

PUBLISHED FOR THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

# SOCIALIST REALISM SCIENCE FICTION



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PEOPLE POWER PARTY



PRICE:  
CAPITALISTS \$10.00  
PROLETARIANS 15¢

ARTICLES BY  
DAN TOFFOLI  
MAO TSE TUNG  
SAM X  
BORIS SAVINKOV  
JAROSLAV DABROWSKI  
... AND OTHERS

"We should support whatever the enemy opposes and oppose whatever the enemy supports."

-Mao Tse Tung, Selected Works,  
Vol. II, p. 272.

#### FREE OFFER

#### PEOPLE POWER PARTY--A REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY IN GOVERNMENT

Do the leading brand political parties give you acid indigestion? Got the ho-hums over issue-ignoring candidates? Then help put the People Power Party on the ballot in Arizona by signing this petition. Your signature does not obligate you in any way. No salesmen will call!

The Democratic and Republican parties are proud of their lack of ideology. This lack, however, has shown itself to be a lack of goals, foresight, and moral principles.

PPP has a better idea-ology!

-to be continued

#### THE PARTY STAND

The People Power Party never compromises truth to make a friend, never withholds a blow at error lest it make an enemy.

In firm assurance of final victory, it pursues its course unswerved by weak desire for temporary advantage. It is ever outspoken and straightforward, believing that, in fearless independence, the integrity of purpose by which it is inspired will, in the long run, win the respect and confidence of those whom it aims to weld into a classconscious, aggressive body.

Its propaganda is not alone to educate, it is to organize the working class for the conquest of power for the complete overthrow of capitalism. Until that mission is accomplished, it will stand like a rock, alert and watchful, yielding nothing.

#### SRSF STAFF

Paul Adams	Minister of Information
Robt. Prokop	Minister of Agitation
Daniel L. Toffoli	Minister of Defense & Saigon Correspondent
Bruce Harel	Imperial Wizard
Sam Ballan	Theoretician

READ THIS FAN. INE STONED!

WHO SPEAKS FOR SCIENCE FICTION?  
by Boris Savinkov

Science fiction writers disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. And yet—has J. R. R. Tolkien joined a South American guerrilla band making its way north to Mordor? Did C. S. Lewis conspire to liberate Thulcandra? Has Isaac Asimov thrown one lousy bomb against the Empire?

No. They are tigers on paper only. In point of fact, science fiction as we know it is pseudo-revolutionary pap aimed at preventing working class consciousness, and its writers and publishers are petty bourgeois labor fakery. What is needed is scientific socialist fiction, and Socialist Realism Science Fiction Magazine is dedicated to filling this need. We can no longer accept opiates of the people such as Twibbet and Godless as the spokesmen for SF. We, the Youth International Party—Left Opposition, feel that it is high time that we should openly, in the face of the whole world, publish our views, our aims, and our tendencies, and to this end we have assembled and sketched the following five point program:

1. Mix 3 parts ferric oxide (obtainable at hardware or paint store) with 2 parts aluminum powder (paint store, electric or auto shop).

2. Place in clay lined or ceramics container with opening in bottom and top.

3. Pack mixture thoroughly.

4. Add standoff distance of 5 to 10 cm.

5. Ignite using first fire mixture. One kg. of mix will penetrate 15 cm mild steel.

-to be continued

by Jaroslav Dubrowski

Very soon in our future, the reality of interstellar space travel will make irrelevant any political action being done here on the Earth alone. With a whole galaxy at our reach for Man to colonize, any ideology that does not vigorously support colonial expansion will swiftly find itself shrunk to insignificance—a tiny faction squabbling over the politics of an infinitesimal dustmote while others are busily constructing galactic empires.

The revolutionary rock group Jefferson Airplane seems to have grasped this, with the result being the magnificent musical creation, Blows Against the Empire (Isaac Asimov, please take note). Definitely qualifying as socialist realism, the album describes the hijacking of an interstellar spacecraft by seven thousand freaks in the year 1990. The rest is history. The point is obvious—that only the group that advocates the emigration of its members from the Earth will be among those whose definite destiny is to endure forever.

However, whatever your view on interstellar colonization, Blows Against the Empire is damn good music and damn good science fiction. Try listening to it stoned.

THE TIME MACHINE  
by B. Haywood

The members of the Tempe Youth Solidarity Alliance were greatly anxious for the revolution to come. Consequently, they were overjoyed to learn that one of their members, a talented amateur physicist, had invented a time machine that was capable of transporting them all to a time after the revolution had taken place. They immediately rushed to his laboratory, which was in the basement of the ASU ROTC building, and entered his time machine.

The time chamber was quite small, being little larger than a telephone booth, but they fit easily. The dials on the time panel had not been set to a specific date, but the machine had instead been set to stop when it reached the time of the revolution.

For a long time the machinery clacked on noisily, but at last it came to a halt with the dial reading November, 1984.

