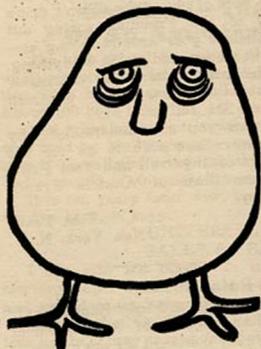


freethought criticism and satire



The Realist

October, 1958

35c

No. 3

John Francis Putnam's

MODEST PROPOSALS

A Plan For Surrender

A request for funds was made to Congress recently to implement a study on how to go about a "possible surrender" of the United States to a foreign power.

Journalistic war horses immediately began to whiny and snort. The Hearst papers plated forty columns of vehemence and called in their Sports Cartoonists to lend a little extra color to the editorial page. (When you want to get across the idea to *Journal-American* readers that *Uncle Sam* is no *QUITTER!*—it has to be done with a view from the bleachers.)

Congressmen went all out in a revel of true bipartisan indignation, and those Washington columnists who are largely syndicated in rural areas began dusting off such phrases as "irresponsible boondoggling" and "budgetary frills."

Since this dangerous idea has not gone beyond the proposal stage, no attempt has been made to blame and prosecute anybody and the project has been quietly dropped. It is distressing to think that we must abandon this serious investigation into the mechanics and protocol of a surrender. It is an adventurous and imaginative idea and quite in accord with any long view of history.

Therefore, in the interests of patriotism, history, and greater economy in government, the following Surrender Plan is offered, absolutely without cost, to the War Plans Division of the Department of Defense.

(Continued on Page 5)

CONTENTS

**A Calm Evaluation
Of the Relationship Between
Religion and Labor and Politics**

* * *

**Monologue by a Miss Rheingold
Loser**

* * *

**Baseball—The Decline
Of An American Religion**

* * *

**Taboo Or Not Taboo:
Censorship and 'Lolita'**

* * *

The Power of Prayer—If Any

* * *

**The Case Against
Nixon's Tax Holdupnik**

* * *

**baTtLE oF tHe upPer
anD loWeR caSe letTeRS**

* * *

Sex Education and the Status Quo
Is the Golden Rule Really Golden?

* * *

The Age Of Folly

Sir Realist:

Extra-Sensory Perception

I think your comments on ESP deserve comment. Naturally, 99% of what is passed off as ESP is BS. But I think that Rhine's book, *The Reach of the Mind*, deals with phenomena which cannot be explained by chance. After all, the brain is an electromagnetic device whose vibrations can be recorded on electroencephalographs. Perhaps other brains can receive vibrations with a small degree of efficiency.

Anyway, I'm not going mystic. I just feel that the door shouldn't be slammed on Rhine, although there are thousands of screwballs . . . the validity of Rhine's work would in no way give added comfort to the characters who are tuned in to Gawd . . .

Edd Doerr
Bogota, Colombia

Thinking Makes It So

I received a copy of your magazine today. I must ask that you do not send me any further copies. As you know, the United States is not a free country, and consequently I am not free to speak or even read, or be known to read anything but the self-worship Americans have grown to want above all else. I am very sorry.

Name Withheld
Boscobel, Wis.

Gremlins At The Printer

If the Realist keeps up the way it has started, it will fill a real need. But I do hope future issues will be better proof-read and freer of typographical errors!

Miriam Allen deFord
San Francisco, Calif.

On Sexregation

I just can't resist saying something about the brief commentary in issue #1 concerning the desegregation of washrooms. This little editorial had what I would call an ironic title. "Togetherness" is a word that has been coined in recent years to describe, among other things, the "sharing" between husband and wife of the household duties that were traditionally performed by the housewife alone, before she left the home and became economically independent, or partially so.

I am sure that "the" American washroom at the Brussels World Fair is not at all shared by both sexes. There is a separate washroom for males and a separate washroom for

females—separate but probably not equal, because women in our country are the master sex when it comes to special rights, privileges and considerations, including lounges in "powder rooms."

This is a situation that those who believe in Equality with a capital E are going to have to deal with in the future (if we have any) after the racial and national barriers to brotherhood have been broken down, as they will be eventually, for this abomination (if that is what you want to call the segregation of the sexes today in washrooms, armies and other public places) is practiced in every country in the world from America to, but probably not including, Zanzibar.

It is even practiced in the USSR, which boasts about sexual equality, but it is doubtful that women's washrooms in Russia are better furnished than men's . . .

Clement Droz
Scottsdale, Ariz.

It Represents A Mirror

Well, I have read two issues of the Realist. I would not spend the time to read another copy . . . I don't even like the looks of the front page except the word "Realist." That picture on the front page, whatever it represents, hurts my eyes.

Herman Welke
Gary, Indiana

Rats Of The World, Unite!

It was with very much interest that I read the item "How Would You Like To Get Away From It All?" (issue No. 2). As the present rat race gains momentum in the U. S. A., something of this sort enters the mind of all who value their freedom. I hope the movement materializes. It would be a pleasure to enter such a project . . .

P. C. Peterson
Webster, S. D.

Editor's note: The euphemism for rat race in psychological testing laboratories is "activity wheel."

Mind of Pease

Thanks for publishing my indignant fan mail. That California chap's comment tickled me . . . I know the type—the atheists with chips on their shoulders, and take it from me, they're worse than religionists. The man has given me an idea, though; I may compose a funeral service for freethinkers with a sense of humor, something like Dubedat's invocation of the great artists in Shaw's *Doctor's Dilemma*.

The gentleman totally missed the point. I was satirizing (in "Man Somewhat Freud-Happy," issue No. 1) the sort of chap who doesn't drink deeply of the Freudian spring but nevertheless goes around seeing sermons in stones, and sex in everything. Also he missed the really vulnerable point in the amoeba quatrain ("Shame On It!").

I guess you can understand why I've never been able to go for the writings of Ingersoll and Tom Paine but take those of Anatole France with joy.

Tom Pease
New York, N. Y.

But—But—But—

I have just read the "Educational" article on page 13 of the September Realist. My comment on the article is brief. Take my name off your mailing list and do it immediately.

Ross P. Upton
Thomaston, Conn.

Polly Wants A Polly

Speaking of realism, here is a story that is going the rounds at present . . .

Once upon a time there was a man who owned a parrot whose favorite saying was, "My name is Maizie, come up and see me sometime." One day a priest called and the parrot, true to form, looked sympathetically at the priest and said, "My name is Maizie, come up and see me sometime."

The owner, much embarrassed, apologized and said he wished he could cure the parrot of its impropriety.

"Well," said the priest, "I have two parrots at my house. They spend all their time saying prayers. Maybe they could teach your parrot something."

So it came to pass that the priest took the parrot and put it in the room with his own. No sooner had the parrot spied the other two when it said, "My name is Maizie, come up and see me sometime."

Whereupon one of the priest's parrots looked at the other and said, "Drop your beads, Joe, our prayers are answered."

Richard L. Mitchell
Chicago, Ill.

You Gotta Have Faith

I anticipate, things being the way they are, that the magazine will expire before my subscription does, but I'll take my chances.

Tom Lehrer
Cambridge, Mass.

EDITORIALS

Baseball—The Decline Of An American Religion

The high school I went to didn't have a baseball team of its own, but the local American Legion post, in conjunction with a local automobile dealer, sponsored a team. About 100 boys tried out, but I made it anyway.

And what a change it was from the sandlot teams I was used to. No longer, for example, did a game have to stop if three balls were lost at the same time. The coach had a couple of dozen—all brand new.

It is ten years later now, and I still have the uniform. On the back, it says:

UNIVERSAL CARS
SALES & SERVICE

I can still see myself in it, delivering the Sunday morning paper before the game each week, with my glove and spiked shoes hanging on the handlebars of my bike.

Anticipation. Fulfillment. Reflection. And then anticipation again. There was a feeling about that time that one just can't communicate. You either know it or you don't.

Baseball was my religion . . . though I could never remember the score.

Actually, baseball did have its origins in ancient religious ceremonies. Egyptians were swinging bats some 4,000 years ago as part of a religious rite in which the congregation opposed the priests.

An image of the sun-god Osiris, resembling a ball, was placed on a cart. Swinging their clubs or bats, the worshipers of Osiris would try to rush this image into the temple. A team of priests, armed with clubs the shape of a modern-day Louisville Slugger, defended the entrance.

A dramatic battle followed. The deeper the conviction, the harder the worshiper would strike. Though many a head would be split and bones bruised or broken in the effort, Osiris—god of agriculture and fertility—was always hailed as victor.

Sometimes, female virgins would join in the battles. If any of the maidens died of wounds suffered during the struggle, they were called false virgins. They were too dead to care, however. Carved into the tomb of Beni Hasan, which was built 2,000 B.C., are pictures of semi-nude women playing ball. (Last month, incidentally, semi-nude actress Gwen Verdon sought to replace the President as the one who throws out the first ball of the season.)

Religious ball games spread from the Egyptians to the Arabs and into the southern part of Europe by way of the invading Moors. Apostate Christians adopted the pagan ball practice in their Easter ceremony.

Historian Robert W. Henderson, in his book, *Ball, Bat and Bishop*, says that "the association of the pagan fertility ball-rite with the Easter festivals was deliberately fostered by the (Roman Catholic) Church, for its usual policy was to adapt to, or incorporate into its own ceremonies those pagan customs which it found too firmly established to be uprooted, or to be susceptible of adaptation."

There were no spitballs in those days. But as the game developed, so also did techniques—along with general technological progress. So that now it has been suggested that umpires carry a special solution which could chemically prove if a ball had saliva applied to it.

