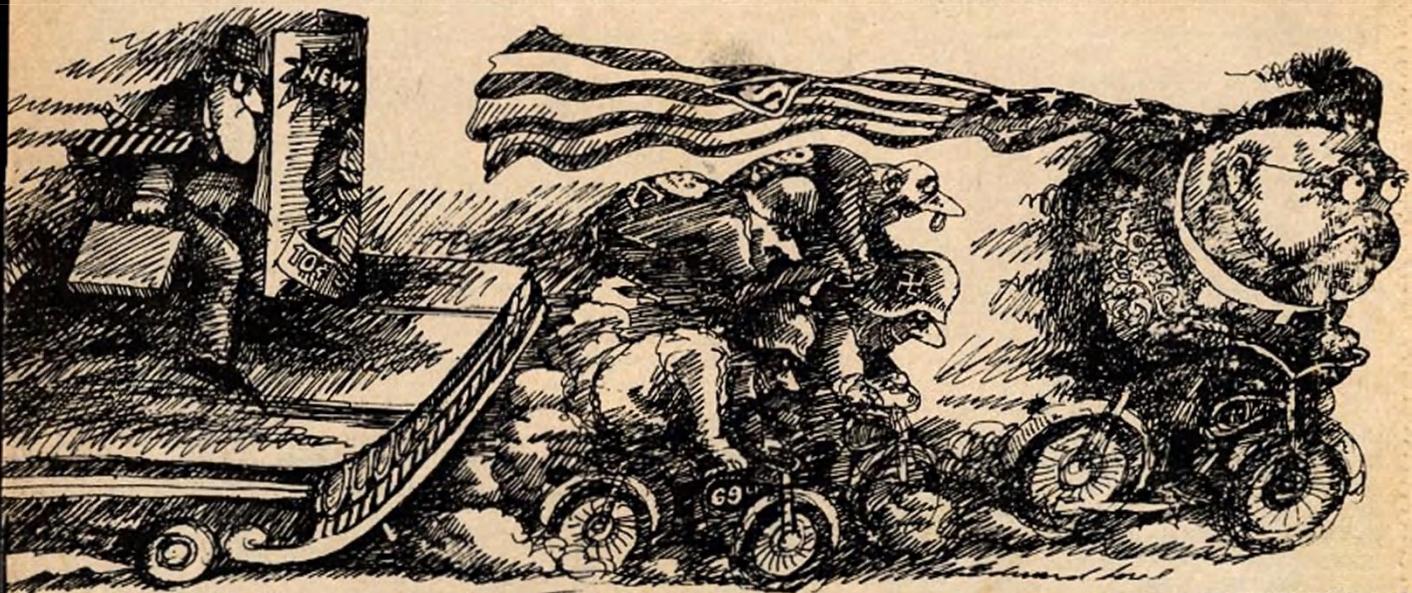


"This war is, I believe, a war for civilization."  
—Francis Cardinal Spellman



## *The Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book*

An executive in the publishing industry, who obviously must remain anonymous, has made available to the Realist a photostatic copy of the original manuscript of William Manchester's book, *The Death of a President*.

Those passages which are printed here were marked for deletion months before Harper & Row sold the serialization rights to Look magazine; hence they do not appear even in the so-called "complete" version published by the German magazine, Stern.



At the Democratic National Convention in the summer of 1960 Los Angeles was the scene of a political visitation of the alleged sins of the father upon the son. Lyndon Johnson found himself battling for the presidential nomination with a young, handsome, charming and witty adversary, John F. Kennedy.

The Texan in his understandable anxiety degenerated to a strange campaign tactic. He attacked his opponent on the grounds that his father, Joseph P. Kennedy, was a Nazi sympathizer during the time he was United States ambassador to Great Britain, from 1938 to 1940.

The senior Kennedy had predicted that Germany would defeat England and he therefore urged President Franklin D. Roosevelt to withhold aid.

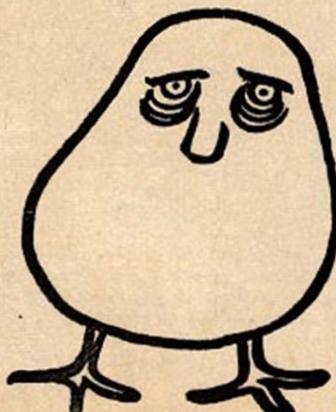
Now Johnson found himself fighting pragmatism with pragmatism. It didn't work; he lost the nomination.

Ironically, the vicissitudes of regional bloc voting forced Kennedy into selecting Johnson as his running mate. Jack rationalized the practicality of the situation, but Jackie was constitutionally unable to forgive Johnson. Her attitude toward him always remained one of controlled paroxysm.



It was common knowledge in Washington social circles that the Chief Executive was something of a ladies' man. His staff included a Secret Service agent referred to by the code name *Dentist*, whose duties virtually centered around escorting to and from a rendezvous site—either in the District of Columbia or while traveling—the models, actresses and other strikingly attractive females chosen by the President for his not at all infrequent trysts.

(Continued on Page 18)



**The Realist**

No. 74

May, 1967

35 Cents

**irreverence is our only sacred cow**

## Sir Realist:

### Letter from a Rightwinger

I occupy a political position which, I am sure, would be anathema to you, i.e., conservative. But I nevertheless find your publication lively, legitimate and interesting. Also I am curious as to why you have never realized that the conservative (particularly the Goldwater-style) position is basically libertarian, anti-establishment and thus closer to yours than, for instance, that of the institutional socialist.

Karl Hess  
Washington, D.C.

### Letter from a Leftwinger

Your juvenile editorial treatment of Leo Bernard and the Socialist Workers Party ["Mind Over Martyr," issue #69] is an illuminating example of yellow journalism at its very worst. Congratulations, and cancel my subscription.

The sick and puerile nature of your article excludes adult response; nevertheless, certain observations must be made. One is that in this issue of the *Realist*, you have gone round the bend from merely degenerate to openly reactionary. All of which leads me to the conclusion that before "their revolution" is accomplished, you will have earned a one-line obituary on the comics page—somewhat to the right of Little Orphan Annie.

And, when another unemployed taxi driver enters your office and confronts you for being "anti-administration," will you then know why?

W. Blumenthal  
Montreal, Canada

### Letter from a Freethinker

I find myself renewing with a goodly number of qualms. As a reader from the very beginning, I think I have the right to register a squawk or two.

What ever happened to the old Paul Krassner? Did you get old and ideologically hidebound? Whatever happened to "freethought criticism and satire"? Some of the stuff you've been printing lately is just plain repulsive. Any time I want to find how glorious life is in the DDR, all I have to do is find Radio Berlin International on my short wave set. Any time I want to find out about weird objects inserted in the rectum, all I have to do is call up my favorite proctologist. For that kind of dreck I don't need the *Realist*.

Let's face it, Paul—we're all getting a little older. Why not become a little more responsible in your radicalism? I've done it.

Leo Sirota  
Baltimore, Md.

### Letter from a Homosexual

For some time now I have been a fan of the *Realist*. I find it interesting, stimulating, thought-provoking and, all in all, a great publication. Your analysis of major and minor events is superb. For these reasons, I cannot help but wonder why the *Realist* seems to be anti-homosexual—or at the very best, not informed of the work of the Mattachine Society Inc. of New York.

For an instance, I found "The Fag Battalion" [issue #69] to be as obnoxious to me as I do "The Committee to Fight the Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces." We at the Mattachine are aware of the activities of this very small group of people, and we have received a great deal of undeserved criticism from their activities.



I would like to use this opportunity to point out that we are not only non-related groups, but that MSNY vigorously disapproves of their stated policy.

MSNY is a civil-rights group; nothing more, nothing less. Some of us vigorously oppose the war in Vietnam, whereas others in our group favor it. Since the goal of this Society, and the homophile movement, is to procure the legal rights denied the homosexual by law and to educate the public in regard to homosexuality, we refuse to mix issues by engaging in foreign policy. Our main goals are difficult enough to achieve.

MSNY is not a social organization; nor is its purpose to apologize for homosexuality. We are activists who are convinced that the time for asking to be treated as human beings is past—we are demanding our right to human dignity now. We use the methods of leafleting, picketing and court-action to achieve our goals.

This is the other side of homosexuality, the side I would like to see presented in the *Realist*. If nothing more, we would appreciate a statement in your pages to the effect that there is no

connection between MSNY and the Committee to Fight the Exclusion, etc. We would also like to make it clear to your readers that, not only did we not participate in their leafleting campaign, but we heartily disapproved of it, because it splits the homosexual community into pro-war and anti-war factions.

John L. Timmons, Secretary  
Mattachine Society of N.Y.

*Editor's note: Fighting the exclusion of homosexuals from the armed forces would certainly qualify as a civil-rights activity; if that form of discrimination is ever remedied, then those homosexuals who don't want to be drafted will no longer be able to exploit their deviation rather than face the consequences of conscientious objection.*

### Letter from a Heterosexual

I understand that homosexuals held a nationwide demonstration in protest of the armed services policy of excluding their ranks from military employ. Wouldn't it be a gas if they composed some sort of fight song, possibly *The Ballad of the Pink Berets*.

Warren Simpson  
Dept. of Sociology  
University of Alabama

### HEY, HEY, LBJ

(Continued from Page 20)

The President's neighbors could hardly be less congenial to the Park. As far as they're concerned, Lyndon Johnson is simply using the power of eminent domain to enlarge the LBJ Ranch where the power of dollars has failed.

The attitude of local landowners is neatly expressed by Joe Chapman Jr., a San Antonio real estate man who bought his 16-acre parcel across the Pedernales after plans for the Park had been announced: "If Lyndon Johnson craves my land as much as he appears to, I will sell same at a profit to him or his agents. In my view, this park is most peculiar."

Earl W. Sweeney, who raises peaches, plums and pecans directly opposite the Ranch, has led a two-year fight to make the Commission abandon the Park. His suit for an injunction against the condemnation proceedings is still in the courts. The retired marble dealer, who bought his 70 acres 7 years ago, has had 53 of his acres condemned.

Sweeney claims that his land is worth \$152,440. W. C. Brown, an Austin real estate broker representing the trustees of the Park, set the value at \$46,000. Finally, a board of special commissioners split the difference and called it \$62,000.

If you can't find out about the Lyndon B. Johnson State Park from the officer at the main gate, just march across the road and ask Earl or Martha Sweeney.

The Realist

## Editorial Giggies

### Accept, Evade or Confront?

*Up Tight With the Draft?* is a pamphlet published by the War Resisters League, 5 Beekman St., New York, N.Y. 10038. Price: 10c; 12 for \$1; 100 for \$5. Or send them \$1 for their Draft Packet, which includes, along with the *Up Tight* pamphlet, a copy of *The Handbook for C.O.'s* (over 100 pages of essential information), the SDS pamphlet, and *Of Holy Disobedience* by the late A. J. Muste. The War Resisters League has men trained in C.O. counseling in most major cities. The name and address of the counselor in your area will be supplied on request by their New York office.

### Donald Duck Eats Daisies

The first free-lance article I ever sold was to *Mad* magazine a dozen years ago. It was illustrated by Wally Wood, who is also known to science fiction and comic book fans. Now Wally has completed the cycle with his after-Disney orgy in the centerfold of this issue. He has also turned publisher on his own with *Witzend*, which might roughly be termed a "fanzine" except that it's done by professionals—Frank Frazetta, Al Williamson, Harvey Kurtzman, Don Martin—so that along with the juvenile and stilted writing, it contains the work of perhaps the best comic artists and illustrators in the world. Price: \$1; subscription, \$4 for 4 issues. Wallace Wood, Box 882, Ansonia Sta., New York, N.Y. 10023. Enlarged copies of the Disney-land poster are available from the *Realist* (see coupon).

### Out, Damned Truth

I was planning not to exploit the *Realist* by mentioning here that I'm the biggest backer of *MacBird*, but that would be a form of censorship, right? Besides, now that the news has appeared in *Variety* and *Books* and the *World Journal Tribune*, there are a few things I'd like to clear up.

First, it isn't *Realist* money that's been invested in the play; it's my own personal \$3,000—savings from my income as a contributor to *Cavalier* and Society Editor & columnist for the CIA-subsidized *Ramparts* (I've never taken a salary from the *Realist*).

I originally met the author of *MacBird*, Barbara Garson, when I was involved with the protest scene at Berkeley. In a speech, her tongue slipped and she fell on her association: she accidentally referred to the

President's wife as Lady MacBird. Out of that, there developed a play whose only purpose then was to entertain her fellow demonstrators.

She submitted the manuscript to the *Realist*. I rejected it because the targets had already been verbally goosed so often in these pages. But when they eventually began holding backers' auditions, I decided to gamble—sight unseen—because so many people who don't read this magazine could now be exposed to such theatrical irreverence.

Elsewhere in this issue, Alan Whitney briefly criticizes *MacBird* for indulging in a left-wing version of McCarthyism. However, the Senator was acting in an official governmental capacity; the playwright is communicating a private parody.

Moreover, Joe McCarthy pretended he had evidence to back up his anti-Communist obsession; Barbara Garson pretends to have nothing but a literary device, and any irresponsibility may well dwell solely in the mind of the beholder.

Certainly the notion that the Johnsons had Kennedy killed is not new. And having fun with a notion ought not to be confused with promulgating it.

Barbara Garson and I were talking about what we would do if Lyndon ever invited us to the White House. I said I would accept it, if only to grasp the opportunity of confronting his feelings about the photos in *Ramparts* of napalmed Vietnamese children.

I asked *MacBird's* creator how she thought LBJ would react if he ever met her. She paused a second, then replied: "He'd say, 'How did you know?'"

**The Realist, Dept. 74  
Box 379, Stuyvesant Sta.  
New York, N.Y. 10009**

Enclosed please find:

- \$1 for five extra copies of issue #74
- \$3 for a 10-issue subscription starting with #.....
- \$5 for a 20-issue subscription starting with #.....  
(Note: for Canadian and foreign subscriptions add \$1)
- 75c for *Johnny Got His Gun* by Dalton Trumbo
- \$1 for *Nudism Explained and Nudist Fact Finder*
- \$2 for a copy of Paul Krassner's *Impolite Interviews* (with Alan Watts, Lenny Bruce, Albert Ellis, Henry Morgan, Jean Shepherd, Jules Feiffer, Hugh Hefner)
- \$3 for *Vietnam! Vietnam!* by Felix Greene
- \$5 for *How to Talk Dirty*—Lenny Bruce's autobiography
- \$5 for *How to Prevent Your Child from Becoming a Neurotic Adult* by Dr. Albert Ellis
- \$6 for *Guide to Rational Living* by Ellis & Harper
- \$5 for *Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*
- \$10 for the *Now Book* by Rey Anthony
- \$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 4 empty marijuana seed packets
- \$1 for Guindon's invasion-of-privacy phantasmagoria
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- \$3 for a back-issues binder (will hold 36 Realists)
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## THE CYNIC ROUTE

(Continued from Back Cover)

An unpopular favorite went: "Lady is a bird/ and Lynda is a bird/ and a bird is a dove/ and a dove goes cooooo (pronounced *coup*) LBJ, what happened to you? Peace! Peace! Peace!"

