

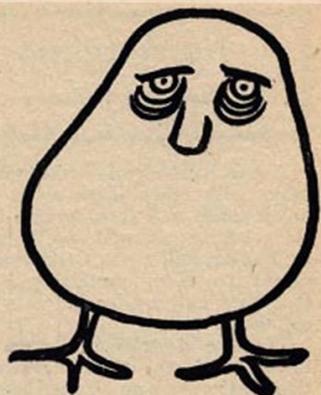
Lyndon Johnson Loves Nervous Nellie

The Realist

No. 69

September, 1966

35 Cents



Modest Proposals: The Whitey Survival Manual

by John Francis Putnam

Hey, mother—the hot weather is coming! The tenements are starting to ooze that stench of stale urine, hate and too much fried food, so keep off the streets, Whitey, or it'll be your arse! Your ofay arse, baby!

Just don't show your rotten, white liberal, "I'm-hip-to-the-Negro-and-the-problems-he-faces" type expression around or you'll get mopped. It's too late, Mister Charlie!

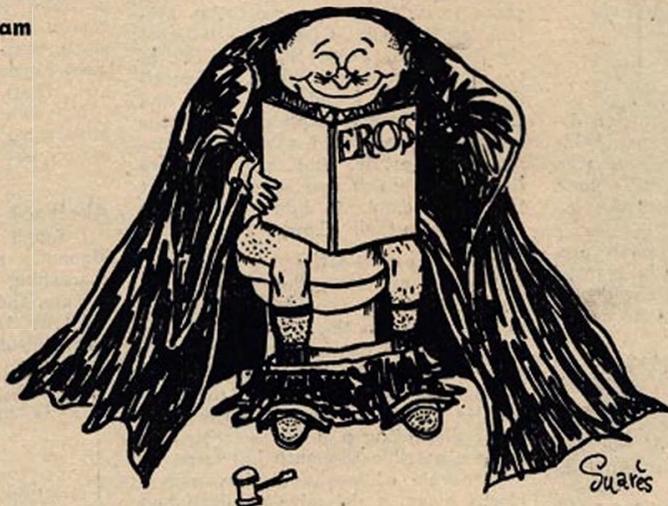
Yeah, Whitey, what can you do, as you face more trips through Watts at 110° in the shade, as you
(Continued on Page 24)

The Day the Supreme Court Banned Vaseline

by Paul Krassner

The Old Left—led by the United States Supreme Court, *The New York Times* and I. F. Stone—has declared Ralph Ginzburg guilty of hard-core chutzpah.

A week before their decision, reeking with unfulfilled confidence that lower court verdicts would be reversed, he called me to ask that *The Realist* stop selling *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*, a psychosexual autobiography which, along with *Eros Magazine* and *Liaison Newsletter*, provided the rationaliza-
(Continued on Page 21)



An Impolite Interview With Timothy Leary

Q: I'd like to try not posing a single question you've ever been asked before.

A: Okay, and I'll try not to give any answer I've ever given before.

Q: Do you think you would've been fired by Harvard for being AWOL if you hadn't conducted experiments with LSD that resulted in unfavorable publicity?

A: Of course not.

Q: A lot of people smoke pot for what they consider pleasure—simply to get high—are you copping out on them by fighting your marijuana case on the grounds of religious freedom?

A: They have a perfect right to defend their use of marijuana or LSD as an instrument for getting high. The pursuit of happiness is the first sentence in the Declaration of Independence, which founded this repub-

lic. But most people who use LSD and marijuana to get high don't really know how to do it, because the science and discipline of ecstasy is probably the most demanding yoga that I can think of.

People who criticize my use of the 1st amendment—that is, religious belief and practice—as a defense of my smoking marijuana and using LSD, simply don't understand what religion means, or they have a very narrow, Western, Protestant-Catholic-Jewish concept of religion.

My philosophy of life has been tremendously influenced by my study of Oriental philosophy and religion. Of course, what the American, regardless of his religious belief, doesn't understand is that the aim of Oriental religion is to get high, to have an ecstasy, to
(Continued on Page 6)

No, Virginia by Alan Whitney

A bunch of clearly subversive teenagers with crazy ideas about individual freedom and such foreign ideological concepts picketed the high school in Pacific Palisades, California, on a recent morning, protesting a decree that they get shorter haircuts or face expulsion.

The *Los Angeles Times* noted with ill-concealed glee that the demonstration was broken up by members of the school football team. The article was



accompanied by a picture showing defensive end Mike Rockwell using his superior strength to destroy a sign held by one of the pickets. "We don't like what you're doing," was the extent of his explanation.

William J. Seminario, a chap presumably past his teens who is dean of boys at the school, watched the attack on the pickets calmly and made no attempt to interfere, offering this explanation to the press: "We have more than 1100 boys in our school. About 50 of them have continuously refused to get their hair cut. It is the expressed wish of the vast majority of the student body that they get appropriate haircuts."

It is probably also the wish of the vast majority of the student body that the prom queen do a striptease at the weekly assembly, but I'm not sure that the dean would see the philosophical parallel.

The idea here is that every kid leaves the womb a fascist and becomes civilized (moves to the left, in the most general sense, if you will) as a result of the education that he receives, first through the family and later through the school and other social units. He does, that is, unless he goes to a school run by the dislikes of William J. Seminario.

Who Can You Trust?

Somebody must have messed up the arrangements at CBS. When Candy Mossler beat the murder rap on a Sunday afternoon, I would have bet anything that she'd be the Mystery Guest on *What's My Line?* that night.

Waiting for Righty

The Fugs are a euphemistically named East Village rock 'n' roll group dedicated to overthrowing bourgeois sexual restrictions by singing songs about fucking instead of about kissing. The Fugs' performance at an April Fool Ball was delayed for some 20 minutes because they couldn't get their amplifiers working right. You have to wonder whether a cadre so dependent on the electronics industry will be able to bring off any kind of revolution.

Men of the Peoples

Some will see the fact that Kwame Nkrumah is now president or something of Guinea instead of Ghana as a naked piece of political opportunism. Not so. It's a concession to the idea of racial equality, satisfying the Negroes' demand that they have their own Bobby Kennedy.

Municipal Code

In New York, the Fun City, Mayor Lindsay and Transit Commissioner Gilhooley have lately been playing oratorical ping-pong with each other's plans to unite the transportation system. At one point Gilhooley attributed the defects in Lindsay's plan to two of the Mayor's advisors whom he identified only by the pseudonyms Athol and Elba. The papers explained that the names were those of two small communities upstate. But some readers thought Gilhooley was suggesting that Lindsay's confidants didn't know their asshole from their elbow.

Two Tales of a City

A peace activist yelled "Get out of Vietnam" as the President was beginning a speech at the Waldorf. He was picked up and carried out of the hall by a platoon of Secret Service men who managed to bloody his nose in the process. He was then arrested and convicted of disrupting a public meeting. He faces a possible 18-month jail term.

A couple of weeks earlier, a few blocks away, a detective on duty had run up on the stage at a peace meeting, grabbed the microphone and started to sing *God Bless America*. No carrying from the hall, no bloody nose, no arrest, no jail term, not even a departmental reprimand.

It Had to Happen

On March 19th the Pope relaxed the rules on mixed marriages, and on March 21st the *Irish-Catholic Journal-American* and the *Anglo-Saxon-Protestant World-Telegram & Sun* officially announced their long-rumored plans to merge.

Multiple Choice

There was a conference at the University of Chicago on the theme, *What Knowledge Is Most Worth Having?* Somebody ran a classified ad in the student newspaper taking the position that "Carnal knowledge is most worth having."

SIR REALIST:

Family Plot

I just read that Roy Rogers (after keeping the news secret for three months) has announced Trigger is dead. He is being stuffed now, and Roy will keep him on the ranch. When Roy dies, will Dale Evans stuff him, too—and put him on Trigger?

Mel Shestack
New York, N.Y.

Displaced Hostility

Monique Von Cleef, the statuesque blonde whose New Jersey home was raided as a "horror house of sin and sadism" claimed that she had previously worked in TV cigarette commercials. One newspaper showed her cloaked in leather, spiked heels and carrying a riding crop.

It is a fine ethical question whether supplying a few minutes of requested whipping and, perhaps, sexual activity is more reprehensible than peddling cancer on television. Furthermore, since sexual allure is generally the most important component of such TV ads, which is the greater perversion?

My own feeling is that she should have worn the same garb in the cigarette ads.

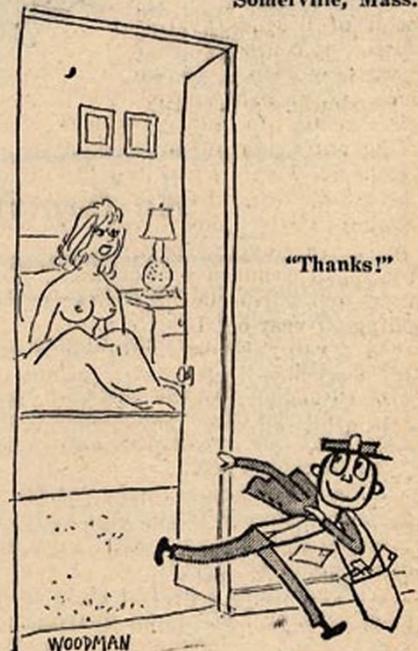
Leonard Gross
New York, N.Y.

Abstract Suggestion

I found the article entitled "Great Moments in Medicine" (issue #66), concerning foreign bodies stuck in the rectum, thoroughly repellent.

I trust that you know what you can do with your magazine.

Pat Murray
Somerville, Mass.



WOODMAN

The Realist

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

editorial giggies

The Realist Game

I've just returned from my fourth LSD trip in 14 months. This time I saw God; otherwise it was nothing.

I spent the day with some friends in the country, but only upon reading this will they learn that I was turned on by a chemical, because they weren't aware of anything different about my behavior.

More important, I wasn't aware of anything different about my thoughts, except for the secret of my constant knowledge that I'd taken LSD. The secret of my life is that I never stop knowing I'm alive. And digging it. And not being ashamed of anything.

Consciousness is a continuum: at one end is sanity; at the other, insanity. And for me, the direction of insanity is whenever I take myself too seriously.

With that as a preface, I'd like to report that with this issue, *The Realist* enters its 9th year of publication, the circulation has gone from 600 to 60,000 and the readership is probably well over a quarter-million.

The staff consists of me and my scapegoat (the other titles are honorary) but I've never taken any salary. The first two years I lived out of my savings, the next four I did interviews for *Playboy* and the last two I've done a column for *Cavalier* ("The Venereal Revolution" is reprinted in this issue).

The Realist is still a game, then, and only the number of players who share my consciousness has increased. In the end I will be done in by the author of an article on transcending the ego, because I neglected to include his byline.

Mind Over Martyr

The trouble with me is, I have this terribly limited attention span. When, for example, I watch William F. Buckley, Jr. on television, I don't really listen to what he's saying because I'm too obsessed with his habit of licking the corner of his mouth. The right corner, of course.

On May 16th, a 40-year-old out-of-work cab driver—who had probably never read Buckley's *National Review* in his life, and yet was the crazy personification of its anti-Communism extended to ultimate absurdity—told his wife: "I'm going to kill some Communists."

He went to the Detroit headquarters of the Socialist Workers Party, asked to see some books by Lenin, then ordered three young men to "Line up against the wall. You're all a bunch of Commies." Using an automatic pistol and a rifle he fired at them, wounding two and killing 27-year-old Leo Bernard.

On a rainy Friday night—the eve of the Memorial Day weekend—I attended a memorial meeting in New York City and, true to non-form, my mind kept free-associating all over the solemn place.

Actually it had started a week earlier, when I received a mimeographed letter from the New York State Chairman of the Socialist Workers Party, informing me: "A number of public figures and organizations will be sending messages to this meeting. We would greatly appreciate it if you would also be able to send a message. It will help to mobilize public sentiment against the festering sore of blind anti-Communism that breeds

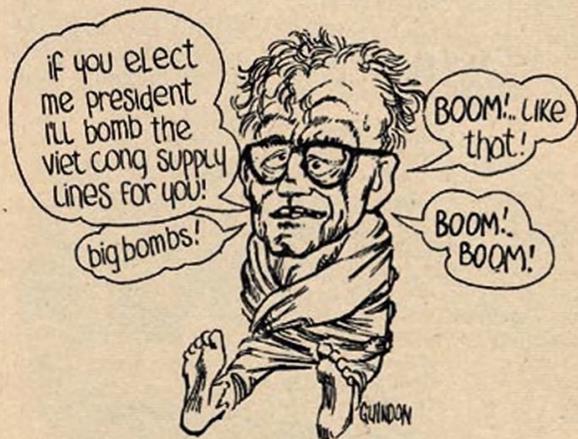
such tragedies."

What nonsense. That portion of the public which was to attend this standing-room-only meeting would be self-selected precisely because of such *already* existing sentiment.

I considered sending a telegram saying, simply, HAPPY MEMORIAL DAY. But it's definitely in Bad Taste to make light of an organization blessed with an inadvertent martyr.

I don't mean to imply for a moment that they were glad it happened. In fact, although Lyndon Johnson would unquestionably shoot John F. Kennedy on the spot were he suddenly to appear in his office at the White House, I'm convinced that under similar miraculous circumstances the Socialist Workers Party would—with perhaps only a fleeting touch of ambivalence—permit Leo Bernard to live.

For these are the beautiful people who remain eternally unacknowledged by William Saroyan and *Vogue* magazine, who say *comrade* and *solidarity* instead of *would you believe* and *sorry about that*, who are so



serious about their revolution that they will laugh at the mere mention of Hubert Humphrey's name to prove it. If only there were some way that socialists could become a major market without being a contradiction of concepts. That's how teen-agers won their revolution. There was a time when Ed Sullivan wouldn't permit the bottom half of Elvis Presley to appear on your TV screen, but now *Shindig* can come on like a proless rehearsal for a hula hoop orgy.

And so the memorial meeting began with Irving Howe singing *Paint It Black*.

Telegrams from public figures were read aloud and the audience applauded each one politely. Outside,

The Realist is published monthly, except for January and July, by The Realist Association, a non-profit corporation.

PAUL KRASSNER, Editor & Ringleader

SHEILA CAMPION, Scapegoat

BOB ABEL, Featherbedder

JOHN FRANCIS PUTNAM, Nice Dirty Old Man

DICK GUINDON, New Left Fielder

Publication office is at Box 242, Madison Sq. Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

Telephone: GR 7-3490

Subscription rates:

\$3 for 10 issues; \$5 for 20 issues

Canadian & foreign subs: \$4 or \$6

Copyright 1966 by The Realist Association, Inc.

Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

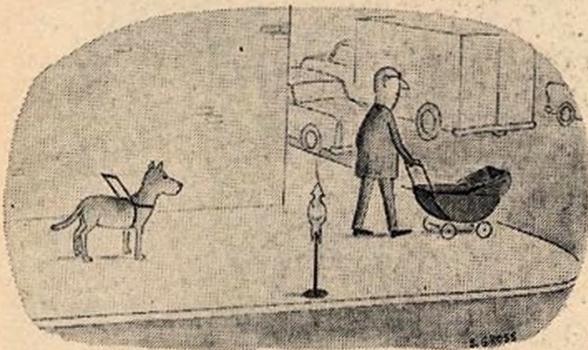
Robert McNamara and Dean Rusk picketed with signs saying MAKE WAR, NOT LOVE.

The two scheduled stars of the memorial didn't show up: Betty Shabazz, who is Malcolm X's widow, and Murray Kempton, who said to me a week before the 1964 presidential election: "I'm so paranoid about the possibility of Goldwater winning that I'd vote for Johnson now even if he cut off Jackie Kennedy's pension." David McCallum did his famous impression of Marina Oswald.

Her late husband was photographed with a rifle in one hand and an SWP organ in the other, a copy of *The Militant*. Had he been a hero instead of a *schmuck*, they would have exploited him instead of disowning him.

So they wrote-off the possibility that he was the end-product of their anti-administration aura with the same fervor that they are now writing-in the positivity that a Detroit cab driver was the end-product of a pro-administration aura. Or, where is Lee Harvey Oswald now that we really need him?

His co-plotter, of course, is still free and takes the President's daughter to a motel in Arlington, Virginia every weekend where she registers as Incognito-Bird.



When the newspapers originally published the story of Leo Bernard's slaying, they all mentioned that the Socialist Workers Party is on the Attorney General's list. Michael Harrington sang *Did You Ever Have to Make Up Your Mind?*

Now take Fidel. He's also been saying some pretty nasty things about the Trotskyists—real terrible things like, the reason Leon Trotsky was murdered in Mexico was because he hung around with all them Trotskyites.

The SWP is like manager Albert Grossman, though. You sign everybody up while they're nobody, and once in a while you'll hit on a Bob Dylan or a Malcolm X. But then there are the finks like Castro, the kind of guy you've gone out on a *fantastic* limb for, and now you have to rationalize his putting you down because, well, it's like Vietnam—you know, we *committed* ourselves, and . . . besides, maybe that wily Cuban is just red-baiting so we'll give him foreign aid.

"It's okay to kill Communists and napalm kids in Vietnam," said Dave Dellinger, my favorite pacifist who delivers his own babies, "but you can't kill 'em over here." Permanent lapel buttons were on sale that say *Hands Off* and you can fill in the last line with *Lenny Bruce* or *Cuba* or *Tim Leary* or *Indonesia*.

A week before he was assassinated, Leon Trotsky

said, "Our job as socialists is to cleanse life of all violence." Meanwhile, life goes on. After the recent Cassius Clay (I know, he's Muhammad Ali now, but I still say 6th Avenue) championship bout, they showed the Demolition Derby on TV: cars crashing into other cars and the last one able to move is the winner. Next year they're going to add pedestrians to the arena.

Yes, and Leo Bernard is dead, but his commodity-value lives on. Yes, and Isaac Deutscher sent a telegram about how the out-of-work murderer betrayed his very own class. Yes, and the police forced him to write on the blackboard 500 times: *I am a dirty revisionist bastard*. Yes, and Bobby Kennedy tattooed his Swiss Bank Number on Edie Sedgwick's left breast and the Gross National Product on her right. Yes, and out of the cleavage there arose a *united front*.

Northeast Airlines' triumph of the talentless, Jim Dooley, was put in charge of fund-raising, and the memorial meeting became one huge sea of green when he smiled, waved his arm and called out, "Come across!"

And Bill Moyers did the Watusi while Norman Thomas and A. J. Muste sang *I Am a Rock*.

More Misadventures of Mad Madalyn

At Princeton University's recent Symposium on the Arts, I got into a disagreement with fellow panelist Tom Wolfe (the illegitimate son of Truman Capote). He said that an artist ought not to get involved in any causes, and I said it was okay as long as responsibility to oneself and the audience wasn't compromised in the process.

I'm now calling my own bluff.

On Friday the 13th of May—on behalf of Madalyn Murray O'Hair—*The Realist's* attorney, Martin Scheiman, filed a petition with the U.S. Supreme Court for a writ of certiorari to review the Maryland Court of Appeals negative decision on the tax-the-church suit.

