

SANE

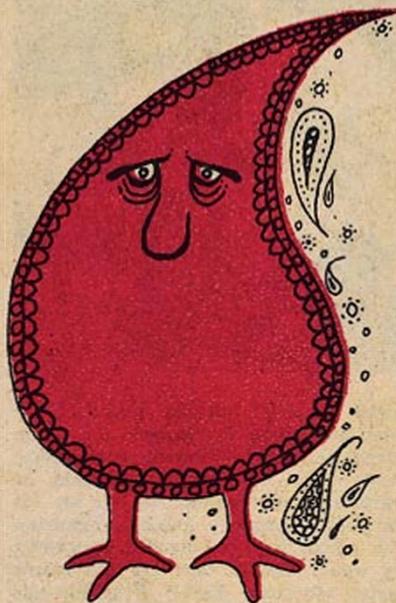
Case History of the Manchester Caper

by Paul Krassner

Once there was upon a time a face painted on the hand of Señor Wences that magically became a real person named Jacqueliné. She kissed a senator in a Spearmint ad, and he in turn became a real person named Jack. They were married by Chief Justice Earl Warren and lived in good taste for not quite ever after.

Suddenly he was slain by the man who had most to gain—Mark Lane—who in turn was killed at the police station by Vaughn Meader.

(Continued on Page 13)



Legal and Actual Concentration Camps in America

by Charles R. Allen, Jr.

While fascism is many things, reflected in unnumbered manifestations, it is, quintessentially, the art of the end square—carried to a terrible science. Hitler, Mussolini, Trujillo, Batista, Franco—and, of course, today's variant, Johnson—were, and are, above all proto-type squares.

It's not only that each in his own way—Mussolini with his castor oil 'treatment,' Hitler with his concentration camp system leading directly to the 'Final Solution' (the last, desperate

(Continued on Page 5)

Blow-Up, Psychedelic Sexualis and The War Game —or, David Hemmings Is Herman Kahn in Disguise

Ready for another little trippypoo?

Start with this letter from a subscriber: "I've recently heard rumors that Paul Krassner doesn't exist and that he is, in fact, a composite of a number of fulsome individuals. These people, it's said, each subject themselves monthly to a strange experience, then everyone's experience is compiled into one story which is subsequently given some idiotic moral (much in the same way *Time* magazine writes its articles). In issue #74, for example, the *Crazy SANE to Loving Haight* story was actually written by a Krassner who attended SANE's rally, another who's an ascetic but takes acid, another who visited Haight-Ashbury, another who

reads *McCall's* ads in the *N.Y. Times*, another who insulted Joe Pyne, etc. In this way, the story appears to be the exploits of one man, the mythical Paul Krassner. I've also heard that a conspiracy has developed by which one faction of Paul Krassners is seeking to gain control over the rest through the use of CIA terror tactics. Is this the reason I haven't received issue #75?"

Now the whole world knows.

This has been Vietnam Summer, a men's cologne, more fragrant than Spring Mobilization, which sponsored an anti-war march on April 15, in San Francisco, where then-*Ramparts*-publisher-not-to-be Ed Keating

(Continued on Page 17)

No, Virginia

by Alan Whitney

New Contest, Enter Now

A Columbus, Ohio paper carried this headline:

Area Boy's Anus
Wins Fair Ribbon

Gray Flannel Mouth Dept.

When your grandmother lived in that sprawling frame farmhouse in the hills of Vermont, was her kitchen well stocked with "chocolate liquor; whole and defatted milk solids; manitol; cocoa butter; lecithin, an emulsifier; vanillin, an artificial flavoring; sorbitol, natural and artificial flavors"? It must have been, because those are the ingredients listed on the label of some "old fashioned homemade chocolates" I didn't buy the other day.

Anytime the advertising industry is on the defensive (i.e., anytime) we are assured that it doesn't really make a profession out of lying; at worst it just tells the good parts and leaves out the bad ones. So how come a TV person called Eydie Gorme assured me that "Plymouth dealers are having a great sales year" and the next day I read in the papers that their sales are off 14% from last year?

Indian Extenders

Fact magazine is much given to exposing the misleading advertising and commercial legerdemain of other institutions. I recently received a letter from Fact reading, in part: "... we are extending your subscription to Fact for six months absolutely free [emphasis theirs]. However, in order to accomplish this, we are required by the Post Office to collect the sum of \$1.88. . . ."

TV Good Guys

CBS gets this month's award for fairness beyond the call of duty, or maybe for publicity at any price. During the broadcasting strike, the network's press department sent out pictures of AFTRA members picketing its own studios.

Let Them Eat C-Rations

The Pentagon's own total casualty figures support the view that the poor are fighting the war in Vietnam. When the raw state-by-state death statistics are related to population, a pattern emerges. Most of the Northern and Western industrial states showed one death for every 25,000 to 30,000 people. For Georgia, Alabama, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Kentucky, the figure ranged from one in 16,000 to 1 in 19,700. The highest death rate in the nation, one for every 14,754 inhabitants, was that of West Virginia—the very heart of Appalachia.

Kosher Indelicacies

Cartoonist Bill Mauldin was "up front in Israel" for the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Presumably his famous Willie and Joe would be replaced by two new privates named Sheldon and Mark. . . . There was a hassle in Wayne, New Jersey when a board of education official opposed the election of two Jews to that body on the grounds that they would be ethnically impelled to throw money around like it was two cents plain. The real story is that the apparent anti-Semite was a B'nai B'rith plant subtly undermining the stereotype of the tight-fisted Jew. . . . There's a number in *Cabaret* in which the emcee dances with a gorilla and sings a song to the effect that the animal isn't so bad when you get used to it. In its present form the lyric ends: "She isn't a meeskite [ugly person] at all." The original line was "She doesn't look



Jewish at all," but the producer insisted on having it changed. . . . Sam Lefrak is a hard-working real estate tycoon who has built thousands of apartments in Queens. He has an 18-year-old daughter named Francine with whom any red-blooded American boy would like to tour the old man's master bedrooms. Lately Francine has burst on the cafe society scene, complete with press agent. But it seems that in a business which routinely advertises fire escapes as terraces, it would be unthinkable to market a superdeb under the Lefrak label. So our heroine's publicist bills her as Francine Le Frak, and has the Gaul to complain when it doesn't come up that way in print. But at least one newspaper stoutly sticks to Lefrak and has told the tub-thumper it will use Le Frak only when shown documentary evidence that the spelling has been legally changed in court. . . . The caption on the AP wirephoto began: "No sign of Middle East Tension Here—If Israelis and Arabs would follow the example of Jewish actress Barbra Streisand and Egyptian actor Omar Shariff the Middle East crisis would

soon be over. They're rehearsing a love scene for the movie version of *Funny Girl*." It was a delightful picture, showing Barbra reclining on a couch with Omar grasping her around the waist and nuzzling her neck. Both were laughing and obviously having a great time. You would think that it would have had a certain reader interest in New York, which has about half of the nation's Jewish population and a goodly slice of the Arab contingent. But none of the metropolitan papers would touch it. In a society so hostile to love and good humor, does anybody really wonder why the young rebel?

The Best News

A young nurse from the Philippines can teach us all the meaning of class. Corazon Amurao, whose eight dormitory mates were murdered in Chicago, was besieged by book and magazine publishers to sell her story for the sadistic titillation of the great American public. She turned them all down because "I don't want to profit from the deaths of my comrades."

The Swinging Nun

I goofed. Three years ago, when the *Singing Nun* was No. 1 on the charts, we were solemnly assured that she was going to stay in the convent and never use her talent for commercial purposes. I should have written that by mid-1967 she would have gotten out of the habit, engaged an atheist manager, begun preparations for a U.S. television tour and written a song in praise of the birth control pill.

At first I would have been accused of another vulgar attempt at anti-clerical satire, but by now I would have been vindicated in every particular. Luc Dominique, as she currently calls herself, has left the nunnery, wears tight pants and high heels and will be over here in the spring to appear live and on TV. Not only has she written *Glory Be to God for the Golden Pill*; she is also instructing the Pope on what he should do about it. He has to okay it because "it's the only intelligent, right thing to do. It's shocking that The Pill shouldn't be made available to everyone who wants it."

Okay, I'm not going to be caught short again: Within ten years she will have married, produced a male heir, taught him to play the guitar and signed a contract for the movie sequel, *Son of Singing Nun*. Remember, you read it here first.

Sho 'Nuff Note

This sign was displayed next to a stack of rightist pamphlets in a store in Atlanta: "Take one. We ain't needing no Federal aid to education. We is already ahead of the other states."

Bullseye Note

The movie *To Be a Crook*, according to an ad in the New York papers, "Climaxes in a real crazy snatch."

Editorial Giggies

Mulatto Power

A while back, *Fact* magazine was preparing one of its non-articles—a poll on interracial marriage—and asked to include my point of view. "I don't give a shit about miscegenation," I replied. "My only concern is with the laws against it."

Then, because of a personal difference with Ralph Ginzburg, I withdrew my statement. In its introduction, *Fact* called me a "pseudo-liberal" and said I was "reluctant to comment."

I felt so strongly about the matter that, in the middle of a radio interview, I decided to renounce my U.S. citizenship if the Supreme Court failed to declare the Virginia anti-miscegenation statute unconstitutional. Last month they unanimously so declared, voiding similar laws in 15 other states.

It wasn't the first time the Court had considered the freedom to marry. In 1883, the scared silly Justices refused to throw out an Alabama statute, holding that the law didn't discriminate against Negroes, since whites could be equally punished for violating it.

Some of My Best Friends Are Arabs

"The enemy of my enemy is my friend," is an old Arab proverb. Many leftwingers who consider the U.S. their enemy sided with Egypt in its conflict with Israel, but the loyalty of others seemed to be determined by inverse proportion to the length of their foreskins.

Two professional leftwingers—M. S. Arnoni, editor of *Minority of One*, and Allen Krebs, editor of *Treason*—held a debate at the Free School of New York. Arnoni, who is also a professional Jew, supported Israel, calling Krebs anti-Semitic and a product of "Jewish self-hatred."

He said that Krebs' point basically is that whatever side the Soviet Union supports is necessarily progres-

sive—a posture which Arnoni himself has been assuming for years.

The chairman urged the audience to "save your hate for the question period." One man dutifully recited Israel's reactionary history and asked if the displacement of a million Arabs from their land repaid the relatives of 6 million dead Jews.

Arnoni began to respond: "You make me the spokesman for the Jewish fascists—" Krebs interrupted: "You made me the spokesman for Faisal!" Arnoni then sang *Hava Na Gila*, Krebs countered with *Havanother Na Gila*, and the meeting was officially adjourned.

The Sex Life of J. Edgar Hoover

Last year Thomas Henry Carter, a fingerprint clerk for the FBI, was facelessly accused of "sleeping with young girls and carrying on." He admitted only to necking—an irrelevant confession in view of his prurient rights—but was nevertheless fired for "conduct unbecoming an employee of this Bureau." He filed suit against the man who signed his letter of dismissal, J. Edgar Hoover, and the case is now coming to a head in the Court of Appeals.

Hoover's defense is being handled by the U.S. Attorney's Office, whose brief denies that "the FBI was invidiously discriminating in the Constitutional sense in

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

PAUL KRASSNER, Editor & Ringleader

SHEILA CAMPION, Scapegoat

BOB ABEL, Featherbedder

JOHN FRANCIS PUTNAM, Nice Dirty Old Man

DICK GUINDON, New Left Fielder

DONALD WILEN, Chaplain

ROBERT WOLF, Reformed Idealist

MARSHA SAM RIDGE, Shin-On

MARGO ST. JAMES, The Realist Nun

Publication office is at Box 379, Stuyvesant Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10009

Telephone: GR 7-3490

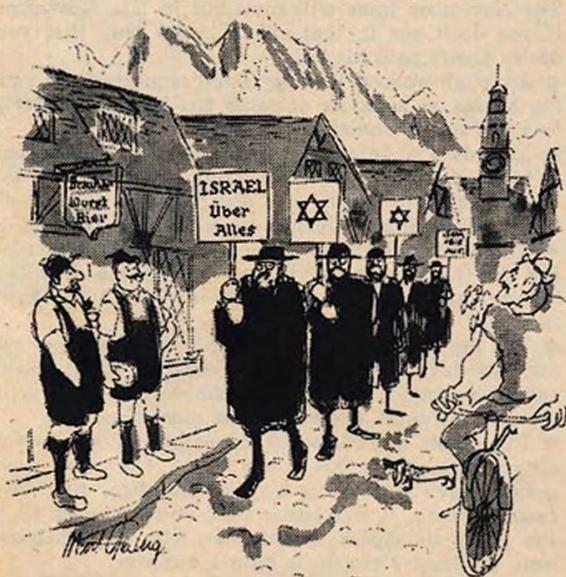
Subscription rates:

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

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

Copyright 1967 by the Realist Association, Inc.

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



dismissing appellant . . . on the grounds that he had kept a girl in his apartment overnight, and slept in the same bed with the girl, on two occasions, and that [his] sexual misadventures had become sufficiently public knowledge to cause an anonymous complaint to the FBI."

One of Carter's roommates had been asked whether he had "heard a bed creaking in the next room." The answer was no. The question was superfluous:

"What took place inside is of little significance save that it was not entirely innocent; this was not appellant's sister"—incest is obviously unthinkable—"and she spent two nights locked in that bedroom, and presumably in his embrace . . . people generally assume that couples who sleep together 'also sleep together.' Appellant knew that. He knew that the FBI had a reputation to protect."

Exactly what stake does the Bureau have in celibacy?

"The FBI must aim at achieving cooperation from every possible member of the population. It cannot be satisfied with a majority, even of landslide proportions. It cannot allow the little old lady from Dubuque [of *New Yorker* fame] to withhold information from the FBI because she will not trust an organization whose

agents and employes are allowed to 'sleep with young girls and carry on!'"

What kind of example is set by the director himself?

J. Edgar Hoover has never been married. He did live with his mother for the last 16 years of her life, but it is safe to assume that except for an occasional nibble on her earlobe their relationship remained pleasingly platonic. If a wife has ever graced his bed, it was somebody else's wife.

Since Hoover would not practice that which is contrary to what he preaches, we can be sure that during his long FBI career—forget about adultery—he has never once fornicated with anyone, neither young-girl nor little-old-lady-from-Dubuque.

Homosexuality is absolutely out of the question, if for no other reason than the Supreme Court ruling on May 22nd which upheld the exclusion and deportation of homosexuals under a law that bars "persons afflicted with a psychopathic personality." (If I were really consistent about the freedom to mate, I'd renounce my citizenship over aberration instead of integration.)

J. Edgar Hoover has always been too much of an activist to wait for nocturnal emissions to come. Obviously, then, he patriotically indulges only in the official FBI practice of auto-eroticism. Altruists all across the nation ought to consider sending him their discarded pornography to facilitate his fantasies.

