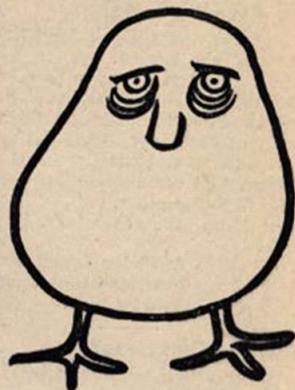


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



August, 1959

35 Cents

222 No. 10

The Case Against Supernaturalism

by Oscar Riddle

Must the humanities perpetuate supernaturalism?

Literate people do not doubt that respectable thought on man-related subjects is tinged by the verdicts of history. On no controversial cultural question can a worthy position be taken or defended without regard to parts of the historical record. "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it," says Santayana.

When access to parts of the daring, beset and sometimes glorious human adventure is made easy, the capacity of humankind to lift itself is increased. Most historians therefore strive to make the lonely events of the human story more accessible and meaningful by uniting them with a true and scholarly interpretation. It is precisely at this point—the point at which these scholarly interpretations are ventured—that doors to error and mischief are opened.

One grants at once that historians themselves are or may be the sole and proper judges of the vast area of truly historical interpretation; other scholars must there learn from them. Nevertheless, many of the most sweeping movements in history—many of the vital meanings of all history—are still interpreted by many historians in terms of a view of the nature and stature of man that has long been discredited in the sciences.

Science fathers technology, but it propagates

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itself solely through scholarship; and scholarship in the humanities continues to be disastrously and unevenly divided on that major moral and intellectual question of all time—the nature and stature of man. Practically all Catholic scholarship and very, very much of that outside it continues to subordinate man to an outside force—to a God, or a "universe of spirit" to whom the person has a commitment superior to his commitment to man.

Continued on page Five

Sir Realist:

Our Favorite Letter

Enclosed find a check for \$3 for 10 issues of The Realist.

Last January I went to Cleveland to address the Ethical Culture Society there, and one of the members gave me a copy of your paper. I liked it because it represents a basically moral point of view. Also contains considerable material fit for sermons.

Keep up the devastatingly good work!

A. Finley Schaefer, Pastor
First Methodist Church
Astoria, N. Y.

Deluding Ourselves?

As per usual, I liked Reginald Dunsany's clear thinking in "The Tolerant Pagan" in issue #9, but on one pertinent point I strongly disagree with him.

Mr. Dunsany, you say: "Really, a Catholic [politician] who is not a papist is no more dangerous than a Protestant officeholder who puts the law of the land above the injunctions of the Bible."

But when the priest dictates, the Catholic politician obeys. No practicing Catholic will be allowed to put the law of the land above the desires of the Roman Catholic Church. For if he does, he is not really a Catholic.

Therefore, let him be man enough to admit that. He simply cannot have it both ways, unless, of course, he hides behind the Catholic mental reservation gimmick—which is the very essence of dishonesty. And who wants a dishonest man for anything?

Let us not be taken in by a "papist" or "non-papist" Catholic, because, if we do, we delude ourselves. A Catholic is a papist or he is excommunicated.

Sonja Biersted
Birdsboro, Pa.

Dunsany Replies

Obviously, there are two sides to this issue. My critic states her side very effectively. And she certainly could be right. But I don't agree that when a priest dictates, all Catholics obey. If they did, they would all be in monasteries.

I agree of course that we don't "want a dishonest man for anything." But dishonesty is a relative matter, and it is an essential part of the profession of politics, universally practiced.

By Miss Biersted's standards, both pseudo-Presbyterian Eisenhower and pseudo-Unitarian Stevenson would obviously have been barred from the office they sought.

Perhaps when Jack Kennedy declared his independence of papal political domination, he was merely expressing a sentiment that would help make him popular; who can tell what is really in any politician's heart?

Anyway, whether Kennedy meant it or not, by the very act of publicly stating his stand — to the gross displeasure of the hierarchy — he struck a blow for liberty.

Reginald Dunsany
Washington, D.C.

A Young Lady Protests . . .

I have just discovered the *Realist* at the Douglass College Bookstore. As a fairly intelligent, liberal person, I was interested in seeing what of worth you had to say. I soon discovered I should have saved my 35 cents.

I sincerely hope that all who are connected with your little paper are achieving tremendous personal satisfaction in your attempts at disseminating anti-just-about-anything-you-can-think-of tripe in the rather thin guise of intellectual criticism and satire. A truly noble venture!

Incidentally, I am not a Catholic, nor do I ascribe to Protestantism as presented by Norman Vincent Peale. And I have always hated McCarthyism.

Marlene Gettler
New Brunswick, N. J.

. . . And a Young Man Doesn't

I have just discovered the *Realist* and applaud your hard-hitting and intrepid personal journalism. I intend to accumulate a permanent file of all issues for future reference in my work.

Juan A. Marlowe, Editor
The Evening News
New York University

Four Proof

A correction, please—let us give the devil his due.

The prohibition line-up in the recent repeal referendum in Oklahoma did not divide strictly along Protestant versus Catholic religious lines as the comment at bottom of page 8 of the June-July issue would imply.

The Protestants were sharply divided, primarily along liberal vs. fundamentalist lines. The central core of the prohibition sentiment for years has been the dominant Baptist denomination, especially in the rural areas. With the Baptists it was almost 100% in favor of continued prohibition. Other Protestant denominations were divided with a tendency of the larger city churches to be for repeal, and the smaller rural churches for prohibition.

The Catholics are of little total influence in this area; a Catholic estimate a few years ago estimated only 4% of the population was of the Catholic faith.

Overall it was primarily a contest between the urban vs. the rural areas rather than a strictly religious fight, although the Baptists relied heavily upon their religious prejudices in their side of the campaign. The others were pretty much divided. The Catholics got a little publicity for themselves by plunking for repeal, but their influence on the outcome is highly debatable.

John H. Latta, C.P.A.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

"And Grab Your Socks"

The *Realist* is providing fine dividends. . . . Regarding religion in the military (Issue #8), this sort of thing is encouraged since it establishes a common "moral" ground on which the serviceman can be approached and it seems easier to exercise discipline on a person who is conditioned to rules of religion.

Lt. Edward T. Wilbur
Norfolk, Va.

Sir Realist Pirouettes

We are at the moment in the process of forming a ballet group dedicated to the preservation of classical ballet in America and your publication was suggested as a likely spot to advertise. Therefore, we should be most grateful for a copy of your advertising schedule.

Dimitri Costas, Pres.
Ballet Afficionados
New Brunswick, N.J.

Editor's note: Someone has played a dastardly trick on you.

Moral Paradox

The manufacture of munitions is a thriving industry in Israel. Exports to Germany during the first half of this year have amounted to nine million dollars. (The total for all of 1958 was eleven million.)

Said an editorial in the *Tog-Journal*: "It is difficult for a Jew to make peace with the thought that the State of Israel, which symbolizes the honor and memories of the Jewish people, should so quickly forget what Germany did to our people and help increase the strength of its army."

Only they haven't forgotten—they've learned from the Nazis (see issue #1, "Jewish Aryanism in Israel"). And the disease has spread:

The Office of the Chief Rabbi of England—the only recognized Orthodox body for the issuance of authorizations for Jewish marriages—requires every couple to produce their parents' birth certificates in order to "establish the religious status of the applicants and the purity of their descent."

Meanwhile, though, the munitions factories in Israel are so busy that they function even on Saturdays—the Jewish sabbath. Perhaps it is a religious ritual.

They Said It Couldn't Be Done

In one short year, the *Realist* has built up a circulation of 2,000 subscribers, plus hundreds of other readers who buy their copies at bookshops, newsstands and campus stores scattered across the country. One newsstand alone sold 50 copies of the "Semantics of 'God'" issue.

However, the unorthodox purpose of this editorial is to discourage two types of readers from renewing their subscriptions when they receive our notice of expiration in the mail. Namely, those who think that there is too much criticism of religion in the *Realist*, and those who think that there isn't enough.

Unfortunately, this publication was born during a year in which there was much heat and little light shed on the subject of "hate-sheets." Consequently, the *Realist* is sometimes mistaken for one. As we pointed out once before, though, virtually all the hate-sheets have a strong religious orientation.

We also pointed out a much-repeated theme of the paranoid hate-sheets: "'Mental Health'—A Sinister Marxist Weapon!" Well, now there is a leaflet entitled "The 'Mental Health' Movement—A Threat To Christianity."

The "threat" is based upon a statement made last year by Dr. G. B. Chisholm, president of the World Federation of Mental Health:

"For many generations we have bowed our necks to the yoke of the conviction of sin. We have swallowed all manner of poisonous certainties fed us by our parents, our Sunday and day school teachers, our priests and others with a vested interest in controlling us. . . .

"The reinterpretation and eventual eradication of the concept of right and wrong which has been the basis of child training, the substitution of intelligent and rational thinking for faith in the certainties of old people, these are the belated objectives of practically all effective psychotherapy. Would they not be legitimate objectives of original education?"

And that is the *only* context in which the *Realist* is "anti-religious" and, more especially, anti-religious-interference. Admittedly, we seem to center our attention on the activities of the Catholic Church, but this is because that institution, by its very nature, interferes in the lives of others more than any other religion.

And if we seem to harp in particular on the issue of infallibility, it is because that is what's really wrong with the Catholic Church. Without it, the Church would no longer be Catholic. And it would no longer be the threat that it is. (In the face of history, past and present, we don't really think that *we're* being paranoid.)

Infallibility is what provides Catholicism with its unity, just as the same principle provided unity to the Fascists, and provides it now to the Communists. Without infallibility, the Church would just become a comparatively innocuous church like Protestantism or Judaism.

As it is now, Protestants and Jews, by violating the principle of separation of church and state *themselves*, contribute unwittingly to the "Power of Rome." Which is why the *Realist* doesn't limit itself strictly to the Catholic Church.

But, a reader wrote to us, "Surely, you should also then be concerned with the attempts of the south to

impose its pattern of segregation upon the rest of the nation, or the attempts of monopolistic business to standardize and brain-wash the population in order to sell its fatuous economic doctrine. . . ."

Surely. But there are *already* scores of periodicals which specialize in political and economic criticism. We wouldn't presume to compete with them. Rather, we are trying to fill the void that does exist.

Not that we don't get into other areas of controversy. Of course we do. Harry Kursh's piece on Vice-President Nixon, for example, hit upon an angle that everyone else missed, and his scoop on the birth control pill brought response from the Population Reference Bureau—along with a communication which read:

"My name is Richard and I am 4½ years old . . . please send me 2 birth control pills."

As for the satirical content of the *Realist*, humor of course can be a form of criticism. But it goes a little deeper than that.

Since we believe that there is no *inherent* purpose to life, then our whole perspective is affected, and to help bring forth the healthy laughter that can arise out of the tragicomic causes to which human beings devote themselves—and that includes us—is *our* purpose in life.

We're proud that John Putnam's "Modest Proposals"—the only column of socio-political satire that we know of—has been a regular feature of the *Realist*. And we were perversely flattered that our "Monologue By a Miss Rheingold Loser" brought on an "investigation" by that beer manufacturer, as well as an inquiry from a firm of Psychological Consultants in Human Relations.

Beginning with this issue of the *Realist*, there will be a new column by Bob Wilson, editor of the Institute of General Semantics *Newsletter*. His subject matter will range from a satirical critique of advice-to-the-lovelorn to a serious analysis of the semantics of "soul."

Now then, as long as we're involved in a combination self-appraisal and progress-report, what do we expect to accomplish in the future?

For one thing, The Realist Association, Inc. is still planning to sponsor an objective, Kinsey-type study of religious beliefs and practices. We think it is an important project, worth working for.

But it's important to remember that heresies and schisms have always come from *within* religion, not from without. Therefore, we don't pretend that the *Realist* represents either a "weapon" or a "movement." We're merely a voice, calling 'em as we see 'em.

Perhaps that's why the leader of the Foothill (Calif.) Society for Ethical Culture, who says he likes the *Realist*—and has passed it out at meetings to stimulate discussion—nevertheless feels that it has a somewhat negative approach.

On the other hand, the leader of the Ethical Society of St. Louis looks forward to "the kind of lightsome touch and literate irony that the old-line freethought publications fail to achieve, and the average 'religious liberal' is too sanctimonious to try for."

And that, we feel, is a damned *positive* approach. The *Realist*, then, is intended neither for Ultra-Nice Guys nor for Anti-Religious Fanatics. But we *do* hope that we're providing a journalistic service for all the rest of you out there in Reader-Land.

A Fable For Our Time

Now you take the ordinary business, and its's sort of like a game, where the object is simply to transfer everything from the In-basket to the Out-basket before eight hours are up.

But you take Advertising, and there's a real *man's* game. There, the object is to win an account from a rival team and retain it without resorting to force or kickbacks. The team which gets the most accounts during the fiscal year is the winner.

And this is the story of Marvin "Slick" Fraser—a player in the Advertising Game.

An agency scout had discovered him on a small-town college advertising team, and the scout immediately recognized his big league potentialities. For Fraser was already showing polish by writing ads for the yearbook, such as the one which read, "Compliments of a Friend." Yes, he had the gift, all right.