They all got out and found themselves on a stand that was empty except for two straight worker types on the corner. Down the street a short way was a newspaper box. One of the members remarked that it might contain the Militant, whereupon they all hastened to it. However, when they got there, this is what they read:

PAGE SIX

Funds

SRSF PRESS SECURITY FUND

P. Adams \$5, W. Hazel \$5, Robt. Procoop \$5, Anonymous 1 cent,  
Jos. Sheffer 41 cents (\$15.42 total).

GEORGE METEZSKY TESTIMONIAL (FREE LEAFLET) FUND

"In loving memory of Dan Toffoli" Robt. Procoop \$1 (total)

SAM X SPEAKS

Once I was a member of the oppressed working cats, a wage slave of Terry Ballard's, but an anti-Siamose bigot landlord prevailed on Ballard to throw me penniless into the cold. An exile, I wandered into Tempe where I was imprisoned in the city pound. There I was found by the members of the People Power Party, who gave me free meals and the proper Marxist world outlook. I dropped my slave name of Ballard and am now pleased to be able to reveal the character of my former associates.

The perverted staph of the t notoriously reactionary publication, Twibbet, is either fiendishly diabolical or completely deranged.

Head Twibbet Pornographer Bob McClure is a known member of the ultrarightist paramilitary organization known as the Corsairs. His illustrations make use of the capitalist art form that involves turning art into garbage.

McClure's filthy pictures are equalled only by Joe Sheffer's filthy prose. His New Wave degeneracy is enough to disgust the most decadent. As Joe himself says: "I know it's shit, but the bourgeois press laps it up. And after all, what's more important than money?"

The person that makes the most money from Twibbet, however, is arch-capitalist Terry Ballard, who produces nothing and does none of the work in putting out the rag but who gets almost all of the profits. His sadism and utter lack of ideals make him hated even by his lackeys in the organization.

In the immortal words of Gus Hall: "I look forward to the day when the last liberal will be strangled with the guts of the last fanzine editor."

FREE THE PANTHER 21

--to be continued

FREE DAN TOFFOLI!  
by Sam Ballan

As this first issue of Socialist Realism SF goes to press, our revolutionary jubilation is marred by the absence of our comrade and leader, Daniel L. Toffoli. Comrade Toffoli is currently being held prisoner without bail in the United States Army in South Vietnam by the American government. For the past nine months our only contact with him has been letters and the magnificent articles and stories he has contributed to Socialist Realism.

Dan's revolutionary career began in his junior high days in 1963 when he refused to cut his then-shoulder-length hair. Seeing the repressive nature of the society in which we live, Dan went on to form chapters of SDS and the Fair Play for Cuba Committee at Coronado High School in Scottsdale where he was suspended an indefinite number of times for acts of revolutionary vandalism aided by a few now-forgotten radicals such as Chad Smith, Don Critchlow, and Jay Cleckner. After graduation (at which he burned his diploma), he attended and agitated at Harvey Mudd College. However, Dan's good work there was brought to an end by the fascist administrators who expelled him for tackling and then urinating on the president of the college during a demonstration. Having lost his student deferment, he was immediately captured by his draft board. His first impulse was to refuse induction, but he decided it would be more in the interests of the Viet Cong freedom fighters to enter the Army and agitate to encourage mutiny. He is now engaged whole-heartedly in this endeavor sparing what time he can to write down his wit and wisdom for Socialist Realism Science Fiction.

The sooner people like Dan Toffoli succeed in uniting the Army against the government, the sooner the government will be destroyed. But Dan needs your help. It takes money to keep those subversive leaflets coming out. You can send your generous contribution to the Free Dan Toffoli Fund, P. O. Box 593, Tempe, Arizona 85281.

Bring Toffoli home now!

a poem

if there is to be a revolution,  
there must be a revolutionary party.  
without a revolutionary party,  
without a party built on the Marxist-Leninist theory  
and in the Marxist-Leninist revolutionary style,  
it is impossible to lead the working class  
and the broad masses of the people  
in defeating imperialism  
and its running dogs.

-Mao Tse Tung, "Revolutionary Forces of the World Unite, Fight Against Imperialist Aggression!"

## THE SCIENCE IN SCIENCE FICTION



Contrary to what the less discerning layman may surmise, the creature pictured here is not a Martian physicist, but the gentle *Lophophora williamsii*, vulgarly called the Peyote cactus. What's more, it flourishes right here in Arizona. It possesses medicinal qualities which one can enjoy just by eating the dried top, which is known as the mescal (or Peyote) button. But before you go out into the desert collecting, pay a visit to the Desert Botanical Gardens in Papago Park and observe *L. williamsii* in captivity. There are two strains of Peyote cactus, and Star Peyote (much the rarer of the two) is not eaten.

levitation story  
by L. Frank Baum

"You are a teacher?" Mao asked the old man they had brought to his tent.

The old man inclined his head silently.

"And what do you teach?"

"The wisdom of the ancients, honored general. I desire only that the world be taught the arts of past ages. If you wish to learn. . . ."

Mao smiled cynically.

