Disneyland Election Extra: Ronald Reagan, Pat Brown, Simon Casady and Lenny Bruce?

# October 1966 Ramparts Seventy-five Cents

"Golly gee, California is a strange state!"





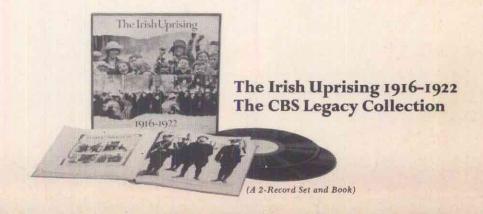
# The rebirth of a nation.

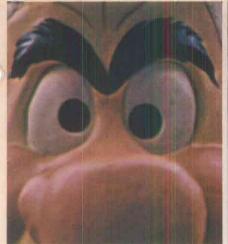
In 1916 seven courageous men affixed their names to a proclamation which asserted "the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland." They implored that the ebullient spirit of the Irish be set free, rekindled, and allowed to burn once more. These seven were fully prepared for their inevitable deaths and, in the rebellion which followed their petition, countless more of Ireland's indomitable children forfeited their lives-for love of country.

The Irish Uprising 1916-1922 honors the heroism of those who valiantly fought for Ireland's independence. A handsome 192-page book containing over 100 photographs (many never before reproduced), articles by distinguished Irish writers, a foreword by President Eamon DeValera and an introduction by Goddard Lieberson, provides you with a permanent history of the Irish rebellion. As do the two distinctive LP's-recorded in Dublin-which offer speeches

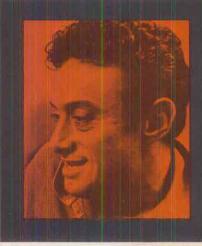
by such Irish patriots as President DeValera and ex-President Sean T. O'Kelly, interviews with participants and survivors of the uprising, special readings, and the stirring folk tunes and ballads born of those turbulent times, performed by The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, and The Abbey Tavern Singers.

It was a proud and glorious day, that Easter Monday in 1916. A day the Irish will never forget. Neither will you.

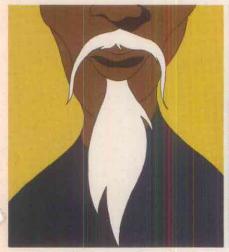




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# Ramparts

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# Apologia:

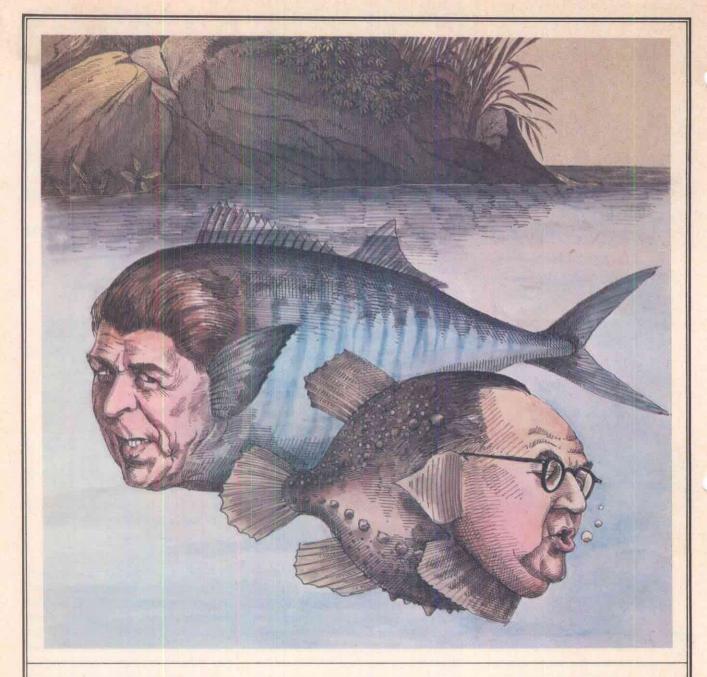
AT LAST we have a society editor. His name is Paul Krassner, otherwise known as The Realist (a sometimes monthly which covers things from Madalyn Murray, the professional atheist, to the latest vogue in scatology, if the two are in fact separable). Mr. Krassner promised never to say merde out loud in print, so we hired him on the spot. He will chronicle the life and times of New York's jet set, underground division, beginning next month. In the meantime, his Lenny Bruce memorabilia appear on page 34 in tandem with book editor Ralph J. Gleason's obituary. Both men were Bruce's friends.

Speaking of sometimes monthlies, let us introduce again the little man who runs our computer. His name is Rod Serling, we think, because he has just catapulted us, whoosh, into the future. This issue, following 30 days after August, should be September, of course. Would you believe October? Ramparts, silly that it is, used to publish at the beginning of the month-like the October issue came out October 10. But now we have a new newsstand distributor (Welcome, all the gang at Publisher's Distribution Company!) and he informs us that real life magazines come out predated-like October issues come out September 15. Hence, this is October. Everyone out there in subscriberland will get the same number of issues, so that much is all right. When you wonder where September went, think of Rod

Ramparts had three people covering the Harlem riots of 1964 and seven people in Selma in 1965, but the cover story on the California political scene, 1966, represents a record 20-mule team effort. Eleven researchers and reporters, under the direction of News Editor Sol Stern, spent weeks looking under the toadstools and rocks of California's complex garden politics, and the entire staff of editors pitched in to assemble and rewrite some 320 staff memos into an essay which, we believe for the first time, tells a national audience what the bizarre Brown-Reagan race is all about, really. When you read the story, you will see why Art Director Dugald Stermer chose to illustrate it as Disneyland.

It was announced recently that National Reviewnik L. Brent Bozell is going to launch a new magazine, called Future, as "an antidote to Ramparts." Henceforth, we will carry a label that people should read before subscribing. W.H.

BOARD OF EDITORS: Maxwell Geismar, Ralph J. Gleason, John Howard Griffin, Warren Hinckle III, Paul Jacobs, Edward M. Keating, Frederick C. Mitchell, Robert Scheer, Stanley K. Sheinbaum, Dugald Stermer, Sol Stern, David Welsh.



#### SOREL'S BESTIARY

#### NUMBER 7

### The Wahoo

[Thespis Californicus]

The Wahoo is easily recognized by his smooth, scaleless skin, his slippery utterances and his chestnut-colored head (which never grays). In previous seasons, the Wahoo laid his eggs on the Warner Brothers' estuary but he now swims up and down the California coast in a noble attempt to make the world safe for hypocracy. Although his philosophy is blubbery and his rhetoric inedible, he is of great commercial value to many industries which profit from his toothy smile and oily pitch.

## The Lumpfish

[Politico Californicus]

The Lumpfish (or California Weakfish as it is sometimes called) is distinguished by his completely undistinguished appearance. He enjoys mouthing platitudes about capital punishment, decent living standards and freedom of speech, but his weak backbone keeps him from acting upon them. In spite of this he is considered a good catch by union officials who are terribly concerned lest he become extinct. When not drifting along with the prevailing currents, he enjoys floundering in a sea of expediency. Es