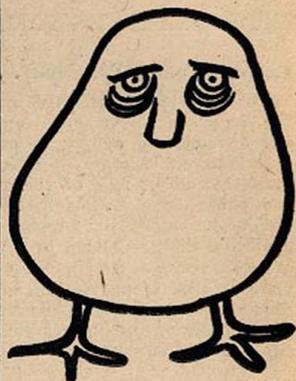


## freethought criticism and satire

# The Realist



May, 1959

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No. 8

## The Semantics of "God"

By Robert Anton Wilson

*I sometimes think that even God  
Must find it something rather odd  
To hear the priest invoke His name  
Before they start the Bingo game.*

The language we use influences the thoughts we think, much more than the thoughts we think influence the language we use.

The evidence to support that statement has been accumulated by countless anthropologists, semanticists, linguistic investigators and philosophers of Logical Positivist training, during the last half century.

For the greatest surveys yet made of this evidence, see *Science and Sanity* by Alfred Korzybski (International Non-Aristotelian Library

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Robert Anton Wilson is the Editor of the Institute for General Semantics Newsletter.

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Publishers, 4th Edition, 1958) and *Language, Logic and Reality* by Benjamin Lee Whorf (Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press, 1957).

Physicists, for example, spent nearly three centuries searching for a substance, *heat*, to correspond to the substantive noun, "heat"; it took a genius to suggest the thermodynamic theory according to which "heat" becomes a functional process, a relationship between the motions of molecules.

Around the turn of the century several mathematicians who were well versed in the

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### Bertrand Russell's 'Death Prediction'

Last month, for some inexplicable reason, the American press—newspapers, radio and television—reported that philosopher Bertrand Russell had just predicted that he would die in June, 1962, because he would then be ninety years old, and that age "seems like a good time to die."

The Realist queried Lord Russell about the accuracy of what seemed to be a very un-Russell-like bit of mysticism. He replied: "Your letter of April 10 has astonished me. The prediction of my death was made in 1937 purely as a joke which I thought was obvious. I find, however, that astrologers and such have taken it seriously."

physical sciences (Poincaré, Russell, Whitehead, etc.) first began to suggest that there is not necessarily a "thing"—a static and block-like entity—naturally corresponding to every noun in our vocabulary.

(Continued on Page 6)

## Sir Realist:

### Letter From a Pro Man . . .

Your editorial in the fifth issue of the *Realist* comments on a letter received from one of your occasional contributors, George Gordon. He finds that about half of the articles you publish deal with church or religion, and thinks that proportion exaggerates the importance of this area of controversy. Having just completed a heartening reading of your first six issues, I would like to comment briefly on three items you quote from the Gordon letter.

#### Unseparated

The first challenge is contained in these words: "The Thirty Years War is over. State and church are separated in every civilized country, and particularly in the United States."

How wrong can one get, and with what ease, on a simple question of history and of earthly look-see at the difference between word or hope and deed or fact! There is in fact no country outside the otherwise plagued Iron Curtain in which that separation exists. Certainly not among the many foreign lands, on five continents, that I have visited or in which I have resided during six years of a rather long life.

#### Compulsory Worship

And certainly not in the United States, where that ideal and hope could first be written into a Federal Constitution, but nowhere win complete recognition in the constitution of a state nor in the practices of a community; where "God" was retained in its armies and compulsory chapel in all of its military colleges; where the several later generations have added not one syllable or sentence to advance and complete the ideal broached in the Federal Constitution, but where the past decade—more than in any other in our history—has written God on stamps and coins, and put prayers and Thanksgivings into our highest federal assemblies.

#### Foreign Policy

Has writer Gordon not heard of the role of vigilance in even the mere maintenance of a grade of liberty once fought and paid for?

A second challenge is found in the latter half of this quotation: "The

importance of religion as a factor in world affairs has diminished considerably since the Crusades. In the United States no major religion has any appreciable influence on domestic or foreign policy."

If the Roman Catholic Church may be considered a "major religion," the writings of George Seldes and others point to gross errors in this statement. Those authors find the Roman hierarchy directly responsible for the policy of the United States in the Spanish Revolution of 1936-38; and the reach of that policy through all intervening years, even into the immense dangers of the present moment, seems unquestionable.

#### Muted Message

Again, we are likewise immediately pressed and threatened by a lost opportunity in education. Throughout a century of thought-liberation by science, the Hebraic-Christian tradition has muted that message in the schoolrooms of the entire western world. That tradition, since the Darwin of 1859, has prevented any Western people from adequate access to the implications of unmitigated evolutionary thought; it thus prevented any Western nation from overthrowing supernaturalism before that was done by the USSR.

That tradition thus becomes part of the reason that our formidable enemy could start forty years ago as a war-wrecked nation 70 per cent illiterate and now have more scientists and engineers than the United States, and now annually graduate more than twice as many as we do.

#### The Choice

Not one single aspect of present Western life escapes a harmful or a dangerous infection from the presence and now current propagation of that tradition. This, because acceptance or rejection of supernaturalism establishes choice between living for human purposes or for presumed supernatural purposes. And it is mainly the dominance of that servile tradition that persuades a restive minority to found and support magazines for realists, rationalists, humanists—for freethought in general.

In a third quotation one finds a well spoken but wholly mistaken optimism. "When the Catholic Church bans a movie, it becomes box office automatically. This goes for books, as well."

#### The Hard Way

But suppose the book documents an adverse verdict against all organized

religion—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish. Does it make the book lists? Has writer Gordon tried it? I have. And the rewards are considerable—in experience and information. Such a book, though able to get three first prizes or awards, in present-day United States could get no publisher—without a subsidy. The lesson learned the hard way is this:

The researcher and writer who can personally finance the required years of search and effort, and thereafter overpay the present high costs of printing a book, can see his work in print. But unless he himself has another small fortune to use in advertising, those pages will remain unsold and unread. We shall nowhere meet a more fictitious thought than the one that promises success in America to a book that effectively documents the immense momentary harm and threat of supernaturalism to modern society.

#### Optimism

A warranted optimism that we can share with writer Gordon must rest, therefore, on those rarest of winged messengers—the magazines whose purpose and vision enable them, while viable, to put today's lights on yesterday's supernaturalism and on all its sometimes good but always masquerading offspring.

Yes, unusual hope and expectation attend the appearance of the *Realist*. In a single issue, its sixth, it carried at least two articles—incisive but scholarly and constructive—which probably could not have appeared elsewhere in this country. And the mere fact that articles such as those of Louis E. Lomax (*The Act and Art of Nonconformity*) and Reginald Dunsany (*The Tolerant Pagan*) can now be published, is cheer and stimulus enough for me.

Oscar Riddle  
Plant City, Fla.

*Editor's note: Two decades ago Time magazine chose Dr. Riddle for its cover story, calling him "one of the half-dozen top biologists of the U.S."*

*The book to which he refers, published in 1954, is entitled The Unleashing of Evolutionary Thought—and it is doing just that: take, for example, its growing use in departments of biology and education at leading universities.*

*The book is available from the Realist at \$4.50. It is a powerful documentation of the influence of organized religions upon education, news dissemination and government.*

### ... And From a Con Man

I thank you for the sample copy of the *Realist*, but only because it illustrates how low and blasphemous people can be . . . please take my name off your mailing list, and do not send me another copy of your hate sheet.

Richard Wukasch, Pastor  
St. Thomas' Lutheran Church  
Baltimore, Md.

### The West Coast Scene

Reading the April issue of the *Realist*, I was disappointed by your "West Coast Correspondents."

Mr. Karmin drew a rapid sketch of Los Angeles, "the largest hick town in the world." Certainly one tool of satire is exaggeration, but the subject should remain recognizable. I suppose the author wrote his sketch in between jet flights from and to New York. His brush strokes are too crude, too random to rankle a civic booster. A subtler analysis is called for and should be made of the Los Angeles of 1959—not that of twenty years ago which has been admirably treated by Carey McWilliams.

Even more disturbing is the piece by Mr. Holbrook, who seems to have been unloading a piece of psychic dirty linen. I assume he is not a racist. Therefore, some of the expressions used, "American Negro males, only scant generations from the jungle" or "colored boy" suggest the writer is at the couch recording innermost fears and frustrations.

It has been hypothesized more than once that the Southern male harbors a painful suspicion: the Negro male is not unattractive to white womanhood. That such an attraction can exist is not at all unreasonable. Certainly white males have long enjoyed amicable relations with Negro women.

My question, then, is this: What is Mr. Holbrook's message, if any? I would like to think that he is doing more than carelessly repeating racist clichés.

David B. Nielsen  
Van Nuys, Calif.

*Editor's note: Mr. Nielsen is correct in assuming that Mr. Holbrook is not a racist, and we're sorry that the latter's choice of language may have allowed for such an interpretation.*

*His target, rather, was the Caucasian females who foster a kind of Jimcrowism-in-reverse by laboring under what anthropologist Eric John Dingwall in *The American Woman**

*refers to as "the common delusion that people of dark skin color are more virile, sexually competent and capable of sustained activity than persons of lighter pigmentation."*

### Love Litters in the Sand

In conjunction with Norman Vincent Peale's book, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, and various state laws prohibiting the sale of contraceptives, some civic-minded professional Protestant ought to write a book entitled *The National Expense of Positive Breeding*.

Frank Hammond  
Wiscasset, Maine

### Two Poems in Search of a Critic

I would like to register my most vigorous protest against the publication of that package of poetic nonsense, "A Selection from the Bosses' Songbook" [soft-covered edition of the *Bosses' Songbook*, a collection of modern political songs of satire, available from the *Realist* at 50c].

Jesus Christ [to whom the song referred] was not a man; neither was he a carpenter, nor was he any comfort to the workers of his day . . . and he was not "born in 29 B.C." nor at any other time, for the simple reason that he was never born and never lived outside the imagination of his creators and his believers.

### Swing Low, Iscariot

By the same token, that ugly and treacherous figure that has brought so much tragedy to the Jews and has become synonymous with traitor, never existed: Judas [also mentioned in the song] is another fictional character like Jesus Christ, and both should be relegated right now to the museum of barbarous and harmful myths; they have caused enough harm already. . . .

If this Christ myth were a beautiful myth like, let us say, Apollo, Neptune or any of the Greek gods, it would have the right to live. But the Christ myth has caused more persecution, more wars and more bloodshed, more tyranny and ignorance, more hate and more hypocrisy than any other myth in history.

### "Abortion Eve"

Thank you for printing the controversial poem, "Abortion Eve." Whether it is good or bad poetry, I leave to better critics than I, but at least it is daring and raises the banner of rebellion against the hypocritical and sanctimonious religionists who so zealously come to the rescue of their mythical god; they should use their efforts to defend the

oppressed and starving people living right now.

Let us remind them of the wise counsel of the Roman Emperor Tiberius: "If the gods are offended let them take care of themselves." Had humanity followed this admirable counsel, how much suffering and bloodshed would have been avoided.

J. M. Martinez, N.D.  
Miami, Fla.

### The Futility of Nose-Tweaking

Enclosed find my check for a ten-issue subscription to your magazine.

Your policy of tweaking the nose of conventional journalism by headlining issues like "Contraceptives," "Promiscuity" etc. is refreshing. You point up hypocrisy in religion, sex, laws; anything that will make John Doe do a double-take and say, "Keerist, who'd dare to write about anything like that," is your meat. This is fine fare—for a time.

Your readers must be people who are aware of the hypocrisies of our society and are pleased to find someone bold enough to put them in print. The helluvit is that after a while the novelty of boldness may wear off.

Everybody knows that John Doe should be able to sit back and watch the Pope kicked in the tail without getting hot and hypocritical about it, but nobody ever really seems to come up with an answer for Mr. Doe that gets thru to him.

Could I respectfully submit that you employ the services of a writer capable of making a stab at showing John Doe how he can attain this happy state known as "Freethought?"

Give us clowns that know the futility of a religious argument some meat to sink our teeth in. The thinking processes of the throng are what need the attack, not the results of these processes. If you can achieve that goal, I'll buy a life-time subscription.

Odds are, you can't.

Lance Drake  
Billings, Mont.

*Editor's note: We leave it to the Reader's Digest to list ten rules for attaining the happy state of being a strike-breaker or having dishpan hands or seeing the silver lining in every mushroom cloud. Freethought can be the basis of an attitude toward life, but no philosophy per se should ever be looked upon as a personal panacea.*

As for "the thinking practices of the throng," we suggest Mr. Drake read this month's lead article. A life-time subscription to the *Realist* is \$25.

EDITORIAL:

## The New Violence—Three Faces

At the risk of sounding overly-defensive, I would like to point out that I had no particular need to attend the stag party that night. To me, sex as a spectator sport is one of the sadder aspects of our sorry civilization. But being a writer of sorts (if you are ever out of sorts let me know and I'll write you one), I've developed a somewhat insatiable curiosity (on second thought the curiosity came first), and so I decided to accept the invitation.

"The stag party," states the publisher's blurb about William Krasner's novel of the same name, "is the one totally uninhibited night of the year, the night when the respectable businessmen, the stalwart pillars of the community, the guys who make the rules for other people let down their hair and break them all. The stag party is an ancient, indestructible, established, if not respected American institution. . . ." An accurate description.

This stag party was sponsored by a fraternal lodge, and held at a rented American Legion hall. It is an annual event—their only meeting of the year with guaranteed full attendance, not to mention the friends of members, plus the *friends* of members' friends. One hundred twenty-five men paid \$10 apiece for the "tickets"—sturdy little half-inch plastic tags, originally intended only to advertise Oasis cigarettes.

A matronly woman with dirty blue hair rattled off a string of dirty blue jokes—in dialect style, yet—but if anyone was offended, nobody complained. She had a list of the members' names, and these she worked into the already belabored jokes. Then came a stripteaser, dancing her way to nudity, then more dirty-blue-dialect-ego jokes, then another stripteaser, dancing her way to nudity.

Two other girls had been scheduled for the second, audience-participation part of the show, but, during "intermission" at around ten p.m.—to use the vernacular—the cops raided the joint. "It was a madhouse when we moved in," the police captain told the newspapers. "The girls ran off the stage screaming, and it was every man for himself. . . . When we broke in they were all hollering, running every which way and knocking over chairs."

The truth of the matter is, the two girls were off in a back room, and the men were quietly sitting around, lewdly munching corned beef and salami sandwiches.

If a Hollywood film director called up Central Casting and asked for a rough-and-tough hood, they would undoubtedly send someone who looks exactly like the plainclothesman who suddenly pointed to a large envelope I had. It contained *Realist* manuscripts which I had been planning to bring to the printer that night. "Gimme that," he shouted. I very cleverly retorted: "Huh?"

"Gimme that," he repeated. And this time I really got off a snappy response: "What for?" He lunged at me, grabbed my arm and started twisting same. His partner-in-crime-fighting took the envelope out of my hand. I still assumed that they were hoods, though. I further assumed that they assumed, under

the circumstances, that I had pornographic pictures in the envelope. "Wait," I said, "will y'let me show you what's in it—"

Meanwhile, the paddy wagons were on their way. When they later headed back for the station house, it was like a latter-day caravan scene. In one wagon, a policeman described his *own* lodge's last stag party, explaining in the process how to place look-outs for carnivorous cops.

There were now 126 men: for the accordion player had left his instrument behind and mingled with the crowd. Extra cops were called from their beats to help process the names and book these hardened criminals.

Many of the men gave phony names. I gave my real name: I expected to plead "not guilty" since I had been too busy taking notes to yell—as, for instance, one theatrically-oriented lecher did—"Bravo!" But an officer took me aside, ripped up my card and told me to give a phony name. "There's no point in your getting involved in this," he explained. "I'd let you go, but the rest of 'em would know, and I don't wanna be accused of corruption."

Notice that he didn't say he wasn't *guilty* of corruption; just that he didn't want to be *accused* of it. Actually, the only reason that a bribe had been turned down was because "Commissioner Kennedy already knows about the raid."

And when more than half of the men went out on \$500 bail each, the bondsman matter-of-factly admitted that the \$16-per-head charge consisted of \$14 for him and "two for the lieutenant."

Those of us who remained were shipped off to various precincts. "Make sure you give the same name you gave before," we were told by a grinning sergeant. We were taken to our cells at around four a.m., and we bedded down on bare steel slabs. (For a less superficial and more important account of convict life, see the just-published book, *Prison Exposures*, with photographs and text by just-released Robert Neese.)

At seven a.m., we were awakened. The price of breakfast was 50c, and, we learned later, it was important to give the policeman the exact change: those who had only folding money ended up paying one whole dollar for a cup of coffee and a doughnut.

We got out of court at three-thirty that afternoon. The case had been dismissed on the grounds of insufficient evidence, because the same captain who had told the papers that the place was "a madhouse" was now, on the witness stand, unable to identify a single person he had actually seen being "disorderly." The judge told the defendants that although the court couldn't condone their activity, they should conduct themselves "in restrained silence" next time.

Somehow, the police had known in advance about the stag party. They even tried to buy tickets, but were told that the show was "sold out." One cop 'confessed' that what was really behind the raid was the series on and against pornography, in the N. Y. *Daily News*—a paper which itself specializes in lust-filled journalism.

And another newspaper—one which last month had said editorially that Edward R. Murrow's radio program, *The Business of Sex* (see issue No. 7), "played into the hands of the Russians"—now showed

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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Murrow the *Journal-American* way: it published the names and addresses of those who had been arrested.

A few days later, they all received in the mail envelopes from an anonymous zealot, containing religious pamphlets with such titles as *Where to Take Your Troubles* and *The Way to Heaven*.

Except for the minor arm-twisting incident with me, there was no actual violence connected with the stag party raid—although, in a business society, there is a certain non-physical type of violence constituted by bringing about so many unnecessarily wasted man-hours.

With one exception: an accountant was busily engaged in writing numbers on long yellow sheets of paper, as the rest of us just stood around in the two large cells waiting for our case to be called. "You're lucky," someone said to him. "At least you can get some work done here."

"Better than that," he replied. "It's the only chance I've had to get together with my client." And he nodded toward another man who was smiling rather sheepishly.

