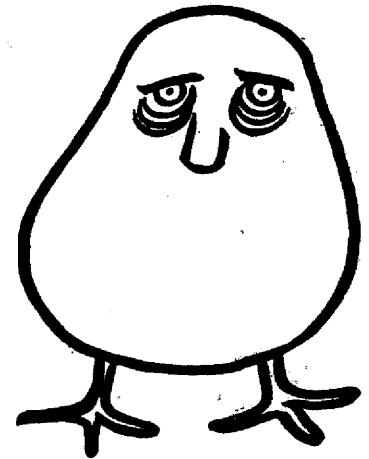


The Realist



On Prevention Rather Than Cure of Hangovers

by Jack Soltanoff, D.C.

Why morning-after misery?

According to the Montefiore Headache Clinic in New York City, hangover pains result from dehydration which shrinks the blood vessels surrounding the brain. This is what makes your head feel like a balloon. The Montefiore Clinic states that you can do certain positive things to avoid that post-party feeling.

Just simply *cutting down* on the party time elbow-bending will help, though they hint that total abstinence probably is the best way to avoid this problem. Montefiore also recommends that eating a steak or drinking a little milk will help because the human system tends to absorb protein, slowly acting as a buffer against the alcohol.

They also recommend taking a little olive oil—*before* your night of revelry. This keeps your body from absorbing the alcohol too fast.

However, if your noggin already feels as big as a beer barrel, Montefiore recommends a few tips that may get you through the "long night's journey into day."

First of all, try to get hold of yourself the night before long enough to take a couple of aspirin tablets before going to bed. Also, treat yourself to a long luke-warm bath. This will improve your blood flow and circulation and help relax you.

Black coffee also can help you feel better *afterwards*, but don't try any more "shots" or "hair off the dog"—it might bite you all over again. You may feel better temporarily, but the extra alcohol will soon have you feeling worse than ever.

Over the centuries various races have used rather odd and peculiar and sometimes downright funny means to get rid of a hangover.

Men and women afflicted with the enlarged cranium and cottony tongue have tried everything from herring to yogurt. Since most everybody loves a party, revelers

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The Tender Tyranny Of American Liberals

by Eric Norden

I've always suspected that I would prefer the company of Westbrook Pegler to that of Eleanor Roosevelt, but I've just recently begun to discover why. Though Eleanor's mythos has always been as distasteful to me as the equally bogus Schweitzer cult, the matter goes beyond the questions of personal preference or even truth. The spiritual and political bankruptcy of contemporary liberalism is more than just another evidence of American decadence: it now poses a direct and crucial challenge to the emergence of the New Left as a viable political force.

American liberals have always been cowardly and opportunistic, but for that very reason radicals have underestimated their power; the object of contempt tends to seem irrelevant. And, God knows, the record of liberalism has been a pathetic one, from Adlai Stevenson's impotent exhibitions of deceit in the U.N. to James Wechsler's current recognition that, in a world on fire, there is no nobler task than urinating on the ashes of Hubert Humphrey's reputation.

Even in their 'finest hour,' the McCarthy era, liberals merely quibbled over whether or not a particular object of persecution really *was* a Communist; only the inquisition's means, never its ends, were in doubt (leading Bertrand Russell to remark that when the U.S. Government decides to sterilize subversives, liberals will campaign for a right of appeal).

But today, when there is at last the possibility of mobilizing a genuine New Left opposition, radicals must face the fact that *Liberalism is the enemy*. It is not the troglodytic bleats of Robert Welch or the guttering fanaticism of the Minutemen, but the ruling *liberal* ideology of the American power structure that poses the real threat to any radical resistance movement.

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AMERICAN LIBERALS

(Continued from Cover)

The Left must recognize, in the words of SDS President Carl Oglesby, that "the menacing coalition of industrial and military power, the brutality of the blitzkrieg we are waging against Vietnam, the ominous signs around us that heresy may no longer be permitted" are "creatures, all of them, of a government that since 1932 has considered itself to be fundamentally liberal."

Despite the feeble demurrals of leading liberal intellectuals, our genocide in Vietnam is a liberal genocide.

As Oglesby writes, "The original commitment in Vietnam was made by President Truman, a mainstream liberal. It was seconded by President Eisenhower, a moderate liberal. It was intensified by the late President Kennedy, a flaming liberal. Think of the men who now engineer that war—those who study the maps, give the commands, push the buttons, and tally the dead: Bundy, McNamara, Rusk, Lodge, Goldberg, the President himself. They are not moral monsters. They are all honorable men. They are all liberals."

It is not right-wing fanatics in the Pentagon who have refined and directed the course of American foreign policy over the past 20 years; it is the liberal statesmen and politicians and their camp-following coterie of journalistic hacks and housebroken intellectuals.

For all its ritualistic rhetoric of reform, liberalism is firmly ensconced in the seats of power; its loyalties are to the new American empire, whose fortunes and destiny, as well as crimes, are its own. Liberalism itself is a synthetic creation of the power structure, a humanitarian facade behind which the dirty work of policing the world can go on uninterrupted by idealistic spasms in the body politic.

If the Dominican Republic's independence is crushed under the treads of U.S. tanks, we needn't despair; Congress passes Medicare. If thousands die daily in our Vietnam hell, restive students must remember that the Great Society still stumbles on. The essence of liberalism is a giant con, designed to assure the American people that, whatever horrors we perpetrate abroad, our hearts are still in the right place; whatever injustices persist at home, *things are growing better*.

Yes, liberalism admits, our society has a few imperfections, but we are moving, irresistibly, towards the promised land. The only danger stems from the "extremists" who argue that the whole damn system is so irretrievably rotten that only its total overthrow and replacement can save our souls—and the rest of the world. The real enemy of liberalism has *always* been the radical left; and it is time the Left reciprocates in kind.

To say that liberalism is a conspiracy to protect the power structure by diverting social protest into safe channels (which it is), is not to say that every liberal is a conscious conspirator.

Liberals are by their very nature so smug and impenetrably bourgeois that most of them sincerely accept their own analysis of American society and its international role; armored in the terrible omnipotence of innocence, the American mythology of virtue and altruism seems self-evident, and its challengers irresponsible trouble-makers.

The extreme Right has at least a muddled apprehension of the cataclysmic revolutionary upheavals shaking the earth, even though its response is an atavistic retreat into the dream-womb of reaction. Liberals, by and large, live out their middle-class lives in invincible ignorance, even when the storm breaks, not half-way around the world, but in the black ghettos just a few miles from their split-level suburban fortresses.

The Right, as Napoleon said of the Bourbons, has learned nothing and forgotten nothing; the libs have forgotten there is anything to learn.

The bastions of the right in America have fallen easily only because the ruling class had already relocated in liberal Levittowns. As Malcolm Muggeridge writes in a recent issue of *New Statesman*, "Liberalism and its exponents have carried all before them. It is the dominant ideology of our time, and accepted as such in the most successful nations of the twentieth century; notably of course, in the United States. If the world today is in a mess, if the last decades have been characterized by unprecedented cruelty, bloodshed and destruction, then it would seem to me, the triumphant spirit of liberalism must be held responsible rather than the authoritarianism against which it has so ardently, and by and large successfully, crusaded." Liberalism, Muggeridge concludes correctly, "would be seen historically as the great destructive force of our time, and its exponents . . . as far outdoing Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler in the havoc they made."

This is so precisely because liberalism, from the moment FDR conned the left into castrating itself in return for a share of the spoils in his Mussolini-style corporate state, has given a new lease on life to American imperialism (still the only word, despite its abuse by Marxist hacks).

The liberals have made intellectually respectable a foreign policy and a "way of life" from which every American of conscience should long ago have recoiled in horror. By championing little changes to avert big changes, they have vaselined the way for Washington's rape of the world.

Liberals have functioned both as imperialism's Kiplings (Schlesinger, Burns, Lerner, *et al*) and as its Cecil Rhodes (Harriman, Lodge, Stevenson, Gailbraith). They have sold horror on the intellectual marketplace with the elan of Madison Avenue, and bolstered their product with a genius for deceit. A brutal, aggressive imperial system has been successfully portrayed as the Millenium in drag, and even its victims have failed to see behind the painted mask.

The process was, perhaps, inevitable.

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Editor's Note

This is a special bonus issue for subscribers only. It will not be counted as part of your subscription, which is figured by number rather than by date. *The Realist* is aiming toward a virtually all-satirical content, but we will be making occasional exceptions for serious articles such as those on the cover.