**The Realist, Dept. 75
Box 379, Stuyvesant Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10009**

Enclosed please find:

- \$1 for five extra copies of this issue, #75
- \$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
- \$1 for Concentration Camps USA by Charles Allen
- \$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 (Soft-cover edition also available from us, for \$1)
- \$5 for How to Prevent Your Child from Becoming a Neurotic Adult by Dr. Albert Ellis
- \$6 for A Guide to Rational Living by Ellis & Harper (Soft-cover edition also available from us, for \$2)
- \$6 for Inside the FBI by Norman Ollestad
- \$5 for Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity
- \$10 for The Now Book by Rey Anthony
- \$1.50 for giant poster of Paul Krassner with spray can of Instant Pussy (additional copies to same address, \$1)
- \$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
- \$1 for Wally Wood's Disneyland Memorial Orgy
- \$1 for the three non-newsstand issues—#76, 77, 78
- \$3 for a back-issues binder (will hold 36 Realists)
- \$.....for back issues at 25c each or all 28 for \$7:

Name
Address Apt.....
City..... State..... Zip.....



Ah Sordid Announcements

- As a pointless hoax, *Cheetah* magazine plans to mention my death in September; as of this writing, the report is false.
- Female readers who time their menstrual periods by the *Realist's* publishing schedule must think they're in a continuous state of knock-up-edness. This is the June issue, coming out in late August.
- We don't publish a July issue. The August, September and October issues will be sent to subscribers in September. They will not be available at bookstores or newsstands, but all three may be obtained by mail for \$1.
- I'll be taking my first real vacation in a dozen years, in Mexico? England? Japan? Arizona? Somewhere. The November issue will come out in late November; if you don't see it, that should mean only that your dealer hasn't paid his bill.
- Although we keep getting rental requests from mailing houses, as a matter of policy the *Realist's* subscription list is not available to anyone.
- According to Internal Revenue Service, ransom paid to kidnapers is not deductible from federal income tax.
- Apologies to those who ordered *The Now Book*; there will be an additional 6-week delay in publication.
- The portrait in issue #74 of The Realist Nun reading to a trio of eager novitiates (photographed by Lars Speyer) was actually a reproduction of her 1966 Christmas card.
- The psychedelic logotype on this month's cover was done by Jay Lynch, along with stoning Saint Realist out of his mind; our plastic dashboard version maintains its original, pre-acid shape and structure.
- I've finally succumbed to the urging of the Personality Poster people, but on *my* terms. The photo, you'll notice, shows me holding a spray can of car wax called *Instant Pussy*. It was either that, or nothing at all. If I'm going to appear, larger than life, on somebody's wall, the least I can do is have a message.
- June 12 was the first annual End of the World Day.

CONCENTRATION CAMPS

(Continued from Cover)

act of the square) and Johnson with his napalm and 'lazy dogs'—bugged people in a patently criminal way but, more to the point, each was, and is, incapable of simply letting people the hell alone.

It is endemic for the square ideologue to impose *his* views, tastes, ways and, finally, political program on you whether you want it or not; like it or not; and if you don't like it, then, man, he'll lean on you to the point where getting up tight has all the verisimilitude of rational choice.

To groove and let groove is utterly antithetical to the square mentality.

When the fuzz bust hippies, beats, diggers, junkies, derelicts, militant Blacks, Wasp peaceniks and assorted straight Lefties, they are simply implementing the categorical imperatives of the square, who insists upon "duty" and unquestioning obeisance to "patriotism" and "national responsibility and commitment."

It was no accident that the national slogan of the Nazis was "common interest above self." Other German fascist commandments: "the State above all classes" and "life as duty and struggle" along with the Italian aphorism: "the Fascist State is an embodied 'will to power'" were not so much slogans of political substance as they were the verbiage of a frightened class of squares threatened by radical change in the Europe of the Depression.

The appeals made up a mixed bag of social demagoguery and deliberate terrorism designed to stop that change and to build up a totalitarian dictatorship from the Respectable Right.

The language employed by today's square, the scenes he makes and the targets of his wrath have shifted; but his purpose remains the same: the imposition of total conformity—or else. It is the "nervous Nellies" and "filthy Beatniks" and "drug-crazed Hippies" who now inspire a special hate.

Hatred is directed against them for their wondrous opposition, expressed in countless ways from direct action to limp passivity, by the whole range of conformity from the buttoned-down, air-conditioned nightmare of Suburbia to the dirty war of Johnson against the Vietnamese; by a racism whose logic inevitably leads from the denial of free speech (including, most assuredly, so-called filthy speech) movements on high school and college campuses, to genocide.

Moreover, there is a special quality to the demagoguery of the square, the quality of high-toned morality and pulpit hypocrisy.

Consider, for a moment, the language of a Lyndon Baines Johnson

who prayed for "peace" with his apostate daughter and her "little monks" at a Washington monastery on the night he ordered American jets to begin the bombing deliberately intended to reduce Vietnam to the Stone Age . . . all the while conceding expansively to his teen-age Baptist drop-out that "your Daddy may go down in history as having started World War III."

Consider the difference, if any, between these obscenities and the following: "Bolshevism is knocking at our gates! We cannot afford to let it in! We have got to organize ourselves against it, and put our shoulders together and hold fast. We must keep

istal demagoguery from a crude amateurdom to a science perverted.

Laying the Marxist jazz aside for a moment, the observation is valid. After all, we as a nation are being prepared to accept the consequences of incinerating the world—in the name of "honoring our solemn commitments" and "saving the world from communism."

Two vivid, undeniable incidents demonstrate how deeply this has seeped into our daily lives: the bloody, utterly unrestrained assaults on the Flower Brigade by the plug-uglies of the pro-war spectacle in New York City; and the unconscionable beating by the fuzz of Hippies for singing Buddhist love



America whole and safe and unspoiled. We must keep the worker away from Red Literature and Red ruses. We must see that his mind remains healthy."

The only difference is that Al Capone, the author of the latter statement on the eve of the St. Valentine's Massacre of a rival Chicago gang in the '30s, did not enjoy the office of the President of the United States.

That a Johnson invokes religion, God, morality and peace all in the same breath while escalating wholesale murder of a gentle, ancient people in the name of anti-Communism is in no sense a contradiction but an affirmation of the demagoguery of the fascist square.

It is a demagoguery which combines the most spiritual and pure along with naked gangsterism: something which is at once seemingly popular in form and anti-popular—square—in content. Someone said, with insight it seems, that if Marxism represents the development of socialism from primitive Utopianism to humanistic science, then fascism is the development of cap-

chants in Tompkins Square Park.

Similar outrages have been taking place elsewhere with a growing regularity and consistency over the past several years, coincidental, it may be argued, with the increased escalation of the Vietnam war and the accompanying atrophy of any likelihood of peace.

The pattern of violence against anti-Establishment dissenters of any hue has come to the point of apparent systematization; this at a time when the demagoguery of the square has reached a point of art, the meanest of arts: the art of fascism.

This entire development takes place within the shadow of one of the earliest legislative anticipations of the dictatorship of the American square: namely, the 1950 Internal Security Act and, in particular, its Title II—a law consciously designed to show dissenters what it's like and where it's at.

Among other things this legal grotesquerie known as the McCarran Act manages to do, is to make every dissenter in the land subject to the caprice

of that Dr. Strangelove in a 10-gallon hat who is empowered by the full might and majesty of this august law to clap anyone coming within its mad purview into a concentration camp for an indefinite time with, realistically speaking, little or no chance of getting out until LBJ is damn good and ready to let him out.

Title II, Section 100, of the McCarran Act provides that under certain conditions, the President may, on his own, single-o judgment, proclaim the existence of a "national internal security emergency" throughout the land. He can do so if: there is a declaration of war by Congress; there is an 'insurrection' within the United States; there is an 'imminent invasion' of the U.S. or any of its possessions.

Upon doing so, then the President's political appointee, the Attorney General, is required immediately to "apprehend and detain any person as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person probably will engage in, or probably will conspire with others to engage in acts of espionage or of sabotage." (The emphases, please be it noted, are in the original language of the Act itself.)

This measure was originally sponsored and authored by the so-called liberal bloc of Congress in 1950, among whom were such illustrious names as Hubert H. Humphrey, Paul H. Douglas (a phony liberal now teaching at the New School in New York), Harley Kilgore and, over in the House, John F. Kennedy.

Even the ultra-Yahoos gagged. McCarran himself branded it a "concentration camp measure, pure and simple." Senator Karl Mundt, that old reactionary reliable from one of the Dakotas, attacked Title II as "a startling program . . . of establishing concentration camps into which people might be put without benefit of trial but merely by executive fiat . . . simply by an assumption mind you [original emphasis] that an individual might be thinking about engaging in espionage or sabotage."

Homer Ferguson, the venerable King Canute of anti-unionism during the Depression, said, ho-ha, this is going even further than I can envisage! The law would allow a single person to go into the "inmost recesses of a person's mind" and determine if that person "probably might commit so-called espionage and sabotage at some time in the vague, indefinite future."

And then, Ferguson observed: ". . . upon the happening of a single event, one person, namely the President of the United States . . . would go out onto the highways and by-ways. . . . And what could such a person do? He could round up thousands upon thousands of people, and without trial, without hearing, without right of ap-

peal—he could put them into concentration camps! I think that anyone who after World War II was in Germany, and saw the concentration camps of Germany, in which men did not have the right to trial, would understand what I am talking about."

Later on, however, the McCarranites, very cleverly and gladly, included the proposed concentration camp measure into the full McCarran Act. So that Title II became, in the very best sense of square jargon—a consensus, a bipartisan measure, as it were, of the two extant wings of political square-dome, the Liberals and the Reactionaries.

Said Scott Lucas, the majority leader of the Senate at the time and Organization Man from Illinois: "I favor a strong measure. . . . One may call it a police-state measure or whatever else he may desire. . . . One may talk about concentration camps, one may talk about . . . creating a police state if he desires; but when we are dealing with Communists such as we know exist in this country . . . there is nothing too drastic to meet that situation" (original emphasis).

The late Senator from North Dakota, William Langer, who offered the only principled opposition to the measure from its inception, collapsed on the floor of the Senate while trying to uphold Truman's vain attempt to veto the McCarran Act. His last words as he crashed to the floor of the Senate had the prophetic ring of a latter-day Jeremiah:

"So it is now proposed to have concentration camps in America! We can be absolutely certain that the concentration camps are for only one purpose: Namely, to put in them the kind of people those in authority do not like! So we have come to this! Concentration camps!"

The McCarran Act with its Concentration Camp provisions became the McCarran Law on September 22, 1950. Title II still is the law of the land. Although it has not yet been invoked, it could easily be at any time; and, moreover, Congress has on 24 separate occasions tried to have the White House put it into action.

Within six months after he had vetoed it, then-President Harry S. Truman told his Attorney General (a tainted party hack by the name of J. Howard McGrath) to set up "on a stand-by basis" adequate facilities in the event that Title II was ever invoked.

The Justice Department did so in 1952, setting aside six federal prison camp sites for this purpose and getting nearly a million dollars to carry out the "detention camp program." The sites were as follows: Allenwood, Pennsylvania (just 4 hours by car from New York); Avon Park, Florida; El Reno, Oklahoma; Wittenburg and Florence, Arizona; and Tule Lake, California.

Back in 1952 while on *The Nation*, I was the first American journalist to take a look-see at the camps, interviewing the warden at Allenwood and also officers of the Bureau of Prisons which was responsible for setting up the physical facilities. At the time, the articles which appeared not only in *The Nation* but also *The New York Daily Compass* and *The New Statesman* caused a brief sensation, particularly because the Korean War—sorry, 'police action'—was pretty hot and there were cries about clamping "Com-mies" in the camps.

Just recently—because of the bad news that the Johnson Administration has been laying on us—I decided that the whole Concentration Camp thing ought to be brought up to date and re-appraised in the light of the new developments which have taken place over the past 15 years. I did so and published my findings in a booklet titled *Concentration Camps, U.S.A.*, which was commissioned by the Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties and published by Marzani & Munsell (available from the *Realist*; see coupon on page 4).

Briefly, I found that the program was still in full force. That the Johnson Administration is all set to swing into action. That there are at least one million Federal Internal Security Emergency Warrants waiting to be used if need be. That the FBI has a thing called "Operation Dragnet" which it can throw into full gear "overnight." That the concentration camps are, in one form or another, still ready on a "stand-by basis" and that they can hold at least an initial complement of 26,500 concentrationaries.

I also have discovered since the appearance of *Concentration Camps, U.S.A.* that certain circles in Washington have been put up tight about the whole thing. And that the likely candidates for being picked up in "Operation Dragnet" have expanded considerably since the passage of Title II so as to include the whole black-hippy-dissent scene—which was not the case back in the early 1950s.

I want especially to consider these latter developments which are of crucial importance in the light of the swift and confusing march of events with which we will be faced for some time into the indefinite future.

In the first place, the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department—which is charged with carrying out the details of the McCarran Act—has been very secretive about the concentration camps. I asked the bureaucrat who heads the Division—one J. Walter Yeagley, a Kennedy appointee—for an interview to discuss the camps.

In a letter, he not only refused to hold still for an open, thorough examination but arrogantly remarked *inter*

alia: "It strikes me that any official view I might have on the subject of your inquiry [the concentration camps under Title II] should be for my superiors only and not a subject for public discussion."

Does that or does that not show where it's at?

Now comes Senator Robert F. Kennedy, the Democrat from New York who is running hard for the White House either in 1968 or 1972 or 1976 . . . or whenever. He knows an issue when he sees one; especially, his adroit exploitation of the anti-Johnson sentiment among the generally discontented who are sick and tired of Vietnam, Santo Domingo and other typically Democratic adventures into war.

In a significant exchange of correspondence with the Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties, Kennedy averred that the Internal Security Division enclave in the Justice Department told him that my writings about the camps were "replete with inaccuracies" and that my claim—that in 1952 a master pick-up list of "approximately 500,000 Americans was drawn up to serve as the basis for carrying out the FBI-directed 'Operation Dragnet' in which, initially, from 3 to 12 thousand would be picked up 'overnight'"—was, in the words of the Internal Security unit, "a complete fabrication."

Kennedy also wrote: "The Division states without equivocation that there are no 'concentration camps' in existence in the United States."

Well, I'm sure in hell not going to get in a shouting contest with the *sanctum sanctorum* of the rat finks (the Justice Department's Internal Security Division). But the Citizens Committee handled the whole matter very well.

In the first instance, the claim that there are no concentration camps in existence is very neatly reduced to the absurdity it is not merely by the evidence presented to date but additionally by a most germane exchange of correspondence between me and the Director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, Myrl Alexander, who is in charge of the concentration camp program's maintenance. I asked Mr. Alexander several key questions governing Title II and the camps. Among them were the following:

● Question: "The former director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, the Hon. James V. Bennett, stated in correspondence he issued on March 26, 1952, that, in his words, 'Responsibility for the detention program [has] been delegated to this Bureau. . . .' My question is: Has this been the responsibility every year since that statement up to the present?"

● Answer: "Yes."

● Question: "If so, has this responsibility been annually delegated anew by

the Office of the U.S. Attorney General, or has it simply been subsumed annually by the Bureau acting upon the force of the original directives by the Attorney General?"

● Answer: "Subsumed."

That the Internal Security crowd doesn't like the term concentration camps goes without saying. But concentration camps is the precise, generic term. Sorry about that.

The Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties had the acumen to point up this aspect of the Establishment's denials by reminding Senator Kennedy that the U.S. Senate justified



the enactment of Title II by "the precedents afforded by Court decisions sustaining the validity of the Japanese relocation program" when 110,000 Japanese-Americans were incarcerated during World War II.

Said the CCCL:

"In the Japanese cases, Mr. Justice Black, writing for the majority in *Korematsu v. U.S.* found it unpleasant to call the detention centers 'concentration camps with all the ugly connotations that term implies,' but Mr. Justice Roberts, dissenting, had no hesitancy in identifying 'the detention camp centers as a euphemism for concentration camps.' The resistance of the Japanese to internment [was] characterized [by Justice Roberts] as 'not submitting to imprisonment in a concentration camp.' The learned Justice spoke of the order for internment as 'a cleverly devised trap to accomplish the real purpose of the Military Authority which was to lock him up in a concentration camp.' Mr. Justice Murphy in the *Hirabayashi* case, referring to the Japanese detention centers, said, 'In this sense it bears a melancholy resemblance to the treatment accorded to members of the Jewish race (sic) in Germany and other parts of Europe.'"

The Citizens Committee put it on the line by asking: "Can there be any

doubt that when the Presidential proclamation is issued, these camp sites, or others, will be concentration camps 'with all the ugly connotations that term implies'?"

But above all are two burning questions which the Justice Department and the FBI do not want to answer: (a) *how many* would be picked up in 'Operation Dragnet' by the FBI and the entire fuzzi apparatus of the United States; and (b) *who* will be picked up?

Firstly, as to how many would be picked up. The Justice Department flatly rejects the figure of 500,000 American citizens in 1952 as a "complete fabrication." What they failed to say is that I said—with emphasis—that the list of 500,000 had to be necessarily "the basis for carrying out the FBI-directed 'Operation Dragnet' in which, initially, 3 to 12 thousand Americans would be picked up overnight for incarceration in federal detention camps as potential spies and saboteurs."

Again I call upon the Citizens Committee's response to Senator Kennedy. The Committee points out:

"The Internal Security Division has not questioned the authenticity of Mr. Allen's quote from Senator McCarran's remarks in the Senate [in 1950] when he added Title II to the bill bearing his name. He said: '. . . according to FBI Director, J. Edgar Hoover, there are 12,000 hard core, dangerous Communists who could immediately be picked up . . . 55,000 [members] . . . [and] 500,000 additional Americans who are either willing tools or party-line followers. . . .' Mr. Hoover himself told the Congress on the eve of the Act's passage that 'there is a potential fifth column of 550,000 people dedicated to this philosophy.'"

The listing of so-called subversive organizations and their membership (and followers, as distinct from formal members) by the federal and state governments has a vague history dating back to beginnings of organized trade unions and the anti-slavery sentiments (the precursors of today's civil rights movement) about the time of the Civil War and immediately thereafter.

The first step toward systematizing this process was President Harry S. Truman's Executive Order 9835 issued on March 21, 1947. The loyalty oath or official litmus test became institutionalized by law, providing for widespread 'loyalty' investigations of federal workers.

As an indispensable part of this official witch hunt, the Attorney General promulgated a list of "subversive organizations." In 1948, the list contained 82 organizations; by 1953 the amount had jumped to over 250. Today the list is even larger.

The process has long since expanded beyond government employees; it ef-

fects virtually the entire work force of the country.

At the same time, the various witch hunters of Congress—like the Un-American Committee (which issued its own list of 600 by 1953), the Eastland Committee in the Senate and several others—along with a host of “little Un-American Committees” in the states and large cities of the country, also published list after list of not only organizations but the names of individual heretics.

By the mid-1950s, this frenetic hysteria over names and the un-ending hunt for names most certainly resulted in at the very least a compilation of 500,000 or more such “names” by way of an elaborate, scientific computer system. So that today, we know from a *World Journal Tribune* story of April 23, 1967 datelined Washington D.C. that there is a brand new, 2.5-million-dollar computer, Univac 1108, which has been “installed in a secret location outside of Washington” by the Office of Emergency Planning (OEP).

The FBI; CIA; National Security Council; Army, Navy, Marine, Air Force, Coast Guard and Maritime Intelligence Services; the Un-American Committee; the Eastland Internal Security Committee; a host of state “Little Un-American Committees”; the U.S. Post Office; the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service; the Intelligence Division of the National Labor Relations Board of the U.S. Department of Labor; the State Department; and every “Red Squad” and “Tactical Force” of every single metropolitan police force in the country: all of them are continuously feeding data—names, addresses, current political activities, associations, habits, movements, trips abroad, communications and correspondence — into Univac 1108 which, in turn, refines and keeps the Master Pick-up List right up to snuff.

We know further from the testimony of former FBI Agent, Jack Levine, that “Operation Dragnet” is standard operating procedure in the FBI which will put it into instantaneous action upon President Johnson’s invoking Title II after declaration of an “internal security emergency.”

I have further learned that one million Federal Detention Warrants have been printed up, all ready for immediate issuance to and for use by the FBI and other federal, state and local police agencies once “Operation Dragnet” is set into motion.

It is a fact that since the passage of Title II into law, both the quantity and quality of those who are the primary targets have changed significantly.

Firstly, the number of those who would be logically effected has considerably grown, from a round figure of about 500,000 back in the mid-50s to

well over one million today. This quantitative increase results directly from the changing shape and nature of dissent in the country.

At the time of Title II’s becoming law in 1950, the civil rights and peace movements in this country were pretty much confined—in a formal organizational sense—to the identifiable Left. This of course primarily concerned the Communist Party of the U.S. and the organizations of its general—but not, in any way, necessarily precise parallel—orientation. There were indeed several non-Communist and, in fact, anti-Communist, civil rights organizations and peace groups at the time but they did not receive primary attention from the McCarranites.

Demonstrable proof of what I’m saying is that Section 109 (h) (3) of Title II provides precisely that the U.S. Attorney General may consider membership in the CP since January 1, 1949 to be “the existence of reasonable ground” to “apprehend and detain” in a concentration camp any “potential spy or saboteur.”

That was in the days of the Old Left. Today is a whole other bag. We not only have the Old Left (I most certainly do not use the term pejoratively as a put down; but merely in a descriptive, indeed, admiring, sense), but above all we have the New Left.

The New Left has exploded onto the American political scene, namely in the civil rights area, in the peace movement—and the Hippy movement. The Supreme Court decision of 1954 in the case of school desegregation gave impetus to the genesis of what has been rightly called the Black Revolution.

At first, the demonstrations were headed by such moderates as Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins, Daisy Bates and the NAACP, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Urban League and the like. But in the past several years, grown thoroughly tired of the moderate pace of the respectable—who rely primarily on the long and often futile court processes of a White Establishment—the New Left has seen the rise of an increasing number of Black militants who view their people’s struggle in a much more radical way and have the guts enough to implement it with action both on a short-range or tactical scale (such as the closing down of segregated schools here and there) and on a long range or strategical scale (such as CORE’s electoral victories in Baltimore and, of course, the Ghetto uprisings in Watts, Philly, Rochester, Cleveland, Harlem, Oakland, Boston, Newark and Detroit in which one can see the faint beginnings of a virtual state of seige in the major, metropolitan Ghettos of America over the next several years).

These organizations — not by any means gathered as yet into a unified

single program—are the Deacons for Decency and Justice, the Black Panthers, RAM (Revolutionary Action Movement), Concerned Black Students and other like groups which are growing, gaining new adherents as is their concept of Negro self-defense also gaining ground not only among Afro-Americans but their white allies and supporters. (Of course I do not exclude the Black Muslims and similarly rigorous black nationalists from contributing to this new aspect of the American political scene.)

This means that the source for opposition to Title II has widened but it also means that the numbers who would be picked up by the fuzz have also increased. It is a source of strength and a new danger. It is not for nothing in my own appearances on TV and radio that I have encountered reasoned, enlightened and solid concern over the concentration camp provisions of Title II coming primarily from this source. I am very proud of the fact that the Deacons and the Black Panthers have made *Concentration Camps, U.S.A.* required reading.

They know better than anyone else just where it’s at, man. They don’t have to be told that the White House could take one look at, let’s say, a combined Watts, Harlem ‘64 and Detroit ‘67 breaking out and—zap!—LBJ could yell “insurrection!”—one of the magic words under Title II—and a hell of a lot of black militants and their white brothers and sisters will be in those camps—overnight, baby.

On an ABC-TV appearance out in San Francisco—shortly after the Black Panther guys “invaded” the California State Legislature with shot-guns to indicate their feelings on the issue of Negro self-defense—I was asked if the beats, diggers and hippies were prime candidates for Title II. While the question was asked in a jocular manner, I considered (and still do) it a serious point.

Because of the special nature of Title II; and because the Hippies must be treated seriously as a politico-social phenomenon—largely as a vague, random and unprogrammatic expression of a deep, reflective discontent with the status quo—it is not altogether inconceivable that the Hippies would be effected.

If the President declared a “state of internal security emergency” on account of an “insurrection” or a declaration of war, the Hippies—who in general are right up there with the militant cats and whose ranks, indeed, include a large percentage of Negroes; and who make their presence felt in the peace movement (“Flower Power” and “L-o-v-e” are peculiarly Hip—and important—contributions to the anti-war movement)—would very likely be picked up.

Operation Dragnet

In the fall of 1962, radio station WBAI in New York scored an impressive journalistic coup when it interviewed a former agent of the FBI, Jack Levine, who charged that the FBI was guilty of systematically violating the basic civil rights and civil liberties of American citizens on the pretext that they were "Communists" or "subversives."

During the interview, the following exchange took place:

Levine: Well, for one thing, the FBI considers its mandate to do investigations into subversive organizations as a mandate to collect generally all intelligence information which will enable them to keep track of all 'subversive' groups and individuals that are operating in the United States.

Q: Is there a master plan behind this, some plan that, in the event of some kind of hostility, some action might be taken?

A: Oh, yes, the FBI has got a very carefully laid out and detailed plan of action. . . . This plan has been set up under the authority of the Emergency Detention Act (Title II of the McCarran Act) . . . the FBI has kept close tabs on those individuals they consider . . . a poten-

tial saboteur and in the event there is a deterioration, let's say, in our relations with the Soviet Union to a point where hostilities may be imminent, in that case, the FBI will round up all the known communists and people that they (the FBI) would suspect of being sympathetic to the Soviet Union and who might possibly act as saboteurs and will have them interned during the period of the crisis.

Q: Do you have any idea how many individuals that might involve?

A: I never heard any specific figure.

Q: Is this plan public knowledge or how did you learn of the plan?

A: Oh, this was freely discussed in our lectures on sabotage.

Q: Did it have a name?

A: Well, the FBI has labeled it Operation Dragnet . . . the FBI estimates that within a matter of hours every potential saboteur in the United States will be safely interned. They'll be able to do this by the close surveillance they maintain on these people and they (the FBI) envisage that with the cooperation of the local police throughout the country, they'll be able to apprehend these persons in no time at all.

an official said 'it is obvious that these [New Left] groups are becoming more and more vociferous and threatening' in protesting against the war in Vietnam and calling for sedition. However, he said . . . 'we are following closely the activities of some of these groups. . . .'

● ". . . The Number of young New Left militants who advocate violence is growing, it was found. . . . A potential threat to public order was seen in areas where racial disorders this summer are feared, including Cleveland, Chicago and, possibly, New York."

The Times, basing its observations on the very squares in charge of implementing Title II, said that the New Left has about 200,000 adherents across the country, although the figure was deemed, in its august opinion, "exaggerated."

Exaggerated or not, the New Left—mostly the kids and the peace guys and the New Black Militants—comprise, along with the wonderful old pros on the Old Left, what is clearly well in excess of a million prime candidates for being busted as those "whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person(s) probably will engage in or probably will conspire with others to engage in acts of espionage or sabotage."

If Title II is invoked it will touch off the biggest, most hysterical manhunt in history.

While I was working on *Concentration Camps USA*, I met an affable guy who was the editor of a daily newspaper located near the old Japanese relocation camp in Tule Lake, California and an original Title II concentration camp site.

He asked: "Say, what about a title [for your book] . . . got one?"

I said, "Yeah, but it's already been used."

"What?" he rejoined.

"*Waiting for Lefty*," I answered—and he doubled up with laughter.

Then I asked him what he would do in the event Title II was invoked. He grunted an inaudible curse. I needed him: "Ah, come on now. If the FBI picked up a bunch of peaceniks from Berkeley and moved them into Tule Lake, you'd get out a flaming red, white and blue editorial about how it would be everybody's patriotic duty to support the detention camp, wouldn't you?"

He sighed—with no apparent enthusiasm—"Yeah, I guess I would at that."

It's just what Kafka and T. S. Eliot and Orwell have been telling us all along about Big Brothersville, the end of the world and the final dictatorship of the Square. That it all comes, not with a bang but with a whimper—or a resigned sigh.

More to the point, the Hippies already are demonstrably the recipients of a special hatred by the police. Assuming that Title II was invoked and, once the waves of largely political arrests were over, then the Hippies would most assuredly be next as despised outcasts and "undesirables" and "perverts"—just as their hip counterparts were in Nazi Germany and are today in fascist Greece where the military junta early decreed the immediate imprisonment of "bearded, filthy beatniks" and "unclean persons" in the concentration camps of the Aegean Islands where more than 13,000 "Communists" are now held in "detention."

The same is true of today's peace movement. The Vietnam war is now an undeclared "executive action." But there is increasing pressure to have Congress declare war formally. Look, even such a straight as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., can see what's coming up; he wrote in the August 12, 1966 issue of the *SatEvePost*: "For better or worse, we seem to be moving toward a deeper involvement and a wider war in Vietnam. This, I believe, is the condition which we must anticipate and for which we must prepare. As the war increasingly dominates and obsesses our national life, we can look for . . . a new McCarthy [and a] new McCarthyism. . . ."

In the year since he wrote this, the

war has grown wider; Johnson—who makes McCarthy a quaint memory—has steadily escalated us toward a thing with China and the Soviet Union; and the paranoia against peaceniks, Vietniks, Beatniks and Hippies is only just beginning.

We have today a considerable—but quite unorganized and, worse, quite defenseless, pacifistic—peace movement. Here too the anomaly of more resistance yet more potential victims for the concentration camps under Title II may be seen. The Women Strike for Peace, the DuBois Clubs, the Committee of the Professions Against the War, the SDS kids and the Youth Against War and Fascism are all recent expressions of the New Left whose membership lists, subscribers lists and meetings are carefully monitored by finks and duly recorded in that mindless Univac 1108 for inclusion on today's (and tomorrow's) Master Pick-Up List for "Operation Dragnet."