That's the involvement part.

In issue #65, Madalyn wrote that two reporters came to her *casa* in Mexico to confirm her marriage plans: They "looked squarely at us. The American Embassy called our wire service in Mexico City and gave [the information] to us." . . . *How did they know we planned to get married—and on October 13th?* We had discussed this only in our bed. The sickening revelation came to us both at one time: *Our bed was bugged.*

Terry McGarry, UPI Night Editor in Mexico City, sent me an open letter to Madalyn:

"The source of the leak on your impending marriage did indeed come from your bed . . . but it was nothing so sinister or dramatic as a planted microphone. It came from your husband (to be), Richard O'Hair. . . . I went to Valle del Bravo because word of your impending marriage had already gotten out in Baltimore. It came (I blush to say) from the Associated Press, since Dick had already announced your plans to the local AP stringer and was then obliging enough to call their office in Mexico City and confirm them. . . . My only complaint here is partiality. I sure as hell wish he had called me while he was at it. . . ."

Neither [Emmett Murray of the *Mexico City Times*] nor I ever said, hinted, indicated or even joked about getting the tip from the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City. The subject never came up. I told you I had gotten a request to check out the marriage from our bureau in Baltimore. Do you expect anyone to believe that if the

Soft-Core Pornography of the Month

Simultaneous Fellauto and Carnilingus in an MG Ad



U.S. Embassy had bugged your bed, they'd call up the wire services and admit it? And start a grade-A international scandal?"

Madalyn says that AP got to Dick after this interview, and they both still insist that the UPI man said that his information came from the American Embassy. What it was, I think, somebody must've mumbled.

The Scholarly and the Scatological

The Harvard Law Graduate School Democratic Club recently published a collection of essays on the war in Vietnam and sent it to President Johnson with the following resolution:

"Since the Administration has disregarded valid criticism of its Vietnamese policies, while continuing to escalate the war, we oppose present Administration policy. . . ." And there followed 12 constructive proposals.

An Assistant Secretary for the Department of State replied as follows:

"President Johnson has asked me to reply personally to your recent communication. After consideration at the White House, your communication was sent to us so that we might also see your comments. We appreciate your interest in our foreign relations. I know the President would want me to express his appreciation for your support of our policy in Vietnam."

Meanwhile, the *News Notes* of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors carried this report:

"Perhaps the most unusual anti-draft protest took place in Elk River, Minn., where Barry Bondhus dumped two buckets of human excrement into the files of his local draft board. Bondhus was arrested and

released on \$10,000 bond. He is the second oldest of ten sons whose father is opposed to any of them serving in the armed forces. According to the FBI young Bondhus refused to take his pre-induction physical as ordered. . . ."

A number of logical questions leap to mind:

Assuming it was indeed human excrement and not cut with cow dung, did his nine brothers contribute to the stockpile or was it a lone wolf effort? If the latter, how long did it take to fill two buckets? And where did he keep them? Did his mother yell, "You're gonna bring ants in the house!" How did he manage to get the stuff into his draft board? (He probably said, "I'm making a delivery," and no one would take the responsibility of challenging him.) Did he wear a lapel button that said *FECES FOR PEACE* . . . or maybe just *WE TRY HARDER*? What was done with the evidence—selling it as the ultimate pop art would have been a good way to raise bail money. Was he charged with holding an illegal shit-in?

In order to bridge the apparent gap between the scholarly and the scatological, *The Realist* hereby presents brave Barry with an award for pacifism above and beyond the call of duty: a medallion inscribed with the words of Lin Yu Tang: *All philosophy begins in a successful bowel movement.*

The Myth Exploders

• Lurleen Wallace: By running for Ostensible Governor of Alabama because her husband technically can't, she has exploded the myth that in a democracy you can limit by law the number of terms a man can hold an elected office.

• Phil Ochs: By using Mao Tse-tung's non-political poetry on the jacket of his latest folk album, *Phil Ochs in Concert*, and insisting that Electra Records send the standard \$50 fee for liner notes—the cashed check came back properly endorsed—he has exploded the myth that Mao is dead.

• Drs. Masters and Johnson: By publishing among the results of diligent research and voyeurism in their book, *Human Sexual Response*, the conclusion that vaginal lubrication during intercourse is not a contribution of the Bartholin Glands as we have been led to believe through countless marriage manuals, they have exploded the myth of retroactively falsely renowned Dr. Bartholin, who made his tactical error of discovery while still a pre-med student out on a movie date and screamed *Eureka* in the middle of the second feature.

• Students for a Democratic Society (SDS, a dangerous hallucinatory drug—odorless, colorless and tasteless—a stimulant, not to be confused with another dangerous hallucinatory drug, LBJ, a depressant): By protesting that colleges which give students' class standings to draft boards are making grades a matter of life and death, they have exploded the myth that those who play hide and seek higher education should be entitled to an automatic 2-S deferment which makes intelligence or wealth a matter of life and death.

• Marshall McLuhan: By continuing to write books about how books aren't effective but movies are and yet never making a movie, he has exploded his own myth.

(Continued on Page 24)

TIMOTHY LEARY

(Continued from Cover)

tune in, to turn on, to contact incredible diversity, beauty, living, pulsating meaning of the sense organs, and the much more complicated and pleasurable and revelatory messages of cellular energy.

To a Hindu, the spiritual quest is eternal.

Different sects of Oriental religion use different methods and different body organs to find God. The Shivites use the senses; the followers of Vishnu are concerned with cellular wisdom, contacting the endless flow of reincarnation wisdom which bio-chemists would call protein wisdom of the DNA code; or read a Buddhist manual on consciousness expansion.

It all has to do with the *flash*—the white light of the void—the ecstatic union that comes when you're completely turned on.

Another misconception about religion and my use of the first amendment has to do with the institutional and establishment concept that Westerners have of religion. People that use marijuana and LSD in their own homes or their own gardens say, "What does this have to do with religion?" Because religion to them means priests, Bibles, churches, Sunday schools, sects, rules and regulations.

To most Orientals the sacred temple of religion is your own *body*. The shrine is in your own *home*. Your priest or teacher or guru is someone with whom you live and share most of the joys and frustrations of daily life.

There's another aspect of this religious definition of the cellular experience: it requires time, training, practice and discipline to really use your sense organs, to be able to focus in on your cells; to move your consciousness from one type of ecstasy to another requires knowledge and guidance.

To really use the instrument of your body and the millions of sensory and cellular cameras with which you're endowed requires know-how, and in the East these technical manuals are called textbooks of Yoga or religious illumination.

So just turning on with pot or LSD in a spontaneous manner in your home can be pleasant and even revealing. For most people, it's a failure to pay respect to the potentialities of your nervous system and your cells and the powers of the psychedelic drugs like marijuana and LSD to open up these complex realms.

Q: Let's assume you win your case; what would be the implications for the pot-smoker who wouldn't use religious freedom as a defense?

A: It just so happened that I had been initiated by a Hindu guru, but you can join Art Kleps' Neo-American Church, you can declare your own religion with you and your wife. There is a lot of precedent, Supreme Court rulings, that religious beliefs and practices are an individual matter. The atheist who believes in pacifism can claim to be a conscientious objector. This was a monumental decision by Justice Douglas. I don't want to come on as a lawyer, but . . .

Q: Lenny Bruce does, why not you?

A: Lenny's doing it, so why should I? But, I would like to tell your readers that it's left to them to work out their solution, and if they believe in it, they will win.

The great lesson you learn from LSD, from contacting your cells, is that every generation has to re-enact

the whole evolutionary drama, and to live a full life you have to go through the *whole* sequence yourself. If you don't, you've sold out on the range of possibilities and challenges.

You have to be Moses, you have to hammer out your own ethical code. You have to be Bishop Berkeley and hammer out your solution to the problem of matter and idea. You have to be Plato. All the solutions you read about in textbooks are canned, static and meaningless.

You've got to fight your own defense of your religion because *every* man in history has to do it. Most people in history, most Americans, don't realize this and aren't *willing* to do it.

I'm fighting my case on the unique constellation of activities that I've engaged in—and it's a damn good case—but I would think that any pot-smoker who *really understands* the potentialities of the energies he's releasing and the *power* of that benign plant he inhales, has got a constitutional case.

If he doesn't understand it, he's just smoking pot, not for kicks, but because it's the hip game to play, and if that's the level he wants to stay on, then *he's* going to cop out and he won't fight his case in his own mind or with the law.

Q: But don't you think that winning your case on religious grounds might preclude their legal right to smoke pot simply for kicks?

A: My case is not based just on the religious belief. There are three issues involved:

My right to pursue my spiritual quests with the methods and the maps that make sense to me—that's the religious.

Number two, I have a right to pursue knowledge—not just because I'm a psychologist, but because a psychologist *should* be doing (most of them aren't) what *every* human being should be doing—trying to figure out what is it all about? Pursuit of knowledge.

The third ground upon which I defend my use of marijuana is my right to live in my home and raise my kids and live my family life according to *my* best beliefs and my conscience.

So long as none of these three—religious, scientific or personal—activities produce any visible harm to my fellow man.

Now, the lawyers have picked up on the first—that is, the spiritual quest, or the religious issue—because, as lawyers, they want to win the case, and there's a long tradition in our country of religious freedom. So there's *precedent* there.

I've had several debates with my lawyers. I've said, "Well, really, I'd rather go up on the *scientific* because most of my adult life has been devoted to this quest." They say, "Yes, but you're really writing new law there."

Granted that the Constitution should provide for the right to pursue knowledge, and it does—in religion. When you get to the right to raise your kids and to live your family life the way you want to, that may come into the 9th amendment, which is vaguely the constitutional right to privacy, but each of these issues requires an enormous amount of legal scholarship, and the lawyers have chosen the religious, admitting that the scientific and the personal will have *their* day in court.

I cannot fight all of these cases, and I cannot test all of the ambiguities and the blind spots in constitu-

tional protection, but my case is going to be the first of many victories on all of these constitutional rights, which come down to the issue of if you want to smoke marijuana because you and your wife can make love more effectively that way, or because it tunes you on to music more, or because you enjoy your garden more, you have a constitutional right to do that. But I can't fight all these issues, and my lawyers can't.

We see this as a broad civil liberties campaign, and as I try to explain to my hipster friends, everything in life takes place cell by cell, step by step, and you have to take case by case and win it. I predict that there will be hundreds of civil liberties cases concerning the right of an individual to change his own consciousness for exactly the goals and purposes that he wants.

See, I don't pretend to be a lawyer, but I do have a cellular, intuitive sense about where law, which is necessary to protect society, stops—and where individual growth, which is necessary to keep society going, begins.

Q: Now your hipster friends will accuse you of coping out because you said that some day there'll come a case based on the right to smoke pot because a man and his wife can make love more effectively—you know, why do they have to be married?

A: Well, the district attorneys were questioning children in my household today in a Grand Jury hearing about sleeping habits in my house, so we're already into that, but I'm sure that will come up.

Q: Someone in the Defense Fund office earlier said, "Why, that's corrupting the morals of a minor. It's putting thoughts into her mind which might not have been there."

A: They're there. Because the younger the person, the more in tune they are with their cells.

Q: I wonder if what I would call your form of mysticism isn't just a semantic difference between us. Now, I believe that there are only individual consciousnesses; do you believe that God—or, if you will, the universe—is conscious of its existence?

A: I think that there are exquisite and complex harmonies at many different levels of energy in the universe, and that this harmony involves a consciousness of the interwovenness of organic life and inorganic life. I think, though, that this incredible process of evolution is continually surprising itself, and amazing itself, and delighting itself and freaking itself out with what it's doing. But is there one Central Computer that's planning it all or can sum it all up in one moment? I don't think so.

Q: When you say "delighting itself, amazing itself," you're implying that there's an awareness of what it's doing.

A: But it's out of control. There's an awareness not of what it's doing; there's an awareness of what's happening. God exists at every level of consciousness.

At the verbal symbolic level, God is the word g-o-d which is the center of the verbal network of the verbal mandala.

At the level of your senses, God is the central drone or the center of the sensory mandala—is the orgasm center, if you will.

At the level of cell, God is the DNA code because the DNA code, as bio-chemists describe it, is all the attributes that we have attributed to God: the all-powerful,

ever-changing intelligence far greater than man's mind which is continually manifesting itself in different forms. Well, man, that's what the genetic code has been doing for two billion years.

Then, very sophisticated bio-physicists like Andrew Cochran tell us that so-called inorganic matter—molecules and atomic structures—have the same game going, that the nucleus of the atom is God at that level, it's always invisible, God is always the smallest and the most central. . . .

Q: Wait, before we get too abstract—what I'm really asking boils down to this: You've gone on record as saying that you talk to trees; what I want to know is, do the trees hear what you're saying to them?

A: Well, I hear what the trees are telling me. I listen to trees. Whether they hear me, I don't know. You'd have to ask a tree. I think they do.

There was an expert gardener in a little orchard I have at Millbrook, who was talking about cutting down some of the apple trees that I've been pruning and talking to for a couple of years now, because they're old and not producing and the apples are sour—he had all sorts of reasons. He wanted to bring in a lot of dwarf apples to make a lot of money.

I looked around and I said, "You realize this is a very reckless conversation you're involved in."

"Yeah, the trees can hear, right?"

And I said, "You notice that I've said nothing except friendly and protective things about these trees. There's no testimony from me. . . ."

Yes, I listen to the trees and hear what they say and I think that they hear what I say. Not what I say, since trees don't speak English, but the trees are very aware of what I'm doing to them and to the ground around them. And by me I don't mean Timothy Leary. They don't talk that language.

Q: Look, you're deaf in one ear, so if you lay with your good ear to the pillow, you can shut out sound—you can't hear a tree or a person. Now, if a tree has no ears, by what process does it get your message?

A: A tree doesn't speak in sound waves. When I listen to a tree I don't listen with my ear. When I talk to the trees, I don't talk in words or language.

Q: But you really do believe that the tree is aware?

A: Yes. When I walk out in any garden or field in Millbrook, I'm convinced that the vegetative life there is aware of my presence, and I'm sending out vibrations which they pick up.

Q: And somebody else would send out different vibrations?

A: Yup.

Q: Then maybe there's truth to the old superstition that a menstruating woman can affect plant growth?

A: I think it's possible. I would parenthetically suggest that we review a lot of so-called superstitions and primitive beliefs, and we'd find they're based upon cellular wisdom.

But, you see, the embarrassing facts of the matter are that the DNA code which designed you is not that different from the DNA code that designed a tree. There are some obvious product-packaging differences, but they're both strands of living protein planfulness that go back to a common origin.

Q: But without the brain I would have no consciousness . . . or don't you accept that premise?

A: My dear Paul, every cell in your body is acutely

conscious, is decoding energy, has access to wisdom which dwarfs the mental, pre-frontal symbolic aspect that you consider normal waking consciousness.

You called me a mystic, and you could call yourself a rationalist. I agree, you are a rationalist because you rely mainly on symbols. And you're a very acute and beautiful game analyst. But I don't consider myself a mystic; I consider myself a real realist in that I'm accepting the empirical evidence of modern bio-chemistry and the intuitive experiential evidence of what I've learned by taking LSD 300 times.

The Paul Krassner mind is about 30 years old, but there are energy systems, blueprinting facilities and memory systems within your cells and your nervous system which are hundreds of millions of years old, which have a language, and a politics which is much more complicated than English and modern Democrat-Republican politics.

What we're doing for the mind is what the microbiologists did for the external sciences 300 years ago when they discovered the microscope. And they made this incredible discovery that life, health, growth, every form of organic life is based on the cell which is invisible.

You've never seen a cell, what do you think of that? Yet it's the key to everything that happens to a living creature. I'm simply saying that same thing from the mental, psychological standpoint, that there are wisdoms, lawful units inside the nervous system, invisible to the symbolic mind, which determine almost everything.

And I don't consider that mystical—unless you'd call someone who looks through a microscope a mystic, because he's telling you something for which you don't have the symbols. Or the astronomer who detects a quasar and speculates about it.

Q: All right, but I don't consider it rationalistic to be hung up on symbols. I think we agree on the artificiality of symbols.

A: Right.

Q: But I would go to the extent that a man perhaps could not be considered mentally healthy, or free—or cellular, to use your metaphor—if he couldn't . . . the most blatant example would be, let's say, if he couldn't spit on a crucifix just to show that the symbol itself is really an artifact.

A: Yes, but in another sense I consider myself a rationalist because I believe that it is man's challenge to develop new symbol systems for these new levels of internal consciousness. Just as we had to develop a new symbol system for the invisible uncharted world which was opened up with the microscope, the task now is to develop symbol systems for the new invisible worlds which are opened up by psychedelic drugs.

We're used to having many symbol systems on the macroscopic level. We use one symbol system for chess, another for baseball, another for politics. So is it necessary to have symbol systems for the different levels of consciousness.

Another fascinating challenge is to weave these multi-level symbol systems together into symphonic harmonies, which the psychiatrist would call hallucination and which I would call a fulfilled level of symphonic harmony, where you select the macroscopic symbol which fits the sensory orgasm, which harmonizes with the cellular dialect at the moment—you get them all flowing together.

And just as humor at the level of normal symbols is the juxtaposition of two game counters from different games, and we laugh, there's a cosmic humor in which you bring together inappropriate symbols from different levels. So with all the games we have going in the social-mental world, we can exquisitely complicate it and multiply it in fascinating diversity as you add these new symbol systems, of the many senses and of the infinite number of cellular dialects.

Q: There's a slightly cosmic irony in all this. Because of the cutting-off of LSD from reliable sources, the black market will increase, with inferior products as a result, so that some people may end up just getting a sort of escalated high, maybe higher than pot, but never experiencing the kind of profound insight into levels of reality that you talk about.

A: I can't be terribly alarmed by that.

Q: Except that they might think, "We must be doing something wrong."

A: Well, anyone who buys LSD on the black market and assumes that he's buying what the seller tells him he's getting, unless he knows that seller, is naive, and it all comes down to stupidity.

Or, the person who has an LSD session in a surrounding which is ugly and disharmonious, whether that be a psychiatric clinic or a pad or a penthouse, is naive and foolish.

I can't take the responsibility for, or devote any of my energy to lamenting the inevitable rash—hundreds of thousands of unprepared, foolishly organized LSD sessions. More than anyone else in the world, I've been lecturing to the point of exhaustion to tell people to know what they're doing.

Q: On the other hand, is there a danger from an overdose?

A: No. There's no such thing as an overdose of LSD. There's no known lethal quantity. Obviously, the more you take, the harder the first hit. But another one of the beautiful things about LSD, it even up-levels the numbers game on dosage, once you get beyond 100, 200 gamma. It's very hard to play games with LSD within the quantity game.

But if someone buys a sugar cube and finds that they're getting a pot high, they should realize that they've just gotten enough, maybe 25 or 50 gamma, which is going to bring them to the sensory level, and enjoy it, and not feel there's something wrong with me that I can't find God in the pill, what's going on? Common sense and just one preparation will guide you through these dilemmas.