"I have few students," said the man sadly.

"What I wish, old one, is a secretary. Ever since we left Kiangsi I have been planning a book on guerrilla warfare. If you can take dictation, we will reward your services well."

"A book, sir?"

"Yes."

"To be published throughout China?"

"Yes, yes," said Mao impatiently. "Can you take dictation or can't you?"

"Indeed I can, Honored general."

And so the army of liberation marched north and west, and the oldman travelled with them, a tireless wander, and Mao dictated military strategy late into the nights. When the book was finished, it was noted that the old man's grammatical construction was peculiar and often strained, and that frequently he merely paraphrased the great leader's words, but Mao's mind became occupied with the forays of Chiang, and the book was printed as it was.

Abraham Fillmore had a Ph.D. in Mandarin Chinese to prove he wasn't a middle American and had closed his professor-student gap and found meaning in life by becoming the faculty sponsor of the American University Spartacus League. He felt very proud of himself as he looked at its members lounging around his living room. When a hand-rolled cigarette was passed to him, he felt even prouder to be receiving such sacred trust. When a fifth such cigarette had made the rounds, he felt like reading Mao Tse Tung's - On Guerrilla Warfare in the original and on the sixth like reading it backward. Then like reading it backward, every third word of every third sentence. Very slowly a wave of amazement swept over him.

The Huci Wen T'u, Dr. Fillmore tried to explain to the members of the Spartacus League, consisted of eight hundred ideograms in five colors woven on a piece of silk by the Lady Su Huci during the Eastern Ch'in dynasty and sent to her husband, General Tou T'ao, then guarding the Northern Border against the Tartar invasion, the relevant fact being that if read in different directions, these ideograms read as different poems. The members looked at him and agreed, yes, it sure was good dope.



"I wanna go to the Pentagon," said Dr. Fillmore. "I wanna go to the Pentagon."

Upward and upward the thing rose. The President, rising early, saw it when it was about a mile above the city.

"Hey Pat! Come see the UFO," he said.

"Where?"

"Right above the Pentagon." "Holy shit! Where is the Pentagon?"

## BOOK REVIEW

### TOLKIEN: A REVOLUTIONARY APPRAISAL by Dan Toffoli

Much has been said about possible allegorical intentions to Tolkien's Lord of the Rings. Most of this speculation is totally absurd. However, after careful study, we have discovered the correct interpretation. The Lord of the Rings is obviously a work of great revolutionary significance.

The work is an excellent chronicle of the liberation struggles of elves, dwarves, hobbits, ents, and the other oppressed peoples of Middle Earth. The destruction of the Ring and the struggles leading to it are a symbolic representation of the abolition of private property, Sauron representing capitalism.

The nine walkers are, in fact, an allegorical representation of a band of guerrillas, Aragorn in particular having a marked resemblance to Che Guevara. Gandalf and Aragorn are typical of the dynamic leaders who will lead the revolution, but it is the proletariat, as represented in Frodo and Sam, who will actually bring it about.

It is important to note that Tolkien clearly states that the destruction of the ring marked the end of the old age and the beginning of the new. Also interesting is the total destruction of the orcs, who represent persons of bourgeois mentality.

One important lesson in particular Tolkien has for us. He relates how Boromir and others would have used the ring for their own purposes, with ultimately catastrophic effects. This clearly illustrates the danger of allowing ourselves to be lured by petty bourgeois reformism. Saruman is a typical example of the pseudo-revolutionary bourgeois reformist labor faker Tolkien is warning us against.

\*\*\*\*\*

The bound sacrificial victim watched in horror as the coven of twelve filed silently into the hall to stand facing the black-robed priest. He knew that the worshippers of Satan would feast on him that night.

"Didya hear? They found that that damn nigger Bobby Seale guilty."

"Praise the Lord! That makes me feel good all over. Pass the potatoes, will you?"

## THE ELECTRIC MEAD ACID TEST

Edmund passed the last of the fields. The road ended abruptly here, but he kept walking, on into the trees, disappearing from sight of the village and castle. Few ventured this way, for on the far side of the mountain lay the Land of Freak, inhabited, the tales told, by beings beyond the ken of mortals. Men who built no castles but lived in huts in the forest, who forged no metal but took it from the men of fortress and towns. Edmund thought on all the stories he had heard of them. They worked magic and knew the ways of the stars and spoke to each other with their minds. Wizards they were, and elves and sprites with unshorn locks, princes and princesses who danced and chanted.

Edmund was on the lower slopes of the mountains now. On the ridge he paused and looked back at the village. He could see a wisp of smoke rising from his father's forge where his father was presently making a coat of mail for one of the baron's warriors. From the highest tower of the baron's castle a flag hung limp in the air. Edmund's contemptuous gaze focused on it. An ancient flag, from the time before the Great War, when man and freak had not yet divided. Edmund spat. White stars in a field azure in the upper left corner of a field white and scarlet. Edmund was again climbing upward.

WRITE YOUR OWN SRSF STORY HERE: