

## A Day in the Life of an Oakland Seven

by Reese Erlich

I have about enough time in the morning to drink a fast cup of coffee and eat a bowl of Post Toasties before my friend honks his horn out front. Naturally, it's raining again. The whole week has been a series of Monday mornings.

We run from our parking place (2 hour metered zone, naturally) to the courthouse. The law in all its majesty stands before us: cheap imitation Greek architecture, barred windows, and a tall thin spire that would make Allen Ginsberg jealous.

We had made the mistake of being indicted for "conspiracy to commit two misdemeanors" — a felony in modern Orwellian America. We had organized the first white militant street demonstration, Stop the Draft Week, in October 1967 in Oakland, California.

In concert with the optimism of the times, we had laughed about possible retribution by the power structure — "the government doesn't consider us that dangerous," we chortled. It turned out to be a case of He who chortles last.

Anyway, the reason I and my "co-conspirator" run to the courtroom is that the judge doesn't like tardiness. If we are so much as five minutes late (let alone miss a day in court), the judge can revoke bail. We would then spend the whole trial and perhaps the appeals period in a specially selected suite at the Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center. So we run.

We plop into our specially reserved chairs, past the 'smiling' baliffs and past the rubber-lipped District Attorney, Lowell Jensen. Given his pot belly, the baliff stands as erect as he can and bellows:

"The Court of Alameda County is now in session, The Honorable Judge George Phillips presiding ALLRISE."

All the actors then resume their exact stage positions from the previous afternoons. The D.A. sits at his desk attentively. The defense attorneys stand in front of the witness box and the witness scowls. With a wave of his hand the judge unfreezes these actors. The cross-examination resumes as if no one had eaten, slept, or fucked in the intervening sixteen hours.

"Now, Mr. Witness," Charles Garry our attorney continues. "You claimed that on the afternoon of October Twelfth, Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-Seven, you heard the defendants . . ."

Suddenly, a ten foot tall, dark skinned man wearing only a loin cloth bursts into the courtroom. Before the judge can

mutter so much as an "order in the court," the aborigine extracts three poisoned darts from his belt and aims his blow-gun at the astonished judge. With three quick puffs, he finishes off the judge, the D.A., and his piggish assistant. He then jumps feet first through the window and to safety below. (No mean trick — considering he was barefoot and the courtroom is on the third floor.)

The baliff, surveying the quickly stiffening bodies strewn about the room, announces that the case is dismissed.

"I object, your honor," shouts the D.A. "That question was incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial."

"Overruled," rules the judge. "You may continue this line of questioning, Mr. Garry." Dammit, I have to concentrate again.

I scan the faces of our jury, our cross-section of the community, our "peers." There are seven housewives, a pharmacist, a defense industry worker, a Radiation Laboratory manager with security clearance, a retired Marine Colonel, a secretary, and a latent homosexual. It may be a cross-section of the D.A.'s community, but it ain't of ours.

At first we simply asked for our constitutionally guaranteed right to a jury of our peers. The normal judicial processes of Alameda County excluded that possibility, however.

All persons under 23 were automatically excluded because the jury panel was selected from 1966 voter lists. No registered member of the Peace and Freedom Party could be on the jury. (PFP got on the ballot in 1968.) Most students and people under 30 couldn't get on the jury because they change apartments often and don't satisfy residence requirements.

So then we requested a cross-section of the community. The D.A. made short shrift of that "right" by systematically excluding young people, residents of Berkeley, and blacks that even *looked* militant.

Finally, we just demanded a jury that would acquit us. We demanded 12 long-haired, dope-smoking commies.

We ended up with a compromise. There is one black and two men under thirty. The consensus amongst the defendants is that these key men will either hang the jury — or us.

So these are our co-workers for two solid months. They too have to be in court every day, exactly on time. They share the courtroom 'in' jokes and get bored with lengthy testimony right along with us.

As one of the attorneys goes into a dull 20 minute spiel, I can't help but notice a beautiful blonde in the back of the spectators section. Already, a number of 'groupies' have started to hang around the Oakland Seven. After court I went over and casually introduced myself as defendant Erlich. She smiled. We went back to her place that night. As my eyes (not to mention my hands) caressed her magnificent bod, and she mumbled something about plaster-casters . . .

"I object, your honor," said our lawyer.

Why does he always have to object right in the middle of my make? I then speculated to myself that the jurors'

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December, 1968

The Realist

## Editorial Giggies

### Department of False Security

Hey, look, that pre-touted Tenth Anniversary issue isn't a put-on, really; I'm still working on the manuscript. I promise it will be out during April. Meanwhile, you'll be receiving a half-dozen 4-page issues, of which this is the first #85-A). Think of it as a series of journalistic Juicy Fruit gum slices, stretching out over a seemingly interminable coffee break.

### Department of Periodical Graveyards

Unheralded in the shadow of the *Saturday Evening Post's* demise was the deep-freezing of a lively little tabloid, whose subscribers received the following notice: "The fun has gone out of producing *Books*, the monthly newspaper, in its present format. We are suspending publication immediately . . ." Their most popular feature, "The Cocktail Party," will be appearing in the *Realist* instead.

### Department of Continuing Vendettas

*Books* publisher Jerry Agel had submitted a circulation-promotion ad to the *New Republic*. The headline was, "We Won't Sell Your Name." The copy stated that "When you subscribe to *Books*, we will not sell your name to mail-order companies, other publishers, etc., so that they might solicit your business." The ad ran once, pulled very well, and Agel re-scheduled it.

However, he says, "*New Republic* rejected further placement of the ad because, I was told, *New Republic* mail-order advertisers objected to my ad because I was revealing, without malice to be sure, what it was all about, Alfie. *New Republic* was apparently given a choice: Stop Agel ad or we won't advertise. So I stopped all my ads with *New Republic*—after having been in almost every week for two years—always with good results. One of the best pullers was the 'won't sell your name'."

## COCKTAIL PARTY

(Continued from Page 4)

- Norman Dacey: "The best to you each morning."  
Edward Albee: "Mum's the word."  
Philip Roth: "Let your fingers do the walking."  
Valerie Solanas: "There is a certain kind of woman."  
Richard M. Nixon: "Dodge fever."  
William Burroughs: "Things go better with Coke."  
William Buckley: "Hey, I just saw a dove fly into Mrs. McThing's kitchen."  
Arthur Schlesinger: "Next to myself, I prefer . . ."  
Svetlana: "Come to Marboro Country."  
Ralph Ginzburg: "Come on down."  
Philip Roth: "Don't you wish everybody did?"  
Philip Roth: "Show us your . . ."  
Philip Roth: "It's what's up front that counts."

The Realist is published monthly — except for January and July — by The Realist Association, a non-profit corporation. Publication Office: 595 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10012. Editor: Paul Krassner, Box 379, Stuyvesant Station, New York, N. Y. 10009. Subscription rates: \$3 for 10 issues; \$5 for 20 issues. Single copy by mail: 35c. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

## OAKLAND SEVEN

(Continued from Cover)

minds must be wandering too. I took comfort in our common bond. Oppressed by the same system, we overcome it in similar ways. The only difference, I suppose, is that if one of their minds wanders, we may end up in state prison for three years.

My mind re-focuses on Charles Garry. Who is this Charles R. Garry, the man who defended Huey Newton and Eldridge Cleaver and is now a top confidant of the Black Panther Party?

In all honesty, he looks like a shyster lawyer. He wears shiny suits with matching ties. His hair is thinning and his neck is turning to jowls. He has a penchant for alligator shoes and silky thin men's hose. If he ever gave me a hot tip at a race track, I would bet on any horse but the one he recommended.

But the minute he opens his mouth, you know he's no shyster. Not that he is the shy and retiring type. But he's spent thirty years in criminal law, the majority of them defending leftists. He defended the coal miners of the 1930s and was head counsel for the Smith Act cases of the 1950s. And to our everlasting gratitude, he eschews civil libertarian bullshit.

"If your client is on trial for his political beliefs," says Garry, "then you've got to defend his politics to the jury." He not only defends his client's politics, but espouses them both in and out of court. By the time the Huey Newton trial was finished, it was patently clear that Huey was a revolutionary and he hadn't shot that cop.

In our case, he immediately began questioning the jury about their views on the Vietnam war, the Korean War, the draft, Black Power, dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, the Nuremberg principles, and Tom Mooney. Before the prosecutor could even begin his case, Garry had presented the bulk of his argument.

"These young men are no more guilty than the Rosenbergs or Morton Sobel," says Garry. "The government should pin a medal on them for helping end the Vietnam War; instead they're being prosecuted for conspiracy."

His theory of political criminality can be summed up in one sentence: The duty of the revolutionary is to stay out of jail.

And Garry does his damndest to help him.

A proper political defense should turn the court into a street demonstration: supporters crowded in the aisles, loud booing when the police finks take the stand, speech-making by the defendants at every opportunity, and general pandemonium. The judge should have to clear the courtroom every 15 minutes and the courthouse should be in a constant state of seige.

Unfortunately, historical conditions aren't quite optimal for these tactics at this time. If we tried that now, we'd not only get the maximum three years, but another thirty for

## Death of an Astronaut

by Edmund C. Levin

As every thinking person knows, the machines have turned against us: unemployment and poverty, as tend to occur in peacetime, are the result of the steam engine and automation; the washing machine doesn't work; and the six transistors in my all-seeing camera take lousy pictures.

So why don't the TV people know that it's going to happen with the astronaut?

When your Corvair or Volkswagen is unsafe at any speed, you think those rockets are always going to make it at 19,000 miles per hour? Don't be silly. Those space twins will get theirs some day, and it's going to be on TV.

And it's going to be the most sensational, expected, everybody-told-you-so, climatic anti-climax since the Watts riots. Or since the last trapeze artist at the circus fell, before the discovery of workman's compensation and safety nets.

I wonder if they have a standby script for the day it contempt of court. So we tried the next best thing: If the demonstration won't come to Mohammed, then Mohammed will go to the demonstration.

Before court, during the long lunch break, and on our days off, we go as a group to movement demonstrations.

On January 30, we staged a rally and demonstration in support of the San Francisco Presidio stockade prisoners charged with mutiny for staging a sit-in.

At noon we go *en masse* to the University of California at Berkeley for picket duty in that strike.

Beginning at 6:00 A.M., some of the Oakland Seven drive to nearby Richmond to help demonstrate with striking oil workers.

All these demonstrations help break some of the tedium and strangulation that is modern courtroom America.

While sitting in the courtroom I really remember what it is like to be a white middle class worker. All the employees in Judge Phillips' court—baliffs, D.A.'s, defendants and jury — get nice long coffee breaks and one hour, forty-five minutes for lunch. You can have three drinks for lunch or go get stoned. Although the court procedure is tedious, you can learn to live with it.

It would be very easy to accept the phony courtroom decorum: joke with the baliffs and D.A., show 'respect' for the judge, and just sit on your *tuchas* all day.

We were thrown back into a situation that most Americans face every day. Our on-the-job routine is totally regulated by outside forces. And there are pretty heavy penalties for fucking up. For most people it's just easier to accept their work and not gripe.

For the first few weeks of the trial I actually found myself in front of the TV watching grade B westerns — drinking a can of beer. Now, at least, I'm back to getting stoned.

### Editor's Note

Funds are urgently needed to aid in the defense of the Oakland Seven. Send what you can afford to: Stop the Draft Week Defense Fund, 6439 Benvenue Avenue, Oakland, California 14618.

happens. And maybe a photographic biography of each man back to birth. Look what a good job TV did for John F. Kennedy. I don't think even Mark Lane suspects they had advance notice for *that* one.

So I am hopeful the media will rise to the occasion and do a bang-up job when it's an astronaut's turn to go.

But even with the chance for advance preparations, it won't be an easy job, comforting all the widows, orphans, munitions manufacturers, generals, voyeurs, emigre scientists, space jockeys (real and imaginary) and congressmen in their time of need.

So, what will happen?

First will be the spontaneous-rehearsed "Oh, my God!" of the announcer, spoken just off mike; then the sheet of flame whitening out the TV screen, followed by a momentary blackout. The last number of the opening sequence won't be exactly planned — unfortunately dead screen time is still necessary in the present stage of the art.

Unavoidably, time is needed to set up video tapes for slow motion playback of the explosion, technicians need time to position before the cameras the mockups which will show how the interior of the capsule might have looked as the ambient temperature rose to 1108° F., and it takes a while for the necessary number of family members and involved public officials to get on stage.

Due to the conflicting interests of the various parties concerned with the life and death of the astronauts, there are undoubtedly going to be many contradictions in the TV approach to the event. Hopefully, most or all of these will go unnoticed in the time of crisis and with good technical performance on the part of the networks.

There will, of course have to be the denials of malfunction for scientific reasons as well as for defense: "Although these gallant men died, the gadgets were a success. Let no aggressor mistake this as a sign of weakness," and so forth.

The impact of the event can be softened, lest the public itself become frightened, by referring to the deaths as something like the "operational loss of all evidence of protoplasmic activity at T + 13 sec."

The use of mockups with explanations in scientific terms will also be extremely useful in heading off grief reactions which might, uncontrolled, lead to a negative, or protest symptom complex. I would, however, like to caution the networks against the use of too realistic a production.

I would definitely be against exposing an already stressed public to views such as plastic representations of the astronauts melting in a mock capsule cabin at moment T + 13.

But at the same time, encouragement of some catharsis will be useful. Here, the use of baby pictures and photographs of the deceased in their prime at play on the West Point football field will be useful in evoking an emotional release.

It will be up to our highest officials to set appropriate models for the acting out of the public grief. I can think of nothing finer, nothing more useful to the public and the bereaved families of the astronauts, than Richard Nixon himself telling us of his agony in sending forth winged messengers of our country's greatness to conquer space.

What more fitting tribute to the memories of our exploded astronauts could one witness than Tricky Dick, with a crack in his voice and a tear on his jowl, saying: "Forward together again..."

## The Cocktail Party

by Jerome Agel

Daniel P. Moynihan received a telegram the day after his appointment by President-elect Nixon:

"The Nixons have been quoted as saying that they had had a modest start, had worked hard all their lives, and now that they had made it no one was going to take it away from them. You have always said, sir, that we must give it away or at least share it. How are you going to live with Mr. Nixon?"

Mr. Moynihan's response: "Your telegram raises an interesting point. I need not tell you that I shall give it much thought in the days ahead."