In the early days of LSD research, we all had to struggle with these problems. In the early days of any new form of energy, you run into these problems. When you think of the reckless danger of unprepared people who went in those canvas and wood airplanes that the Wright brothers turned up, that was absolute madness, but they did it and they had a right to do it, knowing they were taking a risk.

In the early days of our research, I took all sorts of strange drugs that came from the South Seas and from South America and from Morocco to find out what they did, and about dosage.

The early people who discovered the microscopes, before they really knew how to grind lenses, were getting different amplifications and flaws in the lens. There's no security and there's no guarantee of complete safety

in life—and the realistic attitude, the scientific attitude, is to check out, recognize, compare, but keep doing it, because you're only going to learn by trial and error.

Q: Recently I spoke at Harvard Law School, and when someone asked about the 5-year-old girl who accidentally ate an LSD-sugar-cube left in the refrigerator by her uncle, I replied that she's back in school now and was assigned to write a composition called "My Trip."

A: Is that true?

Q: No, I was being facetious, but the significant thing is that you thought it might be possible.

A: Well, first of all, about that little girl, the facts of the matter are that she is back in school, she was discharged from the hospital and there's no evidence that she was harmed. The scandal of that case was not the poor uncle, who left his cube around and was made to feel guilty and criminal about it; the scandal of that case were the politically-minded doctors and district attorneys who made dramatic announcements about danger and "ruined for life."

We don't know what the effect would be on a little girl, and from all of the evidence so far, we would be led to believe that her reaction to that LSD depends entirely upon the attitude of the adults around her, and if when they discovered that she'd taken LSD, they treated it as a rare opportunity and turned off their fear and their guilt and their selfishness as bad mothers and bad uncles and bad fathers, and spent the next 12 hours really being with that kid, it would have been a glorious experience.

Even under the circumstances of ruthlessly dragging this poor little girl down to the hospital, pumping her stomach—which has no medical meaning because the LSD takes over within a few seconds and is metabolized very quickly (of course that's just to make the doctors feel better, pumping out the girl's stomach)—even in spite of all that, there were points where she was alternately laughing and crying. Well, I could understand that, I'd be doing the same.

But in spite of all of the brutal mishandling and the selfish copping-out on almost everyone's part—I can't comment on the uncle or the parents because I don't know what they did—but the public health officials who were protecting their interests and using this as part of their campaign, still there's no reason to believe that this girl won't look back on it in the future as a great experience and that she won't be more likely to be a

tuned-in, turned-on person in the future. There's more chance of that than there is that there'll be any damage, in spite of the emotional brutality to which she was subjected.

Q: Do you think that drugs will be given to young children some day?

A: In general, I predict that psychedelic drugs will be used in all schools in the very near future as educational devices—not only drugs like marijuana and LSD, to teach kids how to use their sense organs and their cellular equipment effectively—but new and more powerful psychochemicals like RNA and other proteins which are really going to revolutionize our concepts of ourselves and education.

So that the notion about writing an essay in the 1st grade on your trip is not just science-fiction, it's definitely going to happen. A person should learn to use their nervous system and their cellular equipment before they're taught reading and writing and symbolic techniques. Because if you don't know how to handle your native equipment, you're going to be addicted to, and limited by, the artifacts of symbols.

I intend to have more children, and I'll tell you this, that I'm not going to push symbols on my kids—I won't keep anything away from them—but I'm not going to push symbols on my kids till they're 10, 12, maybe 15 years old.

I will never encourage them to read a book. I will encourage them to tune in on their own internal vocabularies and cellular libraries of congress. I'll teach them how to live as an animal and as a creature of nature and decode and communicate with the many energies around them, before I will force artifactual symbols—which are only two or three hundred years old at best—on their two-billion-year-old cellular machineries. And my kids feel the same way and will probably will be doing that with their children.

Q: Can you see that being declared unconstitutional in a case brought by a psychedelic Madalyn Murray, claiming that it's a violation of separation of church and state, and that she doesn't mind if kids take LSD at home but it shouldn't be compulsory in public schools.

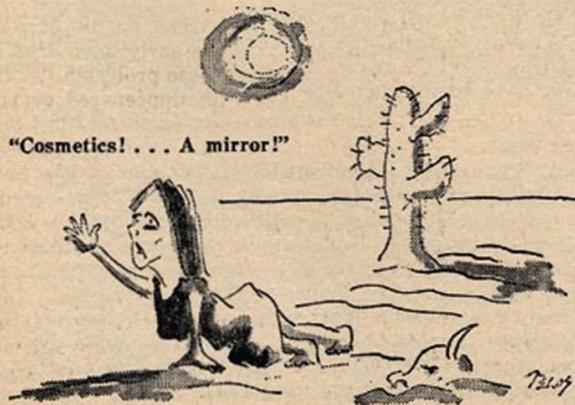
A: Well, it's conceivable, and of course Madalyn Murray is playing a fascinating role in society today testing out game situations. I don't intend to send my future children to schools. I'd rather have them take heroin than go to a first-grade grammar school in this country.

Q: Would you set any age limit—working backwards, chronologically—as to a child taking LSD?

A: I think this has to be tested. LSD should be used at that moment when the kid's symbol system freezes, because what LSD does is allow you to unhook and re-group your symbol system. I have no evidence on this, but I hope in the future that we will have.

Q: Another case that got a lot of publicity concerned a man who murdered his mother-in-law and said he was on LSD. What do you think are the ramifications of this in terms of pleading temporary insanity as a legal defense?

A: Well, there's no evidence that he took LSD, and there's considerable evidence that he was not under the effect of LSD when he did that. He said he was flying high for 3 days. Nobody flies high on LSD for 3 days. The effect of LSD doesn't last that long. LSD is not a chemical that you can continue to use, like heroin or



alcohol, by taking more and more.

People always use the particular superstition of the times as a cop-out, so that 300 years ago, you'd say, "I was possessed by the devil," or in Salem 200 years ago, you'd say, "A witch told me to do it." But today, here in New York with the psychiatric and political history of LSD, you say, "LSD made me do it."

Q: *That's gong to be Jack Ruby's new defense. . . . [Scene II: Millbrook, a week later] Here's a typical reporter's question: How do you feel about your indictment in Poughkeepsie this morning for possession of marijuana?*

A: It had almost no effect on me. I would've been more interested to learn that the Mets had won their 3rd straight game. Probably because I know I'm probably never going to come to trial and that I'm not terribly involved in the legal technicalities.

Q: *Being back here in Millbrook, I was thinking about your second wife. I assume you took LSD together—re-imprinting on each other every week—increasing the depth of your relationship. And yet the marriage broke up on the honeymoon trip. . . .*

A: As I said when I was on trial in Laredo and I was asked who gave me the pot, I'll be glad to describe any of my own experiences, but I don't want to make any comments which involve other people. Any comments about my marriage would be involving someone who's very dear and sacred to me, whose privacy should not be violated.

Q: *I appreciate that. The relevance I had in mind was the apparent failure of LSD imprinting.*

A: I'll be glad to talk about the effects of imprinting on interpersonal relationships. I consider this the most important aspect of the LSD challenge—the business of imprinting and re-imprinting.

Every time you take LSD you completely suspend—you step outside of—the symbolic chess board which you have built up over the long years of social conditioning. And you whirl through different levels of neurological and cellular energy, continually flowing and changing.

Your symbolic mind is flashing in and out—you never lose your mind during an LSD session—it's always there but it's one of a thousand cameras that are flashing away. Of course, the LSD freak-out or paranoia is where the symbolic mind freezes any aspect of the LSD session and defines a new reality, which can be positive or negative.

And towards the end of an LSD session you begin to re-imprint—this is a very crucial time in the LSD session, because you take a new picture of yourself, of the world and of the people around you, both real and remembered. It's particularly tricky, because what you're doing during this imprinting period is getting a new perspective of yourself and the other people. Now this is tricky, because you may come out of an LSD session with a very different picture of yourself.

If the LSD session has been microscopically revealing of your own shortcomings and you're not experienced enough to be able to let this flow too and accept these aspects in yourself as a fragmentary part of a great endlessly changing design, then you come out depressed. You've taken a bad picture of yourself. This accounts for the LSD depression, which can last for many days and for many months.

You can also take a negative picture of LSD itself,

and you come out of the session saying "Never again." So the challenge, number one, is to make a neurological contract with yourself that you're not going to take too finally and dogmatically any picture that you click or come out with during an LSD session because you have to dedicate yourself to the ongoing yoga of taking LSD many times, and not copping out just because you've taken one bad picture. If you do that you have lost the opportunity to continue to use your neurological camera.

Now the same thing is true if you have an LSD session with somebody else, particularly with your wife or with a person with whom you have an ongoing relationship. It's perfectly possible after any LSD session to come out with a negative picture of the other person. You may have had many LSD sessions with someone, but that 13th session may close on a note of horror.

A natural reaction, of course, after this is to say, "Well, I never want to take LSD with that person again," because of that last freaky session. That is, from the standpoint of neurological ethics, a game violation. The neurological contract should have provisions for continuing the sessions together until you get to that point where you're both convinced that you've explored all the relevant areas in each other and in the relationship.

Q: *At Town Hall you called for a one-year moratorium on both LSD and pot. Do you really believe that you'll be taken seriously?*

A: I don't know if anything I ever say is taken seriously. I hope not too seriously. I was talking that night, as I usually talk, at many levels of consciousness and addressing myself to several levels of consciousness in the audience: number one, on a political level I was telling the audience to cool it; number two, to learn more about the method of theory of using marijuana and LSD; and three, to initiate conciliatory, loving, counseling relationships with older people to heal the inter-generation wound.

Q: *There's a man who shall remain nameless who has taken LSD and continues his game of professional war-planning for the Pentagon. . . .*

A: Why don't you name him?

Q: *I don't want to betray a confidence.*

A: Can I name him?

Q: *If you want to, sure.*

A: Herman Kahn.

Q: *Aren't you violating his privacy?*

A: That's no confidence. I didn't give him LSD. Many people I know have told me about his taking LSD.

Q: *Each one of whom he told in confidence, probably.*

A: Do you think the time has come to share with a waiting world the names of the prominent people whose lives have been changed by taking LSD?

Q: *If you don't think it's unethical, I think the time has come.*

A: That's why I admire Steve Allen. Because he has not let his narrower secular games—and they're highly sensitive, public and even political now—interfere with his basic integrity. He has said on television that he has taken LSD and it was the most important experience of his life. The main question is whether in the Senate hearings on May 25th [due to legal problems Leary was unable to testify] I should illustrate the effectiveness of LSD by describing the positive effects on famous people who have used LSD.

I testified in Washington last week before the Senate Juvenile Delinquency Committee. I brought down my son and daughter to sit next to me, for many reasons. I wanted them to share my—they've been in jail with me, they've been deported from several countries with me, they were indicted with me—they might as well live through the paranoia of the Senate hearings with me; but also as a living illustration of two famous juvenile delinquents—my daughter (18) who is under a heavy sentence at the present time, and my son (16) who has been arrested and jailed two times, searched and questioned once and subpoenaed for Grand Jury testimony once.

During these hearings, a police captain [Alfred Trembly] from Los Angeles went through the same dreary dance of the cases that his agents had arrested during LSD sessions. He told the story of the two Princeton graduates who were eating grass and bark on the lawn of their house, which of course, to anyone who was in contact with their cells, it would make ultimate sense; we'd all be healthier and less likely to drop bombs on other people if we ate grass and bark, because your DNA code has been doing that for many millions of years more than you've been eating packaged food from the supermarket.

Q: Last time I had dinner with you, though, you ordered a steak.

A: And I enjoyed it, the way I would enjoy hearing that the Mets had beaten the Pirates.

Then there was the story that Captain Trembly told—he was reading from case histories—"We received a tip from an informer about an LSD party on a beach near Los Angeles. Two of my agents discovered two men sitting by the ocean staring out over the sea. As they approached and the two men saw them coming, they fell upon their knees, and when the agents walked up to them, they turned up and said 'We love you.' At this point, or shortly thereafter, the two men ran into the water and my police officers had to rush into the tide to save their lives."

Now, I was sitting next to my two children at these hearings, and as each of these so-called horror stories developed, we leaned back and said, "Why, of course, we understand exactly how and why such highly harmonious and natural developments would occur, like eating bark and falling on your knees at the approach of two police officers."

Another story involved a 15-year-old girl who was arrested for taking LSD and who insisted that they let her leave jail and go back home so that she could put LSD in the coffee of her mother the next morning so that she could finally communicate with her mother. Which makes eminent sense to anyone who's interested in healing the wound between generations but which horrified the senators. One of them said, "Did you say her mother?"

I realize that Senator Dodd and Senator Kennedy were much more impressed by these stories of horror, so that when I testified about the philosophic and political realities involved, my testimony seemed tame and professorial, and that's why I'm suggesting that perhaps at the next Senate hearing, I should bring some case histories of my own.

One would illustrate how Bill Wilson, who founded Alcoholics Anonymous, has told many of his friends that LSD is a natural and inevitable cure for alcoholism.

Or I could tell the interesting case history of Chuck

Dederich, who founded Synanon—and this is not a breach of confidence, by the way—he's told reporters that the insights which cured his alcoholism and led to the founding of the only institutional cure for heroin addiction, came from his LSD session.

Or I could tell the story of Herman Kahn, who by the way is often misunderstood, but Herman is not a war planner, he's a civil defense planner. Herman's claim is that he is one of the few highly-placed Americans who's willing to gaze with naked eyes upon the possibilities of atomic warfare and come up with solutions to this horrible possibility. Perhaps his LSD sessions have given him this revelation and courage. And even his phrase, "spasm war," which to the intellectual liberal sounds gruesome, is a powerful, cellular metaphor describing an event which the very phrase itself, "spasm war," might prevent.

Or I could remind the Senate and the American public that Cary Grant, whose first child was born in his 60's after renewal and revigoration which he attributes to LSD.

Or I could mention Henry Luce and Clare Booth Luce, two Americans whose power and game-playing skill can hardly be discounted and who have always been obsessed with a religious quest, both of whom have taken LSD many times.

Q: Which may well be why Life magazine had a let's-not-be-too-hasty editorial. But you can't really generalize about this wound between the generations, then.

A: Well, I was welcomed by Senator Dodd with affectionate and respectful comments, and then I began my short statement which had to do with the breakdown of communication between the generations, the middle-aged and the young. And just as I was towards the end of this, Teddy Kennedy—who had rushed back into town unexpectedly to appear at these televised hearings—interrupted me by saying, "Mr. Leary, I don't understand what you're talking about."

Q: That's because he doesn't know which generation to identify with.

A: That's the particular problem I was talking about, the breakdown of communication. But I was disturbed by the obvious hostility on the part of Edward Kennedy. He didn't know what he was talking about—he hadn't researched the subject because I can be challenged on many levels on many issues—this seemed to be an unprepared and instinctive attack on Teddy Kennedy's part, upon what he obviously felt was an unpopular and non-vote-getting position.

I was disturbed by this because I've been saying over and over again that the position that one takes on the LSD controversy and the sexual freedom issue is the most perfectly predicted by the person's age. A Supreme Court of 17-year-olds would never have convicted Ralph Ginzburg.

Q: I think you're wrong. It depends on which 17-year-olds. The ones you and I know wouldn't have, but I don't think you can be that rigid. . . .

A: I'm obviously wrong, because Teddy Kennedy is one of the youngest members of the Senate, whom I would hopefully expect to be most alert to the needs and impulses of the younger generation. He proved to be hostile, whereas Senator Dodd, much his senior, was courteous, although bewildered.

Q: Dr. Nathan Kline was quoted in Newsweek: "Under drugs like pot you tend to feel that you love everyone and the world is a great place. And if anyone wants

to go to bed with you, it's just one more great experience to share. Pregnancy becomes the most frequent side effect of pot." Now, you've said that the closer one communicates with his cells—with or without consciousness-expanding drugs—one knows when one is making a baby. How would you reconcile. . . .

A: Well, pot does not turn you on to your cells; pot turns you on to your senses. It's true that marijuana is a fantastically effective aphrodisiac, and the person who understands pot can weave together a symphony of visual, auditory, olfactory, gustatory, tactual sensitivity to make love-making an adventure which dwarfs the imagination of the pornographers.

This has nothing to do with pregnancy.

I would suggest that before believing what Dr. Kline says about marijuana, we ask him has he ever smoked it, and has he done a serious study of the effects of this fascinating and holy drug. The answer, of course, would be no.

I would say that the drug that gets you knocked up, blindly and unconsciously, is alcohol. Alcohol does reduce inhibitions—people become aggressive, indiscriminately loving or hostile, weepily self-pitying or self-expansive. Alcohol stimulates the social emotions, and it's well-known that alcohol is a seductive instrument which will produce round heels in any woman.

This has nothing to do with sensual enhancement, which marijuana produces. Alcohol dulls the senses, reduces everything to a crude wrestling match. I would say that alcohol has produced more unplanned pregnancies than any drug around. Under marijuana, with your senses heightened, you're not about to go to bed with a crude seducer.

Q: And yet, for some, pot has taken the place of alcohol as part of the seduction process.

A: Yes, but it's a much higher level form of seduction—it's not seduction at all—it's a highly intricate, delicate, exquisite enhancer of communication. If you have an alcoholic man coming on to a girl who is smoking marijuana, nothing's going to happen except the horrified shrinking back on the part of the marijuana smoker.

Q: According to the *Wall Street Journal*, "Hallucinatory drugs, including LSD, have joined nerve gases and a multitude of disabling germs in the nation's arsenal of chemical and biological weapons. . . ."

A: The fascinating thing about LSD is that everyone wants to control it. One of the most amazing experiences I've ever had in the 6 years of work with LSD was in Washington at the Senate hearings when Captain Trembley of the Los Angeles police force, in one dramatic moment during his testimony, reached in his briefcase and showed the committee a vial containing LSD.

He held it in his hand, and he was telling all of us that he was a man that had LSD. The Senators had no legal right to have it, doctors don't even have a legal right to have it, ministers don't have the legal right to have it, beatniks don't have the legal right to have it, the one man that could come in front of the Senate committee and hold LSD in his hand was a cop.

And that's the first and last thing about LSD—everyone wants to control it.

The person who doesn't want to use it, wants to control it so nobody else can use it. The cops want to take it away from youngsters and put them in jail for controlling it and keep it themselves. The researchers want

it to do research, the psychiatrists want it as an adjunct to psychotherapy. I've had dozens of ministers tell me, "This is an authentic religious experience, but its use in any other context except the spiritual is a sacrilege." The artist wants to control it to win the Nobel Prize.

No matter why they want to use it, what gain they have that's going to be facilitated by it, they all want to have it in their hands. And I, for one, think they're all right, that everyone should have it in their little hot hands, for whatever use they want.

And another final statement about LSD came in the committee hearing when Senator Dodd said, "Well, this material has to be controlled because I understand it's odorless, colorless, and. . . ." He started fumbling and I said, "Tasteless, Senator Dodd." He said, "Oh yes, tasteless."

