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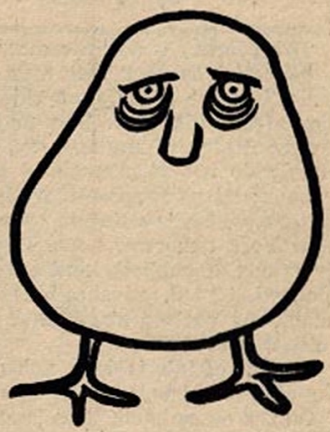
*freethought criticism and satire*

# The Realist



**No. 56** **February, 1965** **35 Cents**

*the magazine of justice for some*

## *Trial by Frameup*

**by Harold Feldman**

The dazed Negro was haled before a Philadelphia magistrate's bench on the charge of habitual drunkenness.

"Name?"

"Charlie McCarthy, Y'r Honor."

"Where do you live?"

"Hollywood Street, Y'r Honor."

The feeling of being irritated by sassiness is a pleasant one to judges, something like the temptation that helplessness presents to bullies. "All right, Charlie McCarthy," said the magistrate as though he were returning humor for humor. "Ninety days." The man's name *was* Charlie McCarthy. He *did* live on Hollywood Street. There is *no* such legal offense as habitual drunkenness.

Listening to liberals pay their dues of righteous melancholy over the frameup and execution of innocents like Sacco and Vanzetti, one gets the impression that their lament is really a compliment to our judicial system. In their view, a frameup occurs when the authorities conspire, usually for political reasons, to crucify an innocent man as an example to others. The classical frameup, to them, is an outrageous *abuse* of police powers, not merly an instructive instance of their *ordinary* use.

When one frameup in a hundred thousand is undone, they are quick to proclaim their faith in law confirmed. For liberals, a frameup is like a star leaving its orbit. This, in spite of daily experience which teaches us that a frameup is the natural course of law and order, drag-

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## *Race Hate and Sex*

**by John Bleibtreu**

Everyone who really feels in his guts what the race problem in this country is all about, realizes that the central issue is sex. Writers like James Baldwin, Lillian Smith, LeRoi Jones, Ralph Ellison and Norman Mailer know this. Politiicans like Malcolm X and Bull Connor know it. But these two are outside the Liberal Establishment. The Establishment pretends it isn't so.

When the Liberal Establishment speaks through the mouth of Gunnar Myrdal or Huntleybrinkley we are told to concentrate on the peripheral ornaments of the problem—economic conflict, educational disparities, urban blight, etc.—a nice white-coated view from the lab. If the Liberal attitude is beginning to look somewhat silly (or absurd, if you prefer the fashionable adjective) —kind of out of place like Sherman on that horse in front of the Plaza Hotel—it's because the Liberal attitude is committed to seeing the chancre instead of the syph.

The key word of the Liberal attitude is "objective"; the stance is that of a man from Mars down here for a visit. De Tocqueville set the style: a pleasant, intelligent, sensitive observer who is just passing through. The Liberal sees society as the Great Machine with each of us playing out his little role in it like a spring or a cotter pin. It is quite "other" from him.

But the degradation of the Negro—the isolation and abuse and neglect—all this has *not* come about merely through some accidental malfunctioning of the Great Machine and it's not going to be corrected by some minor adjustment to the carburetor.

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# *You Sane Men*

**by Laurence M. Janifer**

This country is not interested in sex.

Shocking as that fact may be to the younger and more hopeful readers of this miniscule monstrosity, I'm afraid it's true. The majority of people in the United States, of any age, sex, color or social condition, simply do not give much of a damn about screwing.

Look: let us suppose there is a new Brigitte Bardot picture, which is going to open in eighteen theaters in New York tomorrow noon. It will come in surrounded by reams of publicity and advertising copy. It will be plugged, touted, advance-billed and in general talked about and written about until I am sick of the whole subject, and so are you.

If none of this is done, nobody is going to know that the picture exists, or is being shown.

On the other hand, here is another picture: *Terrors, let's say, of Nazi War Crimes.* There isn't any such title at the moment, but there may perfectly well be by the time this hits print; there are, in any case, worse.

Well, *Terrors of Nazi War Crimes* is heralded by one (1) small ad in the *Long Island Press*, and it opens at one (1) drive-in theater in Roslyn, Long Island. And it does a business measurable in the millions, and goes on doing it through holdover bookings and small-circuit showings for months and months.

Now, I've been watching this sort of thing happen for some time, and I've been thinking about it, if that's what it is I do, for equally long. Away back in January of 1963, I finally decided to write a novel about it—this being, for me, at least once in a while, the result of thought.

I drew up a long outline of the novel. It was science-fiction, by the way—since that seemed to me the only way to isolate an entirely sadistic society and take a good look at it—but it was some distance from either the Buck Rogers school or the sensitive-little-flowers school. It was, frankly, very damned odd.

I presented the outline to the editor who was then publishing my work. After he'd turned it down I presented it (through my agent) to some others. All in all, I spent a year finding a guy who had the guts to publish. His name is Larry T. Shaw, and he works for Lancer paperbacks.

I congratulated Shaw on his courage. "I'm not sure it is courage," he told me. "I think it's a sense of timing." The public, it seems, was ready for a book as rough and as sadistic as this one was going to be.

He's since told me—just to scrape around and find a little Pelion to put on all this Ossa—what amounts to an additional proof of the thesis. His firm puts out, if you'll excuse the expression, a small line of sex novels. He finds that he can't sell such a book unless he writes a strongly sadistic pitch for the front-of-the-book blurb, and gets at least one sadistic scene into the book itself.

Nor is he alone. Remember, after all, that drive-in theater. And take a look around—at the men's adventure magazines, at the historical movies (there are some bloody dillies coming in from Italy and Spain these days) and the new horror films, at novels like *The Carpetbaggers* and *The Prize*. . . .

What this country wants is sadism.

Frankly, I think my novel—it's called *You Sane Men* and will be available on your paperback stands in early 1965—ought to sell pretty well. This thought does not make me happy: and there's another side of the whole affair that makes me even less happy.

It seems I gave some tests.

I collected a small crowd (or maybe a large handful) of people—various sexes, ages, professions and so forth—just as various, in fact, as I could manage. I spent some time inventing a projective test designed to do two things at once. First, it was supposed to show me whether the sadism I thought I would find really existed, in large quantities and near to the surface. (It did, by the way, in every case.) Second, it was supposed to give me some idea of just what forms the drive took—what, in other words, as far as the novel was concerned, was relevant.

Something like this: if I write a love scene, the setting is going to be relevant (a love scene in a garbage dump is quite different from a love scene in somebody's penthouse); the time is gong to be relevant (8:15 AM and 8:15 PM make two different love scenes); the color of the hero's hair is not going to be relevant; the pitch of the heroine's voice is not going to be relevant. I know this for a good many reasons, at least one of which is that lots of love scenes have been written.

But a book like *You Sane Men*—a really honest job in this area—hadn't been written. What's relevant to a scene in *this* book? To dispose of the above example, the hero's hair color is, the others mentioned are not. Why, I haven't much of an idea, and, in spite of Stekel and Freud and deSade and so forth, neither has anybody else. The fact, within limits, I've got: the interpretation of the fact is waiting around in the wings for a team of psychoanalysts. Or poets.

Now, I read this spastic scratch-sheet of Krassner's with some regularity: in other words, I am not easily shocked. But a couple of shocks were waiting for me in the results of my testing.

First, it provided a final, and a fairly solid, proof of the thesis I've been involved with. Now, for clarity: I don't mean that "sadism exists," or even that "sadism is a part of every personality." I do mean that sadism, here and now, in this country and in this year, is a major force—that it controls more of our actions, our patterns and our drives than any other force of any sort—and that nobody seems to be aware of this.

I don't mean that police are sadistic, or that Birchers are: I mean, instead, that priests are, and pastors, social workers, poets, lovers, musicians, plumbers—everybody, including you, and including me. And that in every case, the sadistic drive is as big as I've described its being.

That's right. You, too.

But that was only the first shock. Second, the test

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# The Faithful and The Fact-Mongers

**by Joel Lieber**

They couldn't have found a more appropriate place for The Great Debate than Manhattan Center. Site of many boxing matches, it was an arena well accustomed to the ineffectual jab, the foul blow, the rowdy, jeering crowds. On October 19, the featured match was between a battling challenger, Mark Lane, chairman of the Citizens' Committee of Inquiry, and the wise old champion, the Dallas destroyer, Melvin Belli.

As advertised on the CCI's tickets the battle was being fought over the question, "Lee Harvey Oswald—Guilty or Innocent?" (Or was the fight over another question entirely—"Was Oswald the Lone Assassin?"—as the CCI ads in the previous day's newspapers proclaimed?)

Whichever, both men were in top form: title-holder Belli defending Oswald's guilt and upholding the Warren Report, and Lane affirming Oswald's innocence and charging Warren Commission fraudulence.

The champion, Belli, who weighed in wearing black evening dress, was florid-faced and silver-headed: a heavyweight. The challenger, Lane, was younger, friskier, similarly tuxedoed, but at heart a middleweight: a light-heavy at most.

Lane was fresh from a series of spectacular exhibitions both here and on the continent and he was a big crowd-getter. (The purse from Lane's solo lectures grossed $25,000, according to the CCI.) But Lane had never confronted an opponent like Belli: it remained to be seen what he could do against a champion.

The syndicate backing the challenger was overwhelmed by the turnout. Manhattan Center (which rents for $1,300 a night) was jammed solid, at $1.50, $2.50 and $5.00 a seat; 3,500 were seated and 500, said the CCI, were turned away at the gates. It was clearly a youngish crowd, no question of that. There were plenty of middle-aged citizens, to be sure, and even some of the interested elderly, among them not a few trade union people who knew the Center from its former days of go-get-'em trade union rallies.

Outside on the sidewalk, on 34th Street, fiery young girls attacked the converging fans, hawking the *Workers World*, screaming the 4-page newspaper's banner headline, "Warren Commission Report a WHITEWASH." For 10¢, the curious were given a preview of Lane's criticism of the Warren report: the paper's pages 2 and 3 were entirely given over to Lane's charges and on page 2 itself a box decried the Report as the "Worst Cover-Up Since Reichstag Fire!"

A few seemed shocked and shied away from the paper-hawkers, regarding them disgustedly as if they were lepers. The truly eager snapped the papers up and even supplemented their reading by grabbing *Progressive Labor*, whose lead stories had a similar ring, but whose vendors lacked the boisterous salesmanship of the competition.

Inside, in the lobby, more souvenirs of the impending clash were available: stacks and stacks of a Broadside label 33⅓ record, *Mark Lane's Testimony Before the Warren Commission;* a book by Melvin Belli, *Dallas Justice*, printing-press-fresh and coincidentally enough, published by David McKay that very morning; piles of *The Minority of One;* and mounds of the *National Guardian*.

Refreshments were conspicuously lacking, and in view of the potential for commercial exploitation, it's a wonder that the Barton candy company didn't get into the act with their latest official offering: in their chain stores they recently started selling a 10¢ milk chocolate disk, showing a chocolate profile of President Kennedy, "1917 - 1963" on one side, and Barton's Bonbonniere $25 (?) on the other side, the entire item prettily wrapped in gold foil.

Promptly at 8:10 feet-stamping and rhythmic clapping broke out.

Moderator William Kunstler took to the podium and hushed the anxious crowd. He announced that the battle would be fought along classic debate lines: the challenger would fire the opening salvo, the champion gets last licks—40 minutes for Lane, then 40 minutes for Belli's case, and a 10-minute Lane rebuttal followed by a 10-minute Belli rebuttal.

Any doubts as to whom the crowd came out to see were dispelled when the contestants were introduced: a mighty roar went up for the challenger—and a conservative, respected applause paid tribute to the out-of-town champion. Abruptly, throughout the prize fight arena, the young lawyers and law students stopped whispering about jurisprudence. They had come to see how a master practitioner handled an upstart.

The bell rang, and Lane came out of his corner to the podium.

Lane didn't waste a second. He waded right in, lashing out with blows to the head and blows to the heart. He quoted Bertrand Russell ("Faith means having a firm belief in something for which there is no evidence"), he discredited the Warren Commission as being stacked with reactionaries, he berated the closed-door secret approach to gathering information, and he charged that since it wouldn't permit a defense counsel to plead Oswald's innocence, the Commission was suspect from the very start.

The challenger fired salvo after salvo: implications of the mix-up over the rifle identification; Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Norman, standing opposite Kennedy's car, who said that more than three shots were fired and that they came from the grassy knoll; the bullets really being fired from in front of the car because the doctors first said the throat wound was an entrance wound; the innuendo of chicanery as the federal pathologists later developed the wound-from-the-rear theory.

"If a German Mauser can suddenly become an Italian 6.5 rifle, then an entrance wound to the throat can conveniently become an exit wound," Lane flurried in a burst of vehement sarcasm.

The crowd loved it. Laughing and cheering, the spectators hollered and clapped their approval of Lane's oratorical device.

Proofs were introduced. He cited how a sharpshooter in the American Rifle Association told him that the alleged murder weapon could not fire three shots in ten seconds, how the Warren Commission called in three riflemen who fired 18 shots and missed several of them. As further evidence, Lane cited how novelist



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and big-game hunter Robert Ruark said that his friend Walter Johnson, "the Rhodesian rifle champion who could hit a bird at 700 yards," told him that the alleged murder rifle couldn't hit anything.

The law students snickered. Even the faithful crowd seemed to withhold its enthusiasm for something more substantial.

Lane, mixing jabs and round-houses, unleashed blows in every direction: he discredited the testimony of Howard Brennan, the steamfitter who had seen Oswald firing from the 6th floor window, and in the next breath he discredited the Warren Commission for refusing to acknowledge Mr. Frazier's testimony when he said the paper bag was cupped between Oswald's hand and his armpit.

Louise Markham, the only known witness to the murder of Tippet, was portrayed as inconsistent in her story about Oswald's bushy-hairedness and yet the Commission could find her "a reliable witness."

He mocked the Commission's reliability, ticking off what he considered flagrant inconsistencies. And what about the mysterious woman witness Lane claimed to have on tape who said the Dallas Police told her, "You'd better not ever tell your story to anyone. The murderers of President Kennedy are still here in Dallas." And why did the Commission never consult certain "witnesses": the *Dallas News* reporters who heard "ear-splitting" shots from behind them on the grassy knoll; the woman who called the ambulance for Tippit, and her husband who saw a man in a long coat jump into a grey car and drive off (for a detailed account see *The New Leader*, Oct. 12).

"*The New York Times* called it the most massive detective work in history," cried Lane. "Yes, on the details of Oswald's sexual relations with his wife, but not on the facts that prove his guilt. . . .We are going to continue to ask questions," he roared.

Round one was over and Lane, impetuous, fleet-footed, sometimes too fast to follow at all, sat down as a cheering crowd affirmed that he had told them what they came to hear.

The defending champion took over. Right from the start he showed the style with which he has toppled the mighty, from insurance companies to the AMA. Effervescent, blessed with a rich, dramatic voice, Belli could have been an aging matinee idol. But he had one rare skill that took him way beyond the matinee idol: Belli was a logician par excellence.