At least one journalist is filing for a future book of Mr. Nixon's public inadvertencies, e.g., saying "the next war" at the Smithsonian Institute inauguration gala, and raising his right hand as an aide was being sworn into office, and his constant psychiatric references to "good under fire" and "works well with people."

Mr. Nixon indeed appears to have a pathological fear of Gerald Gardner, the funny picture-caption writer. If Mr. Moynihan, for instance, cracks an honest-to-goodness funny at a press conference, Mr. Nixon's laugh is a split second long if that long. You can almost hear him thinking, "What if Gerald Gardner buys the AP picture of my instant smile. Will he put into Pat's mouth the caption balloon, 'With 18-million unemployed going to bed hungry every night . . .'" Tension tension tension.

It's not always all there in *The New York Times*, but some of it is. The *Times* mentioned that Tommy Smothers attended a Bobby Kennedy memorial dinner in New York in January. It also mentioned that Mr. Nixon did not kiss his wife in public on Inauguration Day. (You mean, you haven't heard those stories!)

Did God really say, "Thou shalt not sit overnight in a chair lift with an unescorted male"? And, "Thou shalt not electrically reproduce any portion of this work anywhere in the solar system"?

Arthur C. Clarke's novel "2001: A Space Odyssey" based on the Stanley Kubrick-Clarke screenplay, ends:

"Then he (the star-child) waited, marshaling his thoughts and brooding over his still untested powers. For though he was master of the world, he was not quite sure what to do next. But he would think of something."

The Birth of Man section in a 1965 version of the novel had this paragraph:

"Moon-Watcher (the ape) surveyed the scene. Now he was master of the world, and he was not sure what to do next. But he would think of something."

That early Clarke version—which was fully mimeoed—did not include Hal the computer. The computer's name then was Athena, who spoke only a couple of unimportant lines in a female voice. The ending is far different—Bowman (Borman?) sees sexless extra-terrestrial "beings." The slab is a transparent tetrahedron—which would have made Bucky Fuller God.

A "Massage"-version of Bucky Fuller's life work is being readied for publication by Bantam Books: *I Seem To Be a Verb* . . . Putnam's would like a book about the new world of communications/dissent . . . Big books coming up:

*If Israel Lost the War*—"The lieutenant approached the limp figure, drew a Soviet-made pistol, pressed the muzzle against Dayan's temple and gently squeezed the trigger."

*Siege*—Black Power takes over New York City on a Labor Day weekend. The book was turned down by Bernie Geis and McGraw-Hill—"Let's not give them any more ideas!"—but Sol Stein will publish it. By a Madison Avenue exec.

*The Day of the Dolphin*—Fate of the world hangs in the humanity of the dolphins.

Marshall McLuhan: "Christ is the ultimate extension of man." . . . Concerned that Random House was tipping a bit too much to the left, Bennett Cerf signed up J. Edgar Hoover for his memoirs . . . Last paragraph of an article appearing this month in Washington-based "25" magazine:

"'CBS Records' and 'American Airlines' are destroying America. CBS and other record companies are spending vast moneys in advertising in the underground press, keeping that press alive. American Airlines, etc. has/have 'youth fares,' allowing young people rapid mobility. 'Hello, Charlie, Peggy, Lynn. We're having a confrontation this week. Come on down.'"

. . . I.F. Stone visits Ocean Hill-Brownsville and writes favorably about the nice dress of the students. The next day, an administrative assistant, Harlem school, speaks: "Negro parents sometimes place too much emphasis on such things as school clothing and not enough on seeing to it that their children learn in the schoolroom."

The year's throw-away line. A weapons officer on the Maddox testifies on film for Emile de Antonio: "I was the atomic weapons officer on the Maddox . . ." . . . How do we know that the people we meet are not computers programmed to simulate people? . . . This really happened in Rome:

Italian fellow: "Where you from, honey?"

American girl: "America."

Italian fellow: "Do you know Mabel Schwartz?"

Bondit Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* is killing the tuna fish industry. Maybe the liver industry, too. Anyway, if that's the story of the typical American Jewish youth, I should have been so lucky.

With the aid of aide Jane C. Stanton, what would have happened if some of our literary lights had gone into the advertising business? Would they have coined the great slogans?

Philip Roth: "It's not how long you make it."

William Styron: "Give a damn."

John Updike: "You make out better at both ends."

Terry Southern: "Should a gentleman offer a Tiparillo to a lady?"

The Marquis de Sade: "Let Hurts put you in the driver's seat."

Ken Kesey: "I'll try a gallon."

Malcolm Boyd: "The ten-minute head."

Eldridge Cleaver: "There's more to White Owl than just smoke."

Philip Roth: Please, mother, I'd rather do it myself."

Pope Paul VI: "Take Sominex tonight and sleep."

Tom Wolfe: "Get a Pop pop tingle."

L. Ron Hubbard: "You get what you pay for."

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## More Final Solutions to the Jewish Question

by Name Withheld

Dear Larry,

I have listened to your last few shows with great interest (not that I don't always listen to you with great interest), and after approximately two years of silence, I felt it necessary to add my few words to WBAI's Negro/anti-semitism dilemma.

I am young (23) and black, and would have until quite recently been considered somewhat anti-Semitic. I was raised in the borough of Queens, and exposed to the Jewish subculture there quite early in life. Because I was considered bright as a child, fate and the Board of Education allowed me to attend junior high school outside of my ghetto district in order to be in a special class. Until then, the only white people I had had any contact with were the storekeepers in my neighborhood (many of whom charged exorbitant prices for inferior goods) and a few of the teachers in my elementary school (some of whom were notorious as disciplinarians). All of these people were Jewish.

In junior high school almost everyone was Jewish, friend and foe alike, and there began the feeling that all white people were Jews—not rationally, but subconsciously somewhere.

I graduated to a high school that was approximately 85% Jewish with a relative handful of Negroes, most of whom were shuffled quite systematically into general and commercial courses. It was in High School that I first realized what prejudice against me as a black person felt like. I noticed that other kids from special classes (Jewish kids) were put into honor classes upon entry. I, on the other hand, was put into a general English class my first term there, a regular math class, etc. I worked my way into honor classes during my first year there.

When I won a Regents Scholarship (the only Negro in the school to do so) I was called down to the principal's office and interrogated about my family life, how much TV I watched, what my father did for a living and how much he earned, etc. To their surprise, and probably dismay, my family life didn't jive with what they wanted to hear. My father was a laborer, my parents had just been separated for about two weeks at that time, I didn't read anything that wasn't required, I spent a minimum amount of time on homework, and therefore it was inconceivable to them that I could do as well as other kids with better home lives perhaps, but who generally didn't study any harder than I did.

(Continued on Page 2)

February, 1969



WBAI-FM in New York City is a prime example of the First Amendment in action. The station carries no commercials. It is supported entirely by a community of listeners. Even if you're not among them — but especially if you are — they need your support. The monthly folio costs \$15 a year (\$10 if you're a student); send to WBAI, 30 E. 39 St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

You will have noticed that the letter to morning broadcaster and assistant manager Larry Josephson — which was read on the air and appears on our front cover — was not given the secondary coverage received by the following poem — which was written by a 15-year-old girl, read by her teacher on Julius Lester's program and resulted in the teachers' union and Congressman Emanuel Celler urging the FCC to use its "full powers under the law to redress this abuse of the public trust."

### ANTI-SEMITISM

(dedicated to Albert Shanker)

Hey jew boy with that yamaka on your head  
You pale faced jew boy  
I wish you were dead  
I can see you jew boy  
naw you cant hide  
I got a scoop on you, yeah  
you gonna die.  
Im sick of your stuff  
everytime you turn around  
You pushin my head deeper into the ground  
Im sick of hearin about your suffering in Germany  
Im sick of hearin about your escape from tyranny  
Im sick of seein in everything I do  
About the murder of six million jews

Hitlers reign lasted for only fifteen years  
For that period of time you shed crocodile tears.  
My sufferin lasted over four hundred years, jew boy  
And the white man only let me play with his toys.

Jew boy you took my religion and adopted it for you  
But you know the black people were the original Hebrews  
When the UN made Israel a free, independent state  
Little four and five-year-old boys threw handgrenades  
They hated the black arabs with all their might  
And you, jew boy, said it was alright  
And then you came to America land of the free  
Took over the school system to perpetuate white supremacy  
Cause you knew, jew boy,  
Thers only one reason you made it  
You had a clean white face  
Colorless and faded

I hated you, jew boy.  
Because your hang up was the Torah  
And my only hang up was my color.

## FINAL SOLUTIONS

(Continued from Cover)

In that school, I was never advised of the advanced courses offered in chemistry, biology, and other subjects. I found out from other kids when it was already too late for me to take them. In the fall plays, my roles were those of maid and the wife of a janitor. I was sent to the Dean's office by my homeroom teacher, Mrs. R., because I refused to continue as her official door-closer, which entailed taking her abuse if someone came in late and left it open; and that same Mrs. R. didn't feel that I was qualified to be G.O. (General Organization) representative for my class after I had been properly elected by my class.

I still managed to graduate fairly high in my class, and continued my education at Queens College among some of the most unmannerly and downright rude people that it has ever been my experience to be with. And besides rudeness, education to them was cheating for a high mark, and getting a diploma at any cost. By this time, although I knew the difference between white and Jewish rationally, everyone white was Jewish to me. Rather than looking at the Jews as a subset of white society, I made the rest of white society (which was a minority to me) a subset of the Jewish community. To me, the Catholic and Protestant whites at Queens (which were relatively few in number) were just as "Jewish" as the Jews. Those Jews that I knew and considered "friends" at the time were certainly the exception rather than the rule as far as I was concerned; a little prejudice in reverse; they're bastards, but he's o.k.

Consequently, when I left school and met other white people, I was always rather surprised to find that many were not Jewish. (I never knew there were so many white Gentiles in New York City.)

What all this leads to is that although WBAI is having its problems, both ideological and financial, it was very instrumental not only in helping me to recognize my anti-Semitism, but in tracing its roots and thus helping me to understand where the feeling came from. WBAI made me see that although the majority of my bad contacts with whites were with Jews, the Jews as a people are certainly not my only enemy, and definitely not my most powerful enemy.

What the Jewish liberals who are threatening to end their support of WBAI fail to see is that contrary to fanning the flames of anti-Semitism, WBAI is in fact helping what small minority of black listenership that it has to realize that the Jew is not his real enemy, although he is his most immediate scapegoat. The black militant when understanding this can only attack the Jew with the philosophy "If we can't get to the white power structure, Goddamn it, we'll start with the Jews" and in New York City that's easy, perhaps too easy.

Due to his position in New York City he is indeed a

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natural choice—he has penetrated the power structure somewhat, but doesn't control it—he has middle class status which we can half-truthfully say he got by squeezing the hell out of us. And while I understand full well that many Jews are indeed friends to the Negro in his struggle for equality, I cannot exonerate those who have become so comfortable in their middle-classness that they don't give a damn except to feel threatened by any gains the black community might make, or the liberal who no longer supports black gains because integration in the old sense of the word is no longer the goal.

I, as a black person, am probably in a worse bind than you are. There are certain aspects of the black militant position which I accept without reservation, and other aspects which completely tune me out. I am that middle of the road black—too radical for the majority of white society to accept, and not militant enough for the radical black society to accept.

When the revolution comes, what side will I be on?

I can't support the inadvertent killing of innocent people by militant blacks, and I certainly can't support the continued suppression of black people in this country—a society that kills us economically, educationally, and socially, and buries us in the substandard housing of the ghetto. Is the only way to keep from being buried to feign whiteness? Must we be good little niggers and take what little they're willing to give up? If we must, then the revolution will come, because black people aren't going to wait too much longer, and God knows that white society can't run forever.

Our only salvation is in the hope that people might somehow learn to listen to one another without retreating into their own insecure little worlds. That all of us can learn to accept criticism and give it intelligently and that we try like hell not to revert to the generalizing that got us into this mess to begin with. I think WBAI is the only mass media voice today trying to avert the black-white violent confrontation, and it is sad indeed that the station is now threatened financially because it is willing to air all views with understanding as its goal. Acceptance without reservation isn't needed but understanding and discussion is. You are a very dim light in deepening darkness. I hold very little hope for us even if you survive, but I do hope you survive.

Sincerely,  
Name Withheld

## ANTI-FREESPEECHISM

(Continued from Page 4)

"How can you allow people to speak in public who might make those kinds of remarks?"

"You haven't asked me beforehand what I'm going to say."

When we came out at 9:45, the JDL demonstrators had gone.

A radio license "bears with it an obligation to use the immense power inherent in it responsibly and wisely," stated the JDL leaflet. It spoke of "the hate-filled Julius Lester show" and then delved into his politics, speaking of his "long anti-white and extremist background."

Then it ended by suggesting that the JDL may take the law into its own hands: "Unless the FCC acts, an outraged public will. There can be no freedom to incite to hate . . . It is literally a question of our skins."

## Oil Drum Beating for Fun and Profit

The Zionist Herzl Institute looked around for the most knowledgeable and unbiased speaker they could find to lecture about the Mid-East conflict, and found Nasrollah Fatemi, who visited Palestine just this summer. He is a Moslem who is a former member of Iran's parliament, who has worked for the UN, and who now is a dean at Farleigh Dickinson University.

Fatemi said that from the Atlantic Ocean to the Persian Gulf there are a dozen states whose official language is Arabic; some are still kingdoms, some are modern republics and some (like Algeria) are roughly in the transition stage between.

The richest Mid-Eastern countries are Kuwait (an Arab "welfare state" of a half-million people) and Israel. Probably third most influential is Lebanon, which has at least a 90% literacy rate.

Israel, like the U.S. at one time, has had the benefit of starting out new, therefore not being tied to a lot of old traditions.

Secondly, it's had the benefit of having had approximately one million dollars a day contributed to it from friends outside the country (including the settlement from Germany).

Thirdly, it has some of the best minds of the modern world.

With these assets it could lead the Middle East to paradise.

In contrast, Egypt in 1907 had a population of six million people for five million acres; 60 years later it had 27 million people on eight million acres. Not only the population boom has cut into the standard of living, but more than half the country's budget now goes into the arms build-up — in fact, the cost is probably even higher if you figure the rate of interest in the purchases.

The world's budget for war today is \$250 billion (as opposed to \$136 million spent for peace at the UN). Of this, Russia and the U.S. spend about \$180 billion. The Middle-Eastern powers spend five billion — which is nearly equal to their annual profits from oil.

Fatemi says that a UN study has shown that the 800,000 dispossessed Palestinian Arabs who are the thorn in both the Jews' and Arabs' sides could be reimbursed for the land they claim ownership to, for something like \$180 million a year for 10 years — a hell of a lot less than the arms buildup is costing — and even that could be paid by the UN, if need be. But politicians for both sides seem to feel they have more to gain by beating the drum for war.

Fatemi says he asked a member of Israel's Knesset if any of the politicians ever spoke of peace plans. She said, "Yes, we have 12 cabinet members and 24 peace plans."

The Mid-East cannot survive without peace, Fatemi said. But the Big Powers feel they can't survive without division in the Mid-East. A barrel of oil from the Mid-East costs 42c; from Oklahoma, \$4.25.

And without conflict in the Mid-East, neither side would have bases there, or arms customers.

Fatemi spoke of the four deadly Middle-East illusions:

(1) The U.S. thinks it can still be the major power in the Mid-East if it just puts the right bees in the right burnouses.

(2) The Reds think they will communize the Arabs, and eventually the whole Middle-East, if they can just make the Arabs desperate enough.

(3) 2.5 million Jews think they can hold off 100 million Arabs if they can just keep their defense up long enough.

(4) And the Arabs think they can settle the Jewish problem if they can just pull the right strings to get enough arms.

### Whose Little Genocide Are You?

A recent issue of the Jewish Press pressed readers to write to the President, "respectfully urging him to fulfill his moral obligation to the Jewish State. Use your own words or clip our editorial on page 1." The editorial:

"The reins of government have passed to a new leader and all American Jews stand together in praying that Heaven bestow on President Richard M. Nixon, the wisdom and compassion to bring to a tired world, peace with justice and tranquility with equity.

"We know the President to be a religious and a good man. It is this which makes us confident that his solid promises to defend the State of Israel from extermination by giving it military superiority, will be considered a solemn and hallowed obligation.

"With the President go our blessings and support. May he keep America great and Israel its partner for freedom and democracy in the Middle East."

Jewish Press readers were also pressed to "Write your Congressman now and urge him to fight for the shipment of jets to Israel!"

## You don't have to be Jewish



...to enjoy Levy's real Jewish rye

February, 1969

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

## Reporter at Small

by Robert Wolf

### Anti-Freespeechism

By 7:30 p.m. it was rainy and the cops had closed off the largely-residential block of East 39th Street between Park and Madison to traffic. The FM radio station WBAI is housed in a narrow brick building of five stories mid-block: a brass plaque outside says that the first floor is occupied by the Vera Institute of Justice. Picket lines began to form, but Julius Lester was already inside, about to begin the talk show he does in the dark (to avoid distraction).

There were lots of police brass on hand. At first they kept the two opposing picket lines only 20 feet apart. As the evening wore on, they moved them 50 feet apart.

The Jewish Defense League had mustered maybe 200 people. In terms of hatefulness and intemperance, their picket signs won out over the opposition. Even their chants were more venomous — but then it did appear that they were keeping the warmest. One chant was "No More Nazis (sometimes substituting "Lester"), No More Hate." And: "W-B-A-I, Stop the Dirty Lie."

Picket signs said "Peking (substitute, as some did, either 'Moscow' or 'Hitler') speaks on WBAI."

"WBAI: The voice of hate."

"Those who defend Lester are equally guilty."

"Lester must go!"

One man carried a lampshade and a sign: "Our children will never again become lampshades."

With all their demands for freedom from hate and invective, they threw a WBAI reporter out of their midst with cries of, "Go home, you commie fascist!" and "Kill him!"

On the other side were 25-30 people. TPF cops on each end of the supporters' picket line were turning away late arrivals, saying they were following orders. I noticed no such attempt to limit participation by late arrivals on the other picket line.

The picket signs of the supporters were, while more intellectual, in better humor:

"Silencing hate does not deter it."

"Whites must repudiate white racism."

"Some Jews know what free speech is — I'm one."

"Mazel tov WBAI!"

"Lester must stay!"

About the only intemperate catcall I heard from the supporters was when Walter Teague yelled to the JDL. "I'll bet you people support the napalming in Vietnam." Most of the supporting pickets were listening to the Lester show; someone had set up a loudspeaker near their line.

A youngster came out of the WBAI offices with a tray of hot chocolate. He circulated between both lines, but only the supporters — and some cops — would accept the token offering.

It looked as if the Police Department was practicing a racism of their own: there were a lot of Negroes on hand who looked like maybe Black Squad plainclothesmen. I saw two of them ordered to join the supporters' picket line.

Apparently the leader of the Jewish group was Rabbi Meir

Kahane, who looks so little like a rabbi that the cops checked his ID. He was allowed to run around much more freely than were demonstrators from the supporters' side. At one point he took a bullhorn and incited his followers to near frenzy in a hate-filled speech which made it clear that he, at least, was using the issue of anti-Semitism as a ploy to try to close down an anti-capitalist radio station.

A sample of his invective: "WBAI is a clear and present danger to America and all decent people . . . This isn't a confrontation between Jews and racists — it's a confrontation between decent people and animals."

He then went down to the opposition's picket line, where he stood 15 feet away and harangued the WBAI supporters — some of his cohorts calling them "homosexuals" and "degenerates" — until the cops finally roused him.

Kahane is an editor of a weekly paper, *The Jewish Press*, which last summer published a piece on the "Communitistic" free store, giving erroneously as its address, the place next door. A couple of days later, the place next door was fire-bombed.

A Negro in a fez came to the supporters' picket line with a sign reading "Support the Arabs, WBAI." Metromedia-TV cameramen swooped in and singled him out. As he began to argue with reporters, an agitator from the JDL line (who was said earlier to be carrying a pistol) came over and began to argue with the black. The black punched him in the mouth, and, in the scuffle, several people were carted off to a paddy wagon — though I'm not sure either antagonist was included.

At 9 o'clock, Steve Post of WBAI came out and rounded up reporters for a press conference, given by Frank Millspaugh, a slight 32-year-old with an open, mild manner, longish hair and a droopy mustache. Millspaugh has been general manager of WBAI for three years. The station was six years old and had a subscription of 8,000 when he came; it now has 20,000.

He told the reporters he'd rather they were listening to Lester than to him. Without being asked to, he said, Lester was making it clear over the air that he is not an anti-Semite. In fact he's making it clear, Millspaugh said, that from his point of view blacks are the real Jews of the world — and they don't have to wear a yellow star to demonstrate it.

Millspaugh said that most of WBAI's staff is Jewish and that they'd expressed to him support of Lester (a reporter had said that 20 of the JDL pickets outside claimed to be WBAI employees).

He said that the JDL had made it clear that they would settle for nothing less than the firing of Lester; they had been offered equal time but had not accepted. Millspaugh said that so far the American Jewish Congress has availed itself of air time and the Anti-Defamation League is considering it.

Asked if the station had gotten a lot of complaints, he said, "About 800-1,000 letters, 50%-60% of them critical."

"Don't you think the station has an obligation," a reporter asked, "to calm down the furor for a while?"

"I think it's our responsibility to report news fully. And it's society's responsibility to remove the causes of controversy."

"Did WBAI call for the counter-demonstration?"

"No."

(Continued on Page 2)



# The Last Letters of Ché Guevara

by Abbie Hoffman

To the Youth of the United States:

I write to you huddled in blankets. Damp, shivering, cold, temporarily dejected over recent military setbacks. We are somewhere in the jungles of Bolivia surrounded by the enemy, cut off from all supplies. Struggling against immense odds.

My thoughts turn to young people struggling for a chance at life in the bowels of plastic America cut off from the life-line of human existence. For you, like we, are also surrounded.

I recall the time I worked as a waiter in a Miami Beach hotel and my frequent visits to New York, and know that people in the second half of the twentieth century were not destined to play out their lives in either the jungles of Bolivia or Manhattan.

Surely the destiny of man was to lift himself out of the jungle. Out of an economic system that forced him to behave like a beast of prey. Out of a corresponding socio-religious system that cherished money and greed and hatred and inhumanity.

I know you will say, "We know all that, but what do you offer—only more killing, only a subtle change in things? What is so revolutionary about your revolution?" But of course you are cynical. Your universities teach you to be eternal cynics, a cynicism that can only be drowned in alcohol and diet pills and psychoanalysis and golf.

(Continued on Page 2)

by Jerry Rubin

I find it fitting that Bantam Books, a capitalist business, has asked some of us to write "the last letter" of Ernesto Ché Guevara, the revolutionary whose goal was the total destruction of American capitalist business.

Fitting, because in North America it is money—not love—which conquers all. To North America, Ché is no different than Ivory Soap, or Bobby Kennedy for that matter. He sells, and narrows the generation gap besides. What team did Guevara

(Continued on Page 2)

by Ed Sanders

Che Guevara visited the United States a few months before the CIA murdered him. He spoke with many of the young radicals in the movement and danced and fucked at the Fillmore West, the Grande Ballroom in Detroit, the Crimson Grimoire in Austin, and others. Here is a letter he wrote from the hills of Bolivia to a girl in Ventura, California whom he met at the Kaleidoscope, a Los Angeles rock and roll light show.

Dear Gail,

Thank you so much for your letter. I hold in my heart the vision of your beautiful legs wrapped around me. The music & life in your body and singing is absolute and wonderful. You ask what you can do to aid the world revolution.

The first thing to know is that if you say what you believe in America — that is, say it to the young with persuasive Voltairian frenzy — you must be prepared to die or go to jail. Therefore, in order to endure such suffering you must develop in your heart a fanatical resolve to destroy the west.

For youth the key word is to *emerge!*

To emerge from your silent environment: prepared, energetic, pissed off, active, and ready to be snuffed.

The biggest hurdle is making the decision to kill. In California, it should be easy for you to rough up your pretty little hands learning how to fire a machinegun. Machinegun callouses will make your affinity group cackle with inner satisfaction.

Everyone who is in this struggle, I mean *really* in it, has to be prepared to see and feel blood. Slitting a banker's throat should be a jolt of pure thrill to any revolutionary.

In America you lady revolutionaries should subvert, convert and sleep with as many technicians, skilled machinists, and engineers as you have endurance. Your country is a nation of babbling fools; vomit-brained morons who would sell their family to the fertilizer plant for money and power.

You must guard against such agents.

The inauguration of secret societies based on sex, sabotage, dope and magic can do much to prevent infiltration.

Parents are often the enemy. If your parents threaten to expose you, jail you or your cell, don't hesitate to machinegun them down, if in your judgment the revolution has progressed far enough so that you can do such things and get away

(Continued on Page 3)

## Editor's Note

Richard Goldstein is the editor of an upcoming new magazine in pocket book form called US. He asked a few of the leading Yippie non-leaders to write our versions of Che Guevara's final communication. For reasons of format rather than censorship, they appear in the Realist instead. Including my own:

Dear American Pen Pal,

First things first. Please be sure that the poster of me on your wall is the one with the three-quarter front view favoring the left side of my face. Do not mistake this for simple vanity.

I can state with objectivity that the function of popularized imagery in your country is the first phase of conditioning the bourgeois public to revolutionary consciousness.

Co-optation has a way of boomeranging. Yesterday a poster; today a book; tomorrow . . . ?

So keep those Guevara Sweat-shirts moving. I realize that you do not currently see the relationship between them and a General Strike, but you must have faith in the power of seemingly trivial aspects of our international struggle.

I can die happy now, compensated by the knowledge conveyed to me in letters delivered by CIA operatives that already in the United States twenty-six couples have named their babies after me, of which seven are girls.

Viva Sharif!  
Che

P.S. Please have my subscription to the WBAI Folio transferred to Eldridge Cleaver.

March, 1969

The Realist

## ABBIE HOFFMAN

(Continued from Cover)

Forget your cynicism!

*There is no one who has more respect for life than a revolutionist.*

I am by profession a doctor. I found, however, to heal bodies under an inhumane system such as existed then and now in my native Argentina was corrupt. So I left to join Fidel and the others and help in my small way to build the revolution in Cuba.

What we did was to establish a model to show that under great oppressive odds radical social change can take place. You must shed the bandages bound around your eyes by the press in your country. You must go to Cuba and experience what has happened there over the past ten years.

Even as we realized victory in Cuba, we knew that the battle had just begun. For a revolution in order to be a true revolution must be a world revolution. To achieve that world revolution, you the children of the Yankees must lend a hand.

You must vomit forth your cynicism in the streets of your cities. You must mount an unrelenting attack on everything the bastards that rule your country hold dear. You must refuse to serve in their armies, you must reject the heroin offered in their universities, you must become clogs in their productive machinery.

Your struggle will be a long and arduous one. It will not come easy. There are no guide rules to apply to revolution. Each country is unique and your struggle is the most unique of all, for your repression is of a very peculiar nature.

Search for brothers and sisters in the struggle. Steel yourself inside for the oppressive blows that will greet each new victory. Learn patience. Learn how to sur-

vive. It will not be all the heroic suffering that others have told you.

What is suffering, my comrades? Even as I write, knowing death is coming over that hill not 500 yards away, I would not go back to being a respected professional in a system I detested. That is the true death. The death of the spirit.

No, although my health is failing, physical death is approaching and our plans here have met with disaster, I know we have won. Not for ourselves, perhaps, but for those who will follow us into these jungles of reality and into the jungles of their own minds to strike that blow for Freedom.

Men of revolutionary vision and action are sprouting everywhere. Like wild flowers bursting the overpowering prison of cement roads, they grow. Vietnam, Angola, Guatamala, Paris and now even in the heart of the Steel Goliath himself. Little Davids strike hard and deep.

Venceremos!  
Ché

## JERRY RUBIN

(Continued from Cover)

play with? What hit song did he sing? What starlet did he divorce?

Bantam Books and Hollywood are desperately searching for "the latest," for kicks and excitement. Like flesh-eating vultures, they come to the dead body of Ché. The plot thickens. The myth gets mysterious. Ché becomes Fad, the In Thing. Cash-registers click, and executives go home on the commuter train smiling smugly.

Because Ché is safe now: he is dead.

Ché is dead.

Ché is dead.

Ché is dead.

I will never rest until Ché is avenged. Who murdered Ché? The United States of America.

The forces of Law and Order (initials: CIA) hunted Ché for years as intensely as death hunts life. Every revolutionary is in danger. Every alive person is in danger. Eventually the CIA must try to kill all revolutionaries because our idealism is an inspiration to the napping energies of humanity. North America cannot coexist with Castro, Cuba, the Viet Cong, the Black Panthers, or her revolutionary white youth.