To clinch my point, consider *The New York Times* for May 7, 1967, which devoted nine full-page columns of its old lady type in a round-up ominously headed: 'The New Left Turns To Mood of Violence In Place of Protest.' The *Times* piece went right into the mare's nest for the following:

● "At the Internal Security Division of the Department of Justice,

Coexisting by Saul Heller

By 1967, anti-patriotic acts had become fairly numerous in the United States. These were spontaneous upsurges—something like patriotism in other countries. In April 1967, for instance, a faculty member at the Indiana State University burned an American flag during a class-room lecture. Although it may have been done to keep the students awake, we believe it was, rather, part of a ritual of contempt that was developing at the time—the answering contempt for the Administration that the Administration habitually exhibited toward the academic community.

In May of that year, there was an art show in New York City that featured flag desecration. According to the *N.Y. Times* of May 21, 1967: "Morrel's show, a group of sculptures and fabric constructions that protested American engagement in the Vietnam war, contained one piece in which Old Glory formed a symbolic figure in a hangman's noose; another in which the flag was draped in chains, a third that featured it as a penis hanging on a cross."

During the same month, four students at the Yale University School of Drama were accused of "defacing the flag, using it as a blanket and shawl and throwing it on the floor and rolling in it." (*N.Y. Times*, May 24, '67.) Most significantly, charges were dismissed by Criminal Court Judge Frederick L. Strong, at the request of the assistant district attorney.

The pattern of anti-patriotism became very marked when it became clear that Nixon was going to oppose Johnson in 1968. The insensitivity of the Johnson Administration to popular feeling was, of course, notorious. The attempt to bypass the will of the electorate by withholding from it a choice on the Vietnam war had never before, however, taken so gross a form. It resulted in an enormous intensification of the hostile public attitude toward the Administration.

Even in 1967, the mood of the public had been nasty enough. UPI's Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Merriam Smith stated in April of that year that President Johnson had become the target of an extensive vilification that could "tear down public confidence" and lead to "anarchy." Smith, documenting his assertions, stated that New Orleans variety stores were selling license plates "associating the President with barnyard filth." Lapel buttons carrying "dirty sayings" about LBJ's family were being sold at Southeastern roadstands. Smith also called attention to the printed placard in wide circulation reading: "Lee Harvey Oswald, where are you now that we really need you?"

The tide of anti-Administration vilification began to rise toward the levels foreshadowed by Merriman Smith when Johnson was re-elected in 1968 by the loyal following he had among the small minority that turned out to vote. Anti-patriotic acts not only became common—the Administration had no power to stop them. Johnson's tendency to alienate all about him had been active so long, the Establishment was becoming uncommitted. Lacking the good will and cooperation not only of his own party, but even the Republicans, the Chief Executive was forced to endure in silence the unchecked contempt of the public.

One of the common targets of the widespread popular resentment was the American flag. Originally, the indignities to which it was subjected consisted chiefly of trampling or burning it. More imaginative humiliations of the national symbol soon developed.

Spitting on the flag was one. Manufacture of toilet paper decorated by an American flag pattern was another. Young men of draft age took a great satisfaction in wiping their anal openings with this kind of toilet tissue. Some who had been inclined to be constipated claimed it was beneficial in loosening their bowels. A certain number of them became so devoted to the ritual that they became fecally impotent when the paper was temporarily unavailable, and had to wait for relief until their neighborhood stores received a new stock of the stimulating toilet tissue.

Manufacturers who never let patriotism interfere with their more sensible emotions quickly recognized the latent profit potentials in the situation. One came out with a toilet bowl brush decorated with a flag pattern, possibly causing many people to clean their toilet bowls for the first time. Chairs with the Stars and Stripes painted on their seats became good sellers. The prospect of repeatedly bringing their buttocks into intimate contact with the sacred symbol of patriotism delighted many anti-patriots.

Passing wind became socially permissible in public, if the farter was, at the time, seated in one of these chairs. Persons who were too timid to indulge their flatulence and anti-patriotism publicly did so in private, with great satisfaction. Some psychosomatic physicians claimed that the act of passing wind against the flag had a therapeutic effect on ulcers.

In gyms, particularly those frequented by colored people, punching bags with an American flag on one side, and a picture of Uncle Sam on the other, were in common use. Even patriotic trainers of boxers forgot about their antipathy when they noted how much harder their fighters were punching these bags.

Flags painted on garbage cans were a common sight in slums. Sanitation men quickly got to hate them; so much garbage was flung against the outside of the cans that the clean-up work that had to be done doubled.

The venomous contempt prevalent found targets other than the flag, of course. Giant-sized photos of LBJ became popular. They were used for bizarre gatherings called *piss-ins*—parties at which mass urinations took place over the photo. At parties that went out of control, defecations were also engaged in.

Mass masturbations over the photos were also considered but generally rejected—sex in any form was, the feeling went, too sacred to profane in this manner.

There were violent protests on the part of decent citizens against these obscene shenanigans. The anti-patriots were, however, as unpleasant a bunch of people, by and large, as patriots had been in former years, and were likely to treat patriots in much the same manner as they treated the flag, and the photos of LBJ.

They carried knives and guns, and didn't hesitate to use them when attacked. Patriots citizens who had gotten used to standing by and watching criminals at work suddenly realized it was hardly worth-while to risk their skins fighting something so tenuous as a symbolic protest.

Police were also unwilling to tangle with the anti-patriots. Courts had ruled that the right to make such symbolic protests was guaranteed by the First Amend-

ment, removing the grounds for any arrests. Besides, a secret "Racketeers Against LBJ" group had been set up, and it warned cops to lay off.

Right-wing extremist groups initially attacked anti-patriots. When the anti-patriots took to tattooing American flags on the buttocks of any extremists who fell into their hands, the patriotism of the right-wingers ebbed very considerably.

Secret orders came from Washington banning the use of flags at public gatherings; so many people in the audience commonly thumbed their noses at the flag that it was considered wise to remove the provocation. Another secret edict prohibited the singing of the *Star Spangled Banner*. Audiences liked to sing it off-key, producing a hideous cacophony that made an undesirable impression on foreign tourists.

The anti-patriotic infection spread to churches and synagogues. Pray-ins were held urging God to strike the members of the Administration dead, or at least give them some crippling or hideous disease.

Doctors made ingenious contributions. When an eminent surgeon referred to pus as *Johnson's exudate*, others in the profession began to do likewise. A new term for blood—*Johnson water*—also became popular.

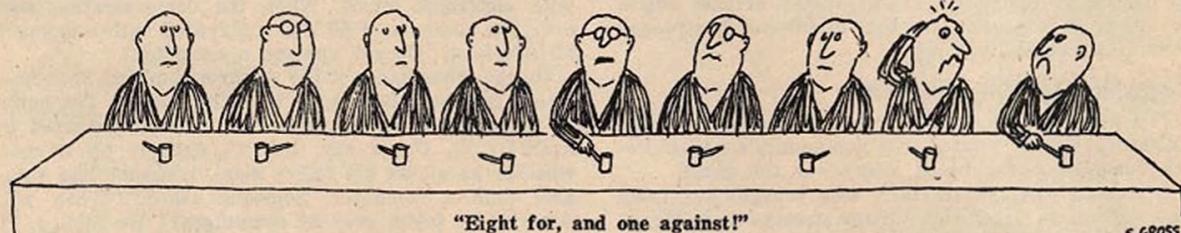
Reporter at Small by Robert Wolf

Injecting a Note of Rationality

The National Health Federation—a 10,000-member, non-profit league which furthers "freedom of choice in matters of health where the exercise of that freedom does not violate the equal freedom of another"—held its annual meeting.

NHF's full-time Washington lobbyist, Clinton Miller, told of a recent FDA ruling that would require a prescription for vitamins. The FDA was originally empowered in 1928 to label as drugs anything for which health claims are made. According to Miller, this means they can seize whole-wheat cookies and say "this drug is mislabeled." The NHF wants the regulation updated to apply to chemicals only, not food byproducts.

For once, the health lobby and the drug lobby are united. "We've never been in this bed before," says Miller. The drug firms have filed some 200 briefs on the matter, some costing \$100,000, and expect to see the



Strange superstitions sprang up and flourished. Pregnant women, for instance, believed it was bad luck to mention LBJ's name in their presence—they felt it would induce a miscarriage.

Devil worship, suppressed for centuries, came into the open. Black masses were held at which LBJ was worshipped. There were stories that Johnson was not entirely displeased with this adulation, but no decent citizen—when one could be found—gave them any credence, of course.

Johnson was, understandably, much troubled over most of these developments and called together a representative grouping of professors to get their views on the causes of the situation. The report prepared by the professors stated, in essence: "The root of the trouble is that the people don't feel they have a voice in the government. They have come to despise it for its prevarications, its sadism, its corruption and its cowardice."

LBJ's looks grew blacker and blacker as the lengthy report was read. At its conclusion, he rose and addressed his bodyguard—some thirty men, armed with sub-machine guns, hand grenades and a small cannon.

"Get these bastards out of here," he shouted. "And don't ever let them come back . . . even if I absent-mindedly invite them."

In 1972, with the election of Robert F. Kennedy as President, the unprecedented wave of anti-patriotism began to recede, to be supplanted by less overt forms that acceptably polluted the air and water, laid waste the nation's resources, and fleeced the taxpayers.

hearings run a year or two. Head of the FDA Goddard is paid \$23,000 annually. The drug industry has tried to woo him away with job offers of \$50,000.

NHF also has a state volunteer, Arthur Cordts, who described a bill which would require registration of restaurants and stores which claim their food promotes health. This would affect the buffet luncheons of diet clubs, vegetarian—even Muslim—eating places. Cordts likened it to registration with the Subversive Activities Control Board.

Another bill would require compulsory vaccination of all children entering school—for measles, diphtheria, whooping cough and (non-communicable) tetanus. Cordts claims the bill was lobbied and pushed through by the Christian Scientists—who are exempted from it under the definition! The NHF asks, is a Christian Science child any less susceptible to diphtheria than another child?

Many people oppose vaccination because the live culture often *causes* the disease in patients. Since 1948, an NHF official stated, more people have died of smallpox vaccinations than of smallpox itself. Nevertheless, smallpox vaccination is compulsory, and now, since January 1st, polio shots are also required in New York schools.

Echoes of UnAmerican Activity

Radical folksinger and Emmy-winning writer Millard Lampell was a member of a panel drawn together to conduct a biopsy on the blacklist. During those years he had to write under a pseudonym. At first this proved

essor J. K.
t realistically
ayed a couple
lock factory;
ouncing on
ne computer's
a violin solo
stration was
ith a moment
?

ical Society—
nt Computer
gathered to
7 up to man
me less valu-
"When will
le replied, "I
on to believe
." As if the
ockey match
e applauded.

for Feeling
for affection
imes I use a

ock Chisholm
ge: Implica-
are no longer
the problem
adults in the
which ended

one of those
n: "Employ-
' But there's

n University
ive and well
for a Jesuit

at the World
editor ask a
ported dead
3. Can't we

nphrey lays



Soft-Core Pornography of the Month
Lassie Performs Caninelingus on Lady Bird

kept manches
The contro
Bobby Ken
dle. He priva
licly calls hin
in every sens
One of Bobby
Newfield, wh
time, sent hi
own self be t
damned spot.

The Germa
ized *The Dea*
Look's omis
the parts of
which had b
months befor
rights to *Lo*
executive in
who obviously
has made a
photostatic c

By the way,
Not totally
all, I am in
am an execu
isn't an exec
and I did pre
The only thi
photostatic c
nal manuscri

Well, I cou
stale.

At first, I p
to Dick Linge
ter from D
Thousand Ni
I decided to
started by st
and improvis
stories that
dents know
ained unpu

Meanwhile,
ing on with
night and go
mous scene
neckrophilia.
I knew—in
context this
surd conclusi
on, both dram
literally or s

ttle help because he couldn't show up for the editorial conference at the studio. Later producers took a cynical attitude toward the blacklist, and under his own name Campbell was assigned to revise a script he'd written under another name.

He told of two writers he'd met in London who were trying to pass as listees; they found they got more invitations to cocktail parties. Too, they could say they'd written such-and-such a film but hadn't gotten screen credit. Another Britisher—a contemporary of Shakespeare—Christopher Marlowe, actually *was* on the blacklist; HUAC had seen his name under a play given at a leftist theatre.

Intimations of Impure Journalism

Although there was predictably paranoid interpretation by conservative columnists and editorialists of *New York Times* correspondent Harrison Salisbury's reports from Hanoi, the left-wing *Worker's World* suggested that Salisbury and the *Times* had "some purpose other than pure journalism" in sending him to Hanoi, such as a quest "for possibilities that can be further exploited by the State Department. . . ."

"It would be foolish of the sympathizers of the revolution not to utilize the Salisbury reports to the fullest for the benefit of the genuine anti-war movement. But the period of Salisbury's 'sympathetic' articles seems already to have passed now that he himself has passed from Hanoi to Hong Kong."

Copping Out Department

The purpose of the meeting was to discuss how the police department relates to a community's needs. Police Commissioner Howard Leary was the guest.

A woman referred to those who prevent her from walking certain Greenwich Village streets and in Washington Square Park. "I'm forced to detour," she said. "Can't these people be arrested for disorderly conduct or loitering?"

Leary pointed out that one has to file a complaint; this means getting involved; New Yorkers don't want to get involved; in 1965 nearly half of all parking tickets weren't paid because nobody wanted to get involved.

Does Intercourse Cause Cancer?

It was Youth Night in evangelist Billy Graham's Canadian Crusade. He shouted that promiscuity is the cause of cancer "and 64% of all those who get cancer in that way, die—according to the Canadian Cancer Society."

However, psychotherapist Murray Cook told an audience of New York Humanists that he's done "8 years of cancer research" and has found that heart attacks and cancer ("a form of suicide") can be traced to sex repression. Lately he has "intensively studied" prostitutes and he has come to the conclusion that to avoid cancer one should have sex a minimum of 3 times a day; the reason women live longer than men is that they have several orgasms to every one a man has. Someone asked if the three climaxes should be at one "sitting" or spaced out through the day.

Caught somehow between Rev. Graham and Dr. Cook, a worried woman at a recent conference of the Spiritual and Ethical Society wanted to know: "Can uterine cancer be caused by negative vibrations from the male partner?"

Technical Vindication

The obscenity case against head fug Ed Sanders has been dismissed by a 3-judge panel. The police had seized a copy of his *Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts*; another periodical in his bookstore called *Blacklist*; a collection of Ed's poems; a work by W. H. Auden; a book of pornographic photos by Jack Smith; and a petition calling for an International Fuck-In Against the War in Vietnam.

Attorney Ernst Rosenberger reminded the court that presumption of intent to sell requires that 6 or more identical copies of each item must be found. Only one copy of each item had been entered as evidence. The court in turn decided that the state had failed to prove its case.

Computers: Admiration and Fear

At the Riverside Museum there was a demonstration of the IBM 7094 digital computer as a translator of music. The composer was Princeton professor J. K. Randall, who said that his work could not realistically be performed by a human ensemble. He played a couple of tapes. One resembled a conspiracy in a clock factory; the other brought to mind a gang of mice bouncing on bedsprings. In a piece which illustrated the computer's ability as translator, the machine copied a violin solo with electronic music. When the demonstration was over, the audience of 50 was confronted with a moment of indecision: Do you applaud a computer?

