or the CIA.

Lenin did not spend time arguing against terrorism because he himself was opposed to violence, but rather because he knew exactly what "terrorism by a minority against a majority" meant in political terms. It was counter-revolutionary.

I oppose violence for a host of reasons I have not stated here—I oppose it because violence destroys everything in which I believe, because I do not think it can build toward a decent society, and because I am not prepared to kill my brother in the name of brotherhood. But the arguments I've put forth here don't relate to my personal and mystic feelings about the evil of throwing napalm on anyone, even on troops. They are arguments which I would share in common with the most violent of revolutionists, for even violent revolutionists seek to use violence rationally, and the arguments for violence put forth by Waskey are not only non-pacifist (which is obvious) but counter-revolutionary in a profound sense.

The violence Waskey tells us "will come" can originate from only two sources—"agents provocateurs" or persons who are so frustrated by our failure thus far to stop Johnson that they strike out in a way that is blind, deranged, and destructive of whatever peace movement does now exist.

co-existing

by Saul Heller

The C.I.A., which has a penchant for piloting our ship of state incognito, has been caught once more with its disguises down, its morals loose and its ability to lie its way out of trouble in loose shape than ever. Its latest cloak-and-dagger mishap involved the offer of a bribe made several years ago to Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Quan Yew, to keep him quiet about an unsuccessful C.I.A. attempt to infiltrate Singapore's intelligence apparatus. Yew recently revealed the bribe offer in making public several grievances he had against the U.S. The State Dept., acting as lawyer for the C.I.A., denied the bribe attempt, until Yew released a letter from Secretary of State Rusk, apologizing in 1961 for what he denied in 1965.

An interesting feature of the whole business is that Rusk should have forgotten, not only that a bribery attempt had taken place, but also that he had written a letter apologizing for it. This argues that underhanded dealings are so much part and parcel of regular State Department operations that we can hardly expect a Secretary of State to remember one particular piece of chicanery.

A critic unencumbered by moral concerns doesn't, of course, object to the immorality of the C.I.A.'s operations. Spying on friendly nations is a business we must engage in, since the friends of today are the enemies of tomorrow, and some of our friends aren't even waiting that long. What the critic would object to are the numerous boners the C.I.A. has pulled in recent years in Latin America, Asia and Europe, the shallowness of its rascalities, and the damage it has inflicted on the State Department by its incompetence in the black arts.

Our hard-working, righteous State Department executives have the right to expect more efficient immoralities from their superiors in the C.I.A.

Playing Fair With Thugs

Station WDAM-TV in Laurel, Miss. has given the United Klans of America equal time to answer an attack on them by Mayor Henry Bucklew. This is certainly a fair arrangement, in keeping with our best—and worst—traditions.

New ground is possibly being broken. If the Klan, which has been repeatedly and authoritatively linked to arson, bombing and murder can be given equal time to confound and corroborate its detractors, why not give equal time to other worthy criminal groups that have been grossly maligned—say, our racketeers?

Syndicate criminals are responsible for considerably less violence against the public than the KKK, yet they are repeatedly denounced—on TV as well as elsewhere—making them as eligible for equal time as the less restrained, more irrepressible Klansmen.

It would certainly be interesting and informative to hear the racketeer discuss the importance of the services he provides for the public, and the lack of appreciation he gets in return—a base ingratitude that is hardly compensated for by the rich loot he collects.

Dope addict criminals might also be given a chance to state their case, and point out to the public the un-

fairness of permitting the smoker to obtain his pernicious and indispensable cigarettes much more cheaply and readily than the narcotics addict can get his own equally pernicious and indispensable drugs.

They could also tell taxpayers how much it costs them to force addicts to steal, and how beneficial it would be to let criminals less desperate for money rob them instead.

Rapists might be given time on the air to state what criminologists have long known—that a rape charge is in most cases a phony.

Other street criminals might be given the chance to point out that respected business crooks do so much more damage to society than they do, that the crime-in-the-streeter can be regarded as a benefactor by comparison.

While we're at it, we might even give the *honest* man a chance to state his case and plead for more tolerance, in return for the tolerance he displays toward our racketeers, Klansmen, grafting politicians, crooked D.A.'s and dishonest cops.

When we are through giving all these groups equal time, we can go back to the more equitable arrangement of providing the fairest shake to our biggest and most flagrant criminals.

The Alcohol-Cancer Link

A study made at three New York hospitals has linked heavy consumption of alcoholic beverages to cancer of the mouth and throat. Teetotalers should derive some gratification from the news. Alcohol has not been getting as much attention lately as it deserves from the people who do so much good in the world by ruining life's pleasures. The new finding should redress the injustice.

Medical researchers, to whom we are indebted for this piece of news, have long been tirelessly engaged in the restriction of happiness and the compounding of guilt. One consequence of their research has been the decimation of eating pleasures. Many delightful foods have fallen under a cloud, some because they are too high in fat, others because they contain too much salt or sugar, and still others because of guilt by association—undue chumminess with dubious food additives and pesticide residues.

There probably isn't a single pleasant-tasting food left that doesn't have enough suspicious characteristics to make an intelligent hypochondriac shudder before he yields to its appeal. Cigarette smoking is interdicted because of its menace to lungs and heart. Taking a breath of fresh air—a contradiction in terms for the big-city dweller—is fraught with long-term risks. Doctors haven't succeeded, of course, in making us—or themselves—stop doing all these things; they've merely taken most of the joy out of them.

The fact that alcohol alone—aside from the unimportant homicides associated with the drinking driver—seemed to be free of major hazards, promised to make it the vice of choice. Now comes the sad news that alcohol is no better than the other good things in life. Enjoying life has now come to mean enjoying its discomforts, risks, disabilities and annoyances. The positive pleasures—unalloyed positive pleasures, that is—are reserved only for the fortunate few who greet with total skepticism any assertion that threatens their pleasures, no matter how soundly backed it is by inadequate research, controversial evidence or solid facts.

No, Virginia by Alan Whitney

Bad Companions

The FBI, which does a superb job of apprehending people who burn draft cards in public parks before hundreds of witnesses, has not had quite the same success over the years in dealing with organized crime. Neither have local police forces.

To keep the public from getting too restless about these little lapses, law enforcement officials carry on an essentially meaningless campaign of harassment against the mob bosses, regularly violating their civil rights by arresting them on minor charges having nothing to do with their real crimes.

One such case in Brooklyn deserves special notice. Carmine Lombardozi, a veteran Mafia stalwart, was having drinks with some friends and business associates at a local cabaña club when the cops romped in and arrested him on charges of "consorting with known criminals."

Since Lombardozi is rarely invited to tea by the Anglican clergy, it would seem fitting and proper that he find his social contacts among people in his own industry. But the cops evidently didn't see it that way.

Now, if it is a crime for a hood to rub elbows with other hoods, you would think that it would be a worse offense for a high-ranking officer of the police department to do so. A crime against nature, you might say.