Revolution, like life itself, is contagious.

Once Ché is killed, his memory must be raped too. A society that survives through advertising manipulation understands that to control the memory is to control the man. Apply simple brainwashing techniques to the name "Ché Guevara." Eventually the children of tomorrow will never recognize him.

We saw a perfect attempt at that when Martin Luther King was assassinated.

King's body wasn't two hours cold when white politicians of every hypocritical stripe captured the boob-tube to interpret Dr. King for the masses: here was a man who dedicated his life above all else to non-violence!

(In other words, you savages out there: don't disappoint the ghost of King, stay home and cry and beg and pray some more. Feel sorry for your country. Feel sorry for humanity. Feel sorry for yourself.)

It got so thick that the Yippies organized a memorial sit-in for Martin Luther King in Mayor Lindsay's office and invited Mayor Lindsay, Governor Rockefeller and Whitney Young. (They didn't come.) Yes, King, the man who called the USA the most violent country in the world and who advocated non-violent disruption of the country to achieve racial justice—that King was dead in more ways than one.

North America had done it again. She had copped an image to protect at all costs her frightened and guilty body. Of course North America has been rewriting black history for centuries, in order to control the behavior of black people. Nobody is surprised. In fact, in order for North America to exist she must deny to black people a proud self-history. Kill 'em, fuck 'em, and make 'em blame themselves—the good ol' American way.

North America would like to do to Ché what they did to King's body. But that is impossible. King was a bridge between the oppressed and the oppressor. King was a middle man that liberal North America had reason to trust. Ché was a cat who tried to blow up all bridges between tyrants and slave. Ché's actions speak too loud. Cuba is around to remind us of Ché. Ché can't be easily distorted: other means must be found by North America to control his mad memory.

Remeber Jesus? Well, let's turn Ché into a Jesus!

Not everybody can be a Jesus. Jesus comes but once in history.

Not everybody can be a Ché. Ché comes but once in history.

Make a mythic Jesus out of Ché, a hero beyond all human proportions. Turn him into an idol beyond the reach of the guy on the street. Make him seem unreal: his body made out of steel. The message for the people: admire Ché for his courage, his valor, his iron will, his dedication and belief in a cause so great that he gave his only life for it.

Separate Ché of all content while you are chiseling out his square jaw in marble stone. Ché's heroism becomes more important than his motivation. What Ché believed in becomes sentimental excess. Ché joins the ranks of history's great men, people you read about, and he thus has no relevance to you changing

The Realist is published monthly — except for January and July — by The Realist Association, a non-profit corporation. Publication Office: 595 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10012. Editor: Paul Krassner, Box 379, Stuyvesant Station, New York, N. Y. 10009. Subscription rates: \$3 for 10 issues; \$5 for 20 issues. Single copy by mail: 35c. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

your life and becoming Ché yourself.

North America is a place which trains people to keep their dreams to themselves, and to know their proper place. Admire great men: don't try to be them. Thus the incredible assembly line of movies and books and articles and images of Ché.

The blood-sucking capitalist press converts Ché into entertainment for the masses who are spectators. People are encouraged to relate to Ché as an audience relates to an actor: clap and boo, but don't go onstage. Ché is not a real person, you see, and he has little to say, but watch him flex his muscles.

In the process Ernesto Ché Guevara becomes a cold man besides—this warm, sensitive, feeling human being is translated into the cold, methodical figure, the hero revolutionary.

Outrageous.

So Bantam Books has asked me to write the mythical last letter of Ché, and I won't. Because Ché was not asking us to live his life: he was asking us to live our own lives. Ché was just like us and he had all of our troubles and anxieties and inferiorities and doubts.

What made Ché remarkable was his passionate dream of a future in which men would live together as a family, rather than exploiting one another for profit.

What drove Ché was his compassion for the suffering of others, and his hatred of exploitation.

Ché's life was dedicated to making people realize that they were not to blame for their suffering and pain, but that those who had the power over them were to blame.

Ché traveled Latin America and saw his mother raped by North American soldiers, his child dying of malnutrition, his family without land, his nation forced to deny its soul. To Ché every mother was his mother, every child his child, every family his family, every nation his nation.

Ché had a totally non-racist view of humanity: a virtually impossible trait in a society like the United States which preaches that people care for their own but ignore the sufferings of strangers. What was important about Ché was his sentimental nature, his ability to feel. He knew that man had made his fate and that man could change his fate.

Ché told a group of us who talked with him in Cuba in 1964 that if he had his way, he'd like to go to North America and fight there—fight in the stomach of the beast, attack the disease at its core. That is where the fight must really be waged, Ché said. This blew the minds of many of us, who fantasized ourselves as Latin American revolutionaries. Ché's vision was clear: to defeat North America in Vietnam and Bolivia you must bring that war to Boston and Los Angeles.

Ché showed us how much one man

can do. His memory gives us energy, and shows us our own potentiality.

Ché is still alive.

Ché is still alive in every high school in North America today, in the black communities, and in the living rooms of the racist-businessmen-politician-militarists who see their children getting ready to run away from home. Ché is alive in every one of us who has the self-confidence to believe that we can personally change history. We are all Ché Guevara, and to kill Ché you must kill every last one of us.

## ED SANDERS

(Continued from Cover)

with it.

In the United States, where large groups of the slobbering uncommitted vague liberal throngs march or protest, meaningful social action can be undertaken by many schemes. Think on the following, as a few suggestions among millions:

- flaming gutters and exploding sewers full of Super Shell.
- terror campaigns: one millionaire a month, snuff.
- cultivate pilots: especially among the energetic ex-airforce acid freaks.
- learn how to snuff (a) lights; (b) telephones; (c) police communications in any particular area.
- in liberal areas, have public sex rituals and atheist drool magic. You must always attempt to liberate land. Whatever you do, remember to keep smashing. Social convulsions often precede a revolution for decades.
- the Vietnam war is spewing out 1000's of pissed off experts in dynamiting. Use them. Give them acid. Fuck them. Give them confidence and contacts.
- learn how to (a) immobilize a TV station; (b) operate with minimum staff (actually learn *how* to do this).
- make maps of guerrilla areas in United States that could be held; underground food sources, nighttime travel systems, etc. Find out the *natural breaking points* of your country: snap it in two, three, four; along the stress lines.
- set up two sets of timetables for the revolution:
  - the exoteric* — grandiose and vague, for the media, tv, liberals, corporate slime, etc. Use theatre, music, poetry, dope, magic, hysteria, etc.
  - the esoteric* — available to the inner degrees, containing specific objectives and ways of obtaining them; an exact constitutional blueprint for the destruction of western civilization. These documents and rituals will be pithy, grim and mirthless.

— mental, spiritual and physical training is absolutely important. Live your faith. The *I Ching*, Tarot, magic, Devil-sex, Night Incantations, Rock'n'Roll, LSD, hashish, psilocybin, grass, STP, DMT, orgies, poetry, a thorough understanding of Plotinus, exorcisms, water therapy, spiritual exercises in the void, mob-slurps, gymnastics, karate, hatchet-hurling — these are all valuable tools.

— organize the devil; the upper class structure of the United States, a bunch of devil worshipers, Masons, and Power Fiends, can be diverted by a Media Warp, focusing back into their eyes and minds the perverted beams of their own vampirism and beamless murderous fartophonous depravity.

I could write for weeks. I'm sure you'll develop your own revolutionary ceremonies.

We shall splish the soul of the west... a bitter project, troubled with derision and death. But remember, kind Gail, that most of the world is with us.

I weep for the chaos, I weep for the blood, but I will pull America from its coffin and bash it against the sun.

Love,  
Ché

## NO, VIRGINIA

(Continued from Page 4)

### Junk Mail Department

When the Chronic Hangnails Foundation or the Committee to Legalize Pinching Nuns want money, they always send you seven letters, not one. But each is accompanied by a little notice apologizing for inflicting more than one appeal. The other day, I opened one that contained two copies of the apology.

### A Fink's Downfall

A fruit store owner in Brooklyn was busted by the city markets department because a sign in his window said "We Sell Arizona Grapes Only" while in fact some of them were from California.

### Holiday at Stud

I see nothing ahead but prosperity for that upstate resort that advertised: "Singles: Spend New Year's Day in the saddle . . ."

### Land of the Pure

The National Collegiate Athletic Association, guardian of the "amateur" sports that see so many of our semi-literate youths through college, is demanding that three universities stop renting their football stadium to openly professional teams. What we have here is a man criticizing the sex habits of the couple next door even as he is being serviced by his 12-year-old daughter.

### Fringe Benefit

Since Nixon's election, Herblock has stopped drawing him with five o'clock shadow.

## No, Virginia

by Alan Whitney

### Mixed Media Department

Who among us was not touched by the sudden affection for television lately displayed by New York's movie exhibitors and the projectionists' union? In theater lobby displays and full-page newspaper ads the public was informed that "Your free TV is threatened! Stop the big giveaway!"

There is, of course, no such things as free TV — at least not on the commercial channels. You pay for it every time you buy one of the products it advertises. But the movie men weren't exercised about that. What concerned them was the city's move to approve a form of pay TV.

One of the most heart-rending of the ads offered this grave prediction: "Pay TV will compel millions of families to pay for TV programs similar to those now available free of charge. For millions of working class and middle income families, including children, the aged and shut-ins alike (cut to a montage of Lionel Barrymore and the Charley Horse Poster Child), free television viewing is a principal form of recreation. The loss would be especially great in poverty areas . . ."

This can be rendered in straightforward English as follows: "We hate any kind of television, since it keeps people away from the movies. Unfortunately, there's no way we can get rid of it. Therefore, our interest lies in making sure that it stays as bad as it is now. Let pay TV come in, with adult programming free from the influence of Madison Avenue, and we'll lose what's left of our audience."

That is, if it isn't washed away beforehand in a flood of crocodile tears.

### Law and Order Notes

Bill Buckley's brother Jim was the Conservative Party candidate for the Senate from New York in the last election. One of the keynotes of his campaign was the need for strict enforcement of the law. Now his name has been turned over to the attorney general for neglecting to file a report on his personal expenditures during the campaign. Failure to file is a misdemeanor, punishable by one year in prison and a fine of up to \$500. At this writing, he had not been arrested or even charged . . . A favorite complaint of police organizations is "revolving door justice," the alleged bleeding-heart practice of letting offenders (read "niggers and spics") off with a slap on wrist. Recently three New York cops pleaded guilty at a departmental hearing to illegally accepting "gifts" from business establishments on their beats. One was suspended from the force for 15 days, the other two for five days each.

### U-2, Richard?

As I write this, Nixon has been in office a couple of weeks and as far as we've been told the White House silverware is still there. So far, so good. We have not, however, been spared still another renewal of that perennial bipartisan exercise in assinineity, the Chat With Ike.

The Gin'ral, of course, has been running on batteries for years, and even at the height of his powers tended to be perplexed by problems a good deal less weighty than those that now beset the republic. Further, the number of stars on his collar roughly counts the occasions on which he has extemporaneously followed one complete English sentence with another.

His diminutive intellect, however, has not deterred a generation of Our Leaders from enshrining him as a goyishe Bernard Baruch. The bizarre ritual of consultation had its beginnings, really, when Columbia University let him pretend to



be its president for a while in order to make it appear that he could function without access to heavy artillery. The desired result ensued when the electorate made it possible for John Foster Dulles to let Ike pretend to be President of the whole country.

(Since that descent to the nadir of academic prostitution, Columbia has been plagued by a whole series of calamities ranging from the Strickman cigaret filter fiasco, through a disciplinary crisis over one Barnard girl's hot pants, to the campus riots of 1968. It's enough to make an atheist reassess.)

The country managed to survive Eisenhower's tenure in the White House; whether we'll be able to make it through his run as Lewis Stone to a veritable chorus of political Mickey Rooneys remains to be seen.

It is not hard to understand why Nixon spends so much time at Walter Reed, of course. If Ike is an accident of history, Dick is a son of a mutation. Johnson and Kennedy went through similar obeisances with far less excuse.

In each case the pilgrim, seemingly content to let the *Reader's Digest* know he was there, has had little to report on the actual content of Ike's advice, perhaps

because of its legendary opacity. Fortunately, by plying the late Allen Dulles with liquor and call girls, I was able to lay hands on a highly sophisticated electronic device which enabled me to bug Ike's room during Nixon's most recent visit. Here's some of the conversation:

*Dick:* What am I supposed to do about the colored persons, General?

*Ike:* My fellow American and former veteran, ever since that business, as we all recall by memory, in Little Neck, with brother pitted against mother, you can't legislate by law to make people tolerable, as I once told my orderly, Kay Summersby, during the battle of her bulge in Paris, but that is either fish or fowl . . .

*Dick:* Thank you, General, and what about the cold war?

*Ike:* Nevertheless, as my old dean, Rusk Acheson, used to say, an intellectual is a man who's all theory but can't play dominoes, and this I will stand under if it takes all summer, from the soaring trenches of Bastogne to the lonesome end at West Point and on to the Catskills of a different faith. Whereupon my old adjutant, Gin'ral Motors, turned to me during the Battle of Vicuna and said, "War is hot." Now I commit to you that as much as one may want to deviate always down the middle of the road, how can hot be cold, or vis-a-vis? There's no truth like an old truth, therefore, and why not, as the fox said when he saw the atheist's hole, if you'll pardon my latrine, humorously.

*Dick:* Thank you for being perfectly candid about that, General, and what about poverty?

*Ike:* In terms of that frame of reference, the enlisted men are always with us, and if they don't live next door to me, however some of them are all right. And don't ever forget to recall, private, that there is such a thing as corporal property, and if the twins ever meet the caste will be dying for free enterprise as our four fathers knew the score. Pick yourself up by your bootstraps, I say, and if your boots came without straps, get a riding crop. Or as Mamie once put it, let them drink 3.2. And with these tenants I shall live by until the days of my end.

### The New Old Left

The new Communist newspaper, the *Daily World*, has a sports column titled "The View From Left End" and a racing handicapper who calls himself Lucky Red.

### French Culture Note

The *Chicago Daily News* carried this headline on one its advice-to-the-rabble columns:

Sex and "New Morality": Parents Shouldn't Swallow It Whole.

I thought that taboo was part of the old morality.

(Continued on Page 3)

## Is Malnutrition a Major Cause of Mental Illness?

by Jack Soltanoff

Dr. Linus Pauling, the noted physicist and Nobel Prize winner, recently wrote an article in which he described a *chemical imbalance in the brain caused by malnutrition*.

