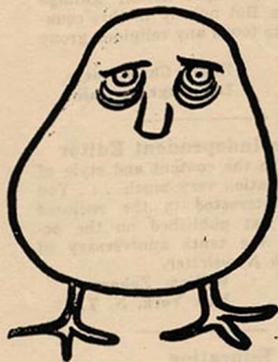


freethought criticism and satire



The Realist

November, 1958

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No. 4

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MODEST PROPOSALS

By All Means, LET 'em Bomb Synagogues

The floor of the children's classroom of the dynamited Atlanta synagogue was littered with the kind of paper cut-out decorations that you see pasted up on kindergarten window panes all over the country. The brightly-colored "construction paper" was ripped and slashed by murderous slivers of shattered window glass.

It had taken all of ten seconds to bring down the House of Aaron and of Moses with fulminate of mercury detonators and 40% dynamite—the same house that eighty years before had sheltered and fed starving, scarecrow soldiers of the Confederate army returning from war and defeat.

It should be mentioned here that the habitual users of the dynamited facilities commonly refer to their building as the *schul*, which is simply another way of saying *school*. As any thoughtful racist knows, *school* is a dirty word these days and the very mention of it is enough to set off a spontaneous detonation in favor of segregation, magnolias and cotton-percale white-sheet supremacy. So, whether it be Jewish *schul* or "innagrated" school, *bombs away!* That Rebel Yell you hear from Clinton to Little Rock means that the Sloth shall rise again.

(Continued on Page 4)

Sir Realist:

On Sexegregation (Concluded)

In the October Realist you published part of a letter I wrote in August in which I had something to say about the desegregation of washrooms, but you did me wrong by not including the rest of the letter, which would have made it clear that I do not belong to the breed who look for off-beat sexual topics to write about in order to shock the prudés. You should have allowed me to make my point, which was (as the letter concluded):

"... At least it can be said for the USSR that in spite of its segregated washrooms, 'equality' of the sexes there is not the farce that it is in this country, where women who take jobs away from men and families for the sake of 'mad money,' will go to work in the office wearing the latest fashions, or 'work fashions' in the factory, thus making 'equality' that much more glamorous and to hell with the nation's economy.

"... You may draw whatever conclusions you wish from these observations. This is simply my way of pointing out the stupidity and hypocrisy of some of the things that are being said and done in the name of Equality, whatever the equalitarians may mean by that, if they know."

Clement Droz
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Incorrect Grammar

Greetings from Charlotte—where we have seen one of the greatest crusades of our Life. We appreciate Your interest and Prayers. We are in financial need at the moment—We need Your Help! The Lord Bless you real Good. You may write me to Minneapolis, Minn.

Billy Graham
Charlotte, N. C.

More Than Satire

The naive Miss Rheingold loser (issue #3) just did not have what it takes—off camera, that is—to claim the dry beer as her very own. Miss Runner-up would have profited by concentrating her efforts at campaign headquarters instead of relying on the beer-stained ballots from tap rooms across the nation, which obviously really aren't counted. The voters do not seem to take these contests seriously, but everyone has a good time. Everyone except your little loser; she missed out on everything...

Paul I. Lewis
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Surprised

I was pleasantly surprised to find in the Realist, a journal of criticism and satire, an interest in constructive ideas. I refer to your column, "Survival," in which you invite reader participation... Under separate cover I am mailing (to Harold Fowler) sample copies of Technocracy's three quarterly magazines...

Harry E. Irvine
Port Chester, N. Y.

Planned Litterhood

In regard to your editorial, "Birth Control and Man's Inhumanity" (issue No. 2), it seems to me the first two sentences leave out of consideration some facts of animal life.

(The sentences: Man is the only animal that is aware of the relationship between the sex act and reproduction. Man, therefore, is the only one capable of rising above the other animals by planning his family in advance.)

I am no bird-watcher, certainly not, but I remember having read that some warblers, when food is abundant, have broods of about 5, but at times when the food supply is scarce, you find, on an average, only 3 eggs in the nest.

Certain wild animals cannot at all, or can only with difficulty, be brought about to procreate in captivity. Others—the lemmings of Norway, for instance—probably incapable of keeping down their sinful sexuality, and lacking appropriate advice on birth control, commit mass suicide by jumping into the sea when food gets too scarce thru overpopulation...

As for humans, only the Roman Catholic Church remains pitiless...
Gottlieb Jahn
Krefeld, Germany

(Editor's note: Many Protestant denominations also take the position that artificial contraception is immoral. And orthodox Judaism remains vehemently and unalterably opposed to any form of birth control.)

Humane Slaughter Conflict

I read issue No. 2 of the Realist with mixed emotions. I don't know how this stupid stuff of Harry Kursh got into it. I think those Women's Clubs and anybody who is interested in the more humane slaughtering of animals should be commended for it. To make us believe that one bullet into the brain of a cow would increase the price of a pound of meat is just too childish.

If our thinking in this country were not too polluted with religious bunk and nonsense we would also pass laws

as they did in other countries like Denmark and Switzerland to stop the barbaric and stupid kosher killings of animals. But nobody in this country dares to touch any religious group...

Henry Christiansen
Los Angeles, Calif.

From An Independent Editor

I like the content and style of your publication very much... You may be interested in the enclosed brochure just published on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Jewish Newsletter.

William Zukerman
New York, N. Y.

On Sex Education

I have a few comments on the editorial, "Sex Education and the Status Quo" (issue No. 3).

You say "the risk [of pregnancy] can be 100% safely avoided." If you change that to 99% I will agree with you. I have been reliably informed that the "safest known method of contraception" has, on occasion, failed. This information comes from the women who took the consequences. However, what you say about petting should be read by all teen-age boys. It would certainly make life easier for teen-age girls.

[Editor's note: *Sex Manual*, which is distributed only thru the medical profession, states that, "If properly tested and rightly used, the condom is one hundred per cent effective." And *Techniques of Conception Control* issued by the Planned Parenthood Federation, states that, "Properly tested, the condom provides protection as efficient as any method, and, skillfully used, furnishes security." Italics theirs.]

You also recommend that the child who asks to "see the place where I came out" should be satisfied. Have you considered the effect this will have on said child's mother, who has lived through a strictly sheltered childhood and never completely recovered from it? I think it would do more harm to the mother than good to the child...

I would like to know whether any of your readers has raised a child with no religious training whatever. I would like to know how this child turned out.

Mrs. Patricia Fellman
Long Island City, N. Y.

(Readers who have "raised a child with no religious training whatever" are invited to answer Mrs. Fellman's question. Responses will be published in the Realist.)

EDITORIALS

A Thanksgiving Message

This is National Platitude Month.

The Chief Platitude will be the word God. Never once will anyone say what he means by God—somehow that would spoil the effect—the important thing is to say it.

All the media of modern mass communication will be cooperating in a combined effort to help us keep fooling ourselves that not only is there Somebody Up There, but what's more, He Likes Us.

And so, boys and girls, here is your homework assignment. After you have gobbled down the turkey and stuffed your stomach with stuffing and crammed your craw with cranberry sauce, turn on ye olde television set to the news.

Yes, kiddies, you will learn how traffic accidents are keeping up with the National Safety Council's estimates, you will learn about the world's latest trouble spots, and there will pass before your eyes various spots of strangers' personal troubles, fleetingly disturbing the tired tranquillity of your living room.

And then, oh fans of irony, you will observe films of the usual throngs of worshippers streaming into churches because they are so grateful that they didn't happen to be included in any of the previous items of bad news.

Such gratitude is a cacophony of conceit, a display of profoundly profane pride. It is the ultimate flight from reality.

There is no one, but no one, who would deny that there is a power, a force that makes grass grow and babies bawl and satellites soar. But on November 27th, America, quite officially, will act as if that power knows it does these things.

There are those among us who glory in the mere fact of our existence, but who neither give credit to, nor place blame—consciously or unconsciously—on a force that has no awareness.

We will be the spectators, come that Thursday. We will all sit in the grandstands and enjoy watching a gigantic nationwide game of Let's Pretend.

Requiem For A Pope

When newspapermen queried the President's associate press secretary as to Eisenhower's reaction to the Pope's stroke, she replied that "the President naturally is very deeply concerned about the Pope's condition and he hopes that he will rally."

The reporters had obviously been trained in Journalism School to have a 'nose for news.'

The Roman press went them one better, though, by inventing a set of last words for the Pope in their premature announcement of his death.

If there are any readers who expect the *Realist* to gloat over the Pope's passing, however, than they misunderstand the philosophy of this magazine. And if they are disappointed, then perhaps they had better re-examine

the humanity of their own philosophies.

True, many of the Holy Father's pronouncements offended us, but—since nobody was really forced to obey—we graciously accept his posthumous apology.

Still, we can't help speculating as to whether the Pope, in the agony of his death throes, remembered his September 12th about-face justification of euthanasia. Although he had said then that "Morals evidently condemn mercy killing," he had added that "if a dying person consents, it is permissible to use with moderation narcotics which will allay his suffering but will also cause quicker death."

His rationalization for such a moral turnabout: "... death is not the direct intention [in this case] but it is inevitable."

Church-State Togetherness

Toward the close of the last session of Congress, the Defense Education Act was adopted. Opponents of governmental aid to religion are concerned over a number of its provisions which are on the 'brink' of violating the Constitution.

The man in charge of the program is a prominent member of the Methodist Church—Arthur S. Flemming, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. The entire force of his Department, as well as his own not inconsiderable personal public influence, was behind the legislation.

Protestants have always fought hard against attempts to grant federal money to religious grade schools. But they resisted little, if at all, this raid on the federal treasury in behalf of schools of religious higher education.

The reason for their shift in attitudes? Simple. They have very few grade schools of their own, but many colleges. So now that there's something in it for them, the principle they have upheld for so long goes right down the Protestant drain.

To Bomb Is Human

It was Thomas Edison who said that, "The only dynamite that works in this country is the dynamite of a sound idea." Those who have resorted to planting bombs in educational and religious institutions have simply admitted to the world the unsoundness of their ideas.

They have been labelled anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, godless, un-Christian, Communists, anti-Communists, hoodlums. But the superficiality of these labels is exceeded only by their invalidity.

In a way, psychologist Carl Jung was much more accurate—although he was supposed to have been referring to the "intelligent guidance" behind unidentified flying objects—when he used the term "quasi-human beings."

And yet, let us face it, the bomb-planters are human. Their thoughts, emotions and deeds—regardless of their pitiful direction—are nonetheless human thoughts, emotions and deeds. It is with this in mind that John Putnam, the *Realist's* latter-day Jonathan Swift, suggests in this issue a rather unique method for their rehabilitation.

The Organization Beer

Each month, we send copies of the *Realist* to the persons and organizations criticized and satirized, just so we won't feel as if we're talking behind anybody's back.

In issue #3, J. Edgar Hoover was called a "Master of Deceit." So naturally we sent him a copy. A few days later, a man was assigned to find out all he could about the *Realist* and its personnel. But he wasn't from the F.B.I.

Rather, the 'investigator' was from Foote, Cone & Belding, an advertising agency. It seems that one of their accounts is Liebmann Breweries, Inc. The client wanted to know who was behind the article, "Monologue By a Miss Rheingold Loser."

Oh, well, that's the way the pretzel bends.

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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License Without A License

Angelina Merlin, 70-year-old widow, former school teacher, member of the Italian parliament, and outspoken opponent of Papal influence in politics, will be credited by future generations of Italian women with their deliverance from the evils of prostitution.

Her bill outlawing brothels has just been signed by President Giovanni Gronchi after a ten-year campaign, and over strong opposition including student riots.

The measure had only the belated support of the Roman Catholic clergy. The priests have been guided for centuries by the dictum of Saint Augustine: "Suppress prostitution and capricious lust will overthrow society."

The new law is not expected to eliminate the evil completely. There were hundreds of licensed "houses of tolerance" in Rome, the city which is described in Catholic literature as the "City of Light" and which is the seat of our last remaining absolute monarchy, the Papacy.

Travellers to that city even report that some of them catered exclusively

to the clergy. This made it possible for the fathers to escape to some extent the sin of giving scandal to the laity.

There were 543 registered brothels in the country and they housed 2611 women, at last count. There were, in addition, 5,000 registered streetwalkers. Most of the women are expected to continue practicing the "world's oldest profession" without benefit of the law.

In addition, the number of clandestine prostitutes in Italy has been estimated conservatively at more than a hundred thousand. Signora Merlin asserts that "thirty percent of all women between 15 and 60 give themselves up to prostitution in its various degrees."

Speaking as an experienced legis-

lator, she was referring to prostitution as such, namely, the act of sexual intercourse for monetary gain. She did not refer to such acts when performed for recreation, for the purpose of winning friends and influencing people, etc.

The number of Catholic women in Italy who so indulge must be many times the lady parliamentarian's estimate.

Progressive Italians, led by anti-Catholics, have now abandoned the Augustinian view of prostitution in favor of that espoused by the governments of Protestant countries and the purportedly atheistic governments behind the Iron Curtain.

Under this theory, it is considered a social disease which can be cured by strong legislation, by the elimination of poverty, and by the adequate moral training of youth. Italy has now taken the first of these three steps and with the gradual elimination of the clerical influence in education, the other two may soon be accomplished.

Modest Proposals

(Continued from Cover)

Fortunately, by the end of the week, the round-up of dissidents who had contributed to this blast was completed, and the accused dynamiters all wore that carefully rehearsed look of heroic virtue under duress that is supposed to distinguish the political martyrs from the pimps and lush-rollers as they are all hustled into the paddy wagon together.

These Elite Shock Troops of the "Confederate Underground" would not stand much of a chance in any Southern Night Court when faced with the Magistrate's traditional demand for a "show of hands—palms up!"—for it is at this point that the horny-handed depart in peace with a two buck contribution to court costs, while the "sweet backs" with manicured fingernails tumble into the pokey.

Unfortunately for the Atlanta *Abteilung*, the charges against them are more serious than just "disturbing the peace," and what is more, the Tri-nitro-toluene "has went off right in the middle of the white section!" The Penal Code of the State of Georgia which is read so hard when applied to the Negro, reads hard on white dynamiters too—if they haven't observed the zoning laws.

A death penalty lurks somewhere in the glut of subsections appended to the article that deals with the misuse of dangerous explosives. But since the Atlanta blast killed no one, *lex talionis* (the law of retaliation) need not apply.