On the other hand, at the Anthroposophical Society—whose members believe in that Omnipotent Computer in the Sky—an equal number of persons gathered to hear Dr. G. Unger say that it's entirely up to man whether he allows his fellow man to become less valuable than a computer. Someone asked, "When will America be taken over by computers?" He replied, "I would say it never will be—I have reason to believe that computers will not inherit the earth." As if the home team had just won a round in a hockey match whose outcome was uncertain, the audience applauded.

Short Takes

- A lady at a meeting of the *Association for Feeling Truth and Living It* told of her need for affection when her husband is out of town: "Sometimes I use a substitute—the salt-shaker."

- At the Ethical Culture Society, Dr. Brock Chisholm was delivering a lecture titled *Social Change: Implications for Mental Health and Ethics*. "Warfare no longer is the answer," he said. "It's a pushing of the problem further into the future." Just then, two adults in the back of the audience started an argument which ended with one belting the other.

- An Italian restaurant in New York has one of those city-required signs in its 2-by-4 bathroom: "Employees must wash hands before leaving toilet." But there's no sink.

- On the wall of a classroom at Fordham University there is a poster which reads: "God is alive and well in South America. Says he needs money for a Jesuit center. . . ."

- A reporter told me of a time he was at the *World Telegram & Sun* and heard an assistant editor ask a senior editor, concerning the number of reported dead in a fire: "The *Journal American* had 13. Can't we make it 14?"

- *Graffito of the Month*: "Hubert Humphrey lays cornerstones."

MANCHESTER CAPER

(Continued from Cover)

What you have to do now is try and savor the reality of Jackie—the dove in your kitchen who'd been replaced by Lady Bird, the hawk on your highway—Jackie, standing there in her miniskirt, saying: "Anyone who is against me will look like a rat, unless I run off with Eddie Fisher."

Christ, I mean even Lyndon Johnson is against rats.

You have to see through Jackie's eyes this rodent named William Manchester, sitting there biting his lip to pieces, commiserating with himself on some level about the ambivalent notion that he is playing sloppy third to Theodore White and Walter Lord, dangling between the making of a President and the sinking of the Titanic.

Driven by the spark which is created

when you rub grief and ego together, Manchester settled into obsession and wrote the book. Driven by that very same spark, Jackie exercised her legal prerogative as if it were a stubborn stallion.

(Recently Pageant assigned me to hang around with Byron de la Beckwith—he was campaigning for the office of Lt. Governor of Mississippi solely on the unspoken basis that he had murdered Medgar Evers—but de la Beckwith agreed to cooperate only if I would let him approve the article before publication. This was of course out of the question, although I said he could check it for factual errors. But there's a difference between chronicling an individual you despise and a President you revered. One can understand an author's willingness to become a kept Manchester.)

The controversy began to build.

Bobby Kennedy was stuck in the middle. He privately abhors LBJ, but publicly calls him great—"and I mean that in every sense of the word," he added. One of Bobby's biographers-to-be, Jack Newfield, who was in England at the time, sent him a postcard: "To thine own self be true." Replied RFK: "Out, damned spot."

The German magazine, *Stern*, serialized *The Death of a President* without *Look's* omissions. I decided to publish the parts of the original manuscript which had been marked for deletion months before Harper & Row sold the rights to *Look*. I would announce: "An executive in the publishing industry, who obviously must remain anonymous, has made available to the *Realist* a photostatic copy. . . ."

By the way, that was a lie.

Not totally untrue, however. After all, I am in the publishing industry, I am an executive—if being Ringleader isn't an executive position, what is?—and I did prefer to remain anonymous. The only thing was, I didn't have a photostatic copy of Manchester's original manuscript.

Well, I could hurdle that minor obstacle.

At first, I planned to assign the piece to Dick Lingeman, who wrote the chapter from Dean Rusk's memoirs, *A Thousand Nights*, in issue #66. Then I decided to do it myself, mother. I started by studying Manchester's style and improvising notes on some of the stories that White House correspondents know to be true but which remained unpublished.

Meanwhile, Marvin Garson was turning on with a *Newsweek* reporter one night and got the idea for that infamous scene of what must be spelled necrophilia. When he told me about it, I knew—instinctively I knew—that in context this was the perfect logic-absurd conclusion of what I was working on, both dramatically (it could be taken literally or symbolically) and psycho-

logically (it was the mutual simultaneous culmination of Jackie's and Lyndon's unconsciousnesses).

Garson gave me five pages, which I boiled down to one paragraph.

I would've had my manuscript ready for the printer on a Friday—when presumably a linotype operator would simply have gone about his business of setting it—but there were a lot of interruptions, and I ended up bringing it by on Saturday afternoon, when my printer happened to be there without benefit of employees.

See, I have this special kind of printer. He had been going for his doctorate in clinical psychology, but went into the printing business instead. An independent socialist intellectual, he more-or-less specializes in printing civil rights, pacifist and radical periodicals and leaflets.

He's often disagreed with material in the *Realist*. I once offered him the opportunity typesetters had during an early phase of the Cuban revolution—to state his disagreements in boldface type at the bottom of each column—but he never took me up on it.

(Only once did he object to actually printing something—an interview with Dr. Albert Ellis which contained a small section dealing with the semantics of profanity. I had to bring in a note from my lawyer before he would set it in type. That issue didn't go to press until removal of the union bug, an identifying label which union shops are ordinarily proud to display. Since then, I've never permitted the union bug to crawl on these pages again.)

A phone call woke me up on Sunday morning. It was my printer.

He tried to persuade me not to publish the Manchester stuff. But I had already done my soul-searching; any decision to be made at this point would have to be his. We agreed that I'd have to seek another printer for that issue. We were still on friendly terms. There were old ties. I'd had dinner at his home; I'd visited his wife in the hospital when she gave birth to their third child.

On Sunday evening, his wife—now a law student—called me to ask how I would feel if Jackie Kennedy were to commit suicide because of what I published.

On Monday morning my printer suggested that I could be charged with incitement to the assassination of Lyndon Johnson.

His wife consulted her professor of constitutional law, and he agreed that even Supreme Court Justice Black would finally be forced to draw the line concerning freedom of the press.

My printer asked me, "What do you think is the worst thing that can happen to you if you publish this?"

"I don't know, I guess I can be assassinated."



Core Pornography of the Month
Performs Caninelungus on Lady Bird

I didn't expect it to happen, but there's an interesting commentary that so many people did—dozens of whom offered me places to hide out.

My printer assured me that I would automatically go to prison for criminal libel. I have no desire to play the martyr game, but the only alternative would have been not to publish. Besides, somebody could always smuggle LSD into jail.

(During the Free Speech Movement's mass imprisonment, a Bible which had been soaked in an acid solution easily made its way into the cells, and the students just ate those goddam pages right up, here getting high on *Deuteronomy*, there taking a trip on *Exodus*.)

Who, I wondered, would be my cellmates?

The man in Dallas who sells photographs of the sidewalk with a piece of John F. Kennedy's brain on it? Or the people who buy those photographs? Or maybe the TV interviewer who asked Marina Oswald if she didn't feel terribly guilty for depriving her husband of sexual relations on the night of November 21st, thereby causing him to sublimate the next day?

In 9 years the *Realist* has been sued exactly once. I had called M. S. Arnoni, editor of the left-wing *Minority of One*, a liar in print. He felt damaged to the extent of half a million dollars. There was a trial and—truth being the only defense in such a case—the jury found for your humble defendant.

(Beat novelist Chandler Brossard threatened that he could bring suit when I printed that he had ghostwritten Norman Vincent Peale's prayer-filled advice column for *Look*, but my source was an entrusted senior editor there.)

My printer begged me to consult a lawyer. My attorney—Marty Scheiman, an unheralded latterday Clarence Darrow—had committed suicide a few months previously, and I hadn't been up to 'replacing' him. But now I sought out a good constitutional lawyer, sent him a copy of the manuscript, asked whether he thought I should publish it, told him I'd publish it regardless of what he thought, and asked if he'd defend me. He said yes.

One printer after another refused to print that issue of the *Realist* (#74). Even the printer who does the Communist *Worker* turned down the job.

There was an AP dispatch datelined Bulgaria which stated: "The legal hassle surrounding the serialization and the efforts of the Kennedy family to trim some parts [of the book] are presented by Communist Party propagandists as evidence supporting the theory that President John F. Kennedy was the victim of a conspiracy." But to impute this particular printer with inconsistency would be to imply guilt by association.

Personally, I've written to Lloyds of London in an attempt to insure the veracity of the conclusion of the Warren Commission report, because I would certainly suffer great mental anguish if my faith in the fabric of American society were destroyed.

Anyway, I eventually got a printer, and the *Realist* went to press. Readers were furious. "This time you've gone too far!" Subscription cancellations poured in. Zip codes were included as requested.

Margaret McCormack wrote a letter to a friend: "Dear Mary,

"When you told me you were canceling your subscription to the *Realist* because of the Kennedy article, I of course had to read it. . . . I don't cancel my subscription to the *Chronicle* because I read every day of the horror, the obscenities, the crimes committed by LBJ. Why cannot I be shocked enough to do something about reality? . . .

"I had to be given an image upon which to dwell—a grisly image. That grisly image was not burned children in Vietnam, crying mothers, bombed villages or starving black kids in Oakland—that image was LBJ fucking a bullet hole in a corpse.

"Irony upon irony. The image presented (horrifying, obscene, shocking) pictured an event that could, in reality, hurt no one. (Jackie probably doesn't read the *Realist*.) Masturbating a dead corpse doesn't really hurt anyone, but napping kids, and hunger, hurts—and kills.

"And while Jackie may get pushed out of shape over this article, Manchester's book or a thousand pulp magazines, she could try to use some of her influence with her rich Greek friends to get the Pappandreas out of Greece while they are still injured but alive. . . .

"Anyway, what is horror? How would you try retelling the events of what happened in Dallas and what has happened since? It would be impossible to retell it in such a way to make it shocking. Okay, try satire. How in hell does one make real horror a fantasy horror? How does one make absurdity absurd? Throw in your subscription, if you will, perhaps on the fact that Krassner didn't really go far enough!

"Is it possible to shock if one remains in a frame of reference? If my mind can accept, then I am not shocked. Would you believe such a story if this were written in 1946 by some enterprising journalist who'd discovered a friend of Eva Braun's describing a homey scene with Adolph and his buddies? Throw in a dead Nazi rival and Goerring and it's Sunday supplement stuff.

"So—now I have two disturbing thoughts: one—I'm not shocked by the real thing, I have to be shocked by sex; and two—the whole fantasy is too

damn close to the truth. Question: If this story were true, would you return your subscription to LBJ? If so, how? . . . I eat my dinner watching TV news of Vietnam atrocities. I doubt if I could eat my dinner watching LBJ screw any corpse, let alone JFK's. . . ."

A London scholar wrote: "The body of JFK was supposedly in a casket. Therefore, short of lifting out the corpse, an act of inverted para-fellatio would be physically impossible." Oh, yeah? Next time you see Arthur Schlesinger, ask him about LBJ hanging his penis over the side of a boat, saying: "Watch it touch bottom!"

On the day that the *Realist* hit the stands I was at Princeton to participate in their weekend Response program. Friday I was on a panel with Al Capp and George Reedy. Saturday I was on a panel with Jonas Mekas and Evan (son of Norman) Thomas, who edited the book for Harper & Row. He passed a note informing me: "The passage you quote from Manchester was never in the manuscript."

I asked how he could have seen the *Realist* already. He told me their lawyers had obtained a photostat of the galley proofs. I offered him a complete copy of the new issue. He grimaced and said "No, thanks."

I knew that Harper & Row had no grounds on which to sue the *Realist*. Nor did *Look* magazine, although their legal staff also discussed the possibility. "Criminal fraud," spouted editorial chairman Gardner Cowles.

It was extremely unlikely that Jackie or Lyndon would bring suit, if only because they would have to concede that what I published was believable. Indeed, one of LBJ's favorite jokes is about a popular Texas sheriff running for re-election. His opponents have been trying unsuccessfully to think of a good campaign issue to use against him. Finally one man suggests spreading "a rumor that he fucks pigs." Another protests, "You know he doesn't do that." "I know," says the first man, "but let's make the sonofabitch deny it."

William Manchester was probably the only one in a position to sue. Then came this phone call.

I had buzzed my scapegoat and asked her to call Jim McGraw, a minister friend who edits *Renewal* magazine. A photographer had given him a shot of the ultimate graffito—*God Sucks!*—which he couldn't use but passed on to me. Now the scapegoat buzzed me back, which would ordinarily indicate that McGraw was on the line.

I picked up the phone and said "Hello." A strange voice on the other end said "Mr. Krassner?" I said, "Yes—would you hold on just a second, please?" I buzzed my scapegoat again: "Sheila, what happened, didn't you get Jim McGraw?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, I picked up to get a dial tone and—the phone hadn't even rung—Paul, it's Manchester!"

I braced myself. Thinking it had been McGraw, instead of saying "Hello," I'd almost said "God sucks!" Manchester would've been convinced I was some sort of pervert.

I picked up the phone again. "I'm back."

"This is Bill Manchester." (He didn't say William. If this is a put-on, it's very subtle.)

"Yessir."

"My attorneys told me not to call, but I wanted to talk to you." I recognized his voice, slightly shaky, from radio-TV newscasts.

"Well, here I am."

"Let me ask, did you talk to any of my people?"

"Only to Evan Thomas, but that was after the fact."

"Look, the late President meant a great deal to me."

"I'm aware of that. We all show our loss in different ways."

"I know you didn't write that article. I've read the *Realist* before and I know you're a moral man."

"It's irrelevant whether I wrote it or not, because it was my decision to publish it, so the moral responsibility is mine."

"That's true. But what was the purpose?"

"To satirize certain things about the assassination, its aftermath, the hypocrisy, the exploitation, the hypocrisy, the quest for power."

"Was it necessary to include that introduction?"

"Well, I had to establish verisimilitude. When Jonathan Swift wrote his *Modest Proposal*, he didn't say, 'Hey, folks, I'm only kidding, I don't really mean that we can solve both the famine and overpopulation problems by eating newborn babies.' It wouldn't have had the same impact."

"That's very abstract."

"Okay, let me give you a more contemporary example. I published an obituary of Lenny Bruce two years before he died. It was the best vehicle for the things I wanted to communicate."

"I know he was a friend of yours. I've just read his autobiography."

"Well, I edited the book, and he asked me to include that."

"Look, your readers are mostly intelligent, literate people, correct?"

"I suppose so."

"They'll know that what you published isn't true. But other people are going to pick up this issue and they might believe it."

"And then what? Then what?"

"Are you working on your next issue yet? Could you mention something to the effect—I know I shouldn't ask—"

"I really respect you. Why did your attorneys tell you not to call me?"

"I'll find that out in ten minutes."

"Give 'em my regards. I'm not making any actual commitment, but I appreciate your man-to-man confrontation, and I really will consider. . . ."

"I'll be looking forward to your next issue."

"So will I. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

The most significant thing about *The Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book* was the variety of reactions to it—especially the credibility of the incredible by intelligent, literate people ranging from an ACLU lawyer to a Peabody Award-winning newsman.