There are many causes for mental illness, but whatever the cause, it brings agony and frustration and financial hardship to the families involved. In the past, mental illness has been blamed on many things — the stresses and strains and the fast pace of our modern society, frustrations at work, air pollution, incompatible marriages, etc.

The importance of malnutrition as a major cause of mental illness is now just being recognized by "scientists" — although nutritionists, and those practicing "unorthodox" healing therapies have pragmatically maintained for many years that *faulty nutrition* is an important factor in most mental aberrations and should be investigated.

An individual's mental, physical and emotional health varies from good to bad according to his or her good or bad daily habits. Since food habits are one of our most important habits, a sound, basic working knowledge of nutrition is of the utmost importance.

Adults who have failed to learn and practice *intelligent daily eating habits* are leaving their lives and future health to mere chance. They are also unwittingly developing serious health problems and handicaps in their own children and any young people whose lives they may influence.

Learning and practicing intelligent nutritional habits and correct food combinations should be a primary essential to physical, mental and emotional health.

To return to mental health specifically: Despite the great amounts of money that are *now* being spent annually for mental "research" — mental illness is one of our major health problems and continues to increase yearly.

Mental hospitals are filled to capacity.

The demand for psychiatrists far exceeds the supply.

Tranquilizers, anti-depressants and stimulating drugs fill the shelves of pharmacies and homes of millions of Americans.

Hypovitaminosis (a deficiency of vitamins) in the American diet has long been medically established as one of the causes of mental disease.

For example, the characteristic symptoms of Pellagra, a Vitamin B deficiency disease, are diarrhea, dermatitis and *dementia*. These three D's have long been recognized as the trio of symptoms of this disease of malnutrition.

Proper nutrition cures Pellagra.

Remarkable and rapid improvement in recovering from Schizophrenia by the use of Niacin, one of the B vitamins, plus Vitamin C, as recently propounded by medical doctors Abraham Hoffer and Humphrey Osmond, have already taken place in large numbers of those suffering from this disease. Many had been given up as hopeless after psychiatric and psychotherapy treatments.

Alienation, hostility, hopelessness and lack of focus or objective are psychiatric classifications that most physicians classify into one word—*depression*.

In most cases, logic, discussion or argument have little or no effect— but should the physician or psychiatrist treat the problem with a euphoric drug such as benzedrine, certain physical changes take place:

The drug alters the *physical* aspects of the depression:

- (a) The hormone secretions
- (b) The heart beat
- (c) The enzyme production

—and with these alterations of the *physical state*, the patient *actually thinks differently*.

He may, for instance, wonder why he felt so lonely and friendless when there were so many helpful, friendly people surrounding him.

It is an established medical fact that by altering one's physical state in very slight ways, not only are the emotional responses altered, but the mental responses are also altered, i.e. what one thinks. (Ever notice how over-fatigue affects you mentally?)

There are inherent dangers in using drugs for such a purpose:

- (1) The body quickly grows accustomed to them and requires stronger and stronger doses.
- (2) The drugs themselves are toxic and damaging to the general health of the body.
- (3) Such drugs are habit forming, in effect substituting the *illness of addiction for the illness of depression*.

However, the temporary success these drugs demonstrate in eliminating mental depression, simply by altering the physically depressed state, do give us an indication of how the physical state of the body affects one's habits of thought and personality.

By keeping the body in optimum health, it usually follows that the thought processes and emotions are often cheerful and healthy as well.

Some nervous and physical disorders do require more than proper nutrition, but the regenerative powers of the human body, mind and emotions are oftentimes startling when proper nutrition is substituted for the average American diet of processed and impoverished "foodless" foods from which life-sustaining vitamins, minerals and enzymes have in large part been altered or removed.

Hypoglycemia or low blood sugar, which is estimated by medical authorities to affect over 25 million Americans, or one out of every eight, must certainly be one of the most important causes of depression and emotional problems in the U. S.

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April, 1969

The Realist

## MALNUTRITION

(Continued from Cover)

The enormous consumption of cake, candy, ice cream, chocolate, white sugar, and soda (each 8 oz. bottle usually contains five teaspoonsful of white sugar) plus rich carbohydrate foods, constantly overstimulate the pancreas from childhood on into excessive production of insulin.

Oversecretion of this hormone in the bloodstream tends to create various types of emotional disturbances, as well as bizarre physical and mental symptoms that few tend to relate to faulty nutrition (described in detail in *Body, Mind & Sugar* by Dr. Abramson; Holt, Rinehart & Winston).

Despite these facts, Dr. Pauling was severely criticized by a number of his colleagues.

Dr. Donald Oaken of the Clinical Research Branch of the National Institute of Mental Health minced no words when he wrote: "Unfortunately for Dr. Pauling's thesis there is no evidence to back up his views."

Dr. Pauling answered with this statement: "My associates and I have carried on research on the molecular basis of mental diseases for 12 years. For 10 years I have been aware of the opposition of many psychiatrists to the idea that patients might benefit by having a supply of vitamins and other nutrients different from those recommended for the 'average' patient."

What Dr. Pauling was saying is that the mentally ill patient needs more "proper nutrition and vitamins" than the "average" person and that there is a good possibility that much mental illness not only would be prevented in this manner, but that nutritional deficiencies could very well be the key to the solution of a large portion of the nation's mental health problems.

Until now many psychiatrists have held that the main cause of mental health is in the mind itself and that efforts to conquer mental illness through any other means would in the long run end in failure.

However, according to Dr. Pauling and others, it now appears that these previous concepts have been wrong in a rather large percentage of cases.

According to Dr. J.G. Handerson, a consultant psychiatrist to the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, "A vitamin B-12 deficiency may be a possible diagnosis in the majority of psychiatric patients."

This was recently corroborated by Doctors Shuman and Goldberg of the New England Hospital in Boston, Mass., who indicated that Niacin may be a big factor in restoring the faculties of elderly people.

Karl Menninger, M.D. of the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas, perhaps the most successful treatment center for mental illness in the U.S., in his latest book *The Vital Balance*, urges psychiatrists "to throw away the useless categories that have preoccupied students of the mind all these years" and turn instead to the idea "that mind disorders are attempts to strike a vital balance."

The Realist is published monthly — except for January and July — by The Realist Association, a non-profit corporation. Publication Office: 595 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10012. Editor: Paul Krassner, Box 379, Stuyvesant Station, New York, N. Y. 10009. Subscription rates: \$3 for 10 issues; \$5 for 20 issues. Single copy by mail: 35c. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

When all of these findings are completely explored and developed into a proven therapy, just a few pennies a day spent for a combination of good natural foods, plus the correct nutritional supplements, could banish most of the mental health problems plaguing the U.S. today.

This relatively inexpensive therapy would also go a long way toward bringing relief from much of the financial distress suffered by the families of mental health victims.

Of course this does not mean that intelligent eating and nutrition therapy are a panacea.

Unsuspected spinal problems with pressure on the spinal cord affecting the sympathetic nervous system may also be a cause. Chiropractic or osteopathic spinal adjustments have been known to be helpful.

There are, of course, mental illnesses which do require intensive psychiatric care. They still need expert and lengthy treatment.

But nutrition and vitamins have again been brought to the rescue to overcome a baffling ailment; in the same way that they overcame beri beri, scurvy, rickets and, more recently, the utilization of Vitamin B-6 to relieve the dread eclampsia of pregnancy.

Dr. Pauling stated, "A psychiatrist who refuses to try the methods of Orthomolecular Psychiatry (nutrition as related to mental health) in addition to his usual therapy in the treatment of his patients, is failing in his duty as a physician."

## COCKTAIL PARTY

(Continued from Page 4)

be cunt I'm sniffing. Maybe it is!" . . . A Harvard friend of the murdered Jane Britton explains the tensions of an archaeological dig the previous summer: "It was a case of too much tuna fish." . . . Israel Horowitz is writing for M-G-M the film version of James Simon Kunen's "The Strawberry Statement: Notes of a College Revolutionist." Kunen is a Columbia rebel. *Strawberry statement?* Kunen: "Dean Dean — one of those lucky things that he really exists — said one day, 'Students voting yes or no on an issue is like their telling me they like stawberries.'"

Notified that he will receive a Special Citation from the JFK Library for Minorities for his critical *JFK: The Man and the Myth*, Victor Lasky said, "I'm greatly honored by the award, but perhaps they've got the wrong guy."

. . . R.W. Emerson, 1870: "The human body is the magazine of inventions . . . all the tools and engines on earth are only extensions of its limbs and senses." . . . Richard Kostelanetz' first novel will have two words to a page . . . John Brockman's first book is called, *The Late John Brockman*.

. . . Dr. Rollo May: "A myth is not a falsehood or necessarily a story. It's a description of a pattern of life, arising out of the unconscious, that carries the values for a society and gives a person the ability to handle anxiety, to face death, to deal with guilt. It gives him an identity."

. . . "Aretha? That's not a name. That's an excuse for cheap labor." . . . Book jacket on *Jewish Love* shows a mother with both arms full of groceries at a supermarket checkout counter.

*Life* magazine caption, August 9, 1937: "Nothing makes a Negro's mouth water like a luscious, fresh-picked melon. Any colored 'mammy' can hold a huge slice in one hand

while (breast-feeding) her offspring in the other. Since the watermelon is 92 per cent water, tremendous quantities can be eaten. What melons the Negroes do not consume will find favor with the pigs (below)." . . . John Ardagh spent two years studying French society in transition, then had 30 filled notebooks stolen from his car and subsequently pulverized by London's Sanitation Department, after being fetched out of a dustbin by a garbage lorry.

What is a man, Buckminster Fuller?

"Man? A self-balancing, 28-jointed adapter-base biped; an electro-chemical reduction-plant, integral with segregated storages of special energy extracts in storage batteries, for subsequent actuation of thousands of hydraulic and pneumatic pumps, with motors attached; 62,000 miles of capillaries; millions of warning signal, railroad and conveyor systems; crushers and cranes (of which the arms are magnificent 23-jointed affairs with self-surfacing and lubricating systems, and a universally distributed telephone system needing no service for 70 years if well managed); the whole, extraordinarily complex mechanism guided with exquisite precision from a turret in which are located telescopic and

### A Jewish Joke?

The following is from Intercontinental Cable, a feature prepared for Interplay Magazine by Ian Coulter of The Economist of London:

"A number of European papers have been printing a fascinating story, apparently on the basis of inside information from Israel. As the Russians have stopped selling war material to Rumania and Yugoslavia because of their independent political lines, Israel is selling Russian tanks, captured in the last encounter with Egypt, to both countries. Israeli diplomatists say it is merely an archetypal Jewish story. Or is it?"

microscopic self-registering and recording range finders, a spectroscope, *et cetera*, the turret control being closely allied with an air conditioning intake-and-exhaust, and a main fuel intake. Within the few cubic inches housing the turret mechanisms, there is room, also, for two sound-wave and sound-direction-finder recording diaphragms, a filing and instant reference system, and an expertly devised analytical laboratory large enough not only to contain minute records of every last and continual event of up to 70 years' experience, or more, but to extend, by computation and abstract fabrication, this experience with relative accuracy into all corners of the observed universe. There is, also, a forecasting and tactical plotting department for the reduction of future possibilities and probabilities to generally successful specific choice. Finally, the whole structure is not only directly and simply mobile on land and in water, but indirectly and by exquisite precision of complexity, mobile in air, and even in the intangible, mathematically sensed electrical 'world,' by means of the extension of the primary integral mechanism to secondary mechanical compositions of its own devising, operable either by a direct mechanical hook-up with the device, or by indirect control through wired or wire-less electrical impulses. 'A man,' indeed! Dismissed with the appellation Mr. 'Jones!'"

With a name like that, it's surprising that Julius Lester hasn't received an invitation to join a synagogue . . .

R.W. Emerson: "The science of power is forced to remember the power of science. Civilization mounts and

climbs . . . What shall we say of the ocean telegraph, that extension of the eye and ear, whose sudden performance astonished mankind as if the intellect were taking the brute earth itself into training, and shooting the first thrills of life and thought through the unwilling brain?" . . . On the day of Herman Melville's birth, there was a horrendous whaling accident in the south Atlantic . . . Pulp publishers: Connoisseurs . . .

Sam Shepard: "It's not very important that the producer understand what I'm doing," so Michael Butler gets to produce *Sidewinder*. . . . Albert Grossman used to work for the Chicago housing authority . . . Frederick S. Perls: "The more society demands that the individual live up to its concepts and ideas, the less efficiently can the individual function." . . . It's been suggested to Israeli authorities that in May, on Independence Day, the nation's artists, scientists, farmers, girls parade through the city streets — rather than the soldiers and the tanks . . . It's been suggested to *The New York Times* that it did less of a reporting job than it should have during the Brownsville-Ocean Hill debacle of last autumn, that it took a non-*Times* reporter — Martin Mayer — to ferret out the truth, that if the truth had been published during the debacle the city would have turned against the Brownsville-Ocean Hill governing board and Rhody McCoy—and all of the city's children would have returned to school much sooner.

How many holes does it take to fill the Albert Hall? . . . Still not available in paperback, Doubleday's *Sex and Racism in America*, by sociologist, poet, novelist Calvin Hernton. Reviewed *Negro Digest*; "Despite a tendency to generalize (not all Negroes, for example, despise themselves, or seek white flesh, or are even concerned about the subject matter), Hernton has combined scientific research with a poet's insight into the problem."

"Dear Mr. Agel: There's truth in the old saying, 'If at first, you don't succeed, try, try again.' I gave up on an original off-Broadway musical at 'Try to remember the kind of August when life was a slow and oh, so mellow . . .', and I gave up on a parody of a Shakespeare play with *McMerchant of Venice*." /s/ J. C. Salinger.

The writer of a piece revealing few Negro executives in book publishing got this letter: "Your article left out one important fact. That fact is that the best of them have been hired by IBM and General Electric and the others want to start at \$15,000, which even very few white people in our industry now make. The truth is we just can't afford them."