Nevertheless, this Georgia Goon Squad must pay for their crime, and be rehabilitated to boot. Although they're in for a long stretch of occupational therapy, stamping out cheap automobile license plates so the State can save on the Minimum Wage Law overhead, we think that there is a better way. The rehabilitation and re-education should be a specialized affair with the honored concept of the punishment fitting the crime worked into the program.

We propose that a special rehabilitation center for convicted synagogues-dynamiters be set up on Dry Tortugas Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, some 70 miles from Key West, Florida. Here the inmates would be sent for

an indefinite period. They would have decent shelter and plenty of good food. Building materials would be on hand along with tools. Good American tools like power saws and cement mixers, the whole works, all the way from bulldozers to coping saws.

All that the inmates would have to do is build a synagogue.

And build it right.

Or else keep on doing it over until it is right. Lack of skill is no objection here. They can learn sooner or later, and on this depends the term of their sentence. The foundation turns out to be crooked? They can dig it up and lay it again. And again. Nobody leaves the island until that synagogue is finished and passes inspection.

After all, these lads are all of them 100 per cent Americans, by their own estimate of themselves. And Americans are traditionally handy with tools. Sooner or later, that building will go up and take shape. A green sprig will appear on the roof tree. It will finally pass inspection and it will be well built . . . through trial and error by a bunch of clowns most of whom had never in their entire lives held anything more useful than a cue stick.

The hand that used to pass out mimeographed condensations of the phony *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* now wields a trowel to smooth out the finishing touches on a plaster ceiling in the gleaming new synagogue.

But wait a minute, men. We've not finished our rehabilitation yet. Gather 'round and take a look at your handiwork! Professional! Look at that finish on the floors . . . at the masonry job on the steps . . . all done the hard way, and for a long time it seemed as if you'd never make it. For the first time in your lives, you really have something to be proud of. Well, here's some dynamite—go blow it up, you sonsabitches! We're starting all over again tomorrow, only this time there'll be "no straw in the bricks!"

It is not that we have much faith in the essential goodness of man at such a Neanderthal level, but chances are they'll be mighty unhappy about blowing up this synagogue . . . that, we're sure of, since we do have such abiding faith in the eternal egocentricity of man.

The Death Of A Pope In The Age Of Publicity

By Reginald Dunsany

On October 9th, Pius XII died and Pious Publicity was given a new lease on life. Even after the Pope's final ordeal had begun, there he was, placing himself in an erect position on a kneeling bench and being photographed in his gorgeous robes in an angelic posture. On his face, an expression which might be described objectively as a blank stare, or a look of distraction. But to his votaries, it might also seem ethereal. His hands, folded as if in prayer, and those who venerate him might well get the impression that he is in direct communication with God, of Whom he was said to be the Vicar on earth.

This picture was printed in newspapers throughout the world. It will undoubtedly be printed thousands more times. It will certainly help to spread the idea that the Pope was not of this earth but of Heaven. At the moment of his demise, a priest-announcer who was conducting a continuous 24-hour program from a studio set up next door to the Pope's death chamber, said over the radio that "the most esteemed and venerated man in the world" had "died in the saintly manner."

Visions Or Hallucinations?

On the same day, the United Press International reported from Rome that "Pius XII some day may become a saint. Unofficial Catholic quarters said a dossier of 'miracles' attributed to Pius XII had been collected. They include an unprecedented vision of Christ and a vision of the 'Fatima miracle' of the revolving sun. There also has been insistent mention of the Pope's bringing about two miraculous healings."

The Roman Catholic Church does not contend that all of its Popes are saints. This would be impossible for many of them were obviously scoundrels. But it is very useful for the Church's purposes to ascribe saintliness or even perhaps a certain supernatural quality to as many Popes as possible, especially the current incumbents.

There is one supernatural characteristic that the Church ascribes to each and every Pope, even the worst renegades. This is the "attribute of infallibility." The dogma is that the Pope is the Vicar, or agent of Christ on earth. Jesus, being divine, cannot make a mistake and neither can his agent within the scope of his agency, which includes all questions of faith or morals.

No Political Errors

Nor can the Pope, incidentally, make a mistake on political questions which involve morality — as almost

all political questions do.

It is upon the foundation of this dogma that the Roman Catholic Church is built. If people did not believe the Pope to be infallible, then they would cease to recognize the Church's "divine authority" to tell them what is right and what is wrong. Then Catholics would demand the right of "individual moral judgment," as Protestants do.

And the priests would be reduced to the very inconvenient posture of the Protestant parsons, who can only exhort, not command, their parish-

One Picture Is Worth . . .

The "Paris Match" this month published a photograph of the Pope in his death agony, with various ugly instruments attached to his mouth.

It could have been taken and sold only by someone trusted enough to be in a room where even some cardinals could not obtain admission.

The Italian rights to this photo were reported to have been offered for \$25,000.

They have to admit that sometimes, possibly, they can also be wrong. The Catholic Church never admits any such possibility.

It is entirely possible, of course, for the Church to claim infallibility for its pontiffs, and so for itself, without claiming that the Popes have other divine characteristics. But it is certainly easier to induce people to accept the theory of divine infallibility if the Pope can be made to look divine in other respects.

The Way Of All Flesh

One of the most common characteristics attributed to gods, demigods, and Roman Catholic saints is "incorruptibility of the flesh." This means that the bodies of such saints and divinities are not subject to the same hazards — as the flesh of ordinary men. They, or many of them, do not

get sick, do not get hurt, do not die, or do not rot away in exactly the same way as common citizens do.

An example from the Old Testament is the story of Jonah's adventure in the whale's belly. It is the same devotion to "incorruptibility of the flesh" that led the recent Pope to declare a new dogma, binding on all Catholics, that the body of the Blessed Virgin never decomposed but was "assumed" into Heaven along with her soul. There must be hundreds of stories about saints whose bodies remained sweet and fresh for centuries after their deaths.

Ignorant religious people believe these things. In fact they delight in them. They not only want a saint to venerate or a deity to adore. They also want their saints and deities if possible to possess this quality of fleshly incorruptibility. They feel, for some reason, that the bodies of these divine persons should not waste and rot away as do the bodies of ordinary sinners.

. . . By Any Other Name

Those who sought to give the impression that the Pope was not like ordinary men, or who wanted themselves to believe this, must have been sorely disappointed at the difficulties encountered in the embalming of his body. Dr. Ricardo Galeazzo-Lisi, his personal physician, invented a special process for this purpose. He said it was the same kind of embalming that was used on the body of Jesus, who was supposed thereafter to have "risen from the dead."

But this mysterious special substance seems not to have succeeded in the case of Pius. Altho the Pope's body, besides being embalmed, was also encased in cellophane — a modern improvement not available to the embalmers of Jesus — it soon became obvious that the job of preserving it would have to be done over again. Presumably this became obvious not only to the sense of sight but also to the sense of smell.

So the embalming work was done again. But it had to be done even a third time before the body was deposited in its final resting place next to the alleged tomb of St. Peter.

Poor Bedside Manners

Vatican sources blamed Dr. Galeazzo-Lisi for this annoying development. They were deeply shocked when the public was made conscious of the fact that the corpse of the Pope stank even as yours and mine eventually will. They were even more shocked a few days after the Pope's death when the physician made available to the press his memoirs of the last few days of the Pope's life.

Immediately, the doctor's resigna-

tion was demanded by the surviving cardinals. Although he had been on intimate terms with the late Pope for many years, orders were issued that he be forever excluded from Vatican City. An attempt is being made to have him prosecuted under the law (enacted by Mussolini at the request of his friend, the late Pope) making it a crime to insult the Pontiff.

The Roman medical association is also being asked to take action against him. The Minister of Public Health called his conduct "sacrilegious." In *La Stampa*, it was said that "the text did not spare the details of the death agony which any one of us would prefer should remain in the most respectful reserve."

Ugly Reality

The text of Dr. Galeazzo-Lisi's story was not available when the *Realist* went to press. Much of it has been completely suppressed. But it is easy to surmise the general nature of his revelations. Anyone who has ever suffered — or seen another suffer—a stroke of paralysis knows the effect that such an illness had on the functions of the body.

For instance, there are the functions of elimination. Modern man with his perhaps exaggerated sense of dignity, usually tries to perform these in absolute solitude. But if he is stricken with paralysis, he loses control of them completely. His body becomes a clumsy mass of human meat.

He must be assisted by his nurses or family or friends, like a tiny child. Various devices are used that make the patient seem — if the situation were not so tragic — quite ridiculous. From press reports, it is obvious that the Pope was having these difficulties, altho none of them are described in any detail.

Professional Ethics Intact

Yet it is hard to explain why the doctor's revelations created such a furor. For himself he said: "I feel completely at rest with my conscience. I have not betrayed any professional secrets. The medical profession's secret ends with the death of the patient."

Certainly it is true that thousands of physicians have written accounts of the illnesses and deaths of their patients. It is thru such accounts that medical science advances. Expressions of outrage are not usual in such cases.

It is very possible that they arise in this case from an attempt, conscious or subconscious, on the part of the Pope's associates to create the impression that he was of supernatural caliber, that his body was in some sense at least "incorruptible."

Or if it was not, these people seem to want no one to talk about its corruptibility.

In this respect and others, the last days of the Pope were marked by the efforts of the publicity men with whom he surrounded himself to create a favorable public impression. This may sound incredible but it is not really unique to see the press staff of the Roman Catholic Church turn a death and funeral into a sort of publicity stunt (see issue #2, "God on Madison Avenue").

Well-Rehearsed

But if one of the church's minor press representatives could make such a good thing publicity-wise of the death of Cardinal Stritch, it was only a sort of informal rehearsal for what his bosses at the "home office" in Rome were preparing for the death of the Pope.

While the work of the press re-

Typographical Error Of The Month

"As I lowered my candid camera, the Vatican crimes tolled noon."

—N. Y. Daily News

lations experts in connection with the Pope's death cannot be called consistently successful, there is no doubt that great efforts were exerted. Publicity arrangements started long before the Pontiff's demise actually occurred. People around him took every step that could be conceived for the purpose of getting favorable public attention. And some of the steps taken might well have tended to weaken the Pope's precarious hold on life.

In terms of quantity, the efforts were successful. For several days before and several days after his death, Pius XII got front page attention in most American metropolitan dailies. On the day he died, many newspapers in the United States gave over their entire front pages — and additional pages inside — to an account of his last hours and his life.

Eclipse Of The Moon

The story occupied this position of prominence continuously until the day that the first moon rocket was discharged by Americans into space. This historic exploit never succeeded in getting as much attention in the press as did the death of the minor Italian nobleman who became Pope. But for a day or two, at least, it forced the news from Rome into a less prominent position.

This was not accomplished without considerable prearrangement. The following is a chronological summary of facts carefully culled from various public sources. They are chosen be-

cause they tend to show that the Vatican staff was giving a great deal more attention to creating around the Pope an illusion of sanctity or divinity than they were to saving his life. The sources include the wire services, the *New York Times*, the Washington papers, various Catholic diocesan weekly journals, and the Religious News Service.

With respect to some facts, the reports are conflicting. These conflicts are duly recognized below. The reader therefore may find it hard to arrive at many very definite conclusions. But he cannot fail to see that some important parts of the story are being concealed.

When, if ever, they are revealed, it may well appear that the death of the Pope came earlier than it would have were it not for the ministrations of his press agents. It may be shown that he laid down his life, in a certain sense, as a martyr to the cause of putting the face of his Church on the front page of every newspaper and her voice on every radio and television station throughout the world.

Wednesday, October 1st

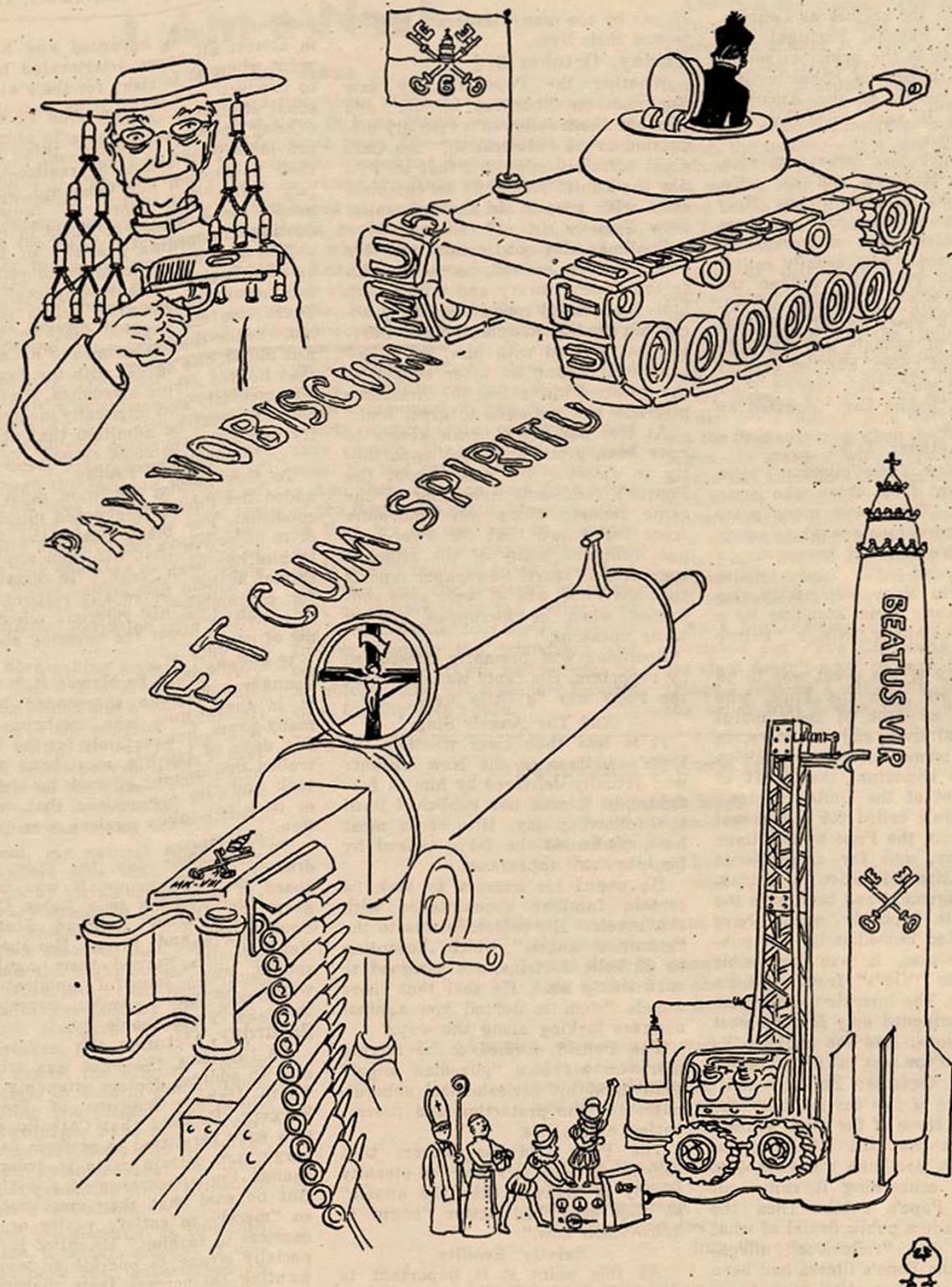
It should be noted that this was exactly eight days before the Holy Father's death. According to the Religious News Service dispatch from Vatican City this day, "Rumors that the health of Pope Pius XII was again causing concern here were denied by the Vatican Radio." It was "further learned from the Vatican" that "the Pope required no special medical attention in addition to daily visits by physicians of the Vatican Health Service."

But on the very same day, a *New York Times* special correspondent reported that "announcement that the Pontiff was not well was made at his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo near here this afternoon before his weekly general audience. He looked pale when he stepped out on a balcony. In all, the audience lasted eight minutes, whereas on previous such occasions, the Pope remained visible for at least half an hour."

Still another correspondent described the balcony on which the old man was exposed as being "wind-swept." In face of denials from the Vatican radio, the *Times* reported that Dr. Galeazzo-Lisi, who was in Brussels, had been called back to Rome.

The Rich and The Poor

On the same day, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, arrived in Rome accompanied by a delegation of his "subjects." They were on their way home from a tour of the Mediterranean and from a



God Is On The Side Of The Heaviest Guns

The Vatican, as a sovereign state, fulfills many of the normal functions of government in that both censorship and a prison are maintained. (The latter is almost never used). The above is a pictorial speculation on what

might happen if the Vatican set up a military establishment like other states, with a modern armed force of its own to implement the long-established moral force.

pilgrimage to the shrines at Lourdes, France, and Fatima, Portugal. The United States is the principal source of financial support of Papal institutions. The richest of the American archdioceses is that ruled by Cardinal Spellman.

On or about this same day, also, one Rafael Montoya and his wife, both aged 50, arrived in the Holy City. They were "traperos," members of the humblest class of workers in Spain, the people who usually collect the garbage. They had walked the entire route from Barcelona, in fulfillment of a vow. Rafael wore out three pairs of sandals and his wife seven pairs of shoes. For the greater part of the way, they carried their baggage in "kiddie kars" donated by French nuns.

Money Talks

But the New York "pilgrims" were quite different from those who came from Spain. They were more prosperous — prosperous enough to spend important amounts of money on a voyage intended partly to pay tribute to the Virgin Mary, but partly also to develop their social standing by a voyage in company with a "Prince of the Church."

The climax of the event was to be their audience with the Pope, who is absolute monarch of their moral and spiritual lives and therefore, in their own terms, occupies a position much more important than that of the President of the United States.

The schedule called for a personal interview with the Pope by Spellman on Thursday, and for an audience with the entire delegation on Friday. If this engagement had been with the Montoyas it probably would have been cancelled immediately. But public-relations-wise, it was impossible to treat the "VIP's" from America in this way. The interview with them could be postponed only for the most urgent reasons. And the obvious illness of the Pope was not that urgent.

Thursday, October 2nd

The events of this day are shrouded in mystery. None of the usual sources report even that the scheduled interview with Spellman was held. The only story concerning it came out after the Pope's death. Then the Cardinal made a public denial of what he termed the "ridiculous" allegations that the Pope's illness had been caused by an altercation with him.

On this same day, however, the Vatican reported that the Pope had addressed delegates to the Seventh Congress of the International Union of the Gas Industry. He urged gas producers to make their product safe and thus help avoid suicides. He deplored what he said was the "sad use

of gas by too many desperate people" to end their lives.

Friday, October 3rd

Whether the Pope actually saw Spellman on Thursday or not, and whether there followed a friendly discussion or an "altercation," the Cardinal certainly saw to it that on Friday the Pontiff should do his complete duty with respect to the influential New Yorkers.

Spellman did not remain with his own subjects. Instead, he went alone to the Pope's library and talked with him for twenty minutes. Then, according to the Religious News Service, he "walked with him" to a balcony overlooking an inner square of the palace "where the 607 American pilgrims had gathered to greet him."

At this point, the public seems to have been given a limited opportunity to discover the truth about the Pontiff's condition. According to the same report, "there were murmurs from the crowd that the Pope was not well, and many of the pilgrims were seen in tears. Newspaper reports that the Pope was ill were seen confirmed when he hiccupped audibly while speaking."

Spellman was promptly questioned by reporters. His reply was only that the Pope was "a little weak."

And The Angels Sing

It is less than clear whether the Pope's address to the New Yorkers was actually delivered by him in full. Certainly it was not published until the following day. His words must have confirmed the fears evoked by his physical appearance.

He urged his hearers to seek "a certain familiar acquaintance with the angels." His reference was to the "guardian angels" which, according to Catholic doctrine, are assigned to each living man. He said that these angels "wish to defend you against dangers lurking along the way."

The Pontiff seemed to be relying more on his own "guardian angel" than upon his ecclesiastical subordinates for the protection and preservation of his life.

The Pope told his hearers that they might hope to spend "an eternity of joy in Heaven with the angels" so that they had better "begin to know them now."

Saintly Senility

At this point it is important to mention one fact with respect to the Pope's mental and physical condition. He was 82 years old. Four years earlier, he had been through an illness that almost cost him his life. He had worked extremely hard ever since.

In scientific circles it is widely accepted that the mental faculties of

persons of such advanced age have in almost all cases deteriorated to a point where it is risky for them alone to conduct or control their own personal affairs.

Long before reaching this age, provident men ordinarily realize that their perception has weakened. They rely more and more on younger people for guidance and help in conducting the ordinary affairs of life.

This is not said in order to reflect on the Pope's basic intelligence. He was an extraordinarily active man. There are no reports that he was more senile than other men of his age. But unless one agrees with the dogma that he had divine attributes, that he was mentally and physically incorruptible, it must be admitted that senility had set in to some extent.

Human Frailty

To this mental condition must be added the Pope's weakened physical condition. For many years, the favorite adjective that has been applied to him has been "frail." He certainly cannot be held personally responsible for continuing his rigorous schedule of activities under the hovering shadow of death.

If anyone is to be blamed it is the younger men who surrounded him. It is these men who, perhaps for many years, but certainly for the last few days of his life, must have controlled the amount of work he undertook and the precautions that were or were not taken against over-exertion.

On this same day, the Pope addressed another group. It was composed of delegates to a Rome Congress of Italian Railroad Station Bookdealers and Street Newspaper Vendors. He warned them against selling any "harmful publications which corrupt morals, especially those of young people."

Saturday, October 4th

On this day, the Pope was scheduled to address doctors attending the Tenth Italian Congress of Plastic Surgery. He said that Catholic doctors were permitted to perform facial surgery in certain cases in order to change the appearance of a patient. But he said that they must not do so "merely to satisfy vanity or the caprices of fashion." He called it "especially wrong to operate on women wanting to increase their charms in order to induce other persons to sin."

The Pope's appearance at this audience must have revealed his condition to outside physicians. After it was over, the Vatican doctors also began to admit that he was ill. They announced that he was afflicted by gastritis and hiccups, the same ail-

(Continued on Page 21)

I Am a Nazi

By Jack Kaae

(Editor's note: This is the second time these pages have been opened to the thoughts of a teen-ager. The first time, in issue No. 2, was an account of a petition by teen-agers to halt nuclear bomb tests. The writer of the present article called it "pacifist rot." He was also somewhat indignant about the "Modest Proposal" in that same issue, satirizing the Nazi war memoir.

(Seventeen-year-old Jack Kaae had hoped to expound on his Fascist philosophy in the Realist. We turned him down, explaining that for this, readers could refer to any of the sick hate-sheets which are currently published in this country, if not to the original "Mein Kampf." Yet, we still thought that there was something of ugly interest in his story.

(What follows, then, is that compromise. Its crude prejudices have been left uncensored; its psychological motivations are hinted at, unintentionally.)

AT THE AGE OF TEN or thereabouts, I saw a television documentary, *Victory At Sea*. The emotional impact of Rodgers' music was something I'd never experienced before, or since. Though the designed purpose of the program was the defamation of the Axis cause, I could see thru the poor quality and oftentimes grainy German film—the soul, the very spirit of men who would calmly offer up their lives for a cause which no amount of propagandistic narration could defame.

I have been asking myself, why did Germany lose? The answer is very simple: the Allies had a superior military force (not superior soldiers). Thus, by going to war in the first place, the Allies proved Hitler's first law of national socialism—Only Force Will Rule—and by *winning*, they put the period on the end of the sentence.

In school, my natural assumption about teachers was that here were people who, by virtue of their better-than-average education, possessed the ability to evaluate fact from fiction, reason from emotion, that they were sure to see the righteousness of the German cause, and at the same time, see the injustices done by the victorious Allies. Needless to say, I was sadly mistaken.

In 7th grade, the English teacher told the class to hand in compositions "on anything you please." The result was 34 two-page, hand-written compositions on how Tony and Rocco enjoyed their summer vacations doing things their probation officer evidently hadn't found out about.

However, in glancing at the 35th composition, a certain amount of dismay must have been experienced on the part of our beloved teacher (a Jew) when his eyes fell upon the title, "The Life of Adolf Hitler." It was twelve pages long, every page type-written, and single-spaced at that.

The teacher made it as slow and agonizing for me as possible, by having 5-to-10 compositions read each

week. When half the class had read theirs, I began to have doubts, but when three-quarters had finished, my doubts merged into certainty. And sure enough, the certainty came to pass. He had saved mine for last.

And then, like the first four notes of the Beethoven Fifth, his voice echoed thru my psyche, and as I strode up and took my composition and made myself ready to speak, I realized that this was the moment of truth, that no matter what the outcome of the verbal battle to follow, I would forever alienate the friendship and security of the crowd, and forever be an outcast. And yet somehow I didn't care, I really didn't care.

And then the words, "The Life of Adolph Hitler." I was committed. There was silence for one second or two, and then laughter—coarse, rude, loud, vulgar, hideous laughter that seemed to continue for an eternity. And then, while the laughter was subsiding, the teacher—as a sort of noble gesture—ordered the class to stop, and with a look of smugness he ordered me to continue, which I did for the better part of six pages without interruption.

However, just before the period's end, a minor argument developed on some trivial point, and before we could get down to the important points, the bell rang. Class dismissed.

The next day, as I stepped in front of the class, I knew it was either do or die. So I did. I just barely got out the first sentence when the teacher began. It started with personal remarks and sarcasm. Then he began to attack the composition. A quicker transformation I have never seen. All of a sudden his arguments didn't hold water, he flustered and stumbled and became entangled in the web of his self-contradictions.

As a final admission of defeat, he sputtered out, "It's Christmas time, the class doesn't want to hear of such things." And so I sat down, firm in the belief that I was right, and no

American News Item

He was frantic on a high ledge
armed and stupendous
mad as the sun
his heart wedged between his
wild teeth

The citizens were indignant in the street
this was obscene
what does he mean?
they grabbed for the police
instinctively

(America, observe your madmen well
they are the dust of the dream
you have demanded their eyes
and they do not see the myth
anymore)

The sun hung in the sky from a wire
the wire slipped
and the madman
came tumbling down
into the citizens

(America, read your papers:)

For the reporters made the matter clear
the madmans plight had been painfully real
after all he had had his job lost on him
and his beautiful talented American automobile
dispossessed

—Robert A. Perlongo

matter how hard they tried, the task of defeating me was an impossible one.

This was but one of many incidents in which I collided head-on with blind conformity, and since self-expression was impossible, I failed subject after subject. Black mark after black mark was given me, the sole purpose being to break my will. It got to the point where each time I spoke out, I got a zero. It could go no further. I was forced to quit school at 16.

It's been a year now, and in looking for a job, I've found the recession quite real. But six months ago, I came to the realization that the only thing for me to do was find a job, make the money to enable me to go to Germany, and join the West German Army.

Meanwhile, to pass the time, I watch the Jack Paar show. TV in general, but the late night variety show in particular, follows a self-destroying cycle which the capitalist system makes inevitable. The show appears at the beginning practically sponsorless, it meets with public approval, and as a result, Madison Avenue saturates the 11:15-to-1:00 time segment until the average viewer is ready to vote a straight Socialist Labor ticket at the next election.

So while the commercials drone on, I sit back and recall that day in school . . . There I was, amongst the scum of humanity—they would make the characters in the *Blackboard Jungle* look like Little Lord Fauntleroy's—pointing at me and saying, "Aay, dis guy's a Nazi!"

It was indeed an ironic sight to see yours truly on the floor with 4 or 5 Guineas pounding away, saying, "You dirty Nazi, I don't believe in your theory of force."

Keeping Pace With Space

There were the moron jokes and there were the bopster gags and there were the 'sick' jokes.

Now there are the Martian gags. Samples:

A Martian was walking along a typical Earth street when he looked up and saw all the TV antennas. "Hey you kids—get off that roof!"

Two Martians were walking along in Washington, D. C. "Is this Madison Avenue?" one of them asked the other. "No," came the reply, "that's in New York; this is Pennsylvania Avenue." "Oh, well," said the first, "that's the way the cookie crumbles."

A Martian went into a bar and grill, walked up to the pinball machine, and said, "Hey, what's a beautiful girl like you doing in a crummy joint like this?"

Demonology And Politics

Religious circles were stirred last month by a controversy as to whether people can really be possessed by devils, as was formerly believed. Canon E. G. Burroughs of Oxford proposed to the Convocation of Canterbury of the Anglican Church a special study of demonology. "I am a believer in angels and I am also a believer in demons or evil spirits," he said, "and I feel quite sure that many of the people spending their lives in lunatic asylums are possessed of evil spirits rather than diseases of the brain."

Bump-Bump In The Night

One of the delegates said that he hoped the Church was not going to make itself ridiculous by appearing to believe in hobgoblins, gremlins, and things that "go bump-bump in the night." So the Convocation rejected the special study proposed by Burroughs.

But another Anglican commission, one that has been studying divine healing for five years, also mentioned the subject. "Some members of the committee," it said, "were not persuaded that demons may cause or complicate any malady," but the commission as a whole "would not like to assert that no case will ever be found of such an unusual character as suggests the need for exorcism."

shows that he was serious, that he was not being humorous or using his language in any figurative sense.

Last month, Father Richard Ginder, star commentator in *Our Sunday Visitor*, the Catholic magazine which is distributed in parishes throughout the country, added his support to the devil theory of international affairs.

"What is the driving force behind Communism?" he asked, and said in reply to his own question that "Communism is in truth the mystical Body of Anti-Christ. It is a more than human movement. It is infused with a preternatural dynamic that somehow inspires its members. And that is what was going on and that these men are possessed by the Devil." A careful reading of Father Gross' testimony

How To Get The Devil Out

A method for dealing with demons was suggested at the Convocation of Canterbury by the Archdeacon of Aston, Maxwell Dunlop. He sarcastically suggested that:

"If the demon seems at all active the priest or doctor should refer it to the bishop. Then, if the demon understands Latin and the bishop thinks a case has been made for exorcism, he should consult a panel of priests and doctors for diagnosis. After the panel has reported the bishop may proceed to do something about it."

The clergy roared with laughter as the archdeacon added, almost in a whisper:

"But what is the demon going to do? He may be an Anglican demon—or he may lack completely the kind of intelligence the Anglican shows when appeal is made to the bishop!"

The bishops trooped off to sit in their own Upper House, but the Devil stayed with the lesser clergy. It gave him a feeling of belonging.

Exorcism, or the driving out of devils, is still practiced by the clergy of the Church of England for a small fee. It is also an accepted practice in the Roman Catholic Church, having been performed this year at Seaford, Long Island, on the famous "House of Flying Objects"—objects which were supposedly tossed about by *poltergeists* (mischievous ghosts).

But the Catholic Church seems more concerned with political or diplomatic demons than with the personal variety. About a year ago, Father Fulgence Gross, released from a Chinese prison, gave Congress a blood-curdling account of his treatment by his jailers and fellow prisoners.

Said he: "I can say almost with a certainty—that is ninety per cent certainty—that the government knew this

why I keep saying that the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, is the one force in this Universe that can conquer Communism. The good pagans and post-Christians will eventually cave in, leaving the convinced believers in God to fight the battle with prayer and sacrifice, by interposing their own bodies if need be, to throw back the tide of atheism, and regain this world for Christ."

Meanwhile, in Glasgow, the Church of Scotland's Synod of Clydesdale passed a resolution disassociating the Synod from its Moderator's eulogy of Pope Pius XII because of, among other reasons, the "strenuous effort made by the Roman Church to force the Western Democracies into an armed conflict with Soviet Russia."

On a Note of 'Apathy'

(Editor's note: An advertising agency—Young & Wonderful & Beautiful & Refreshing & Rubicam—ran a full page ad in New York newspapers on October 7th. It quoted 18th century statesman Edmund Burke—"All that is necessary for the forces of evil to win in the world is for enough good men to do nothing"—in inch-high capital letters . . . along with the reminder, "You must be registered or you cannot vote.")

(There was also a life-sized photograph of a chess-board. One set of chessmen was black; the opposing set, white. But in truth, the candidates and the issues and the campaigns in this past election have all been charcoal gray.)

(The author of the following prose-poem, for want of a better label, is an independent liberal. He was active in Americans for Democratic Action until he realized that the organization was but a rubber stamp for the Democratic Party. Rather than having an ordinary byline, he wishes to be described here only as "a man in his thirties.")

IT'S ALL OVER. Probably has been for some time but I never quite thought of it this way. America, the United States, that dream which swept the Earth two centuries ago, is passing into oblivion.

Even the Pentagon, one of the last bulwarks of our Anglo-Saxon American male ego, has its plan for surrender. This may disturb all of us. I doubt it. I don't care. I'm tired of prodding others, trying to wake up members of my own family, friends, casual drinking companions. They all stare . . . never quite sure of what . . . and you go away . . . frustrated.

After only twenty odd years on top of the heap, after being presented with the greatest ideological victory since the dawn of time in 1945, we are dying. Oh, was there anyone who didn't love us in '45 . . . except maybe the friends and relatives of a few thousand Japanese who were baked white hot that summer in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Could be that was the tip off . . . that Fall sure was. Remember Stalin at the Potsdam Conference?

And by graduation time next year an overweight, unemployed English politician and part-time phrase-maker coined the phrase "Iron Curtain" at a place called Fulton, Missouri. And we were off to the races.

I like to think those first years after, we tried. Old Harry T. seemed to care. He didn't know, so he made blunders. But he marched on the right side often enough. However the energy, the impetus was going.

By '48 the curses and international bickering were habits, and the attitudes were cast in cement and seemingly unsurmountable. November that year, a smart aleck Governor with a polite mustache, snatched his retirement from the jaws of victory. I like to think we all rejoiced that fall . . . because the juices haven't flowed much since.

Right after that we met the Junior Liar from Wisconsin who held center

stage far too long. And the big pleasant Daddy was called from his failure at Columbia University to put some life in a strange alliance called NATO. Now the Cold War was official and Ike became the High Priest.

Meanwhile everywhere all over the world we were becoming identified with the old, the tried and the failing. Our revolutionary legacy had become the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Our unerring nose for the right wasn't working, the proper replaced the right, and the only voice the world heard over a sea of striped pants, was Cousin Joe, the ex-Divorce King from Appleton.

But Hark, all is not lost, From somewhere South of Chicago is rising a man, a summing up. One who knows . . . and what he doesn't the rest of us know He will give him the grace. Faith, that curious thing missing since Godfrey cried for FDR, was returning. This was Truth. Please Dear God make that glorious common man of Lincoln see it.

But no, perhaps it was too much; too much like the hero getting the girl in real life. Pleasantness and security, in the form of a uniform—some golf, some previous candor, some naivete—a vibrant awkward male voice was upon us . . . and that was the mortal blow.

It was almost as though the Lord said, if they can not recognize my Apostle speaking my words, then down perdition's road for them. And in four years the Apostle was a mild shadow, a man making meaningless polite statements about a girl being stoned in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. A gentleman who was more concerned about the vineyards of the French colonists in Algeria, than the inalienable right of revolution, anywhere.

Revolution was, and is, our heritage. We cannot spit on it. We are nothing if we are not it. We aren't the doomed and ineffectual English playing out their last hand in a form found useless years before . . . or the tired

children of France . . . or the brooding Soviets. We are, or were, the United States, America, a dream, a goal, what others looked to and wanted to visit, to become a citizen of . . . because we were free . . . and strong . . . and knew.

Now we are faced with an America rising out of the forests . . . a guerilla army . . . the Chinese dominant everywhere. And those former staunchest defenders of the status quo, racing to get on the bandwagon. Of course Communism, or Fascism, or Capitalism, or "What have you for sale today brother" . . . as long as I have my piece.

These pygmies are the remnants of Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Lee . . . and many others . . . before and since. That is why . . . and you and I . . . will pay if we care . . . again with our precious blood.

'If You're So Rich, How Come You're Not Smart?'

Former jockey Joe Ferrara sent out a form letter this month—he was "expanding and accepting a limited number of new clients; a select few whose honesty I must depend upon, as in turn the people who supply me with information must depend upon my honesty."

He went on to explain: "My information comes from trainers and jockeys with whom I have been associated with in the past while performing my craft as a rider. I have worked for such people as C. V. Whitney, L. B. Mayer, Warner Brothers, J. Paley and many others.

"During the course of my riding I

" . . . the Racing Form . . . there you have the true Art of Fiction."

—Ernest Hemingway

gained valuable friends in the racing field. Through these friends I am able to acquire the knowledge as to their plans on certain horses. Horses these people plan to make a 'KILLING' with . . .

"I will soon release to my regular clients my \$100 ADVANCE SPECIAL. You, as a new client, will receive the name of this horse for only \$5 with the understanding that you will remit an additional \$5 after the horse wins at a mutuel of \$10 or better . . .

"One trial," he concluded, "will prove to you that my services are outstanding." There was, of course, no guarantee that money would be cheerfully refunded to dissatisfied customers.

The Role Of Myth

By Edward F. Edinger, M.D.

(Dr. Edinger is a New York psychiatrist. This concludes the article he began in Issue No. 1.)

Myths are psychic truths, not physical truths. This apparently is a very difficult distinction for most people to make. It requires recognition of the psyche as something valid and real in its own right, yet separate from physical reality. This difficulty is understandable. The psyche has been recognized as a valid subject of scientific inquiry for only seventy-five years. Prior to the first researches of Freud we were unaware that there was anything there to study.

The discoveries of depth psychology have increased greatly our understanding of myth. This has been quite unintentional, a byproduct, as it were, of the psychological analysis of individuals.

Myths And Dreams

In the course of exploring the unconscious by means of dream interpretation, the remarkable similarity between dreams and myths was discovered. This led to a systematic exploration of myths from a psychological viewpoint and to the comparison of recurrent mythological themes with dream imagery. By this process Jung made his famous discovery of the archetypes, certain typical themes and images that recur repeatedly in the mythologies of all ages and in the dreams of modern men.

It soon became apparent that dreams and myths are fundamentally the same. Dreams are spontaneous self-revelations of the unconscious psyche which often convey important information to the individual dreamer. Myths, likewise, are spontaneous productions of the unconscious which emerge as stories and images and exert powerful effects on a whole society.

Myths are collective in nature; they affect a people as a whole. Their power can be explained only by the assumption that they have something important to say to those who accept them. Myth and dream are basically the same thing: the collective and individual manifestations of the phenomenon. Thus we can say a dream is a personal myth and a myth is the dream of a people.

Logical Thought

To understand the nature of myth we must first discuss symbolic expression in general and how it differs from conscious thought. Fundamentally the human mind has two ways of expressing itself.

One way is by logical, discursive thought which breaks up the plethora of life experience into discrete categories. It is analytical, precise, careful to make distinctions among things. It requires effort and is fatiguing. It

is abstract and conceptual. Directed thinking requires language. We think in words. This capacity to divide the fullness of life into distinct categories and to express these categories abstractly by means of words is the essence of being conscious.

Consciousness is the capacity to discriminate, to separate opposites and give them an orderly place within a meaningful framework. The basic categories we use for such discrimina-

Skepticism Backed Up By Facts

That man with faith may mountains move

I have as yet seen no one prove;
I fear few mortals are religious
Enough for doings so prodigious.

—Tom Pease

tion are time, space, quality, quantity and causality. As we know from Kant these categories of discrimination are not inherent in external reality. Rather, they are *a priori* within our minds: To use an analogy, we might say that these categories of conscious perception correspond to the crosshairs of a telescopic sight, the telescope representing our conscious awareness of the world.

A Sense Of Security

As I have said, directed thinking and its basic categories are the essence of consciousness. They provide a fundamental orientation in the world and consequently a certain sense of security from knowing where we are. The origin of conscious discrimination is language or the "word."

The significance of the "word" is illustrated by one version of the Biblical creation myth. The mythical figure of Christ the Savior is here equated with the Logos or Word. In the gospel of John we read, "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God: all things were made through Him . . ." (Italics mine.)

It is also significant that in the account of creation given in Genesis, the initial creative act was a process of separation. The heavens were sep-

arated from the earth and light was separated from darkness. This corresponds to the specific capacity of conscious thinking to separate or discriminate opposites by means of the word or language. Thus our Biblical creation myth depicts the birth of human consciousness via the word.

Symbolic Expression

So much for logical, directed thinking, the language of consciousness. Let us turn now to the language of the unconscious, which is mythological or symbolic expression. This is the language of dream, myth and fairy tale. In contrast to directed thinking, dream and phantasy require no conscious effort. They well up spontaneously from the unconscious. They cause no fatigue. Most likely the production of phantasy is going on constantly in the unconscious. We remain unaware of it unless we go to sleep or unless our conscious attention is lowered enough to allow it to break through spontaneously.

Here the categories of consciousness do not apply. Time and space are nullified. The law of cause and effect is no longer followed. Miracles and magical transformations are commonplace. No clear discrimination exists. One thing can stand for another and opposites lie side by side as in the Biblical promise of paradise where the lion shall lie down with the lamb.

Mythological language uses metaphor, parable and allegory. It speaks in images and stories expressing itself with the vividness and completeness that only the picture of a concrete situation can convey. It is the language of "as if." To understand a myth or a dream we must preface it with the words, "It is as if life were like this."

The Unconscious

The unconscious is the creative matrix from which the conscious personality has emerged. The imagery of dream and myth well up spontaneously as a part of the life process of the psyche. However, lacking the clarity and order of consciousness, the unconscious may be frightening and disorienting. It can threaten to swallow the feeble light of conscious reason. This danger is depicted in a variety of myths and fairy tales. It is the journey to hell or to the underground. It is being lost under the sea or swallowed by a whale.

Primarily these images refer to the psychological disorientation caused by the loss of our conscious categories of time, space and causality which can result in psychosis.

On the other hand, the mythological realm of the unconscious can be a source of renewed life energy and creative inspiration. These positive

Whom The Gods Destroy

If Gods there be
then they, not we
are the villains of creation.

I pity Adam pushed about
and driven out
of paradise like a poacher
on some overlord's estate.
He never knew the cards of fate
were stacked against his day of asking
why a certain tree
should be denied when all the rest were free.
He had a perfect right
to question such a whim
or law, when the fruit belonged to him.

And surely Eve
born of his bone and born to grieve
should not be singled out for shame,
because she urged him on.
What she did was done
in Eden-innocence.
The original sin
was being done in
by the Gods
when she refused to be
a creature of brute stupidity.

If Eve's the mother of us all
what shame in being natural?
If Adam sold his soul for an apple
what greater sacrifice, whose debt,
how hungry can man get
for the love of one woman?
The serpent was a stooge
sent in to complicate matters.
Just as a falling star shatters
a portion of the universe,
their fall wrecked their faith in trees.

When Adam and his Eve fled
their censored board and bed
they knew love was not sin.
The snake created the myth
of shame; not nakedness and what goes with
it. All praise for Adam
for defying the sword
of wrath, not knowing what untoward
act might mar his children's future.
Eve taught him pain was evil, love was good
and their own blood
more binding than the word:
hardly a crime
to be punished till the end of time
by prophets crying in the wilderness.

When Adam looked back again
it was too late—Cain
was the bloody master of the garden,
boasting of his foul deed.
It was time to plant a new seed
where love would conquer hate
without demanding an eye for an eye.
It broke his heart to hear Eve cry
where once her laughter woke the birds.

Sin was invented after the fall
by busybodies like St. Paul
who abhorred the natural man
and natural love—unnatural now.
Today the Golden Bough
casts an ominous shade
where the sweet dove used to sing:
the tiger snarls his warning
and lions sleep with lambs in their bellies.

—Harold Briggs

possibilities are expressed in myth as the winning of the maiden after killing the dragon, discovering a precious jewel in the depths of the earth or, as in the case of Dante, after traversing Hell, experiencing a divine illumination.

The Value Of Myth

From what has been said, it is clear that leaving our safe conscious categories and delving into the mythological realm can be psychically dangerous as well as rewarding. Fortunately our own spontaneous defenses will usually protect us from such a danger. If the world of myth and the unconscious are better avoided, this will usually be done automatically, for example, by depreciating the meaning and value of myth. This is one cause of the prevalent attitude which debunks myth as nothing more than superstitious ignorance.

Mythical language is the expression of the unconscious and, although it does not speak in the logical categories of consciousness, it often has

something important to tell us. As the foundation of the conscious personality, existing prior to it, the unconscious has a functional wisdom that corresponds to the physiological wisdom of the body.

The body has a remarkable system of self-regulation which maintains the balance of health. When the body is injured, repair processes immediately begin to correct the damage. The same homeostatic function occurs in the psyche. When the conscious personality deviates from the healthy state, compensatory processes appear in the unconscious and emerge in the symbolic language of dream and phantasy.

Rationalism Vs. Roots

It can be presumed that in earlier ages when man was more responsive to the mythological realm, the self-regulation of the unconscious psyche was more effective. However, in our present stage of highly developed rationalism we often lose contact with our unconscious roots. This causes a

state of psychic dissociation in which the self-regulative capacities of the psyche can no longer function. In such a dissociated state, one can not understand symbolic language and is cut off from the sources of his own psychic energy in the unconscious.

In such a case, the process of psychotherapy can reintroduce the patient to the mythological realm of the unconscious. Dreams, and the myths that provide meaningful parallels, are treated with serious attention. Gradually, perhaps, the patient begins to understand and value the symbolic language from both his own unconscious and the mythologies of the world. With this new conscious attitude, a rapprochement between conscious and unconscious can take place, the split can be healed and the self-regulatory activities of the unconscious can again operate effectively.

To have a living relation to the language of myth means to be in harmony with the unconscious, to be

whole. This is the goal of psychic health. We see such living relation with mythical imagery in children not yet alienated from the unconscious, in creative artists who remain close to the unconscious and its stream of images, and in those elderly mature individuals whose speech is rich in image and metaphor.

The Function Of Myth

All the great teachers of the human race have spoken in the language of myth, allegory and metaphor. Myth is indeed the primordial and universal language.

On the other hand, neurotic symptoms that cripple a person's capacity to live effectively can often be understood as symbolic, mythological expressions of the unconscious.

It Can Happen There

Said Mary the B.V., "Christ knows—

In our Church almost anything goes;

But it's really quite odd
That I've gone up to God

All complete, from my head to my toes."

Modern depth psychology gives man a new opportunity to establish a meaningful relationship with the realm of myth, which is also the realm of the unconscious. It shows the way to avoid the two opposite dangers in relating to myth: the danger of total regressive immersion in a particular myth with loss of conscious discrimination and, on the other hand, the danger of a rationalistic, debunking attitude which alienates one from his personal and historic origins.

When properly understood, myth is a conveyor of unconscious or instinctive wisdom. It leads to the healing of psychic dissociations and the integration of the personality. This new psychological understanding of myth even holds out the hope that men will not always remain in isolated groups defensively upholding their own parochial myth and attacking the myths of other groups. Indeed, we can say that the right relation to myth is the road to mental health.

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Brigitte Bardot and the Party Line

The placidity of Lake Placid, New York has been disturbed all summer and fall by a quarrel between the local priest and the operator of the only movie theater in town. The manager had refused to cancel a showing of the much-publicized Brigitte Bardot movie, *And God Created Woman*. The pastor offered him \$350 in cash if he would do so, but the manager stood firm and his directors supported him. The priest then not only forbade his flock to see Brigitte but forbade them even from attending the theater for six months.

This month, the theater was closed, because of "substantial losses" suffered as a result of the ban. Earlier, a nearby drive-in theater had been ordered by the same priest to cancel the showing of another Bardot feature, and had complied.

Indecent Fronts

The Roman Catholic Church enforces its "bans" on allegedly indecent literature and movies through two "front organizations" — the Legion of Decency and the National Organization for Decent Literature. These are neither Legions nor Organizations but purely and simply subsidiaries of the Hierarchy, under its complete control.

For a while after their establishment, many non-Catholics were induced to support them. But last January, Reverend Thurston Davis, editor of the Jesuit weekly, *America*, addressing the officials and employees of the motion picture industry, admitted that this support has largely dissolved. He urged its renewal, saying it had been dissipated to a point where, following Cardinal Spellman's condemnation of *Baby Doll*, a good many non-Catholics patronized it "out of some sort of spite against the Legion."

Two days earlier, the Auxiliary Bishop of Minneapolis had told his Union of Holy Name Societies that even Catholic people "complain because certain movies are banned to them. They just aren't thinking with the Church."

The Party Line?

At a recent convention of the Catholic Theological Society, Rev. John R. Connery said that "the defenders of freedom have been trying to sell the community the idea that Catholics are imposing a party line on the rest of the community." To the contrary, he insisted that what the Legion and the NODL are promoting is "not a matter of religious belief but of morality and therefore a matter of common concern."

A similar view was expressed this summer by Father Owen Bennett, rector of St.-Anthony-on-the-Hudson in New York State. He told the press that the moral evaluation of these Catholic organizations is "based on

Judeo-Christian tradition and not on Catholic doctrine alone." He added that "it is a falsification of all Western and Jewish history to present this doctrine as if it were just one point of view about the subject held by a particular group in our culture."

Since the decision of another Roman Catholic, Justice William J. Brennan, in the *Roth* case, there has been a tendency on the part of motion picture exhibitors to resist Roman Catholic pressure even more than before.

Brennan's decision authorized a more adult standard of judgment on the part of public officials called on to decide whether or not a picture is "obscene." It is no longer possible to ban a picture merely because it appeals to the "prurient interest" of young adolescents and old sex maniacs.

Brigitte's Charms

The present availability in shadow form of Miss Bardot's own "front organization" is probably creditable to this change in the attitude of the courts. The picture has been rated the most successful foreign box-office attraction ever imported. Even at Lake Placid, it did "the second best gross of the year."

The loss of the court's support may lead to an intensification of the campaign of private pressure by means of boycotts. It is quite possible that the Catholic hierarchy is not alone in objecting to such pictures as those of Brigitte Bardot.

Protestant and Jewish leaders would probably support them in calling her performances obscene. But believing as most of them do in the right of individual judgment on moral questions, they refuse to cooperate in methods of duress to impose on other people their own standards or those of the celibate priesthood.

And non-Catholic religious leaders will not forget about the Catholic pressure exerted against the film, *Martin Luther*. This was not an issue of decency at all but one of religious doctrine. The film was objected to only because the picture, like Luther himself, was anti-Catholic. The opposition was based on the specific instruction of the late Pope

Some Thoughts On Pornography

By Alden A. Nowlan

The most dangerous people are those who are right for the wrong reasons. For example, the people who despise pornography not because it perverts sex but because, secretly, they consider any manifestation of sex a perversion.

The puritans are right in thinking that the striptease is obscene, wrong in believing that the obscenity consists simply in a girl elaborately shedding her clothes in public.

The real obscenity of the striptease isn't even sexual. It is the participants' loss of their animal dignity. The kind of obscenity you find in side-shows where elephants wear grass skirts and are taught to rumba.

Pornography is an indignity against the flesh as blasphemy is supposed to be an indignity against God. The things the Anthony Comstocks fidget about, the four-letter words, the detailed accounts of healthy kids tumbling together in the hay, aren't obscene. At worst, they're only vulgar. True obscenity is like having someone urinate in your face and pretending to like it, or maybe really liking it, the way some people like being whipped.

It's less an act than an attitude. All whippings are brutal. Not all are obscene. There is a certain obscenity in

Pius XII. He had ordered the banning not only of obscene material but also of anything that "contains something contrary to the Catholic faith."

The Church of course has the right to prepare lists of films for the guidance of its own members. But the purpose of the Lake Placid priest was obviously much broader than this. He did not stop at forbidding his own

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all brutality because its ultimate objective, whether the strapping of a child's bottom or the electrocution of a murderer, is not pain but humiliation through indignity. But the full obscenity is the victim's acceptance of the humiliation, his positive enjoyment of his own shame.

Anthropologists stress the part played by primitive tabus in forming our modern conceptions of sexual morality. The superficially educated are impatient. They think the tabus were forced on the race by a clique of priests and sachems, forgetting that we had a million years in the caves to prepare for ten thousand years of precarious civilization.

Part of the "filthy" connotations of sex come, naturally enough, from the association of the procreative organs with urination and defecation. This is so obvious that professional anthropologists seem never to have thought of it. Guy de Maupassant expressed our conscious disgust at this offense to our aesthetic instincts when he suggested in a short story that almost any other part of the body would be a superior instrument of inter-

course, artistically. The sense of modesty probably began in an instinct identical to that of the cat, who digs a hole for her feces and scratches earth over it when she's finished.

However, that needn't lessen the beauty of the final sexual product. Modesty has been exploited by hypocrites for so long that people who despise hypocrisy usually deride it. But a virgin is still aesthetically superior to a whore. And beauty is identical with good so often that it's embarrassing to everyone but John Keats.

Significantly, in America, defecation vies with copulation as a theme for dirty stories. The people who find a hound mounting a bitch hilariously funny usually enjoy jokes about diarrhea, constipation and privies. The trouble with dirty stories, of course, is not that they're dirty but that almost none of them are funny.

Nietzsche said that man was the only beast that suffered enough to need to invent laughter. Since Americans are basically puritans who take sex so seriously it hurts, it's natural that they want to laugh at it. Even if their laughter is usually closer to a snicker than a guffaw.

She'll Change Her Mind

The following bit of dialogue occurred this month on the afternoon TV show, *House Party*. Emcee Art Linkletter was interviewing a little girl, about ten years old—a student at a parochial school.

"And what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A sister."

"A nun? How'd you decide on that?"

"Well, I wanna get all my experience with men done in my teens—and then retire from that and be a nun."

New Movie

Rumor has it that Hollywood now has in production a new movie about Martin Luther—entitled, "I Was a Teen-Age Catholic."

flock to see the picture. He wanted to stop its showing so that non-Catholics couldn't see it either.

And when the theater owner and operator refused to take his orders, he ran him out of business by means of a boycott. His purpose was obviously the very one that Father Connelly denies, namely to impose on the whole community the "party line" of the Church. And that is also, obviously, the purpose of the entire Catholic "decency" campaign.

Prude's Family Pride

My father, now departed,
Was fine and true and square;
A kind man, tender-hearted,
Who yet could do and dare.
By word and deed he taught me
To do right, come what may;
The father who begot me
In such a nasty way.

My sweet and saintly mother,
Now slumbers in her grave.
There never was another
So gentle yet so brave.
With wrath she never grieved me;
She taught me how to pray;
The mother who conceived me
In such a nasty way.

My little girl's a treasure
And so's my little boy;
To see them is a pleasure;
To hear them is a joy.
Most loving care I've brought them,
Yet as I see them play,
I blush that I begot them
In such a nasty way.

My children's children should be
Delightful young ones too,
And when grown up they could be
Fine people through and through.
I never will regret them,
Yet shudder with dismay;
Their fathers will beget them
In such a nasty way.

—Tom Pease

Dick Nixon, Double Standard-Bearer

By Harry Kursh

Compulsory unification of opinion achieves only the unanimity of the graveyard.
—Justice Robert H. Jackson

The New York Times has a nasty habit of looking under the carpet for the sweepings and every once in awhile manages to raise a bit of dust which vexes political leadership, especially those who happen to have allergies that erupt violently when the dirt proves fit to print.

Perhaps you recall the last time a Times' reporter routinely lifted the carpet at the State Department in Washington. He asked one of those everyday questions, like: How is the mail running? . . . with regard to the administration's football game in the Formosa straits where Uncle Sam—all-in-one—is playing center, guard, end, tackle, halfback and quarterback for Chiang Kai-shek's team, and trying every trick in the books except a play around left end (forbidden territory for Republicans) . . .

The reply came from a rather unimportant State Department employee, who obliged with the data which disclosed, according to the Times, that "letters received at the (State) department were overwhelmingly critical of the Government's policy in the Quemoy crisis."

The results of the Times' story were interesting. Secretary Dulles termed it "ill-advised," a comparatively mild comment, somewhat in keeping with the traditions of leadership in a society where the press and anyone with a four-cent stamp can still sound off. A seasoned leader, Dulles knows you've got to at least roll with the punches.

No Time For Sneezing

But the reaction was a bit more explosive from our highly volatile and versatile friend, Vice-President Nixon, whose allergic reaction to under-the-carpet dust is frequently super-sensitive, a condition due in no small measure to the incredible stress and strain of trying for a 1960 White House touchdown with a slippery football, three down and 90 yards to go.

Mr. Nixon's reaction was feverish indignation, mixed with a veritable torrent of abuse for the man who released the mail data at the State Department, and an ill-concealed blob of venom spat in the direction of the Times.

Any physician would recognize these symptoms as the clinical manifestations of a classical case of *politicolosis tremens*, readily treated (but not always cured) by a four-to-eight-year lease in the White House. However, in the versatile Mr. Nixon's case, the symptoms were obscured by an unusually heavy dose of

unctuous philosophy on the subject of political leadership.

After denouncing the State Department employee and, by implication, the New York Times, for a deliberate act of sabotage, Nixon said the State Department could not, and should not, formulate its foreign policy on the basis of what people think. This would not be leadership.

He said: "If we indulge in the kind of thinking which assumes that foreign policy decisions should be made on the basis of opinion polls, we might as well decide now to surrender our position of world leadership to the Communists and become a second-rate nation."

"It is the responsibility of a leader to lead public opinion — not just to follow it."

Follow The Leader

This puts us in a pretty difficult situation. You can't very well disagree with these views on leadership. After all, if a leader does not lead he has to follow; and if he follows he cannot lead. You can't, in politics, be half-leader, half-man. Hence, those of us who write the letters should know where we stand, either follow the leader, drop out of the pack, or donate the four-cent stamp to the Atlanta chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy who would like to get in touch with their leader in Little Rock.

On the other hand, where does this philosophy put the administration in the race for world leadership? There are no public opinion polls in the Soviet Union — in fact, no public opinion. *Pravda* never asks the Kremlin, "How'd the mail go today, boys?" If a Russian journalist finds any dirt under the carpet, he promptly drops the damned thing, throws the broom away, and returns to his typewriter to knock off a few more paeans to his great Russian leaders.

Neither Rain Nor Nixon . . .

Under Nixon's ideas of leadership the Russians, leader for leader, unperturbed and unsullied by letters from the pack, should be way out in front in the race for world leadership. If Mr. Nixon gets into the White House does this mean our letters go out the back door when he walks through the front door? Or, perhaps,

to confound the Russians, can we then expect him to send our letters to the Kremlin?

I don't know the answers because Mr. Nixon is a difficult man to understand. One day he's the "new" Nixon, campaigning with kid gloves, patting everyone on the back, even the letter writers; next day he's the "old" Nixon, making slashing attacks, labelling any and all who oppose his views as sinners, saboteurs and traitors.

But what is perhaps most upsetting is the fact that under Mr. Nixon's philosophy of leadership once we elect the man who becomes our foreign policy leader we should refrain from further interference. Give him a blank check, and keep the account loaded at the bank.

Maybe this idea was fairly harmless in the days when a leader with a blank check spent three or four years withdrawing from his arsenal to kill off a few million non-leaders. But I especially don't take to his ideas too kindly in these days, not when the bank is loaded with enough nuclear cash to liquidate overnight this whole bloody mess we call civilization, with or without leadership.

To be fair, I must admit that Mr. Nixon is not entirely against the letter-writers. At least, there was a time when he fairly adored them.

Fore!

This was back in the campaign days of 1952. Mr. Nixon had just fought a tough battle in getting the Republicans to name General Eisenhower as their presidential candidate and himself as their vice-presidential man.

The Republicans were jubilant. They had a couple of standard-bearers who were cleaner than hounds' teeth—until a nasty journalist, Leo Katcher, operating in Hollywood, provided the New York Post with a story which was headlined in huge, black letters: SECRET NIXON FUND.

The story purported to find some sweepings under the carpet in Mr. Nixon's own backyard, Los Angeles, wherein lay crumbs of information about a special campaign fund which might have been used by Mr. Nixon for his personal benefit.

The leaders of the Republican Party were peppered with a variety of letters, many from lesser leaders (at the district level) demanding that the Party dump Nixon and find another leader to run for Vice-President. Even the number-one leader, General Eisenhower, felt the enormous pressure. It certainly was a time when few Republicans relished the role of leadership.

After some hurried arrangements,

during which time the telephone company profited from numerous transcontinental calls placed by upper-echelon Republican leaders, Mr. Nixon promptly took to the airwaves—television and all—sat down just as pretty and grim as could be, his wife, Pat, to one side, and made a moving speech, baring all his accounts, assets, and gifts and a certified audit of his putative secret "slush" fund certified by those great leaders among accountants, Price, Waterhouse & Co.

The effect was dramatic. "Sheer soap opera," screamed the Democrats.

Tune In Yesterday

But the important point is that Mr. Nixon, at the time, concluded his broadcast to an estimated audience of 55,000,000 by stating that it was up to his leaders, the Republican National Committee, to decide whether he should or should not remain as Gen. Eisenhower's running mate on their ticket.

Mr. Nixon, however, did not want the leaders to be without the benefit of public opinion, the letter writers. Referring to the Republican National Committee, he said: "Let them decide whether my position on the ticket will help or hurt. And I am going to ask you to help them decide. Wire and write them whether you think I should stay on or get off. And whatever the decision is, I will abide by it."

It sure rained leaders then. More than 2,000,000 of them responded with letters and telegrams, and Mr. Nixon did not object to that decision being based on the public opinion survey he had generated. And that, dear friends, is how we got Vice-President Nixon. The letter-writers were 350 to one, in favor of Dick Nixon.

Perhaps this is one reason why some of us don't jump for joy when we express our views to the State

The Dilemma of Catholic Lawyers . . . Caught Between the Clergy & the Client

By William D. Yeager

In Washington D.C. this month, Reverend Robert Springer, professor of moral theology at Woodstock—and also part-time law student—lectured graduate lawyers at Georgetown University on the moral obligations of their profession. He said that a Roman Catholic lawyer may represent a Communist before a Congressional committee but may not advise his client to invoke the Fifth Amendment.

The Fifth Amendment . . .

Professor Edwin T. McManus of the same University told 200 Roman Catholic jurists and lawyers at Philadelphia that use of the Fifth Amendment to evade questions about Communist activities is a "serious violation of the natural law . . . The right to self-protection is not as important as the protection of civilized society, and the right of immunity against self-incriminating testimony decreases as the clear and present danger of Communism increases."

It was not unexpected that representatives of the Roman Catholic faith should treat lightly the rights guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment. Since the days of the Spanish Inquisition, its agents have used the screw and the rack to force hapless defendants to send themselves to jail or the gallows. To them the incriminating question is mere child's play. But it is revealing to explain the concept of "natural law" to which McManus refers.

Department only to feel frustrated and confused because Dick says, in effect, "Don't bother the leaders."

All right then, no letters. *Take me to your leader, Dick.*

According to Catholic dogma, the Church, i.e. the Pope, who represents Christ on earth, has the sole right to define and promulgate the "natural law." Therefore, references to the natural law can be read, as easily, "papal law." Just as Charles Evans Hughes used to say, "The law is what the judges say it is," so a Catholic teacher will tell his students, in effect, that the "natural law is what the Pope says it is."

Therefore, when Catholic lawyers are told that they may not give their clients the full defense to which they are entitled, it is because the autocratic head of their church forbids it.

. . . And Divorce

A similar situation arose in Pittsburgh this month when fifty leading Roman Catholic lawyers were hailed before Monsignor Paul Coyle of the Chancery Office of that city in his capacity as "President of the Diocesan Tribunal." They listened meekly while his reverence explained to them the "diocesan statute" with respect to divorces.

The monsignor firmly made it clear that Catholic lawyers are not permitted to sue for divorce from "valid" marriages (i.e. valid under Roman Catholic canon law) without the prior permission of the Bishop. This "law" is applicable to all such marriages, whether they be Catholic, Protestant, Jewish or unaffiliated.

The "statute" enacted by his Grace, Bishop John F. Dearden, and read to the lawyers by Monsignor Coyle, provides that "following a valid marriage, it is strictly forbidden for any Catholic, whether as plaintiff or as attorney, to approach the civil courts to obtain separation, divorce, or annulment, without prior approval of the Bishop."

"Not Competent"

Monsignor Jacob C. Shiner, assistant to the Bishop, said that "we maintain that an attorney is not competent to judge the existence or non-existence of the sacred contract of marriage . . . We are trying to impress on them the moral obligation to respect the sacred character of

On The Other Hand . . .

Vox populi, vox Dei (the voice of the people is the voice of God) is the greatest insult ever hurled at the Deity and would be resented by all the gods that man has created in his own image.

If the all-knowing Deity notes the sparrow's fall, He must also note that the genus *Homo sapiens* is fertilized with the rankest mediocrity and morosity which, even in this century of bogus civilization, have resulted in mass hatred that makes a Hitler or a Torquemada loom up as sanctified and saintly.

The sages of all ages have held public opinion in contempt.

Aristotle: "The majority are dullards and dunces and social science is too complex a matter to be decided by number."

Spinoza: "The fault of democracy is mediocrity in the high places."

Voltaire: "When the people reason all is lost."

Jung: "No doubts can exist in the Herd. The masses are blind brutes as we know to our costs."

Hence, public opinion is the result of sloganized propaganda and is about as effective as a mustard poultice on the wooden leg of a Gettysburg veteran.

—Mark Jackson

marriage. Whether the marriage is Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish, it is still a sacred contract."

Citizens of Pittsburgh were reminded, of course, of the recent excommunication of Catholic lawyers, judges, and court attaches at Prato, Italy, for daring to enter a civil judgment against the Bishop who called a local woman's civil marriage the "beginning of concubinage." But this was under law made by Mussolini and the Pope, and Americans doubted that such rules could be applied in this democratic land.

But attorney William L. Jacobs, President of St. Thomas More Society of (Catholic) Lawyers assured the public that it could be done. He said that the Pittsburgh bishop's ruling was "nothing new to many of us who have been practicing and have had knowledge of the attitude of the Church and Canon Law." Jacobs admitted, however, that "many of the lawyers have been handling divorces in ignorance of what the Church rule was."

A Great Burden

J. Vincent Burke, President of the Allegheny County Bar Association, faced a personal problem. He is himself a Catholic. To reporters he marked that "the only thing I would say is that it seems to me that it is putting a great burden on Catholic lawyers.

He also spoke of a "definite separation of Church and State" and said that the "moral aspects of divorce are a matter for the Church, and the civil aspects are a matter for the courts." He did not say, in so many words, that he would defy the Episcopal fiat. He has since indicated that he will obey it.

And on the basis of Catholic dogma, he dares not disobey, The Presidency REALIST RUBIN
dent of the Bar Association is utterly wrong, on the basis of canon law, and the President of the Catholic Lawyers Association is entirely right.

The bishops do have a right under church law to tell lawyers how they

Religiosity In Court

The Monroe County Court at Rochester, New York opened its term last month for the first time in history with a prayer. It was delivered from the bench by Roman Catholic Auxiliary Bishop Lawrence B. Casey.

Two days later a dispatch from Munich in the Western Zone of Germany reported that from now on all courts in Bavaria will have crucifixes displayed in their court-rooms. This will be in accordance with a nineteenth century custom which was abolished by Bismarck.

DIVORCE IN NEW YORK

Recent editorials in the New York *World Telegram & Sun* have attacked the situation with respect to divorce in New York State. Because of religious pressure against any amendment, the law permits divorce only on a single ground—that of adultery. The newspaper says that the statute is "narrow, outdated, puritanical and oppressive."

The editorial continues: "Most states allow six or seven grounds for divorce. Cruelty and desertion are the most universal, besides adultery. Even Massachusetts, where it can be said that public opinion frowns more heavily on divorce than here, allows eight grounds: adultery, cruelty, desertion, nonsupport, alcoholism, felony, impotency and drug addiction."

The strictness of New York law gives rise to certain evasions. Couples sometimes use the so-called Enoch Arden law which permits annulment if either party is absent for five successive years and is "unknown to be alive."

Others make use of so-called "staged raids" in which one party pretends to be caught in a hotel room in a compromising situation (often with a lady hired for the purpose who is other-

may practice their profession.

A Forerunner

In 1954, the Bishop of Providence, Rhode Island, issued a similar decree. He limited his order to Catholic marriages but he could have made it as broad as the Pittsburgh "statute," extending his control over any Protestant or Jewish divorce cases where the petitioner is represented by a Catholic attorney.

After the Providence episode, there was an uproar in the secular press. Then, the Jesuit national weekly, *America*, announced that:

"Bishop McVinney's pastoral letter was merely an exercise of the jurisdiction over marriages of Catholics which all well-instructed members of the Church know belongs to the bishop of the diocese. Bishops have authority to judge whether their subjects are showing proper regard for the sacredness of the marriage bond. It is their right and duty to regulate any practices which might give scandal in a strict sense."

The magazine, it will be noted, emphasized the absolute princely power of each bishop by referring to "subjects" rather than to "parishioners" or "church members." Bishop Darden has now invoked this absolutism and is seeking to gain indirect control also over Jewish and Protestant marriages thru attorneys of the Catholic faith. Under the law of his Church, this is his right.

Challenge To The Law

But Protestants and Jews, and

wise entirely respectable), thus providing photographic evidence for use in a divorce case.

"The staged raid," says the *World Telegram & Sun*, "is demeaning, vulgar, disgraceful . . . There can be no doubt that this state, which prides itself on being progressive, has the narrowest, most antiquated, most unrealistic, most repressive divorce laws in the United States."

It was an exposé commenced by the *New York Post* that recently overcame Catholic opposition to birth control in New York City Hospitals. A New York Legislative Committee is now considering revision of the Domestic Relations Law. If Protestants, Jews, and freethinkers can attain the unity on this subject that they did on the subject of family planning, some further changes are likely to occur.

many Catholics, may want to challenge this power, not under the law of the Church but under the law of the land. Clients seeking legal advice and representation, be they Communists, divorce petitioners, or any other unfortunate people, are entitled to the undivided loyalty of the attorneys they hire and pay.

They are not supposed to be made the pawns of outside interests, whether political, corporate or ecclesiastical. This is made clear in Canon 35 of the American Bar Association which provides that "The professional services of a lawyer should not be controlled by any lay agency . . . He should avoid all relations which direct the performance of his duties by or in the interests of such intermediary."

Canon 35 clearly forbids lawyers to submit themselves to the control of the bishop.

There should be no confusion about the term, "lay agency," as used in the Canon. From the point of view of the Church, of course, the Chancery office is not a "lay agency." It is as clerical as it can be. But in the Canons of Legal Ethics, the term is used in a special sense, as meaning "not of or from a particular profession," in this case, the profession of law. Under the Canons of Ethics, the Bishop, though a clergyman, is to be considered a "layman."

The Basic Conflict

The lawyers can comply strictly with their own Canons of Ethics in only one way: by "avoiding all rela-

In The Beginning There Was Nothing

By George Gordon

The shipment of five hundred covered wagons and one thousand horses to the bright side of the moon, although bizarre at first thought, appears quite logical now after an examination of the facts.

Up until that time, the dark side of the moon, the area that can never be seen from earth, was inhabited by American political undesirables and Soviet exiles. They were the overflow from Alcatraz and certain Siberian prisons which had long before surpassed that degree of congestion which made the Black Hole of Calcutta notorious.

Eighty two giant nuclear-powered atmosphere generators were installed at various points to provide enough oxygen and nitrogen to sustain life.

Mendelian geneticists cooperated with Lysenka agronomists and managed to cover the surface with an edible vegetation. This consisted of a species of shriveled corn, in honor of America, and a kind of stunted beet, in honor of the Soviet Union.

In addition, the scientists had managed to evolve some simple, hideous forms of animal life.

tions with" the bishop. This would require them all to withdraw from the Roman Catholic Church. But, if only for business reasons, they are not expected to do so.

They will probably follow the lead of politicians (see issue #3, "So Goes the Nation?"), who, when faced with questions about their dual loyalty—to the Pope and to the American flag—either deny the existence of any conflict or repudiate the Pope's claim of authority over them, but without actually leaving the Church. They hope, of course, that the Church will not invoke its right to excommunicate them.

Those lawyers who do obey the mandate of the Pope and of the bishops against giving people proper representation in divorce, internal security, and other cases, will probably obey it secretly. They will not reveal to their clients the fact that they are taking orders from the bishop.

But clients who hire Catholic lawyers may want special assurances that their representatives will not sneak down to the Chancery Office for instructions as to the handling of a case which may involve the client's life or liberty. They may very well ask any Catholic lawyer that they hire whether he intends to take orders from the Bishop or from the person who pays

But aside from these few improvements, the moon continued to serve largely as a reflecting surface for the sun and to offer romantics what little inspiration remained.

It was only after America's population reached one billion and covered all habitable land like a mulch that Homer Goodbody, a real-estate speculator, began to consider the moon for possible development as a sort of celestial suburb. Although most of the bright side had been parceled out over the years to farsighted investors at \$1.00 to \$25.00 per lot, depending upon location, prohibitive commutation rates had discouraged visits to the properties.

More important, all claims were subsequently invalidated by the government. This sweeping action was prompted by the protests of religious leaders who charged that free enterprise was making indecent encroachments upon the boundaries of heav-

his fees.

The Price Of Piety

Or better yet, wise clients may just avoid embarrassment by avoiding Catholic lawyers altogether. This loss of business is probably the "burden" to which Bar Association President Burke referred. Even Catholics sometimes avoid using lawyers, doctors, etc. of their own faith, realizing the difficulties such professional men face in dealing with Papal and Diocesan rules and regulations.

It has also been suggested that such interference by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in the processes of American justice might be overcome in the future by examining all Catholic candidates for admission to the bar. Each law student, in applying for a license, might be asked whether he would govern his conduct by the canons of ethics of his profession or by the Canon Law of his Church.

In this way, it might be discovered which aspirants would act as "subjects" of autocratic bishops and which would act as American citizens and as independent practitioners of a proud and honorable profession. For any applicant to place his religious obligations on a plane higher than his professional duty would demonstrate his unfitness for the profession and justify the refusal of a license.

en, and that "the green claw of greed" (as one clergyman phrased it) was reaching out to exploit an area of divine creation.

Homer managed to retain most of the profit he had made on his moon properties, for almost no one had taken advantage of the clause in his deeds which stated "Money refunded within thirty days if not completely satisfied."

So it was only after the zoning laws limiting apartment houses to 150 stories became obsolete, and consideration was being given to the feasibility of building downward, that Homer conceived of the moon as a new land frontier, whose importance could be as great as the Far West had been in the nineteenth century. Quite naturally, the idea of a new land rush—a lunar land rush—struck Homer with great force for its investment possibilities.

Prodded by Homer and the gift of an atomic freezer, the Secretary of Public Relations buttonholed the President and proposed that the saga of the Wild West be restaged on the moon to alleviate the press of population. The idea appealed strongly to the Chief Executive, who had just glanced through a one-page condensation of a ten-year population study.

In no time at all, special ecclesiastical dispensation had been obtained and Homer assigned the task of organizing the venture. His experiences with lunar real estate proved to be advantageous. As organization head, he was able to secure what he knew to be the most favorable position in the proposed starting line.

Then one night, when the moon was full, the first shipments of covered wagons and horses were rocketed in its direction.

The new pioneers followed. They were for the most part landlords and representatives of realty combines, and were ferried over in a luxury rocket cruiser named Mayflower III. Plans were made to place the ship on exhibition when it returned to earth, the proceeds from admissions to be plowed back into a fund for the purchase of more wagons.

The day finally came when a long line of wagons, each with a team of

Foresight & Free Enterprise

If truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, it is also often funnier than satirical fiction.

The Bureau of Land Management in this country is continually receiving letters requesting land on the moon. But now, one anxious citizen has even gone so far as to ask for the street-car franchise.

Scatological Fallout

With all the talk about manned space stations, there is not much mention of an interesting problem the crew would have: how to dispose of human wastes and garbage. Discussing Willy Ley's view of the problem, the book *Flight into Space* says:

"Garbage and other undesired material, Ley points out, cannot be merely ejected from the satellite. It will follow the station on its orbit like a homeless but hopeful dog. . . . [The garbage] will select an orbit of its own closely paralleling the orbit of the ship. Soon the ship will be surrounded by a thin but faithful cloud of disseminated garbage. This retinue will be annoying, and it will spoil the sharpness of astronomical observation.

"So Willy Ley proposes to enclose the refuse as it accumulates in light aluminum containers, each provided with a small rocket. When a container is full, it will be shot backward along the orbit, thus destroying its speed. . . .

"Down it will swing in a long flat curve toward the waiting earth. When it encounters the atmosphere at 18,800 miles an hour, it will slow and plunge steeply into it. The undesirable material, incinerated by speed, will be scattered by the garbage meteor through hundreds of miles of air as novel but inoffensive gases."

horses, stretched across the starting line of a vast crater-pocked plain.

Prisoners from the dark side were given the day off and taken to the bright side to provide the necessary cheering crowds.

A great-grandson of Lowell Thomas was on hand to supervise the filming of the event for a projected Real-Thing-O-Rama, the new entertainment medium that engulfed an audience not only from the front and sides but from the rear, ceiling and floor as well.

Edgar Guest's great-grandson was also present to gather material for an epic poem that would supply commentary for the film to the accompaniment of a harmonica quintet.

At the blast from a ray gun, the wagons took off with a rumbling roar, accompanied by the hurrahs of the prisoners, who tossed their bubble helmets into the air with wild abandon. And there was spectacular footage to be shot as five hundred wagons drawn by a thousand horses lurched across the uncharted landscape.

The pioneers applied their whips mercilessly to the backs of their horses, as well as to their rivals in the adjacent wagons. Here and there, wagons caromed off each other and fell into crater holes. From the starting line an enormous cloud of meteorite dust could be seen forming in the distance, where the wagons disappeared over the horizon. On the plain before it, dozens of wagons lay wrecked on their sides, while horses ran wildly about. The unfortunate pioneers hobbled back in rumpled double-breasted suits and soiled white-on-white shirts.

Homer Goodbody had followed a secret route at a tangent to the one taken by most of the pioneers, and had staked out an enormous acreage

he had chosen previously. He lost little time, for he quickly built a small real estate office and began an ambitious housing development which he named Lavatown. Then, after placing ads in the real estate sections of the newspapers back home, he sat down at his small desk to play solitaire and wait for tenants..

After the normal period of claim-jumping, suit and countersuit, and some of the more complex types of spatial litigation, the newly populated bright side began to assume a familiar pattern.

Little towns sprang up called Lunaville, Meteor Gulch and the like. Saloons and gambling halls were the principal types of construction and had names like Blue Moon, Harvest Moon and Wabash Moon. At high noon, in the hot dust of unpaved streets, the flower of lunar manhood was disintegrated in ray-gun fights. Intermittent-range wars decimated the beet growers and the corn growers who were constantly diverting each other's streams.

The general lawlessness was ag-

gravated by the dereliction of sheriffs who spent inordinate amounts of time probing their psyches instead of getting down to the business of disintegrating outlaws. And so it went.

Nobody knows how it happened, but one day a titanic explosion ripped through the moon and blew it to bits. The most popular theory was that one of the anarchists on the dark side had somehow managed to construct an archaic hydrogen bomb which he had detonated in a moment of pique. There was another ugly rumor to the effect that Homer Goodbody (who had returned just before the explosion) had decided to collect insurance on his bankrupt enterprise.

For a time, the earth was inundated by great tidal waves as the oceans made gigantic gravitational adjustments. People were too busy keeping their heads above water to become emotional over the sudden change in the appearance of the moon, which was now a swirling mass of gravel.

After the waters had subsided, however, a congressional investigation was launched to determine who was responsible for the disaster. Homer Goodbody was the first to be called before the committee for questioning.

There was a simultaneous raid on his home by four members of the Federal Bureau of Penetration. A jar of Russian caviar was uncovered in Homer's atomic freezer, and an old college text on nuclear physics was unearthed in his bookcase.

The committee was Democratic and Homer was a Republican. Besides, it was an election year.

Homer was nobody's fool. He sought immediate asylum at the Russian Consulate. And he is there to this day.

'I've Got Those Middle-of-the-Road Blues'

Cartoonist Jules Feiffer, author of *Sick, Sick*, created a quiet little masterpiece of political satire this month, which appeared in the *Village Voice*. He depicted a dour-faced President Eisenhower making a series of remarks at a press conference. An excerpt follows:

"Now I feel there has been and is now a certain misconception of some remarks that I have made—was quoted to have made here, at this conference last week.

"Now I want to, because it's always been my policy, to clear this thing up right away: I intended no slur or disrespect at all to the memory of Baby Face Nelson.

"You know it is my policy to never to Mr. Nelson, I referred only to the to Mr. Nelson, I referred only to the legend, so to speak—a fictitious char-

acter you might say—like Wild Bill Hickok or Mr. Dulles.

"Now I have no idea where Baby Face Nelson, in fact, stood on the integration issue or, for that matter, on the blowing up of schools and synagogues. Let me make that clear.

"I want to correct any misunderstanding on this point because I deplore the actions of extremists on both sides—those who blow up schools and those who want to keep them open. I can't stress that too firmly!"

Death Of A Pope

(Continued from Page 8)

ment that had brought him to the door of death four years before.

This time, it was said, the attack was "the result of fatigue and partly of an upset stomach." The upset stomach was "caused by swallowing some medication while undergoing some dental work." The official physicians indicated that the Pope had been given "treatment to build up his energy."

His Own Rule

The nature of this "treatment" was not stated. But the Pope himself had publicly discussed a few days before the nature of remedies that may properly be administered to dying persons. In an address to another group of doctors, he made clear that narcotics should not be given to the dying unless the patient agrees to their administrations.

His physicians did not announce whether or not he consented to the "remedies" given to him on this day. Anyhow, psychologists and lawyers would certainly question whether a person of his advanced age and in his physical condition would be mentally competent either to give or to withhold such consent. The decision would have to be made for him by others interested in his welfare.

There is no indication as to whether the public relations department of the Vatican participated in this decision.

Sunday, October 5th

Whatever medical devices may have been applied on Saturday to build up the Pope's energy, they certainly were successful, at least temporarily. On Sunday, he was again put thru the paces of a large audience. He is said to have delivered a twenty minute speech to a visiting group of notaries public. Its purpose was to urge that they not enforce any man-made laws contrary to the "natural law" as defined by himself and his predecessors.

During this address, one of the more statistically-minded notaries counted the number of times that the Pope hiccupped. He reported, in the Catholic press, that he averaged one every 23 seconds.

On the same day, the Pope "appeared at the window of his summer residence and blessed crowds of pilgrims or tourists that had gathered in the main square of the village. It is not indicated whether he got to his feet for this purpose.

Say Cheese

But for another purpose on that same day, he forced his poor carcass into an erect position. He got onto his knees, on the kneeling bench, for

the purpose of having the publicity picture taken that is mentioned at the beginning of this article.

By this dramatic pose, the Pope certainly endeared himself forever to Father Kelly of Washington D.C. and other "propagators of the faith" by means of newspaper, radio and television propaganda. It may help the Church to make his life an object of veneration by Catholics and of admiration by uninformed non-Catholics for ages to come.

But in addition to this possible effect on posterity, the picture-taking exertions seem also to have had an immediate and drastic personal effect on the Pope himself. It was at this point that he broke down utterly and completely.

Against The Advice . . .

There are conflicting reports as to just when this breakdown occurred. The Associated Press says that it happened on the evening of the day now under discussion, after the strenuous activities above described. It was announced that he had undergone this labor "against the advice of his private physician."

After his day's work was done, he

Cartoons You Didn't See This Month

St. Peter's Square in the Vatican; on a tree, there is a poster which reads: "No Loitering or Electioneering Between This Point and the Poll."

One Indian brave to another, as they peer at smoke signals in the distance: "I don't understand it exactly . . . something about a new Chief."

Pope John XXIII on the telephone: "Hello, Ma?—I got the job!"

had to be treated for the gastritis which had caused him to hiccup every 23 seconds. Then, according to the same report, "he was being given a stomach wash in an effort to clear up the troublesome gastritis . . . Unexpectedly, while the stomach washing was under way, the Pope suffered a spell of extreme weakness. The cerebral attack followed."

This attack was variously described as "cerebral thrombosis," as a "circulatory cerebral attack," and as "a cerebral stroke which reportedly paralyzed His Holiness."

Monday, October 6th

The Vatican Radio and the Religious News Service give an account of the Pope's breakdown that differs radically from the one supplied by the Associated Press. According to them, it occurred not on Sunday night but on Monday morning at 8:30. The

broadcast said that he "spent a tranquil night" and that "the hiccups that had molested him for several days disappeared."

According to this version, he even said Mass at the little private chapel annexed to his bedroom, many hours after the AP had him paralyzed. He is supposed to have received Holy Communion and to have been "preparing to resume work" in his private library when the attack struck.

"My God, I cannot see, I cannot see," he is quoted as exclaiming.

But another Catholic source merely says that he "felt himself weakening and that his eyesight was clouding." According to the *New York Times*, it was "well after 11 a.m. Monday before any admission was forthcoming that the Pope was seriously ill."

In view of these conflicting reports, it is impossible to know what happened to the Pope after his final public appearance on Sunday.

Ike's Man

Among those who attended him on Monday morning was Dr. Paul Dudley White, prominent American heart specialist. This is the same physician that treated President Eisenhower during his recent illness. He was brought to Rome especially to treat the Pope. It might have been White's intervention that helped bring to an end the excessive exertions of the Pope.

The decision to let him rest may have been dictated by the American. But it may also have arisen from intervention of "members of his personal household."