Now we are in a civilization that is in a hurry to

get nowhere fast. So that it has been suggested that a tube be built underground which would run from home plate to the pitching mound, and thru which balls would be returned—a la bowling alley—to the pitcher, who would already be in the windup of his next pitch with a different ball.

Now we are gradually eliminating human judgment from the scene. So that it has been suggested that fielders wear a certain type of spikes and runners another, with the bases electrically wired with bells; the contact of each set of spikes would set off a different sound, and there would be no doubt of whether a player was safe or out.

All we need now is an adjustable rectangular electric eye to call balls and strikes, and the umpires can then be relegated to doing handstands and somersaults between each half-inning so that the crowd won't be bored while the players are busy changing their shoes—unless some smart inventor comes up with alternating retractable spikes; that would please the time-savers, too.

The season is now upon us. Sentimental disc jockeys are playing *Autumn Leaves*, kids are back in school (with the kind permission of their respective Governors), the winter-replacement television programs are returning, the fall atom bomb tests are underway, and the World Series is a topic of conversation among barbers, bookies, and bored businessmen.

Baseball in this country has followed the course of the religious heritage from which it sprang. It has become Big Business.

Contestants on TV quiz shows of the future will not only have to know the lineups of such-and-such a team. They'll also have to reel off the members of the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department. Not only the statistics of a particular pennant race, but also a blow-by-blow description of the battle over whether broadcasts into minor league "territory" should be permitted to be forbidden.

Kids who stay indoors and play Monopoly will no longer be jeered at as non-athletes. For they might well be deep in preparation for a career in the sports field.

It was all summed up rather neatly recently in a comic strip called *Junior Grade*. A little boy was standing around with his baseball and glove. He had posted a sign on a tree, reading:

CATCH PLAYED
5c HALF HOUR

In what was perhaps an anti-climactic statement, another little boy (wearing that eternal symbol of the egghead—a pair of glasses) walked by and commented, "The world is getting too commercial."

So there I was, reminiscing about my old baseball-playing days. (The advertising on the back of my uniform seems now to have been an omen of sorts.) It had been the dream of some of my teammates to play major league ball. Writing in *American Scholar*, Roger Kahn (sports editor of *Newsweek*) had this to say about that dream:

" . . . the tragedy (of major league baseball) . . . is the tragedy of fulfillment . . . life remains distressingly short of ideal. A bad knee still throbs before a rainstorm. Too much beer still makes for an unpleasant fullness. Girls still insist on tiresome preliminaries. And now there is a wife who gets headaches or a baby who has colic.

"No, despite the autograph hunters, things are a very long way from ideal. In retrospect, they may have been better years ago, when the dream was happily simple and vague. Among the twenty-five youngish men of a ball club who individually shared a common dream which

now has come to be fulfilled, cynicism and disillusion are common as grass . . .

"For most men the business of shifting and reworking dreams comes late in life, when there are older children upon whose unwilling shoulders the tired dreams may be deposited. It is a harsh, jarring thing to have to shift dreams at thirty . . . (Major league baseball) cost four hundred men their dreams."

But there are still kids who have the dream. Only now, during telecasts of big league games, the dream is actually being peddled to them, when once it would have somehow seemed sacrilegious to do so. Says the announcer—and methinks the gentleman doth protest too much—"It's fun with a future!"

I am waiting for the day when there will be Released Time from the public schools, so that pupils — rather than remaining in class as the only alternative — will don their gray-flannel baseball uniforms and attend Little League practice rituals each Wednesday afternoon.

Sex Education & The Status Quo

In last month's *Realist*, there was an article entitled, "Sex Education for the Modern Catholic Child." It was intended as a satirical criticism of the basic premise on which the "immorality" of artificial birth control rests.

We received a letter from one of our staff writers, Harold Fowler. He suggested that we "please mark a big black X" on that article.

"Those are subjects," he continued, "which it should be the effort of every discerning parent to keep beautiful. We for instance, have informed our 11 and 13 year olds, not just once, but continually, and we realize the gutter treatment is apt to be just around the corner fighting against us.

"I'll bet a beer you get more bad comment about this than anything else. I'll admit the satirist has to go overboard sometimes to make his point of bringing people up fighting, but the line between this and crude vulgarity is apt to be thin and should be trodden cautiously."

Expecting several cancellations as a result of the article, we received only one—which proves absolutely nothing except that since we got more complaints about "The Delusion of Extra-Sensory Perception" than about the "Sex Education" article, we therefore win the bet. Too bad we don't drink, or we'd ask Mr. Fowler to mail the beer to us from Indiana.

Both humor and offensiveness are—without a single exception—subjective qualities, so that there is no point in discussing the article itself. However, we must take issue with the all-too-prevalent notion that children need to be "protected" from reality.

It was most likely some such twisted notion which motivated a number of irate parents in Midland Park, New Jersey last month to protest the presence of a 16-year-old girl in high school, and her participation in extra-curricular activities. The reason: she is married.

It seems obvious that they were really disturbed because their children would be associating with a contemporary who participated—perish the thought—in extra-curricular activities. It was only right that they should want to deprive her of an education.

It would have been poetic justice if all these parents had defiantly kept their own children home from school—only to have them witness the afternoon television show in which Joyce Brothers, refugee from an isolation booth, referred to a letter from a wife whose husband was a victim of premature ejaculation. That is, she was a victim.

Dr. Brothers advised the viewer to tell her husband

to concentrate on his income tax in order to forestall his orgasm.

But what is perhaps the ultimate in delicious irony, lies in this situation: the same parents who objected, privately or publicly, to the hip-action of various rock 'n roll singers—are now buying plastic hoops by the millions for their children, and standing proudly by as they watch the tots go thru motions suggestive enough to make Elvis Presley himself blush with embarrassment.

Even the experts are not above projecting their own shame-psychology onto youngsters. Take *Facts of Life for Children*—published by the Child Study Association of America.

"A child may ask," says the book, "to 'see the place where I came out.' This may sound like natural curiosity, but most parents will realize that it would be unwise to satisfy the wish. You can simply say you'd rather not, but will tell him whatever he wants to know. Aside from upsetting the child unnecessarily, it would be an invasion of your personal privacy."

(They don't say why it would upset the child. Nor do they say that it could be upsetting not to satisfy his natural curiosity, thereby creating an unnatural curiosity.)

In regard to petting, they say that "the older teenager is faced with two unhappy choices. Either he must bring his urges to a highly unsatisfactory halt, or he must continue on to intercourse which carries risk and a burden of guilt."

(The truth is, of course, that there is also a third, happy choice: petting to mutual, highly satisfactory climaxes. As for intercourse, the "risk" can be 100% safely avoided; the "guilt" is, again, a slight case of projection.)

The reason the book gives for intercourse being "best reserved for marriage" is this: "We are all members of a society. As such, we must try to work within the framework of behavior the society has chosen for itself."

(In other words, the status quo. If there is anything wrong with society, it is the refusal of its members to admit that there is anything wrong with society.)

The Two Faces Of Realism

An editorial in the *New York Times* of August 17th claimed that "free men cannot tolerate even the thought of surrender of their freedom."

But if that is true, asks C. Roland Wagner, of the Department of Philosophy at the University of Delaware, "haven't we given up some of our freedom?"

"Are we not blinding ourselves to one segment of the truth? It seems to me we will preserve our freedom longer if we recognize that under certain extreme situations it may be necessary to surrender it.

"Free men prepare for all possible eventualities, even the loss of freedom. Dictatorships cannot afford such thoughts. Apparently the United States Senate (except for two courageous men) cannot afford such thoughts either."

In this issue of the *Realist*, there are two faces of the possible reality to which Professor Wagner admits. "Survival" discusses a hypothetical plan for surrender in all seriousness. "Modest Proposals" does so satirically.

Curiously enough, you may find yourself smiling at the serious article, simply because it is so ridiculously true. By the same token, you may find yourself nodding in earnest at the satirical article.

For, the line between tragedy and comedy often fades away in the light of free perspective.

Which somehow brings to mind the recent news items about a man who literally died laughing. At his mother's funeral.

William & Helen McCarthy

As stated in the box on this page, the *Realist* is dedicated to William and Helen McCarthy—a husband-and-wife team who have long fought the good fight for freedom of thought.

This magazine could not have been launched without their help. They supplied us, not with money, but with people—a list of a few thousand persons who had subscribed to a magazine the McCarthys had started twelve years ago.

We sent out a mailing, inviting them to become charter subscribers to the *Realist*. If you get a 2% return on mail-order advertising, you're doing okay. We got back 20%, and they're still coming in.

Moreover, we offered a full refund of the subscription price to anyone who was dissatisfied with the first issue. We received only one such request.

The McCarthys are retiring from active service now. We visited them at home recently, and while we were there, a bouquet of flowers arrived. They were for Helen, from the principal of the school where she had taught up until this past summer. The card read, "Thinking of you." This gesture, in the midst of all the hurly-burly that accompanies the first day of the term.

As for William McCarthy, he kept asking when the next issue of the *Realist* would be out. It doesn't much

Modest Proposals (Continued From Cover)

First there is the semantic problem: that word SURRENDER. Like *masturbation* and *whiskey priest* it has to disappear from public utterance, and something quiet and eloquent must take its place. We suggest the word ADJUSTMENT. Americans, as is well known, are constantly adjusting themselves to everything from environment to posture chairs—and besides, the word adjustment has comfortable chiropractic overtones. With our big, rich nation suddenly forced to throw in the sponge, it becomes a matter of "now or never" with that old backbone!

The "adjustment" ceremony and proceedings should be in good taste, even if it no longer is expected of us. We must maintain a Jeffersonian simplicity at all costs and see to it that it evolves as a strictly *civilian* affair. Everybody on our side will show up in slacks and sports shirts. (No ties.) We'll work to achieve that relaxed, back-yard-cook-out kind of informality that's never failed to win us friends. If we play our cards right, this can be the first surrender between two major powers to be conducted on a "first name basis."

Location of the Adjustment Meeting is very important. It should not only offer all possible amenities, but it also ought to be spacious enough to house a provisional U. S. Government once the ceremonies are over. White Sulphur Springs would be ideal. The supply of good Bourbon is ample, and the location is remote enough to establish the validity of an Administration which, due to the new imperatives, would be much less accountable to popular will than any previous ones.

A sword is usually offered up to the successful opponent as a part of the ritual of surrender. In this case, an Honor Scout might give up his six blade "official" knife on behalf of the United States of America. Show us the Field Marshal with kids of his own who would ever dream of keeping that knife. His impulsive return of the six-bladed to the big-eyed boy scout would do more for reconciliation among nations than a mass repatriation of enemy-held prisoners.



PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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matter that he was looking forward specifically to the *Realist*. What does matter is that he looks forward to something. This attitude is a 'secret' of happy living that has been buried under materialistic and other superficial values by many younger men and women.

Mac celebrated his 92nd birthday this month.

As for the activation of the ceremony itself, a Joint Staging Committee from the major television networks would put through a crash program to "showcase" the event, complete with background choral group, ballet, and an augmented symphony orchestra. The actual event must be timed so that television coverage will reach the entire country at once, regardless of time-lapse: for, a repeat performance for the West Coast might well cause an exasperated enemy delegation to impose more stringent terms on the second go-round.

The production and artistic staff of the TV Spectacular—entitled *Make The Best Of It, U. S. A.!*—would be wise to forego the usual list of credits. Identification with this show is bound, in years to come, to land them in the files of some future equivalent of the Attorney General's List.

Practical thinking would of course present the entire event on a closed-circuit pay-TV basis with the proceeds contributed as a first installment on our War Reparations Bill.

The choice of suitable delegates to the Adjustment Meeting will be a delicate matter. They must be persons of real stature totally divorced from politics—persons who could later on survive the taint and stink of having been in on the "give up!" Figures identified with Sports but not necessarily athletes, like Dan Topping; men identified with the entertainment world but not necessarily actors, like Jerry Geisler; champions of religion without official clerical status, like Godfrey P. Schmidt. In short, "CELEBRITY"—as truly representing the New American Virtue—should confront (and perhaps even dazzle) our opponents across the green baize-covered table.

In any event, if our America is brought to this melancholy pass, we can always draw upon our cultural heritage for strength and wisdom, remembering that it is really we who are the good guys, cheerful even when the ammo runs out, and having faith that forever and ever, just over the rim of the hill, some epic troop of cavalry is waiting for the cue so we can say at the end, "Golly, fellows, we thought you'd never get here!"

So Goes The Nation?

a calm evaluation of the relationship between religion and labor and politics

By William D. Yeager

"As Maine goes, so goes the Nation." That is what the winners in Maine's early elections usually contend. The losers usually reply—accurately—that the barometer is not entirely consistent.

Last month, Democratic Governor Edmund Sixtus Muskie, 44-year-old son of an immigrant Polish tailor, ran for the United States Senate against incumbent Republican Frederick G. Payne. His victory was accepted even by Republicans as a bad omen for their party. President Eisenhower felt that "the Republican party took a beating and there is no use disguising it." Democratic Congressional gains may be expected in November of this year; and in the absence of a distinct economic upturn, the prospects are for a Democratic President in 1960.

Formerly in Maine, the Republican nomination was "tantamount to election," much like the Democratic nomination in Southern states. But Muskie won a tremendous majority and carried in with him the Democratic candidate to succeed him in the Governor's chair. He also carried into Congress James C. Oliver, a former political ally of Radio Priest Charles E. Coughlin. Democrats now have a majority of the Maine delegation.

The Maine Event

The Maine elections may mean much more than the election of another Democratic President, however. They may also portend the election of our first Catholic President. It will probably not be Senator-Elect Muskie. It may not even be Senator Kennedy, who has subjected himself to many pot-shots by starting his campaign too soon. But there are others in the running who are Catholics and any one of them might possibly win the nomination. Whoever gets it will have a good chance of being elected.

Those who anticipate such a result understand the Democratic party as an alliance of rather diverse forces, which has been shaped largely during the last generation. When Al Smith first seriously sought the Democratic nomination in 1924, under the campaign management of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the party's principal reliance was on the Southern political machines, plus spasmodic support from Western progressives, plus very little, if any, support from the industrial North and East.

In that convention, Williams Gibbs McAdoo and Al Smith came to a stalemate in their battle for the nomina-

tion. After 80 or 90 futile ballots, Hollins Randolph, great grandson of Jefferson, rose to point out that McAdoo was the overwhelming choice of delegates from all those states that could be relied on with any certainty to be in the Democratic column. Smith's cabal consisted almost entirely of delegates from states where Democrats seldom if ever won national elections.

Defeated By Prejudice

Why, Randolph asked, should these delegates from "Republican" states dictate the decision, even within the Democratic Party? His appeal was reasonable, but it was rejected by the

A Slight Exaggeration

This is to disclaim the rumor, started a couple of years ago by some scurrilous scoundrel, to the effect that Senator John F. Kennedy, upon learning that he would not be an occupant of the White House, sent a one-word telegram to the Pope: UNPACK!

Smith forces, and finally a compromise was reached on John W. Davis, who went down to inglorious defeat. In 1928, Smith was given the nomination so that he might learn from experience that the country was not yet ready for a Catholic son of the sidewalks of New York.

This is the situation in the Party that has now been so completely altered. It happened when President Roosevelt transformed the Democratic Party from a minority to a majority. He did this by his alliance with (a) Northern city machines and (b) the political representatives of the mushrooming labor movement.

The Southern machines on which the Party had previously relied were predominantly Protestant and even beholden to some extent to the political parsons. It so happens that the new allies, for good or for bad, are largely dominated by the Roman Catholic Church.

Why?

With regard to the big city machines, it is because from the beginning the bosses have shared with the priests the task of "taking care of" the immigrant, confused and sometimes victimized by his new sur-

roundings. The priest and the boss always cooperated. If they didn't, then a new boss was installed.

The New Alliance

The same eventually became true of organized labor. For many years there was a struggle between the Socialists and the Catholics for the "soul" of the American Labor movement. That struggle is over. Now, Monsignor George Higgins, representing the Bishops, can be labelled by *Fortune* magazine as one of the most influential men in Labor.

The influence of Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas is vestigial and largely sentimental. President George Meany has been given awards by his Church for his devotion to the quasi-Fascist principles of the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. Even regarding Lutheran Walter Reuther, Father Higgins can say that his economic pronouncements "could have been written by a Roman Catholic priest." Very possibly they are.

So it wasn't the Pope that got Muskie elected in Maine. Rather, it was the "COPE." More than anything else, the doorbell ringing and propaganda of the Committee on Political Education of the AFL-CIO was responsible for his victory.

Sherman Adams notwithstanding.

The Same Forces

This is the same force, along with allied political machines above mentioned, now somewhat more "respectable," that will almost undoubtedly call for the nomination of a Roman Catholic in 1960's Presidential campaign.

And no descendant of Jefferson can then taunt the northern delegates with the charge that they don't carry their own states. Muskie has carried Maine. No Republican state is now safe from the Democrats. When the Democrats of these Catholic states can carry them in the national election, they can also nominate and elect a Catholic President.

As a matter of fact, it is doubtful that any such Jeffersonians would arise in the 1960 convention. It was the Southerners more than any one else who flocked to Kennedy's banner in 1956 and almost gave him the Vice-Presidential nomination.

If any important group of non-Catholics in or outside of the Democratic Party contends that the mere accident of birth as a Roman Catholic should bar a man from the Presidency, that group is about to be overruled. This was the principle upon which the Ku Klux Klan operated. It won once. It cannot win again, Nor, of course, should it.

The Real Issue

But, between thinking non-Catholics on the one hand and thinking Catho-

lies (i.e., the Roman Catholic hierarchy) on the other, that is not the issue. The question for a candidate is not just, "Are you a Catholic?"—rather, the question for a Catholic candidate is, "Do you respect the Pope's claim that he may dictate your moral views and therefore most of your political judgments?"

Such non-Catholics would like to ask Catholic candidates a polite question or two. They want to determine whether—in spite of his Church's dogma—the candidate maintains his own personal right of moral judgment; whether, granting the preachers the right to *exhort*, he nevertheless denies them the right to *command*. Is he the proprietor of his own conscience?

Americans want to elect a President who can honestly claim to "wear no man's collar."

Such a question was asked of Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan (Catholic) by Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney (also Catholic). Brennan ringingly denied the supremacy of the Pope and affirmed the supremacy of his oath of office. Al Smith did something very much like that. Even Senator Kennedy has declared his independence. And Eugene McCarthy, top intellectual in Catholic political ranks, made a similar renunciation recently (see article in *Realist* #1, "Heresy on TV").

Occupational Disease

Thinking non-Catholics will probably vote for any Catholic otherwise acceptable who gives the right answers to such polite and relevant questions. Prejudiced non-Catholics, on the other hand, may say that the disclaimers are lies, that the candidates are hypocrites. But to this writer it seems that hypocrisy is a universal occupational disease of successful politicians.

Politicians of any faith can be, in effect, secretly subordinate to the hierarchy. Many devout Protestant Senators are. And the Pope's infallibility and supremacy are, in the United States, more theoretical than real. But it is still a dangerous theory. Catholics should be required—by voters—to renounce their dual allegiance before they are elected to any office.

Assuming then that Catholics can give democratic answers to democratic questions, this writer would not consider catastrophic the election from among them of a President. The contention of Catholics that mere formal membership in their Church—so often really involuntary—should

Apostles Of Disunion?

Attorney Godfrey P. Schmidt, federally-appointed "monitor" of the Teamsters Union, last month received the Archbishop Noll Award for "outstanding leadership of the lay Apostolate" of the Roman Catholic Church. But Teamster President James R. Hoffa told the Senate "Rackets" Committee that "a motion is going to be filed to remove [Schmidt] for conflict of interests." Schmidt represents "rank and file" teamsters who are suing for Hoffa's removal.

The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists bitterly opposes Hoffa before the Senate Committee of which Bob Kennedy (brother of Senator John) is counsel. The Association represents what Msgr. George G. Higgins, the Hierarchy's labor man, calls the "beneficial influence of the Church in labor relations." But some fear sectarian domination within union ranks, or even the possibility of Church-controlled "confessional unions" such as Catholics maintain in Europe.

Labor leaders condemn these as dual unionism, which weakens Labor as a whole, but Father Higgins says that "it is the essence of Democracy to permit if not to encourage a plurality of voluntary associations in the economic as well as in other areas of life."

not disqualify them from office seems to be sound.

Ask Me No Questions

But now there is another suggestion—potentially much more dangerous, and basically undemocratic. It is the concept that Catholic candidates should not even be questioned about their religio-political views. Such questions themselves are apt to be called "bigoted."

This is the same brush with which the hierarchy has tried to tar POAU (Protendants and Other Americans United for the Separation of Church and State). Senator Kennedy first raised the point when questioned by that group. He said that such questions were a violation of the "sixth Amendment." What he really meant was the Sixth Article of the Constitution, which forbids religious tests for office.

It is ridiculous, of course, for him to imply that it forbids voters to ask questions and to withhold their votes if not satisfied with the replies.

But now an organization, purportedly non-denominational, seems to be raising a similar issue. It is a group called the Committee for Fair Campaign Practices.

At each election it asks candidates to sign a pledge that they will not appeal to "prejudice based on race, creed or national origin." Such a pledge is not only unobjectionable; it is definitely desirable. But now the Committee's chairman, Charles Taft, has called a secret meeting of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish leaders to "consider the integrity of questions that could be put to Roman Catholic candidates for political office."

Integrity Is Controversial

"Integrity" is a queer word to use here. It is not clear what is meant.

But there are certain groups, led by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, that seek to suppress all religious controversy, however wholesome. They have always treated POAU as a bunch of Klansmen, and these secret sessions may be in pursuance of that end. Or they may be for the general purpose of discouraging questions to Catholic candidates about their allegiance to the Pope.

It is interesting to note that the Director of the Committee is an Episcopalian lay leader although his father, William Howard Taft, was a Unitarian. The clergymen on his Committee consist of the Catholic Archbishop of Boston, the presiding Bishop of the Episcopalian Church, and a Jewish Rabbi. All of them have close relations with foreign theocracies. The committee would gain by the addition of some Baptists, or members of other American creeds of a more democratic stripe.

A witness in a court case is entitled to "take the Fifth Amendment" and refuse to answer questions that might tend to incriminate him. If he does, the judge has no right to assume that he is guilty of some crime. Candidates for office are not entitled to such protection. If they are questioned about their loyalty to the Pope and their loyalty to the nation, and if they refuse to answer, the voter has a right to infer the worst and to vote against them.

But if the Catholic candidate gives proper answers, then his nominal Catholicism should not be held against him any more than Stevenson's nominal Unitarianism or Eisenhower's nominal Presbyterianism should have been counted against them.

Taboo Or Not Taboo

By Arnold Bruce Levy

Very paradoxically, while the President was signing two bills this month designed to crack down on the transporting and mailing of "obscene" materials, presses were working overtime filling back orders on Vladimir Nabokov's "pornographic" novel, *Lolita*.

This admittedly sensuous book of fiction, both acclaimed and damned by the critics—depending on which paper you read—is fated to make both publishing and censorship history. *Lolita* is one of only two books in the twentieth century with a pre-publication standing order of one hundred thousand copies—the other book in the charmed circle being *Gone With the Wind* way back in 1936.

Even more strange paradox creeps into l'affaire *Lolita* with the startling news that the French government is currently banning and suppressing it while G. P. Putnam, a publishing house long associated with innocuous material, is freely turning out copies as fast as the presses can, here in the United States.

Most ironically, Nabokov's novel was the baby of a Paris publisher of erotica, Olympia Press. Prior to the French banning of the torrid tome, the United States Customs Service, an old maid agency that wouldn't admit a copy of Aristophanes' classic *Lysistrata*, without a fight, surprisingly gave Olympia Press' *Lolita* a clean bill of health.

This, incidentally, is probably the first Olympia Press book so admitted. Olympia does a rushing business in banned books, catering in the most part to American tourists who feel that their trip to Paris wouldn't be complete without a naughty book or two to smuggle home. It is amusing to note that printed on all Olympia Press books is the pious legend, "This book cannot be imported into the United States or England." Of course, they almost always are.

Although the author, Vladimir Nabokov, a full Professor of English at California's Stanford University, was at first virtually unknown to the public at large, *Lolita*

has become a lip-smacking topic of *sotto voce* conversation—thanks to the Cincinnati Public Library and other hotheaded blue-noses who piously try to stamp it out in a purpose-defeating wave of publicity. And so another "sensational" best-seller is born.

Looking back, a case in point is the book *Strange Fruit*, a serious and unsensational novel of the mid-1940's by Lillian Smith. It was suddenly catapulted into the best-seller lists when one eagle-eyed, straight-laced stalwart of the anti-sex Watch and Ward Society of Boston chanced upon one lone single Anglo-Saxon word that Miss Smith had the audacity to spell out in full. The "banned in Boston" tag sent it through edition after edition. As a result of all the publicity and hullabaloo, now even a decade-and-a-half later, *Strange Fruit* is still surrounded by the aura of sex, although few people can pinpoint what all the shouting was about.

Coming back to the stern "anti-smut" bills that were railroaded through Congress and onto the President's desk, the eggs were laid in the Post Office Department and hatched by religious leaders (see "Interdenominational Snoop-hounds" in issue # 1).

The wily Post Office smut-hounds, unable to get convictions on mail-order pin-up picture sellers in New York and California (points of mailing) because of "sophisticated" juries and lenient courts, hit upon the dodge of prosecution at point of delivery.

The implications of the bills are frightening. Literally overnight, the legal standards of criminal obscenity have been pegged down to the very lowest common denominator—the standards of any puritanic community that the Post Office department and Government attorneys may deliberately choose that will insure them a hands-down conviction with a decoy order.

Not being able to see the forest for the trees, the Post Office in its eagerness to stamp out nasty picture and book-sellers, has seemingly very flagrantly violated the Constitution of the United States (Article I and IV of the Bill of Rights). Constitutional lawyers expect both bills to be struck down sooner or later by the United States Supreme Court. The sooner, the better.

An Anthropological Report

The Age of Folly

By Val Shore

The era in which the intellectual elite of North America were chiefly engaged in eliminating rational behavior from all spheres of man's activity and reconstructing his institutions according to irrational schemes is known as the "Age of Folly" or the "Obfuscation."

Perhaps the most spectacular achievement of the Obfuscation was the mass production of horrendous nuclear weapons, to whose development the most brilliant scientific minds of the time, the very flower of the age, were dedicated.

The perfection of these ingenious devices required an endless series of costly tests, regrettably damaging to the atmosphere and food supply. But the general population was reassured to hear that such implements of annihilation were tried out only in order to save lives. And in any event liberty was at stake—only by poisoning the air could men ever

hope to breathe freely.

The great thinkers of the day (called the "Obscurantists") advanced the doctrine that in order to safeguard higher values it might be necessary to demolish civilization and destroy humanity, not to mention the calculated risk of blowing up the planet itself.

Undermined by such a collapse of human reason most men were relieved to turn over responsibility to unchallenged authority; in politics the attitude was known as "Bi-partisanship." Newspaper sales fell, and the polls were almost deserted on election day. The famous Acquiescence

Theory of Government implicit in all this was defended on the ground that vital decisions should be shielded against the hazards of democratic controversy.

In psychology a major victory for irrationalism was the reform of standards of mental health; the better the accommodation to an increasingly lunatic society, the sounder the individual, and all forms of recalcitrant behavior were judged against this criterion.

Each year for use in psychotherapy millions of packages were sold of
(Continued on Page 14)

Contributions

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The Case Against Nixon's Tax Holdupnik

By Harry Kursh

Although some of us one-hundred-per-cent, fully passported Americans may hate to admit it, there is no doubt that the word *sputnik* has become a part of our everyday language, completely acceptable for freshman compositions, newspaper headlines, and political name-calling. I hate to sound unAmerican but I'm glad, because *nik*, as a suffix, is an extremely convenient tag to hang at the end of an otherwise unsullied Anglo-Saxon word. One good *nik* could easily be worth a thousand different words.

In my golden days on the lower East Side of New York, we often combined words with *nik* in order to convey trenchant observations or characterizations that were simple, direct, unmistakable, and more than adequate. Anyone who was good at tossing around a *nik* or two in his everyday language could be devastating and charming and unerringly articulate all at once.

A philologist equipped with an educated sense of humor—meaning prolix subtleties made palatable by one's detached attitude toward an audience of simulated eggheads—could probably write an expensive and successful essay for the *New Yorker* explaining the origin and evolution of *nik* as a lower East Side contribution to modern language.

But I'm confident he would miss the flavor of the how-to technique, that is, how to make a good word combination with *nik*. The technique is easy. Use any word that is simple and easily understood by itself but which, by itself, is not entirely adequate or colorful enough. You would not, for instance, say something like, "He's a jerknik." Jerk is simple and easily understood but it is sufficiently colorful. Jerknik is merely gilding the lily.

However, let's say you want to describe someone who is mean and selfish and vengeful. He's untrustworthy, shiftless, opportunistic, larcenous, licentious, immoral, amoral, and otherwise a walking thesaurus of reprehensibility. You could call him a son-of-a-bitch. But then you'd run the risk of sounding insulting and vulgar, to say nothing of being rather mundane and trite, and perhaps inarticulate. On the lower East Side you would have said, "He's a nogoodnik." No further explanation would have been needed. Since we all know what's truly good in man, we know a nogoodnik is just plain no good in every sense of the word and according to every moral code known to man.

All of which, by way of circumlo-

cutation, brings me to Vice-President Nixon's scheme to "promote maximum business growth" by shifting the burdens of taxation.

Nixon is no careless twister of phrases, not when an apartment in the White House is at stake. He's the kind of man who could make a dish of creamed chipped-beef-on-toast sound like a delicious potatonik served hot, crispy and golden brown off an Orchard Street pushcart.

Last month, when recession was still Republican for bustnik, and when a nogoodnik was a Democrat elected in Maine, Nixon launched himself as an allrightnik for potential Presidential timber in a Boston speech calling for an end to all sorts of old-fashioned taxes. Unfortunately, the speech was shoved off the front pages by a bunch of nogoodniks trying to settle the ownership of a

couple of islands off the China mainland.

But between now and November, 1960, we're apt to hear a great deal more about Nixon's new approach to the philosophy of putting the bite on taxpayers. He believes the time has come for radical reductions in the "almost confiscatory" personal tax, sometimes called income tax or the taxnik. Cut? Sounds good.

He believes we should slash the tax on a new car by more than 80 per cent. Example: Instead of paying a \$200 tax on a \$2,000 buggy out of Detroit, you and I would only pay \$30. Save on your next new car? Sounds good.

He believes there should be a substantial slash in the high rate (52 per cent) of taxation on corporation profits. Nearly 20,000,000 Americans own stocks in listed and over-the-counter corporations. A good stockholder knows the meaning of dividends after taxes. A larger yield on money invested? Sounds good.

It would be unfair to say that this is all there is to Mr. Nixon's ideas on taxation. For there is much more, dealing with some rather complicated schemes, such as providing for "more liberal treatment of depreciation for business taxation purposes"—meaning, essentially, that business will pay less to Uncle Sam and have more money left over for more dividends, or, as Mr. Nixon hopes, for reinvestment which will "promote maximum business growth." Growth? Either way—more money, more jobs— it

Danish Pastry & Chinese Fortune Cookies

THERE IS an old joke which, briefly, goes something like this:

It seems that this young man had to break the news to his Catholic parents that he was going to marry a Protestant. To his surprise, they displayed no emotion whatsoever. "Don't you understand?" he asked in disbelief—"I said I'm going to marry a girl who's a Protestant." Now the parents suddenly became very angry. "Why didn't you get excited when I told you the first time?" asked the son.

"We thought you said Prostitute!" Of course, Protestants would be justifiably insulted by such a play on words. As a matter of fact, Danish Lutheran leaders even protested recently against a court ruling that whores must pay taxes on their earnings. They said it was an acceptance of prostitution. They seem to prefer that the earnings of prostitutes, like

those of preachers, continue exempt from taxation.

But last month, from Taiwan, where famed puppeteer Chiang Kai-shek maintains his fortress, there came reports (a) of the tremendous increase in the membership of the Roman Catholic Church, and (b) of demands by the Coordinating Council of Voluntary Relief Agencies that Christian churches help wipe out the "foster daughter" practice.

Hundreds of thousands of unwanted female children are sold by their parents and "adopted" by their purchasers for work in coal mines and brothels.

If an American serviceman now stationed at the Chinese version of Staten Island were to tell the aforementioned joke to one of his buddies, he would be close to the truth, thematically as well as geographically.

sounds good.

Now we're back to where we started, *sputnik*. The Boston speech on taxes is Nixon's *sputnik*, a dazzling display of political technology, a masterpiece designed to orbit above a nation of voters for the next two years. Meanwhile, all the beep-beep-beeps of his tax *sputnik* undoubtedly will be continually amplified and brought down to earthbound voters through a series of speeches designed to keep our eyes glued to the Nixon name in the 1960 voting booth.

But there is one thing wrong with Nixon's tax *sputnik*. I think he takes us all for a bunch of goofniks.

It costs money to make nuclear bombs.

It costs money to keep a ring of strategic Air Force bases around Russia.

It costs money to keep Chiang Kai-shek feeling nice and cozy with the Seventh Fleet cruising 24-hours-a-day in his little pond off Formosa.

It costs money to win oil fields and influence kings and sultans and pashas in the Middle East.

It costs money to keep Latin Americans from throwing rocks at visiting American Vice-Presidents.

Whether wisely or wrongly spent, we're spending it and there is no relief in sight. Any scheme to alter the tax structure so that some groups pay less than others will surely mean a shift in the tax burden, and I'm afraid, according to Mr. Nixon's ideas, that the burden will be spread amongst all of us by means of more and more sales taxes.

At this point one might use the cliché that Mr. Nixon's tax philosophy would have Uncle Sam rob Peter to pay Paul. But we're not expected to feel the pinch, since there are millions of us *Peterniks* for every plush *Paulnik*.

In my own peculiar language I would say that this makes more than a robber out of Uncle Sam; it makes him a holdupnik. A robber would be an honest crook, one who approaches his occupation with professional aplomb and never steals from unworthy sources. But a holdupnik will steal the shirt off your back while shaking your hand. He'll con you out of your gold teeth, talk you into bankruptcy, sell you a cancer cure for the price of cough medicine, or convince you that a quick nuclear war is cheaper than putting out a brushfire.

I'm against holdupniks. If we can't call a tax a tax, if we can't run a government without being a holdupnik, let's move back to the caves, or turn our backs on nogoodniks who fire *sputniks* to disguise holdupniks.

baTtLE of the upPer and loWeR caSe letTeRS

BY reGinaLd dUnsaNy

In the short and breathless intervals between their fulminations for and against the atom bomb, the Marine landings in Lebanon, and the vicuna coat of Sherman Adams, members of the Congress that recently adjourned also had to fight a running battle against Godless Communism on what might seem to some a minor front. They had to overcome a subversive plot to exclude God from the Star Spangled Banner.

The plot was to change from a capital letter to one of the lower case, the initial "P" in the word "Power." This word appears in the line which reads "Praise the Power that has made and preserved us a nation." the change would have suggested that the power or Power referred to was human and not divine.

Communist Tactics

Manipulation of the alphabet is an old Communist or communist tactic. A few months ago, officials of Czechoslovakia decreed that names of religious organizations and holidays should be spelled with lower case initial letters. From now on, then, in that proud nation, it must be the "christian religion, the protestant churches, the roman catholic church, christmas, easter, yom kippur," etc.

There has been no official guidance yet as to how the comrades shall refer to the people's republic of czechoslovakia or to its president, antonin novotny.

The A(a)theist politicians in the Iron Curtain countries have not yet decreed the decapitation of Christians but they have carried their drive for the decapitalization of religious words to our very shores. It was in 1957 that Congressman Joel T. Broyhill of Virginia first introduced his bill to "adopt a specific version of the Star Spangled Banner as the national anthem of the United States of America." Broyhill may or may not have been conscious of the fact that he was acting as a Communist agent . . .

Friends of the innocent-sounding bill, including leaders of the musical profession, said that our anthem might be all right if people could only sing it. They urged the lowering of some notes so that men could sing them even after their voices had changed. And they suggested the raising of other notes so that the ladies and children could join in the chorus. The bill also would have provided a single standard version of a song for which no less than 171 musical arrangements copyrights have been issued.

Standing Committee

The bill did not come up for hearing until this summer. The testimony

before the House Judiciary subcommittee was more sprightly than what is usually heard in those solemn precincts. This was partly because of the musical interpolations. Several recordings of various versions of the tune were played. Some singers appeared in person to perform the "number." At one point the chairman suggested that the session be adjourned "to the river or to some auditorium where we wouldn't make a circus out of this hearing." Finally he agreed to proceed with the show but cautioned, "The gentleman will please tone it down."

Lucy Monroe, the lark of the Democratic National Convention, said that "I specialize in singing the Star Spangled Banner, having done so five thousand [repeat, five thousand] times at baseball games, public events, government functions, in every state of the Union, all over Canada, and all around the world including Korea, Formosa, Okinawa and Japan.

"In my opinion," continued Miss Monroe in dulcet tones, "to alter the poem would be unthinkable since it is a part of our tradition and history. But there can be no denying that the melody of the old English tune is difficult for an untrained voice." Since the constituencies of the Congressmen are made up largely of people whose voices are, to put it mildly, untrained, it seemed suitable that they, like home industry, should receive some federal aid.

Shifting Allies

But suspicion reared its head when it was found that the Broyhill version omitted the third verse, which hardly anyone ever sings. This is the one that refers to the Redcoats and tells how "their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution. No refuge can save the hireling and slave from the terror of flight and the gloom of the grave." These "hirelings and slaves," or the descendants of their survivors, are now counted amongst our most valued allies. It seems a little unkind to sing of them in such terms.

But to the Irish, who never forget, and even more so to Irish-Amer-

Planned Parenthood Victory

Hospital Commissioner Morris Jacobs of New York City was taken off the hook this month by an order of his Board of Hospitals repealing the long-established ban on birth control therapy in city-controlled hospitals (see issue # 2). Jacobs, who has squirmed for months under attacks by both sides of the controversy, was not required to take part in the voting.

It was a great victory for the Protestant 7.5%, the Jewish 7%, and the unchurched 58% of New York's population. But the fruits of victory are endangered by implications of a statement of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese that the decision "introduces a moral practice into our (sic) hospitals that perverts the nature and the dignity of man"—all Catholic personnel were "reminded of their grave obligation in conscience to, in no way, cooperate with such a procedure."

Dr. Jacobs said that his main concern was that administrative disruption would result; the Roman Catholic Pastoral Guild had already served an ultimatum strongly implying a threat of strike by 15,000 Catholic employees if birth control therapy were established.

icans, the communists are only slightly less perfidious than Perfidious Albion. Some priests and nuns of Celtic ancestry urged their children in history classes to come to the defense of the original libelous version. Pudgy little hands became active inditing letters to the Committee.

But the main objection was to the "p" in the Maryland Congressman's version. For some reason, the communications on this subject were not reproduced in the printed transcript. One of the *Realist's* Washington representatives managed to get access to them, however, but only upon condition that the names of the writers not be published. The "inside information" supplied below complies with this commitment.

When Congressman Broyhill introduced his bill, he may or may not have noticed that he had spelled the disputed word in the obnoxious way. But he was soon to be told—and very emphatically. One representative of a patriotic organization wrote that "This plot is recognized to be the work of malicious subversives to whom nothing in the United States of America is sacred, and who seek to destroy all American traditions. We respectfully demand that this plot be nipped in the bud and never per-

mitted to materialize."

Never Underestimate The Power
 Another patriotic group—of women—opposed the bill because "The entire meaning of the lines [is] altered by the use of the small 'p' for 'Power' instead of a capital 'P' as now and traditionally used. We oppose eliminating our Creator and Preserver from our National Anthem."

A constituent from the Northeast urged, "Let there be no approval of this bill in any dilution of the meaning or intent of composer Frances (sic) Scott Key by substitution of the lower case 'p' for capital 'P' in the word, 'Power.' It was not physical force of arms that separated us from the tax pressure of England and set us up as a free and independent nation; but the spiritual power of God-fearing integrity directing the use of that force."

The female leader of a "Catholic Action" group wrote that "I telephoned Mr. Hughes [representative of the National Music Council]. In our conversation he said that 'the committee decided "power" did not refer to the Almighty.' For countless American citizens it has meant the Almighty since our national anthem was first sung. We hold 'Nero fiddled while Rome burned' is surely applicable to our Congressmen in these crucial days."

On this point, the lady was in error. It has been shown rather conclusively that there was no musical instrument in the time of Nero that could be called a fiddle or could be fairly compared to it. Perhaps what Nero played on was a lyre. Or perhaps it is a liar to whom the entire

Profundity of the Month

John Foster Dulles, at the Forest Hills championship matches:
 "... and, of course, tennis wouldn't be the game it is without two players."

story can be attributed.
 A Key Problem

Finally, someone threw the musical hearings into complete disharmony by exhibiting a photostatic copy of Francis Scott Key's original poem. Consternation ensued when it was discovered that he had written the word "power" with a lower case "p." The politicians were then faced with some awful alternatives. Either they must change the poem, which to Miss Monroe was "unthinkable" or they would be accused of "eliminating our Creator and Preserver from our National Anthem."

They also had to face the issue between Anglophiles and Anglophobes with respect to the "foul footsteps" of the alleged "hirelings and slaves."

And then, somebody administered the *coup de grace*—so far as temperance-minded Southern Protestants were concerned—by disclosing that the music of the Star Spangled Banner was originally a drinking song!

This was too much for the statesmen of the Lower House. Figuratively, they broke and ran as fast as the red-coated invaders of "the land of the brave."

It seemed that "No refuge could save" them "from the terror of flight and the gloom of the [political] grave"—except some kind of equivocation. So they resorted to it. They decided to table the bill.

Opposite Ends Of The Pole

THE COOPERATION in Poland between the two great totalitarianisms—Communism and Roman Catholicism—seems to be breaking down.

Part of the agreement was that religion could be taught in the schools by Roman Catholic priests in government pay. But the priests, says the government, are stirring up violence against parents who don't send their children to the catechism classes.

Last month the government further charged that the Church is promoting bigamy by refusing to recognize marriages not performed by its priests. Men married by judges are getting married again—in Church—without first getting a divorce.

The public campaign for family planning is also being disrupted. The priests tell nurses in public hospitals that if they cooperate in the program, they will be denounced from the pulpit.

Some of the priests, it is further claimed, are illegally reoccupying valuable lands that were confiscated from the Church in 1950 and distributed among the peasants.

One of the biggest quarrels concerns "surplus" goods and food contributed to the Polish Roman Catholic Church by the United States government. The bishops want this to be distributed under their personal, sole control, but the government also wants a hand in it.

The government raided the national shrine and found that the priests have been busy collecting the vows of the peasantry, by which they swear allegiance not to Poland but to the Vatican.

It begins to look like another showdown fight, such as occurred in Hungary, between the infallible Romanists and the infallible Communists.

Is The Golden Rule Really Golden?

By F. P. Wortman

Five hundred-fifty years before Christ, Confucius gave us the Silver Rule, really the Diamond Rule: "Do Nothing to another that you would not have Done to Yourself." Two-hundred-fifty years later, the Greek philosopher, Epicurus, gave us the precept that is our legal guide to this day. It is not too well observed, but it is still our ideal: "That which promotes human welfare and happiness is good and that which destroys these or hinders them is evil."

Later Rabbi Hillel put this beautifully: "Do nothing to another that is hateful to thyself. That is the law. All the rest is commentary." Christianity formulated the Golden Rule, the only one with a vicious streak within: "Do unto others as you would have them Do unto you." Some contend that these rules are all alike. The first two are similar, but the last one is opposite. The Gold of it has the green tinge of acrid copper.

In the Scopes anti-evolution "Monkey Trial," William Jennings Bryan made the distinction very clear. He pointed out that the others are negative, while the Golden one is positive. He said it takes the offensive. It directs to go and DO things to other people. He was correct. There lies the tragic evil. Unlike the admonitions of philosophers, or the guiding words of moralists, this commandment is without instructions, without directions, without amendments as to what is best or proper to be done to the other fellow. It all lies with the judgement of the doer, the fanatic. He is to decide what to DO.

The consent of the one done unto is not considered. The doer judges all. The other may not want to be done unto. He may have a different pattern of life. His wants, his tastes may be wholly different. There is no suggestion of mutual understanding. The judgment of the doer may be bad judgment. With the ordinary mill run of men, the chances are strong that it will be.

Many people, though in need, strongly resent charity. Were a Jew hungry it would be an offense to offer him hog meat, or to offer fish to some Moslems. There are times when the offensive is properly taken such as when fanatical parents refuse medical relief for a child, relying on prayer and hands laid on. In such cases it is not Doing to the parents, but administering to the suffering and probably unconscious child, or too immature to understand the danger. Fortunately such cases are not common.

Those who firmly believe in a god of vengeance and wrath, desire by any and all means to escape that wrath. They reason that if they should

"Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.
Their tastes may not be the same."

be in error in matters of faith and belief, thereby provoking eternal vengeance, and an eternity in the lagoon of fire—that most horrible concept ever formed in the mind of priestcraft—they would want to be rescued at whatever cost. Sitting together on the rim of celestial clouds through the long forever, they would express sincere gratitude to those who had saved them, though they had used torture and shackles. The benefit would be infinite. It could not be measured, could not be estimated.

So when one sees a neighbor, a friend, a relative taking the path to perdition it is his bounden duty to rescue him, reclaim him. He must DO things to him, as per the Rule. He applies the rack and thumbscrew, the wheel and the pincers, even the flame until he forces him to recant, to adopt the true faith, get in line with the loving Jesus. This, his fanatical judgment tells him, is the most proper of all things to DO. All will be well when the fitful fever of life is over, and on downy wings he glides up to the windows of heavenly mansions, that have no need of stairs.

This is not fanciful imagination. It is the actual story of the Middle Ages when the religion of Love was in complete control. At times when a stubborn heretic had been conquered, reclaimed, and had recanted and had thus redeemed his perishable soul, he was killed lest—if released—he should relapse, slide backward and forfeit the salvation that had been achieved. Peter Arbuez burned 40,000 heretics at the stake for the glory of God and as late as 1860 was made a saint by the Pope. Slowly, civil governments became strong enough to forbid malicious persecution and torture, but as yet persecution has not entirely ceased. Were it not for civil interdiction the 350 Christian cults would be flying at

Age Of The Slogan

The Realist received a subscription this month from "an angry old soldier."

He might be even angrier if he knew that his envelope was being used for inter-service rivalry propaganda purposes. It was stamped:

THE U. S. ARMY
A KEY TO PEACE

—George Bernard Shaw

each other's throats, yet, in countless inquiries.

Explain it who can, why it is that a religion chanting love and brotherhood should be the most vicious of all religions, the great bloodletter. Is it because of its doctrines, its oft repeated tenets, that they who would not that I should reign over them, bring them hither and slay them before me? And that there is no redemption without the shedding of blood? Is it not that DO unto others that makes excuse for "the white man's burden?"

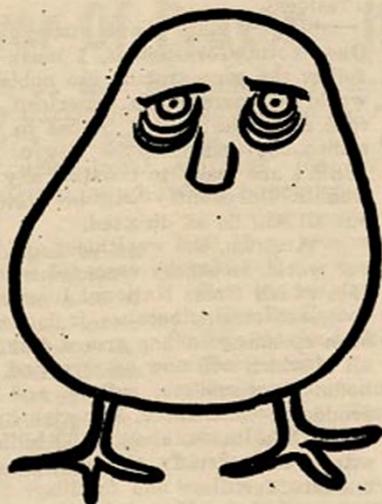
If that rule of do-nothing-to-another were as loudly played up, as forcefully shouted from the rooftops, as the one of do-unto-others—to heap hands off instead of striking—what a better world we would have. The human heart is naturally sympathetic. Kindness wells from it when not poisoned by vengeance. It will do good only with the consent of the receivers, the helped ones. The Diamond Rule waits until welcome. The great evils, the horrors of history, have resulted from hands laid on, not hands withheld.

A Small, Sad Blot

The oldest freethought paper in the world, "The Truthseeker"—it was founded in 1873—has become nothing but a sorrowful little unfree sheet of racial and religious hatred. The disgusting Fascist-like fervor with which they advocate white supremacy would make Governor Faubus seem like an NAACP supporter by comparison.

For thirty-two years, they have been holding public-discussion meetings in New York City under the title of the "Ingersoll Forum." But Robert Ingersoll can finally stop turning in his grave. This month they decided at least to call a dirty spade a dirty spade. They changed the name to the "Racist Forum."

as
the
realist
sees
it



SURVIVAL

By Harold Fowler

Mao Threatens To Atom Bomb America

Peking, Oct. 1, 1958—Red China's Mao-Tse-Tung today threatened that one American city would be destroyed for each atom bomb dropped on China. It was assumed the bombs would be Russian, fired either from Russian submarines off our coast, or delivered by Khrushchev's ICBM's.

Premier Khrushchev echoed Mao's warning by saying it should be thoroughly understood in advance that this retaliatory bombing by the Communists was not the start of World War III, with the probable destruction of all humanity.

"This will be a limited war," he told throngs in Moscow. "Bomb for bomb, delivered by weapons the warmongering capitalists admit they cannot stop, dropped on America only after they have first been dropped on our valiant Chinese allies, proving clearly who are the aggressors, and who the innocent defenders."



As of this writing, the above "news" item has not yet appeared, but there is no reason why it might not. The Russians are feared to have ICBM's—witness the weight of their Sputniks. They have plenty of submarines. And they have short range missiles which could be launched by submarines to reach most of the continental U. S.

Our military leaders have testified that we cannot stop all, or even most, of such missiles. Yet we continue marching gaily to the brink in the Middle and Far East, risking limited wars we might not win, and big wars nobody could win.

If Russia continues to develop its margin of superiority—the "missile gap"—we must consider the possibility of massive attack on the United States and our overseas bases, delivered in instantaneous surprise everywhere. True, some of our Strategic Air Command (SAC) would be in the air, but Russian radar and defensive missiles would probably knock down all or most of them. This would be Russia's calculated risk, and against it would be the probability of our closing the missile gap some 2 to 4 years hence with our underground Minute Man Missiles, dead-man triggered to destroy Russia even if not an American were left alive to push their buttons.

Despite the ridiculous show in the Senate recently, when all but two of our noble senior lawmakers voted "not a cent for study of surrender, under any conditions," the time is overdue for such studies to be made; and if thoroughly publicized, they might help awaken America to the real danger.

Suppose we are jolted from our beds at 3 a.m. some Sunday morning. We rush to the radio to hear Khrushchev's jubilant voice:

"Americans, your bases have been destroyed, around the world and in your country. So far, your cities have been spared. But your bombers are moving toward us in the massive retaliation you have threatened. For each bomb which destroys a Russian city, two American cities will be destroyed. Prevail on your government at once to call off these, suicide bombers and surrender. You have only two hours."

Should we surrender? Ike would have only minutes to gather advisers and decide. Suppose Khrushchev promises 25 American cities for each hour we fail to surrender. Ike must consider whether the chances of our SAC penetrating Russia's defenses are worth 25 American cities.

The news of Jayne Mansfield's pregnancy may have shocked millions of Americans—men and women alike—into the sudden realization that Miss Mansfield's breastworks are functional as well as fetishistic.

In issue # 1 this column erroneously stated that Loyalty Day fell on May 30th. Actually, it falls on May 1st, which used to be known as May Day.

It seems likely that another change is in the offing: from Loyalty Day to Informers Day. After all, is not informing now the official test of loyalty?

When Germany was our enemy, German-fried potatoes became Home-fried potatoes, and sauerkraut became victory cabbage. When Japan was our enemy, the Green Hornet's faithful Japanese valet and chauffeur, Kato, suddenly became a Filipino. Paint manufacturers in this country must now be hard at work trying to think up a new name for the color known as Chinese Red.

Now that 3-cent stamps are no longer the order of the day, it is a fairly safe prediction that those who insist on displays of form-without-substance piety, will seek the "In God We Trust" inscription on the 4-cent stamp too. Perhaps therein lies a solution to the birth control controversy. Put pin-hole pricks in prophylactics, then stamp each one with "In God We Trust."

Since increased tension in the Quemoy area strengthened most commodities on the stock exchanges except American blood, it seems only fitting that the President's TV message on the Far East should have been delayed as it was, so that the viewing public would not miss *The Price Is Right*.

On the other hand, judging by some newspapers, Eisenhower must have been neglecting the duties of his Office by not interrupting his Newport vacation to quell the nation's fears about the Debbie-and-Eddie crisis.

The Soviet Union was criticized by classical Western scientists at the International Congress of Genetics in Montreal last month, because Russian representatives were all followers of the Lysenko line that, in some cases, environmentally-acquired characteristics can be passed on to future generations.

Nevertheless, classical Western scientists are vying for the Distinguished Inconsistency Award by including religion as a factor when selecting semen-donors in artificial insemination cases.

He also knows that Khrushchev has likewise weighed this possibility and decided to take the risk.

Or suppose in the first attack, Washington and its suburbs are destroyed, and Ike and all his advisers are gone. Then the decision would have to be made by the individual captains of SAC aircraft, for their ground commanders would have gone up in the first surprise blast. Do we citizens wish their decision to be made in advance, and irrevocable? What do the citizens of the 25 American cities think?

This is Reality. This is plausible. This *can* happen here.

Let us move on. After the attack, Ike realizes our chances are too slim. America surrenders. Fifty bases in the U. S. are radioactive in 25 to 100 mile areas. Millions are dead, but millions half-living crowd toward our hospitals.

Most of England is gone, as its bases were so near its population areas. France and Germany are desperately damaged.

Nikita makes his first formal address to America, and to the world:

"Friends, brothers, we deeply regret the necessity to hurt some of you in order to liberate you from your warmongering, Capitalist oppressors. However, now that this is behind, we welcome you to One World, the true Brotherhood of Man, which I am privileged this morning to proclaim. From now on, there will be only one government, The Holy People's Government, headed by a freely elected President, and governed by a freely elected Parliament.

Each citizen of the world will have one vote. Pending confirmation, I have consented to serve as temporary President.

"If any state should attempt to withdraw from this One World Government, I must warn you that we will follow the precedent of the noble Abraham Lincoln, who would not permit the American Southern States to secede from the United States in order to continue their selfish oppression of the Negro. And I remind you that ICBM's are ready to chastise any state which causes any trouble. No country will be occupied by foreign troops, but all will do as directed.

"America, the wealthiest and most luxurious state of our world, is hereby assessed world taxes at the rate of 25% of her Gross National Income. This should cause her no great strain, because it is little more than she has been spending on her armed forces and their equipment, all of which will now be scrapped. She will also have millions of ex-soldiers, sailors, and airmen to add to her producing work force. We wish her continued prosperity.

"These taxes, about \$100 billion a year, shall be forwarded in foodstuffs, clothing, pre-fabricated houses, farm tractors, fertilizer and fertilizer factories, medicines and drugs, etc., to the needy areas of the world, India, China, the Middle Eastern states, South America, Africa, and Indonesia.

"America will also be expected to treble its technical instruction facilities, so that students from all the world may learn American production methods. Education, however, will be available only in Russia."

Well, fellow citizens, what would you do?

Age Of Folly

(Continued from Page 8)

Passivo-cillin, a new tranquilizing agent which relieved its users of uncomfortable urges towards introspection, soul-searching, and examination of conscience.

Another milestone was the development of deeper techniques of psychological research—now commercial exploitation of the subconscious could be improved. Unfortunately a little confusion arose here. Different drug companies employed the same new methods equally well, and one day motivated-consumers trampled one another in a frenzied rush to buy both of two rival brands of toothpaste.

According to laws of economics discovered during the Age of Folly a quantity of unemployment spread strategically throughout the community was the only source of real wealth and was not to be viewed as alarming, except perhaps by some of those out of work. A Federal Department of Unemployment was instituted to guarantee employers an abundant supply of cheap and willing workers.

Monumental among literary exploits was the compilation by the Obscurantists of a 15-volume Encyclopedia of Misconceptions and Fallacies; in a one-volume abridgement it became a political handbook. This compendium related how in the year of the great catharsis all dissenting teachers had been excluded from the

schools as the surest way to preserve academic freedom.

Since excessive intelligence would disqualify a candidate for public office, the Encyclopedia recommended Stanford-Binet I.Q. tests for all nominees. In the chapter on the Bill of Rights it was maintained that pathological liars gave the only dependable testimony at political trials.

The inversion of true reason was the main support of the government, but not just in North America alone. Elsewhere in the world derangement had progressed so far that states originally founded to promote the welfare of the people were now devoted to their enslavement and subjection. Everywhere heads of state undertook negotiations in order to preclude any possibility of international agreement.

The general exaltation of folly reached its climax when a cleverly contrived mechanical robot ran for president of North America during a period of gravest crisis. Indistinguishable from a human being at a distance of a few feet, the silver-haired manikin made impressive television appearances. When asked embarrassing questions, it would intone a few recorded syllables, such as "I have not yet had a chance to study the situation" or "This is a matter for the experts." The robot was elected by a landslide.

Miss Rheingold Loser

(Continued from Page 16)

now everybody keeps making cracks, they keep saying, "Does she or doesn't she?" And besides, that little kid who posed in the picture with her, he keeps following her around all the time now. She can't get rid of him.

But to tell you the truth, all the glamour has gone out of modeling for me. I'd prefer to do something where I can put my social concern to constructive use.

I was reading in the paper about the fighting in Lebanon between the loyalists and the rebels. This article said that while they were shooting, an attractive blonde in a tight skirt came walking up the street, and they stopped firing until she passed. Some sniper even gave her a wolf whistle. The paper didn't say which side he was on. And then the bullets started again.

Now if that's all it takes to stop guys from killing each other, then that's what I want to do. I'd pack sandwiches and just keep walking back and forth until they declared a truce or something.

Not just me—I'd get other Miss Rheingold losers, and Miss America losers, and Miss Universe losers. We could form a human chain, with girls from all different countries, wherever trouble broke out. Yes, my fellow losers, at last, for all of us, a place in the sun.

The Power Of Prayer—If Any

The Constitution, as the Supreme Court says, forbids the government to aid any particular religion or to aid religion as such. But our President, as is known, reads very little, and has notoriously little taste for deep legal writings. He certainly was not thinking of the Constitution when he proclaimed October 1st as National Prayer Day.

Because we are "challenged by an aggressive denial of divine Providence," he said, "we have continuing need of the wisdom and strength that comes from God." He thus advances the theory of Secretary of State Dulles and of Pius XII that the struggle between East and West is a struggle between theism and atheism rather than a fight between totalitarianism and democracy.

Master Of Deceit

This is also the theme of J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit*. But in the *Progressive*, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. points out that Hoover's theory is "evidently factually erroneous. Many anti-Communists do not believe in God at all; many more do not believe in Mr. Hoover's Presbyterian God. And many supporters of Communism, illogical as it may seem, do believe in a supernatural order not only in such Catholic countries as Italy and France but throughout Asia."

Schlesinger thus disagrees with Hoover's concept of Communism as a disease of atheists and intellectuals, produced by lack of 'faith'—"rather than by social and economic frustration." Nevertheless, the patent medicines now being hawked in the form of automated religion ought to warm the cockles of the FBI Director's heart.

The Missouri Synod Lutherans have recorded seven five-minute "prayer-sermons" which will be distributed free of charge to more than three thousand radio stations in the United States.

In almost every large city, one may have a prayer "said" for him by merely dialing a certain telephone number advertised in the newspaper. The prayer is not, of course, said at all, but emanates from a machine in which it has been pre-recorded.

Near Drumheller, Canada last month, thousands flocked to a new "pushbutton church" where one could push a button and hear a prayer or hymn.

Such devices are fairly comparable to the ancient prayer wheel of Lamaism, which was filled with written prayers and was supposed to be effective when turned by the supplicant. Also comparable is the Catholic Rosary, whose beads are tolled as the

Hail Mary is mumbled over and over again.

Rev. Peyton, television promoter of the Family Rosary Crusade, says that he has obtained pledges from thirteen million people to pray the rosary every day for the rest of their lives. Last month at Bismarck, North Dakota, 10,000 people assembled under his leadership for an outdoor rally. On the sparsely-populated plains of North Dakota, 10,000 is a tremendous crowd.

And, according to D. Stuart Pater-

Meanwhile, Back On Earth

A "Space-Craft Convention" was held in Lebanon, New Jersey this month. Hula hoops were on sale as "space rings."

Perhaps the most interesting comment came from a man who was asked if he believes that there are people on other planets.

There must be, he replied, because of the size of the universe—"either there are people on other planets, or else the universe isn't as big as it's supposed to be."

son, an important Methodist official, it is not only the common man that prays for divine aid of various kinds. He told a meeting of the Organized Bible Class Association at Westminster, Maryland last month, that surgeons are increasingly relying on prayer to supplement their skill with the scalpel. He said that his information comes from hospital chaplains who report that "in addition to surgical skill, prayer is becoming increasingly important."

Presumably when a surgeon has a patient's liver out and setting on the table, the patient might prefer that his surgeon pay more attention to the problem of replacing it, instead of spending time, attention or energy on invocations of ghostly aid. And in general, many question the power of prayer either (a) to enlist celestial legions on our side in the cold war or (b) to bring about personal physical cures or other benefits.

Experiment Proposed

Some such thought must have been in the mind of Professor Stuart C. Dodd of the University of Washington last month when he addressed the

American Sociological Society. He proposed a scientific analysis of the power of prayer. He called for the "matching" of ten thousand sick persons, half of whom would be the subject of prayer.

Those to be prayed for would be matched, ailment for ailment, with those whose recovery would not be sought in prayer. He suggested that the subjects of prayer be divided into seven groups.

Members of one group would know they were being prayed for while members of another group would not. Members of a third group not only would know they were being prayed for but would be strong believers in prayer themselves. Members of still another group would participate in prayer themselves, sometimes together with their "prayer-partner." Prayer in still other groups would be offered by loved ones of the subject, and in language "congenial to the patient."

"Such a study not only could demonstrate the results of prayer," said Professor Dodd without smiling, "but could reveal to us which types of prayer are most effective. It will give us a greater tool for engineering for our own efforts of all sorts and help us know exactly how to use prayer as a tool."

The project, said the professor, would require the cooperation of many hospitals and many churches in various religions. Present at the sociologists' meeting were representatives of various religious sects but none of them endorsed the proposal. Perhaps they felt it was scientifically incomplete in failing to provide for prayers against recovery.

Homesick For The Ghetto

Rabbi Joachim Prinz told the American Jewish Congress last month that it is the "enjoyment of liberty and the successful integration of Jewish Communities that pose today's central problem of the Jewish people." He called it "the problem of Jewish survival."

In July, the President of the World Jewish Congress, Dr. Nahum Goldman, had complained about Tunisia. It has given equality to the Jews, but Dr. Goldman objects to the newly created official Jewish communities because they are limited to "public worship and related purely religious activities."

Now that Jews are escaping from the ghetto, these professional Jews seem to be yearning for a return to that segregated institution.

Monologue By A Miss Rheingold Loser

I think it all started when I was maybe ten years old. The teacher was asking us what we wanted to be when we grew up. I remember one girl said she wanted to be a nurse, and another girl said she wanted to be an airline stewardess. I don't know why—it just popped into my head—but I said I wanted to be a Miss Rheingold.

Soon after, I started in training for the job. I set the record in my elementary school for smiling—four hours without stopping. I practiced playing tennis without watching the ball—because one of the rules for being Miss Rheingold is, "Always look directly into the camera no matter what you're doing." I even learned to say "My-beer-is-Rheingold-the-dry-beer"—while *drinking* it.

Later on, I began to enter beauty contests. I was almost Miss Pickle of 1954, but I had to withdraw from the finals when I developed a severe case of warts. However, I was chosen as Miss Neurotic at the annual convention of the American Psychiatric Association. I mean I wasn't really neurotic or anything—it was purely an honorary title.

But my goal always remained the same. True, I did think of possibly becoming Miss America, but unfortunately they include talent as a requirement. Besides which, you have to be intelligent. I saw the Miss America pageant on television, with Douglas Edwards keeping the audience informed and all—I think they're trying to get Edward R. Murrow for next year—and the girl who won said something very intelligent about how people should have "communication

and understanding" and like that.

(Editor's Note: Miss America was not merely indulging in platitudes, either. In the talent contest, she had communicated by performing a modified striptease. And the judges understood.)

Anyway, this was the big year. I was one of the six lovely girls chosen

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in the primaries as candidates for Miss Rheingold 1959. We all had to wear the same blue dresses and shoes, with white pocketbooks and gloves, so that none of us could take unfair advantage of individuality.

The campaign itself was on the up-and-up. One girl almost got disqualified because she tried to get an endorsement by Jinx Falkenburg. See, they're very strict in the Miss Rheingold competition.

They allow you to get married if you want, but we had to sign this paper promising that we wouldn't have a baby all next year. They certainly don't have to worry about *me*. I don't know about the other girls, but I don't even go in for *light* love-making any more. It messes up my hairdo.

So they held the election, and let me tell you, *there* the corruption was unbelievable. In the 38th election district in New York, there were only 71 registered voters, but there was a total of 105 votes. Talk about ballot-stuffing! And it was like that all over the country.

There's this bartender that I know—he helped to get permanent registration in all Chicago bars—anyhow, he made an informal count of 42 votes for me, but in the final report, it had been changed by somebody to 12.

Far be it from me to get catty about the winner, but I heard that Boss Liebmann had decided on her at the original caucus.

Well, that's spilt milk under the bridge. It's all over now. I was heart-broken, there's no denying that. When you've planned and sacrificed the way I did, losing isn't easy. But then I discovered something. I began looking at the ads—I guess I was just torturing myself—and I noticed that while Schaefer is "real beer," Rheingold only has "real-beer *taste*." And all of a sudden I didn't care about the \$50,000 contract and the all-expense-paid trips and the fame and everything—it's not worth it if you have to sell your soul!

Of course, I've gotten some terrific offers since. All I have to do is say the word, and I can be the girl in the Miss Clairol ad. But this girlfriend of mine, she had that job, and

(Continued on Page 14)

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