Jack Soltanoff, a member of the New York Academy of Sciences, is director of the Soltanoff Chiropractic Center.

Eric Norden has been published in *Fact*, *Liberation*, *The Minority of One* and *The National Guardian*; he is presently working on a science-fiction novel and a biography of H. P. Lovecraft; he is also expanding his article on "American Atrocities in Vietnam" into a book including material on the transformation of Vietnam into a U.S. whorehouse, the CIA's assassination of Diem and his brother, etc.

At the close of World War Two, with the dissolution of the British, French and Dutch colonial empires, a new era of expansion opened up for the United States. The American Empire did not territorially colonize; it left the nations it absorbed their own flags and diplomatic apparatus, but vampirized their economies. U.S. military bases sprang up around the world until today there are 6000 in scores of foreign countries. Governments were bought or, if recalcitrant, overthrown by the CIA; Asia became our new Latin America, and the expansion into Africa is now well underway.

But if the rewards from the New Empire were great, so were the expenses of maintaining it, not only in the money required to buy up corrupt political leaders but in the lives expended where, as in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, the people revolt against the proxies for our tyranny.

If the American public was to foot the cost of all this, in tax dollars and the blood of its sons, it could not be presented barefacedly as a new imperial drive. A rationale had to be devised, combining both the carrot (our efforts to "aid" other countries and extend to them our humane and parliamentary traditions) and the stick (the threat of an aggressive world-conquering power, first Russia and now China, which had to be countered on every front).

The solution was both simple and shrewd: extend liberalism, which had already disarmed radicalism at home, to the world scene, creating a new Imperial liberalism to bemuse our opponents and justify our deprivations.

The establishment alchemists, rising to their task, successfully transmuted the base metal of American imperialism into the golden ideology of liberalism—generous, humanitarian, reformist and, above all, anti-Communist. In its name a small army of intellectuals, kept union bosses and jello-spined journalists rode out after World War Two to do battle with the dragon of "extremism," breaking the back of Wallace's tragic effort to abort the new Empire, red-baiting the labor movement, drastically limiting the permissive boundaries of political discussion, and always mesmerizing its zombie following with the bogey of the Right.

The liberal legions today stride the campuses, control the media of mass communication and dominate politics.

Their pygmy voices still drown out the restive murmurs of dissent; their imprint is everywhere. From the sterile mouthings of Max Lerner, the Rose Franzblau of Brandeis, celebrating the American century in the multi-university/mutual masturbatorium of the lümpen-litterati, to the "peace offensive" of Robert Kennedy, artfully tempering opportunism with incoherence, on down to the saccharine banalities of Manhattan reform Democrats and the pious shrills of Stevensonian necrophiles climaxing Chrystie-like on the corpse of their long-consenting victim, the American *Weltanschauung* is rooted, like a fly in flawed amber, in the rhetoric of liberalism.

Escaping this deadly stranglehold is the primary task of any radical resistance movement; a task as yet only dully perceived by those who view their liquidators as but strayed allies.

I must admit that it took me some time to recognize liberals as the ideological pimps of the power structure. Mesmerized with the rest of the proles by their diligently-fostered self image of humanism and reform, I thought that liberals were merely naive about the nature of the beast. The true symbiotic nature of their relationship at first escaped me; liberals, after all, are the only parasites who proclaim their independence.

Cuba, in my case at least, was the eye-opener.

Like a whole generation of Americans, I went left with Fidel; not as part of a conscious dialectic process, but automatically, almost subliminally. The Cuban revolution was so patently just, so eminently deserving of support, that, like nothing else before or since, it cut through the obscurantism of ideology and drew a dividing line not between right and left, but between right and wrong.

Liberals, of course, at first supported Fidel; relieved at the luxury of being safely on the right side for once, the whole liberal *apparat* from the *New York Times* to little David Susskind wallowed in acclaim. But as the freeze in U.S.-Cuban relations set in late in 1959, the libs quickly regained their cool; with every move Fidel made to assert his country's economic independence from Washington, the liberal community heaved in agony and spat out its displeasure.

Cuba, of course, had not changed; no revolution had been "betrayed," only the hopes of the liberal castrati for a neat, aseptic ADA-style puppet regime in Havana.

