

# The Naked Emperor

## INCREDIBLE, YES.

by Paul Krassner

I've been reviewing movies on and off for about ten years, but there's really nothing to say about Robert Downey's new film, *Greaser's Palace*, except come share this vision as much as you can afford to.

The evolution of its producer, Cyma Rubin, who has gone from backing No. No, Norette on Broadway to backing this—from the dinosaur reveling in its past to the absurdity of existence continuing on earth—gives me another little bit of hope...

It's important not to underestimate the lengths to which those in power will go in order to protect the polluted fruits of their greed.

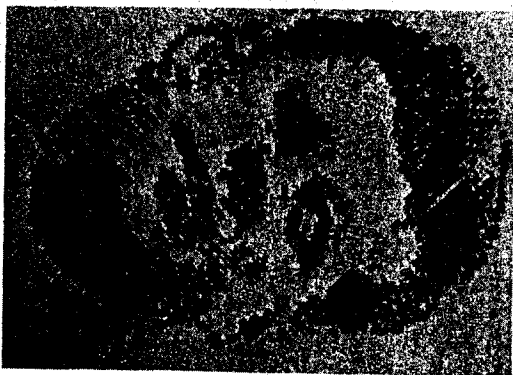
Since Christmas I've been gathering material for "The Parts Left Out of the Manson Book" to be published in the 13th Anniversary Issue of *The Realist*. In the process of my investigation, I met an extraordinary human, Mae Brussell, a political research analyst specializing in

assassinations. She has read some 300 books on espionage. She has cross-referenced the entire 26 volumes of the Warren Commission Report on the Assassination of President Kennedy. She reads 8 newspapers a day. Her files are incredible. She is some sort of saint, and truthseeking is her discipline.

And so, knowing her, I've undergone an almost religious conversion: from believing in coincidence to believing in Conspiracy.

The evidence, once you really get into it, is overwhelming. The facts are there. The connections become obvious. The conclusion is undeniable: When John F. Kennedy was killed in Dallas in 1963, the United States government was taken over. Did you think that an elaborate plot to kill a President was simply in order to get Lyndon Johnson into office?

Last night on the news there was a story about the arrest of Robin Cranston, son of Senator Alan Cranston—a



Democrat from California who is against the war but for Lockheed—accused of sneaking LSD into the mouth of a Playboy bunny at a private party and then trying to rape her in front of forty guests. My immediate reaction was suspicion that it's a good old-fashioned frame-up.

Then, this morning, while sitting on the john and recycling yesterday's food, I was scanning a back copy of *Clear Creek*

magazine, the March issue. And there was an article about Leslie Clark Stevens, author of *EST—The Steersman Handbook, Charts of the Coming Decade of Conflict*, and, guess who, Robin Cranston, working together on Earthside Missile Base, a project "to further the principles of sound ecology."

There I am sitting and reading about Robin Cranston describing the process of turning manure into a biodegradable fuel. Just put yourself inside the head of an oil executive and you'll know that this is a threat to your value-system.

It all sounds like an old movie, *The Man in the White Suit*, which had Alec Guinness as the inventor of a cloth that didn't wear out. He thought he would be welcomed as a hero in the textile business. Instead he was treated as their enemy. Industry is, after all, war. Why should they limit that war to Vietnam?

The script for real life is flawless. What, for example, could be more perfect than Walt Disney having his body frozen at death?

Paul Krassner is Editor and Zen Bastard of *The Realist* (\$3 a year), publisher of Mae Brussell's *Conspiracy Newsletter* (\$5 a year) and author of *How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years* (\$7)—available from *The Realist*, 595 Broadway, New York 10012.