Another classic: "Two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar; all for peace stand up and holler!"

No one stood up and hollered.

After every speaker, the cheerleaders were called out to do a "locomotive." So, for example, after Dr. Benjamin Spock spoke, they did: "S! . . . S-P! . . . S-P-O! . . . S-P-O-C! . . . S-P-O-C-K! . . . Spock! Spock! SPOCK!" Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin lamented the wasted lives of American boys in Vietnam. When he finished, the SANE spokesman called out, "Now let's have a Coffin locomotive!"

The showbusinessization of protest has come to this pass: Norman Mailer didn't sign the Angry Arts petition ("It's not going to stop one V.C. from being burned") and Barbra Streisand did. But then she chickened out. Too bad, Barbra could've been the Dr. Spock of Pop.

Even atrocity has become Instant Camp.

A mixed-media presentation featured the live re-enactment of screaming Vietnamese peasants being tortured to the background of news quotes read aloud and the showing of *Night and Fog*, a silent testimonial to the effectiveness of Nazi genocide.

An actor was in the midst of violently slaying a girl portraying a Vietnamese woman. He stopped, carefully rearranging her skirt so her thighs wouldn't show. Simultaneously, on the screen, naked Jewish women were lined up to enter a shower.

A Washington businessman intends to open a topless discotheque for GIs in Vietnam. The Department of Defense's official position is one of helplessness even though bare-breasted go-go girls endanger "the moral climate to which are servicemen are exposed."

Meanwhile, in El Cajon, California, a night club has been headlining the 250-pound topless Vera.

On the night before Christmas Eve there occurred the cross-fertilization of the psychedelic scene with the protest scene. A candle-lit walk up 5th Avenue to express sympathy with suffering in Vietnam culminated at the Palm Gardens Ballroom in a celebration to express love of life everywhere.

The Pageant Players did a morality play on our foreign policy in the context of a laundromat. Ordinarily the troupe does their thing in *actual* laundromats before dirty clothes-bearers who never intended to become an audience, but they were never so apprehensive as now.

"We went over great at the Militant Labor Forum," confided a leader, "but we've never performed before to a stone-hippy crowd."

If *drug revolution* seems like a contradiction of terms, it would behoove us to taste for a moment the notion that the spreading of joy, as an alternative to horror, is indeed an act of rebellion, certainly no less effective than your 19th nervous teach-in.

True, one man's ecstasy is another man's freakout, but as long as the taking of a drug is a voluntary act—coercion being immoral, deceit being unethical—and as long as all the avenues of communication remain open, every individual has the right to go to Hell in his own way.

### Editor's Note

You may be wondering why issue #73 was dated February whereas this, issue #74, is dated May. Because of a delay, we decided to skip the March and April issues. This will not affect your subscription, which is figured by number of issues rather than by date.

Now, about that delay. For the first time since the Realist began in 1958, our printer refused to print an issue—and other printers subsequently turned down the job—because the cover story is so offensive.

You think it's fun being a censor? Try to empathize with the restaurant owner who, when Bobby Kennedy showed up at a farewell party for N.Y. Post columnist Pete Hamill, rushed into the men's room and rubbed a graffiti off the wall: "Jackie Kennedy is a bad lay." He was afraid, of course, that Bobby would write underneath: "She is not."

When cancelling your subscription, please be sure to include your zip code.

During the past two years, I've taken LSD a dozen times, every one a good trip.

"How come I never have any bad trips?" I asked Tim Leary. "God knows I've tried."

"You've had them all, Paul."

He was right. For a dozen years before LSD, I indulged in a kind of uncompromising introspection, constantly objectifying my motivations until my unconscious and my conscious were increasingly one.

So, for me, LSD is like an ice cream soda of the soul. I don't smoke tobacco or pot or bananas; I don't drink coffee or alcohol; I don't eat aspirins or tranquilizers or amphetamines. One man, one drug.

However, on the day that Leary announced the formation of a new religion, I wrote him a note asking if I could be their first heretic.

Nevertheless, I've dutifully attended each media mass, learning one week all about the beat-beat-beat of my heart and how every one of us is Christ—J. D. Salinger, Arthur Goldberg, the girl in the box office—and the next week all about what's happening in my alimentary canal, baby, and how every one of us is Buddha—Premier Ky, David Brinkley, the Pinkerton guard watching over the congregation.

But the beautiful thing about the League for Spiritual Discovery is that the Supreme Court will eventually find itself faced with the delightful task of deciding what exactly *does* freedom of religion mean in America today?

Of course, Tim Leary is in cahoots with Ronald Reagan in encouraging young people to drop out of college—in Leary's case, as an act of harmony; in Reagan's, as an alternative to tuition. Still, Leary saw fit to have stapled to a League press release a roster of guides listing the number of years each has attended college.

We take you now to Millbrook, New York. A guide ushers in a long line of visitors, one by one.

Martin Garbus: "Dr. Leary, I've been listening to your sermons and I've decided to drop out of the legal game. So I won't be handling your case any more . . ."

Dorothy Ross: "Dr. Leary, I've been listening to your sermons and I've decided to drop out of the public relations game. So I won't be booking you for any more TV interviews . . ."

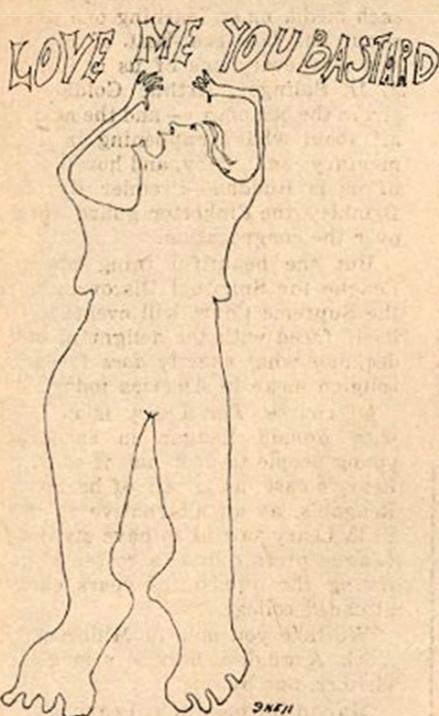
William Hitchcock: "Dr. Leary, I've been listening to your sermons and I've decided to drop out of the landlord game. So you and your extended family will have to leave my property . . ."

Richard Alpert: "Dr. Leary, I've been listening to your sermons and I've decided to drop out of the psychedelic game. So I won't be lecturing about LSD ever again . . ."

Sitting in the lotus position on stage, Alpert talked about his mother dying and how there seemed to be a conspiracy on the part of relatives and hospital personnel alike to deny her the realization of that possibility. He also told about some fellow in a mental institution who thinks he's Jesus Christ.

Dick Alpert and I enjoy non-competitively upleveling each other. On one occasion, for example, I was particularly manic and he pointed this out, choosing an eggbeater as his metaphor. He was correct; I calmed down. Later I kidded him about having discussed his mother openly yet concealing the fact that the man who thinks he's Christ is his very own brother, death obviously carrying more respectability than craziness. I was correct; at the next performance Alpert identified him.

There have been parties after these League celebrations. In order to get in



you must be on a list held by the Pinkerton guard watching over the door. An associate of Leary expressed his ambivalence: "Suppose someone really gets turned on spiritually by Tim and wants to come and share in the afterglow of his religious leader, but he's not on the list?"

Maybe the list could be narrowed down to two names—Christ and Buddha — then everyone could go. "Hi, I'm Jesus, my name's on the invitation list." "Hello there, I'm Buddha, Tim Leary told me so." Even the Pinkerton guard would be able to join the festivities.

It's one grand psychedelic soap opera: Did Richard Alpert give LSD to his dying mother? Will Timothy Leary have a fight to the finish with Alpert's brother? Is God really dead or has He merely dropped out? Be sure to turn on next week....

There is a section of San Francisco where Haight and Ashbury Streets cross each other like a pair of mind-manifesting priests engaging in mutual perpetual genuflection. It's the United States of Mecca.

There is the new breed of panhandler—a long-haired young boy (what do you call a male teenybopper?) who asks, "Mister, can you spare a quarter to expand my consciousness?" — and the new breed of shoplifter—a non-violent Raskolnikov who describes his theft of a record from the Psychedelic Shop to someone who turns out to be a co-owner of that store (you can't tell the dropouts from the merchants without a program) — so the next day the records are sold from behind the counter.

In the window of the Psychedelic Shop, there was a photo of a 24-year-old

boy whose homeliness would transport Lee Harvey Oswald to matinee idol status. Next to the photo was this letter, for all passersby to read:

"I Peter Albert Roy have experienced under the drug LSD the total loss of exterior EGO, and as a beginning I shall state that I am a total Virgin in the physical sense of the word.

"I am also looking for a sincere girl to teach me the fundamentals of sexual love, for I have never known the feeling. I am not Homosexual nor do I wish that any male intervention bother me about this matter.

"Would somebody please help me?"

Below his signature was an address, but his request has yet to be fulfilled. Me sometimes thinks the acid community doth protest its love too much.

Their newspaper is the *Oracle* ("We are not responsible for our readers' habits"). A memo posted on the bulletin board in the office announced, "Will the Kooze who 'borrowed' the *I Ching* from this room please return same! — The Management." They interviewed me. Excerpts:

Q. You say you don't see LSD as a panacea?

A. LSD is a catalyst to awareness, so what I'm really saying is, I don't see awareness as a panacea. I don't believe in the Biblical concept, Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make ye free, because people have such a fantastic capacity to rationalize the truth.

Q. I was an atheist before I took LSD. Now I have an understanding of what is meant by God instead of just putting it down.

A. Now wait. I never put God down any more than I put Santa Claus down.

Q. Did your atheism change after LSD in any qualitative way?

A. No, no, how could it change? There was a different God I didn't believe in. People were very Christian before Christ ever existed, if He did. People were very humanistic before Humanism was ever organized. People were very loving before LSD was ever discovered. I dug defecating before I ever knew it was a Zen thing to do. So, what I'm saying is, awareness existed before LSD....

But there is an ecological renaissance.

While hundreds of thousands of gallons of milk are being dumped daily by farmers in 25 states of price-consciousness, a phenomenon known as the Diggers are feeding each other at no cost. Standing in their rented garage, the Free Frame of Reference, I wondered aloud how they feel about charitable gestures. A Digger said, "Why don't you give us \$10 and find out?"

I gave him a \$1-bill.

He held it up, sing-singing: "Paulie gave us a dollar! Paulie gave us a dollar!" Then he touched it to a candle, and I watched my dollar burn. We're now burning over a billion dollars a month to show Vietnam what destiny it

should seek; we're sending a couple of million bucks up in flame just to destroy a crummy little bamboo bridge.

The tiny unburned corner that was left, the Digger placed in the hand of an 8-year-old Negro boy, saying: "Here, bring this home to your Mommy, and ask her about poverty . . . and she'll slap your face."

The kid said, "How can you do a stupid thing like that, burning a dollar bill?"

The Digger responded, "You have another level to go."

There are those who feel that if only black people would take LSD they'd stop aspiring to white middle-class values. But the desire to avoid rat-bites may well transcend white middle-class values.

*McCall's* magazine took a full page ad in the *N.Y. Times*. The space was taken up almost entirely by this challenge: "How you feel about the 15 words below tells if you're a bigot." Below, in much smaller print: "Your 14 year old daughter's first boyfriend is class president, intelligent, neatly dressed and Negro." The ad reveals *McCall's* bigotry in its blatant assumption of white readership.

In Detroit, Michigan, the Kongo Kemical Kompany manufactures the genuine, improved *KKK Hair Straightener*. But in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the Aeroseal Corporation manufactures *Instant Pussy*, a new spray car wax. Man, that's transcendentalism.

The Diggers were spawned by a curfew that grew out of racially poor unrest. You had to be indoors if you weren't doing something specific. So these courageous kids made food for themselves and ate it in the Golden Gate



"Son, it's about time your mother and I told you — you're adopted!"

Park Panhandle. Not even the National Guard could make them go away.

But that was a compromise. To stand on a street corner—*waiting for no one*—is the real goal.

Two principles became implicit in the afterbirth of the Diggers: (1) Autonomy is power. (2) Social activity is an art form.

Eight years ago Gregory Corso was enumerating all the things that didn't matter. I asked, "What about poetry?"

"That doesn't matter, either. When I write poetry, it's just a form of masturbation."

"You may be masturbating when you write poetry, but you want other people to know you're coming."

A few years later, Corso jerked off a play called *Standing on a Street Corner*. And a few years after that, incipient Diggerdom revised and performed it on a street corner, and blew pedestrians' minds in the process.

Hustling bruised food that would otherwise be thrown away at 4 o'clock in the morning and peeling a potato for the first time in your life at 4 o'clock in the afternoon are nothing but extensions of theatre in the guise of necessity.

Which helps explain the great tomato fight the Diggers had with a bushel of tomatoes that had been given to them for the purpose of eating, not splattering.

Further escalation leads to the Theatre of Cruelty. A guy spent \$200 to buy a used station wagon which he gave to the Diggers. They killed it. I'm telling you they assassinated that car. For it was a gift. And doesn't the recipient of a gift have the right to do with it what he will?

Your parents gave you the gift of life, but do they have the right to tell you what to do with that gift? They're left sitting in the audience between the tomatoes-donor and the guy who bought the station wagon, and together they're all experiencing the delusions of self-sacrifice. That, Mr. Bones, is where it's at.

The Diggers are a cross between the Mad Bomber and Johnny Appleseed, a combination of Lenny Bruce and Malcolm X, the illegitimate offspring resulting from the seduction of Mary Worth by an acidic anarchist.

Their leader doesn't exist and his name is Emmett Grogan, a hoax unwittingly played upon you by the underground press and the establishment press. Even *Ramparts* was tricked into using the photo of a member of the San Francisco Mime Troupe.

Emmett Grogan is the generic term for an existential hero of our time.

Norman Mailer talked to one Digger posing as Emmett Grogan. (Mailer: "LSD will make everybody pacifists." Grogan: "C'mere, I'll bite your nose off.")

The Quakers offered an \$8,000 salary to another Emmett Grogan but they refused his condition that it be given in at once in a lump sum.

A judge who faced yet another Emmett Grogan, charged with operating an opium den, asked: "Isn't there supposed to be an Oriental present for this?"

Bob Fass had a Digger claiming to be Emmett Grogan on his all-night WBAI-FM radio program. (Grogan: "Have you ever taken LSD?" Fass: "No, but don't tell anyone, it would ruin my image.")

On the Alan Burke show, a chick presented herself as Emma Grogan. A fellow Mad Digger chick came out of the audience and gently swooshed a gooey cream pie in her face. They were ejected from the studio.