I said, "Senator Dodd, in addition to that, it's free. You can make 20,000 doses of LSD for about a hundred dollars, which means that LSD is less expensive than pure water itself"—and at this point I held up a glass of water. He said, "All the more reason to control it." I said, "Yes, Senator, and all the clearer that you can't possibly control it."

Q: Every time I laugh I get high.

A: Laughing is definitely anti-administration.

Q: A couple of years ago you told me that the free speech movement in Berkeley was playing right onto the game-boards of the administration and the police, and that the students could shake up the establishment much more by just staying in their rooms and changing their nervous systems. But now that you're involved in the fighting-the-law game, do you still feel that way?

A: Yes. Any external or social action, unless it's based on expanded consciousness, is a robot behavior—including political action in favor of LSD and marijuana.

And you will notice that I have not suggested traditional political action in defense of marijuana and LSD. I'm involved in legal action to protect myself and other people from going to jail. But my attitude toward this legal skirmishing is extremely detached.

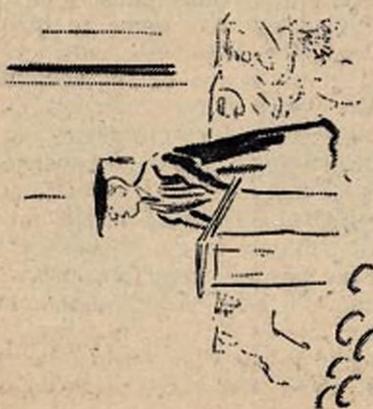
My advice to myself and to everyone else, particularly young people, is to turn on, tune in and drop out. By drop out, I mean to detach yourself from involvement in secular, external social games. But the dropping out has to occur internally before it occurs externally. I'm not telling kids just to quit school; I'm not telling people just to quit their jobs. That is an inevitable development in the process of turning on and tuning in.

Most all social decisions are made on the basis of symbolic pressure—symbolic reactions. Most men and women who drop out of the secular game to become monks and nuns are doing it under the pressure of freaky sexual or social game harassments. Such decisions are blind and unconscious.

American society's an insane and destructive enterprise. But before you can take any posture in relationship to this society, you have to sanitize yourself internally. Then you drop out, not in rebellion but as an act of harmony.

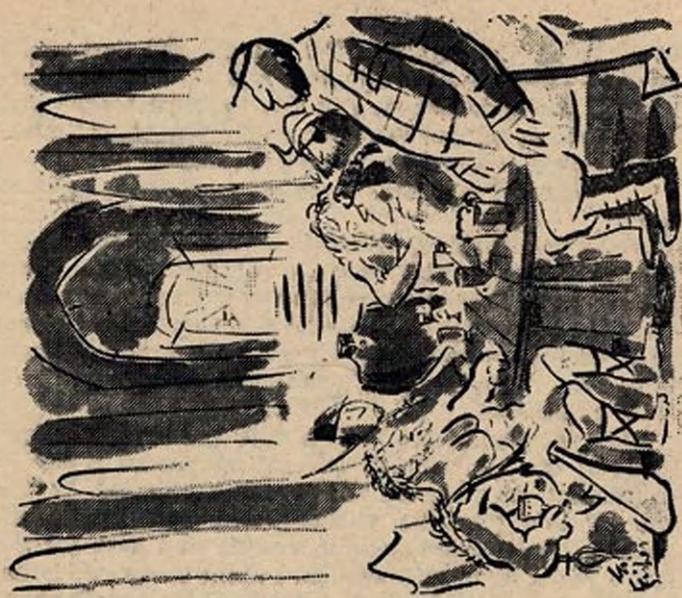
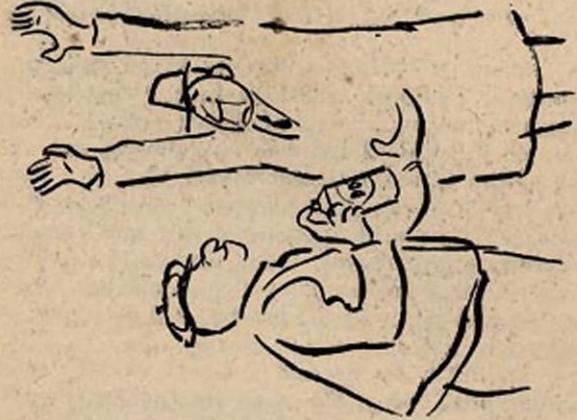
My comments about the student rebellion, and even the civil rights movement, stem from these convictions. I have no interest in students rebelling against university authorities to make a better university, because they can't. I have no sympathy with a civil rights move-

"—And, fellow students, in standing here before you, I am not selling out!"

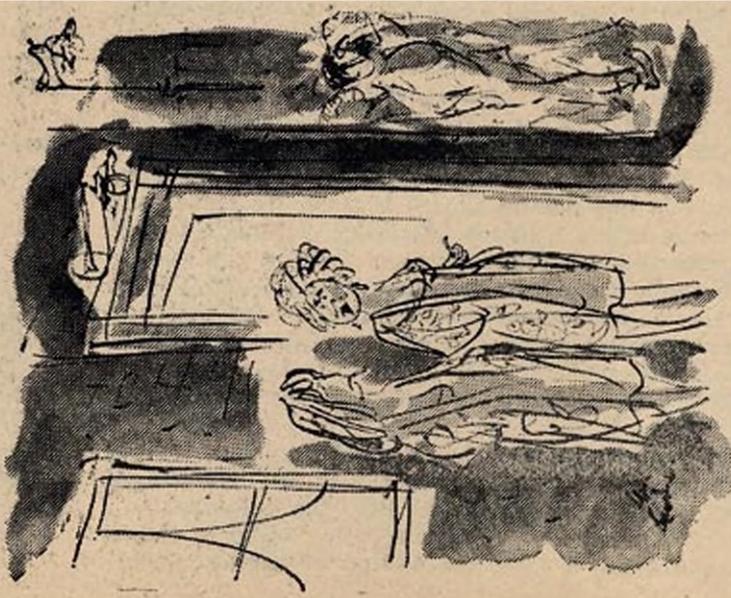


Ed Fisher's Page

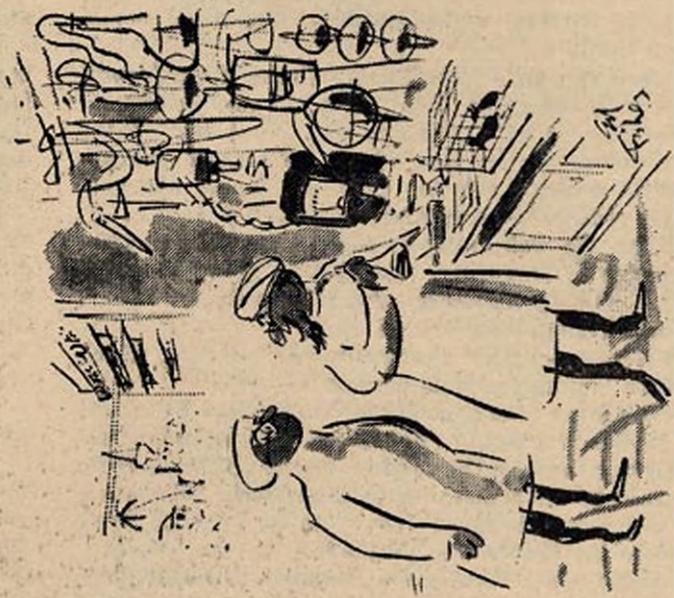
"—I'd walk a million miles for one of your smiles, Mam—I mean, Mother!"



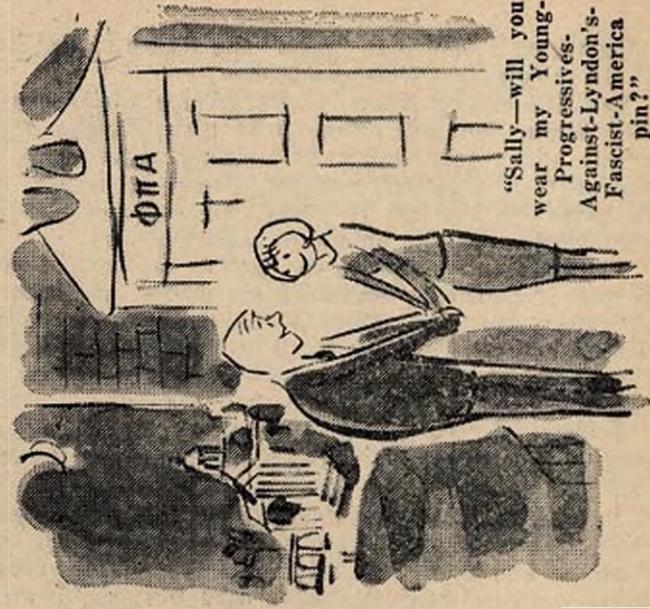
"Fellow folk-heroes, I'm afraid we're going to have to let in the John Henry legend."



"As if things aren't bad enough, we need a dedicated, puritanical New Left?"



"Ha! I'd like to hear the U.S. Surgeon General's advice to the public on *this!* —a link between monogamy and cancer!"



"Sally—will you wear my Young-Progressives-Against-Lyndon's-Fascist-America pin?"

ment which attempts to "raise" the Negro to the level of the middle-class white American.

The University is an institution for consciousness contraction and any attempts to give students more power and responsibility in running universities, is a growth of collective insanity. The most hopeful development in the last 10 years has been the drop-out phenomenon. This is unique in human history.

For thousands of years the goal of children of poor people, of politically impoverished people, has been to get more education, because education means power, wealth, control. Now for the first time we have a generation which is dropping out—a tremendously exciting, revolutionary symptom.

It means to me that many of the young people are dealing themselves out of the power game and the control game.

Instead of picketing university administration buildings, I think young people should first turn on, then tune in, and then walk off the campus. While I have great sympathy for the draft card burners, I would still prefer them to sit in front of a psychedelic shrine in their own home and burn a dollar bill. Or, as the ironic John Bircher has suggested, burn their social security cards.

Q: I want to relate "The Spring Grove Experiment" which we watched on TV this evening to your comments about turning on and dropping out. Now, one of the patients, an alcoholic, was given LSD in a psychotherapeutic context, and his cure—as far as the program was concerned—was dropping in.

A: Right. He was going to night school, learning—of all things—Accounting, and he was going to get a better job. [Leary makes a strange sound.]

Q: I won't know how to spell that.

A: B-r-e-u-o-o-g-h! That's what I just said, which is Vishnu's laugh of cosmic horror.

Sanford Unger [the psychiatrist on the CBS-TV show] took LSD the first time in my house at Newton 5 years ago. Halfway through the session, he sat up in the room and he said to me something to this effect: "Whooooo-osh! What do we do now? Where do we go with this? How do we get it across to people?"

Now there are several ways in which you can diagnose one of our graduates in the LSD profession. If they sit on the floor with a patient, they're one of our graduates. If they hold hands with or touch the patient physically during the session, they're one of our graduates. If they use religious and philosophic metaphors, they're one of our graduates, and you will note all of these themes running through the television program tonight.

That approach to the selling of the psychedelic experience is like selling Christ because He makes you happier, gets you a better job, makes you more money. Everyone receives the message of LSD at the level to which their receptive apparatus is tuned, and I've no objection to and considerable admiration for that particular approach. Although it's shortsighted, narrow, it obviously gets to more people in the middle-aged bracket than I get to; I horrify and terrorize middle-aged people.

And you'll notice that the theme of that show tonight was pitched directly to the heart of the middle-aged neurosis—the meaningless of life, the breakdown of communication with the husband, the feeling of emptiness and being a fake, the feeling of having consist-

ently failed, the notion of "Can I die and be re-born again?"—these are the spiritual and psychological terrors of the middle-aged, and Dr. Sanford Unger and his television collaborators accurately sensed and effectively talked to these anguishing dilemmas.

Q: What did you learn from your spiritual quest in India?

A: I spent 4 months on my honeymoon in a little cottage on a ridge which looked out at the Himalayas. This cottage had no electricity, gas or water, and was rented from the Methodist church, who also supplied a Moslem cook, who also supplied me once a week, after his shopping trip to the village, with a finger size stick of attar or hashish.

This was one of the most serene and productive periods of my life. I spent at least two hours a day in meditation, an hour of which was facilitated by the use of this excellent village-grown and hand-rolled hashish. And I spent one day a week, as I have for the last 6 years, in an LSD session. I spent about two hours a day listening to Lama Anargarika Govinda talk about the *I Ching* in Tibetan Yoga. And I spent several hours a day thinking about how man can get back into harmonious interaction with nature.

During this period I worked out very detailed notes and blueprints for the next 500 years. It's an interesting thing about man and man's mind and man's intellectual productions. Rarely if ever have men produced a blueprint for the future which goes beyond their own life.

We are encouraged at the present time in America to revere and admire such far-seeing organizations as Rand Corporation, which is planning our military defense as far as 10 years ahead. Occasionally, in the last hundred years, men called conservationists have pleaded with legislators to pay some attention to our rape of the rivers, forests, prairies, and skies. Until very recently, such men were considered kooks and far-out dogooders.

Before I went to India, I talked to many men who are in strategic planning positions in our intellectual establishment—the top officials of Xerox and IBM, for example—and I asked them, who's planning for the future? Are the Chinese Communists? Are the Russians? Are we? Now it's possible, and I hope it's probable, that there are secret agencies in our government, and the Chinese government, planning for the future, but I doubt it. And furthermore I suspect that whatever planning is done, is at the lowest level of imperialistic politics.

It's my ambition to be the holiest, wisest, most beneficial man alive today. Now this may sound megalomaniac, but I don't see why. I don't see why every one of your readers, every person who lives in the world, shouldn't have that ambition. What else should you try to be? The president of the board, or the chairman of the department, or the owner of this and that?

Q: But why not drop out of even that?

A: I'm ready. And do what? You've got to name me a better game. And this has been my challenge for the last six years. I'm ready to give up LSD at a moment's notice if someone will suggest to me a game which is more exciting, more promising, more expansive, more ecstatic. Tell me, Paul, I'll take off my shoes and follow you.

Q: Suppose I suggest the possibility of a better game—which I might not have been qualified to do a year

ago, because I hadn't taken LSD yet, but I've had it 3 times now, which gives me the arrogance to ask—wouldn't a better game, ideally, be to do it without LSD?

A: Yes, that's part of my plan. LSD . . . what is LSD? LSD is not a thing, a drug—LSD is simply a key to opening up sensory, cellular and pre-cellular consciousness so that you flow and harmonize with these different levels.

Now, if we understood how to raise children so that they wouldn't be addicted to symbols and they wouldn't be addicted to stupefying drugs such as television, alcohol, then we wouldn't need LSD. Nature always produces the cure for the particular disease which has evolved.

The disease that is crushing and oppressing this planet today is man's possessive and manipulatory, symbolic mind and the cure for the disease has been provided. I have no illusions—I've never made any great claims for LSD—it's simply a particular evolutionary molecule at exactly that moment when it's needed.

The young generation needs LSD to cure the symbolic plague. Their children won't need LSD except for the mentally ill—the mentally ill in the 2nd generation to come will be those who get addicted to symbols, power.

Some of my visionary colleagues think that we're going to have to kill the members of our species who get addicted to control and power in the future. I don't. I think that LSD treatment will bring them back in harmony.

But the 3rd generation from now will not need LSD. The 4th generation from now will be in such perfect harmony with every form of molecular, cellular, seed and sensory energy that LSD will be unnecessary.

Q: Aren't you ignoring human nature?

A: What do you mean by human nature?

Q: I mean—in addition to all the cooperative and compassionate qualities—the orneriness, the power drives, the aggressiveness, the hostility that realistically. . .

A: Who are you to say what's real?

Q: I'm describing what exists, by my perception.

A: It is an unfortunate aspect of recent human history that those human beings who are addicted or driven to power, control and murder have killed off the gentle, harmonious, open people. But they haven't; they've just pushed them underground. The present spasm of control, power and murder is not human nature.

It is true that as animals, and as carnivorous animals—and I'm not even sure that human beings are



"I have some remarks here by Senator Dirksen that I'd like to insert into the record. . ."

that—we have had to kill to live. And it's true at every level of life that species have to eat each other, species have to combat each other to find their place in the overall scheme. But this is a harmonious and fully conscious procedure.

Now, you called me on my eating steak in New York the other night. I feel that part of me is mammalian and does demand and need animal fiber. In my plan for the future, there will be some carnivorous activity. We will be food-conscious, and we'll pay respect to the rights of the other species.

As a matter of fact, starting next week, we're going to have animals on this property here in Millbrook. Some of these animals we will raise to slaughter, but we will not kill these animals until we know them well and have had LSD sessions with them, until we have seen that they have produced offspring. We will then preserve their offspring.

We will keep the sacred soul of the animal alive, because the soul of the living organism is its genetic code, and it's perfectly natural and right that one species eat another species as long as they don't wipe the species out.

Now, man's use of animals, when you raise them just for slaughter—anonously, impersonally and in robot fashion—produces a robot species, which is modern civilized man. In a fully conscious society, we're aware of the fact that we're going to have to eat each other.

My plan for Millbrook and my blueprint for the world is that we will exist in harmonious, interspecies interactions. I plan to have in Millbrook this spring members of 7 species, who'll all be feeding off each other and supporting each other. We'll have fungi, plants, insects, amphibia, reptiles, fish, mammals.

We'll feed each other, we'll protect each other, we'll protect each other's offspring and we'll build up a cycle of interspecies harmony and mutual collaboration. And we'll pay respect to the facts that the symbolic human can't face—one, that we all die; two, that we all eat other other; three, we must all provide for each other's genetic or soul growth.

So I see no ambiguities or conflicts in the plan which I suggest, and what you say is human nature I see as a freaky, recently faddist and, in the long run, irrelevant tendency to blindly, ruthlessly destroy other forms of human life and other forms of species life on this planet, which in the long run is obviously suicidal.

Human nature is like every other nature of living creature on this planet, basically alert, open, conscious, collaborative.

Q: And competitive.

A: And competitive, right. But there's a difference between competition and murder. The New York Yankees compete with the Washington Senators and they don't want to kill them with baseball bats, because they realize that if the Yankees were to beanball and baseball-bat out of existence the Senators, there'd be no more game of baseball.

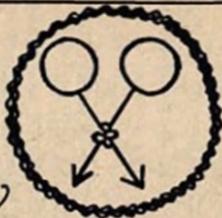
And that, dear Paul, is the lesson of evolution which my cells have taught me. Balance: competition, mutual cannibalism and, above all, protection of the young of all species.

Q: Captain Trembly will probably complain—

A: I'm sure that must be illegal in Los Angeles.

Q: He'll be horrified to discover a goat on LSD eating grass off your lawn. . .