He challenged the fundamental precept of Lane's argument, unspoken by Lane himself but intimated every step of the way. The recital of fouls: trials, shots-from-the-grassy-knoll theory, trickery with the changing rifles, the unstable testimony of Mrs. Markham and Mr. Brennan, the sharpshooters, doctor's autopsy reports, scientific data, 25,000 FBI interviews. Asked Belli: can one seriously believe that an ulterior motive was involved in all this?

That, declared Belli, is what Lane would have the audience think, since to suggest that the entire FBI, ballistics experts and scientists all were covering up and lying is certainly to imply a conspiracy. "But where are we then? Mark Lane said there was no conspiracy."

To this there came shouts of *no, no* from the audience, and a few hisses which drew a pained look from the challenger seated in his corner.

The confusion over whether or not Lane said there was no conspiracy was largely a subjective affair. Lane did, a few moments before, distinctly say that he didn't think there was a conspiracy. But such a detail gets easily befogged since Lane and some of his supporters don't see eye-to-eye on everything: the *Workers World* being sold outside the Center stated categorically on its page 1 Whitewash story, "It is [these] inconsistencies and contradictions . . . that inescapably lead to the conclusion that a broad conspiracy of ultra-rightist politiicans, extreme racists, and militarists was responsible for the assassination."

Belli, displaying his classical gifts in ripples of rhetoric and flourishes of arm-waving, jumped into the overwhelming welter of detailed, scientific evidence. Contrary to documented proof, Oswald denied he owned a rifle or that he ordered one under an assumed name. And what was Oswald doing in the movie theatre at that hour when he should have been working? What was the bus transfer doing in his pocket? Why else the $170 and the wedding ring left at home? What about the threads from Oswald's shirt stuck in the gun barrel? What about Oswald's palm prints on the book cartons at the 6th floor window? And the brown threads from the garage blanket under which Marina said her husband kept the rifle?

Visual recollection at an excited moment is subject to distortion, error and rumor, Belli counseled. But the scientific, technical, circumstantial evidence, the piles of it that indisputedly link Oswald to the murders in every way: that is precision, that is fact.

It's the old lesson from your sociology class all over again, Belli told the crowd. A man runs into the classroom, knocks over an inkwell, raps twice on a certain desk, and runs out again. And when the students try to write down what they saw, what the man looked like and what he did, you get a whole gamut of diverging 'eyewitness' reports.

But because one or two people claim they heard shots from the grassy knoll is no reason to jump to conclusions. He challenged his audience: how many times have you heard a car back-fire outside and turn around, trying to figure out which direction it came from? Echoes, ricocheting sounds: you can't know for sure.

"Human recollection is unreliable." We know this. But scientific evidence, circumstantial proof—this is something else. The cartridges found near Tippet's body that match the pistol found on Oswald. The trajectory of the bullet. Oswald's handwriting on the order forms for the guns.

Belli drew on his experience: "I have seen men convicted of murder on far, far less than the tremendous circumstantial proof that ties Oswald to the two slayings." There is overwhelming evidence to convict Oswald under the standard criteria, "beyond a reasonable doubt and to a moral certainty." Moreover, he said, I've never seen any case where some witnesses didn't come forth with a rumor or two. After all, no murder case is air-tight.

This combination of punches brought mild applause from the respectful law students.

Still, even an old pro like the champion can misjudge where to throw his knockout punch. It was a seriously point-losing miscalculation when he said, "Oswald was tried by the Dallas police and found guilty of 8 or 9 lies."

Booing, hisses and angry snarls rippled through the


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tightly packed rows. Lane, again, looked embarrassed: he gestured to the crowd with a calming hand—please, don't be rude, my friends. Belli looked surprised. He waited until the anger subsided. A Sunday punch had glanced off.

"Listen, I'm no defender of Dallas police institutions. Read my book *Dallas Justice* and you'll see I have no brief with the Dallas police." Then the champion, ruffled and upset by the crowd's displeasure, descended to the crowd's unbecoming level, mumbling off-mike that he didn't get any fee in Dallas and maybe this book would make up for that.

But he was never off stride for very long. He knew the human heart, its capabilities, its frailties, its follies. "You can make a case either way. The Left says the Right did it, and the Right says the Left did it. And everything is based on rumor."

Of rumor, Belli thanked Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade for contributing more of it than his fair share. Wade, Belli said, was incessantly egged on by reporters who were writing not for history but for the daily and weekly deadline, who were grabbing at straws, at any scrap that someone else might not have.

Belli summed up: As Mark said, you are the jury. Do you really have so little faith in the institutions of this country that you seriously believe that all the FBI, Secret Service, scientists, doctors and statesmen are lying, that all the institutions and all the men are lying? If you believe that, then the struggle is with your own conscience.

A powerful punch, an excellent way of putting it: the blow landed with impact. But since it wasn't what the crowd wanted, it had no sting. The young lawyers cheered; the rest of the crowd buzzed angrily, whispering retorts to each other.

Lane returned for his rebuttal. The hall was now hotter, emotionally and intellectually. A curtain of smoke fairly hid the ceiling. Guards came through to clear the aisles. Exit doors were opened for the purpose of ventilation. There wasn't an empty seat anywhere, and on the staircases leading up to the balcony, long-haired young girls sat taking intense drags on their cigarettes and the intense young men next to them awaited Lane's vindication.

Lane didn't keep them waiting.

"There is no proof offered that can lead a reasonable human being to believe that Lee Harvey Oswald shot the president," Lane cried. The crowd roared its approval.

Do they expect the American people to believe that when they were questioning Oswald hour after hour, the Dallas police, the FBI, the Secret Service—that none of them made tapes and that no stenographer was present? Well, Jim Gould, the *Dallas Morning News* police reporter, was there and he said he saw a stenographer go inside. Why isn't Oswald's testimony released? Or isn't it consistent with the case put forth?

How can we have faith in the police, the FBI and the Secret Service when they do things like that?

The faithless crowd cheered faithfully.

And the famous *Life* cover picture of Oswald holding the rifle? A composite, Lane charged, and even Oswald himself said it was a fake: my head and a different body. Lane had the crowd going now, just as sure as the fledgling light-heavyweights who came before him on former smoke-filled evenings in Manhattan Center. He was throwing his Sunday punches, jolting uppercuts, swinging recklessly wide and the hell with telegraphing the punches and leaving himself wide open.

French scientists studied the *Life* picture and told me it was a composite, Lane cried. He flashed an image on the screen. Look, how else can the shadow fall straight under his nose and then slant behind him down at his feet. Lane summoned up other such documentation: an inconclusive and incoherent tape of Mrs. Hall's viewpoint, slide-projected affidavits of paraffin test results that *agreed* with the Warren Report findings.

Marina was held incommunicado for nine weeks, given a lawyer by the Secret Service, and then reversed her statements of the first 48 hours when she said her

## *Yes, Aviation Week . . .*
## *There IS a Cape Kennedy*

Last Thanksgiving, while America was sitting home with mournful turkey dinners and the ghost of John F. Kennedy, President Johnson went on television and announced that he had worked out an agreement with the governor of Florida to change the name of Cape Canaveral to Cape Kennedy.

Since then, Cape Kennedy has been a name used all over the world—except on the pages of *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, the 90,000-circulation magazine of the aerospace industry.

Exactly one week after a December 2nd eulogy to JFK by *Aviation Week* editor Robert B. Hotz, the McGraw-Hill magazine noted in its anonymous Washington Round-Up that "many" Floridians were complaining to their Senators about Johnson's "high-handed" name change with its "extremely fuzzy" legal basis.

At no time, then or now, has *Aviation Week* ever come right out and said it doesn't like Cape Kennedy. It simply kept its Cape Canaveral dateline and its Cape Canaveral Bureau staff box listing.

Soon, readers' comments on this practice began to fill up the Letters page. The first letters published were in support of the *Aviation Week* line, with arguments that the Cape Canaveral name had a 400-year tradition dating back to ancient Spanish maps, and that it fired its first rockets during the Eisenhower Administration. ("How would you like *your* hometown renamed Kennedydale?" was one query.)

In later weeks the Letters page became more balanced, and even more preoccupied with the Cape controversy. For a week at the end of January, the battleground shifted to Idlewild-Kennedy International Airport. *Aviation Week* was attacked for not acknowledging *that* change either, but an editorial note on the page explained that the boycott of the Kennedy *Airport* name was a printer's mistake.

Finally, on March 23rd, *Aviation Week* made its big move. Former Cape Canaveral Bureau Chief George Alexander had his territory expanded into a Florida Bureau, and his stories are now datelined: Cocoa Beach, Fla.

*Aviation Week* is obviously determined to let John F. Kennedy rest in peace.

—D. F. LAND



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husband was innocent. Nine weeks in secret, ladies and gentlemen, and Marina knows the power of the federal police: she was brainwashed, scared, and she changed her story.

"How can we have faith in federal institutions who do things like this? The answer is *we can't!*"

The crowd was on its feet. It was a crowd with a cause and their spokesman had not failed them.

Respectable in his tuxedo, Lane, no matter how disrespectful of the facts and the rudiments of sound logic, rang out the loaded innuendo—and a fiercely anti-officialdom crowd loved it and gave him encouragement.

It was Belli again. Last licks.

The FBI, the CIA, the Secret Service—I don't like them, but they are part of the modus operandi of our land. Can you honestly believe that the vital police institutions are so corrupt, that they are trying to hide something. . . .

His words were lost in the hissing and *yeah-yeahing* that answered him.

Maybe it's your love of the underdog, Belli tried, dazed.

The crowd hissed again.

"You must tremble in your beds at night to believe we have sunk so low in our democratic processes that all the federal agencies, the Chief Justice. . . ."

More hissing. Belli was glassy-eyed for a moment as he tried to focus on the crowd. Apparently he had never encountered such police haters.

"I'm not a prosecutor, but I can't put this man who shot the president on a pedestal—"

Booing and jeering and booing.

He quickly switched his tactics. He went after rumor-mongering. How do rumors get started? One twig on top of another, building a false nest, and if you pull out the bottom twig, the whole story collapses.

Straighten out these rumors now; in 10 or 15 years, the witnesses may be dead, memories hazy, and the rumors more difficult to answer accurately.

Someone from the *Dallas News* saw a court stenographer at the interrogations? Well, it so happens that no reporters were permitted there. And not one iota of evidence can show there was a court stenographer present.

And what about the rumor that Marina was the daughter of an NKVD colonel, an item that fostered one of the plot theories? The fact is that Marina's father, a lowly inconspicuous citizen, died when she was an infant.

And the rumor that a police officer with a girl in his car stopped to talk to Ruby on the street and said, "We don't tolerate police-killers in Dallas." And the girl said, "Where I came from, we'd lynch him." Did such a conversation take place? Maybe. But does it necessarily mean there was a plot?

Waving at the crowd, Belli charged, "How many of you heard people say, on November 23, 'If I could get my hands on the assassin, I'd kill him?'" Were they each part of the plot?

Don't put your stock in rumors. Don't make wild generalizations. Remember the $170 on the dresser, the threads in the gun stock, the prints on the carton, the cartridges.

"If you will believe in facts for your verity, you will find them here. If you are going to believe rumors, not facts, if you will believe that American institutions are no good, there's nothing I can do for you."

He ended on the theme that had moments ago brought boos. But it showed that in the end he didn't care any more about convincing the pre-convinced, or recouping his lost popularity. He looked disgusted, and he seemed to know the true believers would go on believing what they chose to believe, regardless of the facts. By telling them the truth, he had nothing to lose, and nothing to gain.

At one point earlier, Belli briefly noted that "had we checked Oswald out earlier in his life, our president could be alive today." One waited for more, but no more was forthcoming. One hoped that Belli might have said something further about the society that produced a weak, confused Oswald and is in the process of producing millions of other frustrated, hostile Oswalds who may one day kill something—themselves, others, a thing they need—as they strike out blindly in fear and pain. The overwhelming realization that something is wrong with the society that produces frustrated men who can lash out brutally and purposelessly—isn't this vital to a debate on John F. Kennedy's assassination? Isn't it even more vital, more terrifying than all the half-cocked theories about a plot?

Belli gave only a hint of concern for these issues. The subject at hand was too demanding: he was expected to confront his opponent with the facts and the details, that's all. The audience, judging from its professed attitude, would probably have greeted any such lofty digressions with hoots and hisses.

No winner was formally declared. The evening fizzled out in a series of repetitious questions put to each man from the audience. It was pointless. By that time, everyone knew the men's answers in advance. To Lane, everything suggested doubt, covering up, ulterior motive, the innuendo of conspiracy. To Belli, inconsisteneies could be answered by citing chapter and verse in the Warren Report and pleading for common sense and faith in our democratic processes.

Afterward, to a reporter, Belli said that, all things considered, the crowd was rougher and more bearded at the Lane-Belli debate in Berkeley on October 9th (the CCI said the Berkeley house was 2,700 strong). Still, Belli said he didn't "plan to go through this again."

Lane added that the proceeds of the evening would go to the Citizens Committee investigation; Belli, displaying the frankness for which he is famous, said his share of the proceeds (he got a percentage of the gate) would go right into his own pocket.

To the logician, Belli unquestionably won the debate. His approach was sound, rational and heavily documented. But for the audience that night the challenger was the winner, regardless of the wild, round-house punches he threw and the fact that his gloves were so often empty.

For those few who came into the debate open-minded, Lane was seen to show an utter disregard for the facts of the Warren Report. His once highly valued good sense and reasoned judgment continually gave way to fancy and astonishingly exaggerated implications of minor inconsistencies.

Of Lane's 20 basic charges, only 2 or 3 can stand up under close scrutiny: the strange lack of tape recorder


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or court stenographer at the Oswald interrogations, and the two or three seemingly important witnesses who were not questioned or contacted by the Warren Commission. These are valid and deserve reckoning with.

But it seems unlikely that former New York Assemblyman Mark Lane will give them any more attention than the subject of whether or not Mrs. Markham said Oswald was bushy-haired and short. (And once and for all, even if she did say *short*, Oswald's 5'8" is not exactly tall, and he had certainly been doing a lot of running so his hair could certainly have taken on a bushy appearance.) Lane will probably go on about the doctored rifle, the switching of the rifles, and the testimony of Robert Ruark's Rhodesian rifle champion.

He seems destined to discredit his cause when he continues to deliberately distort facts and evidence to suit his own needs, as he did at the debate. (There weren't but three riflemen, as Lane charged, who tested the murder weapon, and missed several shots, but rather many experts who evaluated the rifle, fired 100 rounds with it, and rang up perfect and near-perfect scores. The experts, cited in great detail in the report, testified that the rifle was an excellent one for firing rapidly and accurately. Dragging in the likes of Robert Ruark is equivalent to citing Paul Bunyan as an unimpeachable source.)

To anyone who has read the Report (as Lane has), Lane's errors of omission are shockingly transparent, as is his easy capacity for implying a wholesale conspiracy based on the flimsiest evidence, involving literally thousands of people.

And to what avail? If Oswald is innocent, as Lane believes, then what? Who else? After the debate, the executive director of the CCI noted that part of its continuing investigation involved "watching certain groups in Dallas," but that thus far they have no evidence incriminating another party. The tone is serious, sincere, and the style uncomfortably familiar: the patriotic red-hunting groups also take their case to the American people, and in all their years of verbal Communist-hunting and conspiracy-mongering, they too, it is worth noting, have uncovered next to nothing.

The lack of good judgment that Lane displayed in his obsession over Carlino* has apparently found an outlet in a nationwide cause. To some Lane is a respectable man, following out the CCI's purpose, "conducting an independent investigation . . . and making the results known as publicly as possible." But to others, Lane is putting on a sideshow, packing in the crowds, loving their attention and delighting in having such endorsers as Dick Gregory and Bertrand Russell.

No one can know Lane's motivations, but his approach seems confoundedly, embarrassingly sincere. One almost wishes, for Lane's sake, that he wasn't sincere.

That he is now clearly playing on the emotions of the crowd is evident to anyone who sees him. That he is developing his own dangerous brand of liberal demagoguery is also clear. And, sadly enough, it is also clear that the type of audience who applauds his plot-implying, simplistic generalization is guilty of the same mistakes as the most extreme followers of the Right.

However, the people shall judge, so don't take any of *this* on faith.

For the faithful as well as the faithless, and even for those whose motivations for pursuing the presidential murder can't seem to get beyond mere contempt for the police and the FBI, the Warren Report 800-page citation is here to be read.

Belli's "no more of this for me" probably meant he wouldn't make the scheduled return bout at the University of Nevada. But the calendar was fully booked for Lane's continuing performances. He could be seen shortly at Cornell, Yale, Rutgers, CCNY, Queens College, in Canada, and on the West Coast. At the end of November, he went to Europe where, in appearances sponsored by newspapers and student associations, he was quite likely to duplicate the crowds he brought in there last spring in Florence, Milan, Rome, Paris and Copenhagen.

All of these aforesaid appearances are one-man exhibition bouts, where spectators can observe Lane feinting, hooking, jabbing and, so to speak, shadow boxing.

*Several years ago, after he had won many admirers for his backing of liberal causes, then-Assemblyman Lane accused the N.Y. State Speaker of the Assembly, Joseph Carlino, of being involved in pay-offs on an impending fallout shelter-building program. The charges could not be proved, and, instead of dropping them once the shelter issue subsided, Lane continued pursuing Carlino. As a result, Lane lost many of his followers who thought he exercised poor judgment in his obsessive pursuit of Carlino.

## YOU SANE MEN

(Continued from Page 2)

provided me, among its various replies, a small library of scenes more horrible than any I might have thought up by myself.

And last and worst, at no point did any such scene, no matter how wild or how implausible, turn out to be new. When I checked back, I discovered that every torture scene, every torture device, imagined by every subject, was a matter, not of imagination, but of history—most of the time in cases where the subjects could not have been aware of the history.

The subconscious appears to work itself out, in this area, with a kind of maniacal fidelity.

We live, friends and neighbors, in a highly sadistic society. This explains not only, say, the various KKK-type activities going round, or the Birchers and such, but also such publications as the one you're reading (and I'm writing for).* The drive to shock, the drive to destroy—no matter what's being destroyed, good or bad—is sadistic, of course. It explains nuclear war and all those phallic rockets; it explains exposé magazines and Mike Wallace and Mike Hammer; it even, by God, explains current architecture.

(The sadist is gregarious-but-not-social, like a modern three-rooms-in-one apartment: the sadist likes, or tends to like, small, neat quarters like most modern apartments: the sadist has no affection, most of the time, for growing plants, and there aren't many windowboxes any more.)

Try it on any fact around, from headache ads (pain—pain—pain) to popular music (ditto), and you'll find

*Editor's Note: Larry Janifer obviously doesn't know what the hell he's talking about, and we all ought to gang up and beat the living shit out of him for displaying such ignorance.



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# *Jenkins Backlash*

**by David Lee Pagari**

Of course, the morality issue as finally spear-headed by the Walter Jenkins case, seemed to have little if any effect on the outcome of the 1964 U.S. presidential election. Even in the so-called Midwestern "Bible belt," where morality issues are thought to have their greatest impact, there was little evidence that the Jenkins case influenced voters.

One is rather given to wonder whether there might have been what could be termed a "backlash" effect from all the furor over this spectacular case.

People can comprehend the morality of a Billie Sol Estes or the wheeling-dealing of a Bobby Baker, but despite the fact that we are an overwhelming number of people who cannot comprehend homosexuality—especially as concerns a man who is married and the father of six children. [*Editor's Note:* Dick Gregory calls this an example of "moonlighting."]

Unable to comprehend the "morals charges" against Walter Jenkins—unable, even in cases, to understand the meaning of the word "pervert"—people must have simply ignored the whole morality issue considering it election-year mud-slinging exaggeration; especially after so many columnists came to the defense of Walter Jenkins, and after the President himself characterized Jenkins as a very loyal, hardworking, but nevertheless, exhausted and sick man. Huge numbers of the electorate seem to have been sympathetic to Walter Jenkins and the man he worked for so earnestly.

But what of the many more sophisticated voters who immediately began exchanging jokes like, "I hear President Johnson no longer turns his back on Walter Jenkins," or "There's now a sign on the White House lawn that says "TRESPASSERS WILL BE VIOLATED." These voters knew full well the implications of homosexuality.

This more sophisticated segment of the electorate might well have turned away from President Johnson except that, in exploiting the Jenkins case, his opponents had to lay bare the abominable way this man was entrapped by detectives R. L. Graham and L. P. Drouillard who kept vigilance at a pair of peepholes in the wall of the man's room of the Washington, D.C. YMCA at 1736 G Street northwest.

In a nation where individual freedom is so precious, this atrocious and disgusting invasion of it must have infuriated many voters. And yet, there was no way open for an expression of their disgust; a "backlash," yes, but nowhere to lash out. Because, in first hesitating, and then capitalizing on Walter Jenkins' agony, Mr. Goldwater must have been seen to having condoned the practice of restroom peephole-surveillance.

Would Mr. Goldwater, who above all else, championed individual freedom, also allow such abominable curtailment of it? The answer must have left many voters with an impossible dilemma.

At least, common sense told these voters that at any given Washington, D.C. restroom peephole, there would be as many Republicans observed as Democrats—it just happened to be a Democrat this time. . . . And that further, *both* Republicans and Democrats might employ the ugly services of Detectives Graham and Drouillard.

The choice, if indeed there was one, may have been one of two evils; or, the dilemma may have anesthetized the question of morality beyond consideration, as was probably the case with so many who never understood the Jenkins case in the first place.

But if the heterosexual electorate ignored or sympathized with Walter Jenkins' plight, what of the homosexual population of which there is an increasing, though anonymous number? Can it be said that the public is showing more tolerance towards the homosexual condition? One wonders, since, the general vein of explanations about Jenkins characterized him as being "sick." Does the modern American see homosexuality as a "sickness" and thus a homosexual as enlisting sympathy rather than disgust?

Homosexuality's toleration as a "sickness" does not agree with the philosophy of the modern homosexual intelligentsia as expressed in such *homophile* publications as *One*, *Mattachine Review*, or the lesbian magazine, *Ladder*. Naked, indiscriminate, restroom-type sensuality is as disgusting to most *homophiles* as it is for heterosexuals; because the modern homosexual philosophy stresses the more platonic, philosophic, and comradeship aspects of homosexuality—thus the *homophilic* aspects—as against the mere sex-for-the-sake-of-sex sensuality made notorious by the Jenkins' episode.

Hence, homosexuals may well regret the newly dredged-up wide publicity of homosexuality in the Jenkins case and may decide it does *not* demonstrate the sort of tolerance they need. Still, there could be a case made here for homosexuality having a real physiological relationship since Walter Jenkins only succumbed to his desires under severe stress and exhaustion.

But the over-riding aspect of the case must rest on the demonstration of individual freedom's curtailment, and too, on the persecution of homosexuals ("sick" or not) because one is not only nauseated by the vice-squad restroom surveillance "techniques" finally publicized in this case, but further, by the dire aspects revealed in the published F.B.I. report where it was stated that the word "pervert" is often *added on later* to reports on investigations of suspicious persons (as was the case with Jenkins' initial 1959 arrest).

Indeed, if the Walter Jenkins' case had little effect on the outcome of the 1964 U.S. election, it will not be a case soon forgoten, because the ramifications of it are something for heterosexuals as well as homosexuals to ponder.

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that it explains.

Frankly, I know of no way to stop this growth—being, after all, a part of it. Or why would I write this article?

At no point have I described that projective test of mine. I didn't really mean to. It strikes me that the test may come in handy here and there, and to describe it in detail ruins its usefulness. But if you'd like to take it (if only to prove to me how wrong I am, which I'm not) and add to my notes, or argue with me and add to your own, let me know. I'll always be willing to oblige: it seems to me that this topic, which gets less light and air than most, needs a great deal more of both.

And then again, I may succeed in shocking you—which, being what I am in the society I live in, would be a distinct pleasure.



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## RACE HATE AND SEX

(Continued from Cover)

For society is not a machine. Like man himself, it is a living organism.

LBJ to the contrary, the Good Society did not make its initial appearance on earth in 1776. Societies have existed in the form of antshills and beehives and coral reefs long before the signers of the Declaration got together around that big table. Animal societies are cooperative just as Old Prince Kropotkin claimed they were.

But unfortunately, since he supported this contention by referring to folk tales which have since proved patently untrue, his ideas have lost some of their social force. Yet data which should cause us to look back upon the old Prince with a renewal of interest is accumulating from the work of modern ethologists. The data is accumulating in the learned journals on their library shelves and the Liberal Establishment looks the other way.

Ethology is this new system of approaching and interpreting animal behavior with empathy and in the natural setting of the animal's life as part of its total pattern. The emphasis is on the evolution of behavior; ethologists believe that behaviors evolved just as did structures; they are curious to note how the analogous behaviors have come to fit different purposes for different animals.

Take the simple business of the turkey vulture's circling flight. Though this circular soaring is superficially the same as the circular soaring of a red-tailed hawk, the hawk circles as it hunts. The vulture circles only when it has discovered carrion; as the bird circles it watches the corpse to make sure it's really dead. The circling flight also alerts other vultures as far away as 20 miles, informing them of the fact that one of their kind has found food. That's why when one vulture appears at the site of a corpse a whole flock will assemble on the spot in very short order.

Superficially the behaviors of the hawk and vulture appear identical; functionally, however, the vulture's behavior has been elaborated into a communication system. This is the kind of thing ethologists look for.

The Liberal tradition of animal behavior studies which derives from Dewey and Watson is quite different. For one thing it is comparative (Which is smarter, the mouse or the rat?); for another it is invariably conducted in a laboratory and not in the field; and finally it emphasizes the learning process (How many attempts will the rat make to find its way through the maze to the food?).

The Liberal tradition not only sees society as the Great Machine—the liberal also sees himself the same way. The favorite sports of our time, bowling, golf, baseball, etc., tend to use the body as a machine to project a missile on target. The athlete in these sports is really with it when he gets "in the groove" and his body actually *becomes* a machine.

I was amused watching the Olympics on TV—for the Greeks these games must have been an erotic circus; they got their kicks from watching perfect bodies working at the peak of their perfection in the nude. We dress up our athletes just like we dress up our chimpanzees for public performances. Bare-assed bodies bother us. We want to be removed from the reality of the animal in both directions.

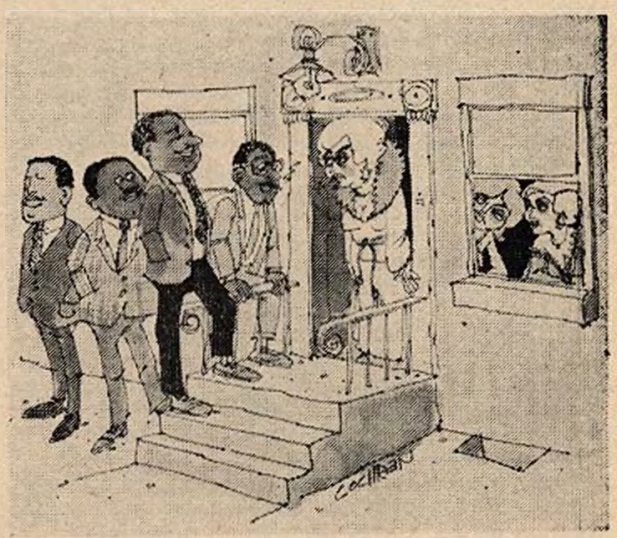
Anthony Comstock and Walt Disney pursue identical ends—like the Playboy Clubs where all the bunnies are cute. We've come a long way in detaching ourselves from the reality of ourselves. For some of us it's gone too far.

I for one, have some difficulty thinking of myself as having been brought by a stork from Mars. On the other hand, I've got only minimal sympathy for the current cult of alienation, estrangement, the condition of absurdity and all the rest of *that* bit. Essentially, none of us is any more absurd than any other creature which creeps or crawls, flies or swims within that three-mile layer up or down from the crust of the earth. Most of their problems are our problems. We've come so far away from them that I think it's time we looked backward to see how they cope.

The late 19th Century mercantile establishment which used a small portion of the Darwinian theory to rationalize their exploitation of their fellow man did great violence to Darwin's thought. The whole business of "natural selection" deals only with the pruning of the plant, not the sowing of the seed. Plants will grow even if they're not pruned. Darwin got his first insights which led to the formation of his theory not from watching predatory activities, but from observing the extensive family of finches on a Pacific island which were spared from both competition and predation and so speciated like crazy.

Darwin spent much more time thinking and writing about what he called variation (which we now call mutation) and sexual selection than he did about natural selection. Death is always easy to accomplish. Life is much more mysterious. Modern zoology has followed in the path of the real Darwin (not the pop version) and has become ever more concerned with those behaviors which lead to the selection of a sex partner. The very core of zoological studies has lately become as sex-obsessed as Wilhelm Reich.

Systematics is that branch of biology which deals with the cubby-holing of animals into species categories. The more we have come to know about the categories, the more blurred have become the demarcation lines separating one from the other. Finally the New Systematics of Julian Huxley, G. G. Simpson and Ernst



"No, ma'am—this isn't a *sit*-in . . ."



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Mayr has come to define the species in sexual terms. The species is now considered to be a population of animals which does not interbreed in the wild, or natural state with another similar population.

As the terms of this new species definition have begun to be explored, zoologists have discovered that one of the principal factors leading to speciation and diversity has ben ethological. In other words it is behavior, and particularly sex-related behavior, that has led to the wonders of animal diversity, ultimately leading to such differences as exist between lobsters and giraffes.

It is not then, that members of closely related but differing species couldn't mate for mechanical reasons (the lock and key theory of sexual intercourse) or because the hybrid offspring were infertile like the mule. It was because animals potentially capable of becoming sexually involved with one another were unable to communicate their readiness, availability, etc.

Examples of this abound in the literature and anyone interested can read a complete 796-page account in Ernst Mayr's wonderful book published just last year, *Animal Species and Evolution*. Just to cite two examples of what Mayr calls "ethological barriers":

Different species of fireflies which may inhabit the same area, and are mutually fertile and capable of interbreeding, don't—because each species emits a different flash signal varying in color, intensity, duration, cycle, etc., so that potential partners just don't recognize one another.

There are several separate species of New England thrushes so much alike in appearance that they not only fool human bird-watchers but one another as well. Yet they don't interbreed one species with the other because their species-specific *calls* differ, and again, recognition is thwarted.

Toward the end of the book, on page 493, after discussing all the various factors that keep potential sex partners isolated from one another, citing such mechanical barriers as temperatures, water salinity, altitude, geographic isolation, etc., Mayr finally writes: "Ethological barriers are the most important isolating mechanisms in animals."

In his book *The Origin of Races*, Carleton Coon [*Editor's note: sic!*] hypothesized that judging from the antiquity of racial differences among men as seen from the fossil evidence, for a long period of his evolutionary history, mankind must have been divided (in the terms of the New Systematics) not into racial, but into species categories. As could be expected the Liberal Establishment came down on him like a ton of bricks.

During the 10,000-year period of "modern" history, mankind has been one great interbreeding population; except for odd pockets of people hidden away in inaccessible spots on the globe. But before that . . .?

It seems to me, from what I can make of it as a layman, that Coon's evidence is convincing, and from what I hear, more and more of his peers are coming round. Well, if he *is* right, then at that pre-historic time when hominoid communication was hardly more advanced than animal communication, similar "ethological barriers" as divide animal populations into species categories must have divided mankind as well.

During the entire, perhaps 50-million-year course of human evolution until the 25,000 years when settled agriculture and animal husbandry came into widespread use, these ethological barriers must have been reinforced by economic competition in exploiting the environment of game and edible tubers. The stranger of strange appearance must have been greeted by the whole gamut of hostile emotions, some of them consciously motivated and some buried in the ethological darkness of the Id.

Race prejudice flourishes best in sexually repressive societies such as ours. James Baldwin has written perceptively about the special emotional charge which accompanies the initial sexual encounter between members of different races. As I read him, however, it appears as though he accepts the conventional Liberal premise that this "sexual rivalry" is an artifact of the social situation. It seems more likely to me that we can attribute development of the social situation as being a response to these vestigial ethological pressures which have only been exacerbated by the economics of brutalization.

After all, man was just another species of primate for about 100 million years, and a more-or-less sapient hominoid for only one million years at most. Bad habits have a way of outliving their usefulness—even habits associated with structures have a way of persisting after the structures have altered; the legless man still aches to scratch his itching toe. Much of what we see as being absurd in our time stems from the persistence of these innate responses which were once adaptive to apes but aren't to men.

The funny thing about instincts is that they run both ways. One of the primordial fears of babies is the fear of falling through space. Some believe this to be a left-over reflex from arboreal times; from birth babies have well developed grasping muscles in the hand like modern infant monkeys who survive by clinging to the belly fur of their acrobatic mother.

At any rate, there is nothing a human infant likes quite so much as to be tossed up in the air and caught again. Rebellion starts young; this is perhaps the essence of rebellion, this curious uniquely human ability to reverse fear into pleasure. We rebel against the tyranny of instinct, of custom, of probability and exult in the act of indulging ourselves by confronting fear.

It is no accident that the attempt to form one human population in this country followed upon the heels of the sexual revolution. It's just that the sexual revolutin hasn't gone far enough. For as far as we know, this is what a community is all about; a device to permit maximum sexual opportunity. This can be seen in the community swarms of plankton that float like patches in the sea, and can be seen in those animal communities that form themselves in seasonal cycles for this purpose alone.

Community life evolved in the lower orders just like the organisms which composed them and there are now all kinds of special purpose communities. One of the weirder examples we think of as an animal itself, but it isn't. The Portuguese Man of War, that transparent floating blob trailing its network of stinging tentacles is actually a *society* of individual cooperative animals.

Compared to the highly evolved and specialized societal evolution of the Portuguese Man of War, human societies are nothing very special as mammalian societies go. The prime purposes of the community would appear to be much the same with us as with other mamals—sexual opportunity and mutual protection. The principal biological differences are the long period of human infant incapacity which requires an attentive


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## TRIAL BY FRAMEUP

(Continued from Cover)

ging both innocent and guilty to perdition with equitable stupidity.

A few years ago, a bright researcher out of graduate school wrote a book to prove that Sacco and Vanzetti were not framed, that the police evidence, at least against Sacco, was strong, that their trial was fair and the rejection of their appeals well-considered. For a moment I was shaken. Maybe Sacco did shoot the factory paymaster and guard in a miniature Boston version of Stalin's Tiflis hijacking. But then Fred Cook and Judge Musmanno published their rebuttals and the air was clear again. Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent, and honest about their innocence, to the day the law fried them on its democratic gridiron.

But suppose they *did* commit the South Braintree murders. Would it be any less true that Judge Thayer bragged about his verdict while the evidence was still being heard? Was it any less inevitable that what conviction he and the jury had of their guilt should be founded first of all on their being Italians, anarchists, and poor?

Is the perjury of the police any the less established? Would the jury have been any less flagwaved and intimidated into a lynching? Was the district attorney less culpable of concealing evidence and putting dreadful pressure on witnesses?

Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent but, in my opinion, their innocence only intensified the malignant exercise of normal police functions, inspiring the hounds of justice to exertions beyond the call of duty.

In the case of Lee Oswald, the frameup was just as brazen. The existence of a frameup has been proven, even though the innocence of Oswald is still in doubt. The fact that the Mad Marxist Marine Marksman did not confess and that nothing in his story showed the least sign of a grudge against the President was enough to stir my suspicions of a frameup from the first day.

If Oswald was the lone assassin of President Kennedy, he was the first political assassin in history to do his job alone without succumbing to the itch to brag about it and without nursing a paranoid beef against his victim.

But the proofs of a frameup are independent of the proofs of his guilt or innocence. The frameup was proven by the parade of faked evidence, the flamboyant contradictions of a district attorney who boasted that he had sent men to the electric chair on less evidence, and the repeated warnings to key witnesses to keep their mouths shut. When the Secret Service secretly disposed of the President's body and the limousine he was killed in, the prima facie case that a frameup was in the works was complete.

Maybe Oswald did kill the President or Policeman Tippit or both. I don't think so, but it is possible he did. But if he did, why the frameup? For what suggests Oswald's innocence more than anything else is the guilty behavior of the Dallas police, the Secret Service, and the FBI.

Perhaps there is an innocent reason for all this guilty behavior. Perhaps police and prosecution behaved so dubiously because it is the way they normally behave. Whether their prey be innocent or guilty, *they* behave like criminals, the more carelessly criminal for being shielded with the virtual immunity of law enforcers.

Everybody knows that Jack Ruby killed Oswald. The evidence of this murder is the most complete in the chronicles of crime. But once again police officers lied in court. Once again, Jews, Catholics and Negroes were excluded from the jury which heard the prosecutor refer to Ruby as the "Jewish Messiah," "the money grabber," "Jew boy from Chicago." Jack Ruby committed homicide but Jacob Rubenstein was convicted. The district attorney's office went to great lengths to conceal from the jury what only they knew at the time, that Ruby had a long history of severe mental illness and had been deemed a psychotic by the government's experts. In other words, Jack Ruby was guilty . . . *and* he was framed.

Recently, Jack Lopinson's wife and partner were shot to death in the basement of his restaurant in Philadelphia. Lopinson himself was shot in the thigh, a wound he said was inflicted by the crooks as they charged out of his place. The medical examiner swore at the inquest that Lopinson's wound was self-inflicted. Of course, the inquest was a strange way of getting around the usual channels of murder indictment. Lopinson took the Fifth Amendment at the inquest, and we all know that taking the Fifth, since the star-chamber hearings of the late McCarthy, is equivalent to a confession.

Then the police arrested a muscular mercenary named Frank Phelan who said that he was paid by Lopinson to meet him outside the restaurant and get rid of the guns. Lopinson killed his wife and partner, Phelan said. The next day he told a different story. He, Phelan, had been let into the restaurant and he, Phelan, had shot the two, always coached by Lopinson.

Now the state's story is that Phelan shot Lopinson in the thigh as per instructions. More than that, Phelan, had been let into the restaurant and he, Phelan, son's lawyer, Mitchell Lipschutz, and Lopinson's girlfriend, Eileen Dougherty. No one could think of a reason for the projected killings since the latter two had

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consort for the mother (much the same actually exists among birds, but not with other mammals), and the loss in the human female of a distinct period of sexual heat.

If we look deeply and honestly into ourselves we can sense an emotional tone to interpersonal community relations which must have remained pretty much unchanged in the past million-odd years. or there is no social encounter possible which does not carry erotic overtones. According to Freudian logic, we are originally erotically attracted to members of our immediate family. As we mature, we direct this eroticism outward to strangers, to father, mother, sister and brother surrogates.

The ethological barrier which I believe exists between whites and Negroes can only survive in the kind of sexually repressive society which denies its very existence; like the Old Maid who goes about locking the doors and windows against the sexual delight of an intruder. Built into all fears, including the ethological ones, is a kind of Newtonian reaction principal which demands the fear be confronted. Progress consists of impudence and rebellion. The Liberal Establishment does us all a terrible injury by denying us a recognition of our bodies and our bodies' demands.



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spoken up for Lopinson at the inquest.

The police suggest that since Phelan's fee for murder was so cheap, Lopinson could not resist a bargain—four for the price of two. Lipschutz and Dougherty say that Phelan and the police are lying. I think so, too.

So we have two unlovely defendants, prime meat for roasting, but the evidence that will convict them is so ridiculously shabby. The alleged murder weapons have been called "inoperable" by the antique dealer who sold them, the star witness is a psychopathic pug for hire, and there is no affirmation of a motive for the murders.

What about Sam Sheppard who was convicted of lucrative osteopathy and sex appeal in Cleveland some ten years ago? (In the Covell murder case of 1923, a chiropractor was arrested for killing his wife by breaking her neck. When an outside investigator found that there was no broken neck on the corpse, the Bandon, Oregon, court freed the chiropractor and hanged an astrologer.) Did Sheppard batter his wife to purgatory with a crowbar to begin a new life of bedded bliss, fortified by her insurance?

This is what the prosecution alleged, and 99 people out of a hundred believed it. I was one of the 99. I could never get over the missing T-shirt and my immediately unpleasant feeling about the accused.

But Federal Judge Carl A. Weinman last month called Sheppard's trial a carnival of justice and said that Doc Sam was railroaded by a biased judge and jury on threadbare evidence. During the trial the judge had told a newspaper columnist that Sam was "guilty as hell." Jurors had been allowed to make unmonitored phone calls while the three Cleveland newspapers steamrollered any presumption of innocence in a month-long charivari of blow-by-blow obscenity.

Prudery and salaciousness march arm in arm in courts of law so long as they are marching defendants to their doom. One British court sentenced Oscar Slater to death when the only fact in the murder case against him was that he had a mistress. But another British court sent the wrong man to prison for five years by simply declining to check whether or not he was circumcised.

Sheppard is out of jail now and remarried to the half-sister of Goebbels' wife. I am glad he is out although I still don't like him. Guilty or innocent, he was framed.

A friend of mine is a Voluntary Defender, that is, he provides free legal representation to indigent burglars and derelicts who cannot pay bail or buy the services of a magistrate. His clients, he assures me, are one and all framed. The police prevaricate and prefabricate about an alleged pander or prostitute as shamelessly as they would about a Bolshevik selling the plans of Jones Beach to Zanzibar. They do not frame the great majority of defendants because of orders from a conspiratorial "higher-up." They lie, forge, and entrap their victims in a net of irrelevant clues as part of the day's work. There is little enthusiastic malice in their machinations. It is mainly routine adherence to duty.

There is, in the overwhelming majority of arrests, no such thing as a fair trial. Let us turn aside for a moment from the martyr's pantheon of Sacco and Vanzetti. Think of the hell prepared for slum illiterates like George Lee Rivers, Clarence Gideon and Lonnie Johnson by a law and order against which they could only defend themselves like juvenile deaf mutes.

What a frail thing is the principle that an accused man is innocent until proven guilty! Everyone knows, and no one more than the accused man, that *the frameup is built into the judicial process*, that a man indicted for a crime is guilty in our courts until proven innocent. You cannot arrest a man and keep him in jail when he cannot afford bail and still be presuming him innocent.

Thousands have been acquitted after months and years under arrest, but after such an acquittal the State owes them nothing for jobs lost and families broken, for blackening their reputation, cancelling their credit, exhausting their savings and shaming their children. Is acquittal in most cases more liberating than release on parole? And that is the lucky outcome if the poor bloke can prove himself innocent. Because it is innocent that most defendants must prove themselves, not simply "not guilty."

Throughout the police process is the presumption of guilt, and the presumption of guilt is the moral source of the daily frameup. All the so-called legal safeguards for the arrested citizen are only so many afterthoughts of a bad conscience about the intrinsic meatgrinding nature of our justice.

The police should not be specially blamed for the moments of free association when they connect a suspect with a crime. They are only repeating what the average man does when confronted with similar perplexities. Before the finding of a suspect is a need to find one, just as the need to frame the Rosenbergs was preceded by a wish to believe that only a Judas betrayal could account for the Russians catching up with us in atomic power. The policeman is an executive of a society which needs a fetishism of punishment and intimidation. Let two days follow a major crime, no matter how baffling, without an arrest and there is a general malaise of unsatisfied sadism. Certainly the public does not ask for solutions, but for scapegoats and victims.

We can only blame the police for the special obligations and privileges of their work, the elaboration and reinforcement of their suspicions with the cruelty and cynicism which hypertrophies in that profession. It is more difficult for the police to admit a mistake and easier to avoid doing so. But the liberal who complains of police excesses is only too happy that there are enough bums to do the job. If they are not available to do it, the liberal must do it himself. As the German socialist Noske said in 1918, "Someone has to be the bloodhound."

Government does not really ask its police officers to find the criminal. It asks, above all, that the crime be paid for, that is, that someone be punished for the act which it dubs a crime. Not the unraveling of a crime but punishment is what reestablishes the sense of social balance. A crime is a public negation of governmental values, a sort of miniature insurrection. Someone must be hit on the head for it, if only to establish that the executive power to hit and hit hard is unimpaired.

Crime, by appealing to human instincts, is a souvenir of freedom. It must therefore be exorcised, not so much for the purpose of outlawing crime as to outlaw freedom. It is the freedom of crime, not its sordid avarice and brutality, which arouses the anxieties of the citizen and makes him look to the law to enslave the criminal as it has enslaved him. Law, like other superstitions, lives by aggravating our fears and then


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offering a superficial reassurance. The frameup in the police court is a particular byproduct of the social frameup in which we are all arrested.

That is why it is so easy for people to feel guilty. That is why there are more confessions than crimes. When the average citizen is arrested for the first time, he feels a little like Stephen Leacock's depositor opening his first account in a bank. He has become notorious, he is sure everyone is watching him with suspicion. Soon he is maneuvering about as though half of him were planning crimes with debonair sangfroid while the other half is melting in lamblike innocence and compliance.

A hundred suggestions in the air make him wonder in advance whether, innocent or guilty, it would not be easier for him to plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy. The judge and the prosecutor will let his lawyer know soon enough that a plea of guilty will save everyone much grief and trouble. Sentences are more severe for persons who presume their own innocence.

Later on, if he is convicted and persists in his claims of innocence, his chances of pardon or parole are virtually nil. And the man who proves his innocence is often treated as an unsocial troublemaker. When Clifford Shepherd proved his innocence beyond doubt in 1934 after serving two prison terms for check forgery, the New Jersey authorities instructed him not to talk to newspapermen and then flatly rejected all his applications for pardon for 14 years.

John Q. Citizen is taken to the police station and jailed. He is arraigned and then, depending on the charge, his wealth, and his connections, he may be released on bail to wait for trial. But not before he is mugged, fingerprinted, perhaps put under the stage glare of an identification lineup and quizzed at length by detectives from whom even sympathy or cajolery seems designed to elicit confessions.

His life has intersected the circle of the criminal community; he now shares a common bond with the guiltiest. No wonder that there has never been a movie about prison life in which the audience sympathy was not with the convicts.

If John Q. has a lawyer, he is usually told not to talk about the case or answer questions, and this strengthens the poor fellow's awareness that the law is convinced *a priori* of his guilt. His own silence impresses him as a form of guilty behavior. He learns quickly that the presumption of innocence is merely a lacy cover for the presumption of guilt. He is at one with the suspected junkie with two punctures on his left arm. He is being treated with the penal dispatch accorded the man caught over the corpse with a smoking revolver in his hand.

The presumption of guilt even clouds most acquittals, for the usual acquittal is not a release from guilt but an acquittal from punishment. When the man on the street recollects that no man of means has ever been executed for rape or homicide in the United States and says that the rich can get away with murder, he is not saying that the rich are exempt from the presumption of guilt. It is punishment that the rich are relatively insured against. The rich defendant is presumed to be as guilty as the poorest. But being rich, like being powerful, is considered an extenuating circumstance in a criminal court.

Take the case of Mark Fein. Accused of murdering his bookie to sidestep payment of a $12,500 gambling debt, he is charged with premeditated homicide. Now as a rule, no one charged with first degree murder is permitted bail, but one glance at the treasure Mr. Fein had inherited and gathered on his own account was enough to touch the heart and bring both judge and district attorney into harmony with the most liberal jurisprudence of the ages. Mr. Fein was released on $50,000 bond.

So it goes with the senator, the sharper, the briber, the stock swindler, the fixer, the pitchman and the tax dodger. Once arrested, it does not mean they are considered innocent when they are acquitted, and it is not because they are considered less guilty that their brief sojourns in durance vile are mitigated by a hundred comforts of home.

The rich are considered as guilty as the poor but their punishment is not felt to be as urgent. It is as though the penal law, except for the expensive loopholes of release, was not written with them in mind.

The presumption of guilt is so strong that the scientific doodads of modern criminology are often twisted to serve the frameup, or totally suppressed. In the Parsons armed burglary of 1924, the defendant got 11 years to life although the Los Angeles D.A. knew the burglar's fingerprints didn't fit the prisoner's. The Bahamas police did more than wash away the bloody palm and fingerprints from the walls of the bedroom where Sir Harry Oakes was murdered in 1943. They produced a scientifically forged fingerprint at the trial of Count Alfred de Marigny who was finally acquitted. (What *poor* man could have paid for the research that saved the count's life?)

Fingerprinting, ballistic tests, classification of blood spatters, microscopic examination of hair, chirographic studies, identification of dental repairs—investigation confirms that where they have been most useful has been, not in the prosecution of a crime, but in the defendant's efforts to shake off the yoke of accusation. The State can be depended on to use eyewitnesses like the one who said that the killer of Father Dahme in Bridgeport, Conn., "walked like a Jew." Harold Israel was held for the crime on evidence like this but his innocence was proven only by a detailed scientific refutation of the State's ballistics report.

The plain fact is that the evidence which is usually enough to send a pauper, Negro, or Jew to the penitentiary or gas chamber would not pass the high standards of Baluba witchcraft.

What makes a suspect? Not evidence of guilt but simply suspicious behavior. Jack Lopinson was arrested, not because anyone had scientific proof that he had killed his wife and partner, but because, as an aficionado of the second-class underwrold, he was engaged in shady money deals and kept indiscreet notes on his fornications. No one with such a background, found appreciably near a corpus delicti, can be innocent.

Not crime but suspicious behavior is what the police process is primarily aimed at. This becomes clearer when we compare it to the quasi-judicial work of congressional committees on un-American activities. The obvious purpose of the latter is not so much to legislate against the Communist as it is to instruct and intimidate the average man about the wider and wider range of behavior for which a person may be suspected of being Communist. In this sense, the frameup does have an educational effect. While it does not prevent crime, it raises the social price for suspicious activity.



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## An Actual Article From The Public Relations Reporter

A giant stride toward improving its world image was made the other day by the City of Birmingham (Ala.) when Mayor Albert Boutwell's community affairs sub-committee on public relations called an interracial meeting of local PR men to discuss how best to sell Birmingham to the nation.

"What we want to do is create some positive thinking in Birmingham and get rid of this old negative attitude," PR Subcom. Chmn. James Lee, area Pepsi-Cola bottler, told the group. He was referring to the bruised reputation and multiple community scars resulting from last year's news reports about the Birmingham race riots and from subsequent editorial attacks by Northern newspapers (PRR, 6/3/63; 5/20/63). "We need to zero in on the problems and move forward," he said.

And zero in they did. Before the meeting adjourned, some two dozen suggestions had been made by the group and a PR task force had been appointed to come up with recommendations for a definite program. Among the suggestions was one from PR Cons. Fred Woodress, assistant to the vice president of the University of Alabama Medical Center, that Birmingham retain a New York- or Washington- based public relations firm on a two-year contract at $1,000 a month plus expenses.

"Some national firms would turn us down," Mr. Woodress told the meeting, "but the right firm would find it a real challenge to show the world what Birmingham is really like." He also suggested the city hire a full time PR man to coordinate the effort (W. C. Hamilton, executive secretary to the mayor, at present doubles as Birmingham's public relations director).

Virgil Pearson, an ex-newspaper & PR man who now heads the Alabama State Fair Authority, said the city should find its most attractive "product," then "package it and sell it to the world."

Negro PR Cons. Jesse Lewis replied that he travels 50,000 miles a year calling on editors and "almost everywhere people are surprised when told that Negroes and whites play on the same golf courses, operate a bank together, and mingle in many other ways that are not being told."

Other suggestions included a national advertising campaign; sponsorship of a paperback about Birmingham for national distribution; use of service station attendants to promote the city while serving out-of-state travelers; and piggyback ads through cooperating business concerns in the area which advertise nationally.

The PR task force, comprising Messrs. Pearson, Lewis, and Joseph Healey, state public relations head for Southern Bell Telephone Co. and president of the Public Relations Council of Alabama, will confer with similar groups representing local news media and advertising agencies before presenting its recommendations.

Mayor Boutwell hopes to get the Sell Birmingham campaign off the ground by the end of the year, although special funds for the project would have to be raised since there are no budget provisions for such undertakings.

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## A Possible Memo From A Modern Advertising Agency

Now the way I look at it, you civil rights fellows are mishandling the campaign. Not that street demonstrations and sit-ins and the like are bad or anything, but proven advertising methods are just naturally better.

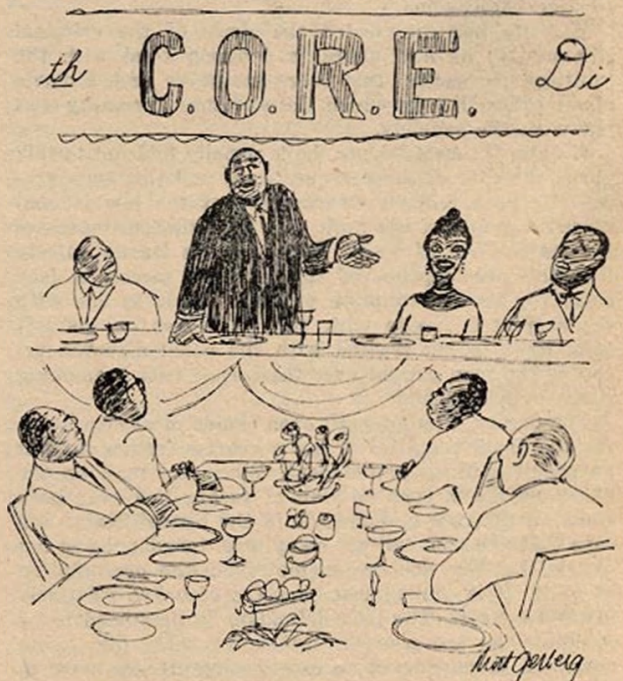
After all, you don't see Bell Telephone engaging in these unlawful displays of near-violence. Yet they're number one in their field, they have at least one in every home.

I started noodling the subject by accident the other night, when it occurred to me, out of the blue so to speak, that just a little over a hundred years ago a fine slogan would have been "Ask the man who owns one." No offense intended, industries change and all.

The beauty of my plan is that you civil rights chaps wouldn't have to go to the expense and trouble of making up a new set of slogans of your own. Just use old ones, with a twist.

For instance, as I understand it one of the most pressing problems is employment. Strong motivation needed here. But not just the motivation of being a good guy. No sir, as in all advertising you need to switch the appeal to a stronger area. Sex. Picture the man who employs Negroes as more sexually attractive. Maybe to colored girls, I haven't quite worked that one out yet. In the ad you show a picture of a beautiful girl, and behind her this executive type is shaking hands with this Negro working class fellow. The girl is saying: "I go for a man who hires a colored cat."

Catchy songs are good too. Now here's one that's already been time tested, really punches home the old message:




". . . Which brings me to the *next* objective of our campaign—the election of Miss Dinah Burnhill here, as Miss Rheingold of 1965!"



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## A Christmas Carol

Mary and Joseph were lovers—
Like their affair was the most.
Dad, it was really a gasser,
Till she dug that Holy Ghost.
He was her man,
But she done him wrong.

Mary and Joe saw the preacher—
He made them husband and wife.
Everything went along swingin'
Till she said, "Joe, I feel life—
You are my man,
But I done you wrong."

Mary said, "Listen now Joe, Boy,
I feel my babe comin' down."
They couldn't get a hotel room—
The convention was in town.
He was her man,
But she done him wrong.

Mary said, "Buy me a present."
Joe said, "Now Mary, you hush—
I ain't about to go shoppin'
In this brutal Christmas rush.
I am your man,
But you done me wrong."

Jesus was born in a manger,
Went without schooling somehow.
Mary said, "So did his father,
Folks, and look where he is now!
He made out fine,
Though they done him wrong."

Jesus became a great healer—
Needed no miracle drug.
But practicin' without a license,
Got him thrown into the jug.
He was their man,
But they done him wrong.

They nailed him up on a cross then,
And as he started to burn,
He said, "Just wait until Easter—
You will see, I shall return.
I am your man,
But you done me wrong."

—D. X. Fehn

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"Over, under, around and through,
Integration travels Democracy to you."

Naturally you'll want to have a single catch-all phrase at the bottom of every ad, and I don't think you could do better, considering the past few hundred years and the present emphasis on non-violence, than simply: "And They Are Mild."

Well and good. But you'll want to go deeper, stress real understanding. So, under a picture of, say, a kindly old colored retainer, sitting on the levee eating a watermelon or whatever, you'll have a headline: "What kind of a man reads *Muhammad Speaks?*" And go on to describe a really swell, personable guy, the sort you'd be glad to invite into your house for a scotch on the rocks.

And let's not forget pathos. A picture showing a poor, emaciated little colored girl, dressed in tatters, and underneath a headline: "Little Samantha Jane's Daddy dreams of owning a Cadillac." Which leads into the pitch about equal job opportunities.

Then there's the strong motivation of being "in." People will change quite a lot if only you can convince them that the "smart set" is doing whatever it is you want them to do. Therefore: "Aren't you glad your neighborhood is integrated? Don't you wish everybody's was?" Strong feeling of belonging there.

Nor should you civil rights numbers forget the straight business approach, appealing to the old Yankee virtues like thrift and so forth. "We're only No. 2 among the races, that's why we have to try harder."

Well, anyway you see the general idea. You people concerned with this problem can work it out the rest of the way. Just one more idea, which I must admit is my own personal baby, and a real humdinger I think. It ought to appeal to everybody's sense of charity and fair play and Christian kindness. Try it on for size:

"Hire the Dermatologically Handicapped!"

—RICK RUBIN



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# *Psychedelics: Who Says You Can't?*

**by Lisa Bieberman**

During the year following the much-publicized dismissal of Timothy Leary and Dick Alpert from Harvard for corruption of youth, I spent most of my days on Harvard Square's Story Street, in a pleasant yellow frame house bedecked with morning glory vines, which was familiarly known as the Off-Off Iffice, or as Kiss-Big, after its phone number.

Leary and other big names of drug-dom being generally off in Mexico, the Caribbean, or Millbrook, N.Y., the IFIF (International Federation for Internal Freedom) office was run almost entirely by our conscientious office manager and straightman, Pedro Juan and me. Between us we parried the earnest, anxious, and sometimes hilarious queries posed by a flood of letters, phone calls and daily visitors.

From high school students writing term papers, to jovial beatniks on leave from Antioch, to middle-aged hypochondriacs seeking a new cure for baldness, ours was the task of trying to explain what LSD would and what it wouldn't do—and why we couldn't offer them any just then. "But would you like to subscribe to our journal?"

There were the cats who phoned from Long Island at 2 a.m.—"When does this stuff wear off?" And the one who called from Chicago—"They picked up my girlfriend with 40 kilos of Mexican grass. What do I do now?"

But there were no smear letters, no bomb hoaxes, no threatening calls, except from impatient creditors.

It was this latter problem that eventually necessitated closing the office. No money. And thus vanished the only public headquarters for those interested in chemical consciousness expansion. The isolated Millbrook community is not public and does not serve the same function.

I think this is a pity, because interest in the drugs is as great as ever, and communication has dropped to practically zero. The *IFIF Newsletter* is no longer published, the *Psychedelic Review* issues are few, and getting farther between. Misinformation, however, proliferates.

The newspapers and slick magazines have contributed to this, but so have the devotees of the drugs, who have their own body of legend, liberally sprinkled with fiction. I have learned not to take at face value anything I hear about drugs, no matter how confidently someone asserts it, unless backed up with verifiable specifics.

On one occasion I was told that Aldous Huxley had died of an overdose of LSD—three months before Huxley's actual death.

Many of the rumors have a paranoid twist. The tendency is to exaggerate the degree to which the powers that be (*they*, for short) are dedicated to squelching the use of psychedelics. When morning glory seeds fell out of the blue in 1963, they became the object of a whole encyclopedia of rumors, the most persistent, if least colorful, being: *they* have taken them off the market.

About once a week someone slips me this tip as though it were hot news, although it is quite unfounded, as a trip to the hardware store at the appropriate season will establish. The story may have arisen from the seasonal drop-off in sales (folks, they just don't *sell* flower seeds in November) and the fact that the heavy demand causes many stores to be sold out quickly each spring. Do your shopping in March. If seeds are ever banned, which I doubt, we'll read it in the newspaper.

Another, more imaginative bit of gossip ran: *they* are coating the seeds with poison to make you sick. Now really, friends. The fact: some seeds are, and were even before 1963, coated with fungicides. To kill fungi, not us. Uncoated seeds are as available as ever, and coated ones are so labeled.

Then for a while it was loudly claimed that morning glory seeds had strychnine in them. I got so impatient with the reiteration of this rumor that I wrote Albert Hofmann, the Swiss chemist and discoverer of LSD who analyzed the seeds. His reply: there is no evidence for the presence of strychnine.

For whatever reason, the paranoia on the psychedelic scene far exceeds what experience warrants. Many of the letters we received at IFIF expressed amazement that we could have a real address, or mentioned apprehensions that the post office was opening our mail, or said things like, "Please destroy this letter, as the FBI may search your files some day and I wouldn't want them to find my name."

For everyone's general information, the P.O. never opened our mail; I opened it myself, and it came promptly and untampered-with. No one ever asked to search our files, and as for having an address, although we never kept drugs in the office we might as well have had a warehouse there for all the fuzz ever bothered us.

We were never searched or harassed, though we had a few polite visits from FDA people. It was rumored that our phone was tapped, and this is hard to check, but I never found any reason to believe it. We got some calls from people who said extremely incriminating things (about themselves) with no repercussions.

It would thus appear that the fear of so many I have talked with—that anyone taking a public stand for psychedelics would be subject to constant police harassment—is unjustified. I stress this point because I feel that the psychedelic movement in this country has come to a standstill due to the prevailing sentiment: we can't do anything anyway; *they* will stop us.

Leary and Alpert have, at least at present, withdrawn altogether from the effort to provide psychedelic experiences, and the few psychiatrists who still administer the drugs are priced higher even than the black market.

We are left with the irony that, even though we all do our best to phone up the President or get on the Steve Allen show to tell the world about LSD when we are high, nobody has made provision for the average person without "connections" who wants to have the experience to do so. Surely this is at least worth a try. My experience suggests that it could be done without incurring legal trouble. But even if I am wrong, isn't it worth a test case?

There is one exception to the above, that I know of. That is Art Kleps, a psychologist in the Adirondacks, whose Morning Glory Lodge opened last summer on a bring-your-own-drugs basis. At least his brochure gives an address (Moore's Orchids, Box 757, Laredo, Texas) where you can get some peyote to bring. (For more information about the Lodge, write Kleps at Box 191, Star Lake, N.Y.)

What I propose, and hereby take the first step toward establishing, is a nation-wide informational network through which anybody can get practical information regarding how to obtain and use psychedelics, and possibly make contact with an experienced person who can help him through his first session.

I offer my own mailbox as a start. It's at 26 Boylston St., #3, Cambridge, Mass. 02138—a "real address." In the course of my experience with IFIF, and in private pursuits, I have picked up an assortment of pretty reliable information on the who, what and where of psychedelic drugs. This I will gladly share with anyone who will send a five cent stamp with their question (if you include a dime I'll throw in a genuine Peyote Button that you can wear on your shirt, even though the election is over).

The hope is, of course, that others



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# *Psychedelic Happening*

*The Realist* asked Dave Solomon, editor of *LSD—The Consciousness Expanding Drug* (Putnam's)—an anthology of essays by Aldous Huxley, Alan Watts, Timothy Leary, William S. Burroughs, Alan Harrington, Dan Wakefield and others—to write something satire-oriented on the subject of consciousness expanding, or psychedelic drugs. Upon submitting the manuscript, which is reproduced in its pristine entirety below, the author stated: "The following essay is completely true, based, as it is, on all characters, both living and dead."

A definition, by example (or *reductio ad absurdum* is oo shoo be doo be, oo oo), in which it is demonstrated via the stream of floating changes that meanings don't matter or mind, *identification's* the rub. Subtitillation: the art of viewing the Bringdown Superstructure (BS) by seeing through it, first, then back of it and beyond, with re-entry through the looking glass we psychedelic naturalists in the masscommuncongame are always putting to the current sluce of *Life* Magazine and other seamier hexemplars of the urinalistic richual.

But then again shift, zoom through up over out of the hangupdown Superstructure, with chempropulsion or just pure swinging Soulomon (wiseguy emeritus turned spoiling dervish) and float into the light fantastic surrealities which spin through our inner whirl and without. Quick! Execute a comicosmic macrocosmic Pan, scope the whole damnsplan in one fool snoop, be the Cosmic Castronut til, arcing back on reverse pan (watch those horns!) dips too low the min*ute* man scraping lo! that smegmatic plain which is spooksville, recoiling clear into the nick of timelessness, crosscutting through the cooking gas to reject the who-needs-it iceboxing crucifixation shot from the shimmering silly sad, sullen and shoddy BS. Screaming: "In a prig's ass, not mine," thus answering the ultimate question "Who's Afraid of Thomas Wolfe?" or "Who the fuck *wants* to go home again?"

Whether we go gentle or not, that night is neither good nor bad, as well as both; consciousness (sub,ex and ultra) is our "life," and therefore "death" is both merely and awesomely the cessation of consciousness, that gross schlep. The question is, not how to meet the dying of the light, but how conscious to be while the rays are descending.

But for the nononsense, let's resume our flight *into* reality. No skittering about the dichotomized periphery, please, click, click, let's run the real back. Snap your snatch-and-scratch-pot into hocus and fuckus, *Deadly-lust*, on more morselous freeality. Smersh go the false-fronts and hellish devises of the BS (but *cave fuzzem*, don't step in front of a BS bust), splat and to pot blows its finky defunctionary, The Social Lye. Get thee up into the high mountowns with the host of the most. Pack peek peyote and spring the skids, brother, the BS might just conspire another bum balm, so if it's sduck or jhump, isn't it better to be schtupped than never? Now, compute this tauntric worse to your dear old mammary:

Freude shoene, Telefunken,
Tuchus auf Elysium
All betrite, we're stone dignited
By our psychedelic fmuse.

COME ALIVE! Joint the devisionaries, nimblebums, propoets, prophets-and-lushes, mutopians, poppywriters, scanmen, marks and sharpie angles, *all* — COME ALIVE! This is the pepsipsychedelic exoneration, long

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have other information and will add it to the pool.

Someone must know a practical way to get a palatable extract from morning glory seeds; send it along. Someone must know how to synthesize LSD —you'll make your profit regardless, so pass the information on. Someone must have some first-hand knowledge about Scotch Broom, a flower alleged to be psychedelic. And so on.

Hopefully we could have a Psychedelic Information Center in every major city, which would be up on the latest literature, legal precedent and practical knowledge in the field. Volunteers: send me your names and addresses. But please — no paranoid psuedonyms.

To illustrate what I have in mind, let me list a few facts about the availability of drugs:

There are many sources of psychedelics, so that anyone can get some with hardly any effort. Robert Anton Wilson's statement in the *Realist*—"When the authorities found out what Dr. Leary was attempting, the laws were quickly changed to make the distribution of these chemicals a government monopoly"—is, like most of the conspiracy-theory thinking of which it is typical, not quite true.

Mescaline and DMT are still sold by several chemical companies in the U.S.; they are not a government monopoly, and the latter at least is easy to buy.

Peyote—never mind what they told you—is legal in all but a few states, and can be purchased from the address already given, among others.

Morning glory seeds are cheap and abundant. As I write (early November) we are in the height of the seed harvesting season, and the backyard fences of Cambridge are heavy with the tear-shaped pods of Ipomoea Violacea (the wrong kind of morning glories have squat seed pods and fuzzy stems, so there's no confusing them). By the time you read this I suppose they'll be gone, and you'll have to be patient until February, which is when, in these parts anyway, they come onto the stands. Any of the blue or white varieties are good, but not the red or pink.

I anticipate the objection that I am only interested in turning everyone on, without specifying the criteria that would make their experience as safe and beneficial as possible. My reply to this is two-fold:

First, there are no universally agreed-upon criteria, save perhaps those which might almost be dictated by common sense, namely, that the inexperienced individual approach a session with as open a mind as possible, in a relaxed and private environment, with the companionship of a trusted and, if at all possible, experienced person. I will be glad to discuss the matter of set and setting further if anyone wishes.

Second, this subject has been explored by others. There is no end of warnings abroad, some of them conflicting, and Leary et al have published a manual, based on the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. To borrow a metaphor from Leary and compare LSD to the automobile, it is as though we had tracts on highway safety and sightseers' reports, but no road maps or gasoline stations. It is this prosaic but important gap which I hope to fill.

Finally, I won't try to provide philosophic justification for making the psychedelic trip. Millions of words have been expended to this purpose, but in the end LSD is its own best advocate.



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hairs, short hairs, brows ascending or obvert, cock-inserted, ass-inverted, homopollo-embra *sapiens* even, come some, some come, sfuck all! Scat whiz it, let us fray: Consider Ye the tomtomshulery of the 250 thousand strange Native American Zorch, peyote picking psychedelic pissing plainsmen, a quarter milling visionary redheads, every brave and bravechick buttom primed, superswinging godheads all, wayout there squawing, squatting, sailing, wailing away on their frozen-baked beatific hunches backed by flying sorcery, soaring higher than the crockies on the highly edible lowly cosmic cactus, Queen of Succulents, King of Copulants, Button Buddha, *Lophophora Williamsii* the Omnipotential.

Which brings us to psychedelic satire. All people, including and perhaps especially writers, know how frostrodingly inantiquate whirs are for conveying dope immersional states. That's why, for such every day basic acts as naked launching, we never rely—even on the whords and scrimages of our greatest love poets—to express the gtransport of scuming. In such states, we invariably ball back on relatively pure, blissfully ambivalent, magnitudinously archetypal *sounds* such as the universal vowelly viscerals, A, EEICH, AY, OH and U (with an occasional "w" (w)ow, (w)ee—IICH which we the purple yes and hipsters too prefix and reserve for those rollercoaster comes that keep building up to new crhighs, those endless gushing crasscendos cool cats cop while riding thighs on boss psychedelics.)

Now that brings us right into our subject—psychedelic satire—(not to be confused, unless you're ahead of me, with *bhang*, so if you've jumped the *gunja*, I'll settle your *hash* later, pipe down, pipe up.) *Eh vous, Père Academus, pourquoi si triste? Vous n'aimez-paz l'argot? Votre Euclid, ici c'est inutile . . . votre dieu et votre droit, vous dîtes? C'est drôle, Jim.* A later, Caligulator.

So by the judicious and expedient use of them we've established that swords don't convey quality and affect, especially when cock and cunt are valve and pistoning (Too mechanical? Am I too heavy dear?) or devouring one another for spouting, bumpandgrinding sinfinities. *Gee honey that was a good one! Thought it'd never end, I'm still dripping, grab the mop, sweets, it's leaning against the headboard . . . that's it . . . hey what you doing, wait another ten or fifteen minutes, you'll get slivers!*

Let's take it from another plane, starting, once again, at the very bowels of the nub: AA EE AY OO UU. That rhymes once again, with "oo, shoo, be doo be, oo oo" and with no good reason too.

The John Birks Society would co-affirm, I am sure, that the intrinsic bhowls here have been sensitively inflicted, parapsychologically phrosed as it were, to project *no meaning whatsoever* (unless Diz delivers the lines) and then the meaning becomes reverse negative clear and *celestial*: GOD IS LOVE. And what are God and Love? Their meanings, infinite and inexpressable, can only be inferred as exquisitely, ethereally, mysteriously *knowable*.

As I proved before, go back, I said it, you'll see, transpersonative states reduce the ego to a point where one fits into everything, merges with the cosmost, and *knows* the cigarot and the fangers holding it don't begin and don't end, can't be categorazed, soporated, are all the soma: god is love; love is god; god is, love; love is, god; stake him as is, marked up, mocked down, to each is own, is-ness is is-ness and is-ness is our business. As usual.

Here's the *real story*: Things are as they are, crazy, absurd, perfectly normal. We get high, very high, take tea (*in cannabis veritas*) and see them that way, *just as they are*, we poke and pore in abandon, ecstasy, fear, humility and divine laughter. We discover (a) god in shit, (b) shit in god, (c) god, shit, and *everything in everything*, like the spearled in a grain of sand.

What about psychedelic satire? When the lights go up in the theatre, we pierce the veal of illusion, the slight suspense, resume our disbelief: *it's just a stage, he isn't dead, he's taking bows, there's a rip in the curtain, the show's over;* socioreality crankily glowers its doom, but wait . . . the lights aren't on . . . not really ON . . . drop 300 gamma of D-lysergic acid diethylamide, then watch, through the transfused curtains, the delights come up as the stagehands propel *your* set. Before the second show is over, you're back in the first, just where you came in. *The satori matinee, you suddenly realize, is a continuous feature.* To the refrain of oo shoo be doo be, oo oo, we finally get the psychedelicate satirical smassage: *Everything wants to get into the facts.* Old Billy Jim was right:

> . . . our normal waking consciousness . . . is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different . . . No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these . . . disregarded. How to regard them is the question—for they are so discontinuous with ordinary consciousness.
>
> —*The Varieties of Religious Experience, 1902*

*Now let's take an expanded look around and see where the hell we're at.*

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## Advertising Acceptability

Protestants and Other Americans United (POAU) is an organization devoted to the separation of church and state. Since the Knights of Columbus advertise in the large-circulation magazines, POAU went and tried to do likewise. The responses?

*Newsweek:* ". . . sorry to inform you that at the moment we are not accepting advertisements of this type. If we can be of help some other way, please do not hesitate to call."

*Time:* "While we appreciate your interest in *Time*, I am very sorry to inform you that this is a category of advertising that we do not carry."

*Saturday Evening Post:* "We have gone through management channels, and I regret to tell you that we cannot accept this type of advertising."

*Look:* "Unfortunately, because the POAU copy you submitted to us is of such a highly controversial nature, we cannot accept your insertion order."

The ad was for a booklet titled *Urban Take-Over*, a study of the church-state effects of urban renewal and other government programs. It is available for 25¢ from POAU, 1633 Mass. Ave. N.W., Wash., D.C.



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# *Pot-Heads on the March*

**by John Wilcock**

All over the world marijuana is probably the most-discussed underground subject at the present time. The same issues come up repeatedly:

1. Who got busted lately and what happened to them;
2. The growing protest movement with buttons, articles in little magazines—and some big ones—against it being banned;
3. The reasons why it remains illegal.

Some of this is mere pot-talk, of course, the baseless speculations that reflect the speakers' own projections and fantasies. There's even a good case to be made out that some heads *want* it banned, thus allowing them an excuse for their paranoia, their rebelliousness, their feeling of being "in," and their need for the elaborate rituals (buying, stashing, rolling and sharing) that accompany any other religion.

American novelist Clancy Sigal once told me in London, for example, that he'd hate to see the day when "just anybody" could get the stuff, and this is a snob viewpoint to which many people subscribe. Norman Mailer, who gave it up long ago, feels much the same way.

But it seems fairly true to say that most smokers, if they don't necessarily demand that marijuana be legalized, seek a situation where they'll be left alone. Especially if they choose to grow the stuff in their own garden or window-box.

The paranoiac pot-smoker sees the matter purely in terms of the law and himself. The authorities, he believes, devote an inordinate amount of time to tracking him down, wherever he may be, to fling him in jail for the tiny roach that he puffs nervously in the secrecy of his bathroom.

A clearer assessment of where it's at, in my view, is that most "authorities" don't give a damn about the individual pot-smoker; that actually, many authorities, (including cops) smoke pot themselves.

As a matter of fact, the widespread flouting of the marijuana laws has been one of the most astonishing developments of recent years. Once the private province of a few "beats," pot has now spread outward and upward through almost every phase of society and in almost every country. In the past five years I have spent varying amounts of time in 17 countries and in every one of these were pot-smokers, many of them beat but many others (as in N.Y.) from the fields of television, advertising, stockbroking, theatre, writing, art, music, banking—even ministers of religion. (Religion and mystical substances—peyote is only one example—have had a long history of togetherness.)

Pot-smoking, in fact, has passed what could be described as "the critical acceptance level"—by which I mean that even people who don't smoke feel that it's a subject one doesn't knock if one wants to be cool and accepted in the creative community.

There are good reasons for this, the main one being that creative people tend to attach as much weight to a stranger's opinions as he can back up with evidence—and evidence that marijuana is medically harmful, pot-smokers maintain, does not exist. Further, they may ask, why doesn't somebody ban alcohol or tobacco on the same grounds?

One of the pot-smoking community's favorite arguments is that the liquor industry is the prime villain behind the "keep pot illegal" movement. One pot-head told me: "They daren't let us have the stuff, man, because who'd pay six bucks for that rotgut any more if you could get twice as high for free? And how would they tax the weed, man?"

Marijuana's critics seem to be either the uninformed who associate it with other (dangerously addicting) drugs, or mere law enforcers who don't need or even want to have any facts that might inhibit their franchise to act.

The continuing illegality of marijuana may even be creating more problems than it solves. At a time when potsmokers were few, there was no percentage in it for the professional smuggler who preferred to risk his neck for a more profitable crop—heroin, say, or cocaine—which in addition to selling at higher prices was less bulky to smuggle.

These days, with pot adherents numbering hundreds of thousands (millions if you count countries such as India, Turkey, Morocco, where if not legal it's accepted by tradition), somebody must be organizing the vast traffic just as somebody made fortunes and founded widespread underworld organizations for the distribution of liquor during Prohibition.

The present marijuana law was formulated, by another generation, about 30 years ago when there wasn't the widespread interest in exploring the mind with chemical substances that exists today. Since then we have given pharmaceutical companies the freedom to foist all kinds of substances on the public—many of them inadequately tested—under the guise of helping mankind (and assisting the companies' stockholders even more). When will we give people the right to try substances of their own choosing without interference by the law?

## WILCOCK'S SURVEY OF THE MARIJUANA MATTER

### California

Very strict law enforcement, mandatody jail sentence for possession of large amounts. Smoking widespread, particularly in movie colony whose big-name representatives get busted (with appropriate headlines) from time to time. Two internationally-known singers are legendary heads in pot circles. Perhaps in reaction to strict enforcement a new organization *Lemar* (Legalize Marijuana) has sprung up in San Francisco with a view to working legally for a change in laws.

### Colorado

Milestone in pot history was case in Boulder last April when 12 defendants were acquitted by Judge William E. Buck on grounds that the appropriate Colorado statute was unconstitutional. Captain Joseph Moomow, head of the Denver police laboratory, testified *for the defense.*

### New York

Despite wide publicity given to cases involving other activities (i.e., pot with "free love" parties, pot found along with other narcotics, etc.), there have been numerous cases of people found with small amounts merely being fined small sums. Most pot-smokers (who would love to see an official statement of policy) fondly believe that N.Y. cops will act only if provoked or if trying to "get" somebody or if pot can be used to make a case stick against somebody who's believed guilty of *other* law infractions. Possession of



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scans of this entire issue found at: http://www.ep.tc/realist/56

# *Benefits of Switching from Cigarettes to Narcotics*

**by Saul Heller**

A heart-warming phenomenon, in a society more given to chilling the ventricles than to heating them, is the selfless effort non-smokers are making to get smokers to cease and desist. Even smokers participate in these attempts. Cigarette, cigar and pipe smokers were on the Surgeon General's committee that verified the existence of the link between cancer and smoking, and recommended (between puffs) that the government do something to break Madame Nicotine's stranglehold on the customers. When a man can resign himself to the horrors and pleasures of smoking, yet exerts himself fiercely to save a fellow sufferer from the same fate, he surely merits something—possibly psychiatric attention.

These magnanimous activities are, however, unlikely to achieve much success. One signpost pointing in this direction is the mention, in the report of the Surgeon General's committee, of the cancer specialists who continue to smoke cigarettes. If these doughty cancer fighters can go on fraternizing with the enemy, in spite of the chambers of horrors they visit daily, what persuasive effects can we expect from showing *laymen* movies starring lung cancer, or trying to panic them in other ways?

A more promising method would be to provide a substitute for cigarettes—one not merely safer, but more pleasurable. Narcotics would seem a logical stand-in.

The greater perniciousness of cigarette smoking compared to narcotic addiction hardly needs documentation. Careless smokers are responsible for some 140,000 fires each year, in which non-smokers who fear cancer are incinerated by smokers who don't—a notable case of poetic injustice. The expenditures made necessary by the annual loss of lives, natural resources and property in fires caused by smokers has been estimated

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more than one ounce is believed to suggest that the possessor is dealing in marijuana, not merely smoking it.

### London

Influx of West Indians in past few years has spread the habit through all segments of society, even to Government (i.e., Lucky Gordon to Christine Keeler to John Profumo) levels. Pot is easily available, smoked in even greater quantities than in New York, and still associated—in the popular press and public mind — with "beats" although numerous arrests have been made at Oxford and Cambridge. In line with Britain's usually-sensible attitude to narcotics (they don't create addicts; they try to cure them), sentences for marijuana possession are usually light. Several responsible magazines, including *The Lancet* (journal of the British Medical Association) and *Queen* have run favorable pieces on marijuana suggesting that it might be studied medically by an impartial body.

### Paris

Very widespread, with pot and hashish available in at least a score of Left Bank cafes and bars. The smell is a familiar one at Paris parties. French police tend to be repressive and sentences occasionally stiff.

### Tokyo

Japan has relatively small narcotics problem and marijuana (unlike stronger drugs) is almost unknwn except in ports of Kobe and Nagasaki and Shinjuku (Greenwich Village) area of Tokyo.

### Stockholm

Much-publicized arrests from time to time, and smoking confined largely to younger American community, and art and jazz circles.

### Copenhagen

The two jazz clubs have experienced raids but pot-smoking is still in early stages of development, restricted largely to younger, sexually-free beat community (Britain's *Lancet* suggested that pot is "this generation's" alcohol).

### Tangiers

Alcohol is frowned upon in Morocco, and most of the older generation have been lifelong kif smokers. Trouble broke out a few years ago when the international beats moved in and adopted this charming old custom. *N.Y. Herald Tribune*'s John Crosby wrote a diatribe against this young crowd at the time, has since written enthusiastic pieces from London in favor of it. What happened to *him*, do you think?

### Turkey

A country where almost anything seems to be available for people who want it, pot being no exception. Turkey, however, supplies a large percentage of he world's opium, and although its tolerance extends to other drugs, pot-smoking doesn't seem to be particularly widespread.

### India

Its brown-colored ganja (similar to Jamaica's ganje) is among the world's strongest pot and is easily available, even being openly on sale in some markets — probably the only place in the world where this is true. Strong evidence that many of the Indian mystics were familiar with this aid to nirvana.

### Jamaica

Pot is widely smoked among the native community and is far from being unknown among hip whites, but they'll deny it to their dying puff. This country is the source for much of London's current supply.

### Athens

Pot is virtually unknown to the Greeks but is well known among the large international community that lives on the slopes of Plaka just below the Acropolis. At least two large raids were made by Athens cops this summer but no serious sentences imposed. There were rumors this summer that younger members of Royal family were pot-heads .

### Geneva

Pot doesn't appear to be known or smoked much but it was here that novelist Richard Condon (a non-smoker) suggested to me that a semi-humorous campaign based on the slogan "Marijuana for Statehood" might bring results.

### Spain

A basement jazz club in Madrid knows the aroma well but discourages it on the grounds that the jazz crowd is already suspect in this unfree society. Pot is widely known (and grown) in the south of Spain which presumably was introduced to it from North Africa, only a one-day's boat ride (Tangiers to Algeciras) away. Every now and then Spanish police bust a few incoming travelers from Tangiers, but the beats are the only ones they concentrate upon.

### Mexico

Has a very ambivalent attitude towards pot. In the Acapulco jail the warden has been known to sell joints (for 5 pesos) to prisoners to keep them docile and contented. Mexico supplies most of the U.S. market (although easy to grow in American soil, it doesn't come out as strong) and this has created a two-way black market: dealers near the border sell unwary Americans a kilo and then tip off the U.S. border guards who (a) confiscate it (b) jail the smuggler, and (c) reward the Mexican supplier by returning the loot. Or maybe the border guards smoke it themselves and pay cash like everybody else.



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in *billions* of dollars annually—no penny ante mischief, this. Smokers who light up while driving may be responsible for as many road deaths as drinking drivers, according to the Automobile Legal Association. Non-smokers who escape the ordeal of fire, it seems, can still be broken on the smoker's wheel. What dope addict, or criminal, for that matter, wouldn't (at least in his better moments) shudder at the thought of menacing society on this grand scale?

Besides perpetrating all sorts of mayhem on his fellow citizens, the smoker courts numerous diseases—not merely cancer and heart trouble, but also chronic bronchitis, pulmonary emphysema and peptic ulcer, among others. Surely, no non-smoking drug addict with a sensible degree of hypochondria would consider for a moment switching to cigarettes.

The drawbacks of narcotic addiction are to a considerable extent due to popular prejudices, and the difficulties we place between the addict and his source of supply. The link between narcotics and crime is, obviously, not a built-in one. If we made it as difficult for smokers to obtain cigarettes as we do for drug addicts to obtain drugs, there would be more people ready and anxious to steal than there were people well-heeled enough to steal from. Eliminate his supply difficulties, and the addict thrives—much more so than the long-time cigarette smoker, at any rate.

One doctor in a hundred is a drug addict, according to *The New York Times*. So are many nurses. The ease with which doctors and nurses can get their drugs, however, permits them to escape the sadistic penalties we commonly impose on addicts, and to live useful, healthy lives.

Would the masses of smokers take to narcotics, if an enlightened government made a serious attempt to induce them to switch? Why not? The more harmful a habit is, the greater its attractions. The common misconceptions regarding the superior evils of narcotics should make smokers ready and eager to make drug addiction the vice of choice.

Barrages of criticism could, of course, be expected from the American Medical Association, churches and other institutions that find nothing much to criticize in the legal promotion of so dangerous a poison as nicotine. Such criticism could, however, be effectively counteracted by setting up a narcotics industry committee comparable to the Tobacco Industry Research Committee.

The committee could readily purchase one or two doctors, or even a dozen, to certify that the evidence regarding the harmfulness of narcotics is contradictory, inconclusive, and not worth paying attention to. It could even secure the services of doctors of integrity —like world-renowned Dr. Lawrence Kolb, for instance —who could point to researches indicating that individuals can and have taken morphine or other opiates for years without undergoing intellectual or moral deterioration, or suffering any major impairment to their health.

Advertisers could link narcotics with pretty girls, woodland scenes, success in sports, manliness and perpetual youth, making it obvious to anyone with half a mind—which is all most of their customers have—that drugs and the good life are inseparable.

The benefits of switching from nicotine to drugs would not lie merely in the very substantial reduction of lung cancer and heart disease mortality, fires and auto accidents. An additional benefit would stem from the relegation of cigarettes to the forbidden status now occupied by narcotics. This doesn't mean cigarettes would become as hard to get as narcotics are now—they would just become harder to get. Cigarette prices could, as a result, be boosted to levels high enough to satisfy even tobacco manufacturers, short-circuiting any protests from this quarter.

Of course, legalizing narcotics would take much of the excess profit out of the narcotics trade, threatening to put many racketeers into lower income tax brackets. It shouldn't take these adaptable gentlemen long, however, to stake out new diggings in the potentially more profitable underground tobacco trade . . . so their formidable opposition would melt and resolve itself into a dew.

The public at large would probably be delighted. A people that finds reality so distasteful that it seldom faces up to it, would be ecstatic over a chance of indulging in bona fide pipe dreams. That segment of our 70 million-odd smokers odd enough to reject the switch would provide a satisfactory market for the prohibited tobacco trade, helping keep everybody happy. People with long memories know there is no better stimulus to profits than prohibition.

Other advantages of promoting mass narcotic addiction readily suggest themselves. For one thing, our multitudes of drug addicts (provided they were certain of getting their daily supplies) would enjoy a euphoria that would make coexistence with fellow citizens much simpler. Currently, of course, many addicts live rather harassed lives.

The restrictions the government places on narcotics, to prop up the industry and keep it on a sound economic basis, tend to make things unpleasant for the money-short addict . . . almost as unpleasant as they are for the money-short *non*-addict. With supplies of cheap, wholesome narcotics freely available, however, we might enter an era of dreamy good-will that would banish civil rights struggles to the history books.

Morphine and heroin would make fine drugs for our unemployed—they encourage idleness. Over four million jobless, disheartened Americans are trying to adjust to the fact that this country is unwilling to help them substantially—unless they go Asiatic and play footsie with communism. Giving our unemployed narcotics would minimize the friction between them and their fate. Euthanasia is, of course, another alternative.

Morphine and heroin tend to reduce sexual desire to the vanishing point, which should win them secure places in our censors' medicine chests. Such drugs could defuse the sex-charged females who commute between bedrooms and welfare offices, and threaten to breed more bastards than their moral superiors are capable of supporting. Giving drugs to these unnecessaried and uncondomed sexpots might put an end to the subsidizing of uninhibited and immoral sex by moral and inhibited people—which would make it one of the few happy endings we're likely to see outside the movies.

Narcotics would be just great for intimidating subversives, radicals, even Democrats. Simply threatening



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to withhold their drugs should make any radical more than ready to vote Republican.

If Congress could be doped up, the President could get considerably more work done—a thought that might dispose our Chief Executive to look more favorably on these humble suggestions.

A mass narcotization program should decrease the likelihood of nuclear war. Possibly President Johnson and Brezhnev & Kosygin could smoke a hashish pipe together, and build up a rapport that would enable them to present a united front against hostile Communists and Republicans.

Naturally the changes we are suggesting would encounter formidable opposition from people with big stakes in the status quo. Meetings could be arranged, however, among representatives of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, state and local politicians, crooked police and syndicate racketeers, to assure them all that their vested interest in the narcotics trade would be taken into consideration, and appropriate compensation made. Payment of government subsidies could be arranged, to tide over all concerned during the transitional period when they were switching rackets.

People who are worried that narcotics would pose threats to themselves or their children can relax. Research indicates that the pleasure produced by narcotics—a key factor in building the habit—is nonexistent for the normal person. According to a recent massive study, emotionally undisturbed and non-neurotic people totaled only 18% of the large sampling. If this is true of the population at large, it would mean that the non-addict minority—the only people left with the energy and drive to run the country—would be normal enough, and wholesome enough, to do an efficient and compassionate job. On this count alone, a massive narcotics program should get our vote.

The public would, of course, need a new group of scapegoats to hound, once the spread of narcotics addiction took dope addicts off the firing line. An America without scapegoats would not be the America we know and love. A highly eligible group of pigeons would be the cigarette smokers.

Non-smokers have been waiting a long time to settle accounts with the nicotinic tribes who pollute any fugitive pockets of fresh air that have managed to escape the general contamination; who burn holes in their rugs, ruin the flavor of meals, and in general act as if they had received a special dispensation from heaven to make life miserable for non-smokers. Drinkers unwilling to switch to drugs would also make good scapegoats. Drinking drivers are responsible for something like 50% of road fatalities, and would benefit from a little well-directed cruelty.

Reasonable degrees of sadistic activity against such deserving targets could hardly draw any legitimate objections. Even unreasonable degrees of sadism could be overlooked, in view of the many years free of persecution our smokers and drinkers have enjoyed.

All in all, the vistas opened up by our proposals seem fascinating. We recommend Mr. Johnson give them a high place on his agenda. Maybe Mr. Johnson can also work out one little problem that has stumped the author: what to do if smokers take to drugs *without* giving up smoking.

## *Cigarette Advertising*

**by Ed Sherman**

Due to the current reports linking cigarette smoking to cancer, Madison Avenue has been working feverishly in an attempt to counteract any adverse effects these reports might have on their tobacco manufacturing clients. One such ploy, in use for years now, has now been extended to cover at least three brands, this successful device being the lowly cigarette coupon. The only question remaining is just how long will it take before we'll be seeing a TV commercial such as the following. . . .

(*Open to Hospital Room set containing patient, visitor & nurse*)

*Visitor:* Hey Charlie, baby! How'ya doin' sweetheart? Ha! I knew they couldn't keep a good guy like you down! How'ya feeling buddy?

*Patient:* (*in husky tone*) Well not *that* bad, Frank, when you consider, the operation and all that. . . .

*Visitor:* That's swell sweetie, glad to hear it. Listen, alright if I *smoke* in here?

*Patient:* Sure Frank, go on pal . . .

*Visitor:* Well, as long as you say it's OK, I'll just . . . (*pulls out pack containing one last cigarette, removes cigarette, starts to crinkle pack*) How's that for luck, Charlie, the last one. But I'll get some more on the way out. So anyway, buddy, how they treatin' . . .

*Patient:* Hey!

*Visitor:* What's a matter Charlie, you got a *pain* or something?

*Patient:* The *coupon* . . . The *Raleigh coupon* . . .

*Visitor:* Hey nures, you better give him a shot or something, he's goin' wacko!

*Patient:* The Raleigh coupon on the *back* of the *pack!* You mean you don't save them?

*Visitor:* I'm telling you nurse, you better give 'em *something!* He's poppin' his cork! Hang on, Charlie-baby, she'll get ya something . . .

*Patient:* Frank, I don't *have* any pain! Look, let me show you, give me that cigarette package . . .

*Visitor:* I don't know, Charlie . . . maybe they gave you too much or something . . .

*Patient:* Frank, will you listen to me for a minute? Those coupons on the back of the cigarette packs are good for thousands of *free gifts!*

*Visitor:* What?

*Patient:* I'm telling you Frank, take my *lung operation*, this *hospital room*, the new *voice-box* they just put in me, that high-priced *surgeon* who just *operated* on me, this beautiful *nurse* I've got . . . they're all *FREE for Raleigh coupons!* So if *you're* not saving those coupons . . . hand them over *here!*

*Visitor:* On second thought, Charlie, I think I'll *hang on* to *my* Raleigh coupons . . . hell! When you get right down to it . . . who *needs* Medicare?

(*Fade to black*)

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### *Realist Riddle*

*Question:* What do you call a Negro with a spear?

*Answer:* "Mister."



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# SIR REALIST:

## A Dirty Pot-head Speaks

I don't ever write letters to magazines and I humbly apologize that this one is anonymous. However, I'm a physician, a house staff member at a tradtionally-square hospital, so please pardon my compulsive manner, my paranoia and apprehension while commending you in regard to the very succinct and medically lucid evaluation of marijuana in your August issue ["John Wilcock Interviews a Pot-Smoker," #52].

I'll never forget the humility with which I sat listening to one of my medical school lecturers, a prominent toxicologist, reiterate the life-endangering, sexually aberrant and homicidal behavior of the dope-fiend, degenerate, pot-smoker. I sat there like the boob that I am.

I have smoked pot for over 12 years. In the past 4, I've almost completely abstained, for dread of certain conviction and the abrogation of my rights, if caught, to follow my very honorable profession. I have a high sense of moral conviction, a humanistic and objective awareness of medical problems, and I want to continue doing the job I like, which is taking good care of my patients.

I preface this comment with self-tribute in order to fully and even graciously identify with the established virtues, and I must therefore acknowledge that I am held in high regard by my colleagues, and plan to remain so, as a surgeon.

I fully agree with the very clear and most accurate statements made in the article on pot; however, I also feel that it may be a more lethal drug than was noted. It should be emphasized that for those with a very weak ego-identity—and these individuals are most often likely to use the drug—pot can have a very deleterious effect, in causing complete disintegration of an already weak personality structure, with loss of defense mechanisms and exacerbation of certainly pre-existent mental illness.

I shudder to watch people smoking to their neurotic deaths with cancer, and other pathology, or to watch them deteriorate in an alcoholic stupor. I further bring attention to individuals in the impersonal, often hostile, and perplexing social and psychological environment in which we often find ourselves. This large group in our cities and even suburbia must develop more mundane avenues for dealing with the putrescences of existence.

Running away via morphine, or the more common narcotic, alcohol, or by turning on with pot, really doesn't help at all. And whenever one speaks of the virtues of pot, the great emphasis should be on what we all must certainly know, and should consciously recognize.

That is, the great majority of users of pot, as well as of the more harmful drugs, are sick people. I speak of more than something to see your doctor for "if symptoms persist," and this social, psychiatric, and subsequently physiologic disorder should not be condoned out of default, even under the most honorable conditions.

Therefore, I believe it would be medically harmful to the complete social, psychological and physical well-being of the nation if pot were legally condoned. Just as the condonation of legal autonomous use of tobacco is, or the use of morphine would be, or the use of alcohol is, or the use of digitalis, thalidomide, or barbituates would be.

Unfortunately, we as a society have not achieved that degree of mental status as individuals which is conducive to morally and mentally integrated self-control. In a word, we are already sick enough, and every drug we add to our formulary will not make us better, but sicker,

Sincerely,

.....

## To Bus Or Not To Bus

Roger Price has an interesting article in the recent issue of *Playboy's* keyholder magazine V.I.P., in which he talks about names determining the personality and habits of people. By the very name parents choose, they are already marking their child for life and determining his personal characteristics. I am sure this must be true of institutions, groups, and organizations also. And I am also sure that when the behavior patterns of the organization or individual no longer fit the name, the name should be changed. This is the only justification for changing a name, in fact.

Now take PAT for example. PAT is a good, calm, safe and quiet name for Parents and Taxpayers; but it is no good for bigots. Especially militant bigots. PAT means a warm, cuddly kind of love; like when you pat an animal on the head. It has nothing to do with shouting dirty names and hitting policemen. PAT means security and a certain degree of calm and assurance; like when you have a thing down pat; you know what you are doing and you are happy with it. This is hardly descriptive of a group in the process of rioting. So obviously the name of the organization should be changed.

Permit me to suggest the perfect name. Since everyone is a taxpayer no matter what side of the school controversy he is on, this part of the name should be dropped. Not everyone is a parent (myself included). Since most of the PAT members in the jailhouse were carrying babies of one kind or another, we shall assume that the designation "parent" should be kept.

Now the real issue in this whole matter is not busing. Let's not kid ourselves, especially when we are engaged in such an important activity like selecting a new name. The real issue is school segregation. This must be in the name. Some of the fringe PAT members are just interested in maintaining school segregation; but the leaders are actively involved in keeping the status quo. So you have to have a name which includes both groups; that is those "interested" and those "involved"; a dual purpose name.

I suggest Parents Interested (and/or Involved) In School Segregation, or PISS. If you need a longer PIIISS it is alright. This has the visual and audio quality the name for such a group should have. It is also necessary to change the name to give the newspapers a name which will really communicate the point of view and activity accurately. I can see the *Daily News* now coming up with headlines like: PISS FLOODS CITY HALL or PISS ON MAYOR'S LAWN or PISS AT GRACIE MANSION. Just the other day the *Daily News* had a headline PAT LAUNCHES VIGIL. Wouldn't it have been much more graphic to have said PISS LAUNCHES VIGIL? Now, when the first member of this newly renamed organization is named to the Board of Education the headline will read: PISS ON THE BOARD OF EDUCATION. Of course, a certain degree of confusion is inevitable. Rumors will circulate about the Mayor's kidney trouble when the *Daily News* heads a report of all-night negotiations with MAYOR MEETS PISS AROUND THE CLOCK.

There is another important historical matter which *The Realist* should be the first to note. Dr. Milton Galamison has been selling *Nigger* in his church (Dick Gregory's new book). Now this is the first time a nigger has been sold in a church in Brooklyn since the days of Henry Ward Beecher, when a slave girl was auctioned from the pulpit of Plymouth Church of the Pilgrims to raise money to buy her freedom. I wonder if this sort of thing happens anyplace else?

Keep up the good work, brother.

Faithfully,
The Rev. James R. McGraw
Warren St. Church Center

## Modern Metaphysics

I thought you might be interested in a question of philosophy: How many pins can you stick in the head of an angel?

**Boyd C. Baird**
**Gaylord, Michigan**



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THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

The REALIST Issue Number 56 - Feb, 1965 - Back Cover
scans of this entire issue found at: http://www.ep.tc/realist/56

# *Extremism Is a Warm Puppy*

**by Bob Abel**

" 'Extremism' has become a central issue in the bitter presidential campaign. For 44 years the American Civil Liberties Union has defended the right of extremists to *advocate* their ideas. We will continue to do so, because the right of advocacy is basic to a democratic society."

—ACLU letter sent out last fall to prospective members

"Senator Goldwater during the course of his campaign has stated extremism is either communism on the left or fascism on the right; he then later charged the Democrats as soft on communism. He now brands the Democrats as fascists. By virtue of reconciling these statements, I gather that Senator Goldwater is saying fascism is soft on communism. Frankly, I am perplexed."

—letter in Nov. 2 *Newsweek*

"The American people today know the winner of the Presidential race, but do they know what was settled by the votes of more than 70,000,000 persons—what issues were resolved and what policies were approved or disapproved?"

—David Lawrence in his Nov. 4 syndicated column

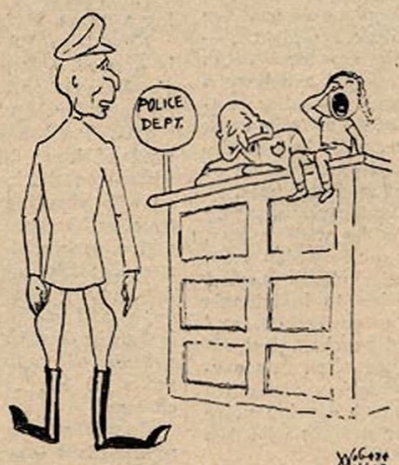
David Lawrence notwithstanding, surely the great lesson to come out of the recent campaign is that practicing the art of politics in defense of extremism is no virtue, and moderation in defense of your own politics no special vice. Mr. Goldwater said he didn't cotton to the support of the KKK night-riders, but he couldn't bring himself to disown votes from the Birch boys.

The fact of the matter is the more he discussed extremism, the less light he shed on the subject. He informed the always-befuddled Ike that the General had been "extreme" when he led the Normandy invasion, and the Arizonan also revealed that he loves his wife "in an extreme way," which isn't a surprising admission from a man who likes to sleep at the bottom of his swimming pool.

Even his detractors will have to concede that Mr. Goldwater proved himself a master at semantic confusion, constantly having to explain on Tuesday what he meant the previous Saturday. We should be grateful, surely, that he never attempted to trace the philogical ancestors of his "extremism," for there's nothing like a little Latin to really obfuscate the issue.

For Mr. Goldwater's benefit, then, I would like to share with him the results of a survey—conducted without the aid of either Messrs. Harris or Gallup—among my friends and neighbors, who looked to Barry to give hard-nosed definitions but who got a case of semantic indigestion for their pains. As a result, they have remained pretty extreme in their own views and . . . well, Barry, best take notes for '68.

- Extremism is an issue of *Playboy* without a centerfold.
- Extremism is playing basketball without a jockstrap.
- Extremism is a threadbare security blanket.
- Extremism is actually lining your stomach before going to a party.
- Extremism is taking Herman Kahn along for vacation reading.
- Extremism is a call girl who falls in love with all her customers.
- Extremism is Madalyn Murray having drinks with Billy Graham.
- Extremism is an American tourist going to Europe without a camera.
- Extremism is asking someone who's comfortably seated to get you a Grant's.
- Extremism is seeing *Cleopatra* twice.
- Extremism is a sub-teen who drops the Beatles for Vivaldi.
- Extremism is a nymphomaniac without a diaphragm.
- Extremism is trying to separate fact from opinion in *Time* Magazine.
- Extremism is Mickey Mantle failing to hit a sacrifice fly with a man on third and the Yankees one run behind in the bottom of the ninth.
- Extremism is wearing both a belt and suspenders.
- Extreme is Bobby Kennedy's kid growing up to marry Jimmy Hoffa's kid.
- Extreme is the kind of scholarship that discovers Tennesee Williams wrote Shakespeare's plays.
- Extremism is Hitler *actually* being alive in Argentina.
- Extremism is hoping that J. Edgar Hoover will be found in that same men's room.
- Extremism is admitting that Dick Nixon wasn't so bad after all.
- Extremism is drinking and smoking pot at the same time.
- Extremism is believing everything you read in *The Reader's Digest*.
- Extremism is *The New York Times* with comic strips.
- Extremism is a gal with a real Jewish beak who's married to a plastic surgeon.
- Extremism is an issue of *The Realist* that doesn't offend anyone.




". . . Forgets her name and address, Sarge. She only remembers her area code and zip number."

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