I insisted that those who called would have to decide for themselves if we had published an authentic document. One man said he could determine its truth or falsity by feeding the article into a computer, which would tell him whether or not it was Manchester's work.

Antiquarian Bookman described the piece as "Definitely, a collector's item."

Library Journal—in its Magazines section, edited by Bill Katz, professor of Library Science at the State University of N.Y.—called the *Realist* "the best satirical magazine now being published in America. This is not for the unfortunate who felt salacious thrills from Robert Lowell's latest poems or got poignant, pornographic kicks from Kazan's best-seller. It is for the vigorous mind, for the individualist who does not live in constant fear of the existing order. More properly, it is for the reader who is a witness to the basic goodness and humor of man. . . ."

"This year's May issue is typical. A lead item features short sections allegedly left out of the Manchester book—and no wonder, at least if this is on the up and up. One can never be quite certain how much of the revealing journalism is Krassner's imagination, and how much is plain fact. . . . The only sick part about the whole thing is the *Realist's* limited circulation in libraries. I would be fascinated to know which libraries take it, and how it is handled: open shelves, or hidden in the bottom drawer of the librarian's desk?"

The Acquisitions Librarian at Texas Southern University returned the May issue. "Please cancel this subscription—our library does not subscribe to pornographic material."

A reader in Mackinac Island, Michigan "went out and bought the original *Death of a President* just to see if your parts would fit into the book—they did. Amazing!"

The issue was removed from newsstands in Cambridge, and when Diggers tried to give copies out free at a Boston love-in, police confiscated them.

Merriman ("Thank you, Mr. President") Smith wrote in his UPI-syndicated feature:

"One of the filthiest printed attacks ever made on a President of the United States is now for sale on Washington newsstands. The target: President Johnson. This is the May edition of a so-called magazine which says it is entered as second class mail. One newsstand owner says sales of this particular issue have been 'quite active.'"

"This reporter is not embarked here on any defense of Johnson politically or personally, nor, for that matter, is this to suggest the need for greater respect for the presidency. These are matters that have been dealt with extensively in other forums.

"Certain unadorned facts, however, do stand out in the open circulation, mailing and other forms of distribution of this sort of slime:

"If a magazine of major national standing tries to use the same sort of language, federal action to stop it would be almost certain.

"The language referred to is not conventional hell or damn profanity—it is filth attributed to someone of national stature supposedly describing something Johnson allegedly did. The incident, of course, never took place.

"If a citizen printed some of the same words on a placard without reference to any individual, and strolled the streets of any American city with the placard in plain view, he would be arrested the instant he passed the first police officer.

"If a newspaper printed these words, there would be public outcry and possible criminal action, to say nothing of lost circulation. If such words, phrases and manufactured anecdotes were voiced on radio or television, the sponsors would depart as the police walked in.

"The publication referred to is not an entirely isolated incident. Similar material reflecting what seems to be senseless hatred and utterly fabricated incidents has been showing up in other sections of the country.

"Somewhat related material has appeared on signs at so-called anti-war demonstrations or new native rites of freedom in which the participants ask such things as liberation from oppressive drug laws, tuition payments, rent, the draft and little technicalities such as marriage laws.

"This sort of thing makes the truly concerned and serious opponents of the Vietnam war look bad by association. It poses undeserved shadows over entirely legal and deeply sincere civil rights protests. To say nothing of seriously damaging the legitimate right to political dissent."

Will Jones, columnist for the *Minneapolis Tribune*, wrote:

"The excerpts that the *Realist* prints are logical extensions of the British reviewers' complaint that Manchester is a pornographer who traffics in the

grief of the great; they are as funny as they are outrageous. The trouble that Paul Krassner is likely to have created for himself by publishing this conceit is hard to predict. . . .

"What is likely to be overlooked in all the fuss is that, while the Kennedys and LBJ are the subject matter of the piece, the real targets are William Manchester's style, and the people who dig William Manchester's style, which these days seem to include most of us. And which makes the Krassner assault technique all the more outrageous."

Jack O'Brian, professional gossip for the late *World-Journal-Tribune*, itemed: "Cover story of one of those recklessly irresponsible off-civilization publications has a so-called censored excerpt from the Manchester book that defies even abnormal imagination." A week later he asked: "Hasn't the Post Office held up a minor weekly because of its incredibly ugly assault on LBJ, Manchester and others, claimed as a reprint of something censored out of Manchester's JFK assassination book?"

A close friend of Manchester vowed to work very hard to cost the *Realist* its second class mailing privilege.

Time, *Newsweek*, the *N.Y. Times* and UPI called me to find out if the post office had refused to mail the issue.

Someone asked Manchester if he wrote the stuff in the *Realist*. He just grinned.

Ralph Ginzburg and George Lincoln Rockwell called on the same day to ask if what we had published was factual. "You got balls of steel," Rockwell told me. "For a Jew you shoulda been a Nazi."

I thanked him for the compliment and didn't bother to get into a discussion as to why I don't consider myself Jewish.

New American Library called to determine if the rumor was true that Terry Southern had written the thing in the *Realist*. I explained that Terry would've told them if he had, since they are publishing a collection of his short pieces.

Several curious persons wrote to the final arbiter of truth to find out—the Playboy Adviser.

Look magazine ordered 200 extra copies of the *Realist*, but when an employee at Harper & Row tacked the issue onto a bulletin board, he was fired, then suspended for four weeks without pay.

An editor at *Holiday* magazine threatened to beat me up.

Bob Scheer, managing editor of *Ramparts*, complained that I had destroyed faith in the veracity of the *Realist* so that articles like the CIA involvement in the murder of Malcolm X (issue #73) would no longer be taken seriously; editor Warren Hinckle sent a telegram reading: BRILLIANT DIRTY ISSUE.

A man sputtering with anger called up Lee Leonard on NBC radio and swore he would make a citizen's arrest of me.

The documents researcher for the award-winning Miami radio show, the Lee Vogel Open Phone Forum, wrote to ascertain if "the excerpts actually come from the Manchester manuscript, as claimed, or is this another of your tongue-in-cheek satires?" and "Do we have permission to publicize your article . . . short of actually reading the text of the article verbatim?"

I got a long-distance call from Joe Dolan, a San Francisco radio personality, who asked me on the air to confirm his belief that it was a "literary forgery." When I refused, he went into such a rampage that I could feel the veins in his neck bulging from 3000 miles away. Finally he shouted, "Why did you publish it!" I answered calmly, "To separate the men from the boys." He hung up.

It was on Dolan's show that Mark Lane told how he had been on the same London TV program on which Gore Vidal described an incident that had been deleted from the text of the then-unpublished Manchester book—but included in the *Realist's* excerpts from the original manuscript—that Jackie Kennedy, during the transfer of her husband's body, had moved to the rear of the plane where she saw LBJ leaning over the casket and chuckling.

In our version, Jackie "corroborated Gore Vidal's story, continuing. . . ."

Consequently, I received a call from Ray Marcus, critic of the Warren Commission report, who had figured out that the article in the *Realist* must have been given to me by a CIA plant in order to discredit *valid* dissent concerning the assassination, because how, chronologically, could Manchester leave something out of his book which was a *report* of something that he'd left out of his book?

An individual decided to start a petition to put the *Realist* out of business. I asked for one so I could sign it too.

A lady lawyer complained to the local precinct, and a police lieutenant visited my office. I explained the concept of obscenity. He agreed that the *Realist* hadn't violated any laws, but asked me off the record if I didn't think editors should have some standards. I replied that *everybody* has standards, even the Hell's Angels. He asked me what magazine they publish.

A week later, he and a fellow officer came in and asked for copies of the issue. Thumbing through it, one laughed and remarked, "That's a pisser." That same afternoon, a pair of sergeants came in and asked for copies. The next week the captain of the precinct stopped me on the street and asked when the June issue would be out.

In Hollywood, an attorney made several wagers with friends about the article. He wrote to Manchester, who replied: "The material in the *Realist*, as described to me by my attorney, is pure fabrication and was never in my manuscript."

I couldn't understand why Manchester was now implying that he hadn't read the issue himself. I wrote a letter, reminding him of our talk.

On July 8th, he wrote a note to me which he mailed on July 14th: "You and I never held a telephone conversation. Indeed, I believe that such a conversation would have been impossible. My telephone number is unpublished and is used for personal purposes, and until today I did not know your number. Of course, I would never have called you."

I've played the tape over and over. There are these possibilities: (1) Manchester didn't call me, but someone did a masterful job of method acting; (2) Manchester did call me, but he's schizophrenic and has blocked it out of his consciousness; (3) Manchester did call me, but he doesn't want anybody to know.

I believe the third possibility. Therefore it's true. That same principle applied to the *Realist's* whole Manchester caper. If you believed, it was true. If you didn't, it wasn't. Or, as one reader said, "It doesn't make any difference whether it's true or not, because that's really where they're at."

The ultimate target of satire should be its own audience.

Analogy: Several years ago there was a French-&-Italian film, *Seven Deadly Sins*, consisting of seven vignettes, one for each sin—greed, lust, avarice, pride, Dopey, Sneezzy, Bashful—and at the end of the seventh sin, the narrator told us that we were going to see the *eighth* sin. On the screen were all the images that we have been conditioned to associate with intimations of sin—sailors, girls, an opium den—and then the narrator explained that the eighth sin was the desire to *see* sin.

The audience groaned its disappointment with a spontaneity that served only to underscore the narrator's point.

So, a reader sees the headline on that issue of the *Realist* and says: "The parts that were left out of the Kennedy book. *Oh, boy!*" Then reads it. Voluntarily. And says: "The parts that were left out of the Kennedy book. *Arrrrgh!*"

What did you expect?

What did you want?

Whether my motivation—to share this outrageous apocrypha with you—stemmed from hostility or affection, is as much a matter of subjective interpretation as was Jackie Kennedy's projection of what Lyndon Johnson did to her husband's corpse on that flight from Dallas. For all we know, it might have been an act of love.

BLOW-UP AND OTHER THINGS

(Continued from Cover)

kept telling hippies to keep off the grass, on the same field where football is played—wow, if only hippies would keep off the grass the war would be over—and in New York, where a young man, wandering around Sheep's Meadow in Central Park with a loaf of whole grain bread, looking for lean and hungries to share it with, was approached by someone with an American flag in one hand—"Would you hold this?" he asked—and a can of lighter fluid in the other.

Some fleeting considerations go through the bread-bearer's mind: After all, what is burning a flag compared to burning thousands of people? U.S. government vs. life; law and order vs. freedom; power vs. humanity; symbols vs. flesh. All right, brother, light it up.

This destruction of a symbol became the inspiration for a pro-war march on May 13. Ironically, the American flags carried by the flower children in that parade were torn to pieces by patriotic hawks, along with puching, stomping, and the spontaneous tarring-and-feathering of a bypasser who was guilty of needing a haircut. They were just Doing their Thing, that's all, only their Thing happens to be tarring-and-feathering.

That night there is An Evening with God at the Village Theatre—in celebration of the Pentecost—with Dick Gregory, Tim Leary, Malcolm Boyd, Harvey Cox, Len Chandler and myself ("speaking of the devil," adds the poster). I'm the token non-believer.

I recall Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin's plea to ministers and seminary students to flood the jails, committing massive civil disobedience by relinquishing their automatic deferments and declaring themselves conscientious objectors. I'd written to him so I could report to the audience on the status of that project.

Rev. Coffin replied: "That's quite a gang assembled with God. I think the *dramatis personae* must be quite pleasing in His sight, and I wish could be there.

"The seminary students are going back and forth on this one, as are so many other students. A weekend conference at Harvard is being held to discuss the possibilities. One of the problems is that you can't declare yourself a conscientious objector to this war in that the draft board determines your category.

"As long as you are 4-D they don't care if you're a C.O., 4-F, or anything else. This may mean that eventually you have to separate yourself from your draft card, which means you get prosecuted not for being a C.O. to this war but for being separated from your draft card. The dilemma has caused hundreds of them to sign an open letter to McNamara which may be open before you receive this.

"The other basic problem of civil disobedience is simply that those engaged in it tend not to communicate with the public at large. The monk turns himself into a burning signpost pointing at the war, but most Americans instead of reassessing the war simply reassess him.

"You're the realist, so you tell us! Once again I am sorry not to be on hand for the evening and do wish you all the best of luck."

I decide to burn one of my draft cards (I have several) at the Evening with God. "I stand before you as an atheist, doing what men of the cloth should be doing. A couple of decades ago, Joe Louis said, 'God is on our

side.' Now Muhammad Ali is saying, 'We're on God's side.'"

I'm past draft-age, but I've signed a public statement—along with Norma Becker, Dave Dellinger, Paul Goodman, Dwight Macdonald, David McReynolds, Grace Paley and many others—addressed to draft-eligibles, declaring that "we have conspired with you in the burning of your draft cards, we shall continue to do so, and we shall aid and abet others. We encourage you in this act and honor you for it. We are willing to share with you the risk of arrest, fine and imprisonment."

If you wish to become a signatory, write to Support-in-Action, 252 W. 91 St., New York 10024. Young men all over the country are pledging to return their draft cards to their local boards, or for those yet unregistered, letters stating refusal to register, October 16.

Girl peaceniks will also write to their local boards, telling Selective Service that they won't register or cooperate in any way with the draft process, then simply sign their first initial and last name.

A week after the pro-war parade and the Evening with God, Armed Forces Day is due. It has been designated Flower Power Day by the Workshop in Non-Violence: "Zap the military with love. . . . Blow their minds, not their bodies."

One guy offers to donate 1,000 paper airplanes, but the idea is vetoed because it would mean littering. Another suggestion: Chain male and female sit-downers together: "According to a New York City regulation, men and women can't be put in the same paddy-wagon, so the cops would have to march us down 5th Avenue." Someone suggests giving out food: On the April 15 march, Chinese fortune cookies were distributed (*You are going to meet a sad defeat, but be the better for it*). Perhaps psychedelichicks can spring ecstatically from the spectators and put flowers into rifle barrels.

But this planning was all *before* the civilian brutality of the previous week. Now we're scared.

The discussion continues 3 days later in Central Park. We still don't know what to do. Abbie Hoffman points out that we're huddled together like in a ghetto, afraid to watch a parade. We decide to confront it.

A police captain tells Alan Solomonow he'll have to give him a summons for holding a meeting without a permit.

"We're merely holding a conversation, officer. And why are you singling *me* out?"

"You seem to be leading the meeting."

I tap the policeman on the shoulder. "Excuse me, sir, but I was leading that meeting. You'd better give me a summons, too." I look around. "Who else was leading the meeting?"

Hands go up. "I was." More hands. "I was." "I was." About 50 people were leading the meeting.

The cop says, "I'm not gonna give you a summons, but the *next* time you hold a meeting—"

"You mean," I interject, "the next time we *don't* holding a meeting—"

"You'd better have a permit."

"I'm sorry, officer, we can't continue this meeting with you any longer without a permit."

And then pacifists and hippies head for an unknown happening, followed by a division of police. We pass the statue of Alice in Wonderland and all her friends playing around a giant mushroom. We romp over it, some remaining to give flowers to the Mad Hatter. The cops order us off. They surround Alice as if they're guarding

a fortress. An LIU junior asks, "Isn't this statue here to climb on?" A cop grabs him by the arm, pulls him off and inquires, "Do you think the law's for everyone but you?"