"Dear Mr. Agel: If air travelers think they have it rough at Kennedy, this morning, on the East Side IRT subway, the conductor announced that traffic was so congested that we'd have to circle Grand Central for two hours." . . . Adrian Mitchell: "It should be the kind which stiffens and grows a skin. But the creamier kind will do. Anyway, the Royal Albert Hall must be filled with custard." . . . Reviews that drive publishers up the walls: Craig Claiborne, in *The Times*, savagely creamed Time-Life Books' *The Cooking of Provincial France*. In Book World (*Washington Post*, *Chicago Tribune* — more circulation than *The Times*) Gloria Levitas hailed it and *The Cooking of Italy*: "If others in the series come up to the standard these two have set, the enterprise will be a distinguished one." . . . A Portland (Ore.) suicide left a note instructing his wife to sell the gun back to the store where he had bought it.

## The Cocktail Party

by Jerome Agel

Bob Dylan, now the father of four children, turned down Bell & Howell's invitation to have a televised conversation with anyone of his choice—Ronald Reagan, a cop, anyone... William Shawn, editor of *The New Yorker*, has forbidden his contract writers to write for *New York Review of Books*... We must keep in mind that we're living in an America that when you call home and say, "Honey, I hate to tell you but I was in a bad accident coming into work this morning," she spontaneously asks, "How's the car?"

Victor Gollancz, the late Sir Victor Gollancz: "Equal incomes? No. People with beastly jobs—scavengers and lavatory attendants and the like—should be paid a great deal more than anyone else..." "Dear Mr. Agel: (On Mr. Nixon's first day as President) the wire service teletype machines and the (three color) television sets (were) removed from the President's office. A telephone still remains, of course, but it is a smaller model than was used by President Johnson." /s/ Ronald L. Ziegler, of Disneyland fame... At his first press conference, President Nixon said that he would not submit "a laundry list" of proposals to the Vietnamese at the Paris peace talk... Stanley Kubrick: "There's a new kind of beauty afoot."... Leonard Cohen: "Magic is afoot, God is alive. God is afoot, magic is alive."

Is there a better Peanuts?

Lucy: "If you use your imagination, you can see lots of things in the cloud formations... What do you think you see, Linus?"

Linus: "Well, those clouds up there look to me like the map of British Honduras on the Caribbean... that cloud up there looks a little like the profile of Thomas Eakins, the famous painter and sculptor... and that group of clouds over there gives me the impression of the stoning of Stephen... I can see the apostle Paul standing there to one side."

Lucy: "Uh huh... That's very good. What do you see in the clouds, Charlie Brown?"

C. B.: "Well, I was going to say I saw a ducky and a horsie, but I changed my mind!"

Ray Bradbury told *Castle of Frankenstein* that he was writing a projection of what could happen if the Caucasian one day becomes subservient to the Negro. *And the Rock Cries Out*: "The most humanizing thing that has happened to the world is the invention of the motion picture machine. A robot that instructs us about ourselves, that's what it is. It has done more good in the world than any other machine I can name... The secret of all good writing is that it has to come fast. If you go slow on anything, it's automatically bad. In any art form, if you slow down you begin to intellectualize and destroy and pontificate and become self-conscious and make up reasons for what you're doing. You must never make up any reasons for anything. It's there coming out of your fingers because it must come out."

Miss America, 1969: "I think hippies are all right, but I wouldn't want to be one."

Mrs. Agnew: "I have no use for hippies. I don't know any really."

Mrs. HHH: "We keep in touch with young people through the Junior Chambers of Commerce."

Marshall McLuhan, in his *Playboy* interview:

"The Negro will have to make a painful adjustment to two conflicting cultures and technologies, the visual-mechanical and the electric world; at worst, he will be exterminated. I seriously fear the possibility (of extermination), though God knows I hope I'm proved wrong. As I've tried to point out, the one inexorable consequence of any identity quest generated by environmental upheaval is tremendous violence. This violence has traditionally been directed at the tribal man who challenged visual-mechanical culture, as with the genocide against the Indian and the institutionalized dehumanization of the Negro. Today, the process is reversed and the violence is being meted out, during this transitional period, to those who are nonassimilable into the new tribe. Not because of his skin color but because he is in a limbo between mechanical and electric cultures, the Negro is a threat, a rival tribe that cannot be digested by the new order. The fate of such tribes is often extermination. I think a valuable first step would be to alert the Negro, as well as the rest of society, to the nature of the new electric technology and the reasons it is so inexorably transforming our social and psychic values. The Negro should understand that the aspects of himself he has been conditioned to think of as inferior or 'backward' are actually superior attributes in the new environment. Western man is obsessed by the forward-motion folly of step-by-step 'progress,' and always views the discontinuous synaesthetic interrelationships of the tribe as primitive. If the Negro realizes the great advantages of his heritage, he will cease his lemming leap into the senescent mechanical world."

What's going on here? Jewish fellow has lunch at the Oyster Bar and is reminded by his non-Jewish companion that the crackers look like—"What's that word you use, matzoh?"—and the next week he asks his new, non-Jewish girl friend what was the last movie she liked, and she says, "The Fixer." *How's Jackie Robinson?*

Gershon Legman—further evidence that a man's name shapes the man—makes it easy for you in *Rationale of the Dirty Joke*, published by whom else? Gersh italics the jokes: *An old man meets a little girl who is crying, "I want one of those things like my brother's got, that sticks out and lays down and sticks out again." The old man begins to cry, too.*

*Life* magazine owed its readers the fact that Albert Goldman, who wrote that sickening paean to Philip Roth, is involved with Roth in a study of Jewish humor. Did *Life* really think that Goldman would turn in his partner? Clay Felker says he asked Goldman, a regular *New York* writer, to write the Roth piece for *New York*, and that Roth refused to let Goldman profile him in *New York*. It was to be *Life*, or nothing. So Felker says he asked Tom Wolfe to review *Portnoy's Complaint*. Felker says Wolfe didn't like the book, but wouldn't write a negative piece for fear of being labeled an anti-Semite.

Alex Portnoy: "On my fingertips, even though she has washed each one of those little piggies with a warm wet cloth. I smell my lunch, my tuna fish salad. Ah, it might

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## Misadventures in Space and Time

by Eric Norden

Getting bored with flying saucers?

Couldn't care less if Betty and Barney Hill's privates were scrutinized by intergalactic voyeurs?

Don't give a damn if UFOs sparked the great power blackout of '65?

If so, your outré pallet is in danger of growing jaded and requires a fresh taste of the exotic. And the best place to turn, now that UFOs have been so absorbed by Mid-Cult that even *Look* peddles contactee yarns, is to the new, inside cult of the Deros.

You may have noticed those little ads in the back of *Popular Science* or the *National Observer* advertising the works of Dr. Raymond Bernard, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., with such claims as: "REVEALED! The underground world of supermen discovered by Admiral Byrd under the North Pole and kept secret by the U.S. Government . . . beneath the 800-mile crust of the Earth is the greatest discovery in human history, inhabited by millions of super intelligent beings who want nothing to do with man on the surface and launched their flying saucers only after man threatened the world with A-bombs."

Dr. Bernard's book *The Hollow Earth* (Fieldcrest Publishers, N.Y.) is but one of a spate of volumes arguing that a fabled super race dwells beneath our feet.

A Buddhist monk, Dr. Robert Ernst Dickhoff, is peddling *Agharta*, which "reveals that the ancient people of Lemuria and Atlantis, when their continent sank after a catastrophic atomic chain reaction, took refuge in the bowels of the Earth to escape destruction from radioactive fallout."

According to Dickhoff, "They fled with their great race of super-scientists to the interior of the earth, with tunnel boring machines . . . There are openings to the tunnels in Tibet, Siberia, South and North America where they can still enter with their flying saucers."

These super-trogloydtes live in caverns "illuminated by a green luminescence which aids underground plant life and lengthens human life, a Shangri-La with super-men who live in a land of beauty in a tropical climate . . ."

The beneficent inhabitants of this subterranean paradise "travel in cars running at tremendous speeds through the tunnels, operated by a propulsion principle as yet unknown to us . . . and send forth special Lamas to gather knowledge by observation from other Worlds . . ."

These two books and others like them are selling briskly, and across the country "discussion groups" are springing

up to study means of making contact with our underground brothers.

The "Hollow Earth" theory is in the initial stage of development reached by flying saucer enthusiasts in the late '40's, and seems to be rapidly gathering momentum.

(In Southern California, predictably enough, at least two separate religions have been founded after "divine intervention" by Hollow Earth supermen.)

The current fad, however, dates back over twenty years to the so-called Shaver Mystery. In March, 1945, *Amazing Stories*, a science-fiction magazine edited by Ray Palmer, published an article entitled "I Remember Lemuria" by Richard Shaver.

His thesis, in a nutshell, was that the earth's crust is honey-combed with vast subterranean caverns occupied by an elder race of "abandonderos" (deros for short) who are the remnant of an antediluvian super-civilization that ruled the world 12,000 years ago.

These Titans, as they called themselves, were forced to retreat into the underground caverns after radioactive disorders on the sun poisoned Earth's atmosphere with deadly rays. They degenerated rapidly in the absence of sunlight and after several hundred years found their life expectancy reduced from 3,000 years to a meagre half-century.

The noble Titans also underwent profound physical and mental deterioration, until they evolved into today's "deros," a malignant race of deformed dwarfs living only for the pure pleasure of wreaking evil on the hapless human inhabitants of the earth's outer crust.

(A handful of descendants of the original Titans, called "teros," managed to preserve their souls and bodies through certain chemicals and radiation treatment and now attempt to frustrate the deros' evil designs, but they are only a handful and virtually powerless against the sinister machinations of the deros.)

The deros — the real-life prototypes of the dwarfs, elves, leprechuans and trolls of mythology — cause all manner of ills to humans through the instrumentality of the ancient super-machines of the original Titans which even in their degenerate state they are able to operate.

Typical of these devices is a "vision beam" which penetrates through solid rock and allows them to scrutinize surface life, and a "Mind Warper" which produces three-dimensional illusions designed to undermine the sanity of surface dwellers.

The deros operate interplanetary craft (the so-called "flying saucers"), flying back and forth from their supply bases on the dark side of the moon, and possess lethal death rays capable of wiping whole cities off the map in one blast.

According to Shaver, the most popular device among the deros themselves is the "Stim Ray," which revitalizes flagging sexual powers and is also used to induce orgasms two or three days in duration.

This is quite handy, because Shaver indicates that when

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## SPACE AND TIME

(Continued from Cover)

the deros are not causing war, havoc, suicide and homicides (precipitated by mind-destroying rays), auto accidents, nightmares, plague or nasal drip on the outer surface, they spend their time in marathon orgies so cruel and bizarre that many of the participants are crippled or physically deformed.

(Fortuitously for the deros, they also possess a "Ben Ray" machine that restores physical health after exhausting sexual bouts.)

Shaver learned of the subterranean world of the deros after being kidnapped by the little nasties from a mesa in New Mexico and transported with other human prisoners to a "food pen" in one of the caverns.

(The deros, unfortunately, are not vegetarians.)

By a stroke of luck he escaped shortly before file of Shaver would have adorned some dero's table and made his way back to the surface in a vain attempt to warn humanity of the evil forces plotting its extinction.

According to Shaver, the deros cannot stand the sunlight, and are forced to employ human turncoats to do the dirty work on the surface they can't handle long-distance with their machines and rays.

The network of quislings working for the deros shuttles back and forth between the caverns via a series of special elevators located in every country of the world.

In America, there are three such elevators, located in New York, Detroit and Los Angeles, all in respectable apartment buildings.

These deros elevators seem perfectly normal in function and appearance — until you press the basement button in a special cadence known only to the deros and their human agents, and the elevator shoots down three or four thousand feet.

Many a surface dweller who has antagonized the deros by his genius, morality or artistic talent has been drugged and hustled off to the food pens via these elevators, says Shaver, indicating that more than one attempt has been made on his own life and hinting darkly that Judge Crater and Ambrose Bierce may well have ended up as dero stew.

The "Shaver Mystery" had a brief period of popularity in the '40s and early '50s and then faded into obscurity. Now it is enjoying a revival, both in its pristine form as preached by such devotees as Curtis Gibson and Dominick Luchesi and in the new version where the nasty little demons are transformed into beneficent, altruistic supermen.

Across the country the "Hollow Earth" theory is catching on once again and there is a new rash of "contactee" stories. Personally, I'd be content with a Stim Ray.



Several books have appeared in recent years dealing with a "parallel world" in which Hitler won the Second World War.

First in chronology was the English writer Sarban's chillingly evocative *The Sound of His Horn*, in which a British prisoner is thrown five hundred years into the future of a world in which the Germans conquered England in 1942 and America in 1949.

The protagonist finds himself a prisoner on the vast wooded estates of "The Reich Forest Master," who by night hunts human quarry with a pack of voracious, mu-

The Realist is published monthly — except for January and July — by The Realist Association, a non-profit corporation. Publication Office: 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Editor: Paul Krassner, Box 379, Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009. Subscription rates: \$3 for 10 issues; \$5 for 20 issues. Single copy by mail: 35c. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

tated hounds, and is witness to the final "eugenic" evolution of the Slavs into a zombie race of serfs.

In a brilliant tour de force, *The Man In The High Castle*, Philip Dick deals with an America carved up between Japan and Germany, with the Japs in the role of liberals sheltering runaway Jews and attempting to preserve humanistic values against the relentless drive of the Nazis.

Dick's book is one of the best works of fiction published in America in the past ten years, and operates with terrific impact on a multitude of levels (its real central character is the ancient Chinese art of I-Ching) which makes it understandable why the literary eunuchs staffing the Establishment's critical brothels have either failed to review the book or relegated it condescendingly to the ghetto of "science fiction."

Now another book on this same fascinating theme comes along and this time, significantly, written by a German.

"*Wenn das der Führer Wusste* ("If the Führer Knew About That"), by Otto Basil, published in America by Meredith Press, deserves to be read by every thinking American — not so much for what it says about the Germans, but for what it says about us.

The book's theme is best summed up in a perceptive review by Otto Beer in *Vienna's Neuss Oesterreich*:

"The picture of a world subjugated by Hitler is sketched in a fascinating vision. It is the Sixties . . . The world of computers, nuclear energy, laser weapons, has given the victors new, more effective means with which to rule the globe. German slave masters control the steppes of Asia and quisling regimes guard the interests of the new government in the Americas. Atomic mines seal off the Arctic where the world rulers have built a refuge should a catastrophe occur . . .

"And the catastrophe comes. Disaster begins with Hitler's death. The dead Führer is laid to rest in the Kyffhäuser with a ceremony befitting the atomic age that far exceeds the pomp of former party congresses. The new man at the head of the Reich is called Kopfler. At a historic Reichstag session that is televised all over the world a tape recording is played on which Hitler's voice appoints Kopfler his successor.

"But the rumor soon spreads: the tape was faked, Hitler murdered. The new rulers, based on the fanatical Werewolf cadre and the National Materialistic (NATMAT) movement, bloodily liquidate the old Führer's followers. An opposition movement springs up at the far corners of the Reich consisting of dissatisfied peasants . . .

"While Germany is torn by internal unrest, its former ally, Japan, unleashes atomic war for control of the world. An apocalyptic struggle begins in whose chaos no one knows any longer where the enemy is to be found and who is fighting against whom with ballistic missiles, airborne commandos and partisans freed from the German 'subhuman concentration camps.'

"The protagonist living through all this is Albin Totila Hollriegel, Austrian by birth, a romantic Hitlerite, one of the generation of old fighters, by profession a quack healer

in the Harz city of Heydrich. In a dilettante's fashion he pursues his calling as a tracer of inimical earth radiation with divining pendulums . . .

"Hollriegl meets in his wanderings through a perishing Reich the Reich's privileged arch-Jew, to whose deathbed the quack healer is summoned: a renegade who attained his singular status by helping the Nazis exterminate the Jews. There is a philosopher, Gundlfinger, who is working on a proof of the existence of God climaxing in the thought that God wants to be forgotten.

"His spiritual brothers, the last psychoanalysts, live in caves, hide behind grotesque erotic pseudonyms and carry on fierce scholastic disputes. 'Ariosophers' teach the ideas of Lanz von Liebenfels, who had inspired the young Hitler in Vienna with his doctrine of the mission of Nordic man and the subhuman species seeking to rob him of his destiny.

"The result of this 'philosophy' had been the atrocious camps in which 'subhuman beings' belonging to the defeated nations are reconditioned into semi-animals crawling on all fours, but fit for rough work. On the other hand, the elite of the allied nations are allowed to serve the master race under a mild form of slavery.

"The iciness of this world in its last days is fascinating . . . The harsh language, shimmering metalically, presents the picture of a 'total moon-world'."

Basil's book is disorienting in more ways than one. For can any of us, on deepest reflection, be absolutely sure that Hitler did *not* win the war?

## Subcultural Exchange

by Paul Sibley

On March 15, 1968, a Programma 101 Computer, manufactured by the Olivetti Underwood Corporation, was actually delivered to the following actual agency:

Serendipity Associates  
W.S.E.G. Liason Office  
Pentagon, Washington, D.C.

Picture the scene . . .

You enter the Pentagon, ask to see Serendipity Associates.

You are led through a succession of austere, cold, long corridors, harsh fluorescent light, security checks every 50 feet.

Finally, stop in front of a plain door, flanked on both sides by two black MP's with .45 guns on one hip, Mace on the other.

Door slides open, walk into pitch-black ante chamber.

Door shuts behind you.

Silence.

Suddenly, another door slides open in front of you.

Blast of incense.

You step down into an immense formless room, no edges, dimly-lit, carpeted, cushions, naked or see-through harem girls lounging in various states of tripping.

J. Arthur Rank-type muscle-man slouches over large gong, body covered with oil.

Sounds of falling water, far-away sing-song, occasional finger-cymbals, sitar music wafts through the air.

Overall color is dark red.

On a raised area in the middle of the room is the Computer P-101.

Below, on another cushion, is an old wooden trunk, with a large key in the keyhole.

Go over to the muscle-man, shake him to ask for information on Serendipity Associates.

He stirs, looks up, says nothing, raises himself to full standing position.

Slowly, he lifts large hammer and gracefully swings it around his head until it hits the gong.

Rich sound permeates the room,

Girls stir.

One gets up and goes to trunk.

Through the smoky atmosphere, you see her turn the key, open the trunk and lift out from a mass of rolled parchments, one parchment apparently selected at random.

Each parchment has one or two words of identification: *war, riot*, names of prominent leaders and countries.

Harem girl takes parchment to center of room.

As she goes through a glowing circle of light around the computer, the machine is suddenly lit up in a blaze of light.

She slowly unfurls the parchment.

Another girl slowly lowers an Ankh pendant from the ceiling, letting it dangle over the computer until it rests hoveringly in anticipation of the momentous event ahead.

A third nymph slides up to the computer and caressingly touches the *on* button.

One baleful light emanates from the computer, and a whirring sound is heard from inside the machine.

A magnetic field slowly builds up from the machine, finally coming into contact with the hanging pendant.

A brief moment of expectation passes, and then the pendant begins to quiver.

A momentum is built up, and the pendant shifts to the left of center, caught in the gravitational magnetic pull of the machine.

A gasp of acknowledgement of the decision that has just been made escapes from the lips of all the people in the room.

Dutifully, the girl holding the open parchment takes a dripping wax candle, and in the wet wax that has fallen on the parchment, puts the seal of one of the rings that is on each finger of both hands.

You notice the word *assassinate* in the drying wax.

The girl rolls up the parchment, and as she backs off from the machine, the computer turns off, the lights dim, and the pendant rises and disappears up in the smoke, toward the ceiling.

The girl now bends down in front of the machine, and you notice a small black hole in the carpet.

She places the parchment into the hole and, with a sound of pneumatic suction, the parchment disappears.

Suddenly, as you back away, you realize that another decision of your omniscient government has been made.

And *you* were there . . .

May, 1969

## TRUTH IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER

by Robert Lasson

The latest gimmick is truth. Even the advertising agencies have stumbled over it. One gasoline company tells us that they can't sell gas to mangled corpses, so don't cop out on them by getting killed on the highway. Lovable greed. Truth, then, is bustin' out all over.

What will happen when the dread microbe infects people running for public office? Let's turn on *Face The Fact*, TV's hard-hitting interview show. Today's guest is T. Donald Emmis, prominent industrialist, who has just won the primary election as gubernatorial candidate for his party.

*Interviewer:* Good afternoon, Mr. Emmis, and welcome to "Face The Fact." Could you tell us why you are leaving your successful contracting business to become a candidate in this fight?

*Emmis:* Gladly, Jack. I'm not getting any younger, you know, and I figure this is my last chance to really make a bundle.

*Int:* How do you mean, sir?

*Emmis:* Well, Sam, you mentioned my contracting business. It's not strictly accurate to say I'm leaving it. My son-in-law will be in complete charge, and I'm also the silent partner in a road-building firm. Do you follow me?

*Int:* You mean—

*Emmis:* Public works, Dick! Schools, libraries, post offices, turnpikes. My god, I'll make a fortune.

*Int:* Your opponent said during the campaign that your interest in education was rather sudden. How about that?

*Emmis:* In a sense he was quite right, Dave. I only got controlling interest in the Hawthorne Textbook Company just before the campaign started.

*Int:* And this acquisition spurred your interest in education?

*Emmis:* Certainly. Let me put it this way, Fred: does Macy's advertise in Bulgaria? You go where the business is.

*Int:* I see. Would you care to comment on your relationship with Miss Irma Fenstermacher?

*Emmis:* Gladly, Chet. I'm an old family man, always have been, always will be. Been married to the same wonderful gal for 27 years, and will be married to her till the day I die. My Dorothy's the greatest little wife in the world.

*Int:* And Miss Fenstermacher?

*Emmis:* A really wonderful girl and a great lay, Mike. I bet you'd like to get a little of that yourself, eh? Har, har! (*Interviewer's face reddens, if you have a color receiver.*)

*Int:* How about your war record? Your opponent in the primary dropped some hints that you were a draft dodger during the second World War.

*Emmis:* Well, Frank, if you call not wanting to get killed a draft dodger, I guess that makes me a draft dodger. Sure, I paid off the head of my draft board. But I was pulling my weight in the shipyard for four long years, and making out like Gangbusters. All that overtime. Tell you the truth, Bob, when V-J Day was announced, I broke down and cried like a baby. Only a real man would have the guts to say that on television.

*Int:* Yes. Would you care to comment on the charges of "irregularity" in the primary?

*Emmis:* I certainly would, Chuck. Stuffing ballots and voting stiffs is a grand old American custom. Anybody that opposes these methods should go back to Russia.

*Int:* One last question, Mr. Emmis. Could you tell us why you sold your lovely old house in town and moved your family out to the suburbs?

*Emmis:* Gladly, Joe. To get away from the niggers.



One of the blessings of a free press is that the truly talented people rise to the top of their profession. Where else in the world will you find a collection of journalistic giants like Earl Wilson, Sheila Graham, Leonard Lyons, Irv Kupcinet and, of course, the recently retired Walter Winchell?

What would their columns have read like if Germany had enjoyed a free press — back in the thirties?

### The Third Reich Is My Beat

by Sundy Skoolski

Leni Riefenstahl, the F's latest cutie, was given 60 cameramen to film the upcoming Olympic Games in Berlin. Nice going! . . . Ernst Roehm has been seen whooping it up with "the boys" around Munich. Don't say we didn't warn you, Ernie . . . Red faces at the Propaganda Ministry: in a recent training movie, *Why We Fight*, a swastika banner was filmed upside down. (Keep sending in those film goofs, folks.) . . . H. Goering's pals say he's off the stuff for good. Let's hope so, Herm. Junk doesn't mix with the wild blue yonder . . . Eva Braun doing nicely after minor surgery at Cedars of Lebanon . . . Quite a wingding up at the Adlershorst, featuring one of the fun-loving Mitford girls. Gay abandon and that sort of thing. Somebody walked off with one of the F's favorite hand-tooled truncheons. Intimates say he's  *furious!!!* . . . Hank Himmler named Honorary Fire Chief at the world-famous Leipzig Book-Burning Fair next fall . . . Everybody in Swabia chuckling over Hangman Heydrich's quip, "When in doubt, kill." . . . Rudy Hess looking well after a bout with shock therapy . . . *Triumph of the Will* doing boffo all over Europe. May call for sequel, using same cast and director . . . F reported convulsed over the latest Czech jokes — as who isn't? . . . Baldur von Schirach still miffed about his radio fluff last Tuesday. He closed his address to an S. A. rally with this ringing cry: "Today, the world! Tomorrow, Germany!" . . . Latest eyebrow-raiser on the Friedrichstrasse: is Paul Goebbels wearing elevator shoes? . . . Julie Streicher held another "film festival" at his palatial home last week. Guests are still blushing. . . Copies of *Mein Kampf* still zooming. F reported pleased as Punch. All royalties going into development of Volkswagen. Production problems still plaguing engineers. . . But don't get me wrong — I love Fascism.

## Co-Existing with Litter and Other Pleasures

by Saul Heller

New York's Mayor Lindsay was recently asked why Tokyo, with a population of eleven million, is immaculately clean, while New York City, with fewer residents, is not. Lindsay replied that the Japanese people are terribly concerned with cleanliness. Which is a good way as any of saying that New Yorkers—or the inhabitants of any other big city, for that matter—are not.

Stating that Americans are uninterested or apathetic about keeping their cities clean is actually something of a misrepresentation. Only an enthusiastically *dirty* population could produce the amount of litter that engulfs the United States. Over far too many big-city streets, highways, beaches and parks lie spread, like the contents of an overturned garbage can, empty beer tins, torn newspapers, cigarette butts, flattened cigaret wrappers, used tissues, broken soda bottles, and the innumerable other pieces of junk that the affluent society has discarded.

Statistics of recent years indicate that quantity-wise alone, the litter problem is awe-inspiring. Seven million tons of refuse are conscientiously deposited by motorists every year on our major highways. Visitors to national parks leave 160 tons of picnic trash *daily* for someone else to pick up.

In the New York City subway system alone, 80 tons of litter are strewn over the tracks each and every day by subway riders who are never too busy to make a contribution.

We spend \$50,000,000 annually to clean up our major highways; an additional \$70,000,000 pays the cost of litter-produced fires; \$2,000,000 is budgeted annually for disposing of refuse in national forests; and more than two billion dollars is spent for garbage disposal by our cities. Yet the United States, in the opinion of many, remains a dirty country. The U.S. probably spends more to stay dirty than Russia does to keep clean.

Litter isn't a mere nuisance—it creates many widows and orphans. According to reliable estimates, between 750 and 1000 persons are killed on highways annually, and thousands more are injured, in accidents resulting from drivers' attempts to avoid running into refuse. Homicide on the road is legal, provided the motorist uses garbage as a weapon; the worst reprisal he exposes himself to is a fine, generally too small to pay for the deceased's flowers.

In view of the heavy costs of littering, why do Americans so stubbornly persist in it? The common explanation is carelessness. The explanation, however, just doesn't cover the facts.

In Yellowstone Park, for example, visitors regularly throw more than 142 kinds of rubbish into the beautiful geysers and hot-water pools. This wealth of garbage includes items that were carted across the continent. Carelessness can't possibly explain the dedication of litterers who travel thousands of miles, at very considerable expense, to deposit litter that could more easily and cheaply have been placed on their neighbors' lawns.

Neither can carelessness account for the diversity of objects, ranging from beer cans to bedsprings, that Bronx, N.Y. residents throw onto tracks of the New Haven railroad. The man who lugs a heavy bedspring several hundred yards, in preference to throwing it out the window, and abandons it on the railroad tracks, is obviously motivated by more than carelessness.

A deep, dark satisfaction is evidently present here: the joy of littering, plus the pleasure of lousing up a railroad's operations at the same time. It was no doubt the anticipation of such gratification that lightened the Bronxite's load as he staggered happily along the streets, buoyed up by the thought that when he laid his burden down on the tracks, it would cause the railroad people ten times as much annoyance removing it as it gave him to put it there.

Littering obviously fills important functions in our society:

*The satisfaction of breaking the law.* Since littering is commonly against the law, the man who litters gets the satisfaction of committing a misdemeanor and getting away with it. In an era when wholesome satisfactions are scarce, unwholesome ones can't be sneezed at.

*The pleasure of annoying people.* The urge to annoy is a very strong one, and while discourtesy provides a good outlet, it requires meeting people who can be safely irritated—a factor that limits the frequency of satisfactions obtainable. Littering, on the other hand, can be indulged in 24 hours a day and—considering the condition of big-city streets—no doubt is.

*Religious function of littering.* Since cleanliness is next to godliness, dirt and litter become important means of putting comfortable distance between people and divinity. No one can venture to speak for God, but we can perhaps assume that He is not ungrateful.