⚡

The irony is that a few weeks later, when I *tried* to get arrested, I didn't. This was in connection with last month's civil defense drill. It's also ironic that what brought about my decision to defy the CD law was a single sentence in the above-mentioned, otherwise mostly run-of-the-mill novel, *Stag Party*:

*Like many intellectuals, he often acted as though making his point in an argument about an injustice, even with people who basically agreed with him, was as good as doing something about that injustice.*

If nuclear warfare is the ultimate violence, then civil defense is the ultimate farce. And to force people to become actors in that farce of unreality—even if only for a period of ten minutes—is a kind of violence in and of itself—a violence committed upon human dignity.

So you decide to oppose the drill. What do your friends say? They all say the same thing: *What are you going to accomplish? I'm with you all the way, but...* And of course, they're right. You will only be arrested, and cause untold embarrassment for all your law-abiding relatives, as well as many inconveniences for yourself.

But, like the man who climbs a mountain "because it's there," you decide to go ahead anyway, and "oppose" the civil defense drill—because it's there. But not at City Hall Park where the "official" opposers will be. Instead, in a spirit of ragged individualism, you choose Central Park.

On your way, you pass Woolworth's department store. A sign in the window says WELCOME—C.D. SHELTER. You walk in the park. A man is using a three-sided reflector to get a sunburn; two guys are tossing a plastic disc called Frisbee back and forth; a fellow and his girl are necking. All the usual park stuff.

Suddenly you decide to take out a rowboat. Being in the middle of the lake when the sirens blow appeals to your sense of drama. Will the cops row out *after* you, or what? But, the lady tells you, "There's no boating until a quarter to two, on account of the air raid."

You select a spot way out in the middle of a long stretch of grass, where you can't be missed. You remove your shoes and shirt, and lay down. At one-thirty, the sirens go off. Traffic stops. Everything is quiet. Except . . . *it's an air raid, how come the birds don't stop chirping . . .*

Those who were arrested at City Hall Park were held on \$1,000 bail each. A week later, some were sentenced to either ten days in jail or a \$25 fine. And did they accomplish anything? Yes. They were true to themselves. The fact that there will be another civil defense drill next year is beside the point.

Who knows, it could become a regular holiday, like Father's Day or Christmas, where people give gifts and send special cards to each other, and have office CD parties. Mothers might even begin to name their little sons Conelrad.

Until last year, the entire radio-communications network of Civil Defense for Manhattan was controlled and manned by three high-school teen-agers. On a couple of occasions, during CD drills, the telephone wires were mysteriously cut, and radio-communications had to do all the work.

They were commended for their splendid job after the administrative fracas died down. But what the administration didn't know was that the wires had been cut by the Radio Officer himself in order to give radio-communications some more chances to be in the spotlight.

It is the great god Ego, then, which to a certain extent keeps the civil defense game going—and the shenanigans are not limited to adolescents: there was, for example, the general who showed up late, apparently inebriated, at a drill, and proceeded to commit the fiasco of personally going to inspect a "dud" smokepot. . . .

In retrospect, I realize that I was naive, if not paranoid, to think that the CD law would be enforced in such a large place as Central Park. Nothing happened. After the all-clear, I got up and asked a park attendant why the people were allowed to stay there during the drill. He looked at me with an expression of mock innocence, and said: "You mean they didn't go out?"

⚡

Last month, a friend sent us a photostat of a letter he had received from Joseph J. Krulikowsky, President of the Philadelphia-and-viceinity Chapter of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. The purpose of the letter was to get a job for Roy Underwood.

For Underwood had been blacklisted by the Operating Engineers Union, against whose racketeers, goon squads and corrupt labor leaders he had fought over the years. His union headquarters had been taken from him by seven armed thugs, and his colleagues were kicked, beaten and had their eyes gouged, but Underwood had the courage to testify before the McClellan rackets committee last year.

He charged that the men in his trade had to kick back five per cent of their wages if they wanted to keep their jobs. There were additional 'fees' for 'special jobs' or for non-union men who wanted work. It was estimated that someone "was getting close to a million dollars a year out of the union."

We had heard of a high-paying position in a growing corporation, and it occurred to us that Underwood was the man for the job. We immediately wrote ACTU President Krulikowsky about it. We also enclosed a copy of the April *Realist*, which contains an article on labor which is in part critical of the ACTU. In response to that article, Mr. Krulikowsky writes:

"I don't think it's fair for non-Catholics, or free-thinkers, to lump all Catholics, Jews or Buddhists into one category, as sheep led by the nose. Those that bring out the best in me are those that can be critical and not extreme. I believe that the labor movement at the top level is as crooked as hell, but I don't say, let's kill them all off or do away with labor unions. . . ."

"We have non-Catholics in the labor movement here in Philly, who come to us for aid and comfort, and we are proud of that fact. It seems to me that anyone reading the *Realist* might come to the conclusion that the ACTU is a real nothing. . . ."

"I have met Monsignor Higgins [labor liaison man of the National Catholic Welfare Conference] but once, and talked to him no more than two minutes. We are at present operating without a Chaplain, and the Church has put no blocks in our way, or helped us in any way.

#### (Continued from Cover)

Nowadays, practically every student of advanced physics is warned, somewhere during his training, not to trust blindly the "thingification" of nature implicitly suggested by the grammar of our Indo-European languages.

Actually, anyone who has ever reflected on the favorite child's riddle, "Where does your fist go when you open your hand?" has begun this phase of semantic education; but few of us, outside the specialized sciences, have really learned to be on guard against the unconscious suggestions that language plants in our brains—and few specialists have generalized enough to see that this "verbal hygiene" is applicable outside the laboratory as well as inside.

#### Professional Inconsistency

The doctor or psychiatrist who has

learned to think "psychosomatically" still uses the words "space" and "time" (and wonders why he can't understand Relativity); the physicist who habitually employs the "space-time" concept in his speaking and thinking will probably say "body" and "mind" just like any other layman (and will wonder why post-Adolph Meyer medicine and psychiatry is obscure to him).

And so it goes: the lawyer who has read Cohen and learned to see through the fallacies of traditional legal language will probably not be aware of the similar verbal reforms that have taken place in the sciences of our time: his knowledge of medicine will be medieval as a result, no matter how many "popularizations" he reads, and his physics will be pre-Newtonian at best, even if he has a verbal knowledge of the Newtonian laws.

"About the inconsistencies of ACTU in reference to the organizing of the Puerto Ricans: We believe, at least here in Philly, that the unorganized would be better off unorganized for awhile, if it is only Hoffa who will organize them. Why accept a loaf of bread from a person who will be around tomorrow for your right arm because he gave you a loaf of bread today. . . ."

"I have seen on many occasions how the labor-fakers, living in the lap of luxury and with immense Union treasuries at their disposal, have sinned against the fine human material who have dared to speak against them, or questioned their alleged rights to abuse the membership of their unions. I have seen how they arrogantly bent the individual's will and crushed his personality. They tried to do this to Roy and failed. . . ."

Only, in the end, they didn't fail. This is the form their violence took: they were able to put enough pressure on employers to prevent Underwood from getting suitable employment to support his family; he would have to sell his home and other material possessions. He began to suffer from hypertension.

The letter continues: "Although the doctors told Roy he was being treated for high blood pressure and its complications, within two weeks time he had lost about forty pounds. His eyesight had failed and he could hardly get around without the help of someone else. None of his friends realized his serious state of health, because he never complained. . . ."

And then, early last month, he shot himself to death.

The obituary in the local paper was brief: "An Upper Darby detective said that from all indications labor leader, Roy J. Underwood, 55, former president of Local 542, International Union of Operating Engineers, committed suicide Friday evening in the garage of his home."

They forgot to mention that he was honest, and that he had guts, and that he paid for those two qualities with his life.

Only the semanticists, the anthropologists of the Sapir school, and the linguistic students of Benjamin Lee Whorf, have made a general principle of examining and questioning all the implicit assumptions buried in our languages.

#### A Simple Suggestion

All this is by way of preparing the lay reader, then, for a simple semantic suggestion. I would like to propose that the traditional ideas of theism, agnosticism and atheism would all have to be changed—if we all said (and thought) "it" instead of "he" when referring to "God."

The average Believer considers God a man like himself, only bigger and invisible—a sort of translucent *homo sapiens* of galactic heft and mass. His own theologians will tell him this is an absurdity bordering almost on blasphemy. I suggest that

this ridiculous mental picture results solely from the habitual use, from childhood on, of the pronoun "he" in reference to Divinity.

To begin with, no modern Christian or Jew can seriously argue the corporality of "God." We are told on all sides, by all brands of contemporary theology, that "God is a spirit." A spirit does not have a beard like the elderly gent in the illustrations to Grandma's Bible. Nor does a spirit have any of the other characteristics of masculinity.

#### The Basic Question

The Believer had better face himself and ask squarely: do I literally believe "God" has a penis? If the answer is no, then it seems only logical to drop the ridiculous practice of referring to "God" as "he."

It is this "he," furthermore, which has given Christianity, Judaism and Islam that anthropomorphic cast which makes them so unattractive to the scientifically trained. Wald writes (in the August, 1958 *Scientific American*): "I try to avoid making sentences with the word 'God' in them." What he is objecting to is clearly the anthropomorphic associations of the term, for later he adds that when somebody else says "God," he mentally translates "the order of nature."

#### Oriental Objectivity

The Chinese have had from very early times two words for "the Divine Principle." *T'ien* we usually translate "heaven"; *Shang-Ti* is "heaven's ruler," i.e., a sort of "God." Chinese philosophers, whether Confucian, Taoist, Mohist, Fa-Chia-ist or whatnot, have always preferred to write about *T'ien* rather than *Shang-Ti*. (Confucius, for instance, often talks of "Heaven's decree," or "Heaven's laws"; and Lao-Tse tells us "Heaven is not human hearted.")