Their dreams dispelled, the libs vaulted into the forefront of the anti-Cuban crusade. Arthur Schlesinger quickly mocked-up a White Paper to justify the CIA's forthcoming invasion and when the mercenaries landed on the beaches, Adlai Stevenson exposed himself to the world in a noisome orgy of lying on the U.N. floor. Nothing could have told me more about the true allegiances of American liberalism.

In the long run, however, I think that the moral hypocrisy of U.S. liberals has disgusted me even more than their political opportunism. (Not all liberals, of course, have the intelligence to be conscious hypocrites; many, especially among the rank and file, eat their own garbage without gagging.)

It is understandable, in such a herd-conscious and rigidly conformist society, that a body of political thought, ostensibly iconoclastic and reformist, could be absorbed into the reigning Establishment; the same pattern repeated itself, with minor variations, in the

case of the Western European Social Democratic parties before World War One. What is truly sickening about the libs is their pious protestations of purity, as tiresome as some aging whore's assurances of virginity.

In both cases, of course, the tactic is to up the asking price, but the spectacle is still depressing.

I remember some time ago debating for five hours with Max Lerner on an all-night radio show in New York; when I suggested to him that Robert Welch had more integrity in his little finger than Adlai Stevenson, and that the honest stupidity of the Right is infinitely preferable to the cynical deceit of liberalism, Lerner grew livid with righteous indignation. Stevenson's integrity is unassailable, he told me, and liberals are the standard-bearers of everything decent in America.

(When I suggested pallbearers as perhaps a more apt designation, Lerner sagely clinched the argument by reminding the audience that he had at least 40 years on me, and that when I achieved his perspective my folly would be evident.)

Strangely enough, I still believe that Lerner was genuinely shocked by my remarks about Stevenson; convictions, as Nietzsche said, are always more dangerous enemies of truth than lies.

The whole question of truth, as a value in and of itself, is at the heart of the liberal syndrome. Liberals are unqualified relativists; their outlook allows of no absolute truth, no absolute good and evil, permitting only a monochromatic wasteland of differing shades of gray. The radical, once he is beyond hipster juvenilism, must recognize that there *are* absolutes; that good and evil, truth and falsehood, exist and can be perceived, however imperfectly, by Man.

This, if nothing else, is the lesson of Nuremburg.

Liberal relativism leads to despair and pessimism; and, ultimately, to a nihilistic manipulation of any and all values. It also, of course, provides a ready handle with which to dismiss all "extremism," and to proclaim, as liberal guru Daniel Bell does so triumphantly, "The End of Ideology."

In its political context, liberal relativism reveals the horrors of U.S. genocide in Vietnam as not so horrible after all: does not the other side fight back? And in a similar vein, the principled attempts of the late Malcolm X to weld a radical Black resistance movement is just the other side of the coin of Ku Kluxism: aren't both talking in racial terms?

It is the liberals, of course, who are truly blind, for in the world as it is there exists a whole spectrum of colors, not just shades of gray; and a spectrum of objective truths, which it is our human responsibility to discern and act upon. But relativism is most useful to the libs; not only does it blur issues, it obviates the very necessity of acting upon them. And truth becomes not what is, but what is useful.

I've seen this relativist attitude at work first-hand on a number of different occasions, and it has a direct bearing on liberalism's overall pattern of behavior, including its curiously equivocal approach to civil liberties. (Remember the *N.Y. Post* food editor who was summarily fired because, in between *ragouts*, he expressed to friends a preference for Joe McCarthy?)

Just about a year ago, while putting together an article arguing that Dag Hammarskjold had committed suicide in a fit of *angst* and Messianic delusion, I

interviewed a female writer who had just done a review of *Markings* for a top news weekly. Like myself, she knew Swedish and had dug rather deeply into the side of Hammarskjold's life carefully bowdlerized by his dear friend W. H. Auden in the American version of *Markings*.

She, too, had come to the conclusion that Dag had cracked and ended it all, but when I expressed my intention to do a piece on the subject, she almost burst into tears. "My God," she wailed, "are you working for the John Birch Society? Don't you know what ammunition that'll give them to use against the U.N. and every decent liberal cause in the country?"

The point, of course, is not whether our dual assumptions about Hammarskjold's suicide were correct, but that a talented and intelligent writer would eagerly suppress one of the most important news stories of our generation (and with some of the most far-reaching implications) simply to protect the cherished liberal cliché that the U.N. and all its personnel, are infallible.

What frightens me is that these selective attitudes towards truth, stemming consciously or unconsciously from the muddied mainspring of liberal relativism, is the rule and not the exception.

(Interestingly enough, Malcolm Muggeridge noted recently that shortly before his death, George Orwell confided to him that 1984's "brilliant analysis of double-speak and double-think as projected by the Ministry of Truth [was] based not on a Nazi or Fascist or Soviet model, but on the BBC.")

If liberals dismiss absolute truth, they are still absolutist about their *own* truths; despite their protestations of moderation, liberals are the most ruthless of ideological fanatics. If challenged on this point, the average lib will ooze the milk of human kindness from every pore, his eyes melting over to the consistency of hot butterscotch sauce. Is he not against "extremism" in every shape and form? But those who really cross liberalism are pursued with cold implacable fury, up to and even beyond the grave.

Malcolm X is a case in point.

The attitude of liberals toward the American Negro is reflected in their blind, insensate hatred of Malcolm, and explains much of the contempt Negro intellectuals display for the "white liberal." As James Vernon writes in *The Black Ghetto*:

"White liberals clearly feel sympathy for Negro middle-class goals, and want Negroes to be allowed to partake of the American Way of Life, which liberals feel is civilization's most sublime achievement. But liberals identify only with a part of the black people's struggle, and even then only so long as approved methods are used. Methods which would upset the society itself, or which might sully the liberals' dream of a noble, pure, morally uplifting and ethical struggle, are *verboten*. . . .

"Liberals display class indifference or hostility toward the working-class black people in the ghetto. . . . They insist that these black people stay in their non-violent place, and that they obediently follow the 'leaders' that the white liberals have so kindly picked for them."

The libs use this tame leadership to tranquilize Negro discontent. In the words of Negro actor and civil rights activist P. Jay Sydney, "Negroes have no greater

enemy than the liberals. The Ku Klux Klan is of more help to us, at least by galvanizing Negroes into action. Liberals lull us into a fatal state of false security."

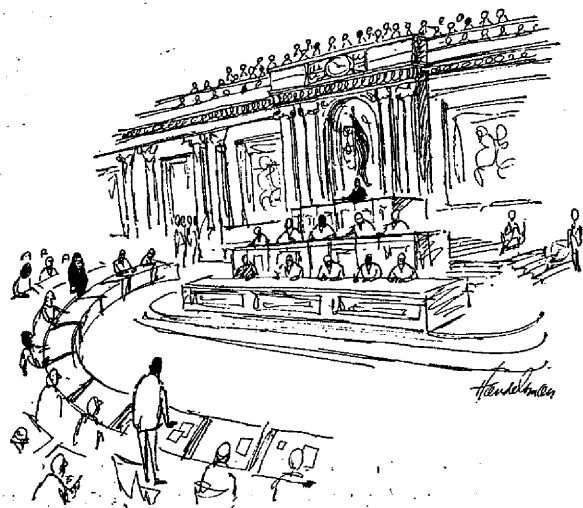
Malcolm was the one black leader who refused to toe the liberal line; and the liberal establishment and its servile sycophants in the press harried Malcolm mercilessly even after the assassins' bullets had removed him as a threat to their interests. For liberalism recognized Malcolm's dynamism and insight, his rejection of the entire capitalist system and his growing interest in socialism, could very well forge a mass Negro movement, linked loosely with a genuinely radical New Left, that in the years to come would pose a potent challenge to the American power structure.

(It's significant, in the light of liberalism's ruthless shepherding of Negroes into sterile pastures, that libs, in an ecstasy of masochism, took up the empty eunuch voices of LeRoi Jones and James Baldwin at the same time they recoiled in horror from the virile truths of Malcolm X. It is, apparently, permissible to knock whitey, as long as you swish along the way; a man, of course, might actually *do* something.)

Though the immediate cause of Malcolm's death was his plan to bring the American racial question into the United Nations under the human rights provision of the U.N. Charter—and the CIA, not Dorothy Schiff, gave the order for his liquidation—the Liberal Establishment rejoiced with barely restrained glee at the elimination of the one black leader they couldn't domesticate.

Malcolm was reviled even in death as an "extremist" and advocate of violence. (Libs always operate on the principle that *Cet animal est tres mechant, quand on l'attaque, il se defend.*)

One day after his murder, the *New York Times*, the house organ of corporate liberalism, pontificated editorially that Malcolm "was a case history, as well as an extraordinary and twisted man, turning many true gifts to evil purpose. . . . His ruthless and fanatical belief in violence not only set him apart from the responsible leaders of the civil rights movement and the overwhelming majority of Negroes [but] it also marked him for a violent end. . . ."



"Will the senior senator from Mississippi yield to the junior senator from Mississippi?"

"Malcolm X's life was strangely and pitifully wasted. But this was because he did not seek to fit into society or into the life of his own people. . . . The world he saw through those horn-rimmed glasses of his was distorted and dark. But he made it darker still with his exaltation of fanaticism. Yesterday someone came out of that darkness he spawned, and killed him."

The *Times* may yet have cause to regret that editorial. For, starkly and brutally, it stripped liberalism naked to the world, revealing its bigotry, its hate, its unrelenting pursuit of any man who seriously challenges its ideological dominance. "Case history . . . twisted . . . evil . . . ruthless . . . fanatical . . . wasted . . . distorted. . . ." And the *pièce de resistance*, "the darkness he spawned." The memories of Joe McCarthy and Joe Stalin, *nil nisi bonum*, both fared better at the hands of the *Times*.

But Malcolm, the most brilliant and original American political figure of the past 40 years, was the number one hate of liberalism. Even in death, Malcolm's reputation had to be smeared, so that his message would not live beyond the grave. In that, at least, the liberals have failed.

Malcolm knew the libs well, and he predicted their reaction to his death. In the conclusion of his *Autobiography*, written shortly before his assassination, Malcolm wrote:

"When I am dead—I say it that way because from the things I *know*, I do not expect to live long enough to read this in its finished form—I want you to just watch and see if I'm not right in what I say: that the white man, in his press, is going to identify me with 'hate.' He will make use of me dead, as he has made use of me alive, as a convenient symbol of 'hatred'—and that will help him to escape facing the truth that all I have been doing is holding up a mirror to reflect, to show, the history of unspeakable crimes that his race has committed against my race."

Almost as if he were answering the *Times* editorial on his death, Malcolm ended his autobiography with the following words:

"Yes, I have cherished my 'demagogue' role. I know that societies often have killed the people who have helped to change those societies. And if I can die having brought any light, having exposed any meaningful truth that will help to destroy the racist cancer that is malignant in the body of America—then, all of the credit is due to Allah. Only the mistakes have been mine."

Liberals, however, do not even possess the one virtue of most fanatics: loyalty. Libs pursue their vendettas with vicious vigor, but they are equally prepared to jettison the ostensible object of their devotion when the transcendent interests of the power structure are threatened, as in the case of the Kennedy assassination.

The grief of the libs at the loss of their young champion did not extend to a dedication to uncover the truth about his death; as soon as the indicators pointed, not to a lone assassin, but a well-organized conspiracy within agencies of the federal government, including the FBI and the CIA, the liberals looked the other way. JFK could be mourned, but not avenged: too many apple-carts would be upset in the process.

At the upper-level of the Liberal Establishment there was a desperate effort, conscious and cynical, to cover

up all traces of conspiracy and reassure the American people that all was still for the best in the best of all possible worlds: Even before Kennedy's corpse had cooled, leading libs assured us that the assassination was nothing more sinister than the act of a lone lunatic, and the alleged murderer's own rub-out in a Dallas jail just the chance convergence on the scene of another madman, Jack Ruby.

Earl Warren, the most egregious judicial fraud in recent history, was trotted out to provide a convenient liberal fig-leaf for the biggest cover-up since the "investigation" of Lincoln's murder, and within a year his Commission of right-wing political hacks, Segregationist Senators and Princes of Industry presented the public with the safe, prophylactic version of the assassination the libs desired.

The Warren Commission Report itself, an incredible melange of lies, half-truths, omissions, evasions and distortions is the ultimate testament to contemporary liberalism, fully deserving of a place alongside the Reichstag Fire trial in the annals of politico-judicial mythology.

It proved, of course, only one thing—that, of all the theories and speculations about events in Dallas, just one was impossible: its own.

There is little doubt that libs on the upper level knew what was going on, and consciously assisted the cover-up, if for no more sinister reason than their desire to avoid a violent rupture of the American political fabric. The little libs, on the other hand, bought the official version simply because their whole political orientation left them no other way out.