Fraser was immediately signed up, and upon graduation, he was sent to the farm team: the mail-room of Pace, deFleur and Whury.

He was a fast learner. In no time at all he was spouting things like "That's the way the pit falls" and "Let's spit it out and see which way the wind is blowing."

He caught on quickly to other subtleties of the Advertising Game—the team uniform, for instance. He wore his pair of active leisure loafers, carried his attache case with the buckle in the back, and padded his expense account instead of his shoulders.

He loved the warm-ups in the bull pen (sometimes called the cocktail lounge). And he looked forward daily to the coffee break, where he could relax with his teammates and enjoy some normal, everyday conversation, like "Man, this is coffer coffee" and "It's these tiny flavor buds that do the trick" and "This is truly the after-conference coffee."

But most of all, he liked it when the team had its "brainstorming" sessions, where everybody sat in—the account executive, the sandwich deliverer, the vice-president, the cleaning woman, the art director, the switchboard operator. It was just like when he was a youngster, and all the kids would sit in a circle, playing "Telephone."

As soon as Fraser's pretty, young wife passed with flying colors the projective tests administered by the agency's Office of Spouse Approval, he was given his Big Break—the copywriting assignment for the Survival Fallout Shelter Corporation.

Since that industry's powerful lobby had failed to get compulsory-fallout-shelter legislation passed, it had been decided to make the most of the good old free enterprise system.

Fraser played the game like a real pro. Over many months, he worked up a wonderful nationwide fear campaign, using much the same approach that had fared so well for the Seal-Your-Pores Underarm Deodorant account.

He created a special identification trademark—Radioactive Randy—a mean-looking, cloud-like character carrying a giant spray-gun.

He ran a contest—you had to complete in 25 words or less this statement: "I think every American family should have a fallout shelter because . . ."

But his *coup de grace* was this: he arranged with

the proper authorities—and with the proper publicity—to have a Survival Fallout Shelter installed underground at the site of the next H-bomb test—and he would stay in it for two weeks!

Saleswise, it was a great idea. Orders poured in by the thousands. Out of sheer gratitude, Fraser was hired as a junior partner at Survivall, and given a percentage of the profit on all fallout shelters sold.

And then one day a terrible thing happened. There was a peace scare.

The country became panicky. Stocks fell. The whole economy was tottering. In particular, the sale of fallout shelters took a tremendous dive.

Only one Survivall unit was bought, and that was by a rich rock 'n' roll singer who was too young to drive a car but wanted a place to neck in privacy and comfort.

Marvin "Slick" Fraser had no personal worries, though. He had amassed a huge fortune during that year. His wife was now pregnant, but he had enough money to provide for the child for life without ever working another day.

Only, when the baby was born, it had two heads.

Fraser had made the mistake of believing the claims of safety made by his own ads for Survivall, and here was the result. A miserable mutation, he thought, unconsciously applying his ad-man's alliteration to the situation.

To this day, no one knows for certain whether what followed was an accidental death or not; Fraser had been bringing fruit to his wife, and one morning the baby was found in bed—lifeless—suffocated by two plastic bags, one head in each.

That evening, Slick Fraser took the dead little body home from the hospital, and buried it in the never-to-be-used fallout shelter in his cellar. On the red bricks, he painted, in large black letters: "Tomb of the Unknown Soldier of the Cold War."

Then he went back upstairs and turned on the TV set. He watched the first in a series of summer re-runs of past telethons.

The Realist

The Realist is published monthly, except for January and July, by the Realist Association, a non-profit corporation founded by William and Helon McCarthy, to whom this magazine is dedicated.

PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

Publication office is at 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. 12, N. Y.

Subscription rates:

\$3 for 10 issues; \$5 for 20 issues
Five copies of one issue: \$1

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Continued from Cover

This survival of early paganism and later theology is now perpetuated chiefly by the teaching and scholarship of the humanities—history, literature, Latin and Greek classics and art. That the propagation of this ancient error is both unnecessary and vastly harmful to these several truly indispensable areas of learning is well understood by a minority of scholars in each of those subjects.

But the item chiefly stressed here is that the controlling voice of the humanities still imposes supernaturalism upon all Western peoples. It is that voice which, for a century, has restrained the Western world from entering the New Age—an Age in which the outlook and laws of peoples, the energies and purposes of men, may serve rational human ends instead of presumed, divisive and contradictory supernatural ends.

Modern Education

The second thesis of this article can now be stated: Though the humanities are thus gravely infected with supernaturalism—and so dominant in our systems of communication and education as to make the acquirement of a really modern education the joint triumph of chance and of uncommon human versatility—it is to those same humanities that we must look for deliverance.

In preparation for this they must, of course, further purge their virus, recast their vote, and invite all minds to free and open inquiry. Science has done its turn in showing that *naturalism* sweepingly defines man's relation to his fellows and to the universe. Ultimately, however, it is mainly to history and literature—to the humanities, not to science—that we must look for early escape from the dangerous cultural schizophrenia of our time.

This, first of all, because the schools must remain the chief avenue of escape. In them the humanities will continue to dominate—at least until the sciences, through public acceptance, have hurdled a now impassable barrier and exhibited their full strength as helpful levers in social performance and as genuine interpreters of nature and of man.

Into which intellectual climate do our several Toynbee-type historians take us? The basic beliefs of historian Arnold J. Toynbee have been made fully available in many volumes, reviews and newspaper articles of recent years. One can sparingly quote him from here and there:

Behind His Time

"Man cannot be free unless he recognizes that he is not the sovereign lord of creation . . . must recognize God the Creator as the author of our freedom and the basis for belief in the

individual personality. . . . We must choose, and choose soon, between losing our freedom or reestablishing its religious foundations . . . religion was the source of morals. . . . Western technology and science originated as by-products of Western moral virtues. . . . Yahweh's winged words (not quoted here) to Israel ought to be ringing in our ears today."

One finds, too, his expression of belief in: A personal (therefore anthropomorphic) God; Creation (though not on 4004 B.C.); The Fall and Original Sin; The Incarnation and the Atonement.

Conquest of Reason

What a prescription, signatored by a scholar, to appear at the end of a century of much varied researches that have otherwise and soundly traced the sources of freedom, of personality, of man, of morals, of science, and of Christian dogma! In Toynbee we once more witness the entirely usual, quite expected, and topically limited conquest of reason by the vast conditioning power of every institutionalized religion.

Yes, the man on close exhibit here is an uncommon intellect given spacious contacts with the brief, man-inscribed fragment of our human past; but, all of these contacts were made

Definition of the Month

Yom Kippur: Instant Lent

while shaded from the newer light of his own time—and thus by a man condemned to seek highest hope in effusions of an ancient fantasy and emotionalism. Yes, indeed, Toynbee comes not from China, Japan, or Alexandria, but from heavily-churched, Judeo-Christian England.

Weighted Textbooks

On whichever basis—false or sound—the interpretations of history are written, they greatly influence the public as inclusions in textbooks for school and college. History and associated humanities are taught from mid-primary grades through college; and, in contrast with sharply delimited terms for worthy parts of science, those subjects are given emphasis at all levels of learning.

These texts everywhere persuasively guide thought and feeling of both teacher and pupil, some college teaching excepted. They have fashioned—religiously conditioned is the better term—much of the thought and attitude of our present corps of teachers; and in predominant measure they have molded the educational programs of our nation.

Of similar weight and meaning is the fact that history and literature usually share heavily in the professional training of just those groups which,

in the past, have led and directed our community and national thought—writers, clerics, lawyers, educators, legislators. Grandly the vast arsenal of the humanities shelters and gives wings to the indispensable record of the always meaningful and often appalling human adventure.

That arsenal, necessarily, also bulges with the sources and stuff of pure feeling—feeling which is at once a determiner of choice, yet an equally efficient servant of truth and of error. The reach of poetry seems bounded only by the borders of enriched personality; poetry, however, is unlikely flesh for a philosophy that will assure survival in the epoch we have already entered.

The Ease of Conformity

Clearly, therefore, within our lower and middle schools, it is the character, tone, and deeply percolating effects of the textbooks and supplementary readings in the humanities that effectively channel popular thought in the wide and the deep of the human scene.

They either develop or they discourage pupil interest in science; they thus ultimately determine the amount and quality of the human and other equipment available for that instruction in science; they can pattern pupil performance to the ease of conformity or excite it to daring and restless exploratory thought; they are already deciding whether Russia or the United States is to dominate the fields of science and technology—and hence that of military power.

All of this is involved, and all of it is verifiable, in our long but still-unfaced experience which has proved that the really thought-liberating facts and principles of science are not and cannot be taught in American secondary education.

One could add that they are only lightly or compromisingly touched in many or most of our colleges. Also, that the later full exposure of relatively few students to good college courses in the sciences merely continues our present and highly vulnerable schizoid culture.

Protestant-Conditioned

This group of circumstances provides the basis for our main conclusion—namely, that it is not science, but the still plagued and infected humanities, that must permit modern, liberated thought to become a possession of peoples. When cleansed, the stables of literature, history and their associates may actually become for the New Age the lighthouses to social life which they claimed to be in the Age that has just dissolved.

Meanwhile, our Protestant neighbor readily acknowledges that the Catholic school—at every level—rather successfully masks whatever is adverse to Catholicism in both the humanities and

in science; but, despite equally tight evidence, he will not admit that our Protestant-conditioned public schools likewise strive, though rather less successfully and frankly, to preserve the essentials of Protestant supernaturalism.

Language of the Dead

The reader will require citation to some of the sources of information on which two key statements made above are based. Only recently (*Science*, April 26, 1957) did we acquire a documented account of current high school instruction in history and literature in their relation to scientific thought. From his own comment on those facts we here briefly quote scholar in literature, Joseph Gallant, Roosevelt High School, New York:

"Not to apprehend this world from the standpoint of science is, therefore, to belie the very process of seeing. To speak in any idiom other than that which incorporates the scientific outlook is to speak the language of the dead. The writer has no choice. The cultural gap which leads him to stand with one foot in the present and one in a prescientific past must be closed if his message is not to consist of arbitrary and falsified symbols. . . ."

Their Archaic Way

"History can mold and reinforce the scientific outlook of students. It can attract them to science as a way of life or as a prospective career. . . . Meanwhile the courses in the humanities, on the secondary level, hold the key to the future of our country and of our society. But the humanities sweepingly ignore the role played by scientific insight and thinking in the ideology of our times and disdainfully march on their archaic way as though the atomic and electronic age had not arrived."

Next, a mere word from Manson Van B. Jennings, associate professor of history at Teachers College, Columbia University (*NEA Journal*, May 1957):

Distaste for Science

"However, many social-studies teachers are unable to answer elemental questions (about science). Back of this lack of understanding one often finds a strong distaste for science (italics ours)."

In December 1956 the Interim Committee on the Social Aspects of Science made its preliminary report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. That report states:

"There is an impending crisis in the relationship between science and American society. . . . The public interest in, and understanding of, science is not commensurate with the importance that science has attained in our social structure. It cannot be said that society provides good conditions for the

proper growth of science."

The above brief quotations suggest that one generally-overlooked reason for adding more and better science courses to the high school curriculum, and for requiring all academic pupils to enroll in some of those courses, could rest on the fact that soon thereafter teachers of the humanities and "social studies" in those schools might become somewhat less ignorant of science and would less often denigrate it. There is scant hope that the college training of those teachers will include additional study of science. Also too little hope that ours will soon become a "society that provides good conditions for the proper growth of science."

Diluted Biology

The second charge that requires documentary support alleges that the science taught in our secondary schools is of the dilute and low-voltage variety. It is biological science that is more especially thus involved, and more thoroughly denatured or defeated. On several items concerned with an effective masking or purging of the thought-arousing biological principles and facts from high school teaching, this writer can both cite the requisite publications and claim some personal knowledge.

For ten years I was chairman of a committee that conducted an unparalleled study of that and related topics; was co-author and editor of that committee's report (*Science Press*, Lancaster, 1942) and founder, in 1938, of the present National Association of Biology Teachers; a later book of mine (*The Unleashing of Evolutionary*

Thought, 1954) covers both this and the broader cultural problem. The documents are available in those two books.

The candid college student — when that phenomenon has survived the conditioning of lower schools, church, newspaper and radio — has met some censored fragments of science, and still daily meets the irreconcilable counsels of scholarship in the humanities. Could one devise a surer basis for social confusion and withered intellectual morale? Few searchers for substantial insight into a question so relatively simple as that of his own animal provenance can escape the academic hurdle of divided counsel.

Theology, early conditioning, and the easiest of access in literature all strive to revoke or to mask the thought-compelling verdict of biology. Nor can any searcher avoid the hurdle by turning only to scholarly publications of the last twenty, forty, fifty years. The whole of scholarship, in each of the humanities and throughout the century now ending, is characterized in no one way better than by its own deep and unequal division between prescientific and now acceptable views concerning the nature and stature of man.

Ancient But Popular

Outside of science, and to a rather formidable degree within it, very large segments of this century's fellowship of learning have remained tethered to ancient but still popular thought and dogma. Not always, to be sure, to an unmodified, vengeful God; but to a variously modified and dominant "Something" that popular thought

Religion on the Campus

Two University of Michigan religious leaders were interviewed this summer about the alleged upsurge of religion in the colleges. J. Edgar Edwards, campus minister of the Congregational Church and C. Grey Austin, official assistant coordinator of religious affairs at the University, said that the churches are working much harder than before to develop religious interest.