As a result, Chinese philosophy, even at its most mystical, has an objectivity and impersonality that make it much less offensive to the scientific or liberal thinker than the mystic writings of the West. It was in China that the concept of the *Tao* was formulated: this is the only process-oriented, rather than static, view of Divinity conceived by man in pre-scientific times. It took Darwin and Einstein to revolutionize the West enough to get Bergson, Whitehead and Alexander (among others) thinking along similar lines.

#### An Impersonal God

So, then: suppose the Believer begins referring to "God" as "it." He will soon find that his statements about "it" will grow more abstract

and impersonal. If he implies purpose to "it," he will be more cautious about supposing that to be a human purpose, or a purpose necessarily benevolent to man. Dr. Wald will find it easier to translate the Believer's statements; the "order of nature" is more an "it" than a "he."

The non-Believer, in his turn, will begin to wonder what, precisely, he is opposing. If he objects to some of

#### A Reasonable Facsimile

Many popular fallacies are rooted in verbal confusions. . . . The power of this tendency to create myths has been demonstrated in the famous assurance that "there are no atheists in foxholes." . . . It was simply meant to be an emphatic way of saying that all men in the moment of peril seek the support of religion.

Whether they do or not is as much a question as whether it is creditable to religion to claim that they do, but neither question was widely agitated. As far as the populace was concerned the rhetorical flourish was a military fact, and as far as the papers were concerned it was always news, however frequently repeated. . . .

There were, of course, dissenting voices . . . one sturdy doubter had had his dog tag stamped "Atheist"; but unfortunately, though he had once been run over by a tank, he had never been in a foxhole, and hence could not technically qualify. . . .

E. J. Kahn, Jr., in one of his articles in the *New Yorker*, confessed that he was not a religious man and in another [previous article] that he had dived into a latrine trench when Jap planes were overhead. Of course an unbeliever in a latrine is not exactly an atheist in a foxhole, but the faithful would probably have been willing to accept it as a reasonable facsimile.

—Bergen Evans, *The Natural History of Nonsense*

the things the Believer says about "God," it will be in the same way he objects to some of the things Marxists say about "History": he will at least know that they are talking about something he recognizes, even if they imply more knowledge about it than man can possibly have.

#### Not Even Ingersoll

For nobody, not even the most old-fashioned Bible-smashing Ingersoll-

an, denies that the diverse forces and harmonies of the universe *may be* aspects of one Force or one Harmony we do not understand. Eddington's impatient summary of modern astrophysics, "Something unknown is doing something we don't understand" (which Buddhist Alan Watts has said is closer to Oriental mysticism than Eddington's more high-faluting flights of metaphysics) can be accepted by both the scientific liberal and by the theist who will learn to call his God, "it."

Occidentals, thinking of "God" as "he," early began to ask, "What does he want of us?" (All "he's" want something.) They have never gotten beyond that. Hindus and Buddhists, thinking of "Brahmin" or "Dharma" as "it," began by asking, "What does it want of us?"—but they soon developed schools which took the assumption that "it" wants nothing (non-teleology).

#### Without Purpose

The *Upanishads* say, "Brahmin is not the being who is worshipped under that name," and "Brahmin is the power by which the tongue speaks and the eye sees"; the Mahayana Buddhists very early began to teach that the One becomes (or creates) the Many without purpose, and the Many return to the One to again become Many in an endless cycle, equally without purpose.

The very rigid causal scheme of *karma* is unthinkable to one who thinks of the Divine as "he"—Christians and Jews are always trying to cheat God, as Ibsen pointed out, by making bargains with "him"—but no Hindu or Buddhist ever imagined he could escape the consequences of his acts by bargaining with "karma."

In all these Oriental faiths, we see foreshadowings of the scientific outlook; they all derive from the impersonality of "it" thinking. As long as the Occident continues to think of its Divinity as a "he," it will remain schizophrenically split away from the scientific views of its intellectual minority.

#### Contributions

We would like to thank the following persons for their contributions this month to the The Realist Association — the non-profit corporation which publishes the *Realist*.

Anon. \$1; Anon. \$2; Anon. \$2; Anon. \$2; Anon. \$3; Hyman DeWoskin \$9; Leo G. Gabriel \$4; Frank H. Hammond \$6; Ronald Haworth \$1; Maragret M. Jamieson \$25; Elliott Jones \$4; C. F. Krafft \$10; Mrs. Elmer T. Nilson \$2; William Rinke \$50; William F. Roth \$3; Nathan Weintraub \$2.

SPAIN:

## The Valley of the Fallen

When Francisco Franco last month dedicated his fantastic shrine in the "Valley of the Fallen" to all of the fighters who died for or against freedom in the Spanish civil war, the New York Times recalled his boast, upon taking power, that he was undisputed head of the state, "responsible only to God and to history."

"What God's judgment will be," said the editorial, "is beyond knowledge. What history will say cannot be very flattering. For Spain today is an almost bankrupt nation, backward in virtually every material sense, politically unformed, socially divided. The present is unhappy, the future dark and enigmatic."

A Roman Catholic writer, Brother John Stundon of the Vatican Institute of the Vincentian Institute of Albany, New York, replied that since World War II, Russia, "with her satellites, waged an all-out propaganda war to strangle Spain economically and politically. They waged this war in the world press and in the UN. . . . The American press along with our government officials must accept the guilt of playing Charlie McCarthy to the outrageous charges against Spain."

But in Spain itself the almost universal dissatisfaction with Franco was beginning to come out into the open. In spite of the tight censorship and iron suppression of opposition, clandestine political parties of all stripes seemed intent on his overthrow. The pretender to the throne refuses to come to an agreement with Franco on the continuance of Fascism. The dictator will probably be replaced with a constitutional monarchy.

Even the Catholic Church is hedging against Franco's overthrow by picking petty quarrels with minor officials. And some of the top Catholics have been caught spiriting money out of the country thru banks owned by the Catholic organization called Opus Dei. They are probably getting ready to run.

The episode of the shrine-dedication was intended as a "reconciliation" but it only served to bring out the universal resentment against the regime. Republican and Fascist families alike objected to Franco's bulldozers disturbing the earth of quiet cemeteries to dig up the bones of dead civil warriors for reburial at

### Now Hear This . . .

Back issues of the Realist are available at 25¢ each, or all seven for \$1.50. Extra copies of this issue: 5 for \$1, or 12 for \$2.

the shrine; and the consequent stirring up of hatreds which after twenty years are hardly dead. Almost everyone of good will in Spain will be happy when Franco follows his victims into the Valley of the Fallen.

\* \* \*

In other widely separated countries last month, Roman Catholic ecclesiastical politicians gave further demonstrations of their 'adaptability.'

Fidel Castro, now Premier of Cuba, while in the flush of victory had told a priest—according to the priest—that he would install religious education in the public schools. Castro seems to have changed his mind now and decided to obey the constitution. The Catholic press in the U.S. made

an almost miraculous turnabout. Immediately its high praise for Castro either became a deep silence or was transformed into charges against him of being in league with the Communists.

A few months ago in Indonesia, Roman Catholic priests were doffing their cassocks by day to don military uniforms and train soldiers of the revolution against President Achmed Sukarno. But now the Moslem nation has announced that it will subsidize Catholic education. In spite of Sukarno's well known "softness" toward the Communists, the principal Catholic bishop has now endorsed his "guided democracy" regime.

And in the Communist-ruled state of Kerala, India, the government continues to pay the cost of operating Roman Catholic and other religious schools. But it is now seeking certain public controls over the personnel whose salaries it pays. Therefore, the Archbishop of Bombay has come out with a strident warning against the threat of Keralan communism to all of India.

He who pays the piper, does not always call the tune.

### A LITTLE STUDY IN CONTRAST

The Community Church in New York City is a fine example of democracy in action. On April 23rd, for example, Professor Paul Edwards of N.Y.U.'s Department of Philosophy was delivering a lecture there in his "The Great Heretics" series, and—simultaneously, on the next floor—J. G. Bennett was being metaphysical as all hell as he spoke about SUBUD—"the new way of spiritual training."

There were some other notable differences between the two. Whereas the "Heretics" talk was specific in nature, the audience young and the atmosphere one of pleasant pedagogy, the SUBUD talk was intentionally vague, the audience older and the atmosphere—well, it was very subudian.

Perhaps the most significant difference was revealed at the end of each lecture. A member of the "Heretics" audience could write his name and address on a card if he wished to, and that was all. A member of the SUBUD audience, however, was also supposed to sign this statement:

"I am interested in learning more about SUBUD. Please accept my name as a candidate. I understand that I am not entitled to ask for admission until three months from this date, and that I must then make the decision for myself as to whether or not to apply."

In addition, potential SUBUDers were asked to give their age, telephone number, occupation and marital status. One question—"Is spouse opened?"—might have been clearer if the word "initiated" had been used instead of "opened"—or, as one man wrote for his answer, "Yes, by Caesarian."

Finally, the questionnaire stated, "Married Women Please Answer"—and asked this stirring question: "Is your husband willing that you start the SUBUD exercises?"

