

RADIO FREE AMERICA

by Lawrence Lipton

Slogan for a last resort

Last week, in a panic of last minute make-up on the Freep, the logo at the top of this column had to be dropped because the column ran six lines too long, so the frantic editor substituted an inept piece of bad typography instead. This week the idea occurred to me to drop the logo RADIO FREE AMERICA myself and substitute for it something more in keeping with its contents, like LIBERATION or GUERRILLA. But, on second thought I decided to stick to RFA because I've got a hunch that the time may yet come and maybe sooner than we think, when we will have to revive the idea of taking refuge beyond the continental limits of the U.S. in the Pacific to find a vantage point from which free speech can be beamed to the U.S. (To those who keep writing and phoning to ask why we didn't do it two or three years ago when everybody was so hot for it, let me say here that the reason was lack of the very substantial financial support the project requires. If the Power Structure and its political and police lackeys continue their program of repression we may THEN get the support we need to set up RADIO FREE AMERICA, not just in print but the way we planned it originally, on the air.) So let's hang on to the name for the present in case we need it as a last resort in our escalating guerrilla war with the Establishment.

Birth control with a purpose

When science finally masters the problem of eugenics to the point where we can foresee the emergence from the womb of, say, a potential Hitler or a Max Rafferty, it will REALLY become a boon to mankind. (Don't shrug it off, and don't sell science short. We may see it yet.) I am moved to these hopeful cogitations by reading a letter from Max Rafferty published in the L. A. Times (3/8/69). Maxie the Raff wants to toss out every progressive move towards decent sex education in the public schools and bring back the old anatomical chart on the wall showing the INSIDES of the sexual organs and restoring to sex education the smell of formaldehyde and the look of an operating room or, more accurately, the dissecting lab of a morgue. Here is how it reads, straight from the horse's ass:

"I favor scientific educations in the principles of human reproduction, but I take an extremely dim view of the so-called SIECUS program currently being foisted upon certain California school districts from 3,000 miles outside our state."

Meaning that den of iniquity New York, of course, home of those immoral city slickers who are trying to defile the sexual purity of Maxie the Raff and his Orange County cronies, to whom sex is a medical problem or a kind of toilet training.

Clearly, birth control is in need of finer tuning to blip out defectives like Maxie the Raff before they are born to infest the earth.

Jim Garrison: Exercise in futility

Months ago I called attention in this column to the prospect that when he finally takes his case into court Jim Garrison might be faced with the impossible task of trying to prove his whole case with unfriendly witnesses, in the hope of pulling a TV Perry Mason courtroom miracle: that is, getting unfriendly and reluctant witnesses to convict themselves in court through clever prosecution questioning, direct and indirect. The only trouble with this procedure is the Garrison didn't have script control of the show, the way Perry Mason has, and the result was frustrating, for himself, his assistants and all of us who were hoping he could turn the trick and come up with at least a guilty of conspiracy verdict. But it should have been obvious to Garrison that it wasn't in the cards. Maybe he WAS sick during the trial and couldn't prosecute in person till the last summation to the jury, or was it a sickness of the heart and a sinking realization that he was headed for defeat?

There are still a lot of unanswered questions about the whole affair. Does he possess evidence that was inadmissible in court because of the rigid rules of evidence that so often put "legality" above disclosure? If so, will he now publish his evidence in a book, bringing his case, if any, before a higher court of justice than the Establishment's legal machinery—the court of public opinion. The prosecution of Shaw for perjury will not accomplish such a purpose, and Garrison knows it, I'm sure. Only a book can do the trick now, if it can be done at all, a book, where the courtroom rules of evidence do not apply and there is room for deduction, induction, hunches, educated guesses, intuitions and brilliant reconstructions of the event. A book, in short, like Emil Zola's "I Accuse!" which was based on less, perhaps, on the Dreyfus case, than Garrison has in his files on the JFK case. (NOTE: for those who have forgotten; Dreyfus was finally cleared, but not before Zola was tried and sentenced to prison for attacking the French military in "I Accuse!" and had to flee to England for a time. Garrison I'm sure, knows THAT story, and I'm also sure he's got the guts to pull another Zola—IF he's got just a little more on the case than he was able to bring into court.)

Postscript: Where in the hell was that savior of his country Mort Sahl when the chips were down in New Orleans? Do I remember correctly that at least one night he was on the Steve Allen show in his recurring campaign to clean up his skirts and make a comeback in Show Biz? That would make it the third time, if I haven't lost count, that Mort has jumped on and off band wagons. So who's going to save the country NOW, Mort?

Let us now praise famous men

Chalk up one for Woody Allen. On the Tonight show he pretended he was writing a book on his (amusing) boasts about his cockmanship. The name of the book: "How to achieve advanced sexual positions without laughing." For that funny line I can forgive him, well almost, for selling out his early political satire and insisting (now) that "I was always apolitical."

When Hans Conried and his phony, stagey Englishman act got too phony for the new style films in Hollywood he was promptly snapped up by Mad Avenue to do TV dinner commercials. Old Shakespearean actor finally makes good!

Heresiarch Bishop James Pike, who was tried (on his insistence) by his fellow bishops because he had begun to have his doubts about the holy ghostly immaculate conception has now plumped for ghostly rendezvous with his suicided son.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones have secured a court order blocking the new Vasser rule that allows girls to entertain men in their dormitories all night. Her argument: "Suppose a girl wants to go to the bathroom at night, she'll have to get almost completely dressed to go out in the hall in case a boy is there. (Besides) I just can't see why an unmarried girl would want to have a male guest all night." The times they are a changin', Mr. and Mrs. Jones. And—it's later than you think.