There has been an increase in the appointments of chaplains, coordinators and directors of religious activities employed and paid by the states. About half of the larger state colleges now have such officials.

Edwards said that over the last 25 years, "the whole trend has been for the church and the campus minister to go to the students rather than to have the students come to them." Some of the more successful ones, he commented, "have virtually moved into the dormitories."

But in spite of these massive exertions, the two men agreed that "there had not been a marked increase in religious interest on college campuses."

Meanwhile, the Committee on Church

and State of the American Humanist Association resolved that religion "cannot reasonably be omitted entirely" from the curricula of public universities since it is "a vital part of the world society."

But the committee warned that it should be taught "with scholarly objectivity," and that when religious or anti-religious partisanship enter the classroom, "scholarship flies out the window, along with the American tradition of separation of church and state."

One Humanist leader suggested privately that it would probably be impossible for any professor to teach religion in an objective way if he is a member of any of the confessional faiths.

readily fits into its own much harsher and cruder brand of supernaturalism.

For the student the air is not cleared by the circumstance that science — which tends to develop a cryptic and insulating language of its own — has become dominant in the actual daily activities of Western men. In America, however, it is not the message of science, but merely the unavoidable impact of technology, that has prevailed; and that happens even in the Congo.

True enough, the message has won the larger part of creative scholarship along with many millions of minds capable of sane leadership in the New Age. But it has definitely failed to reach the average man and the legions of legislators, clerics, teachers and others whose survival requires closest touch and accord with that "average man."

Two Wrong Concepts

During no preceding century has any society multiplied itself while similarly split on the basic question of living for presumed supernatural purposes or for rational human purposes. Student or citizen, we all now live in an intellectually schizoid culture. And we are destined to learn that this form of cultural schizophrenia is a most dangerous social disease.

Simultaneously, we are compelled to face a powerful and implacable enemy that uses a maximum of science against us, while propagating all science through an educational system untouched by the science-curbing powers of supernaturalism. Thus, two incompatible concepts of the nature and status of man now largely determine both the American cultural level and our immediate national safety.

Equal Non-Rights For Males Advised

Following the outrageous example of a North Carolina colleague, a Georgia state legislator last month proposed a bill that would require compulsory sterilization of unwed mothers on relief.

A letter to the editor of the *Macon Telegraph* suggested that the representative should consider these factors:

"1. A woman does not bring children into this world without the male being first and foremost responsible.

"2. The male is responsible for the female, since the female is supposed to be the weaker sex.

"3. Why not first control that which is stronger and responsible? If you must sterilize, then sterilize the male who is responsible for illegitimate children."

The letter—which then said that the real answer is "better education"—was signed by one of the country's most prolific letter-writers, an omnipresent soul called Name Withheld.

The Incredible Saga Of a Psychoquack

by Harry Kursh

Recently one of my colleagues, Harold Mehling, wrote an excellent and absorbing book, *The Scandalous Scamps*, about the almost unbelievable ingenuity of men and women who delight in "conning" their fellow citizens (mainly assorted millionaires and money-grubbers) out of their available cash.

The amazing details of these confidence operations are often good for a laugh. Even the cops frequently find themselves sympathizing more with the con man than the victim. But since cops don't often waste their pity on criminals, there must be a good reason for their lopsided sympathy. And there is.

The victim of a confidence operation is, more often than not, morally culpable. His insatiable appetite over money and his clearly expressed desire for a short-cut to wealth or quick profit makes him an unmistakable mark for a con man.

So, when the victim reports to the police that he has been conned out of his money, the lawmen are not apt to jump with zeal to his rescue. And for this, too, there is a good reason. Most victims of con men are concerned almost exclusively with recovering the lost loot. They don't want to prosecute. They don't want to swear out warrants or sign affidavits or take the witness stand. In short, they don't want to do anything that might lead to publicity.

A con man is usually proud of his accomplishments; but his victims are ashamed, mortified, abased, humiliated, abashed — well, let's just say they're embarrassed. Many a victim would rather have the cops forget about his case than support a prosecution for which he might have to go into court and vividly describe exactly how he had made a complete ass of himself. Some victims don't care because they aren't ass enough to suffer embarrassment, but these are in the minority.

Thanks, however, to the many hard-working "bunko" squads throughout the country, almost every large jail in the nation has its proportionate share of con men doing a stretch, and if history, as reflected in Mehling's book, is any guide, we can expect that as long as there is greed and embarrassment there will always be a fresh supply of con men in circulation.

All this is by way of explanation for the saga of an intellectual con man who, thanks to embarrassment, is still in circulation. I have been on his trail for several years and have dug deeply into his history. I have talked to his victims — including the embarrassed asses and the asses who couldn't be embarrassed—and I have come to the conclusion that because of this strange fellow there must be something wrong with psychology, or psychologists, or

both.

The subject of my journalistic interest happens to be a psychologist. At least, that is what he calls himself because (1) he has been liberal with his educational achievements, (2) he thinks he knows enough about the human mind to play footsie with it, and (3) the law in Washington, D. C., where he now hangs his shingle, does not specify who or what may practice psychological therapy.

In fact, in more than two-thirds of the States it is quite possible for anyone—butcher, plumber, baker, banker or broker—to call himself psychologist, print up cards saying "By appointment only" (because it always looks better to appear busy) and proceed to rake in stiff fees for dishing out psychological treatment.

Consequently, as several recent unheralded studies have shown, butchers, plumbers, bakers, bankers, brokers (and a weird assortment of other good Americans) have switched careers and are now psychologists. Among them are men and women who never took the trouble to finish high school and an array of intellectual know-it-alls who think that a degree in physical education, music, history, or political science, combined with weekly readings of the *New York Times Sunday Book Review*, is more than adequate to treat mental distress.

The last time I saw my psychologist friend in his Washington, D. C. office, where he probably does a thriving business among Capitol Hill refugees, he reached into his desk draw, pulled out an ugly-looking snub-nosed .22 Cal. revolver, placed it on his desk (within easy reach of his trigger finger) and casually remarked, "I know all about you crazy writers. You don't scare me."

I didn't scare him, I'm sure, because I never talk business with a gun.

"I looked down at the gun, steadied my shaking knees with both hands and replied, "I didn't come here to scare you. But I wish I could."

Fortunately, I tried a little psychology of my own and got out of that

tight squeeze. I suggested that since he was obviously enjoying his career as a psychologist, and I was enjoying the chore of getting enough facts to make an interesting story out of his incredible career, we both ought to go out and celebrate. He put the gun away and we walked down the street for a pizza and a bottle of wine.

He picked up the tab, a dismally unsuccessful maneuver to buy me off his story. Later, I told him it takes more than an ordinary pizza to get me to put my typewriter down. It might have been different if he had bought me a garlic-mushroom-anchovies pizza. But I'm sure it's too late for him to do anything about it now.

Who is this man who practices .22 Cal. psychology?

For obvious reasons, I cannot now disclose his name. Yet, for reasons which shall become obvious hereafter, if only embarrassment weren't such a potent human restraint, his name long ago should have been entered in the charge books of at least half a dozen "bunko" squads.

For the sake of readability, let's call him "Dr. Mishmash," which perhaps is more than appropriate to the facts.

Dr. Mishmash, now about to turn forty years old, was born of working-class Irish-American parents. He graduated from a parochial high school in Detroit but his scholarship (low C average) was so poor that in order to qualify for admission to a college he had to go through a special preparatory term at the Assumption College of Windsor, Ontario. After this, he was admitted to the University of Detroit, where the records of his freshman year disclose more failures than passes, and that is about as far as he got, freshman year.

Then, with the outbreak of World War II, he went into the Army, where he talked his way into such front line chores as librarian, personnel assistant and pan boy in a hospital ward of psychoneurotics. He came out of the war with a perfect score—no combat, no overseas duty, honorable discharge.

But somewhere along the way he had picked up the jargon of psychology—you know, Freud and all that. Combining the glibness of a con man and false credentials, he made his first move in a profession where the experts profess to know the difference between sick minds and healthy minds—you know, psychoanalysis and all that. Dr. Mishmash became a school psychologist, visiting the homes of little boys and girls to prevent small emotional difficulties from becoming big delinquent headaches.

But soon the school boss began receiving numerous complaints from parents, mainly the parents of girl pupils; unable to produce proper credentials, Dr. Mishmash was told to take a walk. Nobody seemed to care to blow a whis-

tle for the cops. Somebody might have had to explain how come the school district had hired a psychologist whose professional training ended as a freshman in college.

No cops. No embarrassment. No public warning that a Dr. Mishmash was on the loose; so the ambitious psychologist applied for a position in a state mental hospital where, surrounded by hordes of fully qualified psychologists and psychiatrists, he got a job helping his colleagues cure sick minds. He also went through the motions of studying for a doctorate degree—by correspondence!—with a non-existent university in Europe.

His colleagues, many of whom had to sweat their way through doctorate degrees as university residents, apparently swallowed Dr. Mishmash's line right up to the hand that baited the hook. But nobody bothered to check into Dr. Mishmash's bait, and before long he was on his way to a better and more responsible job at another state mental hospital.

While on the job at the second hospital, a number of his colleagues grew suspicious of his psychological techniques but none dared to be the first to make Dr. Mishmash fish or cut bait. Someone might have been shamed into admitting he had hired Dr. Mishmash.

Thus, with another feather in his cap, Dr. Mishmash took the next logical step—a promotion. He became the chief clinical psychologist of a large state mental hospital in the South, where he was responsible for more than 8,000 patients. By now, Dr. Mishmash had acquired more formal education, two fraudulent diplomas, one of them a doctorate degree!

But at this hospital, Dr. Mishmash got into a considerable amount of difficulty, chiefly with two psychiatrists who had mistrusted him. One of them had taken the trouble to launch a complaint, but instead of investigating Dr. Mishmash the medical director got rid of his medical colleagues, the two "trouble-making" psychiatrists, who are now in private practice.

Meanwhile, the medical director of the hospital had received a letter clearly indicating that Dr. Mishmash was a psychologist who wasn't. But the medical director, instead of risking embarrassment, continued Dr. Mishmash in employment as chief clinical psychologist, until a local newspaper reporter sensed trouble. Then the medical director was compelled to dismiss Dr. Mishmash as a phony psychologist.

This time there was a headline, and it was embarrassing. But the medical director, drawing on his training and experience in the acrobatic agility of the human mind, issued a statement that he was firing Dr. Mishmash with regret because in reality, although unqualified as a psychologist, Dr. Mishmash was "brilliant."

Unfortunately, the explosive local headline did not pack enough nuclear punch to travel far and wide, and Dr. Mishmash went far and wide to get himself another job, this time as a psychologist, and the only one at that, on the Psychological Warfare Board of a large and sensitive military installation.

It was at this point that I first caught up with Dr. Mishmash, in a story I had done for a popular magazine. It was an article dealing with the devious techniques of assorted phonies and con men, and in which I had included a couple of paragraphs about the incredible career of Dr. Mishmash. My story caught the eyes of several authorities, including a local police chief, and it wasn't long before Dr. Mishmash found it the better part of wisdom to take a one-way ride out of the Army post.

Although Dr. Mishmash had told a few fibs on his Civil Service Form 57 in order to get his job with the Psychological Warfare Board, a form which was supposed to have been filtered through security watchdogs, nobody barked when Dr. Mishmash "quit."

Again—no cops, no embarrassment, no public warning that Dr. Mishmash was on the loose.

Eminently pleased with his growing list of "employment credentials," which included a letter from an Army psychiatrist, attesting to his good moral character and outstanding professional work, Dr. Mishmash baited a new hook. He went into private clinical psychology, treating everyone—men, women, teenagers and children—for ailments ranging from alcoholism to schizophrenia (by his diagnosis) and trying his hand at his version of therapeutic hypnotism.

But again a local reporter, one of us "crazy writers," this time a newspaperwoman, didn't like the smell of Dr. Mishmash's bait and she went fishing into his past. She sent me a letter asking for assistance.

Cornered, Dr. Mishmash fought back like a rat in a den of cats. He accused the newspaperwoman of attempting to blackmail him. This was the pizza technique in reverse. He figured he'd scare her off the story. After all, who'd believe a "screwball" journalist, especially if the journalist's mental state were to be attested to by none other than the famed Dr. Mishmash who had been a chief clinical psychologist and on the staff of the U.S. Army's Psychological Warfare Board?

But the pizza must have hit the fan because a lot of stuff started flying back, and Dr. Mishmash found himself a defendant in an unprecedented suit for criminal libel. He was convicted, fined \$500 and given a suspended prison term.

After this, two of us lunatic writers

—the newspaperwoman and myself—went after Dr. Mishmash's scalp. We were determined to find out why the Army hired him, why they let him walk off the job when all the time they knew he had fibbed on his employment application, why his case had not been turned over to the Department of Justice, why the American Psychological Association and the American Psychiatric Association had not been informed so that a warning bulletin could be sent to members.

We were after the answers to a lot of whys but got nothing except blank stares and letters containing a lot of blanks, a lot of buck passing, and a lot of indications that apparently a lot of people in and out of the Army and the Department of Justice and in the world of psychology are helping each other avoid a lot of humiliation.

So, again, no cops, no embarrassment, no public warning.

Now, Dr. Mishmash is back in private practice as a psychologist, this time in the nation's Capitol, ironically almost under the shadow of the main office of the American Psychological Association.

Not anxious for another treatment of .22 Cal. psychology, I may never see him again. But recently I had a talk with one of the world's most eminent psychiatrists, a doctor who has authored more than a dozen texts on psychology. My talk concerned Dr. Mishmash. For good reason.

The famous psychiatrist had been a recent visitor at Dr. Mishmash's office in Washington after having given a lecture in an educational series on psychology. One of the organizers of the lecture series was Dr. Mishmash. And it was Dr. Mishmash who had introduced the famous psychiatrist to the lecture audience. I asked the famous psychiatrist if he had noticed anything strange about Dr. Mishmash.

"Yes," he replied, "I wondered why the window sills and bookshelves of his office were lined with many tiny, toy lead soldiers."

I'm sure that somewhere in the incredible saga of Dr. Mishmash there is something to be learned about psychology. But I'm equally sure you can't blame me for thinking that there's something about psychology that must be a lot of mishmash, and if any of my friends ever need psychoanalysis I'm thinking of treating them myself. I've learned a greta deal by studying Mishmash.

Inside Norman Vincent Pollyanna

"If you give a starving man a laxative, all you get back is the laxative."

—ALEXANDER KING

In the process of delivering extemporaneous sermons each Sunday in New York's Marble Collegiate Church, Norman Vincent Peale this month revealed some heretofore undisclosed facets of his personality.

He confessed, for example, that a transcript of his college grades shows that he "received C in Bible and A in Socialism."

On another occasion, he passed along this stereotyped cliché: "The Negro people have been blessed beyond all others in the ability to smile." To which he added, "I love to see them smile. I think one of the saddest things in the world is a Negro who doesn't smile because he is mad or sour about something."

His sensitivity takes other forms, too: "As my cab waited at a red light, I saw the rain dancing like diamonds under a street lamp. I thought to myself, 'How beautiful rain is, driven by wind, dancing so happily at one o'clock in the morning under a street light.'"

And of course his outlook has had its effects on his sixteen-year-old daughter, who said to him one day: "Daddy, I had a strange feeling. I was in class. I love all my classmates. They are my dear friends. All of a sudden I felt as though I was all alone. Why is that, Daddy?"

"I don't know," Daddy Peale answered, "but I have had it too, sometimes." For instance, he told his congregation, "My mother and father have been dead for a number of years, but suddenly at dinner I found myself wishing they were with me. I had a deep desire to be near them. I had a little bit of a feeling that I was a small boy. I said to my wife, 'You know, I have a strange feeling. I wish I could be with my mother and father.'"

"My wife and daughter said, 'You have us.'"

"Yes," I replied, "I know, and I am grateful for that, but it isn't the same. I wish I had my parents with me."

In a sermon that was supposed to extol "the greatness of man," Dr. Peale told about the "wonderful bust of William Shakespeare which has been looking over my right shoulder for twenty years. The present church was built in 1854, with an ordinary dirt cellar underneath the sanctuary. . . ."

"About twenty years ago we excavated and put in a fine new hall beneath the sanctuary. In the course of excavation they unearthed a wonderful bronze bust of Shakespeare. Nobody knows who originally owned it, but there it was buried in the dirt. . . ."

"The man who was sexton here at the time it was found, dusted it off, polished it up and put it in his office. I used to walk by there daily and see this bust of Shakespeare. One day I came by with a friend from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He stopped and asked, 'What's this?'"

"That is Shakespeare," I said.

"I see it is, but where did you get it?"

"We found it down in the basement under a lot of dirt."

"He walked around the piece, examining it, and on the back he found a signature. He exclaimed, 'Why, this is a valuable thing! This is the signature of one of the great artists in bronze of some 25 or 30 years ago. This is a valuable work of art.'"

"Whereupon I took it out of the sexton's office and put it in my office. I was proud of it and my reading of Shakespeare seemed to have more meaning as a result of having this bronze figure near my desk. Every once in awhile as I sit in my study working on a sermon, I turn around and look at old Shakespeare. . . ."

As for Shakespeare—he just sits there, staring right back at old Norman Vincent—wondering if the sexton is a positive thinker.

nell.

"That, of course, made it better than money in the bank. But much more significant is that O'Donnell, who can command any product in the business, chose our modest-budget picture rather than a production from one of the majors costing millions. . . ."

"To cite another typical example, we secured the domestic release of a big Italian picture whose English title would normally be *The Barbarian*. However, in sounding out the theatremen we learned that there is an onus to that name because *The Barbarian and the Geisha* took a dive. We wrote letters and made some phone calls across the country, and we came up with the final title, *Sheba and the Gladiator*."

Inspirational Movie-Making

"We have found," explains film producer Sam Arkoff, "that through our close relationship with the theatres, the element of risk can be reduced to an almost mathematical barometer."

"To cite one example, two years ago, simply on the basis of titles, *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein* and *Blood of*

Dracula, we received the Thanksgiving Day booking, one of the biggest weeks of the entire year, from R. J. O'Don-

August 1959

<http://www.ep.tc/realist>

THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

Negative Thinking

by Robert Anton Wilson

DETERGENT DEMOCRACY: A NEW CONCEPT IN CLEAN GOVERNMENT

"The next President of the United States," said my friend, Charley Norton, over his third martini, "will undoubtedly be Mr. Clean, the gent on the Procter and Gamble detergent bottle."

The water stopped running in the kitchen sink and my beautiful red-headed wife strode into the room drying her hands on a towel. "This I've got to hear," she said.

"Well," Charley said, "it should be fairly obvious, to begin with, that Mr. Clean looks like Eisenhower. Just study the complacently phocite expression on both of those beaming faces and you can't miss the resemblance. You'll note also that, whenever Mr. Clean 'talks' on one of those hideous commercials in which he appears, the whole cast of his mind is purely Eisenhowerian. Think of what he says and how he says it. It's just like an Eisenhower press conference. The same superhuman, almost cosmic, optimism. The same vagueness as to specific details. The same almost Oriental inscrutability and tranquility."

"I'll be damned," I said hollowly. I was thinking of the last Mr. Clean commercial I had seen and the last Eisenhower press conference, and I was honestly baffled as to which of them contained certain bits of dialogue that were running through my memory.

"But you're forgetting one thing," my wife said. "The old proverb: 'Never follow one banjo act with another banjo act.'"

"That doesn't hold in American politics," Charley answered grandly. "Harding, Coolidge and Hoover were as much alike as the Three Stooges, and Truman was just a Dead End Kid variation on Roosevelt. There have been several Presidents in our history who just repeated their immediate predecessors: John Adams and George Washington, Van Buren and Jackson, Madison and Jefferson, Johnson and Lincoln—as a matter of fact, Johnson was so much like Lincoln that he was martyred by the fanatics of the opposite side.

"It generally takes the American people about a generation to change ideologies and the No Third Term tradition has, except in one case, kept them from leaving the same man in the Presidency that long, so they put in somebody known to be just like him. You know, Schlesinger called Van Buren's first term Jackson's third term, and he was quite accurate. Not only Madison, but also Monroe, were more Jeffersonian than Jefferson."

"I follow all that," I said, "and I'll even agree in advance that the American people are in a Rip Van Winkle mood at present and will want another soporific like Eisenhower for a while yet, but there's one little thing that bothers me. As similar to Eisenhower as he may be, Mr. Clean is, after all, a fictitious character."

"I knew you'd bring that up," Charley crowed delightedly. "You overlook one thing: Eisenhower is a fictitious character also."

"Now wait a minute—" I began.

"Oh, I don't mean the physical Dwight Eisenhower," Charley said. "I don't mean the Eisenhower who did such a fine job in World War II, the Eisen-

hower who likes to fish and golf, the husband of Mamie and reader of Zane Grey—that Eisenhower certainly exists, and seems to me quite an admirable and pleasant fellow. But the Eisenhower who has twice mesmerized his way to the Presidency and ruled with Taoistic passivity—this Eisenhower is obviously as great a fiction as Mr. Clean. He was created by the combined talents of Robert Montgomery and B.B.D.&O.

"Like the celebrated creation of Dr. Victor von Frankenstein, this was a figure made up of pre-existing human parts—old symbols of security taken from Daddy Warbucks, Gary Cooper, Buck Rogers and Batman Comics. The end product was recognizably American, startlingly familiar in a poignantly haunting sort of way (like somebody from your old home town that you can't quite place) and close enough to the real Dwight David Eisenhower for him to play the part (with Mr. Montgomery's expert coaching) almost as naturally as Rock Hudson has learned to play it. It was this symbol—a sort of Christianized but still virile Big Daddy—that the American people twice elected by overwhelming majorities."

"This is all true," my wife said with a shudder. "Vance Packard tells, in *The Hidden Persuaders*, how B.B.D.&O. used all sorts of tricks from conditioned reflex to semantics to get Eisenhower identified as a Father Symbol."

"Of course, of course," Charley said impatiently. "Do you think old Charley Wilson's 'bird dog' crack

The Sour Stench of Success

(Editor's note: We thought it might be appropriate to have a picture of Mr. Clean accompany the article on this page, so we wrote to The Procter & Gamble Company in New York, explaining that we were planning to nominate Mr. Clean for President in the next issue of the *Realist*, and would they be kind enough to supply us with a picture?)

(Here, then, follows the reply—from Cincinnati—obviously written in all seriousness, and unintentionally funny as hell. Yet this letter is a study of the state of mind of the nation's largest advertiser. Were that state to secede from the union, it would not be missed at all, would not be missed at all.)

Dear Mr. Krassner:

I have your letter of July 17 concerning our Mr. Clean product.

We share your desire to make Mr. Clean better known, as you can imagine. However, we have had occasion to notice that certain people get quite aroused about elections—and particularly presidential elections.

Sometimes statements made in fun, or bits of satire backfire, leaving bad impressions. For this reason, we don't feel that we can supply the picture of Mr. Clean which you are asking for.

If we were to do so, it would mean that we as a company support what you are trying to do in your article on Mr. Clean, and I am afraid that we cannot take such a position.

We assume that your intentions and request are prompted by a spirit of fun. We hope that your apparent good humor will help you to understand why we cannot comply with your seemingly harmless request.

I am sorry that our answer could not be a more pleasant one.

Sincerely,

/s/ Robert B. Stewart
Public Relations Department

The Tolerant Pagan Meets Lady Chatterley

by Reginald Dunsany

I have known and loved Connie Chatterley since our honeymoon 25 years ago. I am now pleased to report that the Supreme Court of the United States and the Federal Court in the city of New York have joined to make a respectable woman of her.

Some readers will perhaps get the mistaken idea that the Tolerant Pagan is not Dunsany at all but really Lord Chatterley. To correct this false impression, I must admit that the honeymoon to which I refer was not with Connie but with my wife. The D. H. Lawrence masterpiece, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, had been given to me by a business associate for a wedding present. He had obtained it illegally from France. He advised that we keep the book at our bedside, to "keep our spirits up."

I found the novel rather less aphrodisiac than my friend predicted. Luckily, at the time, an aphrodisiac was the last thing I needed in life. Not even the free use of the nine forbidden Anglo-Saxon monosyllables (how many of my erudite readers can recite them all?) made much of an impression on me, a son of the slums. However, it was intriguing to find them, for a change, printed with black ink on white paper rather than with white chalk on red barns or on the walls of public washrooms.

It was these monosyllables as much as anything that caused the book to be banned in both England and America when it was first published. If Lawrence's book had not been a classic, it would long since have been forgotten. But it was a classic and is recognized

as such. The story concerns a British gentlewoman whose husband is impotent, due to war injuries, but still has that irrepressible urge of the British to become somebody's ancestor. He doesn't seem to mind if his ancestorship is purely nominal and hints to his wife that she provide a descendant by her own devices.

Connie chooses her man. It is the game-keeper on the estate of the family. This is the rough fellow who uses—and teaches her to use—those short, ugly, but very expressive words. When her husband finds out that she is pregnant, he is shocked; not at her adultery or at her pregnancy, but at her association with a member of the lower class. Meanwhile the Lady has fallen in love with the gardener and the book ends

with an indication that they will live happily ever after, together.

The story is not really offensive to the sensibilities of any but the prudish. Similar stories have been written or portrayed over and over again. In recent years, they have not been banned from the mails, although the influence of the Legion of Decency has generally kept them off the nation's movie screens.

The first banning of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* took place in 1928. Lawrence did not even use the four-letter-words in his first two versions. It was the third version, containing them, which was published in Italy in that year and barred from the United States by the Customs Bureau during the following year. The ruling was never contested in court.

In 1930, an expurgated edition of the third version was issued in this country and widely reprinted. In 1944, Lawrence's first version, without "those words," was published as *The First Lady Chatterley* and was not banned here.

Then, in May of 1956, Kingsley International Pictures Corporation submitted to the New York censorship authorities—in advance of exhibition as required by law—a French film version of the story which also omitted the unacceptable terms. In March of this year, Grove Press Inc. announced that on May 4 it would bring out the original version of the book (issue #8).

The movie version was banned by the New York censors. The printed version was banned by Postmaster General Authur Summerfield. The Supreme Court has now invalidated the ban on the movie and the Federal District

was an accident? They've discovered that the same techniques that worked on Pavlov's dogs work on American voters. Hit 'em with the right signal, the right symbol, and their whole nervous systems just resonate. American campaign appeals aren't addressed to the cortex, the reasoning centers, any more; they go right straight to the glands. The candidate with the most sex appeal wins, just like in the Miss Rheingold contest.

"I assure you, reason has more part to play at the Annual Dog Show than at the Polling Booth. The dog who gets first prize at Madison Square Garden has to be very carefully marked on points by a panel of experts; but Jack Paar has more chance of becoming President than the country's leading authority on international affairs has."

"You don't see any chance for the Democrats at all, then?" my wife asked.

"Not unless they beat the Republicans to the punch and nominate Mr. Clean themselves." Charley was firm about it. "Just remember: every American male who's uncertain of his own masculinity, and every woman who's uncertain of her husband's, will react to the Mr. Clean symbol. By voting for him they will unconsciously become him; you know the mechanism. The impotent

Existentialist Nursery Rhymes

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do;
So she went to the Planned Parenthood Clinic.

Georgie Porgie puddin' pie
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
Then Georgie Porgie was sent to reform school,
Because he happened to be a Negro.

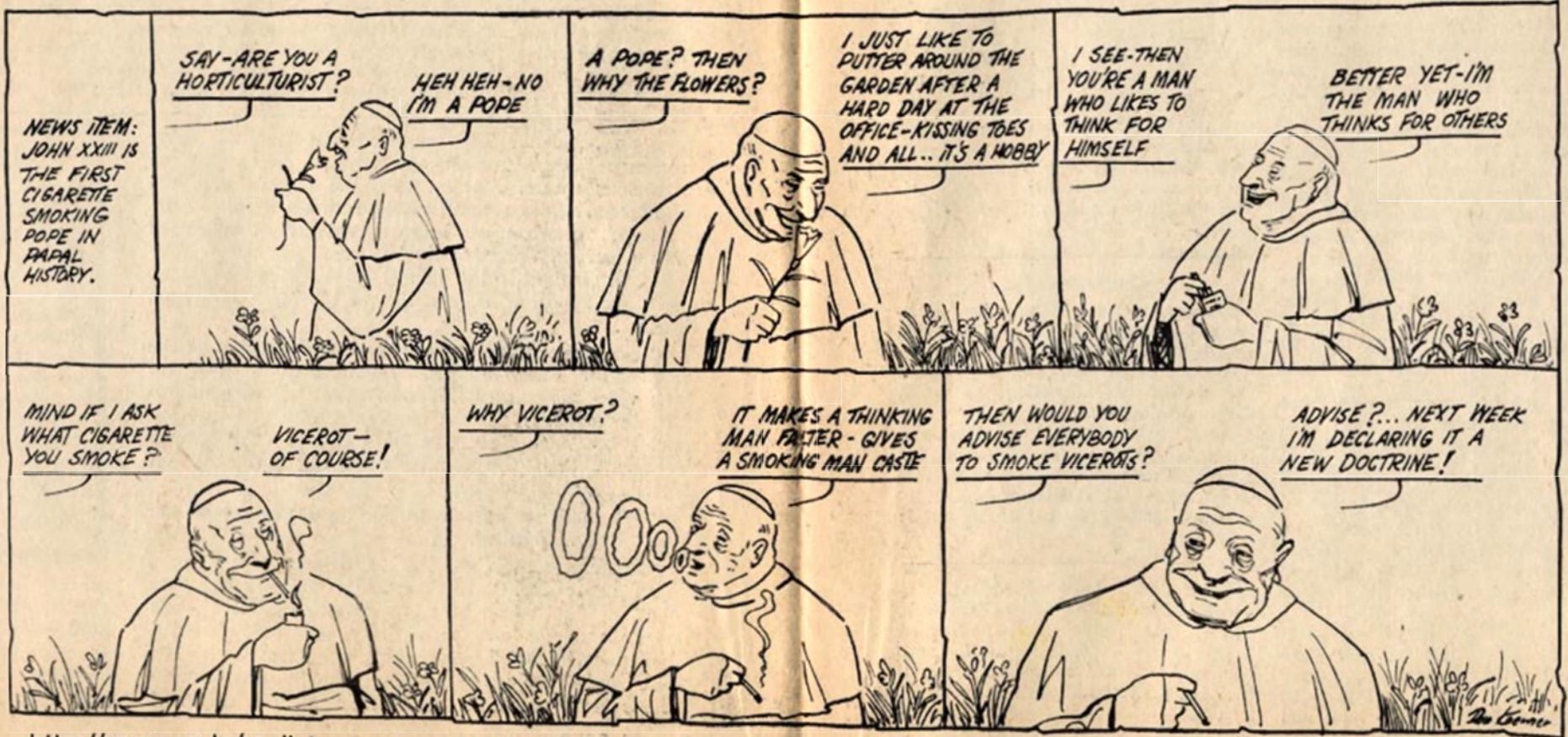
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
And all the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again:
It seems that local 615 of the Anthropomorphic Egg
Repairers' Union was on strike.

actually buy Miss Rheingold when they order the beer, and the little beaten-down office worker becomes a jet pilot when he drives one of those tail-finned monsters Detroit calls an automobile."

There's only one hope for the Democrats," my wife said. "Maybe they'll nominate Yul Brynner."

The Filtered Man's Thinker . . .

Reprinted from The Independent



NEWS ITEM:
JOHN XXIII IS
THE FIRST
CIGARETTE
SMOKING
POPE IN
PAPAL
HISTORY.

SAY-ARE YOU A
HORTICULTURIST?

HEH HEH-NO
I'M A POPE

A POPE? THEN
WHY THE FLOWERS?

I JUST LIKE TO
PUTTER AROUND THE
GARDEN AFTER A
HARD DAY AT THE
OFFICE-KISSING TOES
AND ALL... IT'S A HOBBY

I SEE-THEN
YOU'RE A MAN
WHO LIKES TO
THINK FOR
HIMSELF

BETTER YET-I'M
THE MAN WHO
THINKS FOR OTHERS

MIND IF I ASK
WHAT CIGARETTE
YOU SMOKE?

VICEROT-
OF COURSE!

WHY VICEROT?

IT MAKES A THINKING
MAN FRATER - GIVES
A SMOKING MAN CASTE

THEN WOULD YOU
ADVISE EVERYBODY
TO SMOKE VICEROTS?

ADVISE?... NEXT WEEK
I'M DECLARING IT A
NEW DOCTRINE!

Court of New York has nullified the ban on the book.

All this has occurred since the last issue of the *Realist* was published. Behind these events lies a very interesting story.

The story of the *Second Lady Chatterley* really must begin on a day in the spring of 1957 when Justice William J. Brennan was testifying before a Committee of the United States Senate considering his appointment to the Supreme Court. The editor of the *Truthseeker*—which was then a predominantly atheist magazine, although it has since started emphasizing "racism" instead (issue #3)—appeared and sought to testify. He was refused permission to appear publicly but was heard privately by a subcommittee headed by Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney—like Brennan, a Roman Catholic.

During the secret session, the aspiring witness submitted a typewritten copy of what he intended to say. It only suggested that the committee propound to Brennan a single question. Auditors were surprised the next morning when the public hearing re-opened and the question was submitted not by the atheist but by O'Mahoney himself! The question was this:

"You are bound by your religion to follow the pronouncements of the Pope on all matters of faith and morals. There may be some controversies which involve matters of faith and morals and also matters of law and justice. But in matters of law and justice, you are bound by your oath to follow, not papal decrees and doctrines but the laws and precedents of this nation. If you should be faced with such a mixed issue, would you be able to follow the requirements of your oath or would you be bound by your religious obligations?"

Brennan's reply was that he recognized no obligation that was superior to his oath of office. The Catholic press tried to garble the story by reporting a subsequent private interview with Brennan in which he qualified his views. But he never corrected the statement which appears in the printed record. If he had changed it, he never would have been confirmed. His statement was comparable to the "declaration of independence" of papal domination that John Kennedy recently made in the interview with *Look* magazine (issue #7).

This story about Brennan may sound irrelevant. But what makes it important is that a few weeks later, he was called upon to write the opinion in the *Roth* case, involving obscenity. In it he made certain legal holdings that formed the basis for the recent decisions in the "Chatterley cases."

In the *Roth* case, Brennan held directly contrary to the interests and to the Canon Law of his Church. If he had obeyed the Church's mandate instead

of the "laws and precedents," he would have decided to the contrary, and the Chatterley decision might well have been different.

He provided in his decision certain wholesome limitations on the legal definition of obscenity. He held in effect that an item could not be called such merely because it appeals to the morbid or the oversexed. To be such it must "appeal to the prurient interest" of the average person in the community where it is to be distributed. And the published item, read as a whole, must be primarily intended to make such an appeal.

This limitation had to be read also in the light of rulings which almost entirely prevented advance censorship. It presented the self-appointed custodians of other people's consciences with a serious situation.

For one thing, it was quite embarrassing not to be able to close the theater or to seize the books in advance and without trial. And under Brennan's definition of obscenity, the great majority of things that had previously been banned by administrative officials would never have been held obscene by a jury.

Judge Brennan's decision was a serious blow. But there were a few fortresses that still had not fallen. One, of course, was in the Catholic-dominated city of New York. The other was com-

manded by Postmaster General Summerfield.

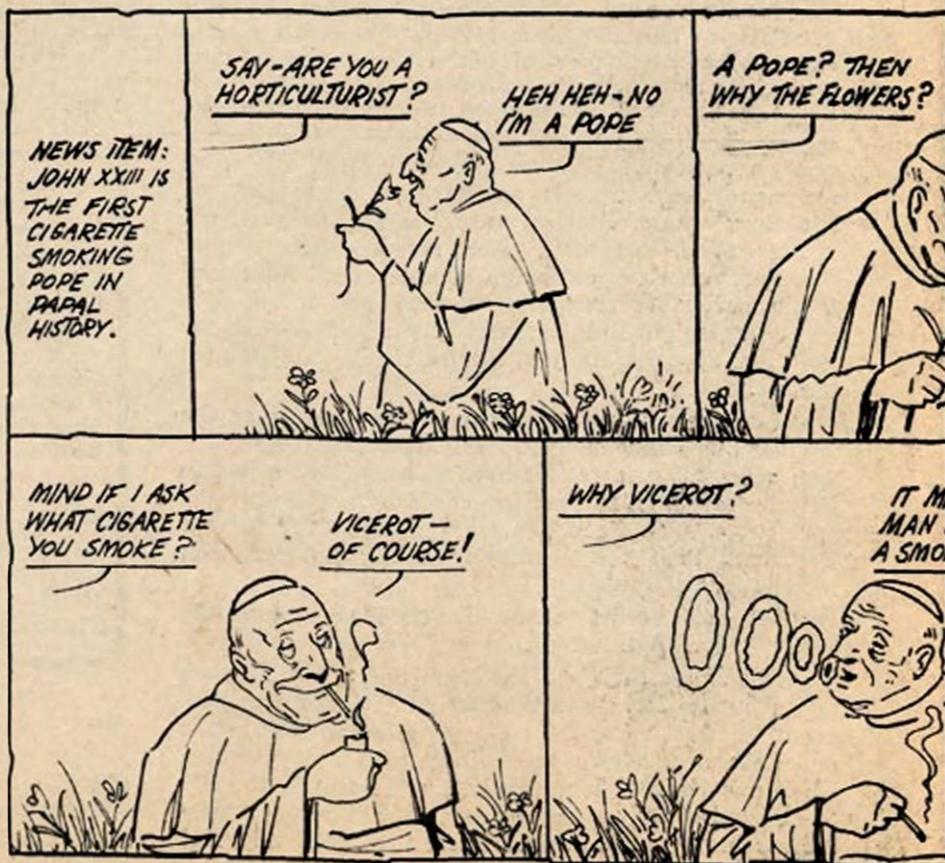
The Kingsley film company then laid siege to the New York citadel. The company seemed more anxious to breach the wall of censorship than to get the picture displayed. It was banned in the first place because it "presented adultery under circumstances portrayed as acceptable behaviour."

As critics later pointed out, this was not entirely true. Adultery was not acceptable to Lady Chatterley. She resorted to it only for other purposes. She considered it an undesirable alternative. And when she finally fell in love with her companion, their lot was not a happy one, certainly not happy enough to evoke emulation by the casual reader. My wife and I, after reading the story, still could reconcile ourselves to married life.

The film company, however, for some reason did not deny the charge but rather admitted for the sake of argument that the idea of adultery was "advocated." But they still contended that the ban was arbitrary and unlawful.

This contention was upheld last month by the Supreme Court of the United States. The opinion was written by Associate Justice Potter Stewart, the youngest judge. The Court seems to enjoy assigning obscenity cases to its

The Filtered Man's Thinker . . .



newcomers, perhaps to "keep up their spirits."

Stewart said that "the First Amendment's basic guarantee is of freedom to advocate ideas. The State, quite simply, has struck at the very heart of the constitutionally-protected liberty."

Like democracy, Republicanism, fascism, communism, and Catholicism, then, adultery is an idea. Citizens have a right to advocate it not only with dim lights and soft music but also in print.

The Catholic Daughters of America attacked the decision as violating "Divine Law." Some religious periodicals insisted that the Supreme Court had repealed the Ten Commandments. They were correct at least in the sense that the Court is not necessarily going to enforce the Ten Commandments.

Justice Hugo Black, in his concurring opinion, said that "judges possess no special expertise providing exceptional competence to set standards and supervise the private morals of the nation."

Yet the decision has its limitations. It did not pass on the forbidden Anglo-Saxon words because they were not involved in the facts. Standing alone, this case does not prevent a state from attacking exhibitors of pornographic scenes. It says only that a state cannot ban a movie that approves of immoral

conduct and portrays its views *without obscenity*.

But from the point of view of those who seek freer expression, the decision was a step in the right direction. This observer, at least, thought that this would be all for a while. Certainly I never expected that a few days later, the courts would affirm the right of Grove Press to publish and send thru the mails the version containing the ineffable monosyllables. But that is exactly what Judge Frederick van Pelt Bryan did decide.

Postmaster Summerfield had banned the book for "pornographic and smutty passages and words" which, he said, made the book, "taken as a whole, an obscene and filthy work." This was Summerfield's literary judgment, as distinguished from that of Harry Moore, book reviewer for the New York Times, who said that "its essential innocence should long ago have been quietly accepted." He called it "our century's greatest romance."

Now our lovely Connie is on her way again to the Supreme Court. Her first stop is in New York City where Judge Bryan's decision forebodes eventual vindication. First, he strikes a blow for liberty by overruling the long-standing contention of the Postoffice that on such subjects the Postmaster should have the last word, not the courts. This has previously been ac-

cepted law. The courts have always hesitated to overrule "quasi-judicial" decisions of public officers. But Judge Bryan did not hesitate. He said that: "The Postmaster General has no special competence or technical knowledge on this subject which qualifies him to render that informed judgment entitled to special weight in the courts. . . . No doubt the Postmaster General has [such] qualifications on many questions involving the administration of the Postoffice Department, the handling of the mails, postal rates and other matters. But he has no special competence to determine what constitutes obscenity."

One newspaper said that Judge Bryan has gently suggested to Mr. Summerfield that he get out of the field of literary criticism and get back to the business of delivering the mails. Certainly his ruling on this point, if sustained by the Supreme Court, will mean that from now on the courts, not the postmasters, will decide what is or is not obscene.

On the main issue, whether the book is "obscene," Judge Bryan held in the negative. The key to his decision is found in his statement that "At this stage in the development of our society, this major English novel does not exceed the outer limits of the tolerance which the community as a whole gives to the writing about sex and sex relations."

The Bryan decision again followed the Brennan decision. And it provides a good example of how law can be changed without a new statute ever being passed, without a case ever being decided. This decision is based on "community tolerance." All laws must be construed and reconstrued in the light of people's changing mores.

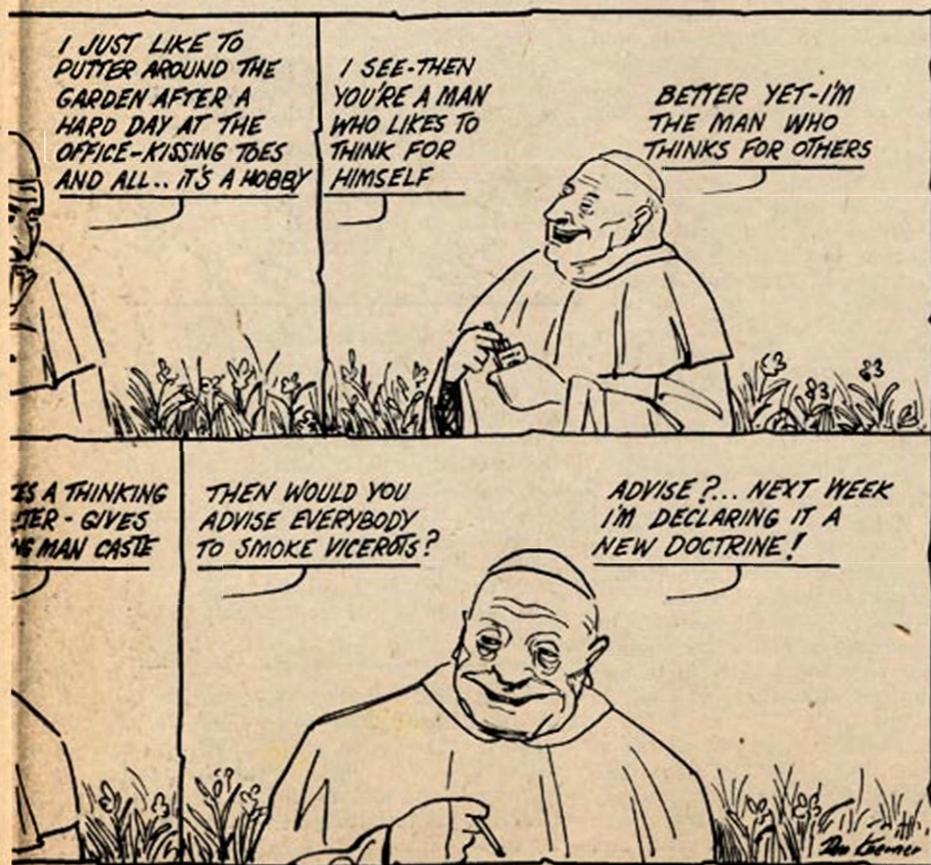
These customs change sometimes toward strictness, sometimes toward liberality, and the courts follow along. Certainly there has been a change in "community tolerance" since the time when the Legion of Decency first applied a headlock to the movie industry and when *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Joyce's *Ulysses* were banned.

But this changeableness of community tolerance is a two-edged sword, as demonstrated by another case decided last month. In Washington, a "numbers" racketeer was arrested and charged with vagrancy. Under the law he would be guilty of that crime if he were without visible means of support other than immoral activities.

The defendant pleaded that his lottery was no more immoral than those conducted as Bingo games by Catholic priests throughout the city in defiance of law. Reluctantly, the judge had to dismiss the charge.

Thus, by long continued violation of the laws, the priests have changed the limits of "community tolerance." They have by their own act required a re-interpretation of the law. This is the

Reprinted from The Independent



The Road From Damascus

by Tom Pease

And about the dawning of the day, I departed from Damascus, and when the morning was far spent, I met with certain travelers.

And one was Saul, and I cried out, Saul, Saul, knowest thou not thy friend with whom thou labored at the tent-maker's craft in Tarsus?

And he fell on my neck and kissed me, and said, Nathan, Nathan, with joy do I see thy face again, for greater love had not David for Jonathan than I have for thee.

And I said to him, Whither journeyest thou? And he said, To Damascus.

And I said to him, Why journeyest thou thither? And he said, To seize and bind and bring back such followers of Jesus the Nazarene, whether men or women, as have fled thither from Jerusalem, for that the high priest hath given me authority to do.

And I drew him aside, and I said, Saul, Saul, thou art the friend of my bosom. Greater love had not Jonathan for David than I have for thee, and what thou sayest maketh my heart sick. How canst thou do ill to them that do none to thee?

And he was astonished, and said, Verily, thou speakest as if thou wert one of them. Art thou?

And I answered, Thou hast said.

And he groaned aloud, and reproached me saying, Nathan, thou art, like me, of the stock of Israel. Thou art, like me, of the Tribe of Benjamin. Thou art, like me, a Hebrew of the Hebrews. As toucheth the law, thou art, like me, a Pharisee of the Pharisees. Knowest thou not that they who follow this Nazarene would change the customs which Moses delivered us? Knowest thou not that they count circumcision, which the Lord thy God hath commanded, as nothing, and uncircumcision as nothing? Knowest thou not that they speak of destroying His temple?

And I said to him, All that do I know, but also do I know that He is the Messiah, and that whatsoever He commandeth us to do, that we must do, and

same thing that artists and writers did by defying previous rules and obtaining acceptance by the courts of what was previously forbidden.

Eventually such changes will also appear in the statutes. Already, in eight states, gamblers in cassocks are permitted what is forbidden to their fraternity brothers in pinstripe suits.

A recent article in *The Catholic Lawyer* shows that the Church has a conscious plan to continue violating the laws which forbid Bingo until our traditional resistance to the vice of gambling is destroyed, at least to the practice of the vice by the clergy.

In the twilight zone where law and morality meet, this was a very interesting month.

(Next month: Son of Tolerant Pagan.)

whatsoever He sayeth is not needful, that we need not do.

And he was wroth, and spat upon me, and said, Would that thou wert not of Tarsus but of them that fled from Jerusalem, for then could I seize thee as I will then, and bind thee and carry thee back that the high priest might deal with thee as thou deservest.

And I said to him, Saul, I beseech thee, be thou not wroth with me. And he said, Depart from me, thou worker of iniquity, and may I not look upon thy face until the Lord thy God hath made the light of truth to shine into thy heart.

And I said, Saul, Saul, even wert thou to persecute me as thou persecutest these others, yet would I love thee, for He who is the Messiah hath commanded us to love them that be our enemies and to do good to them that hate us. Peace be with thee, and may He make His light to shine into thy heart.

And he went his way, and I went mine. And about the hour of midday, there shone about me a light from Heaven more bright than the sun, and I fell to the earth, and I heard a voice saying, Nathan, Nathan, why hast thou departed from the ways of thy fathers?

And I said, Who art thou? And the voice said, I am the Lord thy God. And I felt His hand upon me, and when He took away His hand, I saw a thick cloud. And out of the cloud appeared His back parts, but His face I did not see.

And He said, How durst thou be numbered with them that would change the customs which I delivered unto Moses, and that count circumcision as nothing, and that speak of destroying my temple?

And I cried, Father, forgive me! What wilt thou have me to do? And He said, Arise and go to the house which is nigh, in which dwelleth a man who is named Amos, and it shall be told thee what thou art to do.

And I arose from the earth, and went to the house of him who is named Amos, and abode there three days, and was without sight, neither did I eat or drink.

And on the third day it was as if scales had fallen from my eyes. And when food and drink have restored my strength, I shall return to Damascus. And there I shall seek out Saul and

DIABOLIC DIALOGUES

Richard M. Nixon: . . . and to tell you the truth, I'm getting scared. It's bad enough I'll have to run against Kennedy or Johnson or Stevenson, but suppose I don't even win the nomination? This Rockefeller is no cinch to beat.

Nikita Khrushchev: Yes, so Averill Harriman told me during his visit here. What you need is a quick gimmick, my ski-nosed friend.

Nixon: Now listen, Baldie, let's leave personalities out of this.

Khrushchev: Can I help it if you look like you have a permanent case of mumps?

Nixon: Yeah, well you look like you have a permanent pout.

Khrushchev: That's it! Why don't we have a public argument? I guarantee you'll make *Time's* cover.

Nixon: Hey, that's not a bad idea. Just the usual my-country-can-beat-up-your-country stuff, huh? But we've got to make it look spontaneous.

Khrushchev: Well, I'll start it, naturally. How about us having our verbal battle right in your Exhibition?

Nixon: In the kitchen! Americans always fight in the kitchen — they'll identify with me. Gosh, is there anything I can do to thank you?

Khrushchev: Sure. When you get elected, you can appoint me as your Secretary of State.

Nixon: Why, you pot-bellied son-of-a-bitch, you know I can't do that. I mean even if I hadn't already promised the job to Elsa Maxwell—

Khrushchev: Stop boxing with your five-o'clock shadow, Buster — I was only kidding. Besides, who needs it? Just look at the record: I already determine the United States' foreign policy. . . .

Contributions

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

Anon. \$1; Anon. \$5; Anon. \$10; John Gresham \$4.50; John Holovac \$2; Evelyn Morrill \$10; Mrs. C. B. Stephenson \$50; H. L. Styron \$50.

Total: \$33.50. Last month's total: \$21.

tell him all that hath befallen me.

And I shall point out to him such, whether men or women, as have fled thither from Jerusalem that he may seize and bind and carry them back as the high priest hath given him authority to do.

Equal Rights and Day Nurseries

From a completely idealistic viewpoint, the newspaper want ads should not have separate Male and Female classifications, with exceptions such as in the case of a wet-nurse.

From a completely realistic viewpoint, however, the presence of women in certain standardized positions not only serves to lubricate the business world with a quiet, every-day lusty; it is also more profitable.

Grace Hutchins, in her book, *Women Who Work*, calculates that manufacturing companies realized a profit of \$5.4 billion in 1950 by paying women wages that roughly averaged \$1,285 less per year than the wages paid to men for similar work.

The extra profits from employing women at lower rates than men formed 23 per cent of all manufacturing company profits.

Dr. Joseph B. Furst, in his book, *The Neurotic: His Inner and Outer Worlds*, points out that "The discrimination against women is not confined to the economic sphere. In many states women do not have full legal equality with men, particularly with their husbands. . . ."

"In careers and in business many positions are closed to women by a 'gentlemen's' agreement. Medical and other graduate schools have quotas for certain minority groups — and women. If accepted for medical training, women are expected to become pediatricians or gynecologists.

"A woman who wants to become a surgeon is jeered at and she is often quietly but effectively sabotaged in her efforts to practice surgery. Women face similar problems of discrimination in law and in all other types of careers.

"Women are also discriminated against in morality. They must live up to the stricter side of a hypocritical double standard which gives all the leeway and advantages to men. A man is expected to sow wild oats, but a woman is condemned for doing the same things which are winked at if done by men.

"Women are discriminated against in religion. They may not enter the synagogue on an equal footing with men; they do not become priests or rabbis and very rarely are they Protestant ministers.

"In short, women occupy an inferior position to men in politics, law, medicine, business, industry, religion, morality and in every other aspect of American society."

The United States Women's Bureau seeks to remedy the discrimination against women, at least in the economic sphere. But Clement Droz, in the article below, seeks to make a case for that very discrimination.

He mentions the "emancipated housewives" who "have so much time on their hands that they can take jobs

outside of the home . . . leaving the 'burden' of child-care to the day nursery. . . ."

Whether that should or shouldn't be is perhaps beside the point that it is so. And, that the day nurseries—by their restrictions on age and hours of operation—are failing in their task, is the theme of Ethel S. Beer's accompanying article.

She is the author of *Working Mothers and the Day Nursery*. (\$3.50, Whiteside, Inc., 425 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.)

The basic problem here, as Dr. Furst sees it, is that "Many women of the middle and working classes are caught in the contradiction that exists between their ability to function as women and at the same time enter the productive life of our times.

"In our present society there are

not adequate day nurseries and child-care provisions to permit a woman to hold a full time job or a profession except at the cost of neglecting some or most of her family duties.

"If a woman works full time it is hardly possible for her to take adequate care of her home and children. Many women—and especially Negro women—are forced to do just this, but then they are actually carrying out two jobs at once—the job outside the family and the job of maintaining the family itself.

"This compromise generally means that family life and child care suffer while the woman has to work abnormally hard and yet often be in a position where she can not do a fully satisfactory job at either end of her dilemma. Feelings of anxiety, frustration and hopelessness may well arise.

"Unless a woman has a clear understanding of the political and economic causes of her position, it is also possible that she blames herself individually, or else that she resents her husband and children for these difficulties which are really socioeconomic and not personal in their origin."

Or, as a lecturer once said, "The trouble with women is that they take things too personally."

Shouted a woman from the audience: "I do not!"

THE WOMEN ARE ON THE JOB

by Clement Droz

Not more than five years after the United Nations came into being, a U.N. radio program celebrated the continuing fight for Equality which women are waging so heroically, like modern Saint Joans, all over the world. The smug, low-pitched, determined voice of the narrator (a wounded young woman) had the same sound and effect as the cold, impersonal, super-sophisticated voices of the women television announcers who sell deodorants, cosmetics and refrigerators.

You would have thought, by the way she sounded, that every man is a wife-beater at heart, and that is often the way any woman sounds who talks about the "emancipation" of her sex. If the United Nations was officially behind this over-dramatized sham of a radio pageant, then it would appear that the women are on the job in more ways than one.

The modern woman, they say, is in the midst of a dilemma, brought on by what is called her emancipation, but let it be understood that society as a whole is also in the midst of a dilemma because of the foolish and dangerous manner in which the woman of our time is trying to fulfill her life.

She is trying, literally in the worst way, to give her life the meaning it had before legislation and technology gave her the freedom and leisure she enjoys today. Surely it would not be unwise to give at least as much consideration to the very serious problem that has been created by the conduct of the emancipated woman, as we give to the reason why she asserts herself the way she does.

Perhaps the best way to illustrate that problem is by turning our attention, just for once, to the predicament of the young man in search of a job he can do, who has to keep stepping aside to clear the way, not only for the girl he might like (in some cases) to marry and provide for, but also for her married sister and her dear working mother.

Because so many employers now make it a fixed policy to hire women—and women only—for certain types of work that are quite far removed from the traditionally feminine occupations, the competition is getting worse all the time for the man who has no training or experience—nor the

temperament for "advancing" himself—which could qualify him for the kind of job that has not yet been taken over by women.

It doesn't help to say that the law does not discriminate against him, for if it is company policy that bars him from the unskilled and semi-skilled jobs that are being given over to women in nearly every office in the country, and in shops and factories where light manual work is done, then that policy of discrimination might almost as well be the law of the land, fixed as it now is in the social pattern of the nation.

If the women who are demanding "equal rights" are really interested in equality, why don't they also demand the same rights for men in the places where men are being discriminated against today? This is slightly more important a matter than the lament that women are still not allowed, for example, to serve on juries in the State of Texas.

It is even more important a matter than the familiar complaint that women have few chances for advancement to the "higher level" positions. At least they are not denied the right to work at a job they can enjoy doing.

Are we coming to a time when men will do only the heavy manual work, the "front-line" fighting, and certain technical and administrative jobs? If the present trend is allowed to continue, it will come to that yet. But even today, what about the men who haven't the training or experience already mentioned, but who would like to work, say, in an office? Are they supposed to be idle while "idle" women work? Are they, for the rest of their lives, supposed to take jobs for which they are not suited?

There would be no unemployment problem to worry about in this country if the women who don't have to work would go back home to their children, or at least back to their luncheons and club meetings; but instead of advocating anything like this for the good of the country as a whole, the defenders of "women's rights" actually seem to

Name Changes

There were a few changes-of-name in the news this month, according to reports from the *Realist's* Rumor Bureau:

- The Reformed Rabbis of America have decided henceforth to refer to Israel as "Irwin."

- The Department of Defense has decreed that the city of Cape Canaveral in Florida shall be known from now on as "Missile Gap."

- Evangelist Oral Roberts, whose operations now function on an annual budget of three million dollars, feels that he has entered a new stage in his career; he has therefore legally changed his name to "Anal Roberts."

gloat over the fact that there are now 22,000,000 women working in the United States alone. This, they point out, is about one-third the total number of American wage-earners.

It is interesting to note that in the United States the number of employed women in relation to all workers in the labor force has been rising steadily since 1870, while the number of men in the labor force, in relation to all men in the population, has been declining.

In 1870, 85.2% of all workers were men and boys, but in 1952, even though the male and female populations had increased in the same proportion, only 69.6% of all workers were male. It should be noted, however, that as recently as 1920, men still constituted 79.6% of all workers, which was only 5.6% less than in 1870.

If there were no international tensions to account for the relative absence of unemployment among the men who are not in the labor force today, the sharp decline in male employment in recent decades would not only be more noticeable than it is, but it would also be seen as a genuine cause for alarm, for then there would be a crisis in the labor market situation such as we have never known before.

This crisis, nevertheless, is bound to occur with the demobilization of the armed services and the termination of war industry when that time comes, if not before, since it is to be expected that women on the whole will not willingly surrender their "gains" in the labor market, nor will employers readily accept the idea of giving up an inexpensive source of labor power.

On June 5, 1920, at a time when the feminists were on the march, an Act of Congress was approved which established in the Department of Labor a bureau to be known as the Women's Bureau. The Women's Bureau has made it clear in recent bulletins that one of its principal objectives is to protect the advances that women have made in business and industry as a result of "the long-term trend toward increased participation of women in the labor force [which] was accelerated by two world wars."

With joy and relief the world would welcome a climate of general demobilization, but the Women's Bureau in Washington would consider it a calamity if "the long-term trend" came to an end and the gains that women have made were threatened by the mass unemployment of men who would still have had a place in the labor force in 1914. Even while these men are still in uniform the situation is getting serious and will become more serious with every advancement that women make in the business and industrial world.

But instead of registering even the slightest concern about what is happening in the over-all picture, the

Women's Bureau goes right on in the exercise of its official duty "to formulate standards and policies which shall promote the welfare of wage-earning women, improve their working conditions, increase their efficiency, and advance their opportunities for profitable employment," as though the situation of women were the same today as it was in 1920.

More than that, the Women's Bureau has even taken on the responsibility of promoting the "welfare" of women who are not wage-earners, by advancing their opportunities for profitable employment too, which is to say, by helping them to find jobs where none were available to them before, whether they need them or not.

According to the way the Women's Bureau looks at the situation, "employable women in the 38% million (1952 Census Bureau) not now in the labor force constitute the Nation's largest single labor reserve. . . . By far the greatest proportion of these women who are not in the labor force are homemakers. It is from these women, the housewives, that the bulk of the new women workers will have to be drawn—preferably from those housewives who do not have young children."

But is this how the nation as a whole will be compelled to look at the labor market situation in the future? On the contrary, a large proportion of the 22 million women now in the labor force will have to be considered, eventually, the nation's largest single unemployment "reserve."

What is the unofficial objective of the Women's Bureau today? Is it to break down the remaining barriers against women in industry, wherever they may still exist, for the sake of breaking them down? Is it to increase the total number of women wage-earners in all occupations, for the sake of increasing their number?

Is it, finally, to bring about a "balance" in the U.S. labor force—which would reduce the number of male wage-earners in the male population and in the labor force to around 50%—for the sake of bringing about . . . what?

Those first two goals, if they are such, could be commendable, or at least might not be dangerous to the welfare of the nation, if the Women's Bureau also had as its objective a 20-hour work-week, say, for all wage-earners in the United States; but no such recommendation, implied or stated, can be

Technological Progress

"Bicycling on the Sea of Galilee, on a water bicycle built for two, is the favorite new water sport available to vacationers in Israel," it was announced this month by the Israel Government Tourist Office. "The bicycle is fitted with floats and cannot sink."

Jesus had to walk, but you can ride.

The Realist

<http://www.ep.tc/realist>
THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

found in any of the publications put out by that office, nor is there any other indication in their literature that the welfare of the nation is their paramount consideration when they compile and publish "facts relating to women workers." The emphasis is always and only on the "welfare" and "advancement" of women, even when lip service is paid to the national welfare.

Because the door to greater "opportunities" for women was thrown open during a period of national emergency, the steady infiltration of women into the ranks of labor has even been attributed to patriotic motives. The real test of the modern woman's patriotism will come during a different kind of national emergency, one in which the door that has been wide open for a third of a century will be closed in the name of common sense and in the cause of justice, except to let her out.

It should be made clear that no opposition to women who work for a living, or for any other necessary reason, is implied here. If a woman has to go to work for a living, she has, of course, as much right to work as anyone, and furthermore she has a right to equal pay for equal work.

But even if we do not include the thousands of housewives who in the past few years "had to go to work" to help their husbands maintain a high (material) standard of living for the family, how many of the 22 million are there who do not have to work at all, except for added luxuries?

Whatever the number, let us hope they will soon get their equal pay for equal work, because when they do, the employer or personnel manager is going to realize that instead of hiring a woman or a girl who wants to go to work just for the love of money and to pass the time of day, he might as well hire an unemployed man who really needs a job to support a wife and family, even if the man doesn't have the family or the wife yet. It will cost the employer no more, and in a lot of cases he might get much more out of his investment.

Whether we like it or not, and whether we know it or not, our society is based upon marriage and family life. Maybe the women would rather be the wage-earners while the men stay at home and do the cooking and the housework and take care of the children, but we can't have it both ways. There aren't enough jobs to go around, and why should there be? Somebody has to stay at home to make the home, or is that idea too old-fashioned?

Evidently it is much too old-fashioned for those feminists of both sexes who advocate the enactment of a law that would make housekeeping and child-care expenses deductible on the income tax returns of working mothers, thus making a working career even more desirable for young mothers who

may all but feel that their place is where there is money to be made.

Is it plain boredom or is it just our mania for money that is driving so many emancipated middle-class women, including mothers of young children, out of their gadget-ridden kitchens and away from their homes and families? Surely it is no mere coincidence that the American divorce rate and the breakdown of American home life have risen in proportion to the economic independence of women.

The trouble with "modern" women is that they often regard themselves, politically, as women first and as people second, as though women were a minority group. You never heard of a league of men voters or of an organization dedicated to the protection and advancement of "men's rights" and "men's interests."

Is this because it has always been "a man's world" anyway? Well, it isn't anymore in this country. The pendulum is swinging in the other direction now, and we have a right to ask when the women's organizations are going to be satisfied with their "gains."

That last word is in quotes because after the Nineteenth Amendment was passed, giving women the right to vote, the advancement of women became an encroachment instead, resulting in a condition wherein women could control the outcome of every national election to their special advantage if they were so organized. Is this America's gain?

It is significant that women from now on can begin to receive their Social Security retirement benefits at the age 62, instead of at 65. Apparently this legislation, which was put through during a presidential election year, was intended to win "the woman's vote" for the party in control of Congress. Such legislation is so unfair that it is almost a wonder the women's clubs are not publicly disclaiming it on the ground that it discriminates because of sex.

It is all the more unfair because of

the fact that most men do not even live to the age of 65, and it has been shown statistically that women live longer than men. Can you imagine the clamor that would be going up if this special privilege had been given to men instead of to women?