Sub(ud)limation, anyone?

John Francis Putnam:

## Modest Proposals

### Is There a TV Repairman in the House?

In the 18th Century the Physician was little more than a quasi-charlatan with a marginal social status set at about the level of a practicing barber, if not a fraction lower, since the physician with his highly septic blood-letting knives was responsible for a great many more fatalities than his razor-wielding peers.

Financial success and Science, in that order, have improved both their status and the mortality rate in the last one hundred and fifty years. Today The Doctor moves through society and the pages of quality fiction as a benevolent father image and a man of quiet power. He is the one educated and superior man in any rural situation, with a large house on the hill that matches the banker's for size. In the urban situation, it is the Cadillac with an MD license plate that parks unmolested by the cops in front of Bergdorf-Goodman while a doctor's wife shops inside for genuine alligator shoes.

We feel that in the changing tide of social distinctions, the *eclat* now enjoyed by the Doctor could be assumed by other deserving professionals who are now out in the cold socially and prestige-wise. Take the TV Repairman. He is fast reaching a very important place in the American psyche.

What with an ever-increasing dependence on television, and with all the consequences of this involvement, the humble repairman may well find that he too has the hapless public by the short hairs. Now is the time for him to evolve into an austere specialist with a consulting room manner, membership in exclusive County TV Repairmen's Societies, and a daily wastebasketfull of circular literature.

Just to give our honest and reliable TV Repairmen friends an idea of what they're missing, here is a sample speech of the type that might be given before an *evolved* TV Repairmen's Professional Society, once they had developed a capacity for self-satisfaction and benevolent tyranny so characteristic of a Medical Association in our time.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE FOUNDER'S DAY DINNER OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF TELETRONIC INTERNISTS

"Every one of here tonight knows, from professional experience, the deep anguish and torment suffered by the typical American family that is suddenly faced with tragedy in the home: NO TELEVISION!

"I can see before me the anguished faces of that little family . . . bereft of their viewing! Waiting in the dark for the welcome sound of the Teletrician as, through the intemperacies of weather, he arrives to make an emergency screen adjustment. Ours is a

(Continued on Next Page)

Arnold Bruce Levy:

## Taboo Or Not Taboo

### Two Breaks in the Censorship Wall

Two of the biggest breaks in American literary history occurred this month. On May 4th, Grove Press, a medium-sized avant-garde publishing outfit officially unveiled an unexpurgated version of D. H. Lawrence's long-suppressed classic novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Heralded by critics ever since it was first printed in Florence, Italy more than thirty years ago, the book was successfully translated into a dozen languages without ever legally being published in either England or America, except for "abridged" editions which had been carefully "cleansed."

Alec Craig, noted English attorney and writer on the subject of censorship, covered the work in his book, *Above All Liberties*. He wrote:

"Writing is classed as pornography merely because it uses plain, homely words in relation to the natural functions and anatomy of the body instead of Latinized words or circumlocutions. D. H. Lawrence did a great deal to counteract this stupid idea. This country [England] still bans his *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in its unexpurgated form; but I believe it will be soon pub-

lished in America."

"Soon" in this case meant eighteen years. These words were written in 1941.

But the surprise is that the book would ever be published in censorship-ridden America. For Lawrence pulled no punches. Yet, with all his earthy language, the book can hardly be called pornographic; if *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is obscene, then life is obscene, for *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is life unadorned.

Prudently, Grove Press had an initial printing order of only ten thousand copies, with a test case anticipated on publication day. They are confident of weathering any attempt to suppress the book.

(The only locality to which Grove Press is not shipping *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is Los Angeles—the censorship climate there being akin to the smog overhead. Instead, Grove Press will seek "injunctive relief" in the L.A. courts to clear the way beforehand. Meanwhile, the *Realist* will be happy to supply Los Angeleans—or readers in any city, for that matter—with the book. Price: \$6.00.)

\* \* \*

The other break in the blue-nosed wall was the freeing of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* from arbitrary suppression by the U.S. Customs Bureau. The Customs people have formally decided to permit the book's importation into our heretofore unsullied

(Continued on Next Page)

**The Vivarium**  
NO PETS ALLOWED IN PARK  
KEEP OFF THE GRASS  
NO PICNICKING  
DO NOT CLIMB TREES  
STAY ON PATHWAYS  
DO NOT PICK FLOWERS  
DO NOT FEED PIGEONS  
NO SUN BATHING OR UNDRRESSING  
PERMITTED IN THE PARK AREA  
20 MINUTE PARKING LIMIT  
THIS IS YOUR PARK—HAVE  
A GOOD TIME

### Modest Proposals

(Continued from Preceding Page)

selfless devotion! Where would America be today without us? We, who within the short span of half a century have advanced from humble, work-a-day craftsmanship to what a learned colleague has called that 'delicate balance between the artist and the scientist.'

"True, our devotion has brought material reward. But it has also provided that deep and spiritual enrichment that only the practicing country teletrician can know.

"Of course all this costs money. But if socialistically inclined agitators smear the teletrician profession with epithets like 'cruel monopoly' I know that we can all take a private, inner satisfaction in knowing that we have devoted countless hours to free clinical work, where adjustments and screen alignments often costing in the thousands are rendered without fee to the deserving poor in out-set clinics.

"A further calumny levelled at us by the big-government crowd is the vicious allegation that we are interested only in—if I may borrow their bluntness of expression—CASH.

"True, we do serve humanity for a price, but a price adjusted to the individual's ability to pay. And I need not remind you that thousands receive full coverage under such questionable group plans as the Blue Screen.

"I need not enlarge upon the cost of a teletrician education. Pre-cathode school, four years of Teletricine, plus internships and residencies . . . until at last, with his financial reserves drained away, the young teletrician emerges, prepared to serve!

"And contrast this, if you please, with the teletrician education of fifty years ago when my father was a student at the Delehanty Institute. In those days there were some people, in remote areas of course, who had an infantile fixation on radio! Darwinians among us continue to maintain that there is some relationship between this barbarous and *naïf* apparatus and Television.

"The folly of their assumptions is evident when you consider present-day Television with its extra-sensory receivers; with wave-lengths attuned to the sub-conscious for dream-viewing. And the cutaneous 'participators' which offer hitherto unsuspected tactile satisfactions, not to mention the emotional Karma that is offered by quadri-dimensionalivision!

"Even though irresponsible advocates of Socialized Television Adjustment cry wildly for our submergence in a tidal wave of bureaucratic do-nothingism, let us continue to maintain our professional standards along with our economic standards, as befits members of a free society.

"Meanwhile, despite carpers and liberals, we are gaining on all fronts through our intensive research programs, working on problems familiar to us all in our daily practice: 'fuzzy sound,' 'drift' and the various 'blizzard patterns' that seem to resist all attempts to stamp them out. And much remains to be done in the complex field of television olfactory controls.

"Systems designed to permeate the family viewing

### Taboo Or Not Taboo

(Continued from Preceding Page)

midst, but only for "non-prurient" and "scholarly and literary purposes by qualified persons and institutions."

The ruling wasn't entirely unexpected. It followed the precedent set by the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University last year when the same Customs Bureau loosened its grip on some so-called pornographic material which the Institute had imported from abroad.

Miller, a sex-obsessed writer of no little talent, has had divided reaction from literary critics. Like Nabokov's *Lolita*, his salty novels have stemmed from the Parisian Olympia Press—which, incidentally, has been silenced by the deGaulle regime now in power.

Published originally in 1936, *Tropic of Cancer* has been a "must" for American tourists to smuggle back into this country. In fact, Olympia Press had a special smuggler's edition, with a bogus cover proclaiming *Pickwick Papers*.

Customs smut-hounds were alerted to copies of *Pickwick Papers* coming into the U.S. via tourists' trunks. The covers were then changed bi-monthly, with titles including *Vanity Fair*, *Last of the Mohicans* and *Little Women*.

Most Americans will still have to smuggle their copies into the country, for the Customs Bureau pronouncement opens the legal gates only to "qualified" scholars, libraries and institutions. The implication of the ruling appears to be that *any* book may now be thusly imported.

It remains to be seen how closely the practice will stick to the theory. I have a letter in my files from a man who wanted books with "pictures of people in acts of intercourse." He said that he was a "social-egist" (sic).

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arcum with perfumes and aromas appropriate to the product being advertised on the screen are of so delicate a nature as to be inevitably subject to functional aberrations. The cabbage-stench syndrome which currently affects many of this year's sets, presents a heart-rending problem familiar to us all. It is often, I fear, a subject of unseemly merriment on the part of the laity.

"To sum up, then, we have indeed come far. Today, on tree-shaded campuses, teletrician students walk with philosophic detachment as they prepare to dedicate themselves to a lifetime of service. At last our profession has assumed a dignity appropriate to the high calling we follow. Think of it! It is only two years since the last outrageously gaudy neon sign came down from a die-hard Tele-clinic in East Elmira, and, with the lamentable exception of an unethical splinter group in Beverly Hills, California, all teletrician advertising in newspapers has ceased.

"We teletricians can look upon the honest, vulgar letters that spell out TV REPAIR with the wry amusement of a surgeon contemplating a barber pole, proclaiming an origin as useful and as sturdy as our own."

Reginald Dunsany:

# The Tolerant Pagan

I expressed concern in the February issue of the Realist about the present working alliance between the State Department and the Vatican, and fear that it might lead to a "holy" war, allegedly against Communism. In spite of strong State Department and Hierarchical efforts, however, the Protestant "Message to the Churches" — urging recognition of Communist China — has not been reversed or repudiated by the National Council of Churches.

For Protestants seem to find it hard to understand why we should recognize and aid Communist Poland which has a 'deal' with the Vatican, yet refuse to recognize Communist China merely because it has no such deal. But last month, the Roman Catholics found allies among non-Protestant religionists:

In Cairo, Egypt, Sheikh Mahmud Shaltut, rector of Al Azhar University, called for a *jihad* or holy war against 'atheistic communism' by all Moslems throughout the world. His blast was directed especially at the new government of Iraq which had just put down a revolt said to be Nasser-inspired.

El Azhar is Islam's chief theological seminary. Moslem sources said that a call for a holy war would ordinarily come from the Caliph of Islam. But since the Caliphate was abolished by Ataturk of Turkey, the declaration now rests with the governing body of El Azhar.

The action was welcomed in Catholic circles. And in Tibet, Buddhist priests rose in rebellion against their Chinese Communist rulers. The "god-king" Dalai Lama fled the country to India.

## Another Pope

Tibet is the home of the prayer-wheel. It is the one nation in all the world except Vatican City that is ruled by an absolute theocratic monarch. The Lama is comparable in all important respects to the other pope at Rome save that he is not a Catholic.

About a quarter of the population are members of the Buddhist clergy. They live on the labor of the non-clerical masses who are sunk in the deepest ignorance and poverty.

The Chinese, it seems, have been trying to induce these monks to work for a living. This is no more than the Pope recently suggested to his own "mendicant" orders of nuns. But the press in this country, refers to the Communist action as "forced labor," which of course it may well be.

## Another Hungary?

The Bishop of Washington says that the Tibetan uprising provides "excruciating parallels to the Hungarian massacre." He predicted that these massacres would continue "as

## Catholic Segregation

In their pre-Christmas annual statement, the Catholic bishops discussed "Discrimination and the Catholic Conscience."

They said that "our Christian Faith . . . knows not the distinctions of race, color or nationhood. . . . It is unreasonable and injurious to the rights of others that a factor such as race should be made a cause of discrimination. . . . Segregation in our country has led to oppressive conditions and a denial of basic human rights for the Negro."

This restatement of Catholic policy received high praise in the Northern press. It crowded off the front pages of many papers a similar, almost simultaneous, statement by the Methodist Bishops.

But an official Catholic release from Washington last month reported that "there are 497 churches and 342 schools entirely for Negro congregations and pupils."

The report estimates that there are 90,756 Negro pupils in Catholic schools. If all of them are in the segregated schools mentioned, that would be only about 272 per school or 34 for each grade. So it seems that Negro children are segregated as much in Catholic as in public schools.

long as the Reds cling to their devilish doctrine."

Patrick Scanlan of the Brooklyn Tablet was not fazed by the medieval ignorance of the Tibetans. He said that they "have proven a better bet than many of the seemingly civilized intelligentsia of the West." He was probably referring to the Protestant World Order Study Conference at Cleveland, where the General Board of the National Council of Churches issued the statement on Red China.

The Church which allied itself with Mussolini and which mobilized African Moslems to overthrow the republican government of Spain will have little difficulty in again accepting cannon fodder from 'infidel' sources: the next crusade may be fought not by Christians against infidels, but by Christian and infidel religious fanatics of various stripes against all the rest of us.

## Envoy To The Vatican

Ignoring the dangers of international church-state alliances, Congressman Victor L. Anfuso of Brooklyn, a prominent Catholic layman, introduced a bill last month which, if passed, would have declared to be the "sense of Congress" that diplomatic relations be established between the United States and the Vatican.

He also sent an open letter to the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee urging a public hearing on his bill. He said that until such relations are established, the U.S. would remain "classified with Communist Russia" as one of the only two major nations that have failed to send an envoy to the Pope.

## No Pressure Necessary

POAU, which some years ago practically built its organization on a campaign against appointment of a Vatican envoy, got busy promptly, and a flood of letters arrived at the Committee offices. However, the State Department reported that "there has been no indication from the state of the Vatican City of its interest in establishing diplomatic relations with the United States. The department is satisfied with the present situation and does not believe that the issue should be raised now."

The Committee announced that the hearings would be "delayed."

And Anfuso called the State Department report "unreasoned."

But it was quite reasonable. To raise the issue of Vatican representation now would stir up a storm of protest from Protestants, as it did a few years ago. And it wouldn't be worth the trouble: the Papal Legate is *already* given, informally, every courtesy that an Ambassador receives that is possible without actual diplomatic status.

In the April *Realist*, I reported, with much skepticism, the Vatican

## . . . And This

The winner of last month's caption-for-the-cartoon contest will be announced next month. Among the entries, to drop a name, was one from Upton Sinclair.

## A New Version of Musical Chairs

*Hollywood Close-Up*, a weekly critique of the movie industry, this month printed an imaginary pep talk by the head of a publicity firm to his staff:

"At ease, men. This morning you may be seated. As I have explained before, the doctrine that has made [us] the Cadillacs of publicity is that we are the leaders, and we have class.

"Publicity moves in cycles, just like Westerns on TV, or the *Private Eye* series. . . . Now then, to get on with the business. We are at the beginning of a new cycle. It's the most tremendous thing that ever hit publicity. Change of religion.

"Like everybody else, I thought it was a fluke when Sammy Davis, Jr. entered the synagogue. But this thing with Liz Taylor proves that it has dignity. It reeks of class. What we'll do is make it a fair exchange between the churches. We'll have Frank Sinatra follow Liz, and then, in order to keep the Catholics happy, we'll get Jerry Wald to make the switch, because I don't think the rabbi is too happy with him, anyway. . . ."

Meanwhile, on TV, controversial comic Lenny Bruce asked the question that all America had been pondering: "Will Elizabeth Taylor be bar mitzvahed?"

announcement that "responsible leaders of all confessions separated from Rome reacted favorably to the news" of the Pope's call for an ecumenical council "to foster Christian unity." The more exact truth is now out.

The Information Bulletin of the Rome Diocese, of which the Pope is bishop, now says that the Protestant reaction has been "disappointing." However, the bulletin still claims that the attitude of the Eastern Orthodox Churches is one of "confidence and expectation."

This is based on a statement by the Patriarch of Istanbul, principal leader of Greek Orthodoxy, who agreed with his "brother," Pope John, that it is time to end division. But Orthodox circles in Istanbul, according to the Roman report, said that "it is out of the question to accept papal supremacy if that is what Pope John means by reunion." This is exactly what Pope John means.

What the Vatican finds in the Orthodox reaction that could be called "confidence and expectation" is hard to discern.

### A Burst Of Silence

Meanwhile, Joachim Prinz, President of the American Jewish Congress, urged a "dialogue" between Protestants, Roman Catholics and Jews to examine "the major issues on which we differ and work together in those causes which we hold in common." Prinz' suggestion was greeted at Rome by a burst of silence.

A similar appeal by Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath — this one addressed

directly to the Pope — had not, at press time, been answered.

While his Holiness consistently refrained from saying any kind words for these slightly overanxious Jews, he did perhaps console them by eliminating an unkind word that has been repeated by the Popes from year to year since time immemorial. It is a part of the ancient liturgical text of the Papal Good Friday prayer which has always read: "Let us pray for the perfidious Jews."

Pope John ordered the deletion of the word, "perfidious" so that from now on, presumably, the prayer will read, "Let us pray for the — Jews."

### Basis Of Anti-Semitism

The American Jewish Committee restrained any impulse to suggest that the change came a little late or to speculate how many lives might have been saved if the deletion had occurred during the years that Hitler was coming to power: Christianity had provided him with a ready-made scapegoat.

Instead, the AJC hailed the Pope's action as "a significant step toward interreligious understanding."

But Irving M. Engel, President of the Committee, added a comment which might have had a note of malice. At least it contained enough of a sting so that it was omitted from all the Catholic press reports on the matter. What he said was that "The action of his Holiness should prove to be an inspiration to religious educators of all faiths. It should spur interest in examining those religious school texts which guide teachers of

over thirty million young Americans now receiving full or part time instruction in religious schools."

### The Easter Message

Engel's reference was, of course, to the emphasis that is placed, not on the 'fact' that Jesus was a Jew, but that he was supposedly killed by Jews. This thought was expressed more directly in a sermon delivered on Holy Saturday by Rabbi William Rosenblum at Temple Israel in New York City.

He said that "the manner in which the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ are depicted by Christians at Easter all too often makes for bigotry instead of good will. In some quarters right here at present the occasion for the performance of Passion Plays and the release of television films arouses antipathies and anti-semitism and makes the accompanying proclamation of good will towards men a mockery and a veritable call to prejudice. If, as happens, the drama places the accent upon blood and death instead of the blessing of life, it becomes a revival of bitterness instead of a return to brotherhood."

### Turnabout

A Catholic commentator, Louis Thompson, responded: "I was amazed at the rabbi . . . telling Christians what to stress and what to omit in our religious teachings."