But it doesn't seem to be that way in Brooklyn. Only a few days after Lombardozi had been spirited away in mid-martini, Captain Joseph I. Coonan was suspended from the force and brought up on departmental charges of associating with known gamblers.

No criminal charges were brought against him.

Euphemism! Euphemism!

There has always been a degree of friction between schools of journalism and practitioners of the trade. One of the less publicized reasons for the conflict is the fact that the two parties often work at cross purposes.

For instance, the schools try to teach prospective reporters how to write exactly what they mean, whereas the papers need recruits skilled at saying what they don't mean. This is especially true where a story concerns the less clinical aspects of the human reproductive process.

A prime example of sexual circumlocution occurs in this description of a TV crime show: "The Met Squad appeals to the public to track down a maniacal criminal assaulter." Note the rich enigmatic quality characteristic of so much contemporary art. What, the

reader asks himself, does a "maniacal criminal assaulter" do, exactly?

Is he a maniac who assaults criminals? Or a perfectly rational chap who assaults maniacal criminals out of a sense of civic duty?

In either case, one sees why the Met Squad would want to track him down: He could be installed in the interrogation room at the station house to help extract voluntary confessions from indecisive defendants.

Or maybe the object of all this attention is a maniacal criminal who confines his indiscretions to the field of assault—punching people in the nose, kicking their shins, that sort of thing—and the Met Squad's staff psychiatrist wants to study him and find out why his transgressions are so specialized.

You'd expect a certified maniac to branch out occasionally into areas like mayhem, sodomy or running a coffee house without a license.

The word "attack" in this context means, of course, the same thing as "criminal assault," which is to say that



it does not mean what the dictionary would have you believe. Thus an 11-year-old rape victim is quoted as saying: "He pulled the car into a place where there was a lot of trees and attacked me again."

Leaving aside the question of whether any 11-year-old ever used such terminology, the statement is again fraught with intriguing overtones. Did he use non-lethal tear gas to insure the success of the attack? How extensive were the mopping-up operations?

Sometimes rape is accompanied by almost Oxonian flights of formal English, as in the case of a 20-year-old semi-literate who, according to the blats, told his intended victim: "I want to have sexual relations with you."

What he said next isn't recorded, but it presumably went something like this: "Please assume a supine posture and diverge your nether extremities in order that we might achieve coitus with minimal difficulty."

It must be noted that journalists who have been trained to speak plainly sometimes chafe under these publisher-imposed orders to do otherwise.

A few years ago, a high school in

Queens was plagued by a veritable wave of rapes; there were three or four cases in a couple of months. The principal was chagrined and was demanding more police protection.

One of the reporters sent to hear his complaint worked for a local daily that absolutely prohibited the use of the word "rape." He turned in a story which quoted the principal as follows: "We used to have the three R's at this school, but now we've got four: readin', ritin', rithmetic and criminal assault."

As you may have discerned, I'm against this euphemistic writing. I think publishers who insist on it should go be intimate with themselves.

History and Logic

One of the more salutary results of the November election was the crushing defeat of Wayne Dumont, who ran a McCarthyite campaign as the Republican candidate for governor of New Jersey. Dumont had based his bid for votes almost solely on demands that a Rutgers history professor be fired because he had said he wanted the Viet Cong to win.

A sample of Dumont's logic was his repeated observation that "a Viet Cong victory can only be achieved at the cost of American lives." Precisely the same is true of a Viet Cong defeat.

A headline in *The Chicago Tribune* stated: "3 on Board Agree: Keep Willis 4 Yrs./Applaud Tribune Editorial Stand."

The first paragraph of the story noted that three members of the Board of Education agreed with the paper that the Superintendent of Schools should be allowed to serve out his full term. Further along it was acknowledged that the other eight board members took exactly the opposite point of view.

Bare Midwest

World's Fair souvenirs, drastically reduced, are a big item in the turnpike gift shops all the way from New York to Chicago. Without venturing east of South Bend, Indiana, you can acquire for a penny a car decal assuring all interested parties that "I Was There!" at the big show in Flushing Meadow.

Chicago has a more or less reform administration now, with the predictable result that the streets are cleaner and the nightlife is less fun. In the old days of cheerful corruption the city was a cornucopia of all-night saloons, totally naked strippers and conveniently located gambling establishments.

The big thing now is the topless night club show, which turns out to be about as stimulating as an AA meeting. In the place I visited, four ladies who would be covered by Medicare before the decade was out did a lethargic version of the frug, and they weren't even completely topless.

They wore no bras, but their nipples were unappetizingly concealed by plastic pasties in such hues as bright green

and fag purple. A new triumph for Liberal Democracy.

(This almost psychotic aversion to nipples is a national phenomenon, and one worthy of a thorough study by the Menningers or somebody. In comic strips, even men aren't allowed to show them. The artists don't put pasties over the nipples; they just draw these unnatural chests with no topographical features at all. It's a general practice, but one most readily noted in *Smitin' Jack*, the most prolific medium for beefcake this side of *One Magazine*.)

There was an edifying moment at the topless night club.

After the venerable fruggers had retired, a belly dancer came on, accompanied by a Polish Arab orchestra. The girl took a few turns around the floor, then managed a split and a supplicating bow. While she was catching her breath, the bandleader-MC announced: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, Miss Fatima will attempt to do something she has never done before—dance."

It was left to a 17-year-old kid to provide a measure of assurance that the old raucous Chicago spirit is not entirely dead. Brought before a fady judge on a traffic charge, he was ordered to write an essay for penance. The paper he turned in was "really obscene," according to newspaper accounts. He got two months in jail, but it must have been worth it.

Pimps With Haloes

Honesty in advertising always deserves a word of praise, mainly because it occurs so rarely. Here are some current examples:

**The New York Daily News* calls itself "the lively paper" and acknowledges that its readers are "live ones."

*Tempo cigarettes note a "Big change! Now Tempo has good old-fashioned flavor." A welcome, if belated, admission that heretofore Tempo had lousy contemporary flavor.

*An ad for *Time Magazine* says that "51.6 per cent of *Time's* readers are adult men, 48.6 per cent are women." Who else would admit to having a bisexual clientele of .2 per cent?

Choosey People

With the Ku Klux Klan opening its membership to Catholics and the Mafia trying to take over the kosher meat business on Long Island, you could easily get the impression that the ecumenical spirit is getting out of hand.

Fortunately, such foolish attempts to erase ancient lines of demarcation are being resisted—and in what might be considered an unlikely place. After all the things that have been done to the Jews in the name of sectarian dogma, you might expect that Israel would have the most wide-open religious freedom policy in the world.

You might, that is, if you never tried to move a pig around over there.

An Israeli hog has approximately the same civil rights as a Spanish Protestant: It's okay for them to exist as long as they stay well out of sight.

There's no law against eating pork, but hogs can be raised legally only in certain specified areas, mostly farms run by Arabs. The problem arises when the Arabs try to get the animals to the slaughter house. It's illegal to move them while they're still alive.

In a recent case, 14 pigs being transported by truck were seized and killed on the spot by the police. The owners sued the government for damages but lost in court.

The judges held that the legal technicalities must be observed "because of the deep distaste that the majority of inhabitants have for an animal that has symbolized since antiquity everything hated and abhorred by Israel."

What's In a Title?

• Since Oscar Levant calls his book *Memoirs of an Amnesiac*, I guess he can be forgiven for forgetting that Erik Satie used the same title for his autobiography.

• The Miss American Starlet beauty contest, according to a press release, "offers an opportunity for motion picture stardom to the winner" and "no talent of any kind is required."

• This month's journalistic award for laying it on the line goes to *The Bergen (N. J.) Record*, the only paper I saw admit in a front-page headline that we were grappling with the Viet Cong at a place called Phu Cu.

• Paul McCartney of the Beatles, commenting on the Order of the British Empire hassle: "We think it's much better to entertain people and get medals than to kill them and get medals for that."

• My favorite garment district trucks are the ones with a picture of a girl on the back panel accompanied by the legend: "Felt by Beckman."

• Next time you're on Staten Island you might or might not want to eat at a place called "Whoopsies Diner."

• Rolls-Royce places a high value on tradition, continuity and all that, so when the company this year abandoned the Silver Cloud in favor of a new model, they wanted to give it a name that was different, yet similar. Silver Mist was chosen, until a linguist within the organization noted that "mist" means "shit" in German. That's why you'll soon be driving a Silver Shadow.

A Hard Dazed Knight

A letter to the editor of *The World-Telegram & Sun* wondered why it was that when Pope Paul said stop having wars everybody cheered, but when the marchers on 5th Avenue said the same thing they got hit with red paint.

The Pope may or may not be infallible in matters religious and/or political, but he is definitely odds-on when it comes to matters commercial. When

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

/s/ Paul Krassner, Editor

he visited New York, lapel buttons, plastic medals and pennants bearing the holy image left vendors' boards like birth control pills going to Fort Lauderdale. And, an occasionally reliable source swears to me on the soul of his contact that this really happened:

A vendor sold out his entire supply of Pope buttons and went to the wholesaler to get more, only to find that there just weren't any more. He pleaded eloquently about this historic opportunity to make a bundle, and the distributor finally did the best he could. He yielded 150 "I Love Paul" buttons intended for Beatle cultists. The vendor took them to Yankee Stadium and sold out in a half hour.

The Conspiracy Corner

by Art Steuer

Who Killed Adlai Stevenson?

Mr. Walter Lippmann—who, in his relative importance to the fate of the empire in the reigns of Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson, may someday be likened to the role of Seneca as tutor, critic and counsel to the Emperors Caligula, Claudius and Nero—wrote recently in (of all places) *Newsweek* something to the effect that “the tragic fallacy of the illusion of empire is when Caesar conceives it his duty to establish order upon the world.”

Perhaps Lippmann didn't put it exactly that way (or that well), but we are not likely to see this grand “elder journalist” strolling around the corral with LBJ for CBS the way he did with Ike at Gettysburg.

After Seneca's last interview with Nero, he departed from Rome “as if detained at home by his weak health and philosophic studies.” In 65 A.D. a centurion brought him orders to end his own life on charges of complicity in a conspiracy against the Emperor.

Lippmann, wherever he may be—Maryland, Virginia or some such place beyond the pale (or shadow) of the District of Columbia—is probably not expecting a formal visit from the F.B.I., but believers in the Great Conspiracy Theory (GCT) would not be surprised to read his obituary any morning along with those of JFK, Malcolm X, Lee Harvey Oswald, Matt Murphy and Adlai Stevenson.

A few short years ago political paranoia was the exclusive province of the righteous Right. Level-headed liberals scoffed at the proposition that history could be manipulated by a mastermind with a moustache in Moscow. “It is too easy,” said the Left, “to place the blame for all accidents and failures, deaths and disappointments, upon a great conspiracy.”

But the hysteria of the '50s which made Joe McCarthy the Grand Inquisitor was only a reflection of an age-old conviction of Man's: that where there is evil there is someone or something behind it or beneath it. How simple it was when there was only *one* Great Conspiracy: Lucifer versus the Lord, and all sin could be traced directly to the Devil's inspiration.

Now, of course, we are too sophisticated to believe in either Heaven or Hell and, believe it or not, we are stuck with the earth, at least temporarily. Even James Bond found out that there was something worse than SMERSCH, a super organization called SPECTOR. We all know there is a Mafia, though it is called something else now, but whatever it is, it controls all the good things in life, like gambling, drugs and prostitution.

The Communists themselves are counter-plotting against each other and since the aspects of evil have multiplied upon the earth like the birds in the air and the fish of the sea, why shouldn't the liberals have a notion of doom like everybody else?

There are at least a dozen books published concerning the various theories of conspiracy around the assassination of JFK (and more in the works), and while each has some inkling of the truth none are adequate, though nevertheless valuable, if, for nothing else, as reassurance that there are other people out there who are looking for the truth the way you are.

It is there, the Great Conspiracy. All about you there is evidence, if only it could be correlated. What we need is *proof*, and the enemy is slick as well as sinister. (He's got to be—or else he wouldn't be where he is: in control of *everything*.)

At any rate, it is too late for any of us to be coddled any more under the false comfort of a security blanket. Let's be out with it. It's all fixed from the Pope's visit to the Liston-Patterson fight (take the Pope in 4). That is not to say there is no human element to be computed. Even though Liston dumped twice and Clay has never fought for real you can't *absolutely* count Clay out (Patterson couldn't) because he *might* be able to.

The tipoff to Adlai Stevenson's untimely disappearance was when the Birdman himself flew to the funeral. (He didn't make Churchill's.) Big Daddy never goes anywhere except to be seen. He didn't like Adlai, not even a little bit. There is no record anywhere of their ever having held a cordial conversation.

They opposed each other in JFK's Cabinet over the Bay of Pigs (a Fiasco compared to the Santo Domingo coup), and as long as Stevenson remained our Ambassador to the U.N., our President made no point of visiting him before he became a corpse.

G. C. T. experts (those who can tie Elijah Muhammad with Robert Shelton by Lester Mattox out of H. L. Hunt) point to communiques out of Paris and London filed the day after Stevenson's death.

From Paris came a bylined story by David Schoenbrun in which he reported a dinner conversation between himself, Mr. Stevenson, and Ambassador Averell Harriman, which had occurred a few days previously, and which he had held in confidence until post-mortem.

Now, before assessing the validity of Schoenbrun's statement, it is well to understand the character and position of the man who made it. Schoenbrun is the senior correspondent for CBS in Europe, stationed in Paris, which has been his home for many years.

As such, and as a man of cultivation and intellect, familiar with several generations of European dictators and regarded as a gentleman of unquestionable integrity, a measure of his stature is simply that when Stevenson and Harriman coincided in Paris on a single night, it was Schoenbrun who was their host at dinner.

Newsmen such as Schoenbrun attain a certain ex-officio status (beyond whatever official CIA or other undercover status they might have, or not have, as well), and when in social company with prominent persons, their conversations are conducted in mutual candor.

Schoenbrun undoubtedly told Adlai and Averell Harriman what was happening in Gaul and NATO, and they exchanged what *they* knew: what was going on meanwhile back at the ranch.

That Schoenbrun did not reveal the topic of conversation, which indeed was newsworthy, in his broadcasts until after Stevenson died is a further mark for his recommendation.

What Schoenbrun said finally—and we must try to understand the motivation which impelled him to do it at all (after the fact) as being, in itself, an act of devotion as well as courage—was that a point arrived in the dinner where Mr. Stevenson declared that he had been beset with a task which taxed even his own elocutionary powers: to defend in the United Nations U.S. policy in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic.

Stevenson said that perhaps history would show at

least in Vietnam that even though he was unable to find legitimate moral arguments for our participation, there was apparently no less ignominious an alternative.

But in Santo Domingo, he said, the President had made "a massive blunder" and it was impossible to even rationalize a legitimate argument.

At this point, Schoenbrun reported Harriman *ahemed*, "Adlai, you don't know what you are saying" (in front of Schoenbrun) to which Stevenson replied, "Ave, you don't know, you weren't there. For two weeks I had to sit there and go through it. I'll never know how many years it has taken off my life."

Stevenson was thinking about the emotional strain which had taken its toll upon his conscience, but he would never know how many years that conversation had taken off his life even though it was never printed until after his death. For the word was out: "Adlai's about to spill." Big Daddy punishes anyone who soils the tablecloth.

If confirmation is necessary one could not ask for a reputation more unimpeachable than Schoenbrun's himself in all of journalism than, say, Eric Severeid's.

Severeid was himself in London when Stevenson arrived a few days later and Severeid also had dinner with Stevenson. Their conversation was also kept in confidence until after his death, and when it was revealed it was shown to carry the thoughts expressed to Schoenbrun that much farther as would the intervening days require.

"I am going to quit," Adlai told Severeid. "I can't take it any more. I have only stayed because everyone would take my resignation as an indication of my disagreement with our policy, and I owe my country that much to stay until some of this blows over and I can get out with a few of my ideals still left intact. But I tell you this, I can't take it more than two or three weeks."

The next morning Adlai Stevenson was dead, on a street in front of the American Embassy, of an apparent "heart attack" though he had no previous medical history of a heart ailment and no autopsy was performed.

His body was sealed in a coffin and rushed back to the States. His pallbearers were conspicuous for their size, youth, and facelessness, and an AP reporter who stood at the bottom of the stairs has said he distinctly heard inside the rattle of bricks.

There is more to be understood by a true student of GCT, the sort of ascetic appreciation for assassination which dignifies Shakespeare's account of Caesar's wound by Brutus.

On the evening of Adlai Stevenson's death, a Chicago television station arranged for *Sun-Times* columnist Irv Kupcinet to gather friends of Adlai's into a kind of electronic wake. Among those present was Illinois State Democratic Chairman Colonel Jake Arvey.

Everyone traded affectionate reminiscences and anecdotes and memories of witty remarks by "the late statesman" and friend. But most interesting to the political historians was Colonel Arvey's recollection of a particular night in 1951.

Stevenson, it seems, had never wanted to be Governor. His lifelong interests were international. His ambition was to be Secretary of State. Toward that, he might have run for office as a Senator, where, on the Foreign Relations Committee, his experience and influence might be usefully employed.

But there was a chance to grab the Statehouse for the Democrats, and the party grabbed him. With great reluctance, he accepted. When he won with the largest plurality of any candidate in the history of the state, the bosses met in Springfield like a pack of hyenas thirsting for their share of the lion's kill.

But Stevenson took his job seriously. He found to his horror and dismay his beloved State of Illinois on the brink of disaster and though he had no taste whatsoever for administration, he determined to do what had to be done as best it could be.

The bosses never got out of the corridor. One of his first official acts was to remove the State Police from patronage. He so shook up the bosses that barely had he started than they began to think how they could get rid of him.

The voters loved him, and every day he was in office they loved him more. There was one way out: by booming him for President. Adlai would have none of that. He told Jake Arvey that he had made his promise to the people of Illinois to do the job and not only was he going to serve out his term but before he left the house in shape he would have to run for another term.

These were the circumstances which prevailed in the winter of 1951 when the State Chairman of the Democratic Party from New York, Carmine DeSapio, called a fund-raising banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria. He invited to speak all of the major candidates for nomination: Kefauver, Humphrey, Harriman and naturally the young energetic popular Governor of the great State of Illinois.

Stevenson declined.

DeSapio called Arvey. "Jake," he said, "you can't do this to me. Stevenson is my drawing card. How can I ask a hundred dollars a plate and not present the one man everyone wants to hear?" Arvey went to Stevenson. On the basis of party loyalty alone, Stevenson reluctantly agreed to appear but not to speak.

Upon their arrival in New York the Governor's party was greeted by reporters who waved a column about Stevenson by Westbrook Pegler, demanding that the Governor comment. Stevenson had not read it. It is now a famous piece of vitriol.

In it, Pegler accused Stevenson of having a love affair with Eleanor Roosevelt.

When they arrived at the hotel, Arvey pleaded with Adlai to make some sort of public statement. Stevenson adamantly refused to dignify the accusation with a reply. Arvey insisted that for Stevenson to appear at the dinner without making a statement would so disrupt the evening and so damage his personal reputation as to make him ineffective even as the Governor of his own State of Illinois.

This was the situation which was responsible for the speech made that night by Adlai Stevenson before the assembled guests. It is now legendary. Somewhere it must be recorded other than in its general tone. But, paraphrasing his words, he said:

"I have been accused of having a love affair with Eleanor Roosevelt. Since this is now a matter of public concern I believe it is my duty to explain my conduct. Gentlemen, alas, it is true. I am indeed in love with Eleanor Roosevelt. I *have* always been in love with Eleanor Roosevelt. I *shall* always be in love with Eleanor Roosevelt. Isn't *everyone* in love with Eleanor Roosevelt?"

(Continued on Page 29)

Don't Mention My Name in Sheboygan

"Hey, guess what," I rhetorically said to a friend. "I'm going to Sheboygan, Wisconsin."

"You're kidding," responded my friend, who in real life is an astute wire service reporter. "Nobody goes to Sheboygan."

He was wrong.

Every year since 1953, on the first Saturday of August, exactly 50,000 persons voluntarily emigrate to Sheboygan from all over the country to join the same number of natives in celebrating the glories of a combined public relations and sausage orgy known as Bratwurst Day.

One of the ways to arrive from New York is to take a plane to Chicago and then a train to Sheboygan. Right near the railroad station is the Choo-Choo Grill. A neon sign boasts that it is OPEN ALL NIGHT.

It was on Bratwurst Day Eve that I first realized the true importance of the impending occasion, for the Choo-Choo Grill was closed.

That evening I took the Centralist's Walk through the streets, a concept expounded in Alan Harrington's novel, *The Revelations of Dr. Modesto*: "It is an unusual sensation. . . . After a while, all the ideas that inhabit the town inhabit you."

The name of the main street had been changed to Bratwurst Boulevard. Side streets were now temporarily rechristened Onion Oasis, Pickle Place, Mustard Hall, Ketchup Korner — you get the point. Had I searched thoroughly enough I would eventually have crossed Excess Stomach Acidity Ave.

The people seem to say everything in iambic pentameter with a rising inflection. It reminded me of a movie I saw when I was a kid, *I Remember Mama*, about a family of Scandinavian extraction headed by a mother, Irene Dunne, who was always worrying about finances and kept announcing to her children, "Is good, we do not have to go t'the ba-ank?"

The films now playing in Sheboygan were *The Sword of Ali Baba*, *Tickle Me* with Elvis Presley, *Lord Jim*, *The Girls on the Beach* ("Takes off where the others leave off").

I thought it would be most appropriate for Goldstein to be screened on Bratwurst Day, because it contains a scene in which a deserving night watchman gets shoved into sausage-making machinery and becomes a rather lengthy chain of links encasing the very product over which he had stood guard all those long lonely nights when he was merely a man.

Everywhere there were Official Jaycee Stands, each featuring the original and genuine Thielmann or Wagner or Herziger or Sheboygan Sausage Com-

pany. Last year ten tons of bratwurst were consumed. This year more than six tons went down gullets at nine Official Jaycee Stands alone. There were 60 stands altogether, many privately run. Since one tenet of the Jaycee Creed is "That economic justice can best be won by free men through free enterprise," we can safely assume they had no objection to the unofficial competition.

The official program does not make any mention of the fact that the first 450 pounds of bratwurst are given free to the Jaycees by each of the Big 4.

Bratwurst Day once sponsored an eating contest. The winner in the junior division downed five doubles (that is, a German-style hard roll holding two sausages); the winner in the senior division downed eight doubles.

The contest has been discontinued, according to the *Souvenir Program*, "for aesthetic reasons." It is not stated whether the unaesthetic aspects occurred during or after the contest proper.

The festivities began at 9 o'clock Saturday morning with a traditional breakfast of bratwurst and beer, as Rev. James J. Shlikas, pastor of Immaculate Conception Church, gave the invocation.

I asked for permission to reprint it. "I am sorry," he replied, "but for personal reasons I have to decline your request."

God bless bratwurst.

My perspective was solidified by the front page of *The Sheboygan Press*, which had a two-column story headlined, "PROSPEROUS HIROSHIMA OBSERVES A-BOMB DAY" and a four-column story headlined, "SHEBOYGAN'S READY FOR B-DAY."

The style of journalism seemed to relish self-conscious quotation marks:

The local young fellows had preliminary arrangements just about "wrapped up" for the varied goings-on; finishing touches were being put on Jaycee "brat" and refreshment stands; the nine, pretty, young ladies who aim to be crowned Miss Sheboygan Jaycee of 1965 were "sprucing up" to look their loveliest; it is expected that the influx of B-Day "fans" will swell the local population to something around the 100,000 mark; city police, sheriff's men, auxiliary officers and men of the State Traffic Patrol will be on hand both to handle traffic and to prevent any "incidents" that might spoil an otherwise good time for all; Sheboygan County Communicators will again cooperate with police and act as "eyes and ears" for the department. . . .

Nevertheless (or perhaps because), there was an unprecedented number of arrests—for drunkenness, fighting, attacking women, brandishing firearms,

vandalism, theft.

Three young men were arrested for stealing a bar stool. Police were unable to determine from which tavern they had taken it. None of the three remembered the specific scene of their crime. No tavern reported a missing bar stool.

Sheboygan is a law-oriented community.

A huge billboard states: "For your safety we must enforce our traffic laws." It is signed by the mayor.

An appliance shop has a small sign reading: "City ordinance prohibits smoking in retail stores except in unrestricted areas." There are no small signs reading: "Unrestricted area."

The appliances are modern, ranging from an electric shoe polisher to an electric wastebasket.

What you really wonder is:

1. How does all the furniture get there?

2. Are the people who live in Sheboygan good lovers?

I'm not sure whether the latter question stems from geographical provincialism or personal chauvinism, or both. But when you hear a guy call after a girl, "Hubba, hubba!" you feel just a little justified in your implied generalization.

So much for the cultural lag.

The contestants for the title of Miss Sheboygan Jaycee (formerly the winner was deemed Miss Bratwurst Queen) parade across the stage in bathing suits. Each one is individually sponsored. There is, for example, a sweet blonde named Marcia, alias Miss Medicine Chest. That gets a big laugh. She is sponsored by a local drug store. She is followed by Miss Elm City Tree Service, Miss Verifine Dairy, Miss Wisconsin Power & Light, Miss Citizens Bank, etc.



"So it turns out after all that you people didn't crucify Our Lord! Son of a gun! You certainly had us all fooled!"

"Dammit," mutters an out-of-town college boy in the audience. "Every time I take my contact lenses out, there's a beauty pageant."

The reigning Miss Sheboygan Jaycee is introduced.

"How does it feel to be back?" she is asked.

"Wonderful, wonderful," she welsks. "I started off the morning with some bratwurst. Representing Sheboygan has been a great responsibility, but I also found it to be most rewarding," she confesses, as if the two ideas are mutually exclusive.

Her potential successors are instructed: "All right, girls, may we have a quarter turn to the left . . . and another . . . and another . . . and another . . ."

The judges are quickly writing down notes. What do they actually write?

"Miss Medicine Chest has a healthy pair." "Miss Elm City Tree Service has shapely limbs." "Miss Verifine Dairy has a very fine derriere." "Miss Wisconsin Power & Light turns me on." "Miss Citizens Bank has a nice vault."

The proceedings are accompanied by the incessant braying of brightly-colored yard-long plastic trumpets which are on sale wherever you look. This must be what *The Sheboygan Press* editorial was referring to: "There are itinerants who come to Sheboygan, as they do to festivals everywhere, seeking a fast buck selling very questionable wares."

The YMCA Boys Choir—little male nymphets in white short-sleeved shirts with black bow ties—sings in lovely harmony and counterpoint . . . *Onward, Christian Soldiers*. The only thing to do is sit back and dig the warmth of Squareness:

- I WAS BORN TO RAISE HELL, promises the lapel button of a sub-teen-age girl whose height of hell-raising consists of teasing her hair in the privacy of her bedroom mirror.

- "Hair Spray Face Shield—limited supply—\$2.25 per. . ." There are 600 hair sprays on the market but only a limited supply of face shields. A frightening prospect.

- "Miss Appleton," the loudspeaker proclaims ominously, "will you report to the Chaperones' Room immediately!"

- No APPOINTMENTS NEEDED at the combination beauty salon and barber shop.

- "Every request I have made of Sheriff Frewert and his men has been fulfilled," said Police Chief Oakley Frank to his wife, "and this help from qualified officers is greatly appreciated."

- JOIN WITH A BUDDY, advises the Army Recruiting poster.

What I mean is, I really did feel it was unpatriotic of this horse to let loose with a Morse code message in manure while the policeman watching the parade was saluting the American flag held by the girl on the horse.

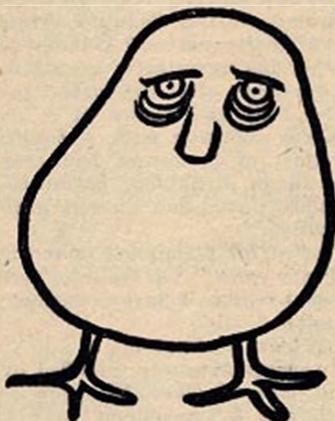
This feeling was not alleviated by the two clowns who swept the manure up and dumped it into a large pail on wheels with a license plate and a placard explaining OUR BUSINESS IS PICKING UP.

Yet I would like it if Senator William Proxmire—instead of waving to the eight-deep lined-up crowd from his sleek parade car and calling out "Happy Bratwurst Day!"—simply wore one of those straw hats with the miniature beer can on one side, the can-opener on the other and the button in front that says:

I'M AN ALCOHOLIC—
IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, BUY ME A BEER.

Yet I would like it if the Grand Commander of the Wisconsin Military Order of Cooties continually scratched his crotch while pompously parading for us all.

Yet I would like it if the tiny baton twirler, who has been made to wear lipstick for the parade before she has



even sprouted her first pubic hair, grows up and marries the only Negro that Sheboygan has ever seen in person.

Terry Southern once wrote in *Esquire* (included in Bruce Jay Friedman's recent anthology of *Black Humor*) that "the genuine and really impressive skill which is occasionally displayed [by baton twirlers] makes it difficult to consider the art as so totally ridiculous as one would have previously believed—though, of course, another might argue that such achieved excellence only makes it more ridiculous—or perhaps not so much ridiculous as absurd. In fact, in the existentialist sense, it might well be considered as the final epitome of the absurd—I mean, people starving in India and that sort of thing, and then others spending four hours a day [which is how long many of them practice] skillfully flinging a metal stick about."

Still, if one accepts the basic existential premise of meaninglessness, then baton-twirling is no more absurd than Albert Camus dying on the highway because a *poltergeist* named James Dean tampered with his motor.

The only thing more absurd than baton-twirling is *not* baton-twirling.

The only thing more ridiculous than Bratwurst Day would be not to have a Bratwurst Day.

The simple truth is, they *couldn't* not have a Bratwurst Day in Sheboygan. It's virtually impossible to conceive of such an eventuality. No Bratwurst Day? It is more unthinkable, West Virginia, than anything Herman Kahn never thought of.

The game must go on.

The Johnson's Wax Band rehearses in a parking lot in Racine. Its members get paid for rehearsals as well as for actual parades. Sheboygan was their sixth parade this year, and they had another one scheduled for the very next day.

Hill's Department Store offered "10 per cent off on anything you buy from 8:30 'til 1:00 p.m. Bratwurst Day" and the 5 O'Clock Club was frugging it up with a huge sign in the window proclaiming BRAT DAY A GO-GO and the Republican Hospitality Booth was right next door to Democratic Headquarters, which has a picture of Midwesterner Hubert Humphrey in the window.

I once sat in on the private showing of a documentary about the Wisconsin campaign battle between Humphrey and John F. Kennedy. There was old Hubert shaking hands with a big, burly, dairy farmer wearing overalls and his vote on his sleeve. Hubert said, "Listen, if you're ever around the White House, stop in and have a cup of coffee."

That's what Bratwurst Day is all about.

Humphrey lost the primary to Kennedy, Kennedy lost the Presidency to a bullet, Johnson waxed into the White House even while the words "What ever happened to Lyndon Johnson?" were still fresh on people's lips, and now they're saying "What ever happened to Hubert Humphrey?"

Listen, Hubert, if you're ever around the White House, stop in and have a cup of coffee. And if you're ever around Sheboygan, stop in and have some bratwurst.

Sheboygan, my ass.

WE LIKE IT HERE, argues a defensive lapel button.

I know, I know. Some of my best wursts are brat. . . .

In the office of the Sheboygan taxicab service, there is a DRIVER'S MONTHLY ACCIDENT REPORT. You get a gold star if you've gone one whole year without an accident; a silver star for six months; a blue star for one month. You get a red star for every accident.

I decided to walk to the railroad station.

For a moment I panicked at the thought that I might have missed my train. The timetable says something about a special schedule for holidays.

REPORT FROM HANOI

(Continued from Page 15)

and every bit as elegant as Washington's White House (we were told that Ho prefers only to entertain at the Palace and lives himself in an unassuming 3-room house, located elsewhere on the grounds).

So, for the next two months, 20,000 Young Pioneers camped on the Palace grounds and had the run of the Palace itself.

For all of Ho's abilities as a revolutionary leader, a theorist, a writer and poet, perhaps his most outstanding quality is his ability to educate an entire population. For example, as a result of a 20-year campaign of Ho's, the people of the DRV have an entirely different concept or ideology of war than Americans do.

When we fight a war, it is against an entire population; there are no distinctions between Germans, Russians, or whomever. But when the Vietnamese fight today it is against "imperialism" and the Johnson administration.

Almost every Vietnamese I met, no matter how tragic their own personal losses have been, expressed to us friendship for the American people and high regard especially for the democratic movements in our country.

Two examples of this thinking immediately come to mind.

We were informed of a USAF pilot Dixon who was shot down, crashed into the sea, drowned and was washed ashore. The villagers who shot down his plane also recovered his body. He has been buried, flowers are planted in his grave, and the plot of ground is regularly cared for. The villagers have invited his parents to visit the grave when the war ends, their thinking being that he was just one more pawn in the Pentagon's game.

At the same time, Mrs. Alice Herz, the German refugee who burned herself to death last year in the streets of Detroit in protest against the U.S. war of atrocity, is revered in Vietnam. A nationwide silent vigil was held in her behalf when news of her death came, and a street in Hanoi is to be named for her.

Yet these same people, who have retained their basic humanity and idealism in the face of 25 years of daily atrocities, remain firm in their determination to defeat U.S. aggression and win forever their self-determination. Their spirit is very high.

When U.S. planes drop 500,000 propaganda leaflets on a province in their attempts at psychological warfare, it is a futile move. The villagers gather up the leaflets and bring them to a central place where they have a bonfire and hold an anti-imperialist rally.

This basic humanity of the Vietnamese people with its sensitivity, bravery, gentility, and heroism, is something I shall never forget. Their determination is contagious. I am convinced that they will win their national sovereignty.