The kid gets a summons for climbing a statue without a permit. Later, another charge is added: failing to obey an officer. At the trial, a judge finds him not guilty on both counts, entering into evidence the defendant's snapshots of adults and children sitting on the statue.

Return to the scene of the crime and you'll find *Love* written on the mushroom. Holden Caulfield is grown up now and he finds that more offensive than *Fuck you*.

The Armed Forces parade begins down 5th Avenue. Marines march by; we chant "Get a girl, not a gun." Sailors march by; we sing *Yellow Submarine*. Green berets march by; we shout "Thou shalt not kill!" The Red Cross marches by; we applaud. A missile rolls by; we call out "Shame!" Military cadets ride by on horseback; we advise "Drop out now!" The Dept. of Sanitation sweeps past; we cheer.

A flurry of violence; we scream "Police!" A pro-war nut is swinging a sandbag that narrowly misses my stomach. He gets arrested.

"Impeach Cardinal Westmoreland," someone yells.

"Bring back General Spellman," someone responds.

That same weekend in Washington, Vietnam Summer turns rancid. Brad Lyttle's motion to go on record as encouraging draft resistance is voted down. (Chief opponent Fred Halstead claims it's not an effective tactic—what is?—he will be the Socialist Workers Party '68 presidential candidate.) A resolution is passed, however, to support the anti-draft movement in Puerto Rico.

Memorial Day follows logically upon the heels of Armed Forces Day. Tompkins Square Park becomes the scene of an Event wherein officers of the law lose their cool and beat upon the hippies' hairy heads with their nasty nightsticks. It's easier for a cop to identify with the Mafia's motivations than those of an unorganized cult whose patron saint seems to be Ferdinand the Bull.

An ABC-TV crew comes the next day to interview the hippies on the same grass they were arrested for sitting on. Curious Negro and Puerto Rican kids hang around. A TV man tells them to go away. The hippies tell them to stay. The TV man warns them to go away or he'll call a cop. Hippies: "It's their park too," TV man: "What, are you guys trying to manage the news?"

The question of news management is implicit in *Blow-Up*. David Hemmings—a nameless photographer—takes pictures in a park of Vanessa Redgrave—a nameless subject—caught in the middle of a tryst with a nameless man, the victim of a murder arranged by Hemmings' imagination, which is beside the immediate ethical point of whether publishing such a photo would be an invasion of her privacy or not-publishing it would be allowing sentimentality to interfere with professionalism.

"I'm a photographer," he tells her. "I'm only doing my job."

Herman Kahn—director of the Hudson Institute, author of *On Thermonuclear War* and *Thinking About the Unthinkable*—is the dispassionate extension of David Hemmings. He is the personification of *The War Game* . . . a film he hasn't seen. His assistant, Tony Wiener, recommends it to him.

"How does it scan?" asks Kahn.

"It scans beautiful," answers Wiener. "But you really ought to see it, Herman. You're in it."

"Why? I saw *Dr. Strangelove*. I was in that."

The War Game was originally produced as a BBC documentary about what could happen if nuclear warfare were waged on England, but it was felt to be too strong for TV. Director Peter Watkins resigned in protest, the movie was presented instead at regular theatrical showings, and members of the press were invited to judge for themselves.

"It may be the most important film ever made," wrote Kenneth Tynan in *The Observer*. "We are always being told that works of art cannot change the course of history. I believe this one might. . . ."

Unfortunately, that's dopey bullshit nonsense.

Herman Kahn had a request. He wanted a nice tour of the lower east side. I was pleased to oblige.

In a button store, he gets a poster: *Chicken Little Was Right*.

I tell him the CIA is running opium dens around Cambodia. He isn't surprised, because they smoke dope and show affection with equal openness. In his capacity as a human think-tank, he was present when a Laotian general was briefing John F. Kennedy. "The trouble with your people," complained the exasperated President, "is that they'd rather fuck than fight." Replied the general: "Wouldn't you?"

Kahn's point of view is that of the creator of an objective scenario, out of which come pronouncements. Example: The hippy dropout syndrome is delaying the guaranteed annual wage.

We stop in a book store. On the way out, I say, "I'll show you the books I bought if you'll show me the books you bought."

"You know, when I was 3 years old, I said to a little girl, 'I'll show you mine if you'll show me yours'—and she wouldn't do it—now you'll print that because I was frustrated as a child I want to blow up the world."

His purchases: poetry by Allen Ginsberg; something on Russian economics; a John Hersey novel; short stories by Isaac Singer; LSD & problem-solving.

As David Hemmings says to Vanessa Redgrave in the park, so Herman Kahn says to mankind at large: "It's not my fault if there's no peace."

In a civilization where scientists at Pennsylvania State University under government research grants can still seriously promulgate fallout shelter programs, you don't have to be a working paranoid to entertain justifiable suspicions about the LSD/chromosome-damage alarm campaign.

Dr. Samuel Irwin, professor of Pharmacology in the Dept. of Psychiatry at the University of Oregon Medical School, is one of the two-man team investigating cell damage in LSD users. He deplores the sensational publicity, particularly in regard to deformed babies, calling the *Saturday Evening Post* article "a complete distortion" and "an atrocity."

Two separate studies of LSD users in the Haight-Ashbury area show no damage to chromosomes. Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld—medical advisor to the underground press—states: "The researchers for one of these studies has had some difficulty publishing these results although their research methods and credentials are unimpeachable. The second study was only recently completed. . . . One doubts that the results of these studies finding no chromosome damage amongst LSD

users will be so prominently featured in the news media."

Substitute highs attempted to fill the panic gap.

The Food & Drug Administration utilized laboratory apparatus which "smoked" dried banana peels for more than 3 weeks and, according to their press release, "never did get high." How can a goddam machine get high?

While it was the *East Village Other* that pushed rotten green pepper as a hallucinogenic if it is properly smoked by means of a regular cigarette, when push came to shove it was the *L.A. Free Press* that promoted pickled jalapeno pepper, which is anally inserted. All over southern California, heads were sticking vegetables up their asses. And in Washington, the FDA office looked like a grocery store specializing in peppers—testing, 1, 2, 3. Artificial anus, anyone?

In San Francisco, I had done a benefit for the Diggers, and mentioned in passing that after STP the next drug would be FDA; sure enough, *Time* magazine reported that there would be "a super-hallucinogen called FDA."

At the request of post-graduate Students for a Democratic Society, I arranged for a few west coast leading Digger non-leaders to come to Delton, Michigan for the SDS "Back to the Drawing Board" conference.

It was a confrontation of the talkers and the doers. The Diggers were so disruptive that old-timers were convinced—and so stated—that the CIA was behind it all. But what else could you expect from a Communist who owns his own factory? He compensates for his proletarian guilt by remaining pro-union.

SDSers were upset that the Diggers have been known to steal food. They were not so upset that they were themselves unable to steal the notes of the *Washington Post* reporter at the conference.

Later that night, female SDSers agreed with Diggers about the injustice of property rights, but balked at sleeping with them only because their husbands might object.

Could it be that the Diggers are just using love to



United Arab Republic President Gamal Abdel Nasser is a man who likes to keep in touch with the people, and if he can't be there in person, he sends a bust as a substitute. These rows of Nasser statues were destined to decorate a new artists' village near Cairo. Apparently there would be an image of Nasser on every street corner.

June 1967

get laid? Are they really fraternity brothers in hippy clothing? We're all one, aren't we?

The difference is one of philosophy. It's the difference between advertising a soft drink with a slogan—"The Now Taste of Tab"—and seeking one's pleasure with Alan Watts' awareness of our position as "insignificant germs on a minute ball of rock, attached to a minor star on the outer fringe of one of the smaller galaxies."

Of course, if you happen to be balling a cute pair of teenyboppers like in *Blow-Up* the glands are way ahead of the philosophy.

Moreover it's possible that many hippies indulge in mysticism because they have enough of a puritan hang-over that they can't accept pleasure on its own terms, they have to rationalize it with spirituality.

In Chicago, a bookstore owner and my distributor had been charged with selling and distributing obscene material. Specifically, the complaint was about the Disneyland Memorial Orgy—a two-page center-spread in issue #74, which has since been enlarged into a wall poster—but Chicago reporters tell me that the charge is actually a smokescreen attack on the *Realist* for publishing the Manchester stuff, and that the Catholic church there is most likely behind it.

In Baltimore, the Sherman News Agency sold that issue with pages 11-14 missing. One employee said that the Maryland Board of Censors had ordered this—that it was the only way the *Realist* could be sold in that state—but there is no Maryland Board of Censors. Sherman's had taken what they considered a precaution. We've secured the missing pages, and any Baltimore reader who bought a partial issue can send us a stamped-addressed envelope, any size, and we'll send the rest of that issue.

In Oakland, some mysterious individual or group put out a flyer, with the *Realist* logotype on top, reproducing a few parts of the Disneyland spread along with the last four paragraphs of the parts that were left out of the Kennedy book—added, "Now on Sale at DeLauer's Book Store, 'Your East Bay Family News and Book Store'"—and handed it out in churches and elsewhere. The police would have moved in for an arrest had it not been for my west coast distributor, Lou Swift—a rare combination of courage and kindness—who asked them not to act until they got a complete issue and could see the material in context.

Theoretically the charges in Chicago can't stick. The cartoon spread doesn't arouse prurient interest—can you imagine a prosecutor telling a jury how they might get horny because look what Goofy and Minnie Mouse are doing?—and even if it *did* arouse prurience, the rest of the *Realist* is certainly not *utterly* without redeeming social value.

On July 10th, however, a judge found issue #74 "to be obscene." The charge against the distributor was dismissed, based on his lack of knowledge of the obscene contents. The ACLU is seeking a federal injunction restraining authorities from interfering in any way with local distribution of the *Realist*; other dealers were afraid to sell that issue, and in fact were warned by police not to.

I go on a late-night Chicago radio program so the police can arrest me too if they wish. Unlike the bookseller and distributor, I would plead not guilty. Nothing happens, except that a lady who is listening to her

car radio has pulled over to the side of the road, and a policeman questions her. "I thought you were a prostitute," he explains, "here for the Furniture Show."

If only the hippy influx to Haight-Ashbury were able to transcend the sexual revolution and the chicks would charge *money* for their enjoyment, the mayor of San Francisco might extend the welcome mat to them as if they were conventioners.

The North Beach Movie was featuring a film about a nude hippy orgy—*Psychedelic Sexualis*—"No plots to wear you out! No mysteries to make you nervous! No symbolism to frustrate you! Not recommended for prudes, persons who are embarrassed easily or devotees of serious Art Cinema in the tradition of Bergman, Fellini and Antonioni."

We called up the theatre and the manager agreed to let in a bunch of hippies free, to see what their reaction would be for possible publicity purposes. I invited the Realist Nun to accompany me.

Paul von Blum, an instructor at Golden Gate College, included in his final exam for a class in Political Science this question: "Paul Krassner, editor of the *Realist*, knows a former prostitute who happens to own a nun's costume. She has joined the staff of the magazine and is known as the Realist Nun. Each month she will become involved in some adventure—in uniform—and report her findings in the *Realist*. Discuss the following report of her adventures [reprinted from issue #74], particularly in terms of some of the ideas we discussed in our class when we dealt with the role of symbols and images."

Only recently the Realist Nun performed an abortion—a skill mastered during her days as a hooker—while wearing her nun's outfit, an authentic habit, from Mammy Yokum button-up shoes to hip rimless granny glasses, save for a button under the collar reading *Chastity Is Its Own Punishment*. The desperate girl thanked her for this act of Christian charity.

(Governor Reagan has signed a bill that would permit abortions in cases of rape where the victim was 14 or younger. If you're going to San Francisco, wear flowers in your hair, but if you plan to be raped there without benefit of contraception, be sure you haven't reached your 15th birthday.)

With about 18 Diggers and hippies—me looking like a Hell's Angel reject, with the Realist Nun on my arm—we depart for the theatre. She smiles at everyone who stares. A nun going to see *Psychedelic Sexualis*?

(According to an AP dispatch, 39 postulants to an order of Catholic nuns will take lessons in charm from stewardess trainers. Arrangements for a short course at the Dubuque Motherhouse of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary have been made with the women who train hostesses for Continental Airlines.)

The film is exploitative and pandering. No actual screwing can be seen. But, my God, they're showing public hair! Look at that—public hair! The hippies cheer. The usher asks us to be quiet so that people can enjoy the orgy.

(The Gillette Scaredy Kit—a tote bag containing Lady Gillette razor and shaving products—has been advertised this summer in *Mademoiselle*, *Glamour*, *Ingenue*, *Teen* and *True Story* for "the bathing suit shave, the most sensitive shave of all. You think shaving your legs and underarms is a big nuisance? Welcome to summer. With skimpy bathing suits and short

shorts. And another shave to worry about. The scariest, most sensitive of all.")

Some of the hippies start necking. People don't know whether to watch the screen or the audience. The Realist Nun unzips my fly and starts fondling my genitals. That is to say, she begins to Do my Thing. That phrase has always had a masturbatory ring to it, anyway. Do your Thing. Okay, I'll Do your Thing if you Do my Thing.

Even the hippies' minds are blown. They thought she was a real nun.

At the Summer Solstice celebration in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, the same hippies who implored the sun to come out at 5 a.m. would ridicule Lyndon Johnson's call for a national day of prayer (there was more rioting, however, because Rap Brown called for counter-prayer). Although these hippies have given up trying to influence the administration, they're still trying to influence the universe.

Two days later, on June 23rd, LBJ is due in Los Angeles for a \$1,000-a-plate dinner at the Century Plaza Hotel. With 14,999 other protestors, I march that afternoon. A public address system lies to us, claiming that we're assembling unlawfully. Then, "In the name of the people of the state of California, I order you to disperse."

The demonstrators answer in unison: "We are the people! We are the people!"

The p.a. system: "You are not the people! You are not the people!"

And, while Lyndon is inside innocently giving the Supremes a standing ovation, 1500 police who for 3 weeks have been primed for a riot go ahead and start one (they get the *Berkeley Barb* by mail).

Great moments in violence. . . .

One woman, being clubbed by the cops, screams: "Help—police!"

Though the sadism may have seemed random, it was definitely goal-oriented. Just as U.S. bombing of the Quanh Lap leper colony 15 times in 5 days was calculated to terrorize the Vietnamese, the L.A. Keystone Tragedy Cops had their task—to get all those people the hell out of there because there's just too many of 'em to arrest—and, not bloodied heads, but the *sight* of bloodied heads, was precisely a means to that end.

The more repression of open protest, the more clandestine activity there will be.

Demolitions experts in Long Beach conducted a stern search of an Army cargo ship loaded with napalm after a phone tip that a time bomb was aboard. The *Linfield Victory*, carrying more than 1,000 tons of napalm—destination Vietnam—was towed to a remote part of the harbor after the call to city police.

Norris Industries Inc. in Vernon, California, manufacturer of bombs and bomb components, has received about 40 bomb threats during the past year.