Liberalism assumes that the American Way of Life is, if not ultimate perfection, at least a way-station to Nirvana, and the American political administration an assemblage of just and honorable men working with dedication for the realization of the earthly Paradise.

To even entertain the suspicion that elements of this most wondrous of all governments, whether in the intelligence networks or the political police, could band together to liquidate the presiding High Brahmin, and then coolly cover up their deeds, would shake the average liberal's neat and soothing assumptions about his world to their very roots.

Such things could and do happen with depressing regularity in many other countries but never, never, of course, in America.

Thus, those who challenged the Establishment's version of events were "extremists" with one or another different axes to grind, perhaps paranoid and at the very least victims of a "conspiratorial view of history." History is not, of course, a succession of conspiracies; what liberals conveniently forgot was that there are conspiracies in history. The world, much less America, is not the tidy design of the League of Women Voters; it can happen here.

But the blood of John Kennedy was a small price to pay for the preservation of liberal delusions.

The handful of Americans and Europeans who challenged the official version of the assassination were hounded relentlessly by the Establishment's liberal watchdogs. Mark Lane, who led a brave but fruitless campaign to alert the American public to the true significance of Dallas, was subjected to a withering barrage of vilification.

"The few in our midst who have harbored doubts about the Warren Report," he wrote in April, 1965, "have been treated to unusual abuse by the leading American liberals of our day. These liberals often proclaim their opposition to intellectual regimentation and centrally-stimulated mass thinking, but the Warren Report makes them forget their principle.

"James Wechsler of the *New York Post*, for instance, doubts the loyalty, perhaps also the sanity, of anyone who questions any aspect of the Holy Writ. The *New York Times* agrees. Even the *Nation*, which ten years ago thought Earl Warren's appointment as the Chief Justice to be a national disgrace . . . now condemns as a disgrace anyone who dares to question that very man's supreme wisdom."

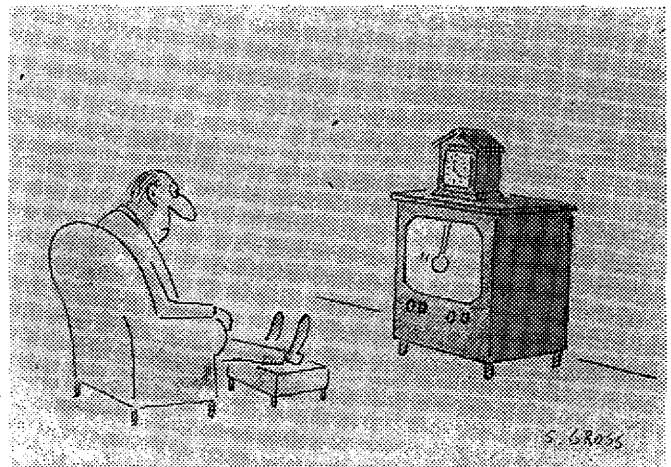
Lane was subsequently forced by lack of public interest to give up his one-man crusade; even when our Dreyfuses are Presidents there is no room for Zolas. Liberal credulity and intolerance are responsible to a significant degree for the fact that, somewhere in America today, John F. Kennedy's assassins are walking free. The sanctity of liberalism's dream world America has been preserved; to the libs, justice, as well as truth, is a dispensable commodity.

The bankruptcy of liberalism is more than just a political phenomenon; it is deeply rooted in the disease of the soul that has made America, in the latter half of the 20th century, the most brutal, acquisitive and immoral power in the world.

Our one remaining hope is the emergence of a fresh and uncommitted force which will challenge the root assumptions of the power structure and create a dynamic and principled opposition movement. There has been a start in this direction with the growth of the New Left, but it is still a fragile creation.

The greatest danger to the New Left's development as a real political force is not outright suppression by the Government but its subtle absorption into the coalitionist "left" wing of the dominant liberal consensus. Groups like SANE and individuals like Mike Harrington are presently attempting exactly this.

If their maneuvers are to fail, the New Left must recognize that America's sickness is a liberal sickness; American aggression is a liberal aggression; and the American Empire is sustained, and its murderous acts rationalized, by liberal legions. The American Way of Death is liberalism; until it is recognized as such, the battle will not even have begun.



The Realist