On the other hand, Gentiles could justifiably tell Jews what to omit from their religious teachings. A certain daily prayer of Orthodox Jews, for example, is certainly not indicative of "a return to brotherhood." Rabbi Mordecai Kaplan was formally excommunicated by the Orthodox rabbinate for dropping it from the Conservative prayer book. It goes: "Blessed be Thou, O Lord, that Thou hast not created me a Goy."

### Evangelical Logic

Billy Graham told a crowd of 21,000 in Sydney, Australia this month that Soviet Premier Khrushchev believes in God "in his heart." Graham said that Khrushchev "let slip" his belief during a visit to Britain in 1956 when on one occasion he declared, "God have mercy on them."

While we are always angered that Khrushchev has not shown much mercy himself, we are also amused by Graham's reasoning processes. But at least we know now that he believes in his heart that there are unbelievers. Billy-boy let slip his belief with a reference to unbelievers once in 1956 during a visit to earth.

## The Discrimination Against Non-Religious Conscientious Objectors

The recently extended draft law once again contains an exemption for conscientious objectors—but only on condition that their objection is based on a formal religious training and belief which includes the idea of a Supreme Being.

Although no atheists as such were represented in opposition to the bill, objections were filed by the Ethical Culture Society and the American Humanist Association, but Congress brushed them off. And President Eisenhower signed the bill, ignoring a letter from the American Civil Liberties Union.

Said the letter:

"To require that a man's objection to participation in war be the result of religious training and belief alone fails to admit the plain fact that . . . millions of our citizens . . . do not subscribe to the tenets of an organized religion or to the belief in a Supreme Being. . . . [In this group] there are those whose objection to personal participation in all war is as deeply felt and as unyieldingly held on conscientious grounds as those whose beliefs spring from a more formal religious conviction. . . .

"We do not suggest that persons without formal religious training or belief who have conscientious objection to war should be given special benefits, but only that their conviction be regarded as deserving of equal treatment. We realize that one argument advanced against exempting non-religious pacifists is that persons seeking to evade military service will seize on the conscientious objection exemption as a dodge.

"We do not believe this is a realistic concern because criteria for proving legitimate conscientious objection can be drawn up, including as only one factor, consideration of membership or activity in non-religious pacifist and other organizations which have objection to war. The final determination unfortunately—but necessarily because it involves 'conscience'—must rest on an evaluation of the individual belief."

\* \* \*

The standard Conscientious Objector form asks, simply, "Do you believe in God?" The *Realist* interviewed an idealistic young man, a pacifist, who would not answer just yes or no to that question, but returned the form to his draft board with a typewritten essay on his concept of God. He is an agnostic.

The F.B.I. is now investigating him.

They are questioning his family,

## Completing the Cycle

Once in a while, a cartoon is published that makes a significant—and funny—comment about our times. Such a one appeared recently in the *Saturday Review*.

"It's one of my favorites," artist Ed Fisher told the *Realist*, "but it had a hard time seeing print, having been submitted many times to many places before anyone showed a glimmer of interest."

The cartoon: Scene, a train. A passenger is reading *Zen Buddhism*. Seated next to him is a Japanese gentleman. He is reading *Industrial Age*.

## The Wearying of the Green

By William D. Yeager

The president of "a very small island" made a tremendous impression on Americans during his protracted visit to the United States which began on St. Patrick's Day. Wearing a green tie, President Eisenhower greeted Sean T. O'Kelly, Ireland's chief executive, at the airport.

Kelly walked down a green carpet in place of the usual red one. At the White House dinner, 1,500 green-dyed carnations were arranged in 32 massive bouquets. At the Shoreham hotel, fashion manikins paraded with their hair dyed green. When O'Kelly addressed Congress, his every hearer sported a green carnation.

At Vice President Nixon's dinner, he found it necessary to apologize. O'Kelly himself had consistently resisted attempts to "pin the green" on him. Nixon explained that, as he had just learned, "green is not a popular color in Ireland today. . . . It reminds every Irish citizen of the days when Ireland was not free and independent. We regret the green that was seen on every occasion."

There is one kind of green, however, that still appeals to the Irish—the kind produced by the Bureau of Engraving. Just before the Irish President's arrival, Rev. Richard M.

his friends, his neighbors, his teachers, his employers. Everybody but him. They are even going back to his public school days.

The Quakers, from whom he sought advice on procedure, recommended that he say yes, he does believe in God, with a mental reservation that God means Truth. "If I'm going to be that hypocritical," he said, "I might as well go into the Army."

A college graduate having majored in Physics, he is consistent to the point that he would not work in any "defense" capacity. He is currently employed by a bank.

He is willing to go to jail for the sake of his principles.

He is waiting.

McKeown wrote an article under the title, "The Sharing of the Green." The theme was the same as that of O'Kelly's visit: a plea for the moving of American industry to Ireland where it can take advantage of low wages and low taxes and where, in the case of Irish-American industrialists, they can demonstrate their love of the old sod.

Father McKeown said that "it is a challenge to Irish-Americans in comfortable circumstances to prove whether or not their love for the land of their fathers is true or superficial. The Sharing of the Green stands for an investment of money in the economic future of Ireland."

O'Kelly's visit was characterized by the almost complete absence of clashing political undertones. The St. Patrick's day parade at New Haven had been disrupted by snowball-throwing Yale students. But in New York all was peaceful if not quiet. A million people watched 130,000 alleged Irishmen march, with 100 bands, along Fifth Avenue, down which a special green line had been painted, at taxpayers' expense.

For the first time in a generation, all of the associations representing all of the counties of Ireland were in the parade. Many of them, for the last two decades, have refrained from

marching because of political squabbles.

O'Kelly did not attend the New York parade; he was in Washington. But he came in two days later and had his own "ticker-tape" reception. The paper used was not ticker-tape at all but cartons of paper streamers supplied to Lower Broadway offices by the downtown-Lower Manhattan Association of businessmen. Eighteen tons of the stuff were thrown out, and hundreds of heating and air-conditioning systems were put out of kilter by the unaccustomed opening of windows.

This made a passable display of enthusiasm, but did not compare with the 800 tons of paper that were thrown out in the general direction of Queen Elizabeth of England when she visited the city a year and a half ago. But that of course was before the "Keep New York Clean" campaign got into full swing.

The Irish seem to select their official visitors with a view to tickling the American funny bone. The last great to-do concerned a Lord Mayor of Dublin who is also a devout Jew. Preceding O'Kelly was a Lord Mayor of Dublin who is a woman, and to top it off, not Irish at all but Scotch.

O'Kelly is neither Scotch, Jewish, nor female, but he drew quite a few laughs because of his dwarf-like size. In Dublin, it is said that at the horse show young men under the influence of Irish whiskey sometimes shout, "Mow down the grass so we can see the President." A consummate and highly successful politician, O'Kelly just grins back.

His affability was further demonstrated in Washington where he seemed overcome by an uncontrollable penchant for kissing women of all ages, shapes and sizes. Some were kissed on the hand, others on the cheek, many on both cheeks. Practically everybody who is anybody of the female sex in Washington was kissed by O'Kelly.

Prime Minister Harold MacMillan of Great Britain, who physically would make about two of O'Kelly, contributed to the peaceful atmosphere by carefully timing his arrival in Washington (part of his round-the-world peacemaking effort) until after the Irish festivities were over. He came in very quietly, very unobtrusively.

He said nothing, did not even mention the efforts of Irish patriots, on the day before, to place an Irish flag atop the British embassy. By that time, the streets had been cleared. About half of the Irish flags that had

## Follow-Up to Past Issues

### Marriage Mixture

In Toledo, Ohio, the Domestic Relations Court refused to enforce one of the standard "ante-nuptial" agreements which a non-Catholic is required to sign before he or she can be married to a Catholic at a Catholic altar. The couple had been divorced, and the mother, a Protestant, then decided not to raise the children as Catholics (issue #1).

*Follow-up:* The Ohio Supreme Court upheld the decision, stating that the agreement would have "forced her to support a particular religious faith," in violation of the state constitution.

### Xmas Erections Challenged

The constitutionality of a Nativity scene on the lawn of the Ossining, N. Y. high school was challenged in State Supreme Court when twenty-nine citizens sought an injunction against the display of a religious symbol on public school property. They maintained that children of different faiths could be made to feel that the school authorities favor one sect over another (issue #5).

*Follow-up:* The motion was denied. Said Justice Elbert T. Gallagher: "If such accommodations violate the doctrine of absolute separation between Church and State, then it is time that the doctrine be discarded once and for all. . . ." His decision is being appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

### The Contraceptive Conflict

Two New Jersey drugstore clerks were arrested, found guilty, and fined \$100 each for selling contraceptives. Their conviction was appealed (issue #7).

*Follow-up:* The appeal case has been adjourned until May. The *Realist* will report on the trial next month. There will also be an article about the birth control pill.

lined the route for O'Kelly's parade had been stolen.

There was only one note of political disharmony. Addressing Congress, O'Kelly said:

"One of the dangers that confronts mankind is an exacerbated antagonism between so-called colonial and anti-colonial countries. As well as being a European country, Ireland is also a country with a long and well known history of stubborn resistance to foreign rule. In that position, Ireland can hope to play in the United Nations and elsewhere a useful part, by helping dissipate unnecessary suspicions and seeking to create a better climate for international understanding."