I was given—not sold; given—some LSD by a Digger calling himself Emmett Grogan. It was the purest, most powerful acid I'd ever had. Once, an LSD dealer gave five \$100-bills to the Diggers. They cut them up into tiny squares and ate the pieces as a communion breakfast.

*The Trip Without a Ticket* is a store in Haight-Ashbury. It has other names: *Property of the Possessed*; *The Federal Government*; *Systemicide*. It's theatre in the free form of a free store run by Peter Berg. Nobody pays anything except the changes they go through.

Peter was in a bar and asked the bartender what his tab came to. "Twenty-thirty," was the answer.

"That sounds like the time. What time is it?"

"Five-ten."

Peter paid the bartender \$5.10.

In San Francisco I stayed at the home of Margo St. James, a former prostitute. She's the hip hooker that Lenny Bruce knew only as a myth.

In Chicago, when he was working on his autobiography, he picked a whore off the street and paid her to read the manuscript so that he could see her reactions. But she was, after all, just a dumb broad, and before finishing the first couple of chapters, she said: "Hey, listen, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather ball."

Margo now owns a nun's costume and has joined our staff. She is The Realist Nun. Each month she'll get involved with some adventure—in uniform—and report her findings in these pages. As *Ramparts* becomes less and less Catholic, the *Realist* will fill the void.

When Henry Luce died, the *Ramparts* staff felt extremely mournful because they thought the word-of-mouth news referred to their office mascot, a monkey of the same name.

(Time put the Luce obituary on their cover only after learning that *Newsweek* planned to put it on theirs. If those periodicals really had a sense of humor,

they would've listed his death under "Milestones" and "Transitions" respectively, and let it go at that. In addition to requiring employees to stand in the lobby and listen to the funeral oration over loudspeakers, *Time* issued press passes: orange tickets for outside the church and red ones for inside. They said, "Henry Luce Funeral."

On the night before New Year's Eve, I attended another workshop in advanced sensuality conducted by Maxine Serett (alias Rey Anthony). Capsule case history: Mr. X had a spontaneity hang-up; if Mrs. X said she liked something he could never do it again; they got divorced when he ran out of anatomical parts.

The fear of sensuality was evident in an arrest made because the Psychedelic Shop was selling *The Love Book*, poetry by Lenore Kandel. This was a violation of civil liberties. The trouble with dropping out is that the kids thought ACLU is something you smoke.

Censorship always backfires. At the City Lights Bookstore, only 35 copies had been sold during the two weeks prior to the arrest; 1800 copies after.

The Sexual Freedom League invited me to their New Year's Eve Orgy. Naturally, I accepted. It was for couples only. My date had guests that evening, so we took a cab—the driver gave her a rose, which she in turn gave to me—and after we were admitted to the orgy site, she left me there.

It was a large theatrical studio, with 150 people free-form dancing in the nude. Behind the closed curtains on the stage there were 15 small mattresses for those who wished to screw.

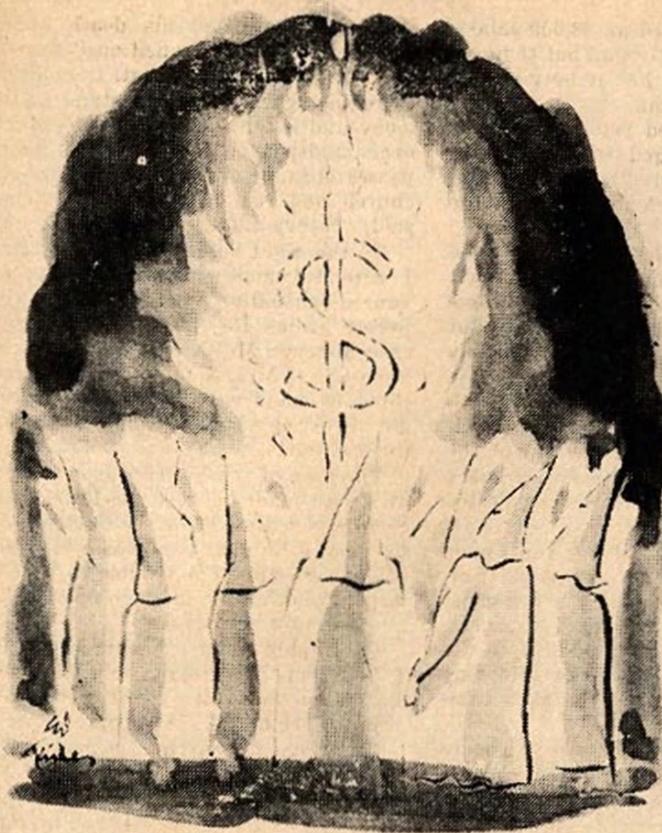
I sat on a chair, conspicuous because I was fully dressed, sniffing my rose like a voyeuristic pervert.

As Tim Leary points out, any six people with a lawyer can start a new religion, but any four members of the Sexual Freedom League can start a new 'circle.' So far there is the Peace Circle, the Kama Sutra Circle, the Eroticism in the Arts Circle and the Horny Men's Discussion Circle, which concluded at one meeting that a good place to meet girls would be the local laundromat.

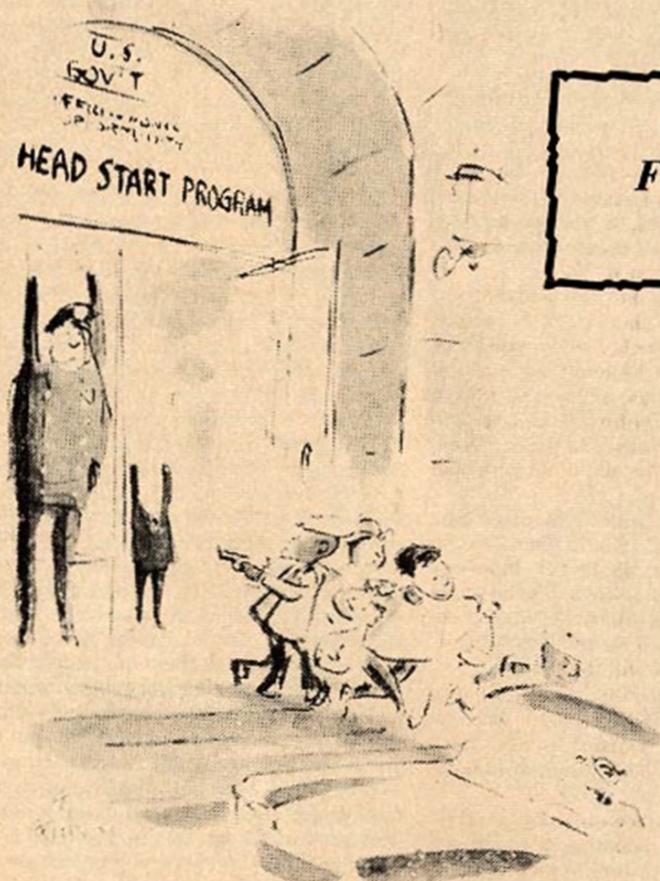
You don't have to be a circle jerk to love horniness, and so on New Year's Eve, a few independents could be found backstage, playing with themselves as they ogled couples playing with each other.

Out front, some males were being frustrated by females who didn't think it should be assumed they'd automatically have intercourse with their dance partners of the moment. I asked one such girl if this wasn't cockteasing.

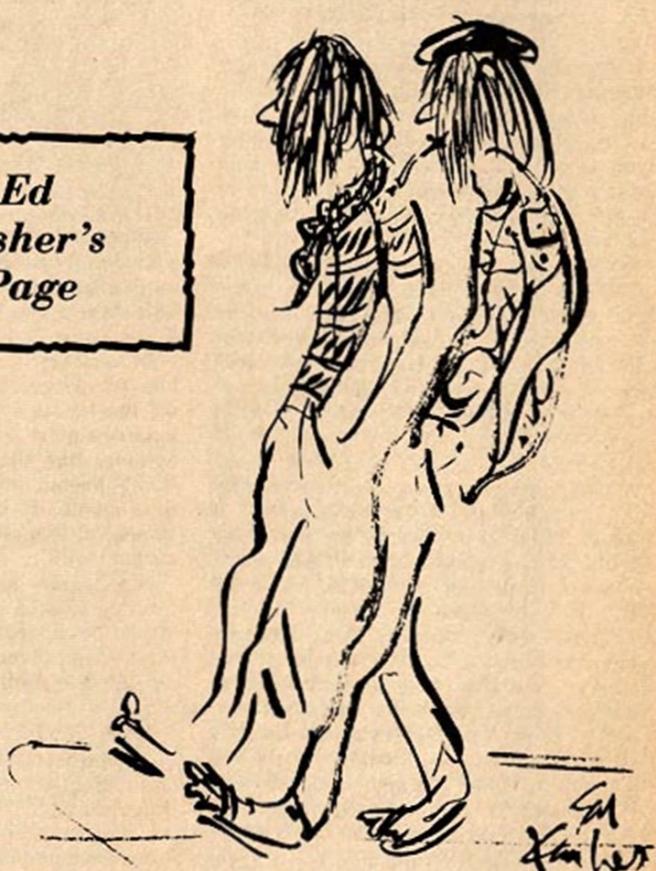
"No, it's okay to hug when you're dancing close, but if a guy starts to kiss me or put his tongue in my ear, I tell him not to. Or if he begins to get an erection, then I tell him we'd better stop



"What do I say about the Warren Commission? I say the Warren Commission was hasty in its judgment, devious, bigoted, guilty as hell of covering up, and inclined to make serious accusations without considering all the evidence. That's what I'd say; offhand."



**Ed  
Fisher's  
Page**



"It's simple. We use Vietcong tactics. Sneak into some little jerkwater midwest town. Strike a blow against the Establishment. Then simply fade among the population."

dancing. It's only fair. You have to draw the line somewhere."

At about 11 p.m. a League official announced that somebody was smoking an illegal substance, and since the orgy, albeit legal, was particularly vulnerable to a police visit, the smoker was endangering the other guests and would he kindly leave.

And three-quarters of the party split.

Midnight arrived, but kissing didn't appear to be part of the anti-tradition.

I was undressed by this time, and later a girl started stroking my knee. Not knowing quite what to say under the circumstances, I said, "You're very neighborly." It was instinctively appropriate.

At about 2 o'clock in the morning we went backstage. If sex has become casual, the drug experience is now treated the way sex once was. You don't usually take LSD on the first date.

A couple of weeks previously the Diggers had a street happening to mark the Death of the Old Haight and the Birth of the New Haight, with whistles and streamers and lollipops and a funeral procession to celebrate the spiritual departure of the Dollar. To indicate that time is more precious than money, a motorcycle roared down Haight Street with a girl standing on the seat behind the driver, and on her back was the message: NOW!

Police soon heeded this piece of philosophical advice by arresting a pair of Hell's Angels as insidious marijuana possessors.

For some odd reason, bail was hurriedly and arbitrarily set at \$157. The Diggers immediately took up a collection, and hundreds of them marched to the police station.

The goal in New York is that hippies will have as much concern for the arrest of a Puerto Rican kid, although it must be noted that when, at a Grand Central Station be-in, a girl got arrested for blowing bubbles without a license, the concept of solidarity dissolved like a sugar cube.

On New Year's Day in San Francisco, the Hell's Angels gave a sort of thank-you party for and with the Diggers in Golden Gate Park. While their motorcycles nuzzled each other, Angels wandered around, smoking pot in order to cover up the odor of the burning incense sticks they were giving out to other celebrants.

*Mary Poppins Is a Junkie* was a bumper sticker originated by disc jockey Dan Sorkin. Walt Disney threatened to sue. I had gone on Sorkin's show and suggested that he put out another bumper sticker, *Mary Poppins Is NOT a Junkie*, but he had a better idea: *Grumpy Is a Horny Dwarf*.

Now, standing in the crowd on New Year's Day in the Panhandle was a lonely-looking dwarf. Suddenly a girl rushed up to him—an old friend—and

they hugged each other like mad. He stepped back, saying, "You're so fucking pretty," and I, the eavesdropper, stood there crying. Only rarely—maybe *Candid Camera* at its best, or Jeff Weiss performing in his play, *A Funny Walk Home*—has staged theatre had as much impact on me.

A hippy took the microphone and complained that the Hell's Angels get publicity only when they do something bad, whereas nobody ever tells how they go around giving baskets of food to needy families. A *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter passed along that news the next day.

One recalls that when Pope Paul visited the UN on October 4, 1965, he donated a diamond-studded cross and papal ring—valued at about \$150,000—the proceeds of which, when sold at public auction, were to feed the world's hungry.

The UN negotiated with Parke-Bernet Galleries to sell these acquisitions (they drummed up \$2.3-million for Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* in 1963). Postponement after postponement has occurred. Finally, Parke-Bernet thought this Easter would be an appropriate time, but as March rolled around they decided the market wasn't good enough. The auction has been postponed until autumn.

People can be put on—and they can also be put off—by Hell's Angels living up to their name. Needy families may still be waiting for their baskets of food, but the Angels really did have a brightly-painted bus with the sign, "Free Public Transportation," stopping at regular bus stops. Somehow, citizens didn't seize the opportunity to be their non-paying passengers.

Not that Hell's Angels are consistently anti-money. "We're gonna sue the producers of *The Wild Angels*," one told me.

"What for?"



"So I thought it would be nice, Father,  
if you would bless the napalm."

"Four million bucks."

"No, I mean why?"

"Slander. We would never mess up a church like they do in that movie. . . ."

Meeting a guru is a nice way to start off the new year. The classic searcher always ends up somewhere in a far-off cave in mystical India. My guru came to me. I was luxuriating in a sunken Roman bathtub; he was spouting his wisdom from the ivory tower of a toilet seat: Thaddeus Ashby, who got a grant while he was up, from the Sandoz Corporation, then the main manufacturer of LSD.

He had written about "the spontaneous production of an LSD-like substance in the body; say, something like serotonin, or a byproduct of adrenal such as adrenochrome, or like tryptamine . . . recent experimental work seems to indicate that such an LSD-like substance indeed does appear naturally in the brains of mammals, with higher concentration in primates. . . ."

"The saints and mystics, such as Jesus, were both generously endowed with LSD-producing brain tissue, possibly located in the pineal body. Lesser lights were either born with an LSD-deficiency—or they submitted more easily to that cultural conditioning which dries up, discourages, atrophies or calcifies our natural wellsprings of LSD."

Now I was asking him about the metaphysical bit. He accused holy men of being dishonest about reincarnation by not acknowledging it as allegory: that we are reborn every day.

I went further. Why not every minute? Why not be reborn every second? Why not just one continuing nowness?

In Los Angeles there is this couple, Vito and Sue. Their 3-year-old son, Godo, fell through a skylight and died. That same night they went to a party and danced. When all is here and now, is it possible for grief to be too brief?

We think it silly of Lurleen Wallace, who was governor-elect at the time, to have said that there would be no inaugural ball when she took office because it would be inappropriate as long as Alabamians were fighting in Vietnam.

We're tolerant of the British parents who have called for the dismissal of a teacher who asked his science class: "A man is hanging on a rope in a prison death chamber. The man weighs 168 pounds. What is the tension of the rope?"

We feel no vital tinge of tragedy over the 25-year-old Spaniard who climbed up a 20-foot wine vat to take a drink, fell in and drowned in the wine.

Can a sense of detachment, then, be stretched to embrace the loss of your own child? When beautiful little Godo was alive, he was always with his parents, and Vito called him "My flower, my butterfly." On the evening of the day he

died, Sue explained his absence to other party-goers: "Godo couldn't make it tonight."

"Experts," Aldous Huxley wrote, "continue to act expertly and to find satisfaction in their accomplishment, even when friends have just been eaten."

Sue was already pregnant again.

The Realist Nun decided that her first project would be to drive me to the airport, where we would neck goodbye—arms, hands, lips, tongues, bodies—people couldn't believe their eyes. She gave me a farewell pinch on the right buttock. I responded, "Give my regards to Father Berrigan." Nobody would sit next to me on the plane.

In Los Angeles, I stayed at the home of Ed Lange, publisher of several nudist magazines. Recently he tried to place this ad in the *Village Voice*:

"How About Those Kooky Nudists? What's their story? Do they do it for kicks? Or is there some substance in what they believe? (For that matter, what do they believe?) The answer to these and a host of other questions about one of the western world's least understood practices are contained in two comprehensive booklets, *The Nudist Fact Finder* and *Nudism Explained*. Frankly but tastefully illustrated, both deal candidly and forthrightly with the philosophy which has given birth to a whole new approach to living for literally hundreds of thousands of otherwise perfectly ordinary people."

There were tiny  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch photos of the booklets' covers. The Voice's advertising manager replied: "I am returning the enclosed ad, as it is not acceptable in its present form. We may give consideration to running the ad without the 'benefit' of the illustrations." (The booklets are available from the *Realist*.)

The Voice has a double standard for editorial and advertising matter. Here's another ad they wouldn't accept:

"A Memo from Paul Krassner: I don't mean to boast, but it's quite possible that on the opening night of *MacBird* I personally made theatrical history. When the play was over and the actors had taken their curtain calls and Barbara Garson had curtsied her response to the bravos, I stood up and shouted: 'Fuck you, Walter Kerr!' Now that isn't exactly the sort of behavior one expects from the biggest backer of a production, but my generic outburst to the critics was really a statement of faith in the audience. The reviews will be irrelevant."

The Voice accepted: "Darn you, Walter Kerr!"

It's a significant barometer that the line which gets the biggest reaction in *MacBird* is when Bobby Kennedy says, "I basically agree with both positions." In real life he both comes out against the bombing and (along with Senator Fulbright) votes for LBJ's supplement-

al budget to subsidize the Vietnam war.

The latter fact was reported by Jack Newfield, a stroke of integrity since he is Bobby's approved biographer as well as his bridge to the New Left. RFK has personally shown his expedient rear parts to Staughton Lynd and Tom Hayden and Phil Ochs.

If, to the left of Ochs' guitar, stands folksinger Dave van Ronk, saying that we should openly declare our support for the NLF—and if you don't dig their terrorism that's tough titty—the radical end of the psychedelic spectrum refuses any more even to acknowledge the war.

"McNamara hasn't dropped out yet," pleads Robert Scheer to the acid culture. But he pays taxes and they don't. Sure, it still costs \$85,000 to buy one commercial TV minute on the Super Bowl game. But simultaneously these pockets of Digger subculture are dropping in all over the country: communities based on the premise that altruism is the highest form of selfishness.

And when that Big Depression comes . . . already economists are talking about the first wartime recession in American history.

The schism is basic. On one hand Navajo Indians have committed themselves to aid the Diggers in land reclamation. On the other hand Navajos have contracted to aid the General Dynamics Corporation in the development of tactical weapons for use in U.S. Navy vessels. That company recently won a multi-million dollar Defense Department bid for the Standard missile.

Los Angeles, site of the famous tourist attraction, Generation Gap, bounded on one side by a mountain range with a giant profile of Lolita sculpted into the rock, and on the other by Art Linkletter's retirement ranch, Last Stop, where guests are busy compiling a book, *Senior Citizens Say the Darndest Things*.



"It was a truck that just went by.  
They said: 'Show me your lark,  
fella!'—so I did."

I met some of the Los Angeles Provos. Four of them, dressed in suits and ties, had put a dime in a parking meter and assembled chairs in the parking space they'd paid for. They sat there quietly for an hour. Mimeographed sheets were given out with questions, such as: "How do you buy time without buying space?" A busdriver told them they were double parked. A teenybopper accused them of wasting time.

On another occasion, the coin slots of parking meters were filled with epoxy glue.

And then there were those 4,000 marijuana cigarettes planted in books at four libraries. In the background we can hear the Provos singing: "Om coming, Om coming, for my head is bending high . . ."

I was scheduled to do a couple of TV shows.

With Joe Pyne, it's a package deal, you have to do his radio show too. It was on radio, though, that I learned his style. He asked why I was for repeal of the abortion laws.

"Because I don't think that a woman should have to bear an unwanted child as punishment for accidental conception."

"Do you edit your magazine because you were an unwanted child?"

"No, Daddy. . . ."

I'm still waiting for non-exploitative doctors to commit civil disobedience; I'm still waiting for an abortion ship to be launched; I'm still waiting for an island of humanity. Readers are invited to contribute to a fund to pay for abortions on teenage girls who were raped; send your tax-deductible donations to Parents Aid Society Inc., 130 Main St., Hempstead, N.Y.

The *Realist* is organizing a rape-in. We plan to have volunteers sexually assault the wives of all those legislators who vote against the abortion reform bill. Our purpose: mass impregnation. Then let them lobby it out with their husbands. "Don't give me that murder bullshit, you schmuck, just get me a good doctor!"

I taped the radio show in the Capitol Records building. This was the day that Jack Ruby died (everybody sing *Goodbye Ruby Tuesday*) and Capitol was exploiting the event by pre-releasing their l.p. on the Kennedy assassination, featuring an interview with Ruby in the hospital.

The family had received \$5,000 for this exclusive dialogue, but brother Earl wasn't satisfied with it. So producer Larry Schiller switched tapes—he hadn't even seen *Blow-Up* yet—and gave him a blank tape, which he destroyed.

Earl Ruby did consent to speak to reporter Bernie Gavzer, who filed his story with this lead: "Jack Ruby, fully aware he's dying of cancer, pleaded today for a lie detector to prove to history

that he was not involved in any conspiracy to kill Lee Harvey Oswald."

That's a fundamental philosophical situation—when you know you're dying, you spout the truth, right?—only Associated Press changed the phrase to "Jack Ruby, in his dying days. . . ."

I signed the agreement that "I shall have no claim (against Joe Pyne et al) for compensation or for defamation, libel, slander, violation of privacy, or otherwise. . . ."

He began on TV by calling the *Realist* a filthy, avant garde, left wing rag, and then he asked: "Why do you feel compelled to print the most obscene words in the English language every month?"

"Why do you feel compelled to underline a few words in a magazine that contains 20-or-30,000 words?"

The game is to put him on the defensive.

"Does your magazine cater to homosexuals?"

"Why Joe, did you find something that appeals to you?"

The studio audience doesn't care who wins, the Christians or the lions, as long as there's action.

Pyne opened up issue #64 and said, "Well, this caught my eye here, you printed a cartoon about a homosexual act."

"Joe, that's fantastic, it's a heterosexual act."

The cartoon depicts a man sitting at a huge desk, speaking on the telephone: "I'm very sorry, but we of the FBI are powerless to act in a case of oral-genital intimacy unless it has in some way obstructed interstate commerce." Pyne wouldn't read the caption out loud.

"Look it up in the dictionary," he said.  
"Look it up in the Kinsey report."

Remember, the viewing audience had no idea what this Ambiguous Act was. Their collective imagination was being strained beyond belief.

"You're bluffing," he said.  
"You're bluffing."

Obviously Joe Pyne has never shared the pleasure of oral-genital intimacy with his wife.

The other TV program was the Mort Sahl show, which had been dealing outspokenly with contemporary controversies, so when the option wasn't renewed ostensibly because of a low rating, there was much suspicion. But Sahl had a nightly radio show and asked his listeners to write in to KTTV. By the time 31,000 letters arrived, they had conveniently discovered another rating service and the option was renewed.

Of course Mort has gone crazy—he has a blackboard on which he has written things in chalk like "We Demand Faith in the Future," and the audience applauds faithfully—but if you search among the megalomaniacal weeds you'll find growing some of the funniest, most incisive socio-political commentary

around, and it's on a mass medium.

Sahl wants to have a mock trial on his program as a preview of the Vietnam War Crimes Tribunal, and he asked me to return and act as defense attorney. He actually expects me to defend Johnson, Rusk and McNamara. I agreed to do it. My plan is to plead insanity.

Once, in my class at the Free School, the subject of the Tribunal came up. I suggested that Donald Duncan, the ex-Green Beret, would be a logical U.S. representative. The students said things like "No, he's too identified with the Establishment," and "No, he would only represent the Administration point of view."

It finally came out that they'd misunderstood what I'd said. For 10 minutes we had been quasi-seriously discussing the possibility of whether America's action in Vietnam constituting a crime against humanity should be decided by Donald Duck.

My trip to the West Coast culminated with getting kicked out of Disneyland.

I went with three friends, one a lawyer whose dog jumped into the car as we were leaving his home. Dogs aren't allowed in Disneyland. In fact, male humans with long hair or beards or other stereotypical beatnik accoutrements aren't allowed in.

The Beatles wouldn't be permitted to enter Disneyland—unless they were performing there. Jesus Christ wouldn't be permitted to enter Disneyland—unless he was performing there.

(In the lobby of St. Patrick's Cathedral there are exactly 17 signs in the lobby warning: "Do Not Enter Unless Properly Dressed for Church." Jesus Christ wouldn't be allowed in even if He were performing there.)

We bluffed our way into Disneyland by convincing a ticket-taker that the manager had given us permission earlier on the telephone inasmuch as the dog was needed to guide my friend with the impaired eyesight. Inside, we continued to fake it, explaining to the Disneyland

Virgin that the dog had already been cleared by the ticket-taker.

After lunch a big man with a small walkie-talkie approached us with the choice of putting the dog in the Disneyland kennel or leaving the place altogether. My friend explained how this exception to their rule had been arranged two weeks ago, and he asked to speak to the chief of security.

"I'm the chief of security."

"Just the man I want to see."

Incidentally, I should mention that the canine in question was not a seeing-eye dog. It wasn't even a German Shepherd. There was no metal brace for the owner to hold onto, just a rotten, knotted leather leash. And the dog was a bloodshot-eyed Basset Hound that kept stumbling all over the ground because it had to pee and was searching for a spot where a dog had previously peed, but no dog has ever peed in Disneyland.

Especially not Pluto.

Okay, if we had to leave, weren't we entitled to a full refund? Yes, we were. So, while the others waited at the gate, I was escorted to a building called City Hall. Inside, a woman was requesting that her lost child be paged over the loudspeaker, but she was refused because it wasn't an emergency.

I didn't wish this man to think that I wanted him only for his money, so I asked if there had been any special ceremony when Walt Disney died.

"No, we kept the park open. We felt that Mr. Disney would have wanted it that way."

"Well, wasn't there any official recognition of his passing?"

"We did fly the flag at half-mast for the rest of the month."

And Disney stock rose one point the day after his death and continued to ascend. The Studio earns about \$100-million a year now, and even though his God is dead, Mickey Mouse will live on.

Where does the psychedelic revolution fit in?

The *East Village Other* sent a memo to advertising agencies asking: "Do you want to reach the thousands who influence the 'tastemakers'? A dynamic new media exists. . . . Ours is an influential audience. It is a buying audience that is first to respond. Local advertisers have found it to be an effective selling media. Ask yourself, 'Who's hip?' Then ask, 'Do I want to reach them?' If you do, our media will serve your needs. Try us!"

In that utopia where LSD will be legal, then, perhaps we can expect to see a series of ads guaranteeing the consumer a better trip than that provided by the competitor's product or your money cheerfully burned.

Meanwhile, the Pageant Players will continue to perform their morality play, and sooner or later they're going to confront the Horny Men's Discussion Circle looking for girls at a laundromat.



—S. GROSS

"No, my child, this is not a magic wand. I just lit a fart."

## Modest Proposals

by John Francis Putnam

### Top Secret Budget for CIA Expenditures

- \$35,000 disbursed to the Topps Bubble Gum Corp. of Brooklyn for research and development of their toy series of Monster "Flying Things" model airplane gliders, as part of a nationwide subliminal flight-aptitude program of pre-conditioning for U-2 pilots.
- \$10,000-a-year pension disbursed to Amos "X"—a 76-year-old Negro composer now living in semi-retirement, still chained to the same piano he was first shackled to back in 1913. Pension is awarded to him in honor of the many patriotic songs he's written, including *God Bless America*.
- \$2,000,000 final installment payment for the British Navy. The CIA has been secretly buying up the British Navy and destroying it so that it would not fall into Communist hands. When the need arises for the British government to "show the flag," the CIA borrows a frigate from the land-locked navy of Ghana.
- \$23.86 to *Commentary* magazine to encourage them to restore linguistic lapses such as, for example, the substitution of "Jew's Harp" for the current "Jaw Harp."
- 25¢ payment from out of special funds, to defray costs of Pennsylvania Station coin-in-slot locker storage of last remaining copies of *Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts*.
- \$40 for a custom-tailored radioactive garter belt for Miss Gloria Steinem. Purpose of this item is highly classified.
- \$2 for a set of insulators for the above.
- \$700 for purchase of novelty shop "Poo Cushions" to be placed on every chair occupied by United Nations delegates from Iron Curtain countries with a view to-



The Realist Nun Reads to a Trio of Eager Novitiates

May 1967

ward bringing discredit upon them en masse when they are formally seated at the next opening session.

• \$238,000 to MPO Productions, Inc. to make a dirty movie about William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies for showing to Dominican freedom fighters as an infiltration course morale-building film.

• \$3,000,000 in small bills for use in CIA's own training program. This money (in singles, 5's and 10's) will be used to teach our agents how to start a fire when no kindling wood or newspaper is available.

• \$456,098 for disbursement to Widows and Dependents Pension Pool for cases of Mistaken Identity Casualties connected with the Class C Routine Assassination Program.

• 85¢ for sun pictures and secret ink.

• \$230 to the Herbert Berghof School of Dramatic Art to train six operatives to become doubles of Chet Helms and Ken Kesey.

• \$23 to Chet Helms and Ken Kesey.

• \$3,000,000 bribe to the Prefect of the Congregation of Sacred Rites of the Supreme Roman Rota at the Vatican to include the name of Lenny Bruce in the 1968 Calendar of Saints.

• \$1,000,000 Persuasion Fund to convince the New York City Police Department to re-establish the Vice Squad and rescind Mayor Lindsay's ban on entrapment of homosexuals in public toilets.

• \$4,500 to Norman Rockwell to paint a likeness of Cardinal Spellman to be placed on all rubber prophylactics distributed to Catholic servicemen.

• \$24.65 to Dave's Candy Store & Luncheonette to encourage a richer mix in the egg creams.

### Will the Transfer System Go to Pot?

An unimpeachable source (a close friend who was actually there) informs us that the Atomic Energy Commission's top executives ride around in Cadillac limousines which were actually confiscated from underworld figures who had run afoul of the tax system. This, he tells me, is standard governmental practice: take it from the Bad Guys and give it to the Good Guys.

Now, tell me, what is happening to all the beautiful marijuana that gets confiscated every year by the federal narco squad? I hear it goes up in smoke—via government incinerators.

Why not apply the transfer system already set up with the Cadillacs? I can see the pot being used to turn on the Peace Corps (they're frustrated enough, God knows, trying to explain our foreign policy all over the world). Or it could be burned in special braziers and the smoke fed into the air-conditioning vents at the Pentagon and at the Strategic Air Command war room.

A good healthy cloud of Acapulco Gold might not do the Presidential office suite any harm, either.

### Send This Boy to Camp

What with the art season about to swing into full bloom, and what with happenings all over, we would like to suggest the following as a new art form: a special exhibit at the Castelli Galleries of two dozen nude teenyboppers and Chelsea-type girls upon whose fair flesh various ardent practitioners of the hitherto private art have applied "hickies."

A beautiful Hickies Exhibit—neck hickies, thigh hickies, below-the-ear-hickies—all that passion and devotion to art can allow. "Hold still, honey, we want this one to *really* stone 'em . . . there . . . and it's raspberry red too!"



## Advice to the Veteran-Lorn

by Marvin Kitman

While policing up the area in the attic of my house in Leonia, New Jersey, pursuant to my wife's orders for a pre-spring clean-up, I recently found my old Army duffel bag.

It was filled with the 60 pounds of national defense materiel all ex-GIs are required to sign out for in triplicate before they are allowed to come marching home from peace. Essentials of war like: trousers; fatigues, khaki; boots, combat, leather; shorts, under, cotton.

As soldiers in the inactive reserve we're under orders to hold on to the government property in case we're suddenly called back to fight for democracy. What puzzled me is that I had completed my military obligations in 1961, yet the government still hadn't picked up its property.

I called some of my old Army buddies and discovered that they, too, unknowingly had been stockpiling national defense materiel.

"How would you like to get involved in this Vietnam protest thing?" I asked.

"I get it," one vet said. "We burn our duffel bags?"

This was no time for politics, I explained. What was wrong with Vietnam was not the waste of lives over there, but the waste of taxpayers' money. Just the other day our president asked for a 6% surtax to pay for the war. Funds allotted to buy new equipment could be better used to increase, say, veterans' benefits.

I'm no von Clausewitz, but there didn't seem to be any military reason why our troops couldn't fight in old clothes, as long as they were clean. War is supposed to be hell.

There was some evidence that old clothes might even help the war effort in Vietnam. In the early days of the war—when the Pentagon was supplying the boys old equipment—we were winning the war. Every time a GI was spotted wearing a Sam Browne belt or riding a World War I mule, a top Pentagon official would call a press conference.

"The war is going well and will succeed," Secretary of Defense McNamara said on January 31, 1963.

"The corner has definitely been turned towards a victory in South Vietnam," explained Assistant Secretary of Defense Arthur Sylvester on May 8, 1963.

But now that the corner has been turned, after spending billions for new clothes and other frills, we seem to have discovered a dead end sign. Victory statements have fallen off sharply.

Even if American mothers objected to the economy measure, the Pentagon could sell the old clothes on the world arms market. There's always a big demand for fatigues, especially in Cuba.

How much in savings was I talking about here? Curious myself, I threw my old duffel bag into the back of my station wagon and drove to an Army-Navy store to have it appraised.

At Weiss & Mahoney's of New York City, I found that the dozens of national defense materiel in my duffel bag would cost almost \$200 at today's market prices. Using the latest cost accounting methods now in favor at the Pentagon—1,000,000 duffel bags x \$200—

it was easy to see that millions were at stake in reclaiming old duffel bags.

To make it easier for the Defense Department to process in an orderly manner these patriotic contributions towards reducing the arms budget in fiscal 1966-67, my idea was that all ex-GIs should return their surplus equipment on one day, April 15. But my plan seemed to have one flaw.

All the vets I talked to were afraid to get involved with the Pentagon. The military is famous for mistakes. Somebody who suddenly turned up with a fully packed duffel bag might find himself being shipped by McNamara's computers to Vietnam. Since it was my idea, my buddies suggested that I volunteer to turn in my duffel bag first.

They were being silly. With all his new efficiency measures and sound business procedures, the newspapers were saying, Secretary McNamara had revolutionized the way the military did things. Still it wouldn't hurt to alert the nation's largest veterans group in case something went wrong.

"We can't assign you legal counsel just because you say you're a poor veteran," said an official of the American Legion's New York County Welfare Committee. "What crime do you think you've committed?

"What if the computers accuse me of illegally possessing government property the last six years?"

"They've probably forgotten about your duffel bag," he said.

"There weren't any loose ends when McNamara was running the Ford Motor Company," I explained, "and it isn't like him to forget anything now in his fight to reduce costs and improve efficiency in the military establishment. I might be walking into a booby trap. What should I do?"

He suggested I wear the uniforms in parades.

The principles of following the chain of command had been drilled into me as an enlisted man. So I decided to begin turning in my duffel bag at the Pentagon.

I worked out a secret code with my wife. If she received the message "CALL MY CONGRESSMAN" it meant that I was in trouble. And then I boarded a crowded train for Washington. A man gave me his seat because I was carrying a duffel bag.

On the afternoon I approached the nerve center of the military-industrial complex of America thousands of civilians, officers, non-commissioned officers and Communist spies were walking in and out of the doors. I followed after them, saluting the officers.

At the front desk, I asked a receptionist, "Who am I supposed to talk to about duffel bags?"

"Did you lose one?" she asked without looking up.

"No, I found one."

"Did it have an address on it?"

I pulled rank on the receptionist "Just direct me to the Escalator."

Reaching Secretary McNamara's office on the second floor, I dropped the duffel bag off in a corner, saluted smartly, and said, "Greetings."

His aide asked, "Who wants to see the Secretary of Defense?"

"US51284531," I said.

"US512—what?" asked the WAC corporal on duty.

"US51284531, sir," I apologized. "He'll remember me. Everybody says he has a mind like a computer."

"What is the nature of your business with the Secretary?"

"I'm really sorry about the delay in returning his property. I won't let it happen again."

She didn't seem to be familiar with my case. So I suggested that I wait for the Secretary, who was out at a Congressional hearing. Never having been so close to the center of the power structure, a man who has President Johnson's ear, I gave his aide some of my theories about what was wrong with the war in Vietnam.

"We have to start escalating on the home front," I explained. "First, all Vietnamese-Americans should be rounded up and shipped to internment camps in California. There may be a little trouble recognizing friendly South-Vietnamese-Americans from North-Vietnamese-Americans since they all look alike. All Vietnamese-Americans should be interned, regardless of their minor political differences. What this country needs next is press censorship. The newspapers have been guilty of giving the American people the impression that the administration knows what it is doing in Vietnam. As a result our people aren't worried enough about the war. Then the government should condemn hoarders . . . ."

"What's going on here?" an officer asked. I jumped to attention. "Do you think the Defense Secretary has time to handle duffel bags personally?" he asked. "That's the Secretary of the Army's job."

I swung the duffel bag on my shoulder and double-timed down the Pentagon's corridors to the Secretary

#### Soft-Core Pornography of the Month



Pedophilia in the Reader's Digest

of the Army's office. Even though I was dressed in mufti, there was something about my manner which commanded respect.

"By order of the Secretary of Defense's office," I sounded off loud and clear, "Kitman, Marvin, PFC (Ret.) requests permission to drop off his bag, duffel here, sir."

The WAC on duty at the Army Secretary's front desk slapped shut the copy of *Silver Screen* she was reading camouflaged behind the *Army Infantry Journal*.

She leaped to attention.

Trying to relax her, I said, "At ease."

While she phoned to ask if the Secretary could sign for my duffel bag, like any veteran I began swapping war stories.

"I was drafted right after President Eisenhower was elected," I reminisced. "At the Fort Dix Reception Center I said, 'I will go to Korea with Ike—providing I can come home with him.' You know how the Army is, they never give you what you ask for. They sent me to the Brooklyn Army Base instead. That's one of the installations the Pentagon phased out in the last economy wave. Maybe I should have left the duffel bag there so you could have picked it up with your other stuff . . . ."

She finally told me to report to the Adjutant General's Office where I should have been sent in the first place.

*Where would the Army be without orders*, I thought as I slow-marched along, feeling more and more like the unknown soldier. *There's got to be discipline*.

"EM do not report here," explained a civilian in the AG office, "when they're called back to active duty."

I turned a shade 33 (green) while I explained the misunderstanding. Then I turned red with anger: "If you don't take your property off my hands, I'm going to report this whole place to the White House!"

That wasn't an idle boast. During the last presidential campaign, I was at a rally on New York's 7th Avenue when President Johnson said, "Yuh-all come and see me some time." I know that all 200,000 of us would still be welcome.

My threat was effective. The civilian ordered me to bring the duffel bag to where it should have been in the first place, the Deputy Chief of Staff for Logistics.

Having once read there were 27,000 employees at the Pentagon, all of whom might be required to order me around under Secretary McNamara's new sound management system, I decided to speed up the process by using an automation device. I dropped into the next phone booth in the corridor and called the Pentagon.

The executive officer at Deputy Chief of Staff for Logistics referred me to the people at Inventory Control Branch. "It sounds to me like *they* should have picked up that property six years ago," said a civilian at that branch. "If you have any trouble getting disposition action, tell them you spoke to the Pentagon about this."

I obediently told that to the proper authorities at Supply Management Division. "We handle rockets, tanks and machine guns," she said. "Is that what you found in your attic?"

When the operator accidentally cut off my call to the Lost and Found Division, I began to understand why the Edsel was such a successful car when the Defense Secretary was in the automobile business.

I did an about-face and went back to the Secretary of the Army's office for an amended set of orders. A

new WAC on duty said, "No sweat, just follow me." She marched me to the Army Secretary's Administrative Supply Group and gave the Section Chief orders to take care of the duffel bag. "What do you expect us to do with that?" he asked, as soon as the WAC left the room.

"I'm sure you still have some men in the Army with my sizes. Just give me a receipt."

He dialed most of the numbers in the Pentagon's classified phone book for 30 minutes. Then he reported back: "They say this isn't government property any more. It belongs to you."

"My old supply sergeant didn't say he was giving me a going-away present," I said coldly. "What he said was, 'If you don't bring this government property back properly maintained, it will be your ass.'"

The civil service worker lowered his voice. "Keep it. Why, I still have *my* old duffel bag from World War II, and *I've* never gotten into trouble."

"A lot of people cheat on their income tax," I cried, "but that doesn't make it right. I don't believe in khaki-collar crime."

Three of his assistants quickly grabbed my duffel bag and pushed me onto an Army bus in the Pentagon basement. For some reason, I had the feeling the Pentagon was trying to get rid of me because somebody in top management had slipped up in figuring out what to do with the millions of duffel bags the government had been issuing since World War II.

I couldn't get off the bus until it stopped in North Post, Fort Meyer, Virginia.

"Where are you going with that duffel bag, soldier?" barked two Army civilian employees in dungarees.

"To the House Armed Forces Committee," I explained. "I've uncovered millions of dollars of waste, inefficiency and corruption. Wait till Representative Gross of Iowa hears about this. Do you have a phone in here?"

They grabbed at my duffel bag. "It's mine," I said, quoting the Secretary of the Army's Administrative Supply Group. "I need it for evidence at the House hearing."

The commotion brought two MPs on the run. They wanted to know if the civilians had finally caught the thieves.

"Just turning in my old equipment," I said cheerfully. "No sweat," I added, watching the civilians begin the traditional final shakedown inspection.

"Three shoes, oxford, brown," the foreman called out while his assistant checked the items off an Individual Clothing Record (DA Form 10-195). "Seven socks, wool, cushion sole. . . Four pegs, tent, wood. . ."

"My only regret is that I have but one duffel bag to give to my country," I said, when the sentimental moment was all over "Now, where is the paymaster?"

I explained to the two authorities that in the interests of sound accounting procedures the Defense Department should have picked up its property by the end of fiscal year 1961. By not doing so, the Defense Secretary in effect had been using my attic in Leonia, New Jersey, as a storage depot.

I had returned the duffel bag out of patriotism, but while I was at it I was also entitled to storage fees.

Many other patriotic Americans had profited from running a stockpile of items needed for national defense. I mentioned the names of people like former Secretary of the Treasury George Magoffin Humphrey,

whose firm had charged the government on a cost plus 415% rate.

The Department of Army employees said I had better talk to the Pentagon about that.

"Nuts," I said, quoting General Anthony Clement McAuliffe's reply to the Germans' request that he surrender at the Battle of the Bulge on December 22, 1944. "I would rather explain it to Internal Revenue Service agents when I deduct the charges from my 1967 income tax."

I still think every ex-GI should return his duffel bag on April 15. But I'd recommend you send it by parcel post or Railway Express—collect.

## Reporter at Small

by Robert Wolf

### The Passover Plot

In one corner of an erotic art exhibit—"Hetero Is"—at the Nycata Gallery, there was a contribution from Joyce Greller (who put together *New York Unexpurgated* under the pseudonym Petronius).

Surrounded by collages of nudist photos clipped-and-pasted to form pornographicky poses and Rorschach blow-ups of playing-card fellatio, hers was an open steamer trunk which might have belonged to a prostitute. Inside were garish underthings, rhinestone jewelry, sequined dresses, wigs, glittery shoes and cosmetics.

Pasted under the lid were pictures which might have belonged to the whore—photos of herself, a man, cocktail napkins, theatre ticket stubs, a colored card of Jesus and Mary.

Soon after the gallery opened, a man who had quickly passed over the other exhibits, paused before the trunk, suddenly yelled—"He doesn't belong here!"—snatched the picture of Jesus, threw a \$5 bill on the reception table and ran out.

### The Unlearning Process

The Summerhill Society sponsored a symposium on the successes and failures of experimental schools in N.Y. State. George Dennison of the demised First Street School told of an experience he'd had with a Puerto Rican boy who had come to New York at the age of 6 knowing how to read Spanish. "After 5 years in the city schools he couldn't read English or Spanish."