The
Fag
Battalion
 by MORT GERBERG



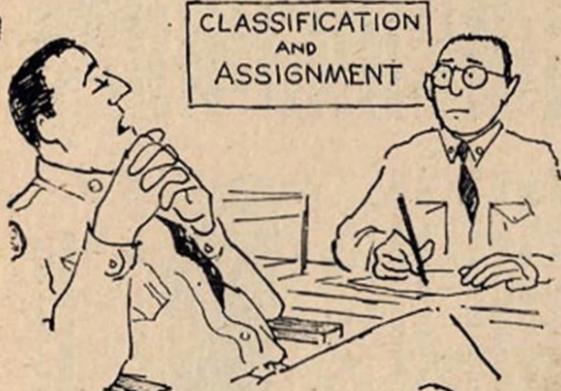
News item: An organization called the Committee to Fight Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces contends that there are 17 million homosexuals in the nation, most of whom would be eager to fight for their country, and that an end to the ban on homosexuals would ease the shortage of manpower for Vietnam.



"A poodle cut, dear . . . and re-shape my bangs."

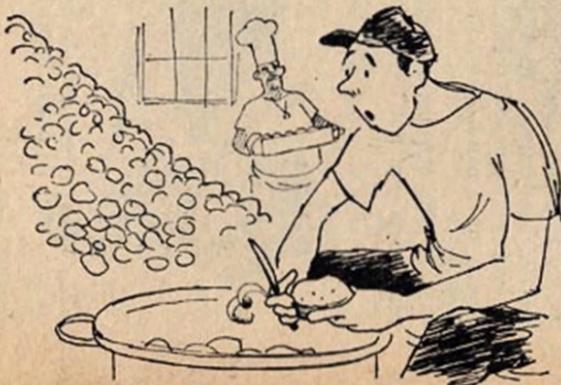


"I think shower time is the loveliest thing about the whole Army."

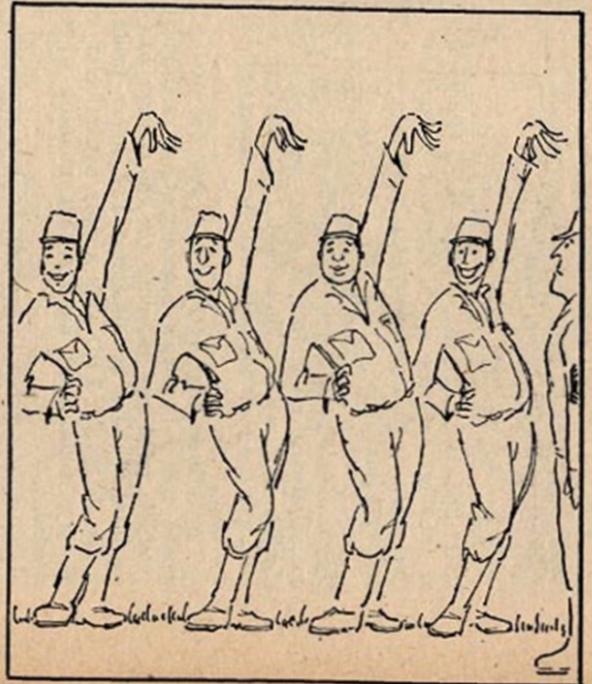


CLASSIFICATION
 AND
 ASSIGNMENT

"Frankly, I'd rather swish than fight."



"A soldier's work is never done . . ."



"Eeek! Mah Jongg!"



"Please, Walter—not here!"



"Burnhill, how many times have I told you not to lubricate your rifle with K-Y Jelly!"



"I adore digging foxholes; it's so anal."



"I hope we take some prisoners. I'd love to see if it's true what they say about Oriental men."



"... you sneak up quietly behind him, then leap on his back, grab him by the throat, and give him a great big kiss on the neck!"

The Venereal Revolution

Q. All right, let's see . . . how did your campaign begin?

A. Well, I've never been a crusader or anything. My parents'll tell you that.

Q. Excuse me, just so the readers will know—how old are you?

A. Seventeen.

Q. Have you lived in Connecticut all your life?

A. No, we moved here when I was a little kid.

Q. Okay, fine. Now, then, how did it begin?

A. I guess in a way it all started when—remember when they were gonna have this two-part program on television—half on *Mr. Novak* and half on *Dr. Kildare*—only they banned it because it was about venereal disease, right?

Q. That wasn't it exactly. They couldn't do a play about VD without discussing sexual intercourse; that was the problem.

A. Well, so the next term rolls around, and my fraternity has this meeting.

Q. Wasn't there a big fuss once about whether to permit fraternities at Farrington High School to continue?

A. They're allowed if they do constructive things. That's why we were having this meeting, to decide how we were gonna be constructive that term. You have to do something constructive every term in order to keep your charter. So I had this idea. I said, "Hey, my father works for NBC, maybe he can get this script they never did," you know?

Q. What did he think of the idea?

A. My father? He thought it was groovy! He really did. See, what we wanted to do was present it, act out the parts and everything. Like, say, I could be Dr. Kildare.

Q. Did you plan to charge admission?

A. Oh, sure, that was part of it. We were gonna invite the whole town and have several performances. And we would use the money we raised to counteract the rising venereal disease rate in the United States, especially among teen-agers.

Q. How did you figure on doing that?

A. Well, like we would take a big ad in the newspapers. I mean fifteen hundred kids get VD every single day. We would let an individual kid know that he wasn't alone. That there were fourteen hundred and ninety-nine other kids who caught VD on that day alone. And then we would tell him where he could get treatment. First we would tell him what the symptoms are.

Q. Where did you get that fifteen hundred figure from?

A. I didn't make it up, if that's what you mean. Dr. Luther Terry, the guy who became famous about cigarettes and cancer, he's surgeon general, and he said it. He was trying to get the network to change their minds.

Q. What happened when your father tried to get the script?

A. Are you kidding? First of all, there was all this red tape about copyright and getting permission and stuff. But the main thing is, they were just chicken. They told my father, "Look, if we can't show it on family television, how are you gonna show it in a goddam high school?" That was his exact words.

Q. I can see it from their point of view, though—

A. Oh, c'mon, don't you watch TV? You can be as sexy as you want, I mean as long as you're a gentleman offering a Tiparillo to a lady or something. And when he's just about to give it to her, the camera shows the train they're in going into a tunnel. I had to explain the symbolism to my parents, how d'ya like that?

Q. So what did your father do next?

A. Not my father; my mother. She says to him, we were having this family conference, and she says to him, "Dear, what about those films you told me they used to show when you were in the Army?" And he tells her, "Are you kidding, honey? Those were very disgusting movies." And my mother says, "Good, it will make a strong impression on teen-agers so that maybe they'll think twice before they decide to go out and be promiscuous." My mother's very hung-up on whether I'm going to be promiscuous.

Q. Are you?

A. Are you kidding? I don't have time to be promiscuous; I have too much homework. So, anyway, listen, my father is really involved by this time. So he calls up the United States Army Film Library headquarters on Governor's Island, and he finally gets through to this lady, and she tells him, "I'm sorry, sir, but there are no films on venereal disease available from the Second World War. They were all declared obsolete and consequently they were destroyed. They have been obsolete since—" (1952 or 1953, I forget which).

Q. Did they provide other films?

A. No, that's the thing. This Army lady tells my father, "There were no films on that subject produced for the Korean Police Action, and the only films currently available are on weapons, training, that sort of thing. There is a catalog of films that are cleared for public showing, but the films on venereal disease would not normally be cleared for public showing even if they had not been destroyed." She was a very snooty Army lady.

Q. What did you decide to do then?

A. Well, there was this little news item in the paper about a contest they had for kids in Birmingham, England. It was sponsored by the Birmingham Health Committee. The one who made the best poster warning people against catching venereal disease got a cash prize equivalent to \$280. So we decided to sponsor the same kind of contest in Farrington.

Q. What prize did you offer?

A. Tickets to *Hullabaloo*. My father got them at NBC.

Q. What was the winning entry?

A. This very eggheady girl in my economics class, she does calligraphy, and she made this poster that was a whole long message all in calligraphy about how if you have a sense of responsibility you should tell public health officials who your sexual partners have been if you have VD. And on top it says: "You're Not a Fink If You Tell!"

Q. What were some of the other entries?

A. Terrible. One had this awful crude lettering and it said: "Some of My Best Friends Have Venereal Disease!" Another said: "Don't Applaud the Clap!" They wouldn't even let us display that one. And another had this photograph of Chet Huntley and there was a speech balloon drawn in so that he was saying "What does VD mean?" And it had David Brinkley answer-

ing, "Very Dirty." And then the *real* message was in type underneath them. Also, somebody had this huge poster with pictures of rock 'n' roll groups and a lot of slogans: "The Rolling Stones Gather No Gonorrhea!" "Syphilis Is Not for the Byrds!" And all like that. It was very good, but his parents wouldn't let him enter the contest. There was also an excellent poster, it was a map of the United States, and it was shaded according to the amount of VD in various places. Did you know that Newark, New Jersey is the syphilis capital of the country?

Q. No, I never knew that.

A. Well, it's true. Next is Washington, D.C. Anyway, the kid who did that poster, his father is a professional



cartographer, and so his entry had to be disqualified when he admitted that his father did practically all of the work.

Q. Hey, let me ask you a question . . . now, if you don't want to answer this, it's all right, and I'll just eliminate the question from the transcript of the tape so it doesn't incriminate you by default. But I was wondering, the question is . . . see, what I want to do is make clear whether there's a personal relevance for you . . . have you ever had any venereal disease yourself?

A. Are you asking that because of the nickname they gave me?

Q. What nickname? I didn't even know you had a nickname.

A. Well, first, the answer to your question is no, I've never had any venereal disease myself. But ever since I got involved in this, the kids call me Myph the Syph.

Q. Myph the Syph?

A. Remember Murph the Surf? Anyway, I walk down the hall now and it's, "Hey, here comes Myph the Syph." "Hi, Myph the Syph." "What's new, Myph the

Syph?" From people I don't even *know*. I mean, I was necking with this girl at a party, I didn't really *know* her, and right when we finish with this extremely passionate kiss, she sighs and she sort of whispers into my ear, "Oh, Myph the Syph."

Q. She really said that?

A. It's the God's honest truth. Can you ever imagine anything so *romantic*? "Oh, Myph the Syph."

Q. Are you positive she didn't say it just to make you laugh?

A. No, she was really going, hot and heavy, and I don't think she even knew my name—it was that kind of a party—but she *thought* of me as Myph the Syph. (Takes out a pack of cigarettes) Smoke?

Q. No, thanks . . . I see you're using the matchbooks put out by the Department of Health.

A. Yeah—"VD Is on the Rise. . . ." I'm loaded with these. The trouble is, when you just give them out to people they take it as a personal insult. It's different when they come with a purchase of cigarettes, like at the supermarket—but this way, people are very paranoid. Hey, you wanna hear something really crazy?

Q. Of course.

A. I got a copy of this letter that the New York Academy of Medicine sent to President Johnson. (Takes letter from pocket) Listen to this: "While it is difficult to prove scientifically that a direct casual relation exists between libidinous literature and socially unacceptable conduct, it is undeniable that concurrently with the flood of salacious literature, there has been a resurgence of venereal disease, particularly among teen-agers, and an appalling upswing in the rate of illegitimacy, to mention only those social disorders which present a large element of medical concern. In short, it can be asserted that the perusal of erotic literature has the potentiality of inciting some young persons to enter into illicit sex relations and thus of leading them into promiscuity, illegitimacy and venereal disease." I didn't let my mother see this letter. She'd start burning my books if she thought that reading them would result in venereal disease.

Q. Well, if you read them in a public lavatory—

A. That's a myth.

Q. I was just being funny.

A. Yeah, I know, but that's a myth. You can't catch VD from toilet seats or from doorknobs or from shaking hands, and you can't get it from lifting heavy objects, and it's not inherited—a mother can transmit it to a baby, but it's not inherited—there are all these myths.

Q. You've become an expert on venereal disease, I see.

A. Oh, you know how that came about? After we couldn't do the NBC script, and after we couldn't get the World War II films, we decided to write our own play. I remembered from when I was in elementary school and we would put on a play to get kids to brush their teeth or something. Various health habits you wanted to instill. So I and a couple of other guys in the fraternity did a lot of research, and then we wrote it—*The Venereal Revolution*. It's sort of like a Morality Play.

Q. How do you mean?

A. Well, we couldn't have too much of a plot, but we would have one guy who was playing the part of Statistics, for instance, and whenever it was appropriate . . . like, we had a venereal disease investigator telling someone that he had to tell who he had exposed so they

could get treatment rather than go insane, and the spotlight would suddenly go on Statistics, and he would say in this very official voice: "It costs fifty million dollars a year to take care of the syphilitic psychotics in public mental hospitals!"

Q. Did you act in it as well as writing?

A. Yeah, I played the part of Penicillin. That's one of the things a lot of the parents objected to.

Q. What's wrong with penicillin?

A. Well, they felt that this was stressing curing VD instead of avoiding it . . . but the funny thing was, they objected to the guy who played the part of Prophylactic even more than me.

Q. Well, you know birth control is a controversial subject.

A. Who said anything about birth control? He played the part of Prophylactic. At the beginning of the play, when the characters all introduced themselves, he came out and said, "I am Prophylactic. I am sold in drug stores for the prevention of disease only."

Q. Everybody knows that's a phony slogan. You've got to realize it's just a big game.

A. I realize that! I realize that! But the thing is, in all the literature we got from the Department of Health, they never once mention prophylactics under the section, HOW TO PREVENT VD. All they keep saying is, "The only foolproof way to prevent syphilis and gonorrhoea is clean living." Which means don't make love.

Q. Clean living means don't make love?

A. What else? Except to your wife, maybe. They even put down going steady. But here's the thing: If prophylactics are supposed to be for the prevention of disease only—but they're really not used for that purpose—and if all the official people who tell you how to prevent VD refuse to mention prophylactics—but they really can be used for preventing disease—then you

know what our faculty advisor said it means?

Q. What?

A. He said it means they don't have the courage of their hypocrisy. . . . And so they banned our play.

Q. Oh, I didn't know that.

A. Didn't you see? They mentioned it on the 11 o'clock news on NBC.

The Perils of Ice Cream

by Jack Soltanoff, D.C.

In the old days, when ice cream was made of whole eggs, milk and sugar, and laboriously cranked in the old home freezer, a serving of ice cream was an occasional family treat which didn't do much harm.

Today, in this mass-producing synthetic age, it is quite another matter entirely. Today, there is a very good possibility that you're treating your family to another poison if you buy a cheap supermarket product.

Ice cream manufacturers are not required by law to list the additives used in the making of ice cream. Consequently, today the majority of ice creams are synthetic from start to finish. Laboratory analyses have shown the following:

1. Diethyl glucol—a cheap chemical that is used as an emulsifier instead of eggs. It is identically the same chemical used in anti-freeze and in paint removers.

2. Piperonal—used as a substitute for vanilla. This is a chemical used to kill lice.

3. Aldehyde C17—used to flavor cherry ice cream. It is an inflammable liquid which is used in aniline dyes, plastics and rubber.

4. Ethyl acetate—used to give ice cream a pineapple flavor. It is used as a cleaner for leather and textiles, and its vapors have been known to cause chronic lung, liver and heart damage.

5. Butyraldehyde—used in nut-flavored ice cream. It is one of the common ingredients of rubber cement.

6. Amyl acetate—used for its banana flavor. It is used as an oil paint solvent.

7. Benzyl acetate—used for its strawberry flavor. It is a nitrate solvent.

The next time you're tempted by a luscious-looking Sundae or banana split or ice cream soda, think of it as a mixture of anti-freeze, oil paint, paint remover, nitrate solvent, leather cleaner and lice-killer, and you may not find it so appetizing.

Editor's postscript: The author of the above piece about some byproducts of the profit motive is director of the Soltanoff Chiropractic Center in New York City; Dr. Soltanoff is one of the leaders of a small minority of chiropractors battling within the profession to keep fees as low as possible.

CORRECTION

Our thanks to Jean Raymond Maljean for pointing out an error in last month's issue in the article on ways to differentiate between mushrooms and toadstools. The two headings unfortunately got transposed. The heading "Mushrooms" should have read "Toadstools" and the heading "Toadstools" should have read "Mushrooms." We apologize to our readers for any confusion this may have caused.

Box 242, Madison Sq. Sta.
The Realist, Dept. 69
New York, N.Y. 10010

Enclosed please find:

- \$1 for five extra copies of issue #69
- \$3 for a 10-issue subscription starting with #.....
- \$5 for a 20-issue subscription starting with #.....
- (Note: for Canadian and foreign subscriptions add \$1)
- \$2 for a copy of Paul Krassner's Impolite Interviews (with Alan Watts, Lenny Bruce, Dr. Albert Ellis, Henry Morgan, Jean Shepherd, Jules Feiffer, Hugh Hefner)
- \$2 for Johnny Got His Gun by Dalton Trumbo
- \$5 for Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity
- \$5 for How to Talk Dirty—Lenny Bruce's autobiography
- \$6 for A Guide to Rational Living by Dr. Albert Ellis
- \$1 for a dashboard Saint Realist (our cover mascot)
- \$1 for a red-white-and-blue Fuck Communism poster
- \$1 for a blasphemous One Nation Under God cartoon
- \$1 for Putnam's set of marijuana seed packets
- \$1 for Guindon's invasion-of-privacy phantasmagoria
- \$2.50 for An Afternoon With Paul Krassner
- \$3 for a back-issues binder (will hold 36 Realists)
- \$..... for the following back issues at the rate of 25c each; four for \$1; all 30 for \$7.00:

20, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 39, 41, 42, 43, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 55, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68

Name

Address

City..... State..... Zip.....

SUPREME COURT

(Continued from Cover)

tion for his punishment.

I declined the request.

The *Realist* had published (in a now out-of-print issue, #52) an article by Maxine Serett—under her pen-name Rey Anthony—titled “How I Wrote *The Housewife’s Handbook* . . . and Found the Mafia.”

She told of a visit from her friendly neighborhood Mafia representative who was unhappy about the book because his organization had put 3½ years and 15 million dollars into Tucson and they didn’t want anything to happen that would put an unnecessary spotlight on their town.

She also denied having written the book for pornographic reasons, expressing sympathy for those who must use printed words or pictures to create feelings that she believes are much nicer when they are had in other ways, but pointing out that it is our civil right to experience erotic sensations even if reading a mathematics textbook is required to incite them, as in the case of a friend of hers.

The new math strikes again.

Her article concluded:

“Our fight is not one of whether Capitalism, Communism or Christianity will win out—it is a fight of whether non-communication or communication will. We cannot allow words to be stopped, or we who are alive are stopped, indeed we’re no longer really alive. The dead do not communicate, and non-communication is comparable to death.”

Many readers wrote in to ask if *The Realist* could supply the *Handbook*, and I decided to list its availability in our coupon.

I’m referring to the 9x12 soft-cover edition she published herself.

But there is a chronology.

On April 21, 1962, Ralph Ginzburg wrote to Maxine Serett:

“ . . . I should like to order a copy of *The Housewife’s Handbook*. . . . After reading it, I might just care to ask you for a quantity price on the book, for



“I couldn’t agree with you more. I don’t hold with the Black Muslims, either.”