Another bomb-maker has experienced numerous incidents of sabotage, from rags being stuffed into a compressor to pennies being put in tanks of acid solution used to clean ordnance products (the copper in the pennies changes the chemical makeup of the solution, rendering it useless).

At the Chamberlin Manufacturing Corp in Chicago, absentee rates are running as high as 25% among workers at its ammunition plant which produces mortar shells and cartridge cases for Vietnam.

Escape to the Renaissance Pleasure Faire.

I go with some friends, including Jay Thompson, a photographer. Naturally, he brings his camera. We see a girl lying on the grass like Sleeping Beauty and, in the spirit of the occasion, decide I should make like a prince and wake her up with a kiss, while Jay photographs the whole sequence. Being chicken, I ask her first if it's all right. She says sure. Jay instructs me—"On her upstage side, Paul"—like the pornographic photographer who says, "Wait, wait, don't come till I reload."

We joke about the possibility of discovering a murder when the pictures develop.

A man in a knight's costume is holding a placard which reads "Get Out of Constantinople Now!" He has a lapel button that says "Ban the Catapult!" I ask Jay to get a picture of him. Later I see the man again and—not to get his permission, but just to make him feel good—I tell him I plan to use his picture in my magazine. His wife says, "I don't think you should." He explains: "I have too much to lose."

All of a sudden I'm in the middle of *Blow-Up*.

Legally, there's no problem; this is a news event. Morally, it's a quandary. Suppose he's a teacher and would lose his job? Is such a job worth having? But he has a family to support. Yet he took a chance that someone who knew him would be at the Pleasure Faire. He can always cop out and say he was making fun of demonstrators because there has always been protest.

The only reason I'm not publishing his picture is for lack of space; a blow-up would have revealed that he is a silent partner in an arranged mass murder.

In L.A., I get invited to appear again on two TV shows, from left to right, Mort Sahl and Joe Pyne.

Some sample bits of dialogue from the Sahl show:

MS: "What are you doing on the west coast?"

PK: "I'm here to open a branch office for Twiggy."

MS: "A great girl . . . a great American . . . if only there were more of her."

PK: "If the miniskirt were any shorter, they'd discover that Twiggy is really a boy."

MS: "Ronald Reagan is a big name in Washington. They really think he's the man, that he's going to be the nominee. [Audience: 'No, no.'] I don't think no is

an answer. I'm telling you what they think. This is like when Freud addressed the Vienna Medical Society, he told them what he heard people say on the couch, and they all said 'No.' No is not an argument. I appreciate your opinion. You have to understand that if Ronald Reagan was elected—I want to make this point, this is important—if you find that this system he utilized to gain an office you don't feel he qualifies for is in error, you must amend that system, not him."

PK: "If I were given a choice now to vote in a presidential election—between Lyndon Johnson and Ronald Reagan—it would be like being given a choice of being burned by napalm or suffocated by Saran Wrap."

MS: "The liberals are spending all their time defending McNamara. He's a genius. I mean, I may not agree with his policies, but the man's obviously a genius. They're really unbelievable."

PK: "It's like a reversal of McCarthyism, where they used to say, 'Well, I respect his goals, but I don't like his methods.' Now what they say about McNamara is, 'I like his methods, I just don't like his goals.'"

MS: "Yeah, well, they'll accommodate any kind of madness. He said that I was one of the few guys who has a grasp of administrative problems, so I guess I'll get an appointment any day now. [Audience laughs.] Well, you people may think that's a compromise, but the way I look at it . . ."

PK: "If you want to work from within . . ."

MS: "That's right—work for change from within."

PK: "You know, that's the best rationalization for not confronting the draft, 'Well, I wanna work from within.'"

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

It was for reaching people in these ways that Mort Sahl's show is no longer on television.

The most important thing to remember about the Joe Pyne show is that there are no subpoenas. Guests go on of their own volition.

A couple of weeks previously, an interviewee's father-in-law walked up and slugged his son-in-law on camera, the two of them wrestled to the ground, Pyne broke it up, and the scene was deleted from the tape. When the viewer got finished watching a commercial, sitting there being interviewed was the father-in-law, the son-in-law having disappeared without explanation.

But word got out, and now the studio audience is overflowing with sweet little old ladies of both sexes and all ages, hoping against overwhelming odds and vicarious ids that there will be more of the same kind of excitement.

Pyne's staff works with the FBI in digging up information. This proved particularly useful when the guest



was to be Norman Ollestad, author of *Inside the FBI*. According to my FBI contact, the show was privately screened for FBI agents (who approved it) the day before it was due to be telecast.

My own background is pure and clean, although Pyne is able to get me a little off balance by asking questions based on information he's gotten from the FBI on a man I'd worked for 14 years ago.

And then he makes reference to my acne scars.

"Well, Joe, if you're going to ask questions like that, then let me ask you: Do you take off your wooden leg before you make love with your wife?"

His jaw drops, the audience gasps, the producers avert their eyes, and the atmosphere becomes surrealistic as he goes through the motions of continuing the interview, blatantly ignoring my question.

Too bad, it might have proved an interesting area of investigation.

If he does remove his wooden leg before he makes love with his wife, does he list to one side? Or, in order to avoid listing to one side, does he get on bottom, a position which might well be humiliating for someone with a masculinity hang-up like Pyne's.

He owns seven guns, in case you're a phallic symbolism fan. Maybe he removes his wooden leg and uses it to make love with his wife.

Joe Pyne doesn't like to be touched. The final guest that night makes the mistake of embracing him at the conclusion of the interview. Pyne shoves him away, making threatening karate gestures, and walks off, hair mussed, loosening his tie. On his way out of the studio, he passes me and mutters: "Sonofabitch put his hands on me. That I don't like."

When the show goes on TV there, I've been rendered soundless. Not only has my wooden-leg question been eliminated, but also my description of the L.A. police riot. In New York, my interview is *entirely* omitted from the show. First they say it was pre-empted by an Anti-Defamation League program. But that was officially scheduled for one a.m. So then they say the tape was damaged.

The next week another interview isn't aired—in Washington and N.Y.—Pyne's encounter with Robert Rowe, author of *The Bobby Baker Story*. They tell him, too, that the tape was damaged, but a *Variety* reporter investigates and finds out that they lied.

At the Evening with God, I was invited to speak at the Youth Pavilion in Expo. I was also asked to give my impressions of the U.S. Pavilion on CBC television. I begin by saying that Buckminster Fuller, the architect of this huge geodesic dome, is one of my heroes.

"It's really beautiful," I continue, "with all these flowing colors." The cameraman doesn't know where to look. "You don't see them, but I do. There's an interesting kind of symbolism, though. These military men—combat marines—I don't see that in any other pavilion, military men guiding you around, saying, 'Yes, there's the little girl's room' or 'Would you like to touch my medals for killing enough Viet Cong?' I think it's very appropriate that we should be right here by the largest escalator in the wetsern hemisphere, since the U.S. is the greatest escalator in southeast Asia.

"The more I think about it, the *less* Fuller becomes a hero, because what a magnificent gesture it would've been for him to have *refused* to build this pavilion. That's the difference between French intellectuals and

American intellectuals. De Gaulle might've backed out of Algeria for the wrong reasons but he did back out, and what a fantastic example Buckminster Fuller could have set by saying, 'I refuse to build a monument to a country that is burning children.'

"I don't mean to sound ungrateful to the country that nurtured me, but it's like, I love my mother and father, but if they were beating my brother—and the Vietnamese people are my brothers—I would feel duty bound to speak out and say, 'Hey, Mommy and Daddy, don't do that, it's wrong.'"

Q. "Now that you've laced through Buckminster Fuller, what about the more obvious displays here, the less subtle things than the marines and the escalator?"

A. "Oh, well, it's too bad we don't have a *roving* camera because we could see—like they have a tremendous picture of Bette Davis right over a catapult from some movie, and it catapults her right into Debbie Reynolds's bed. And then there are some fire exits which are symbolic of Detroit and Newark."

Q. "What about some of the other displays—the hats—"

A. "When you think about it, we're very limited in scope here. There's pictures of Hollywood stars and stuff about space travel, but it doesn't seem as if there's much else to talk about. I mean they don't mention that there's a civil war on in America, for instance. So we have the space capsules up there—and it's really very awesome to see them, to know they went through space—but I somehow cannot be as *impressed* seeing them, knowing . . . I don't mean to keep coming on *obsessed* with destruction that we're doing in another part of the world, but I can't *separate* it from this, because it's blood money."

Q. "Well, what's your general impression of Expo as a whole?"

A. "It's very symbol-conscious. One of the symbols is interesting because it has to do with the whole of Expo—people's inability to experience existentially the pleasures of *now*, so they somehow have to get their passports [admission price to Expo includes a 'passport'] stamped to show that they've been there, and you see the *clamor* to get their passports stamped, even though they don't really *have* that much freedom to travel. If I want to go to certain countries, I can't, and if you think back to before World War One, Bertrand Russell made the point, you could travel anywhere in the world *freely*, and now we've come to accept passports the way we've come to accept the *subway*—as if God planned it this way. . . . There's more symbolism. I think the Minirail going through the American Pavilion there is a lovely bit of sexual symbolism. It's my favorite moment at Expo. Mostly, there's a kind of *technological* joy. There's something paradoxical about waiting on line to have a good time."

Q. "Waiting 4 hours to see something that lasts 15 minutes—that's sexual too, you know."

A. "Well, you can read whatever you want into it. What I would like to do here, as a gesture of my commitment—since I feel there's something lacking in the American Pavilion, which is a certain recognition of the fact that the country is really split in two—since we're a nation of symbols, I would like to indulge in a symbolic act. I have my draft card here."

Q. "You're kidding."

A. "Would I kid about a thing like that?"

Q. "It's his draft card."

A. "And I'll hold a match here."

Q. "Are you sure you know what you're doing?"

A. "If I may."

Q. "He's burning his draft card—how about that for a scoop, hey?"

A. "Now, the reason I'm doing this is, again, because we get hung up on symbols. People will be more upset about this than about the fact that *children* are being burned alive."

Q. "Do you intend to stay in Canada now that you've burned your draft card?"

A. "I'm leaving tonight, but I want to see more of Expo first. You know, just because—I think there's a joy in the senses and in nature, and that Expo represents a celebration of technological achievement rather than man's relation to man—just because I burned my draft card, it doesn't mean that I can't, as a human being who digs life, *groove* on everything that's happening here. The significant thing about Expo to me is that of all the pavilions here, the only one that has anything written on the wall is the Youth Pavilion, where someone scrawled: *The duty of revolutionists is to make love!* So I want to just go around and do my duty—to my country—as a revolutionist."

The marines tell me it's against the law to burn my draft card. So I show them my draft card. "I lied on television," I lie. "That's not a crime. People do it all the time."

The U.S. Pavilion should consist entirely of a gigantic blow-up of an *actual* application for employment which contains this loyalty oath: "I am not now a member of the Communist Party nor will I become a member during the course of my employment with Lever Brothers Company."

Leaving the CBC people to argue it out with the USIA people, I go watch the film on children playing games. I sit there crying and laughing. The message is simple: There was once a time in your life when playing games was the most important thing in the world.

Someone at Expo has taken LSD and thinks he's me. He makes a collect call to my office, giving my name, and my scapegoat accepts the call. He tells *her* he's me. She can't hang up on him because he threatens to freak out if she does, insisting that she listen to his idea.

He's read the scare article on acid in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and although he doesn't trust it, he's decided to stop until more objective research is done. This is his last LSD trip for a while. Rather, his next-to-last.

He feels that the scientific method has been lacking, that all the happy trippers have been ignored, and he would like to sponsor an event that will be a combination anti-war-protest and pro-scientific-research—his idea: a psychedelic fuck-in—where all those who have taken LSD so many times that if what the *Post* says is true then it's too late, will go to Washington or Expo or somewhere and have an outdoor mass ball.

If others aren't ashamed to let children witness napalm-dropping, we're not ashamed to let them witness lovemaking. And then let the scientists see what kind of babies come out of these holy acid unions.

His idea is a bad one. I've seen the violence—from Tompkins Sq. Park to Century Plaza Hotel—that police are capable of inflicting on helpless demonstrators.

And of course I won't pay for the call. It was obviously someone else who placed it, my scapegoat accepted

the call *thinking* it was me, and then she had no humane choice but to continue the conversation.

Meanwhile, the interview has officially been labeled an "incident." It's shown on TV that night and becomes front-page news in Montreal papers the next day. So what? It hasn't changed anything. Every day a certain dread of pain automatically sets in just before the news comes on. In order to survive, you try to live your alternative of pleasure.

But pity the poor hippy who is allergic to flowers, who becomes nauseous from incense, whose hair just doesn't seem to grow, who breaks out in a bisexual rash from wearing beads, who hurts between the toes from wearing sandals, whose collective unconscious recalls a leper colony whenever people wearing bells walk by, who coughs uncontrollably at every inhalation of pot, and who, worst of all, doesn't have a Thing to Do.

Oh, somewhere there is a place for each of us: between the mysticism of the Electric Lotus (a tribal store whose guru thinks there is profound meaning to the fact that dog spelled backwards is God—an observation once made by Nick Kenny) and the materialism of the Electric Circus (a discotheque whose puppet show features a Buddhist monk immolating himself); between the Communist Headache (with a flower on the invitation to visit their new party headquarters) and the Capitalist Bufferin (with a TV commercial promising you turned-on days forever); between the ego-trip of Louis Abolafia (sitting in a restaurant, calling out "Down with the *Village Voice!*" [which had ridiculed his presidential campaign], "Up with *EVO!*" [which had front-covered him], stopping only to impose kisses upon an unpuckered stranger) and the ego-transcendence of Richard Alpert (sitting in a restaurant the day before he leaves for India to meditate for 6 months, discussing choiceless awareness while trying to decide what to order on the menu).

Actually, ego-transcendence is a Great Spiritual Myth. Ego has been getting a terrible press lately, but if, as I believe, consciousness and ego are synonymous, then consciousness-expansion means *ego*-expansion. The vibrations may vary, but there are *only* ego-trips—transcendence being the most self-involved journey of all—and the bullshit-quotient remains a function of your perception.

Choiceless awareness is another Great Spiritual Myth. You have to *choose* choicelessness. Even Andy Warhol has to *pick* his next camp site. What are you, a man or a camera?

At first I thought the flaw in *Blow-Up* occurs when David Hemmings fails to bring his camera with him to the park in order to record the presence of a corpse he's gone there for the *purpose* of verifying. But it's not a flaw, it's the crux: the only way he *can* be sure of reality is by taking a photograph of it.

No, the real flaw in *Blow-Up*—crystallized by the final scene of the pantomimed tennis game, when Hemmings picks up the imaginary ball at the silent urging of players and spectators, then throws it back to them—is the implication that involvement and detachment are mutually exclusive.

In the original ending, put to rest on Antonioni's cutting-room floor, David Hemmings picks up the non-existent tennis ball, *then runs away with it*, players and spectators chasing wildly after him, shaking their fists and shouting unheard curses, utterly enraged because he has interfered with their imaginary game.