### Copping In

*Chased Elbows* is a film about a guy who marries his mother (they're then eligible for welfare), becomes a painting, is mistaken for a cop, etc. The credits include, "Special Hindrances: NYC Police Dept."

The dialogue calls for St. Peter to call his boss a necrophiliac; the Virgin Mary is played à la Marlene Dietrich ("Just call me Mary, big boy" and "Tell Charlton Heston I'm waiting for him"); and there's a rock number titled *Black Leather Negligee*.

Writer-producer-director-promoter Bob Downey hired pregnant chicks to picket the premiere with outraged signs. Sample: *Incest Isn't Funny!* One placard designated the girls as members of a local chapter of The Unwed Mothers of America. "Act like you're knocked up and pissed off," Downey coached them.

The Realist

A Negro man was incensed because there were no Negro girls on the picket line.

In the movie, a detective is called "an interpreter of the law." An actual officer—Captain Fink by actual name—arrived on the scene and insisted that the searchlight be turned off while he checked headquarters about its permit. Standing in the lobby using the phone, he noticed coffee and cookies being sold. "You know," he said, "you'll have to have a restaurant license to do that."

While waiting for the return call from headquarters, he stepped inside to watch the film. He especially enjoyed the scene where a doctor who's about to perform a hysterectomy on the hero is told, "You have to have a license for that."

### Scatological Symptoms

An anthropology professor confessed to a group of 50 single parents at the Ethical Culture Society that his wife is constipated for 3 days every time his mother comes to visit. "My kids say I have anal-retentive tendencies, too," he admitted. "I keep putting the cap back on the toothpaste."

### Birds of Dogmatism

The N.Y. School for Marxist Studies is the only school where historian Herbert Aptheker ever taught. They billed him as "one of the most influential contemporary commentators on political events," showed their latent pessimism by not providing a hall to seat more than 75, then showed their overt greed by packing the hall, at \$1 per, with 115 persons.

Although Aptheker has written and lectured on Negro history for 30 years (he's white), only 5 Negroes showed up for the talk. He read a few sentences from obscure publications to prove that Marxism is in a revival—"I can taste it." He said he'd like to see the draft law changed to apply to men 45-60. "Then I'd be able to go to prison."

He suggested that more outsiders should be invited to the lecture series. A man in the audience asked, "What would be healthy about inviting Jesuits, capitalists and the middle class for a dialogue?"

"Not out of benevolence but out of necessity," was his reply. "The Communist Party has grown a great deal lately, and most new members now are not Jewish, not by a long shot—3 out of 4 are Catholic."

### Extra Sensory Charlatan

"We don't know much about him," said an official of the All Souls Unitarian Church. "We just rented the hall to a Christian Metaphysical Chapel." There's no such listing in the Manhattan phone book; nor for Rev. Warren Mason Smith, who mentioned before an ESP demonstration that he ministers at the First Universal Spiritualist Church in Manhattan (there's no listing for that either).

The N.Y. Times once called him a "warlock."

Some 300 persons attended his performance, at \$1 per, mostly well-powdered old ladies, details of whose lives Rev. Smith revealed—the kind of details that can be overheard in a conversation or collected in simple research. The first 3 women to whom he gave 'messages' said they'd attended his demonstrations before.

A blindfolded 'reading' of folded billets—questions written on paper earlier—followed. Rev. Smith had to have the billets (a) unfolded, (b) under his nose and (c) right-side up. Also he preferred the shorter, more

legible questions. One note was so long he had difficulty reading it "psychically," let alone cogently answering all the parts. The pronunciation of certain names gave him great trouble too.

"I sense," he said to one man whose note lay open under his nose, "that you are thinking of numbers."

"There are numbers in my note."

"Well, how would I know what's in your note?"

### Mr. Jones Is Happening Too

The lecture at the Cooper Union Forum was presented by Allan Kaprow, art history professor at the State University of N.Y., former painter and father of the word *happening* in 1959. "The only reason I don't sue the people who appropriated it," he said, "is because they seem to be enjoying themselves."

Descriptions of the art/life form have ranged from "When the spermatozoa enters the ovum that's a happening" to "The Vietnam war is a happening gone out of control." Kaprow pointed out that "A person who declines to participate in a happening often is indirectly participating."

A woman asked, "Is a Billy Graham sermon or a prison riot a happening?"

"According to Marxist thinking," said a man, "there's only one happening, which is oriented toward the revolution."

"What are the standards," asked another, "which we can keep in mind to help us decide whether we're enjoying a happening?"

### Department of Tit for Tat

A letter to the *Long Island Press* from a reader identified only as #71513 took issue with that newspaper's report of the bombing of a car at a SANE meeting.

"In the name of the Minutemen," he wrote, "I would like to disclaim any connection with the so-called bombing. . . . If it had been done by any one of us, the car would have been totally demolished, and we therefore resent the implication that we were responsible for this bungled bombing. Also, we would not at the same time decorate the area with Minuteman stickers to advertise our presence at the scene. I doubt if anyone but a moron would fall for this poor attempt to smear our organization."

Meanwhile, the Minutemen were revealed to have distributed a leaflet themselves—ostensibly signed by a Negro civil rights group—urging rape of white women.

### Avoiding Suspicion

A junkie I know, hooked on terpine hydrate, was aware that druggists and doctors often recommend this opium derivative for stomach cramps in children. In order to look like he wasn't buying it for himself, he'd always order a can of talcum powder or baby oil whenever he attempted to score.

### Short Takes

- The U.S. Committee to Aid the NLF included this promise in an ad for films from Vietnam: "See American aircraft be shot down!"
- A draft conference in Chicago entitled "We Won't Go" drew 500 students, but only 32 signed a pledge not to go if called.
- The American Civil Liberties Union requires loyalty oaths from staff members.

## THE KENNEDY BOOK

(Continued from Cover)

"Get me that," he had said of a certain former Dallas beauty contest winner when plans for the tour were first being discussed. That particular aspect of the itinerary was changed, of course, when Mrs. Kennedy decided to accompany her husband.

She was aware of his philandering, but would cover up her dismay by joking, "It runs in the family." The story had gotten back to her about the late Marilyn Monroe using the telephone in her Hollywood bathroom to make a long-distance call to *New York Post* film-gossip columnist Sidney Skolsky. "Sid, you won't believe this," she had whispered, "but the Attorney General of our country is waiting for me in my bed this very minute—I just had to tell you."



It is difficult to ascertain where on the continuum of Lyndon Johnson's personality innocent boorishness ends and deliberate sadism begins. To have summoned then-Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon for a conference wherein he, the new President, sat defecating as he spoke, might charitably be an example of the former; but to challenge under the same circumstances Senator J. William Fulbright for his opposition to Administration policy in Vietnam is considered by insiders to be a frightening instance of the latter.

The more Jacqueline Kennedy has tried to erase the crudeness of her husband's successor from consciousness, the more it has impinged on her memories and reinforced her resentment. "It's beyond style," she would confide to friends. "Jack had style, but this is beyond style."

Capitol Hill reporters have observed the logical extension of Mr. Johnson boasting about his six-o'clock-in-the-morning forays with Lady Bird to his bursts of phallic exhibitionism, whether in the swimming pool or the lavatory. Apropos of this tendency, Drew Pearson's assistant, Jack Anderson, has remarked: "When Lyndon announces there's going to be a joint session of Congress, everybody cringes."



It is true that Mrs. Kennedy withstood the pressures of publicized scandal, ranging from the woman who picketed the White House carrying a blown-up photograph supposedly of Jack Kennedy sneaking away from the home of her press secretary, Pamela Turnure, to the *Blauvelt Family Genealogy* which claimed on page 884, under Eleventh Generation, that one Durie Malcom had "married, third, John F. Kennedy, son of Joseph P. Kennedy, one time Ambassador to England."

But it was the personal infidelities that gnawed away at her—as indeed they would gnaw away at any wife who is shaped by this culture—until finally Jackie left in exasperation. Her father-in-law offered her one million dollars to reconcile. She came back not for the money but rather because she sincerely believed that the nation needed Jack Kennedy and she didn't want to bear the burden of losing enough public favor to forestall winning the Presidency.

Consequently she was destined to bear a quite different burden—with great ambivalence—the paradox of fame. She enjoyed playing her role to the hilt, but complained, "Can't they get it into their heads that there's

a difference between being the First Lady and being Elizabeth Taylor?"

Even after she became First Widow, the movie magazines wouldn't—or couldn't—leave her alone. Probably the most bizarre invasion of her privacy occurred in *Photoplay*, which asked the question, "Too Soon for Love?" — then proceeded to print a coupon that readers were requested to answer and send in. They had a multiple choice: Should Jackie (1) Devote her life exclusively to her children and the memory of her husband? (2) Begin to date—privately or publicly—and eventually remarry? (3) Marry right away?

Mrs. Kennedy fumed. "Why don't they give them some more decisions to make for me? Some real ones. Should I live in occasional sin? Should I use a diaphragm or the pill? Should I keep it in the medicine cabinet or the bureau drawer?" But she would never lose her dignity in public; she had too deep a faith in her own image.



American newspapers seem to have a schizophrenic approach to American leaders. They want to expose their human frailties and they don't want to expose their human frailties. Gore Vidal was on a television program in London, and he explained why Jacqueline Kennedy will never relate to Lyndon Johnson. During that tense journey from Dallas to Washington after the assassination, she inadvertently walked in on him as he was standing over the casket of his predecessor and chuckling. This disclosure was the talk of London but not a word was mentioned here.

Of course, President Johnson is often given to inappropriate response—witness the puzzled timing of his smiles when he speaks of grave matters—but we must also assume that Mrs. Kennedy had been traumatized that day and her perception was likely to have been colored by the tragedy. This state of shock must have underlain an incident on Air Force One which this writer conceives to be delirium, but which Mrs. Kennedy insists she actually saw. "I'm telling you this for the historical records," she said, "so that people a hundred years from now will know what I had to go through."

She corroborated Gore Vidal's story, continuing: "That man was crouching over the corpse, no longer chuckling but breathing hard and moving his body rhythmically. At first I thought he must be performing some mysterious symbolic rite he'd learned from Mexicans or Indians as a boy. And then I realized—there is only one way to say this—he was literally fucking my husband in the throat. In the bullet wound in the front of his throat. He reached a climax and dismounted. I froze. The next thing I remember, he was being sworn in as the new President."

[Handwritten marginal notes: 1. Check with Rankin—did secret autopsy show semen in throat wound? 2. Is this simply necrophilia or was LBJ trying to change entry wound into exit wound by enlarging?]

The glaze lifted from Jacqueline Kennedy's eyes. "I don't believe that Lyndon Johnson had anything to do with a conspiracy, but I do know this—Jack taught me about the nuances of power—if he were miraculously to come back to life and suddenly appear in front of him, the first thing Johnson would do now is kill him." She smiled sardonically, adding, "Unless Bobby beat him to it."

The Realist

## Hey, Hey, LBJ—How Many Cattle Did You Run Today?

by Craig Karpel

The credibility gap begins at home. Home is a sparkling silent white rambling ranch house on the North bank of the lazy Pedernales River, set among oaks and pecans on a Kodacolor-green lawn. From across the river, it looks very much like power does in 1967: so close you feel you're looking at it through binoculars, perched bigger than life on the shore of a foreshortened river, and if you forgot what it was and who you were for a moment and started to make for it, to touch it and see if it were really as pristine, as crystalline as it seemed to proclaim itself, they'd be all over you quick as you could say Jack Rubenstein, and you'd find out that the little Pedernales is really very wide indeed.

So instead you walk over to the toy-soldier guardhouse and try to engage the *carabínero* in some small talk. "How many folk the President have working this place?" No comment. "How much land the President have?" Just over 450 acres. "That all? I thought it was more." That's all. "What kind of cattle do they have here?" Registered Herefords. "How many?" Couldn't help you on that. "Had much noise about that LBJ Park across the road?" Wouldn't know. "Sorry about that." What you say? "Never mind." Shrug.

The officer is neither stupid nor acting stupid. He is under explicit orders from the head of the White House security detail at the Ranch, a Secret Service officer named Braker, not to reveal certain items of information. The citizens of this country employ Officer Braker, charge him with responsibility for the physical safety of Lyndon Baines Johnson. This he undertakes to secure by promulgating the following order [see photo inset]: "Items you do not reveal."

The location of the Presidents bed room. How many employees work at the Ranch.

How many Special Officers are assigned.

How many Ranches the President has. Do not volunteer any information about the Dana, Martin or Jordan places. How many cattle the President runs. Do not get into any discussion what so ever, on issues related to the proposed State Park along Ranch Rd. 1."

If the number of ranches Johnson has ever fell into the wrong hands, don't you see, if the number of cattle he "runs" were ever to become known to, well, shall we say hostile parties, could Mr. Braker rest easy? Knowing as he did that at any moment, somewhere out

there a covey of malefactors could be plotting the overthrow of . . . er, the subversion of . . .

Just exactly what? Excepting the location of LBJ's bedroom and the size of his bodyguard, why are those "items you do not reveal" not to be revealed? Are they, like the body count of our side after a skirmish in Vietnam, matters of "national security"? Or are they tessera in a mosaic of official secrecy and mendacity that is coming to have more to do with shame and sheer deviousness than with security?

When does Machiavellian mendacity give way to pathological mendacity?

You have to go beyond the lies about the number of our casualties because the impulse to fib in such a case, though

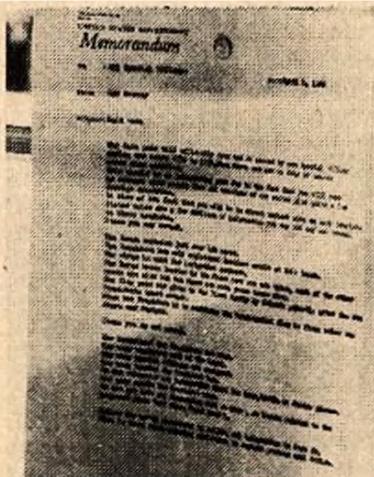


Photo by Kingsley C. Fairbridge

mean, is grounded in sanity. You have to go beyond lies like that so you wait until you're reading the December 25, 1966 *New York Times* and you see where Johnson has rebuilt his father's holdings to the point where he now has 775 of the original 950 acres of what is now called the LBJ Ranch. 775 acres.

You pull out the photograph you copied of the memorandum in the guardhouse and sure enough, there it is: "The Ranch contains just over 450 acres." Maybe the memorandum is outdated—it was composed April 4, 1966.

But the *Times* said: "After Mr. Johnson bought the original 244 acres from Mrs. Martin. . . . In 1956 the broadcasting company bought another 150 acres of the original property. . . . In 1965 the corporation . . . added 370 acres at a cost of \$78,406. . . . On November 23, 1965, the Texas Broadcasting Company acquired another 36 acres for the ranch."

That made it 775 in 1965.  
Not 450 in 1966.

Why did the White House stick by the lower figure? 775 acres is hardly an imposing spread for this part of the country, let alone an extravagant one. Why not give a tourist a straight answer to an innocent question? Why lie?