The Fanatics

Full-page ad:

“Who cares whether there are 200 tissues in the box—or only 199? Only some kind of fanatic would bother to count those tissues. But that’s what we are: fanatics about the claims on labels. So—we count. And we don’t stop at that. We’ll measure the size of those tissues, analyze the quality, and critically judge the price. That’s just one example of the thousands of product checks A&P



Quality Testing Laboratories make every year—just one of the thousands of reasons you can count on the values at your A&P. We care.”

Tiny news item:

“The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company pleaded guilty to short-weighting, ending two years of litigation. The charges originally included several employees as well as the A&P. The company was fined \$100 on each of two charges resulting from discrepancies in the weight of pre-packaged meats.”

sale to subscribers to *Eros*.”

She sent him an order blank on April 26th, which he returned with a check on May 15th.

On June 7th, Ralph received the book, read it the same day and wrote to Maxine:

“It is an extraordinary book that deserves wide readership and we would like to propose the following: *Eros Magazine, Inc.* would publish a hard-cover edition of your book, to be sold primarily by mail order to our own subscribers. We would bring out the book on a non-exclusive basis to the extent that you would continue to sell your book for \$5 list, done up in its present format. . . .”

Maxine phoned him a couple of days later, and on June 27th Ralph sent her a contract. In a covering letter, he wrote:

“ . . . As I promised, I am enclosing the copy for our own direct mail piece, for your approval. We are going to follow the same exact clinical approach of your mailing piece. Our Art Director is laying the thing out now. As soon as we have your signed contract, we will lay out our hard-cover version of the book. We expect to be in the mail with 100,000 direct mail pieces to our subscribers and our mailing list by August 2nd. We should have bound copies of the book about a month later. As you’ll find, we move very fast around here. . . .”

Maxine signed the contract on July 1st.

On October 18th, 1962, Ralph wrote to her:

“I’m sorry to say that the ad in the Macfadden Group of magazines was a dismal flop. The ads cost us over \$5,000 and we’ll be lucky indeed to take in \$250 in sales as a result. Just as the mailing of the direct mail piece to our own list was highly successful, this ad was a failure. In fact, it was the most devastating advertising failure of my career.

“But we are not despairing. We are in touch with other media right now to

test the ad elsewhere. And, of course, we’re planning big trade distribution and publicity hoopla to break after New Year’s, plus a new half million mailing to go out mid-November.”

And so, once again, the potion having been swallowed, Dr. Ginzburg turned into Mr. Huckster.

That same day, *Eros* wrote to the postmaster of Blue Ball, Pennsylvania:

“After a great deal of deliberation, we have decided that it might be advantageous for our direct mail to bear the postmark of your city. . . .”

On September 4th, *Eros* had made the same request of Intercourse, Pennsylvania.

The response from Blue Ball was essentially the same as that from Intercourse Postmaster Bertha Martin:

“I acknowledge receipt of your recent letter concerning the bulk mailings. I must inform you that our office is very small and our equipment and facilities are limited. So, in view of this, I feel we are not able to handle mail in such a volume.”

On August 13th, *Eros* had requested, via a mail-order firm, a bulk permit from the Middlesex, New Jersey post office.

A permit was issued the next day.

They started to mail on October 7th, and in 5 months they mailed more than 5 million invitations to subscribe to *Eros*.

On November 20th, Documentary Books—the corporation Ginzburg had formed to publish the *Eros* edition of *The Housewife’s Handbook*—requested a Middlesex mailing permit.

It was granted the same day.

Now, Maxine wasn’t so happy about the arrangement any more. She complains:

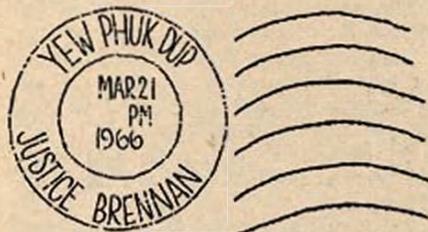
“I requested that Ralph put in the contract that he would not edit the *Handbook* in any way, and he said that wouldn’t be necessary. He pointed out that he was buying a book that was already published, and that he would publish it exactly as it was, making

only the minor changes that I wanted to make (i.e., I wanted to correct a few errors).

"Subsequently he had the *Handbook* edited, in violation of our agreement, and his hard-cover edition is cluttered with inconsistent quotation marks, question marks and commas. It is rendered totally useless for the workshops I am presently conducting. It is necessary for my students to obtain my edition of the *Handbook* in order to learn 'event scanning' techniques. People do not remember events with the confusion of punctuation.

"Incidentally, my workshops are attended by medical doctors, psychologists, attorneys, psychiatrists, osteopaths and intelligent lay persons. I teach sensual awareness, event scanning, and communication.

"In Ralph's letter of June 27, 1962, he sent a copy of his direct mail piece, 'as promised,' for my approval. It was the last piece he sent for my approval. It had been our understanding that I would approve of all advertising. After the contract was signed, this understanding apparently dissolved.



"In this letter, Ralph referred to a mailing of 100,000 direct mail pieces to his subscribers and to his mailing list. I approved of this.

"I had never intended to crash into the minds and guts of the American people with communication that is too much for them to bear. I did not wish to flay anyone with the glaring light of candor. I wanted the *Handbook* to benefit people rather than jar them.

"I had planned at least 5 years of presentation of the *Handbook* by way of professional people before any direct-to-the-public mailing. At the time I sold the hard-cover rights to Ralph Ginzburg there had been several quite favorable reviews in professional journals.

"I did not approve of the advertising piece that was inserted in the Macfadden Group of magazines. I did not see it until I bought a magazine in Tucson. As a result of this violation of our understanding that I would be allowed to approve of advertising. I began to worry about Ralph's handling of the *Handbook* . . ."

Maxine and Ralph met for the first time on the day before his trial in Philadelphia in June, 1963. He told her the Postmaster General was out to get him. She replied that he was out to be gotten.

Let's assume her analysis was cor-

rect; it shouldn't make any difference. Even Sammy Glick is entitled to equal protection under the law.

For me personally, the irony is that this same Supreme Court decision I disagree with so strongly is exactly what I trust will protect me inasmuch as *The Realist* is still selling *The Housewife's Handbook*.

Justice Brennan, in his majority opinion, stated that the prosecution "does not seriously contest the claim that the book has worth in . . . a controlled or even neutral environment," that "a wholly different result might be reached in a different setting" and that "in other contexts the material would escape such condemnation."

There are no objective standards of obscenity, but authorities keep trying.

In Minneapolis, in order to prove that *The Lovers*—on display at an art gallery—was obscene, a detective testified that he used a ruler to measure the penis in the painting, an attempt to prove that it was oversized in proportion to the body and consequently obscene.

Sic transit Lyndon Johnson.

There is now a magazine ad with a coupon that reads: "Rush confidential Pre-View Film and club details. I hereby affirm I am at least 21, am exceptionally broadminded, and do not belong to a Censorship Group. . . ."

In West Germany you have to produce a birth certificate to buy a nudist magazine. Nudist groups there have set up a voluntary censorship board. Women must not be photographed with their legs apart, nor should they have excessively well-developed breasts. Male genitals must be neither exaggerated nor emphasized. Nudists mustn't be shown with their genitalia too close to food. Two nude women must not be shown smiling at each other. And, my favorite, the pubic hair on women must be of even growth.

The Ohio State Pharmaceutical Assn. has distributed posters to drug stores, declaring: "We want to sell only acceptable reading material. If a magazine seems objectionable to you, please call it to the attention of the management." A student at Oberlin complained about *Time* Magazine.

Time's report on the Ginzburg case stated that the 1957 *Roth* decision "overlooked the fact that 'obscenity' may depend less on the material than on how the seller uses it."

Sam Roth once sent out an ad that said, "This book is really innocuous!" Would the Court consider that "the leer of the sensualist" with a mask on?

If the publisher of *Fanny Hill* were to quote in an ad Justice Clark's dissenting opinion—"It presents nothing but lascivious scenes organized solely to arouse prurient interests and produce sustained erotic tension"—would the book then become obscene again?

The *Roth* case defined obscenity partially as material which appeals to the prurient interest of the average per-

son in the community. Now, in the Mishkin case — involving sado-masochistic books—the appellant admitted appealing to the customers' prurience, but his defense was that these weren't average people, and that fetishism, flagellation *et al*, "instead of stimulating the erotic . . . disgust and sicken."

The Supreme Court upheld his jail sentence anyway, ruling that perverts are an average community unto themselves.

Meanwhile, soft-core pornography flourishes, from the lingerie ads in the *N.Y. Sunday Times Magazine* to Nancy Sinatra singing on TV about stomping all over you in her boots while a bunch of discotheque chickies dance around a special giant boot, waving whips at you through the camera.

But at least there is a way to judge soft-core pornography. It gives you a soft-on.

The medical director and chief psychiatrist of the County Court of Philadelphia testified that *The Housewife's Handbook* could lead to masturbation. Is that the worst? Breathes there a Supreme Court Justice who can truthfully say he has never played with himself? Even if that were all the *Handbook* could do, who is to say that this is not of redeeming social importance. . . .

The *Housewife* herself has moved from Arizona to California. Since I was due to speak at a rally sponsored by the Minneapolis Committee to End the War in Vietnam (they didn't) and since I had been asked to do a benefit on the west coast by the radical Scheer-for-Congress people (he got 46% in the primaries), I decided to meet Maxine and attend her Workshop in Advanced Sensuality.

On the plane I read all about LSD in *Life* Magazine. "One dealer," I learned, "had a six-gram bottle break inside his suitcase just after clearing customs with it, and for months thereafter he and his friends launched themselves into inner space simply by sucking on his suits."

I quickly scribbled out a note and handed it to the stewardess: *You don't know me, but I have some LSD on my penis.*



"These coincidences do occur in the writing game. I have no doubt you wrote 'Fanny Hill' in perfectly good faith."

My fantasy was complemented by Donovan Bess in *Ramparts Magazine*: "LSD is so potent a smuggler can get \$10,000 worth of it into a human vagina."

A perfect 69.

You have to go down to get high.

From San Francisco airport Saturday afternoon, I went directly to the local CBS TV studio to tape a segment for a show called *Pow!* The interviewer introduced me to viewers-to-be, holding a copy of *The Realist* (#66) up to the camera but blocking off the cover cartoon with his hand.

The workshop took place that evening in an Oakland living room with everybody sitting on the floor.

An ice-breaker game was played. People separated into male-female couples. One would have to confront the other—possibly a stranger till that moment—"Tell me why you would not want to make out with me." And the other person would have to respond. The question would be asked again, with a different answer required, and so on until all possibilities had been exhausted. Then it would be the other person's turn to do the asking.

Maxine saw me taking notes. "Come on, Paul," she said. "Visiting reporters included."

A young lady smiled and said, "I'm available." So we played the game.

"Tell me why you would not want to make out with me," I asked.

"I can't think of any reasons."

I blushed, leered, chortled.

Then I asked again. This time she mentioned something about her husband, who was elsewhere in the room asking the same question of another girl who, I have to assume, wasn't interested in him because otherwise I might have gotten a chance to sleep with his wife.

Maxine recommended the use of

Vaseline as an aid to sensuality. Were the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company to *advertise* it the way she talked about it, the Supreme Court would definitely ban Vaseline.

That's the logic of the Ginzburg decision.

If Adlai Stevenson had not died and been replaced as UN Ambassador by then-Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg, it is perfectly reasonable to assume that the 5-4 balance would have shifted the other way.

Although Goldberg diplomatically refused to comment specifically on the ruling, on June 6th he told the American Booksellers Association convention:

"For a free society there can be only one safe rule: Every presumption must be in favor of free expression in every form, and the heaviest burden is imposed on every governmental restraint or censorship that impairs or abridges the right to publish."

So the crucial vote was cast by Goldberg's replacement, Abe Fortas, and we might well postulate that the responsibility for this historic decision fell upon the bosom of one Jewish Mother rather than another, back and further back into the ancestral roots of guilt until we are eventually confronted with a secular version of Original Sin.

But it would be too easy to dismiss Fortas as merely a victim of poor toilet training.

For, just a decade ago, an *amicus curiae* brief was filed in the *Roth* case on behalf of two publishers, HMH (*Playboy*) and Greenleaf (*Rogue*). It stated, in part:

"We believe that §1461 [the Comstock Act, under which Ginzburg was convicted], as presently construed and applied in the courts and administrative agencies, is unconstitutional. We believe that the statute is so vague and indefinite that it is impossible for a publisher to determine what he may safely publish and what he may not. It is a statute so lacking in specificity and so subjective in its application that it cannot be administered except in an arbitrary and capricious way. . . .

"What kind of inner thought or response does the law seek to prevent? Thoughts about sexual perversion? Extra-marital relationships? Changes in sex mores? If a man is shown a photograph of a bathing beauty, would it be impure for him to think (a) of kissing her; (b) of how she would look nude; (c) of intercourse with her; or (d) of marrying her? Does the thinker's own marital status or his moral standards affect the 'purity' or 'impurity' of such thoughts?"

"The difficulties do not end here, assuming that the law's concern is with stimulus to the sexual thought of the average adult. How intense must the arousal of thought or desire be? Is the

law to be read between the lines, as it were, saying that literal physical sexual excitement is the necessary response? . . .

"The power to decide that books shall not circulate cannot constitutionally be entrusted to the arbitrary whim of police officials, Post Office censors, administrative agencies, or even a judge.

"If the question is to be committed to the jury, the jury must be made aware that the First Amendment recognizes the right freely to communicate ideas through speech and press, that our democratic society depends for its very survival upon the preservation of this freedom and that we will tolerate interference with this freedom only in rare cases where we conceive that its exercise will produce a greater evil than its curtailment.

"In such an atmosphere, the jury should then be instructed that they may convict only if persuaded beyond a reasonable doubt by a clear evidentiary showing that there is a clear and present danger that an illegal act will be induced by the material in question.

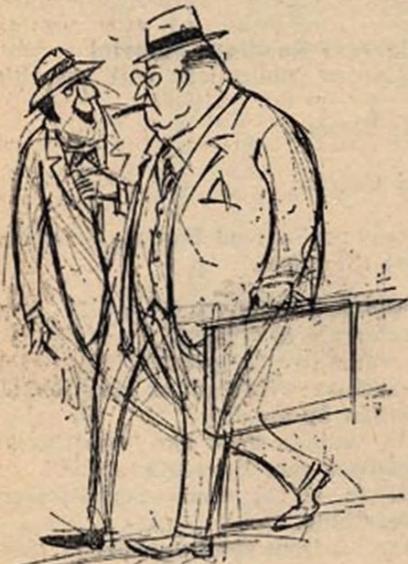
"Section 1461 is not only unconstitutional, but as applied here it would stifle an enduring part of the human spirit. . . .

"Respectfully submitted, Abe Fortas. . . . Then why?"

Well, dispensing justice is a function of fallible humans, not innocent computers, and a man's judgment can be influenced by concern for his public image.

Remember, Abe Fortas first rose to infamy in his role as professional buffer for Lyndon Johnson in the Walter Jenkins scandal. But when he was later appointed to the Supreme Court, this stigma was not totally detergentized away by Patronage Saint LBJ's lance.

It is quite conceivable that Ralph Ginzburg is now sitting in an obscene cage literally to compensate for someone else's poignant little blow job a couple of years ago in a YMCA lavatory.



"Psst! New York Sunday Times Magazine ads. . . ."



"Of course I think Ginzburg should be locked up."

EDITORIAL GIGGIES

(Continued from Page 5)

Ah Sordid Announcements

● "The stimulus for *National Turn in Your War Bonds Week*," writes Dr. Martin Shepard, "was that manifested by 75 brave and liberal House Democrats who voted for the administration's Vietnam appropriations bill but wanted it squarely on record that they were opposed to escalation and did not want their affirmative votes on funds to be considered an endorsement of the war.

"Being a psychiatrist, that statement made as much sense to me as that of the father of a delinquent who would regularly give his son the keys to the car, \$20 in cash and a bottle of gin, and then caution him that he was in no way condoning the boy's drunken driving."

Ads were turned down by the *N.Y. Times*, the *N.Y. Post* and the *Washington Post* because they were in bad taste, inflationary and not in the national interest.

"Knowing that a word-of-mouth national campaign cannot possibly be conducted in a week's time," Dr. Shepard concludes, "I wish to proclaim 1966 as *Turn in Your War Bonds Year*."

● The address of the Timothy Leary Defense Fund is Box 175, Millbrook, New York.

● John Francis Putnam has designed a set of four genuine Marijuana Seed Packets in authentic colors with planting instructions on the back just like you get from the Burpee people. These packets—for *Acapulco Gold* ("Shit"), *Panama Red* ("Pot"), *Jersey Silver* ("Grass") and *Mexican Green* ("Marijuana")—are decorated with accurate 19th century botanical engravings. This is not a gag. The pot-seed packets are available from *The Realist* for \$1. We don't guarantee the contents because there aren't any.

● A huge poster-size reproduction of Dick Guindon's center-spread in issue #67—a Hieronymus Bosch-like phantasmagoria devoted to the invasion of privacy—is now available from *The Realist* for \$1.

● Guindon and I are teaching "*From Mickey Mouse to the Green Berets*": a weekly seminar on the satirical and propagandistic implications of text and cartoons in the mass and minor media" this summer beginning Wednesday night, July 6th at the Free University of New York (OR 5-7424) where courses cost \$24 for the first and \$8 for each additional one.

● Apparently because an abortion may be induced if the interuterine coil is fitted during the early stage of pregnancy, the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau now requires that appointments for insertion be made for one of the two days immediately following a menstrual period.

● William Baird, who successfully challenged New York State's law against the dissemination of birth control information, directs *Parents Aid Society*, with its own staff physician, a voluntary organization that brings contraceptive education and material to people in poverty-stricken areas who would never conceive of going to the Planned Parenthood Federation.

Funds are badly needed by—and contributions are tax-deductible—*Parents Aid Society, Inc.*, 130 Main St., Hempstead, N.Y.

At 8 o'clock on Thursday night, September 8th, I will be doing a benefit show for them—"An Afternoon With Paul Krassner"—all tickets will be \$2.50, available from *The Realist* now or Town Hall that day.

MODEST PROPOSALS

(Continued from Cover)

duck those bricks from nowhere, that Seven-Up bottle ablaze with cleaning fluid? You're not goin' to put out the fire *this* time, so cool it as best you can with this *Survival Manual for Whitey*. . . .

Personal Image Building to Prove Whose Side You're On

Proclaim loudly within the hearing of Negroes that you are about to donate your basement for use as a neighborhood Freedom School.

Obtain a stock photograph with a glossy finish from International Newspictures, or some such agency, which shows a benign, elderly Negro woman. Trim it down to wallet size and keep it at all times with your own "family pictures."

Begin a stamp collection that specializes in the Newly Emerging African Nations.

The next time you're in a record store and some Negroes come in, let them hear you requesting some Bessie Smith records "for my mother."