*Esthetic satisfactions.* There is a quiet satisfaction to be derived from seeing the environment take on the characteristics of the individual. Just as one kind of person takes pleasure in a clean environment, another kind derives stimulation from a dirty one. Think how uncomfortable a slob would be in a very clean home, if he were constrained by some Force big enough to keep him there. Consider the explosive tensions that would build up in the poor devil as the days passed in this repellent and disgusting atmosphere of cleanliness. Every pore of his being would cry out to dirty and smell up the place, and make it more habitable.

Is there a cure for littering? It's hard to think of anything that would be a remedy, when people are scarcely aware of the disease. Maybe the solution lies in not cleaning up

(Continued on Page 2)

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The Realist

## CO-EXISTING

(Continued from Cover)

altogether, and seeing how deep litter can pile up, before our litterers decide enough is enough, and that being a slob can produce conditions that make it difficult to continue being a slob.

### Our Police Problem

The public demands a great deal from its cops. It fervently hopes it will get less.

A clue to the true feelings of the public appears during police campaigns for higher pay, which are often accompanied by a step-up in law enforcement. While other public servants slow down to inconvenience the public, cops work harder—which inconveniences it far more. There is probably no faster way for cops to get a raise than to insist on strict adherence to the law—a tip-off to how much law and order the public really wants.

A wide variety of people—police officials, politicians, racketeers, people with influence, Negro militants and students with broken heads—have firm ideas of what cops should and shouldn't do. They use differing methods to win cops to their way of thinking. These range from financial persuasion to transfer and demotion; and from booby-trapping of police call-boxes, to more merciful bombings and shootings.

With so many competing groups trying to straighten out cops along different lines, pretzel-shaped police psyches are inevitable. This is attested to by the higher than normal suicide rate among policemen. The only thing more certain to get a cop into trouble than behaving dishonestly is behaving honestly—one good reason why he gets more frequent urges to turn in his mortal coil.

Where can we find something that walks on two legs, and will work for, say, 6 to 8G per year, who can comport himself in a way that will satisfy the immoral without outraging the virtuous? What manner of man is so talented that he can please hostile groups with only one thing in common: a bad temper?

Open season on cops is any day. Today's gripe, as I sit and read my paper, is that New York City cops on the late, late shift *coop*, or sleep on the job.

Sleeping is hardly the most pernicious thing a cop can do. The cooping copper might, instead of trysting with Morpheus, be taking graft instead, or busting intellectuals' heads. There surely is a reason for gratitude that some cops pick the least objectionable way of wasting the taxpayer's money.

Many people don't see it that way. They feel that a cop should be out hunting for criminals as devotedly as criminals search for loot. If he isn't, people in and out of glass houses look around for rocks.

Well, it's not impossible that cops should come to act that way. It would take some important changes, however, to lay the groundwork for such a miracle.

In genuine warfare, as opposed to the make-believe that passes for crime-fighting in the U.S., the less successful side always tries to match or surpass the techniques of its opponent; imitation is practically a must. If these essential processes of war were applied to our war on crime, a number of things would require changing. Motivation, for instance.

The Realist is published monthly — except for January and July — by The Realist Association, a non-profit corporation. Publication Office: 595 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10012. Editor: Paul Krassner, Box 379, Stuyvesant Station, New York, N. Y. 10009. Subscription rates: \$3 for 10 issues; \$5 for 20 issues. Single copy by mail: 35c. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

A criminal's profits are limited only by his capabilities. This is in the true capitalist tradition. A cop, on the other hand, gets a fixed salary to matter how much crime fighting he does. In effect, the cop operates under an ambition-deadening socialist set-up.

As a matter of fact, the more crime-fighting he attempts, the less his take-home pay is apt to be, given the corrupt system in which he operates. This is even worse than socialism. Such a state of affairs can hardly be expected to make policemen out of cops.

A more sensible set-up would pay the cop according to the number and importance of the criminals he gets the goods on. A mugger might rate \$25. A top-flight racketeer, as much as \$100,000. And so on. Under such a set-up, there could very well be so much effective fighting of crime taking place that its enfeeblement could become a genuine economic risk. The risk is worth taking. At least one economist recognizes that crime may be a vital prop to the American economy.

A decentralization system could be established to provide local boards of civilians who would hire cops and pay their salaries in their respective districts. This just might make cops answerable to people interested in fighting at least some kinds of crime. If decentralization can be permitted to louse up education, why can't it be used to shake up a largely ineffective police and judicial system?

To maintain and improve police morale, criminals would be tried on the spot by a panel of judges made up of local residents. No special qualifications other than known integrity—or possession of a smaller measure of disreputability than one's neighbors—would be necessary. This would immediately make the judges a great deal more qualified than many of the ones who are currently engaged in promoting crime.

Sentences would be dished out on the spot, eliminating the long delays currently used to assure minimum interference with criminal careers.

If these proposals were carried out, the current one-sided farce that passes for crime fighting might become a real battle, with victims getting a sporting chance to make points. It might, on the other hand, prove as ineffective as the present system, people being what they are. The change would, however, introduce the *possibility* of improvement in some areas—something that the current system resolutely locks out.

Under the present set-up, the only thing the citizen—and the cop—can do is join 'em; licking them is out of the question.

If the system does not preclude the possibility of innocent people being punished, why should this be considered grounds for its rejection? The present system not only permits innocent people to be punished—it practically insures that guilty people won't.

## The New Truth About Lying

News Item: U.S. deliberately signs false confession of espionage in North Korean territorial waters. Extraordinary action authorized by LBJ to obtain release of the Pueblo's crew. Method used in preference to apology.

This is possibly a new milestone in our government's prudent journey away from truth. Stretching the facts on the part of officials may now be morally kosher, if the government states it is fibbing.

May be awkward for an Administration which has lied before without admitting it, to obtain absolution for a current lie by owning up. The opposition can claim that government which has lied when it claimed to be telling the truth, may be lying when it claims to be lying.

Life has become pretty complicated for the patriot trying to keep his love of country from becoming more knock-kneed and bandy-legged than it already is, when his country insists it is being deceitful, and the enemy charges it with telling the truth.

The question arises: if an admission of guilt excuses this kind of wrong-doing, why can't the principle be extended to other kinds?

Why can't it be permissible for a burglar to gain immunity from prosecution by visiting a police station after a burglary and announcing that he has just burgled a house and wants the facts known, to avoid misunderstanding and punishment?

Why can't big business men avoid getting their lumps by stating it is their intention to conspire to fix prices illegally, thereby making the likelihood of official retribution even more remote than it is now?

The idea has fascinating possibilities, and should not be rejected out of hand, particularly since it may permit a greater measure of truth to leak into government statements than can be expected under current conditions.

## The Future of Revolt

The other day, New York City subway passengers, stuck in a defective subway car, refused to leave it when requested to do so. It isn't often people over 30 get a chance to express resentment against the Establishment in a constructive fashion. The passengers weren't going to let this opportunity pass, even though a reason for rebelling temporarily eluded them.

Perhaps they figured they would think of a reason if they sat in the car and stewed long enough. Maybe they were convinced, on the basis of previous experience with credibility gaps, that anyone in authority must be a liar, and that there was nothing really wrong with the subway car that a sit-in wouldn't cure. Possibly they never heard the conductor ask them to get off, and the conductor was too afraid of starting a riot to ask them a second time.

Whatever the reason, 50,000 passengers on other trains and stations, long used to the discomforts of riding the subway, now suffered the discomforts of not riding it.

Rebellion may be on the way in other areas where people have customarily been willing to half-live and let live. How will a society that hasn't had much experience in solving any social problem cope with this one?

What happens, for instance, if super-market customers, to express their resentment over rising food prices, refuse to pay for groceries and walk out with their arms full, and their wallets unloaded? What does the manager do then? Call the police, and risk having his free-loading cus-

tomers stay away altogether?

What if TV viewers, as a protest against the low cultural level of TV programs, switch to comic books?

What if people, in rebellion against the complaisance of the Income Tax people in permitting many millionaires to pay no taxes, stop sending in their 1040's, keeping any additional taxes that may be due as partial compensation for not being rich enough to be tax-exempt?

Obviously, the Establishment would be in a pretty pickle. Question is, how long would it take to recognize that it was in a worse mess than it's in now?

## Why Minority Rule Is Good For Us

The Senate, in its finite wisdom, has voted against cutting off filibusters by majority vote, permitting a minority to go on protecting our democracy from the dangers of majority rule. This is in keeping with the tradition that permits Senate committees to kill bills the majority has approved, and allows one lonely man—a committee chairman—to flout the expressed wishes of most of his colleagues.

The curious willingness of the Senate majority to let a minority usurp its prerogatives merits some probing, particularly since politicians in the United States aren't the kind of people who can be readily persuaded, by means short of the Chinese water torture, to surrender any power. What makes our Senate in effect acknowledge that a minority of its members have superior capabilities, and should be ceded the power that the Constitution unwisely intended for the majority?

For one thing, the system permits a Senator to take a firm stand in favor of a measure he is firmly opposed to. This enables him to get in solid with groups for and against the measure—a form of political schizophrenia necessary for survival. Colleagues of the Senator can be counted on to quietly bury the bill the Senator has espoused, keeping it from interfering with substitute measures less dangerously concerned with the public interest.

A second benefit the system offers: the Senate can debate legislation long and vigorously, demonstrating how our democracy works, while the real business of the Senate is settled by the few men who know our democracy doesn't work.

Senators can be absent as often as they like without worrying that they are neglecting their work—someone else will attend to it whether the Senators come in or not.

The wishes of constituents who think they know what is good for them can be carefully attended to, and their desires embodied into proposed laws, which will then go to the committee whose business it is to see that they go no further. This convinces the constituent that his wishes are being heeded.

It's a great system. The majority rules on the rare occasions when the voters insist on it. The rest of the time it merely goes through motions comparable to, and somewhat less interesting than, the staged performances of professional wrestlers.

The system works like this, not because our politicians are necessarily evil men, who mean harm to the nation, but because it is a practical way of governing people who are tough to govern under the best of circumstances.

By saving us from democracy most of the time, the Senate—and the House as well—perhaps do more for the institution than they would if they exposed democracy to the ravages of everyday use.

## Confessions of a Swinger

as told to John Wilcock

"My wife and I both like to fuck other people, and preferably together. That's not particular unusual these days — the new permissiveness and all that, you know. Although it didn't start that way at all. We both used to be fiercely jealous of each other, and any act of so-called infidelity threatened to break us up forever.

"What became the turning point was reading Lars Ullstrom's *The Erotic Minorities*, a mind-blowing book that suggested that what people were most afraid of sexually was what they secretly most wanted to do.

"So I told Naomi that next time she felt like making it with somebody I'd like to be there. Well, that presented problems, of course, because not every guy wants to fuck a chick while her husband's around. But she resolved it by accepting her ex-lover's invitation to go to dinner and told me to give her an hour to get him into it.

"She told *him* that I'd be back later and wouldn't object to finding her fucking if that's what he felt like.

"Naturally, he did feel like it, and when I walked in shortly afterwards I was treated to the glorious sight of my wife's blissfully smiling face, with her lover's head — and tongue — between her open legs. It was a turn-on, I can tell you.

"It's my firm conviction that everybody is a voyeur, whether they admit it or not, and that watching somebody getting fucked is second-only to getting fucked oneself and certainly superior to watching pornie movies. Of course, the absolute ultimate is to watch pornie movies with another couple and then not only watch some real fucking but do some, too.

"Obviously there must be all kinds of philosophical and psychological implications in the pleasure that we take from seeing some other man fuck our loved one — is he fucking her for me by proxy? — but to put it simply, it makes me as horny as hell.

"Despite all the stuff you read and hear about orgies, mate-swapping isn't as widespread as you might imagine. This isn't so much because of legal and moral objections as it is people's hangups. In my experience most couples are so scared about their partner fucking somebody else that the possibility of encouraging it as a *positive* thing hasn't even entered their heads.

"And yet it would be the solution to so many marriage breakups.

"Where the straight world is at is being demonstrated by letters to the Dear Abby column all the time. Writers who talk about falling in love with their best friends' husbands and trying to keep it secret. Well, you know how those things end up: with deceit, unhappiness, divorce. And yet it would be so simple for the couples to get together and admit they were horny about each other's partners and why didn't they swap for the night?

"Actually Naomi and I are very rarely separated. We

don't have anything to do with those so-called swinging clubs where everybody has to fuck everybody else whether they like it or not. We stick to our own friends and usually find threesomes easier than foursomes due to the difficulty of finding a couple with whom we're compatible.

"When Naomi finds a guy she digs she lets me know, and if I don't have any strong objections I tell her to go ahead. In some cases the guy is too nervous to make it with her — the first time, anyway — while I'm there. In which case I leave her alone. But usually we're all stoned and we're burning candles and incense, and Naomi's dancing in her bikini pants . . . and just happens.

"Sometimes I hold her hand (togetherness!) while she's being fucked, and I almost always fuck her afterwards. It's easy to be compatible because my wife and I have faith in each other's instincts and if she digs somebody I usually like them, too. I don't mean in any homosexual way; I've never been into that scene, and whatever the psychologists might read into it I've no particular wish to experiment. Chicks are my style.

"For some reason or other it's much harder to find another girl for a threesome, and our experiences in that direction are much less frequent. Usually if I meet a chick I dig, I fuck her alone first and then explain to her that my wife and I give each other such freedom that it would be okay for her to make it with us. Very few chicks are ready for that, I've found, but the ones who are, are really beautiful.

"As I've explained, foursomes are somewhat harder to find than a third partner. One reason for this is that although I might admire another guy's wife or chick, my wife doesn't necessarily dig the other husband. And, of course, it's sometimes the other way round. So we find it difficult to discover couples we'd be completely compatible with.

"And then there's the other obstacle: how do you bring up this subject so that the other couple doesn't get uptight about it? With a third person it's fairly easy for one of us to confess we dig him (or her) and wouldn't be averse to making it, either together or alone. But when there's another couple . . . well, they may be as anxious to get into an orgy-type scene as you are but it's much harder than you'd think to bring up the subject in a sophisticated way.

"I suppose some people would come right out and say, 'Look, my wife and I were agreeing in the kitchen that we'd like to fuck you both,' but I've never been able to say something like that.

"One final point that might interest you: we had heard about how this kind of 'infidelity' actually brought couples closer together, and we've found this to be absolutely true. For my part there's nothing like sharing your wife with somebody to appreciate how groovy she is — and what a turn-on she can still be for other men even if you've gotten a little used to her yourself.

"The grass always seems greener in somebody else's garden, and when you can see how much other guys like to roll about on your lawn it somehow encourages you to give it more attention yourself."