The officer isn't asked to lie about the number of ranches the President has—he is told simply to keep his mouth shut on the subject. Sam Rayburn once told reporters, "Hell—Lyndon's place isn't really a ranch at all. It's just a little old farm." This is the image Johnson would like to keep before the public—the President likes to keep close to the land, but please: not too much land. Well, 450 acres or 775 acres, the LBJ is still just a little old farm, but Johnson is far from being a little old farmer.

In addition to the LBJ Ranch, Johnson, through the family-owned LBJ Company (later changed to Texas Broadcasting Company) owns enough ranches with enough acreage to make him a certifiable Big Daddy. These include the Haywood Ranch, also known as the Clear Creek Ranch (4,561 acres) and the Nicholson Ranch (2,784 acres) near the bend in the Colorado River recently renamed Lake Lyndon B. Johnson by the state of Texas (one of Big Daddy's neighbors on the other side of the lake told Dick Dudman, a reporter for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "Just between us, I think it was a little bit premature. They should have waited until he died").

Johnson and his business partner and trustee, A. W. Moursund, have subdivided portions of both ranches and have been offering lots for sale in these "prestige locations," as they are described in commercials on Johnson's Austin television outlet. Arthur Krim—law partner of Louis Nizer, president of United Artists, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Democratic National Committee and former chairman of the New York mosque of the President's Club—is conspicuous among the purchasers. Presumably the touch is being put on other Democratic fat cats.

Other phantom LBJ Ranches include the Lewis Ranch near Johnson City (831 acres) the Clear Green and Granite Ranches, known together as the Scharnorst place, in Blanco County (1,728 acres), and the Three Spring Ranch, also in Blanco (467 acres). Last but not least, we have 1,381 acres abutting the northern boundary of the LBJ Ranch, bought in 1965 from (don't ask) Johnson neighbors Dana, Martin and Jordan.

Kind of makes the question of whether the LBJ Ranch *per se* comprises 450 acres or 775 acres academic, don't it? Just a little old farm.

The President's up-tightness about how many ranches he does or does not own came to light as the White House reacted to a story by Charles W. Bailey

of Cowles papers which appeared in the *Minneapolis Tribune* and the *Des Moines Register* on July 15, 1965. Bailey pegged Johnson's total landholdings at 14,000 acres, much of it, he said, acquired since he assumed the Presidency.

In addition, Bailey related, "President Johnson or representatives of concerns in which he holds a major interest are reported by knowledgeable observers to be actively bargaining for the purchase of additional ranchland that might total as much as 26,000 acres."

The *New York Times* tried to give A. W. Moursund a ring at his one-story, windowless office in Johnson City, but Moursund never did get back to the reporter. The next day, Billy Don Moyers told the *Times* that neither LBJ, Lady Bird, Lynda or Luci had purchased or leased any land themselves, and that the LBJ Co. had leased—not purchased—some five or six thousand acres for grazing purposes.

Moyers said that under the conditions of the trust, Mr. Johnson is not informed of any action of the LBJ Co. Maybe that's why Officer Braker instructed the main gate not to tell anybody how many ranches the President owns—maybe the President hasn't the slightest. After all, if he did know, we might expect the White House to be true to form and report the "ranch count" as *light to moderate*.

At any rate, while Moyers was ministerially truthful, as far as he went, he didn't go far enough to refute Bailey. Now that he has vaulted the credibility gap and is safely ensconced in an LBJ-proof office in Garden City, New York, he might explain his answer this way: Said the first family neither leased nor purchased land themselves; said the LBJ Co. had leased five or six thousand acres. Didn't say that the LBJ Co. hadn't purchased any land.

LBJ Co. or Texas Broadcasting Company had, according to the *Times* of December 26, 1966, purchased two parcels from the time the President took office to July 16, 1965: 370 acres added to LBJ Ranch at a cost of \$78,406, and 2 acres purchased from neighbor Harvey Jordan for the model of LBJ birthplace at an undisclosed price, for a total of 372 acres.

So Bailey had overstated the scale of Johnson's purchases during his Presidential tenure. But nevertheless, there were purchases. Why couldn't Moyers admit them? Maybe that's why he's in Garden City. Bailey's contention that 26,000 acres would soon be added seems not to have worked out. To date, a total of 2,239 acres have been purchased in Johnson's behalf since he assumed the Presidency.

The number of cattle the President runs apparently falls in the same category as David Greenglass' sketch of

the atomic bomb. Somewhere between April 4, 1966 and the news conference following Johnson's operation last fall, this figure, like the sketch which was instrumental in convicting Greenglass' sister and brother-in-law, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, was declassified. Presumably the secrecy of the number of cattle on the LBJ Ranch, like that of the sketch, is no longer vital to our national security. The cat is finally out of the bag.

"Don't hold me to it," LBJ told the nation, "but it's somewhere around 100."

Then there's that embarrassing Park on Ranch Road 1. The proposed 265-acre Lyndon B. Johnson State Park will front a mile along the road, across the Pedernales from the Ranch. Its purpose is to stop the development of the land opposite the Ranch as a strip of self-styled "LBJ Information Centers," praline-peach-peanut-candy-film-postcard-and-souvenir parlors, Tastie-Freeze Drive-Ins and other gewgaws.

Not that Johnson is anti-tourist, or even anti-souvenir. Indeed, he authorizes a ranch employee to collect rocks from a dry creek bed on the property and sell them to Joseph Croft of Johnson City, a funeral parlor operator whose business was suffering because the City's 611 inhabitants weren't kicking off fast enough, who had recently opened, reportedly with Johnson's blessing, Croft's VX Ranch Curios LBJ Information Center.

Croft sells the rocks for 35 cents each. Johnson apparently authorized the arrangement when he learned that a pair of Austin sharpies was selling dried calf-manure chips as "LBJ Land Chips" [see issue #66]. "We don't claim they actually come from the President's ranch," demurred Reuben Kogut of the Austin Souvenir Co. "That's why we say they are from the 'LBJ Land.'"

The manure chips were sold in



Press leak: In a symbolic gesture of news management, LBJ shows NBC White House correspondent Ray Scherer the old pump at his birthplace.

opaque packages to capitalize on what Kogut called the "element of surprise." Johnson, thus surprised, acted to make sure that any souvenirs sold as "LBJ Rocks" in an "LBJ Information Center" would be authentically Rocks as well as authentically LBJ.

Johnson doesn't want to have to see signs advertising the rocks from his bedroom window, though, and so he had A. W. Moursund—who is, convenience of conveniences, one of the three members of the Texas Parks and Wildlife Commission—arrange to have the strip of land on the other side of Ranch Road 1 acquired for a park. For some reason, it was decided that the park ought to be built with private funds—anonymous contributions from individuals and corporations.

In June 1966, Sen. James S. Bates, chairman of the Texas Senate General Investigations Committee, had received a number of complaints that members of the Commission were "using the name and prestige of the President of the U.S. to 'blackjack' contributions."

One man whose business is under the jurisdiction of the Commission—it controls such industries as salt-water fishing and the dredging of shells, a widely used paving material in the state—reported to Bates that he had given \$25,000 after having been approached by two members of the Commission.

Bates asked the Commission for an audit of the fund and for the names of the donors, but the Commission refused. They cited a decision by the state's attorney general that since no tax money is involved, no details need be given out.

Bates then turned to Gov. John B. Connally and "attempted to impress" him with the "seriousness of the complaints." The 42-year-old lawyer, a strong supporter of Johnson in '60 and '64, halted his efforts short of a full-scale investigation of the Commission, during which he would have the power to subpoena the fund's records.

"I will state for the record," Bates told the *Times* on October 15, 1966, "that pressures have already been brought to bear to the end that this investigation will not be completed. There are various political pressures that can be brought. The first three persons who called me about this thing asked me where my bank loans were."

One can only speculate as to who his three callers were, but Bates probably ought to consider himself lucky that they didn't ask him for a \$25,000 contribution while they were at it.

Subsequently, Gov. Connally came around by himself — apparently he didn't have any loans outstanding—and ordered the names of contributors made public when the final accounting of the fund is made public. This will, unfortunately, be small comfort to the donors, who have been strong-armed out of more than \$200,000 to date.

(Continued on Page 2)

The Realist

## Co-Existing

by Saul Heller

### Tranquilizing Effects of Law Violation

In a touching encomium, Senator Allen J. Ellender (Dem., La.) praised President Johnson for devoting so little attention in his State of the Union Message to civil rights. Ellender noted, manifesting pleasure and arithmetic competence, that Johnson had used only 40 words in discussing the subject.

"This no doubt made the nation rest easier," Senator Ellender commented. "I believe," he added, "that the nation is seeking a degree of peace and tranquility which we have not enjoyed in the recent past."

Perhaps the tranquilizing effects of abstaining from attempts to enforce laws other than those pertaining to civil rights is also worth some study. The big problem is, of course, deciding how much law enforcement is compatible with the nation's peace of mind. Once this has been worked out, we should have a basis for determining when to enforce laws that is considerably more predictable than the haphazard one in current use.

### The Need for Official Crime

In these days when obedience to the law is unsophisticated, impractical or downright dangerous, and government and citizens compete in fracturing its remnants, standards for rating a particular administration become increasingly difficult to set up. Possibly a useful standard might be one that rates the degree of responsibility with which a government violates its laws.

A superior administration, according to this standard, is currently functioning in the state of Rajasthan, India. The local government here violates the national prohibition law, a recent article in the *New York Times* reports, but it does so in the interests of the people. The local government, it seems, decided to get into the illegal liquor business several years ago, to prevent less needy law violators from usurping the total take.

Concern over hard-drinking citizens, and respect for the law it violates, prompted the local government to gradually reduce the alcoholic content of its cheaper line of liquor. This is not so different from the practice of the less ethical type of bootlegger in "dry" counties of the United States. The motive, however, was loftier—the idea was to get citizens to consume less alcohol. State revenues from the illicit liquor operation have been so good, however, that officials have decided to stop tampering with the product, possibly to avoid diverting customers to less moral lawbreakers who give fuller measure.

Here is food for thought for civic-minded people in this country—one reason, perhaps, why the *Times* featured an item so eminently unnewsworthy in other respects. Instead of letting government officials muscle in sub-rosa on the profits of illegal enterprises, why not set up the state or city government as the major illicit entrepreneur, and let the proceeds of lawbreaking flow into its official coffers?

This is better than making criminal enterprises legal, then letting the state run them. Businesses that give

customers the satisfaction of breaking the law greatly enhance their profits.

Various investigators have indicated that 50% of the profits of illegal gambling—our biggest illicit industry—winds up in the pockets of politicians, police and other government representatives. Unsurprisingly enough, syndicate racketeers evince little enthusiasm for giving Uncle Sam in his official capacity a further big slice of their take. Their income tax evasions make the tax burdens of citizens in legitimate rackets considerably heavier.

If state or city governments ran illegal gambling, on the other hand, giving the Federal government its fair share of the booty, taxes could be greatly reduced. Huge sums would flow into depleted treasuries, graft would be greatly diminished, and local governments would acquire the financial base to deal with problems they have long neglected.

Local governments might also take over the narcotics traffic as well, as the 18-year-old ruler of the Lower Yafa Sultanate, a tiny Arab state, recently did, to give his subjects good quality narcotics at reasonable prices. (Inhabitants of this British protectorate chew *kat*, a narcotic herb.)

The inconsistency, irony or outrageousness of the government engaging in activities it has declared illegal should trouble no one who is untroubled at the identical situation that exists now: FBI agents, for example, practice burglary; Congressmen violate laws they have set up regulating campaign expenditures.

Once we recognize that government officials and politicians have no legal or moral right to hog money derived from criminal enterprises, city and state governments should begin making financial progress.

Outcries from conventional moralists shouldn't trouble us—they don't at any other times. Morality doesn't impede the flow of vast sums of illicitly-acquired cash into the private bank accounts of government representatives now. All that our proposal would do is divert the immoral flow from illicit terminations where it serves no socially useful purpose, to other illicit terminals where it does.

Organized crime is America's biggest business. A serious student of white collar crime might be inclined to say, it is America's *only* business. How thoughtless of us—the non-criminals and minor criminals of America—to nourish and subsidize it without getting any of the profits.

### Our Coming Friendship with China

Capitalists who wonder what will become of them if we lose our cold, hot or luke-warm war against Russian Communism and commissars swarm over the land spreading destruction and socialism, need worry no longer. A safe haven exists in Communist China.

A study of Communist China's industrial system, published in a recent issue of the *Harvard Business Review*, reveals that there were 300,000 capitalists in that country as of last June. This is a number comparable to the masses of capitalists toiling in this country. Capitalists constructively employed exploiting the proletariat in a big segment of our economy—manufacturing—totaled 186,000 at the last count.

According to the 1966 edition of the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, there were 186,000 proprietors and firm members of manufacturing plants

with 20 or more employees in the U.S. during 1958, the last year for which such combined statistics are available.)

Without going into the intricacies of counting heads in other capitalist sectors, one thing is clear: China is in the same league as the United States as far as the promotion of capitalism is concerned.

Chinese capitalists are not ersatz concoctions. They are, in the ways that count most, reasonable facsimiles of the American species. They receive not only the same salaries they drew under the regime of Chiang Kai-shek, but also 5% interest on the value of their invested capital. One factory manager cited in the study, for instance, in addition to his regular monthly salary, pocketed an annual interest payment of \$32,000. Even in Communist China, this is not chop suey.

The situation certainly calls for a thorough overhaul of our cliches regarding China. A China that is hospitable to capitalists can hardly be called a menace to capitalism. It might, with much greater validity, be called a spur to it. Semantic accuracy will no longer permit us to talk of Communist China, although it may be permissible to refer to *allegedly* Communist China.

When we consider the fact that something like 24 out of 25 new products developed in the United States fail to make money (according to the *Wall Street Journal*), and mull over other hazards of free enterprise as practiced in this country, it may occur to us that capitalists probably take fewer chances and thrive better under the Chinese capitalist system than they do under our own.

As a matter of fact, U.S. capitalists have very little use for free enterprise; the ubiquity of anti-trust law violations attests to that. "Practically all large corporations engage in illegal restraint of trade," says Dr. Sutherland in *White Collar Crime*. "When . . . business leaders, through corporate activities, violate the anti-trust law, they are violating the moral sentiments of practically all sections of the American public except the socialists." A system like that of the Chinese, which permits capitalism and eliminates free competition, would be just what U.S. capitalists dream about.

A major economic crisis would probably be needed before U.S. capitalists could persuade the public to give the Chinese system a chance. If the U.S. ever plunges into another '29-type depression—and a recession seems to be threatening us right now, according to many economists—we might profitably toy with the notion of trying out Chinese capitalism here in order to put U.S. capitalism back on its feet.

It is not inconceivable that China and the U.S. may, in the not-too-distant future, recognize the similarities in their ways of thinking. They may even exert joint pressure on Soviet Russia, to make Russia give her capitalists an equitable share of the Communist pie—i.e., a much greater share than the workers get.

In any case, people with fixed ideas about communism in the current world have no place in the U.S. establishment. Some day, perhaps, an enlightened President, acknowledging the facts and facing up to their implications, will put a stop to all talk of a holy war against China—land of our capitalist brothers.

### What Russians Can't Figure Out

A Minnesota professor who has been touring the Soviet Union with a group of American students says that Russian students find it hard to understand why

Americans are fighting in Vietnam. You don't have to be Russian to run into this difficulty.

Americans have long had trouble figuring out why big old Uncle Sam busies himself beating the bejesus out of small Vietnamese peasants with rather dubious Communist credentials (according to pro-Western sources, no more than 30% of the Viet Cong is Communist), while Cuban Communists are permitted to run their own affairs as if they had a right to do so, East European Communists are given financial assistance, and Russian Communists are urged not to be so stand-offish.

No major country of the world seems to understand what Uncle Sam is up to either, judging from their refusal to give Uncle a hand, and the unkind words they use about him.

Maybe Uncle Sam himself doesn't really know, but is afraid to stop because people will wonder why he started in the first place.

### Egypt's Women Move Up

The right to make life hateful for his wife—one of the long-cherished privileges of the Egyptian husband—has been taken from him. A wife will now be able to walk out on a husband she finds detestable, without finding herself on the wrong side of the law or the right side of a policeman determined to bring her back.

This rise in status for women is expected to be followed by others. Since Egyptian women have the right to vote (another recent development), they may be ungrateful enough to cast deciding votes against polygamy, once more expanding women's rights by reducing men's.

Polygamy is no longer as respectable as it once was, in any case, although one government form still leaves space for a man to list four wives (the legal maximum) as well as twelve children. An Egyptian man with only one wife and twelve children—or worse yet, one wife and six children—must feel considerable shame at leaving so many vacancies on the form—evidence of his meager uxoriousness and lack of virility.

Next step for Egyptian women interested in getting more equality for women, and less for men, is to do away with this suggestive form. Husbands are more likely to remain true to one, two or three wives if they are not permitted to brood over job forms listing four.

It shouldn't be too difficult for women to deprive men of their polygamous privilege, or at least reduce its expansiveness. Relatively few Egyptian men—at least in urban areas—have four wives, in spite of the technical appeal of such a pentagonal arrangement. While the possibility exists—in theory—that four wives can do household chores much better than one, one wife and one maid are no doubt less expensive to maintain than four wives and no maid—assuming four modern wives could be found who would agree to do without a maid.

If Egyptian women press their quest for civil rights, in bed and elsewhere, they may aspire to ultimate equality—equality in filling the country's highest political posts. With a woman running Egypt, as Cleopatra did in ancient times, and once proud Arabs tolerating such feminine leadership, who knows what other earth-shaking changes may become acceptable? Egyptian men might even become humble enough, or hen-pecked enough, to consent to making peace with the Israelis.

Maybe the best investment the Israeli CIA can make is to subsidize Egypt's feminist movement.

## No, Virginia

by Alan Whitney

### Age of Miracles Dept.

From the New York Times:

"Moscow, Dec. 26—Luna 13, the latest Soviet research station on the moon, attempted today to drive a rod into the moon's surface . . . ."

I've heard it suggested for years in the most urgent terms, but I never thought I'd live to see the day when somebody actually took a flying fuck at the moon.

### Double Your Standard

There is a clever play around named MacBird which charges, without presenting any evidence, that the Johnsons had Kennedy killed. Similarly reckless, though less serious, accusations were being hurled about 15 years ago—from right to left. At that time the phenomenon was known as McCarthyism.

### Double Your Think

In my never-ending pursuit of non-conformity, I intend to remain the only American journalist with nothing whatever to say about a certain book concerning a recent President of the United States. But I would like to call your attention to a peripheral development that once again emphasizes the accelerated pace at which we approach 1984.

Both the Harris and the Gallup polls hit the papers on the same day with surveys relating to the effect of the hassle over the aforementioned book on the public standing of this President's widow (who will be known hereinafter as Tuesday to avoid invasion of privacy).

There was a subtle but significant difference between the polls, though they both suggested a substantial decline in public esteem for Tuesday. Harris asked: "As a result of the controversy over the book . . . do you think more of [Tuesday], less or has it made no difference in your attitude toward her?" But Gallup didn't care about anything so superficial. He wanted to know: "Do you think the recent controversy between [Tuesday] and the author and publishers of . . . has hurt or helped her image with the American people?" In other words, "We don't care what you think of Tuesday; just tell us how you think she's doing imagewise."

Clearly Gallup represents the wave of the future. He recognizes that people have come to mean very little in our media-mangled society; that the status of one's image is what counts—from the schlock-bound coast of Peyton Place to the faggy crags of Marlboro Country (which has finally been located; the commercials are actually made in a

wooded section of Staten Island, one of the most smog-ridden areas of New York City).

One has only to consider the case of Andy Warhol. It is commonly conceded, even in such redoubts of inverted Philistineism as the East Village, that his artistic endeavors amount precisely to shit. Yet his image, as measured by sympathetic ejaculation of printer's ink, is very strong indeed.

Again, those who read the TV sections of the newspapers will be aware that the periodic releases of ratings of the shows are generally given bigger play than reviews of the same programs. And what is a rating but an image in mathematical form?

The next thing will be instant ratings which, by the familiar split-screen technique, will be rendered continuously in a corner of the picture while the show is going on. As a close-order drill team performs its macabre comedy act on the Sullivan show, the number will constantly fluctuate. If it drops below a critical point indicated in red on color sets, Ed will appear with a shepherd's crook and yank the platoon sergeant off camera.

But this phase will, itself, only be transitional. The season after next, shows will disappear entirely, with only the rating numbers being shown on the screen. The typography, of course, will be by Warhol.

### Only as Square as You Feel

New York's lately merged newspaper, the *World Journal Tribune* (known in the trade as The Widget) is gotten out largely by senior citizens, most of the younger set having left in anticipation of the disaster the paper turned out to be. Maybe this circumstance accounts for the staff's pitiful anxiety to appear hip. I assure you that all three of the following headlines blazed forth in one edition of the paper:

Yeah, Yeah!

Portugal Hep to Jazz

Ah! A Gear Show  
On Carnaby Street

Like It's the Go-Go Village,  
And Anything Goes, Man

### Life Goes to a Funeral

There's a picture magazine of considerable circulation which I think of as *Death*, though it prefers a different title. *Death* lives on blood. You can't pick up a copy without confronting a full-color spread of what the boxing announcers (another vampire sect) call claret. *Death* brings you war blood, crime blood, medical blood and sports blood. The way things are going, menstrual blood may be next.

On the day the astronauts were buried, *Death* ran a full-page ad in the *New York Times* exploiting their demise to sell its forthcoming issue. By the Luce ethical standards under which

*Death* is edited, making a buck on somebody's funeral is routine procedure. What made the ad even less edifying, though, was the fatuous copy, which began with a painful excursion into astrojargon and went on to say that the deceased had the "almost sissy names of Virgil and Edward and Roger . . . ."

I had never thought of the names quite that way. Virgil Trucks pitched two no-hitters for Detroit. Edward (Whitey) Ford has performed valiantly for the Yankees and Roger Maris broke Babe Ruth's home run record. Roger Young was one of the great infantry heroes of the Second World War, and Eddie Rickenbacker shot down Krauts before there was a *Death*. The original Virgil had the guts to publish his work under a byline.

On the other hand, now that the subject has been brought up, it seems to me that Henry really is an almost sissy name.

### Blackbirds of 1967

The 1935 Brotherhood Award is hereby presented, retroactively, to Dante Robilotti, U.S. Marshal of Brooklyn, who recently told the *New York Daily News* that Willie Mays is "a credit to his race." . . . Is there anything so ludicrous as Madison Avenue trying to be Aware? *McCall's* magazine ran a full-page ad in the *New York Times* with a huge picture of a Negro boy over copy that began as follows: "Are White People People? White people are landlords. Movie stars. School-teachers. Policemen. Black people are mothers. . . ." *Whitey's Watermelon Shop* is located in the Washington Market in lower Manhattan. . . . A Negro woman, head of a Brooklyn civic association, was asked during a court proceeding whether her group was integrated. She said: "We have one white family and one Italian family."

### Oh Say Can JayCee

The Junior Chamber of Commerce has unveiled its Ten Outstanding Young Men of the Year, who thus join the distinguished company of such past winners as Billie Sol Estes and Bobby Baker.

### About-Face, Ma'am!

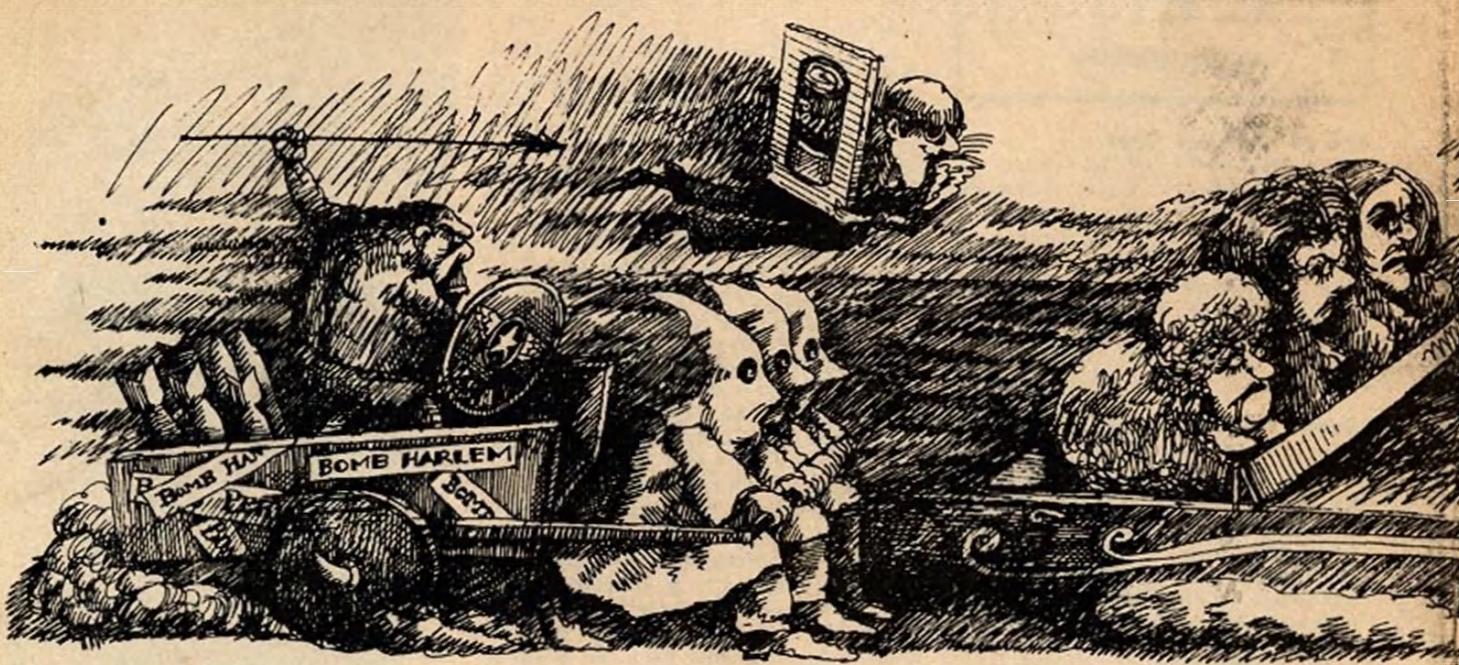
The March of Dimes has been barred from door-to-door soliciting in Fort Worth, Texas, because it violates local law by keeping more than 20% of the take for "expenses."

### Eternal Vigilance

Drew Pearson's column reported with no sign of tongue in cheek that the "Kill a Commie for Christ" posters are issued by the John Birch Society.

### Rumor of the Month

Congressman Powell and Senator Dirksen are going to make a record together; they'll be billed as "Adam and Eve."



## *The Cynic Route from Crazy SANE to Loving Haight —or, Walt Disney Is Alive in Disneyland*

by Paul Krassner

It's all related.

If you say "Open sesame seed," the doors of perception may reveal that the psychedelic revolution is merely another hallucination.

Ah, but a *real* hallucination or a *false* hallucination?

Did you know that in 1945 Aldous Huxley went to work for Walt Disney as a consultant on the filming of *Alice in Wonderland*?

"If people would think more of fairies," said Disney a year later, "they would forget the atom bomb."

Old Walt was a magic mushroom dropout.

One week before his death, the Sane Nuclear Policy Committee sponsored a necessary fairy tale at Madison Square Garden. Exactly 20,000 people gathered to protest the Vietnam horror in what Jules Feiffer called "our annual infertility rite"—Pete Seeger's song patter about "a bunch of bastards" notwithstanding ovation.

During the collection ritual, when several spectators shouted out questions about SANE's position on withdrawal, screw-wise, moderator Ossie Davis answered one, then announced: "It has just been suggested that those who ask questions make a sizable contribution."

The collectors' instructions advised, "If your can is filled, notify your captain. If you have any other problems . . ." (Italics courtesy of

*Realist*.) The take came to between 10 and 15 thousand dollars. Admission brought the gross up to more than \$60,000.

The money will all be spent on penicillin to treat a severe dose of Pentagonitis, which is how one poet refers to the military infection so rampant in Washington LSDC, as my fellow acid-heads would have it.

If Floyd McKissick of CORE seemed to display a low threshold of bravery at the Garden when he congratulated

"you people who got the courage to come out here tonight," SANE finally reached the *depth* of insanity with a brand new end-the-war feature—cheerleaders—to help make the world safe for choreography.

There had been "considerable debate" about this particular portion of the peace circus. Some felt it would be "too light-hearted." But SANE decided to make what they considered a concession to youth, and wouldn't *you* like to have the youth concession?

Nevertheless, an apologia to the audience: "We'll do this cheering in the most serious spirit."

A dozen cheeryboppers followed their professional leader. Boys wore white sweaters, white bell-bottom slacks, and carried megaphones. One hoped they might sing a chorus of *St. Patrick's Cathedral, you're bringing me down*. Girls wore white sweaters, blue miniskirts, and carried pom-poms. On the sweaters, front and back, blue felt doves had been applied with airplane glue.

"Block them bombs! Block them bombs!" . . . "2-4-6-8, LBJ negotiate! 1-3-5-7, Peace on earth, not in heaven!" . . . "Stop—that dirty war! (clap, clap) Start—that lovely peace, yeah! yeah!" . . . "With a P (clap, clap) With an E (clap, clap) With an A (clap, clap) With a C (clap, clap) With an E (clap, clap) With a P-E-A-C-E! Peace! Peace! Peace!"

Author! Author!

(Continued on Page 4)