The United States cannot win this war of atrocity; the only question in my mind is how many more Vietnamese will be killed and how much more brutalization can the American conscience survive, before the bloody war is ended.

February 1966

CONSPIRACY CORNER

(Continued from Page 26)

For nearly an hour Adlai Stevenson, with charm and with dignity, elaborated upon the virtues of Eleanor Roosevelt, and at the end of his speech, the standing ovation he received left doubt in no one's mind who was to be the candidate in 1952.

There is one more piece to this puzzle, which is that on that night after the banquet, the Governor of New York, Averell Harriman, had planned a private party just for the Chairmen and the candidates. Since Stevenson was not a candidate he told Arvey he did not believe he had been invited. It was Carmine DeSapio who arrived to escort him personally.

Jake Arvey told Chicago's midnight audience the night of Stevenson's death, "Harriman is a nice fellow, but in all honesty it was one of his worst nights. He had hoped to win the support of the powers of the party at that little get-together that night. He is a wealthy man and he could afford it. But nothing he said was right. He stammered, fumbled, and it was Adlai's show all the way. Harriman knew it, and when we said good-night, he looked like a kid who had lost his candy."

Now there is a lot of water under the dam. The world has gone on, and you're on your way to Moscow as a Special Ambassador, and you stop in Paris. You call good old Dave Schoenbrun and Dave says, "Hi, Ave, guess what? Adlai's in town, too." You never liked Adlai that much, really, but how can you get out of it?

So now you go to dinner, and there is Adlai, positively soused . . . or something . . . and on the verge of a breakdown, certainly, mumbling about betrayal and ideals and principles and putting down LBJ to a *newsman!* Well, after all, what are you supposed to do? National security is at stake, isn't it?

Isn't it your duty to call Headquarters?

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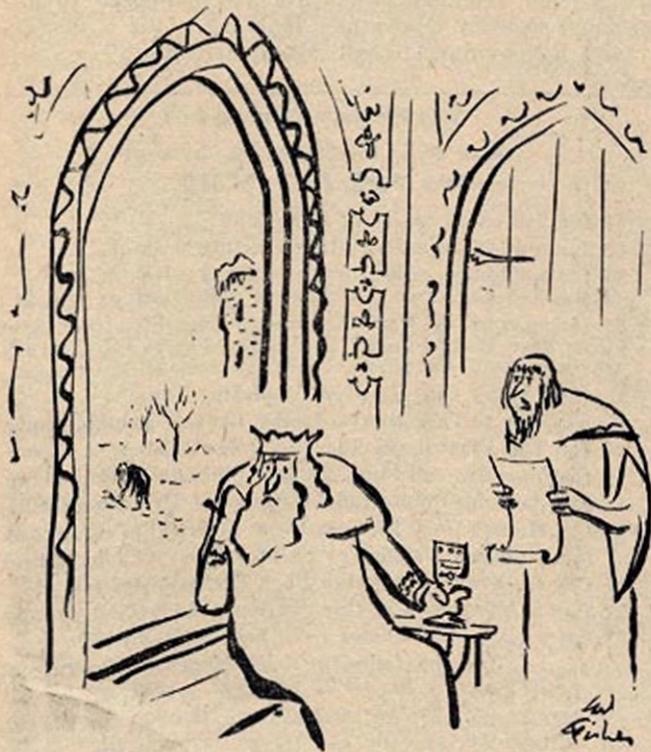
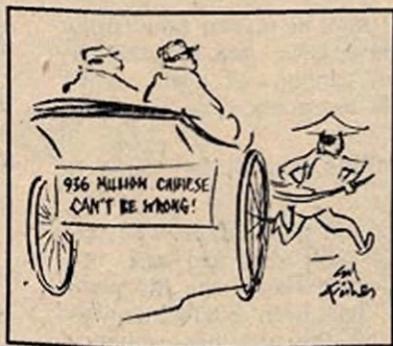
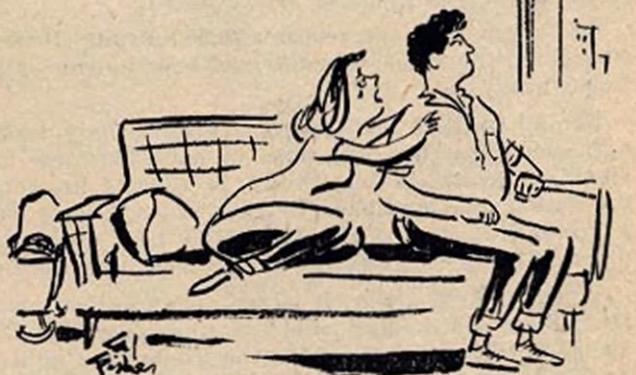
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"Do we have to take it down word for word? It's Dial-a-Prayer."

"So there's a war on in Vietnam! So you can hear the guns sounding! . . . But why must you be the one to leave your wife, home and child and go off to risk your life day after day, standing in front of troop trains?"



"The unemployment situation is getting very bad, King Wenceslas. You'll have to make *some* kind of a gesture. . . ."



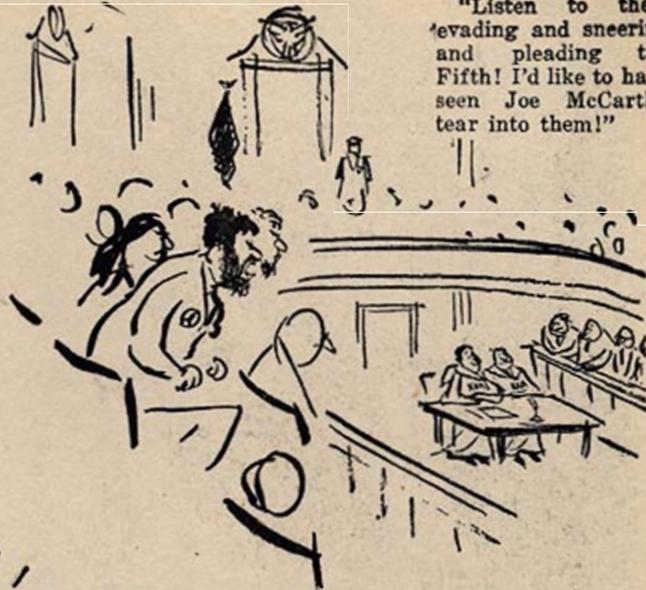
"Look, honey, I don't mind your being a tree, part time—but what do you *do* while you're a tree? Whom do you *see*? . . ."



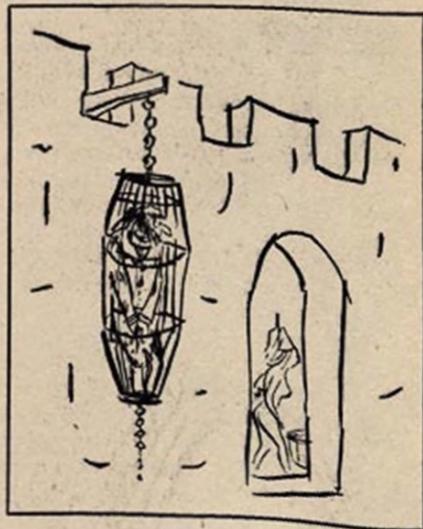
"You don't know how good it is to see a human face again!"