Start rumors that will get you in good with the Dangerous Black Opposition, like: "Did you know that the White Establishment has bribed Ralph Bunche and Robert Weaver with good government jobs at high pay so they wouldn't pass?"

Take a job as a cheerful shoe-shine 'boy' working in the offices of *The Amsterdam News*.

Have in your possession cleverly forged letters addressed to you from "Your pal," Rob Williams (with a recent Cuban postmark), and "Your buddy," Bill Worthy (with a recent Chinese Mainland postmark).

The Wearing of Correct Lapel Buttons

(a) Wear an NAACP button only if there are elderly Negroes employed in a menial capacity in your apartment house or place of business.

(b) Wear a CORE button only if you are visiting a Government Agency where there are likely to be some Negroes in positions of moderate authority.

(c) Wear a SNCC button only if you are under 21 and habitually wear sandals in midtown New York or downtown San Francisco.

The Carrying of Correct Reading Material

Be seen carrying Negro publications with the title plainly showing.

Not recommended: *Ebony*

Good: *Jet*

Better: *Pittsburgh Courier*

Best: *Liberator*

Let it be known that you've read Fanon's *Wretched of the Earth* at least five times.

Handy Hints for Sparking Vocabulary

Use "black" in preference to "Negro."

Occasionally drop words like "Negritude."

Throw in phrases such as: "He's got an okay job, all right, but he's still *sittin' by the door*."

Slip in an obsolete, vintage word like "sweetback."

Once in a while, address your listener as "Ace."

Use the word "soul" for all it's worth—Soul Brother, Soul Music, Soul Everything.

Eliminate the following from your vocabulary: Martin Luther King; "The New Negro"; "Moses or Parris or whatever his name is"; addressing people indiscriminately as "Man" (especially colored ladies).

Don'ts to Remember

Don't go trying to fake it and pretend you fought with the 369th A.A. or the 91st Infantry during World War II.

Don't ostentatiously buy copies of *Muhammad Speaks* from those natty, bow-tied vendors on the streets of white neighborhoods.

Don't refer to James Baldwin as "Jimmy" unless you're gay.

Don't visibly hesitate to occupy a public toilet booth just vacated by a Negro.

Don't, if you're a white female, go into ecstasies over Harry Belafonte's looks in an attempt to placate Negro acquaintances.

Don't, if you're a white male, make a date with a Negro girl and then suddenly decide to take her to visit your only "mixed marriage" friends whom you've neglected seeing of late.

Don't overtip any Negro under 65.

The Name-Dropping Syndrome

Names to drop: Lightnin' Hopkins (but only if you add his first name, which happens to be Sam); Jacob Lawrence; Juan de Pareja; Dan Watts; Archie Schepp; A. B. Spellman.

Names not to drop: Pushkin; Alexander Dumas; E.



Sugar Coating of the Year

"It is with infinite respect that I come among you and proclaim to each of you your nobility, your call to greatness, to the dignity of human life, to your transcendent destiny."

—Pope Paul VI, February 15, 1966, speaking to Rome's garbage collectors and street cleaners

Simms Campbell; Gordon Parks; Major General Benjamin O. Davis.

Conversational Booby Traps

Avoid introducing the following topics into conversation with Negroes:

That "black and white" color spread in the final issue of *Eros Magazine*.

How much "groovier Negro chicks look" since wigs came along.

Was that or was that not a Negro model on the cover of *Vogue* this winter?

Why hasn't there been a floodtide of sensitive literary awareness expressed in plays, novels and short stories among Negroes comparable to the Jewish Explosion exemplified by Roth, Malamud and Bellow?

Don't mention *Yes, I Can* as an example of the above. Never even imply that James Meredith "was asking for it."

How come Bill Cosby never gets the girl?

Miscellaneous Artifacts

Don't collect African drums and sculpture unless you like it.

White chicks should not go wearing Boutique dresses designed by hippy young Negroes "for savage living" unless they fit.

A Final Word

Don't think you can survive by developing patience, serenity, the cultivation of cheerful, subservient attitudes, a picturesque shuffle in your walk, an innate sense of rhythm, a simple, child-like religious gospel faith, and the ability to say "Sir" and "Mister" to people you feel contempt for, because it won't work.

You'll get killed anyway, Whitey.

Would Comrade Jesus Cross a Picket Line?

Recently a progressive-type Catholic priest in Los Angeles got bounced by his Archbishop (a crusty old ecclesiastical fascist name of J. F. McIntyre who holds the rank of Cardinal—roughly equivalent to Grand Kleagle—in those parts).

This "fink priestling" had the unmitigated gall to demand decent working conditions for the priesthood. Seems that what priests get to live on is actually called "a living," only for Father William H. DuBay, it wasn't a living, it was something a bit like slavery. What's more, this dangerous cleric went on to suggest setting up a union.

Fuming and snarling in his Chancery, old man McIntyre would have liked nothing better than to burn this leftist bastard at the stake, but all he could do was to cut off what "living" the young priest was getting and hope that he'd starve to death.

Now Father DuBay has written a book, published by Doubleday (needless to say a Black Protestant house) and this book is without the *imprimatur* yet. In case you came in late, *imprimatur* is the little footnote that must appear in every book written by a Catholic priest, which says, in effect, that the book contains no dirty words, and has nothing sexual or heretical in it.

In his book, Father DuBay, without resorting to dirty words, but with plenty of fat heresies, makes a few demands on behalf of the working priest and what a good father's union would demand: things like tenure policy, due process through grievance machinery in

dealings with the higher-ups, freedom to preach, and things like open personal files, freedom to live where one pleases, fair promotional policies, etc.

In short, no more than what one might expect from any other giant corporation run along strictly monetary lines.

Setting up a National Priest's Union brings up all kinds of exciting possibilities. Given the nature of the profession and the general inclination of the potential membership, a Priest's Union would soon fall into the senile and exclusive practices of the worst aspects of American Trade Unionism, with the usual irascible, quaint Irishmen clawing their way to the top, and grabbing headlines and credit all the way.

Anticipated mis-use of Union funds would include diversion of "monies paid for masses to be said for the repose of souls of department members" to the establishment of a secular casino in Puerto Rico with gambling facilities (a much surer way of making loot than, say, a Christian Brothers Winery and Distillery).

One vicious aspect of unionism as now practiced in the Building Trades might find some difficulty of application in the Priest's Union, that being the passing along of "father-to-son" memberships.

It can be anticipated that a highbrow outfit like the Society of Jesus would not go along with the priestly rank-and-file. True Jesuits that they are, they'd immediately form a splinter group, set up along the lines of the Newspaper Guild, and hold themselves aloof, but ready to play it cool as strikebreakers or an intellectual goon squad.

Other negative applications of unionism like the "standby" bit as practiced by the American Federation of Musicians would be enforced in situations where rival organizations like the Protestant Anglican High-Church Episcopalians, attempting to celebrate a high mass, would have to have a couple of "standby men" from the local Passionist Fathers yawning in a corner all during the service.

Of course the response of the Hierarchy is going to be that which is typical of any monopolistic big business: they'll automate.

General Foods is now working on a bubble pack Viaticum, packaged in an "odor of sanctity" and available in coin-in-the-slot dispensers at your local Parish Church.

Phone-booth type confessionals will be set up with one-way glass sides so you can't see who's inside but they can see out. These will be rather expensive to set up but will more than pay for themselves in the saving on priestly salaries, etc. The penitent will enter the booth, kneel, say an act of contrition, then deposit four quarters. A purple light will go on indicating that the "penance actuator" is set and ready.

In order to preserve the traditional secrecy of the confessional, the penitent will not have to say anything. Before him, on an illuminated console, will be a set of buttons, each marked with the type of sin committed. He will have but to press the button as many times as he may have committed that particular sin. The "impure thoughts" button will undoubtedly be the one that has to be replaced after the first one hundred thousand miles.

After the penitent has finished pushing the sin buttons, the machine digests the confession and then prints up the required penance on a little card that

pops out like the results on a weighing machine, while a recorded admonition (in the voice of Fulton J. Sheen) is broadcast discreetly from a small speaker at ear level.

The Church, threatened by unionism, will finally seek refuge in an ancient Oriental devotional practice, the prayer wheel. Churches will provide programmed Rosary Tellers.

Designed by IBM, the system will be foolproof. After depositing a coin, the worshipper will kneel, detach his rosary and start to feed the beads into the machine, decade by decade. A speeded-up tape recording of Hail Marys will then be zipped off and an entire rosary can be said in less than a minute.

"Let your quarters work for you spiritually!"

Permanent neon candles (in authentic beeswax containers) will be provided. Deposit dime, set intention lever, and the candle lights up. Selection-of-intention levers: 1. Repose of Soul 2. Luck in Love 3. Curse and Putting-the-Evil-Eye (in Sicilian Parishes only).

Where will it all end? Where it started, of course. The Church in its infinite wisdom will have a sure answer. She will recognize the inherent abilities of the Jimmy Hoffas of the Priestly Unions, and will simply make Cardinals out of them all at the next consistorial go-round.

A Junkie Hex for City Dwellers

I don't know what I'd do without this Urban Paranoia that keeps haunting me and making my life exciting.

Take the feeling I have as I leave my New York City apartment, triple-locking the door to shut in a selection of modest treasures.

"Those junkies," I say to myself. "They'll mop up for sure today. . . Haven't they mopped *everyone else I know?* . . . It's surely going to be *my* turn today!"

Then follows the other kinds of visionary things that charge wildly through a big-city-psyched imagination: What'll it be like to come back and find the door hanging on only one hinge—with all those splinters where the junkies broke in?

And inside, what a mess. . .

Like the Afrika Korps had taken on a Mao Tse-tung route army in a fire fight. Devastation everywhere!

And then the final kooked-out appraisals: "What will they actually *take?*"

Junkies are so limited and unimaginative that they'll never realize the value of my books, but dammit, *why* did they take the hi-fi set (wrenching the wires as they snatched it out of the socket) and *my poor guitar* (dented, as they stumbled through the door in their criminal haste)?

It gets to be intolerable after a while.

So, to relieve some of this Anticipatory Anguish as well as magically preventing it from happening, I have designed this *Realist* "Hex-a-Fix" [see facing page] to protect the sacredness of property, peace of mind, and to help save on all that excess electricity used up on weekends when the lights are left on and the radio plays loud so that *they* might think somebody's inside your apartment and therefore not break in.

Hang this sign wherever your own particular paranoid inclinations dictate—right where it can be *seen*—where it can *terrify*.

And . . . er . . . lots of luck.

A TRADITIONAL METHOD OF PROTECTING YOUR PERSONAL EFFECTS FROM THE DEPREDATIONS OF NEEDY NARCOTICS ADDICTS

HEY, JUNKIE BABY-WE'RE PUTTIN' THE EVIL WHAMMY ON YOU!

**MAY YOU GET A CUT
OF 70% CHALK
IN YOUR NEXT
BAG!**

**MAY YOU HAVE
A SLOW
WITHDRAWAL
AT
"LEX"!**

**MAY YOU NEVER GET MORE
THAN TWO PERCENT RETAIL
LAY ON TO YOUR
FENCE!**

**MAY YOUR
ARM
ROT
FROM
DIRTY
NEEDLES!**

**MAY YOU BREAK YOUR
GODDAMN NECK
THE NEXT TIME
THE NOD!
YOU'RE ON**

**MAY YOU
END UP
WITH
AN
\$80-A-DAY
HABIT!**

**MAY YOU
NEVER
GET
MORE
THAN
TWO
PERCENT
RETAIL
LAY ON
TO YOUR
FENCE!**

ALL SYSTEMS GO

by Fernando J. Valdivia

The scene is one of several laboratory bedrooms at the Reproduction Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis, currently being used to determine the complex physiological responses of humans during erotic stimulation, masturbation and coitus. The present experiment is one of many in which the reactions of a couple who are total strangers are being measured.

The room is comparatively small, with only the barest minimum of furniture—a double-bed and two chairs. The walls are pale green but otherwise bare. There are no windows, but the room is well illuminated by overhead fluorescent lights. There are two doors—one leading to the corridor, the other to an adjoining bathroom.

On the wall opposite the bed is a rather large mirror, which upon careful examination proves to be of the one-way kind often used to conceal a moving-picture camera—which is precisely its function.

The door leading to the corridor opens and a young woman enters wearing a loose-fitting plain white robe and surgical cap. After a cursory examination of the room, she sits on the edge of the bed to wait. Presently the door opens and a young man enters similarly dressed. In contrast to the woman's matter-of-fact manner, the young man seems a bit self-conscious. He nods politely to her and hesitantly approaches the bed.

She: Hello.

He: Hi . . . My name is Walter, what's yours?

She: I don't think names are important under the circumstances, do you?

He: Well, no . . . I guess not. Just a habit, I suppose. You know. . . .

She: I understand. Shall we proceed?

He: Huh? Oh, well, sure . . . yeah . . . I guess so. (He sits down on one of the chairs but otherwise does nothing.)

She: Is anything wrong?

He (with increasing nervousness): Wrong? Why, no . . . not exactly. It's just that, well . . . It's so clinical.

She (not amused): I should hope so. After all, this is a rather serious research project—or don't you see it that way?

He (defensively): Sure I do; what do you think? I was only speculating about the environmental context—what effect it will have on . . . on . . . well, on our—I mean, on the . . . research. . . .

She (reassured): I see, yes—I considered that too the first time, but scientifically I expect the purpose is to eliminate every possible extraneous variable.

He (examining the room): I suppose so. (For the first time since entering he notices the mirror. Immediately his composure is shattered when he realizes its function. He turns away and sits stiffly immobile.)

She (studying him with growing impatience): What is it? Are you ill?

He (almost whispering): Not exactly ill; maybe just a little uneasy. I forgot about the camera. It's behind the mirror, isn't it?

She: Of course. Now let's get started, shall we? We've delayed much too long, and you know how precisely scheduled these sessions are. (Without waiting, she rises and removes her robe and drapes it over the other chair. Except for the cap she is completely naked. She lies down on the bed and busies herself attaching

electrodes to her head, right arm and left thigh. Thus prepared, she looks up to see him sitting in the same position.) What are you waiting for?

He (unwilling to look upon her nakedness): I don't know. It all seems so . . . sterile; I'm not sure I can. . . .

She (exasperated): Is this your first session?

He (blushing): Not exactly . . . I was part of another test.

She: Masturbation?

He (a deep scarlet): . . . yes. . . .

She: Well, I imagine you were chosen for this test because of rather than in spite of your anxiety-symptoms.

He (looking at her hopefully): You really think so?

She: I'm sure of it—now can we please get started.

He (reassured that his involuntary impotence will somehow contribute to science, he removes his robe—being careful to keep his back toward the inscrutable mirror—and awkwardly joins her on the bed. He seems confused by the electrodes and looks at her with painful helplessness): Can you figure these wires out? I'm not sure which goes where.

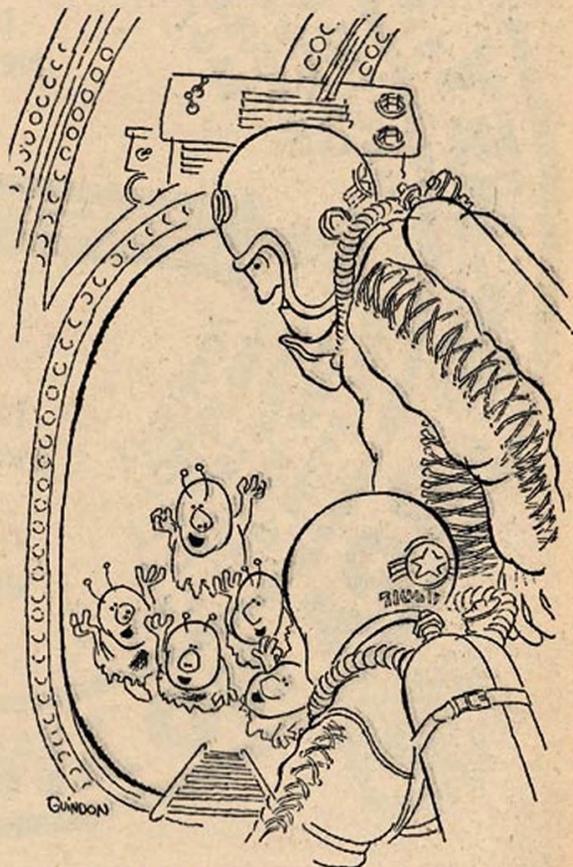
She (sitting up and untangling the wires): Just lie back and I'll put them on you.

He (admiring her efficient manner): What's that one for?

She: Electroencephalograph.

He: And that one?

She: Electrocardiograph.



"Chocolate, G.I.? . . . Cigarettes? . . . Money? . . ."

He (fascinated): And that one?
She: Measures muscular reaction.
He: Wait a minute! What're you doing?
She: Body temperature.
He (Shocked out of decorum): That way?
She: More accurate.
He (grimacing): I hope you don't expect me to keep it in while we're. . . .
She: Of course not; I'll check it in a minute.
He (obediently submissive): I wonder just how accurate all this research can be when the circumstances are so . . . well, humiliating.
She: Scientific research can never be humiliating.
He: Well, it's not very conducive to spontaneous performance.
She (taking a reading): Normal.
He: I don't feel very normal.
She (assuming a reclining position): Shall we?
He (turning his head to look at her): This may seem naive, but what are we supposed to do first?
She: Conventional foreplay, followed by coitus to orgasm.
He: You mean like kissing and. . . .
She: Petting, yes.
He (with a sigh of resignation): Okay, if you say so. (He raises himself on one elbow and leans over to kiss her. She responds by putting her arms around him, drawing him down, and proceeds to caress his neck and back. As he enters into the spirit of the experiment, he shifts into a more dominant position. She taps him on the shoulder to indicate a necessary interruption.)
She: The camera.
He (turning around to look at the mirror, squinting to see behind it): What about it?
She: You're completely blocking me out. Better get on this side.
He (muttering something but shifting to her other side): How's that?
She: Better, I think.
He: (Taking her in his arms and kissing her. From time to time he opens his eyes to look at the camera, then closes them again in an attempt to shut it out of his mind. Gradually he succeeds in becoming involved in kissing and caressing, and as his passion increases his movements become more brusque.)
She (pushing him away with some difficulty): Stop for just a minute; my encephalograph came loose.
He (breathing heavily while she re-attaches her electrodes): Hurry up, can't you?
She: All right, don't rush me—I want to be sure they're secure. Can't afford to spoil the readings.
He (muttering something about the reading, he embraces her vigorously and resumes petting, becoming bolder with each kiss until even she responds with growing passion. Their activity becomes increasingly violent, and it is not long before the entire bed begins to move about, such is the frenzy of their lovemaking): Oh, Darling—I want you now!
She (gasping): Don't call me that—please!
He: But I want you—I need you!
She: And I want you, but please don't use those terms of endearment.
He: Why not, darling, when that's the way I feel?
She (struggling to maintain scientific perspective): Because they have no meaning . . . in the present context. . . .