Pursuant to this policy, Ireland's delegates at the United Nations have for years sought to have that body consider admission of the government of mainland China. During the Irish Revolution, it should be recalled, there was some important collaboration between DeValera and the Russian Communists. At the reception given to O'Kelly by the Irish UN delegates, who should appear but Ambassador Arkady A. Sobolev of the Soviet Union—averring that he "felt at home with the Irish repre-

sentatives."

China and Russia are, of course, the two best examples of great powers that have thus far refused by any kind of *concordat*, to share sovereignty over their people with the Prince of Rome. The type of Irish who are in the habit of going about in black skirts naturally do not stomach O'Kelly's concept of "international understanding."

Cuthbert O'Gara, Roman Catholic Bishop of Yuanling in China, and now a resident of New York City, was appropriately indignant. A resolution adopted by the Oriel Society and signed by him said that the "Irish people everywhere were shocked [that] the avowed enemy of the Church . . . should be received with his secret police at any Irish reception in honor of a Catholic head of state."

The resolution further condemned the "diabolical propaganda which the Soviets are making out of this kind of reception." It called the episode, added to the Irish delegation's vote on the China question, "an insult to our suffering Catholics." The resolution was also signed by Dr. Thomas Brennan, legal adviser to the Hearst Corporation.

(Continued from Page 16)

paraphernalia that goes with it—an immature mind has never been known to produce good novels or good poems. Contrary to the prevalent myth, most of the important young writers of this generation are not Beat at all.

Even discounting gifted writers such as J. D. Salinger, Vance Bourjaily and Paul Goodman on the grounds that they are too old and belong not to this generation but to the one before it, we are still faced with an embarrassment of riches among non-Beat writers of roughly the same age as the Bearded Saint Faction.

In this group (which is not a group in the same sense that the Beats are a group) you have a number of fine writers, working without any publicity-agentry and independently of one another, and of the Beats. Among them:

Donald Finkel, perhaps one of the finest young poets of the decade (represented in Oscar Williams' anthology, *The Pocket Book of Modern Verse, from Whitman to Thomas*);

Robert A. Perlongo is a free-lance writer. His work has appeared in the *Orient Review*, *Climax*, *Playboy* magazine and the *Chicago Review*.

John Updike (*The Poorhouse Fair*); Herbert Gold (*The Man Who Was Not With It*); Mark Kennedy (*The Pecking Order*); Grace Paley (*The Little Disturbances of Man*); Philip Roth (*Goodbye, Columbus*). There are many others.

None of the above writers is Beat. They are not united in any cause or movement. If they have anything in common, it is humanity and talent of a very high order, and a respect for sound literary principles. They are, simply, good writers—writing in a generation that has had the misfortune to have been labeled Beat because of the howling of a handful of their irresponsible "contemporaries" (Kerouac is pushing forty).

In an age as anxious and confused as any before it, it seems sad that a group of individuals so utterly devoid of love (which they profess to dig)—a group so grim and humorless—as the Beats should be thought to constitute this generation's predominant literary activity.

If anything, The Beat Generation represents just another of the many traumas of the times.

## Dictionary of the Dislocated Hipsters

UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE: A home away from home.

BORSCHT CIRCUIT: What the beet generation travels.

HEP: To be aware of something.

HIP: To be aware of something, mainly that hep is outdated.

HUPE: They changed it again.

BUG: To annoy. A square would say, "I am annoyed by insects." A hipster says, "Bugs bug me." (This is also the Austro-Hungarian pronunciation of Bugs Bunny.)

BUG OUT: A place where baseball players sit.

FAKE OUT: A double play with two out.

GOOF: From the maxim, "To err is human, to goof is square."

COOL: A mentholated cigarette.

CRAZY: A King-sized mentholated cigarette.

DIG: To understand, or in the more literal sense of the word, to uncover.

Example:

"Like what are you doing?"

"Like I'm digging a ditch."

"Like I dig you're digging a ditch, but why?"

"Like I dig ditches."

TO GO APE: To dig deeply.

DIGGING THE YOUNGIES: Standing on a street corner, perusing all the chicks who pass the vantage point. These are the girls about whom one says, "Man, just give her three years and she'll be a gasser." Usually after three years, this selfsame girl is either married or has developed a particularly bad case of acne.

MAN: What apes go . . . especially when they dig evolution deeply.

GASSER: An unusually severe attack of abdominal cramps, sometimes placated by Pepto-Bismol.

LIKE: As. Example: Winston tastes good like, etc.

FELONIOUS ASSAULT: A famous jazz pianist.

SWING: Usually found between the seasaw and the monkey bars.

BLUES: Pre-menstrual tension, alleviated by Midol.

GIG: An Irish folk dance.

GO: Abbreviation for General Organization, which is a vast and insidious network of "clubs" that all New York City high school students must join or be ostracized for the rest of their natural lives.

GO-MAN-GO: A work song of the mango-pickers down in the tropics.

TO MAKE A SCENE: Trade terminology, used chiefly in film-producing circles.

SCENE: The pluperfect tense of seee.

PAD: Sheets of paper held together by glue. Hipsters usually live in these, together with several cats and a strong odor.

POTASH: The waste material remaining after pot (slang for marijuana) has been smoked.

MONKEY ON MY BACK: A best-selling book written by an organ grinder.

BARNEY ROSS ON MY BACK: A best-selling book written by a monkey.

CHARGE: What a member of the Diner's Club gets when he does.

KICK THE HABIT: To attack a nun.

STONED: Assaulted for religious beliefs.

KICKS: The breakfast of champions.

FIX: The breakfast of losers.

HOPHEAD: A public lavatory for addicts who don't have a pad to pot in.

STAN ROSS: The rhombus (a reformed square, now with oblique angles) who supplied the *Realist* with these translations from the beat.

### THE BLEAT GENERATION

What sheared and sheepish flock is this?

It's only ewes and lambs that bleat!

The 'Lost' sheep never have been missed.

The 'Beat' kids never have been—beat!

—PATRICK BROPHY

# THE FALLACY OF THE BEAT GENERATION

*The difference between the alleged, so-called Lost Generation and this one, as I see it, is that this one promotes itself by publicity and makes a movement. At that time there was no movement at all. There was simply a lot of people who were writing, who were more or less the same age.*

—ERNEST HEMMINGWAY

By Robert A. Perlongo

The Beat Generation, with main offices in San Francisco and Greenwich Village, and branch operations in a number of U.S. universities and art colonies, is exerting a profound and unfortunate influence on what is left of contemporary culture.

Angry and unkempt, contemptuous and indulgent, the Beats—or Dead-Beats—are a generally unwholesome and unattractive lot. Now that Madison Avenue has put them on the map with full-sized articles in a dozen national magazines, there is no telling how far they might go. One can't help feeling that it can't be far enough.

Not that there is any great harm in being Beat. In fact, as a purely psychological device, Beatism is a boon to a small, conforming group of non-conformists who are either afraid or unequipped to operate successfully as individuals. As a sociological fact, Beatism is picturesquely annoying—but basically harmless—to the daytime, nine-to-five set.

But in the area of literature, many "squares" (professors and critics among them) have been taken in by the vast publicity machine of the Beats, and a distorted, unbalanced and ultimately untrue image of the state of contemporary letters has been formed—an image of today's young American author as a sort of dingy, disheveled Huck Finn, with a stick of tea in one hand, a bottle of sneaky pete in the other, and a wad of manuscript jammed into his back pocket.

A widespread brand of *Time* magazine generalizing has made the work of a certain group of writers (Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Clellon Holmes, Jack Kerouac, et al.) seem somehow representative of all the

writing being done today by poets and novelists in the 25 to 35 year-old age bracket.

For a number of complicated reasons, none of which have anything to do with literature. Beat writing—which constitutes only a slender fraction of what is being published today by young writers—has been

given a highly disproportionate degree of critical attention. Because Beat has come to stand for the romanticized idea of Youth in Outrage and Revolt, its literature has come to have more importance than would normally accrue to it, if clearer heads had prevailed.

Judging the work of the Beats against traditional critical standards, most of it is pretty sorry stuff. Despite a now-and-then lyricism that runs through some of the poetry and prose-poems, most Beat writing is verbose and pointless. The Beat writers substitute a kind of colorful ineptitude for true craftsmanship; devoid of responsibility or discipline, they are shamelessly vulgar and sensational.

Many, such as Ginsberg and Corso, are flagrant caricatures of earlier American poets. Take out of *Howl!* all the Whitman and all the profanity, and what have you?—an overblown, puerile outburst that might do justice to a disturbed person of about age 12, but certainly not to a grown man.

While an immature mind is helpful in the creation of the Beat concept—and all the dirty-sweatshirt

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## Beat Me, Daddy, And I'll Hit You Back

A New York discussion group called The Dissenters had a meeting this month. Subject: the beat generation.

Folk singer Oscar Brand—whose travels include the college circuit, and whose travails include the campus apathy—asked one of the guest speakers, poet Gregory Corso—who represents apathy extended to its logical and/or ridiculous conclusion—to explain himself.

Corso then began to enumerate all the things that don't matter. Paul Krassner, editor of the *Realist*, asked, "What about poetry?"

"That doesn't matter, either," Corso said. "When I write poetry, it's just a form of masturbation."

Summing up later, Krassner pointed out that whatever lack of involvement a beatnik may display, there is never a lack of involvement with his own ego. "You may be masturbating when you write poetry," he told Corso, "but you want other people to know you're coming."

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