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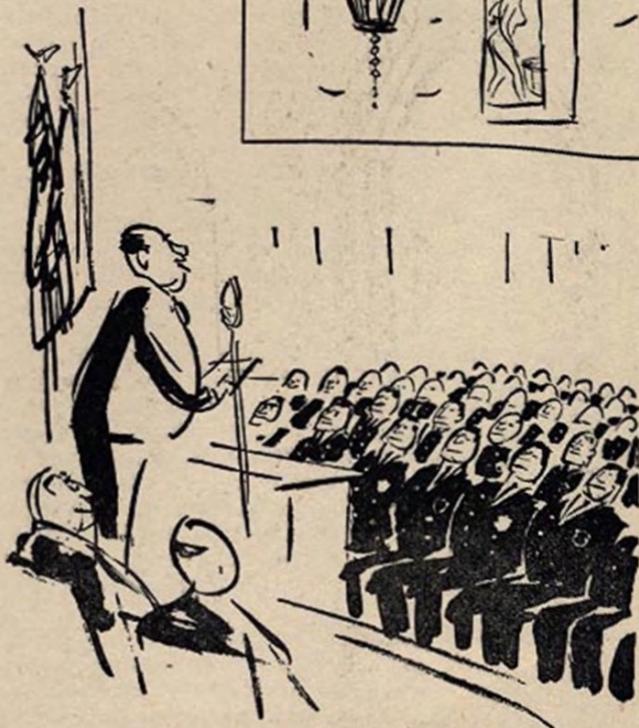
"I'm assuming, of course, that we're including sexual freedom."



"Listen to them evading and sneering and pleading the Fifth! I'd like to have seen Joe McCarthy tear into them!"



"I want you to think of this room as a haven of academic freedom: I'm going to write fuck on the blackboard!"



"—And this year's medal for the Least Brutal Cop goes to . . ."

February 1966



AMERICANIZATION OF ZEN

(Continued from Page 7)

testicized second sanpaku-generation offspring of one-time celebrated *Vogue* and *Bazaar* cover girls, visiting the Far East to dramatize the genetic crisis in the Occident, and underline the urgent North American need for lend-lease Peace Corps and Compost Heap Cadres of Oriental peasants, were coolly received in Hanoi and Peking where Coca Cola bottling plants and Lady Remington Electric Razor fabriques have just been franchised.

The Synod of the Ayzennian Baptist Church has reached agreement on a pronouncement, according to the Johnson Publication *Topaze Tan*, castigating the hamhocks and chitterlings heresy as un-African and inconsistent with the Church's world leadership appeal for non-violence. Sit-out campaigns continued at Nedick's and underground barbecue parlors north of Central Park.

Clogged calendars in Juvenile Court and congested conditions at the Children's House of Detention—caused by an unprecedented backlog of juvenile offenders detained for pushing black-market sugar, soft drinks, and other dangerous junk-foods, prompted an appeal for gradualism from jurists, penologists and social workers.

"This is America's fourth Noble Experiment with Prohibition," said Melinda P. Lightfoot, Presiding Judge of Mineola Family Court. "Zen people who crave sugar and junkie food are sick people. It's time we stopped treating them like criminals. Our ancestors were not able to lick the heroin problem until we synthesized Oriental and Occidental medical knowledge into a proper supportive regime of plain brown rice and LSD—combined with extra sensory suggestion that black market heroin was the main financial support of our political machines."

Diehard Columbus Avenue merchants and Lief Erickson High School Alumni were still protesting the rechristening of these ancient landmarks in honor of Wei Wu Wei, Zen Buddhist Monk who first introduced *Syozin Ryori* (Zen Buddhist Monastery cooking that improves the supreme judgment and fends off the condition known as sanpaku) to this continent at a cookout

near Big Sur, California in the Fifth Century A.D.

Sporadic teach-ins continued at the Grand Central Station Men's Room, BMT-Rooms and the Luxor Baths, all part of a systematic educational campaign for the enhancement of human vitality to educate the nation that its kidneys are our primary source of spiritual strength.

White House Press Secretary Oki Masahiro demonstrated for reporters that after a six-week regime of Aduki bean liquor—together with the suppression of all other drinking—the President now approaches the White House Executive Urinal—linked by closed circuit Telstar to the nations' miniscreens—only twice in each 24 hours.

Zen Sen. Ruby Foo of Hawaii, Chairman of the Special Senate Investigating Committee, continued his marathon 23-year hearings into charges that the Department of Health, Education & Welfare and the National Institute of Health were "soft on psychoanalysis" and suppressed early revolutionary findings, pointing to the biochemical nature of mental and physical illness.

"Fifty years ago we discovered that hysteria in dogs was caused by the over-refined fancy white flour used in supermarket dog biscuits," he said. "If canine psychiatrists had been as influential as their two-footed colleagues we might have remained in the dark for another century. It only took 25 years for us to admit that schizophrenia had a similar biochemical origin."

Zen Sen. Foo asked national compassion and forgiveness for the interlocking directorate of insurance companies, pharmaceutical cartels, food and sugar trusts and the medical establishment which had fought so long and hard to uphold the status quo ante. He said:

"They had a stake in our national misery. Let us have none in theirs. An aged guru, savagely robbed and beaten, endures excruciating suffering in silence and meditation to allow his murderer time to escape. For, one day he may return to the right path."

While Foo was speaking, the President-elect of the AMA wept at the witness table, according to Alexandra Neel of the *Lhasa Daily News*.

In mobile anti-sanpaku units, credit-card-carrying Zen monks (zealous to give away income yet-unearned) continued early morning vigils on rooftop heliports offering suburban commuter sky pilots the sure hang-over cure of Syo Ban (nine parts bancha tea and one part traditional soy sauce).

A Rally at Johnson Square Garden celebrated the 25th Anniversary of the historic Supreme Court decision ordering disintegration of the federally subsidized school lunch program. Two Oakdale, N.J. pupils, suspended from kindergarten for bringing Zen sandwiches for lunch and refusing to participate in the government-sponsored program, appeared at the rally looking like teenagers although they are both in their late thirties.

Official insistence that all pupils participate in the lunch programs so the school could "qualify for federal subsidies" caused their parents to take legal steps which culminated in the Supreme Court affirming that the right to eat Zen food was covered by constitutional protections guaranteeing freedom of religion.

In the ensuing national controversy, inmates of prisons, mental hospitals and military stockades led embarrassing anti-government agitation demanding to share the subversive macrobiotic Viet Cong diet of brown rice, sea-salt and manioc leaves.

Thus began the AmeriZen revolution.

The rest is history.