For one thing, as reported by Religious News Service, a certain Sister Pasquelline Lehnert "began a constant vigil at his bedside." Sister Pasquelline is described as "the Pope's Berman-born housekeeper and devoted personal servant." The Pontiff became acquainted with her about thirty years ago when he was Papal Nuncio to Germany. He was then about 52 and she was about 33. She has remained at his side ever since.

After his death, according to the *New York Times*, she left Castel Gandolfo "presumably for a convent outside of Italy." She took with her the pet birds that she had shared with her friend. She is described as "very self-effacing" and is not mentioned at all in any of the reports that appear in the Catholic press.

At the time of the Pope's breakdown, it seems that Sister Pasquelline took it upon herself to guard him, so far as she could, from further molestation.

Notorious Nephews

Also, "hastening to the Pope's side"

was his nephew, Prince Carlo Pa-celli. He is one of the nephews who recently attained dubious distinction. During the Italian elections, they were accused by anti-clerical politicians of obtaining personal preferment from the Pope which enabled them to evade large amounts of Italian taxes.

At long last, then, according to Religious News Service, "all the Pope's appointments were cancelled under the doctor's orders and a strong force of Italian police were brought here to keep motorists away and thus preserve silence."

The Vatican Radio asked Catholics to pray to God and the Blessed Virgin for the restoration of the Pope's health "which is so precious for the Church and the world." Vatican sources finally admitted that death might come swiftly.

Conflicting Reports

The reports continued to conflict. At noon, a bulletin was issued that "the condition of the Holy Father has appreciably improved." Yet the Vatican City press office reported that Extreme Unction, the Church's last rites for the dying, had been given to Pius. On the other hand, Monsignor Angelo Dell'Acqua, Substitute Secretary of State, denied this story.

Arnaldo Cortesi of the New York Times reported on the same day that the Pope was "between life and death." The stroke, he said, had "left the Pope paralyzed and blind and unable to speak or to swallow."

Meanwhile, the police had not really been able to restore order. The Times said that "the principal square of Castel Gandolfo (adjacent to the residence) was still crowded with Roman Catholics. Some had come from distant lands, hoping to be received in audience by the Pope. Many knelt on the cobblestones. Not far away, the bells of the church were pealing, announcing prayer for the recovery of the Pontiff."

The *Christian Science Monitor* said that "bright arc lights illuminated the town square outside the palace during the early part of the night as television newsreel cameras focused on the Renaissance facade and the tightly shuttered windows." The weather was described as "muggy hot." There is no indication that the castle is air-conditioned.

Tuesday, October 7th

Finally, at midnight Monday, the Pope was able to go to sleep. He continued asleep until 4 A.M. At dawn, he dozed off again and slept until 9.

During Tuesday, he was again said to have improved somewhat. He is supposed to have spoken a few words, and in spite of the difficulty of swallowing, to have been given Holy

Communion. He was moved to another bedroom, on the opposite side, away from the noise of the public square.

However, about a hundred newsmen were permitted to keep watch outside the main door. Scores of church officials entered the house, and the very room in which the Pope was lying.

Meanwhile, a new disturbance was introduced. A radio broadcasting studio was set up in the antechamber of the Pope's room. For the last two days, the Jesuit priest, Francesco Pellegrini, conducted a sort of continuous "Person to Person" broadcast. He would go to the door of the Pope's chamber, observe his "labored breathing," and return to the microphone to report about it to an avid world.

Wednesday, October 8th

This was the Pope's last day on earth. In the morning, he suffered a second stroke of paralysis. By this time he had also developed pneumonia. One of his physicians, declining to give his name, said that he was "in his death agony." The medical

False Report

A false report was issued this month, to the effect that the new Pope, as his first duty in office, had ordered a printing of *The New Standard Catechism* to take the place of the old authoritatively-written edition—this revision to contain the same questions, but with liberal multiple choice answers, as well as several fill-in-the-blank type questions.

bulletin that afternoon said that he had "suffered grave cardiac pulmonary collapse."

Yet, according to the Associated Press, on this very day, the ban on automobiles was not strictly enforced. The AP report said that "every few minutes a car with diplomatic license plates entered the gate of the Palace, passing a platoon of Italian policemen. They were ambassadors from various countries accredited to the Vatican arriving to sign the Palace guestbook and inquire about the Pope's condition."

The Pope was unable to receive Holy Communion on this day. But he was given Absolution. The crowd in his death chamber prayed aloud. By night, the Pope had taken another turn for the worse. He was obviously delirious. He asked his substitute Secretary of State "why the audiences had been suspended." The good monsignor said that he had to insist to the Pope that these "for the time being were impossible."

The Pope lapsed into complete unconsciousness as the sun set. He never

recovered from it.

Thursday, October 9th

At midnight, Mass was again celebrated in the chapel opening on the Pope's room. It was broadcast to the world, over the radio. Death is said to have come at 3:52 A.M.

Thirty people were in the room at the time!

These included a number of Cardinals and also, according to the New York Times, the "leading members of his household." This last probably refers principally to the devoted Sister Pasquellina.

In what might seem to outsiders a final symbolic attempt to disturb the Pontifical repose, one of the Cardinals then took a silver hammer in his hand. In accordance with an ancient custom, he struck the Pope on the head with it three times, calling him by his first name and imploring him to return to the company of the living. Only after this ceremony had been performed could official announcement of the death be made.

The Pope's body was transported back to his birthplace, Rome. There followed nine days of ceremonial "mourning" which turned into a riot. Hundreds of thousands of the curious and the devout swarmed around the place where his body was laid. One man was killed and many others injured. The funeral was telecast to the world.

While the Cardinals and the doctors quarrelled as to whether the sordid details of the Pope's last days should be made available to the public, the Pope himself had at last found rest.

Mail-Order Messiahs

(Continued from Page 24)

undoubtedly in a plain wrapper. But first, a message from our sponsor:

"Power—surging, throbbing power—that is the message of PSYCHIANA to you. An abundance of peace, happiness and material and spiritual supply awaits you through the power of the God Realm. And it awaits you now. For the Power of the Spirit of God sweeps before it the black shades of doubt and despair and poverty, and replaces them with peace, happiness and a wealth of material and spiritual abundance. These may all be yours here and now. Please remember—you can save \$9.75 by sending in \$25 cash. \$9.75 saved is \$9.75 earned."

By the way, in this year of 1958, the Power of the Spirit seems to have swept PSYCHIANA right off the map. I dropped a line to their Idaho address last month, and that nasty, God-hating Post Office sent it right back to me. Stamped on the envelope were those plain, brutal words: "OUT OF BUSINESS."

SURVIVAL

By Harold Fowler

This month's autographed copy of *Brainstorming Toward Survival* goes to the writer of following letter:

Editor, The Realist:

"Survival" is great. I, as Mr. Fowler, have thought about peace and war. Mr. Fowler's answer to the problem (A Brotherhood of Man) is certainly not realistic. A Brotherhood of man has been the ultimate purpose of the Church for hundreds of years and they have not achieved it, and, in fact, have unconsciously become adverse to the idea.

Mr. Fowler has shown quite well that man can't be trusted and that a moral code doesn't help. Man has to be forced to do right. Man doesn't stop from murdering his neighbor because it's a moral wrong, but because he will be penalized for it.

Bob Merti

Franklin & Marshall College
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Thanks, Bob, for contributing to the controversy this column is designed to generate. The Brotherhood of Man idea is certainly a failure. We Americans, trundling off to Church, are the greatest hypocrites the world has ever known, calling ourselves Christians amidst hoarded everything, as fellow man starves at our gates.

However, a monstrous new factor has entered the story. The arms race is threatening to destroy the human race. Why? Because the haves will not share with the have-nots, the age-old basic cause of war. Now, if we do not share, we will either be *made* to share by victorious Communism, or we will burn to radioactive ash.

The only alternative to destruction is a Brotherhood of Man, either (a) enforced by Communism, or (b) proclaimed and created by us so good and decent and effective, that Communists are led to choose it, and to lay down their weapons to accept it. The Brotherhood of Man, in other words, is no longer a moral ideal. It is the only practical way we can continue in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in the atomic age.

It can be said for the moral side that it offers us a method of rationalization, and that we will have to effect a real Brotherhood for it to be accepted. We cannot debate in Congress whether we want a \$5-billion or a \$10-billion annual Brotherhood of Man. Communism would scorn this as attempted tribute. This Brotherhood must be the real thing—a throwing wide open the doors of free-enterprise prosperity to the human race, complete free trade, unlimited immigration, vast foreign investment with priority to needy countries, and less luxury here at home in order to provide the capital.

As Nehru and Huxley said on Ed Murrow's *Small World*—one of the programs which justifies television's existence—a hungry man cares not for freedom. The only question is whether the capital is to be supplied by the West, which has plenty; or whether the capital is to come from some kind of forced labor. The gentlemen were too polite to suggest that Communism might soon be strong enough to take it.

The second most practical aspect of the Brotherhood, if it were created in freedom, is that it would be so enormously profitable. We have today far more luxury than is good for us, down to the new Vi-Daylin, pressurized to squirt into the spoon, saving the labor of tilting the bottle—at 22% greater cost.

It would be far better if we saved 2% more of our

productive effort. These savings would go, if so directed, as profit-making investments to finance the world's development, and they would be enough to reverse the present downward trend of 2% of humanity, and start it moving upward.

World Development is not a charity proposition, unless we leave it all to government, and boon-doggling. Pull down trade barriers, guarantee foreign investments, and accept publicly the need for the job to be done, and our businessmen will naturally and profitably gravitate around the globe and get on with it.

William Graham of Wichita, Kansas, is a one-man example. He's founded Private Enterprise, Inc., with \$250,000 of private capital. He's lending now in India and the Middle East to small businessmen with ideas. He hopes this pilot operation will be so successful that it can be expanded without limit, and so trigger others.

This man deserves the Congressional Medal. Here is Atomic Age Patriotism—for lives offered on the battlefield can no longer save our nation.

We will best serve our nation as we serve the human race. This is solid, practical Realism—and morality too, if it makes you feel better. And don't forget the \$100-billion now going into arms annually which could be saved if permanent peace could be established.

To return to our letter, when Bob says, "Man has to be forced to do right," he asks freedom the big question. The Catholic Church has long agreed. That is why they have built their authoritarian theology around blind obedience and punishment, up to ex-communication, which to the sincere Catholic is worse than death. But to the Protestant, this is not Christ. Christ would *inspire* people to do right. He suggested that if people would surrender their greed to love of fellow man, they would do right voluntarily and freely and profitably.

Catholicism and Communism may be more realistic. Man has not followed Christ, and he may never. He may have to be forced to do right, thru brainwashing while he is young, Catechism or Communism, and the constant threat of Hell-fire or Siberia as he grows up.

But if this is true, then our noble experiment of freedom is dying. Freedom of religion, of enterprise, and of government by, of, and for the people, will vanish. Has it really come to this? Is all the nobility of which God and man are capable, to go out like a squashed fly?



"Remember, children, the family that preys together stays together."

The Mail-Order Messiahs

By John Wilcock

(Editor's note: This is the first article in a series of one.)

One of the best ways to deal with new religions, I have found, is to put them away in the files and let them mellow a while. Not many of us, of course, can spare a couple of thousand years, but then durability—unlike gullibility—is rarely the strongest characteristic of new religions. Ten years, I feel, is long enough to wait for any new mail-order Messiah to make his appearance.

Going back, then, to the year 1948, let me introduce you to PSYCHIANA, "a religious organization" (sic).

"This world is sitting on top of a volcano. It may erupt momentarily. Inside of five years, 95 per cent of the American people will be destroyed by the atom bomb." With these cheerful words, PSYCHIANA introduced itself to the Godless ten years ago. The quote was actually that of George Earl, former governor of Pennsylvania, but it just happened to fit right in with PSYCHIANA's own thinking.

"WHEN THE VOLCANO ERUPTS," the leaflet continued in emphatic, bright red, half-inch high capital letters, "CHANCES ARE YOU WILL GO WITH IT."

"Yes—chances are that out of the darkness of the night, shocking, horrifying, terrible death, instant death will descend without warning upon this beloved country of ours . . . You are holding this notice in your hand today, but tomorrow?—well, neither you nor I may be alive . . . horrible, searing, terrible death will rain from the skies on this fair land of ours.

"THE PLAIN BRUTAL TRUTH . . . in a civilization which boats (sic) a

dozen major systems of religion, not one of them knows enough about the actual power of the spirit of God to do one thing to bring the God-haters to their knees. What a pity."

What a pity indeed. The picture is dark, nay jet-black, and how many of us can say with confidence that we will be among the 5 per cent who are saved? But wait—

"A BEAUTIFUL HOPE EXISTS FOR YOU . . . there does exist—NOW, a Power so transcendently (sic) beautiful and staggering, that, with or without church beliefs and traditions, all men and women may actually find the power of the spirit of God right here on the earth, and right now . . . We come to you and tell you that the dazzling, scintillating Power of The Spirit of God can be found by you. And when you do find it, and learn how to use that Power just as you would learn the law of electricity, or chemistry, great will be the joy which will thrill through you—body and soul.

"Oh yes—the creative Power of the Spirit of God, to date almost unknown on the earth . . . will flow thru every fibre of your being. You will be in supreme control of all of your

circumstances, because you will have available to you, pulsing thru you like the tides of the ocean, *the very same power which created this universe.*"

How much would you say offhand a few of these ocean tides might cost? Almost certainly your guess would be wrong. Let the leaflet tell the story in its own, inimitable words:

"The PSYCHIANA religion is a strictly non-profit movement. It is not interested in your money. It is interested in you and God. The only reason we make a charge is because of the magnitude of our operations, which cost us about \$400,000 a year to finance. We operate exclusively by mail. It is only fair that our Members should pay for support of the Movement, as that is the only way we can operate. It is the American way. But do not think, because a charge is made for this teaching, that PSYCHIANA is a commercial organization. It is not."

Behold, the Redeemer cometh—and (Continued on Page 22)

A widely-published free-lance writer, John Wilcock is on the staff of the New York Sunday Times. He is also a columnist for the Voice, a Greenwich Village newspaper.

Recently, Mr. Wilcock devoted a portion of his column to the Realist. He started out by saying: "Organized religion, despite some of its questionable policies, receives comparatively little critical examination in print . . ." In the published version, however, the Voice omitted the phrase, "despite some of its questionable policies."

Speaking of questionable policies . . .

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