He: But I love you! I want you!
She: Oh, please! Please! Don't!
He (pausing): Is something wrong? Am I doing it wrong—is that it?
She: Oh, no—it's wonderful, wonderful! Don't stop now. . . .
He: But I thought—
She: Don't talk . . . don't say anything . . . just make love to me and don't stop. . . .
He: Would you prefer it this way? Does that feel better?
She (feeling herself being carried away): Oh, God! Oh, God, yes! Oh, it feels so good—Ooooooh, don't ever stop, Ooooooh!
He (increasing his rhythm until the bed's bucking and heaving begins to pull the electrodes off one by one): Uh . . . uh . . . uh . . . Oh, dammit! My cardiograph came off!
She (lost in a paroxysm of ecstasy): Uh . . . uh . . . uh . . . The hell with the cardiograph! Just don't stop—I'm coming. Oh, Walter, darling, I'm coming, I'm coming! Oh, God, honey, come with me—it's so wonderful!
He (exploding): Oh, baby—I love you!
She (gasping): I never knew it could be so good.
(As they writhe and thrash about among a tangle of bobbing, disconnected electrodes, there is a loud, insistent knocking at the door. They ignore it, oblivious as they are to everything but their own overwhelming orgasms.)

Join DuBois Scouts of America

(This unanswered letter was sent to ex-Vice-President Richard M. Nixon on April 14th by the National President of Mothers of the American Revolution.)

Dear Mr. Nixon:

We have been following with a great deal of interest the ramifications of Attorney General Katzenbach's exposure of the Dubois Clubs as a Communist front organization, particularly the poison-pen letters and threatening telephone calls received by many of the Boys Clubs from patriotic citizens understandably confused by the ostensibly coincidental pronouncements.

In your capacity as National Board Chairman of the Boys Clubs of America, you stated, according to the New York Times, that the confusion was "an almost classic example of Communist deception and duplicity" and that the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs "are not unaware of the confusion they are causing among our supporters and among many other good citizens."

We would be most appreciative if you could tell us of some specific examples of Communist deception and duplicity. The New Yorker magazine made up a few silly ones which served only to further muddy the waters.

It would seem that there are those, especially among the so-called intelligentsia, who are dupes of their own cynical motivation.

For instance, when you were named a member of the board of trustees of Mutual of New York, an obvious attempt to discredit you via indirection was made by the New York Herald Tribune. They printed a picture of you mailed out by the insurance company's publicity department alongside an earlier photograph, implying in their caption that your hairline had been retouched.

We'll be grateful for your comments on these matters and look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
/s/ Mrs. Natalie Dight

Un-American Activities in My Own House

by Janet Sorkin

We've never been on really great terms with any of the schools he's been in—that is my son, Corey, and I. Since the beginning, I've been summoned to school by the current teachers, and told (in accusing voices): "Corey is a dreamer! We know he can do the work, but he"—etc., etc.

Then the old feeling of being a school kid myself returns and suddenly I'm on Corey's side; when, in real life, I would gladly lock him in a tower and whip him every day if it would make him do the work. (It wouldn't, so I don't.)

However, this year, we had a school experience of an entirely new kind. For once, it had nothing to do with school work, but it revolved around *** Saluting * the * Flag ***.

Saluting the Flag is terrifically important to the public school system, I discovered, because Corey was refusing to salute the flag. As he explained it to me, the flag is a symbol, and he felt it was foolish to keep communicating with a symbol every day. Some 13-year-olds think about things like that.

So what? What'll happen to the country if a 13-year-old kid doesn't salute the flag every morning? I suspected that the Union would survive.

My first inkling that the Board of Education didn't share my indifference came one morning at about 9 a.m. (when nobody's really awake anyhow). This voice screeched over the phone: "Mrs. Sorkin?"

"Yes," I answered drowsily.

"This is Mrs. Skwelly. Your son, Corey, doesn't salute the flag!!!" She was on the edge of hysteria.

It took me a moment to absorb what it was she was so excited about, and when I didn't faint at this evidence of treason under my own roof, she seemed to lose control completely. Mainly, I couldn't figure out what she wanted me to do.

The conversation ended with my pointing out to her that I couldn't very well stand beside him every morning, forcing him to salute the flag, and that basically, it was their problem, but that I would talk to him, and try to get him to do it.

Although I didn't feel that this was an issue which would impel 50,000 people to come together for a protest march, I did feel rather proud of Corey for sticking to his guns like that when I knew they were putting a lot of pressure on him to salute the flag every morning.

But I also knew that they weren't kidding around either. My maternal heart trembled at the picture of him fighting the entire Board of Education

over his right not to salute the flag if he didn't want to.

When I talked to him about it later in the day, I was unable to defend any of the ideological reasons for saluting the flag every morning. Our way of life simply doesn't depend on it. The only thing I could say was that it would only take a minute or two, and he'd avoid all that trouble, and was he ready to take the whole matter to the Supreme Court? Was it that important to him?

I felt like a bit of a fink.

The worst of it was that it was announced publicly in assembly that day that "a certain student" refused to salute the flag and that it was an unpatriotic, loathsome thing—an act that gives comfort to our enemies, and on and on.

Also, the Social Studies teacher had declaimed that he heard "a certain member of this particular class" refused to salute the flag, and that he hoped that he wouldn't find out who it was, because his buddies had died in

A Mother Responds to Her Child's Confrontation

The pussycats are mating. No, you cannot go and look.
Don't ask silly questions—read your picture book!
Are they married? I don't know—what difference does it make?
You really think they ought to be for the kittens' sake.
It's good to see you show a sense of moral indignation—
I'm proud to see that Dad and I have given good persuasion.
You'll need it, child, to keep at hand when life meets with disaster.
What's that you say? Why do they stay together
if they do not have to?

—RENFREU NEFF

Korea for that flag, and he didn't know how he would react to a person who didn't honor it in the proscribed manner. Although he had been publicly humiliated several times that day, Corey pointed out to me that he felt that they were all hypocrites. If they really cared about the flag, they wouldn't have acted that way. "After all," he said, "when you salute the flag, you're saluting the idea of liberty. How can they force you to salute liberty?" There was nothing much I could answer.

He felt rotten at being made a public spectacle, and I felt rotten because I wanted him to quit fighting and at least pretend to salute the flag so they'd get off his back. We left it at that. He agreed to think about it. The next morning, he told me that he decided to pretend to salute the flag, because he couldn't take them all on.

I was relieved, because I wasn't prepared to take them all on either. Anyway, that kid doesn't need to be encouraged in his nonconformity. He was born to it. I regretted having let him read *Lord of the Flies*, *Catcher in the Rye* and *Steppenwolf* all in a row.

I thought that Corey's decision to pretend to salute the flag was the end of the matter, but not so. Months later, I was called to school about some issue that was so obscure, it took me 10 minutes to grasp what it was. It was something about putting on his coat when he wasn't supposed to or something.

I was to see the school Disciplinary-an, an immaculately dressed, crew-cut, ramrod-straight young man, who turned out also to be the Social Studies teacher—the one from Korea.

After we struggled through the coat incident, he brought up the flag incident, presumably as another example of Corey's impossible behavior. (By the way, I have never denied that Corey is impossible, but on the other hand, he's had many teachers who love him and reassure me that he's going to turn out to be a fine person.)

I told the Social Science teacher that I knew about the thing with the flag, but that Corey was saluting the flag now, and then I asked him if he didn't think that when you do a thing like that in school day after day, it did become a bit meaningless.

He snapped to attention, and informed me haughtily that he saluted

the flag every day of his life when he was a Marine in Korea, and that he felt privileged every single time to be allowed to salute that flag!

Well, I had tried, but it would have taken a 5-star-general-Distinguished-Service-Cross-winner-national-hero-astronaut to convince him that something one is forced to do every day could become mumbled nonsense, and not a reaffirmation of loyalty to your country.

Frankly, it doesn't make any more difference to me that the teacher loves saluting the flag than that Corey feels that he can still be patriotic without saluting it.

Corey is firm in his faith that most adults are ignorant of what the world is really like, and that they are stupid into the bargain. As long as he feels that way, I know he's okay even if he does have to salute the flag every morning.

When he's ready to handle it, I'll be ready to leave the running of the world in his hands; but I sure hope I'm here to see his chagrin when he finds out how difficult it is to know what the world is really like.

DISTORTION

(Continued from Back Cover)

dislodged from the aircraft so the troops on board had to shoot them.

"On the first day we shot about 20 of them and on the second day about 13."

"What did they do when you shot them?" the reporter asked.

"Oh, they just turned their backs—the South Vietnamese regulars we rescued with the U.S. troops said that it was the only thing we could have done. We were afraid that they might shoot back since they were also armed."

The striking thing about the Marine's account, other than the fact that we had to shoot 33 of the Vietnamese that we are supposed to be defending, was the cold and detached way he recounted this tragedy, almost as if he were describing how many ants they stepped on or how many flies had been killed.

Nothing appeared on the wire services from Monday the 14th until Thursday the 17th when both the UPI and the AP reported what had happened as follows:

Washington, March 17 (UPI)—U.S. troops had to shoot several South Vietnamese to overcome panic and permit the evacuation of wounded last week during the Communist attack on the Special Forces camp at Ashau near the Laotian border, it was reported today.

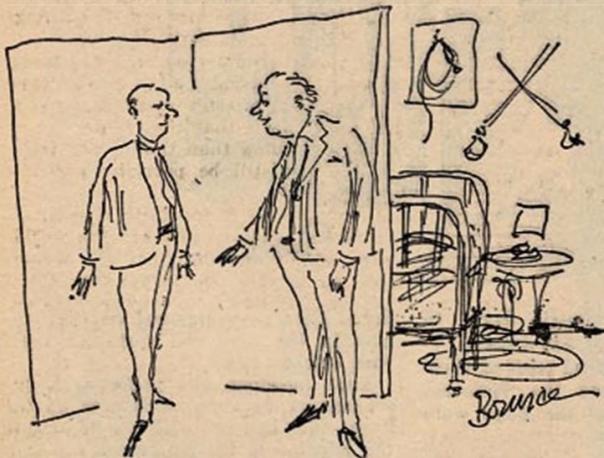
The exact number shot was not known, nor was it known here whether they were killed or merely wounded. But one estimate was that seven of the Vietnamese were shot.

The U.S. Military Command in Vietnam still is investigating the matter and the Defense Department had no official comment.

This wire service report is quite different from the statement of the Marine about what the casualties were, and the report tended also to diffuse and minimize the events as they were reported by the eye-witness participant.

The final report on the incident appeared on Sunday, March 20th, under the AP line:

General William C. Westmoreland, commander of U.S. forces in Vietnam, issued a special commendation to the American aviators who took part in the daring rescue operations around Ashau during the height of



"Next time you be George and I'll be Lynda-Bird."

the 39 hours battle and after the camp's fall.

He called the rescue of 20 downed American airmen, 12 U.S. Army Special Forces men and the 136 Montagnard and Vietnamese soldiers at the camp a saga "equal to any in the history of courage."

Thus we see the transformation of the news from a bald and brutal account of the shooting of 33 of our allies in the back to a glowing commendation of the courage and valor of our fighters in conducting this operation. Is the American public so apathetic that they can accept such violence and distortion without a whimper?

CREDIBILITY

(Continued from Back Cover)

tell the President the truth since it both makes the President feel better and helps the CIA and the Pentagon told onto their jobs. The President then passes that truth onto the people.

So it becomes clear that truth in government is not nearly so much a metaphysical concept as it is a socio-economic concept. Communist truth differs from Free World truth to the degree that Moscow's gold differs from Fort Knox's. You get what you pay for.

This much being true, it is appalling that, considering the money we are spending in order to get people to believe us, fewer and fewer do. Somewhere there has been a breakdown in communications.

Fortunately there are, at present, technological advances to take up the slack. In television, for example, the use of canned laugh tracks.

When something is not funny on television a recording of laughter is added to the sound track to convince viewers at home that whether they like the show or not everybody else thinks it's hilarious. In this way modern engineering has provided an efficient substitute for the more iffy unmechanized concept of a sense of humor.

In very much the same way can viewers be persuaded to believe our government. By attaching a canned credibility track to the speeches of the President, and the Secretaries of Defense and State, we can at last remove all reason to doubt their truths when they're not telling them. Once a consensus on truth is established the American people will, as always, go along.

If, for example, Mr. McNamara on his next return from Vietnam announces that the war is going well for our side, how much easier it would be to believe him if recorded with his remarks there was a canned credibility track consisting of low-keyed voices whispering off-screen comments like: "I believe him. I believe him, yes, I believe him." Or, "If he weren't telling the truth the President would fire him." Or, "I understand he's a fanatic about facts."

Then again, the next time Mr. Rusk goes on the air in his continuing series of peace feeler denials, who could question his credibility if we heard in the background subliminal whispers like: "He has access to information that we don't have." Or, "Is that the face of a man who wants confrontation with Red China?" Or, "Rusk is a dove. Rusk is a dove. Rusk is a dove."

And, finally, when the President returns to the home screens to, once again, explain that we are in Vietnam as a matter of national honor, how much more convincing his plaint were it to be backed by a credibility track of such homespun homilies as: "Remember the Maine." Or, "My country right or wrong." Or, "In your heart you know he's right." Or, simply, "Yes, Lord!"

A Slight Case of Distortion

by Robert W. McCoy

When United Nations Secretary U Thant stated last fall that the American public was not getting the true story about the war in Vietnam, official Washington reacted with a holier-than-thou attitude. That the charge was true is certainly evident to anyone who follows events with a serious interest. Developments the week of March 7th serve as a good example of how the news can be altered to suit our war aims, particularly how the truth can be distorted to mould opinion.

On March 10, 11, & 12th, U.S. and South Vietnamese troops fought a fierce battle for 39 hours at Ashau near the Laotian Border. The camp was outnumbered and the defenders evacuated their forces over the 3-day period. On the Mike Wallace morning TV news program over CBS on the 14th, a news segment dealt with a special report on the aftermath of this fierce battle.

A CBS reporter interviewed a Lieut-Col. who was the commander of the Marine Helicopter group that flew the rescue mission. He stated that on the first day of the evacuation some of the South Vietnamese troops panicked and tried to climb aboard the rescue helicopters as they attempted take-off. They could not be

(Continued on Page 31)

Closing the Credibility Gap

by Jules Feiffer

Recent headlines in U.S. newspapers have taken on a new doubtful look: DO THEY BELIEVE US? The "us," actually, is not really us (as in you and me), it's *them*, them being the gentlemen from the Department of Defense and the Department of State.

The problem seems to be that on a number of occasions, "us" have been caught making public statements that don't necessarily jibe with the facts. It is a sign of the new moral enlightenment that this now troubles our conscience.

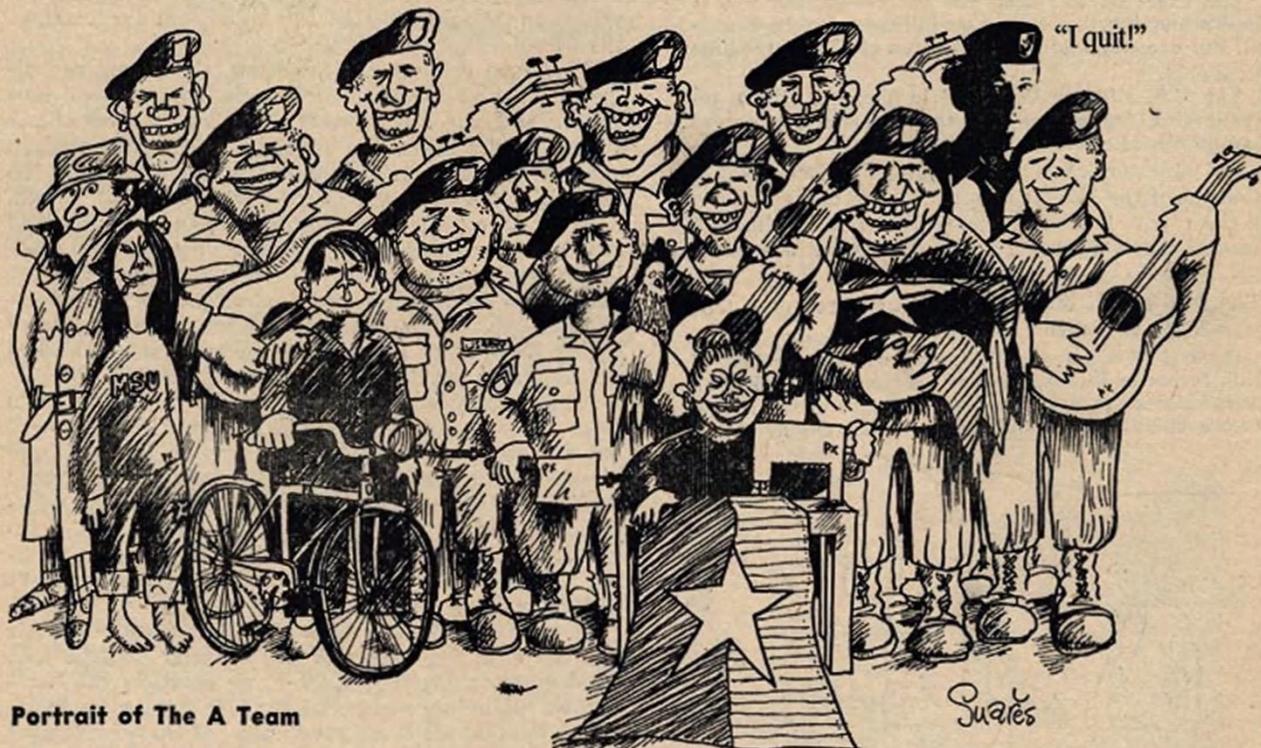
The American people, at one time, were far more blasé about such episodes, generally indifferent as to who believed *us* on diverse issues like Guatemala, the U2 affair or the Bay of Pigs. They understood without being told that it's in the nature of government to give only its best side. This best side goes by the code name of "Truth."

Truth is a combine of what makes us feel better with what makes us look good on the job.

Lies are a combine of what makes us feel bad with what makes us look inept on the job.

Seen in this light the CIA and the Pentagon always

(Continued on Page 31)



Portrait of The A Team

Saigon, April 7 (UPI)—The enterprising Americans in the green berets—the elite jungle fighters of the Army's Special Forces—were doing a booming business in the sale of blood-stained "Vietcong battle flags" to United States airmen in Saigon. But their business, a fraud, has been dissolved.

The Special Forces soldiers were sell-

ing their "Vietcong battle flags" to United States pilots at \$25 apiece.

The airmen, who spend most of their duty time high above the Vietcong, had no way to know the flags were imitations.

According to the Saigon police, the Special Forces men hired an old woman in a Saigon back street to sew the

flags. Then they stomped on the banners in the mud and sprinkled them with chicken blood.

Each morning, the police said, the seamstress delivered a bundle of the flags—blue and red with a gold star in the middle—to the salesmen.

The police arrested her after finding 30 Vietcong flags in her possession during a routine check.