And why do you suppose Truman and Eisenhower appointed women to some of the highest administrative positions in the government? One would like to believe that they honestly thought these women were better qualified than anyone else they knew of for those positions, but who believes that?

And so it goes. Political candidates think they have to win the woman's vote, to say nothing of the veteran's vote and the labor vote, in order to get elected. That is why it is a cause for alarm when the leaders of women's organizations talk about "the interests of women."

One of the most disturbing things about the American woman's invasion of the commercial world is the way American men have been tolerating it. "Tolerating" it? Why, they have been encouraging it and financing it right along, for if the American woman wants to compete with men and "get the best" of them, by taking advantage of her "woman's prerogative" or not, no self-respecting American male is going to stand in her way. He is even going to help clear the path for her; otherwise he wouldn't be much of a gentleman, would he?

That is why you won't get many American males to say that they are opposed to "equal rights for women." This attitude has something to do with the popularity of the word "gal" in the new American language. There was a time when "gal" was used mostly in popular fiction to describe the spunky young woman who helped clear the frontier and fight off the Indians. Anyway, it never had the cute, sophisticated connotation that it has today when it is used in reference to the

Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal...

The McGraw-Hill Business Book Club this month offered as membership gifts, free copies of Auren Uris' *The Efficient Executive*. Despite its contents, the book is not intended to be satirical. Among the "help-loaded" chapters:

The Mahogany Man
Your Relationships Up the Ladder
Getting Rid of the Rule Book
Making Yourself Known in Your Organization
How to Isolate Yourself
Three Hazards of Efficiency
The Science of Wastebasketry
How to Have Time for Everything
The Art of Failsmanship
Your "Edifice" Complex

How to Write Anything
How to Write the Perfect Memo

The book also includes 9 ways to solve personality clashes; 6 means of getting good ideas; 9 ways to make good use of a failure; 3 steps to take in sizing up your boss; 5 rules for deciding when to pass a problem to him; "and many other such practical helps."

In addition, there are self-check quizzes in such areas as Flexibility, Dictation Skill, and Tension Level.

young career woman of our time.

And how does the average American male feel about career gals? The same way he feels about "the ladies." He might smile or chuckle at their determination, feeling somewhat superior to their ways, but he will not oppose the ladies until their invasion is complete, and then it will be too late.

The importance of the role that women have played in history and art and civilization, apart from their role as the child-bearers, cannot be calculated except by saying that if this world had been inhabited by men only, we would still be living in caves and roaming the countryside.

There would be nothing here — no cities to marvel, no Brooklyn bridges, no great inventions, no works of art. It was for woman and because of woman that these things came to be. Does anyone think that Beethoven could have composed his grandiose works for a world devoid of women?

Subconsciously, at least, women must know that this is so, that this is the psychology of the man-woman relationship in our civilization. It is only when they begin to feel that they "deserve" all that is done for them and more besides, and act accordingly, that they no longer deserve it, for then their power over men becomes another force altogether—an antagonistic one—and the whole balance is threatened.

That is what is beginning to happen on a major scale in the United States and within the broad sphere of its influence. Consequently, if the modern woman's desire for "emancipation" is really coming to this, the danger is great.

To the extent that her "dilemma" is a matter of sheer boredom, the emancipated woman of our time is in the advance guard of an approaching problem that will be unique in human history. Her dilemma (if it can be called that) is an omen of what is ahead for all of us, for we can suppose that the time is coming when the machine, in addition to doing the burden of the work inside the home, will do the burden of the work (and more) outside of the home as well—the work of the world itself — thus emancipating the men too.

Even the earliest thinkers were concerned about this possibility, but it is no longer an academic problem. In spite of the fact that we have, as a race, accumulated great cultural treasures since ancient times, and, as individuals, have inherited these, the problem is already confronting a large class of women who in a very real sense don't know what to do with their lives.

When the problem becomes universal, do we think we are going to solve it by sitting in front of the television screen eating popcorn? As mere specta-

tors of shadows on the wall, we would all die of boredom in our dungeons.

Every day of our lives a new piece is being joined to the jigsaw picture that will be our common destiny, though it took eons for the first pieces to come together. If the picture does not blow up in our faces when the "last" piece is in its place, it will be because we learned in time that we built our houses and planted our lives too close to the market-places and too far away from the mountain-tops, that the only thing most of us ever believed in was the great god Success, no matter how loudly we proclaimed otherwise.

It was the wrong kind of life, this idolatry. The result was that we had to take time out from our mercenary pursuits to even look at the other world that we kept pushing away from our doors and out of our lives. As a race, we seem not to have learned these things about ourselves as yet.

If we ever do, after we have to find some reason for living other than "making a living," as we now say, then perhaps we can turn off the machines that will be doing the work of the world and let them rust. We will have learned, at least, that we *could* do without their commodities and services without giving up our reason for living.

Perhaps that noble vanguard of mankind's emancipation—the emancipated woman—instead of clamoring for recognition in the market-place, where she knows she doesn't belong, could make better use of her unburdened life by not only leaving that place, but by taking us all with her, in time, into a far better world than this. This she might begin to do with the new generation that is now in her care.

We will either be destroyed or redeemed by the way we respond to this challenge. That is why the irresponsible manner in which the woman of our time is trying to give meaning to

Salted Peanuts, Anyone?

Peanuts is the name of a syndicated comic strip about little boys and girls who talk with all the sophistication—and loneliness—of adults. This month, artist Charles M. Schulz rushed in where comic strip artists generally fear to tread.

One of his characters, Linus, was pouring his heart out to Snoopy, a floppy-eared dog just loaded with empathy. Said Linus:

"It's too much for me to take . . . I can't stand it! It's pretty disheartening to find out that your own sister wishes you had never been born . . . 'Never been born' . . . Good grief! Do you know what that means? Just stop to think about it . . . Why, the theological implications alone are staggering!"

her emancipation, presents us with a problem that is not only serious, but dangerous.

This problem is neglected altogether by those who seem to regard the entire situation merely as an interesting psychological phenomenon which they call "the modern woman's dilemma." The whole problem does revolve around the role of women in society, but the modern woman's dilemma may not be as complex or as difficult to cope with as it has been made out to be.

It used to be said that woman's work is never done, but this is no longer true in the homes of the great American middle class, where the "drudgery" of housework has been eliminated by electrical appliances and labor- and time-saving gadgets of every description, and where the "slavery" of cooking and baking has been done away with by the accomplishments of the food industry.

Emancipated housewives and grandmothers now have so much time on their hands that they can take jobs outside of the home, and in many cases when they get tired of their "activities" or feel the pinch of inflation, they do just that, leaving the "burden" of child-care to the day nursery and the sitter.

Since these job-holders, along with career women in general, have been willing in most cases to work for lower wages thus far (in spite of their slogans), employers have been opening their doors to them, perhaps without realizing that this employment practice slams the door in the face of many available men who need and deserve steady employment much more than do the women who work for "spending money" only.

Just as an experiment in home living, and for the sake of their own salvation, if these women would spurn the processed and packaged foods and "instant" preparations that are on the market, and would volunteer to spend two or three hours in the kitchen each day, learning how to be women again, and even trying their hand at baking a loaf of bread once in a while, just for the hell of it, then that might go a long way toward solving their unhappy dilemma.

Before they were granted political independence, American women used to say that woman suffrage would bring about better government, better living conditions and every other kind of "betterment." And even today, while they are clamoring for economic and social independence in the form of an Equal Rights amendment to the Constitution, they still would have us believe that the whole world would be better off if the women, and especially the mothers, could take into their hands the reins of government and thus direct the affairs of nations. As though things weren't bad enough the way they are.

In the American home, for example.

"Please Give Me A New Mummy and Daddy . . ."

by Ethel S. Beer

One cold morning Miss Ferrara, the Director of a Home for Dependent Children in up-state New York was awakened by soft footsteps outside her door. Opening it she found three-year-old Nancy with tousled golden curls half-hiding her feverish blue eyes. Pink toes peeked out beneath the pajama trousers, the only garment that she wore.

"Why, Nancy, what is the matter?" asked Miss Ferrara, her kind grey eyes clouded with concern, as she picked up the small burning body.

But Nancy only answered after she was safely tucked in her crib, clinging to two of Miss Ferrara's fingers. Then she whispered again and again:

"Please give me a new Mummy and Daddy."

"If you really want them, I will," soothed Miss Ferrara. Thus assured, the sick child fell asleep.

Later, much later in the chilly grey dawn, Miss Ferrara stole back to her own room to dress before the daily routine started for the fifty children in the Home, ranging in years from two to twelve. Then, in the course of the morning, she called the Welfare Department and said:

"You just must find a boarding-home for Nancy. She's pining for a 'new Mummy and Daddy.' In fact, I think all the babies should be placed. They need more affection than we can give them."

Shortly afterwards, Nancy had her wish granted, and under the loving care in her new home, she thrived. Soon the rest of the babies were boarded out, too, and the Nursery Department was closed.

Tragically enough, every child in this Home for Dependent Children had one or both parents, which is also true in many others. In Nancy's case the mother worked and could not keep her, as happens far too often. Giving these boys and girls foster parents may provide more individual attention than if they are in a congregate Home. Only they still are separated from their families.

Do working mothers want to be rid of their children? Certainly not as a rule. But too frequently, circumstances are against them. Mothers have a terrific struggle earning a living and bringing up children. Why does not society realize this and help them more? How about the Day Nursery—the proverbial refuge for the children of working mothers? Doubtless it has held many of these homes together and occasionally one with only a father, too.

Mrs. Meyer, always trimly dressed, had the complete custody of her winsome daughter, Dora, until she reached

eighteen. The father had deserted soon after she was born and could not be traced. Fortunately the mother was a competent clerk and found a job very easily.

"But I would have been lost without the Day Nursery for Dora," she admitted gratefully again and again.

In the Mintz family the father was a widower with five children, whom he did not want to send away. The older ones between ten and fifteen could manage. However the spindle-legged twins of four were a real problem.

"Please you take my babies," Mr. Mintz begged the Director of a Day Nursery, wringing his hands in anguish. And when the answer was "Yes," he heaved a sigh of relief and a "God bless you!" escaped from his lips.

The difficulty with the Bermans was poverty, accentuated by an ever-increasing family. Like steps the children stood with their big brown eyes and blond hair, faithfully reproducing the coloring of their mother—a fat blowzy woman, who apparently did not have a care in the world. Yet her husband, an insignificant little man with a limp, never could make both ends meet.

So Mrs. Berman worked whenever possible, putting one child after the other into the Day Nursery. As many as three were there at a time. The older boy, undersized and hollow-cheeked, called for them regularly, handling each tenderly, irrespective of sex or age.

"I don't mind except when they bawl," he explained, pretending to be casual although pride lit up his face. In response, the youngsters grinned at him in fond admiration. By easing their lot, the Day Nursery helped keep alive this family spirit.

Unfortunately, the Day Nursery fails to aid a great many children of working mothers because it is confused with the Nursery School. The emphasis is on pre-school education instead of provision for a special group, which brings suffering to these families.

Mrs. Bornstein, a freckle-faced waitress, had three sons. The youngest was born prematurely after her husband had been killed in an accident. Therefore, this baby had to stay in the hospital for many weeks. Then the mother wanted him at home. Only she had no way to take care of him. The Day Nursery, where his brothers went, would not accept him until he was over two. At that, it was earlier than many, which take no child under three.

The grandmother, who lived with the family, was ailing and had swollen legs. So this little boy had to pass his first impressionable years away from home, while his mother and brothers adjusted to life without him. Of course, his return in later years was almost bound to be difficult for the whole household.

To be sure, some people will claim that such a mother should stay at home and accept Aid to Dependent Children.

On almost deciding that it's too bad prefrontal lobotomies are out of style especially for mothers

My God, I think, what am I doing bringing kids into this world of slicks where happy families feast on breakfast candy, poison milk and flesh of corpses, vitamin enriched, where Gramps, Mom, Dad and Sis and Junior reach orgasmic bliss by contemplating latest models: where hebephrenic TV clowns swill endless glop that's good for you and if you don't get to it fast enough when Bugs and Donald momentarily are finished with their sadomasochistic fun you get a newscaster, brisk, cheerfully detached from fall-out figures, or a reassuring scientist, or a calm and prayerful leader speaking of our way of life and of the mass death necessary to defend it: and where Mental Health says talk it over with a friend or neighbor and if necessary seek professional advice. . . .

But when, after the slow flash and warmth of love I leave your arms to change the boy and carry the wet diaper dreamily through the familiar dark, the world is quieted and sensible, and I am quite content to have brought children into it and even quite content to think of bringing more.

—ARLEN RILEY

August 1959

<http://www.ep.tc/realist>
THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

Religious Socio-Politics Around the World

UNFRIENDLY JAZZ. The choir director of Kensington Methodist Church in Buffalo, New York, referring to recent controversies over the so-called "jazz mass," says he is convinced there is "no sin in syncopation." A great many of the hymns sung today, he says, "would have put our Methodist forebears of about 1830 to sleep, or at least caused them to wonder why the solemn occasion." He thought that the controversy might be smoothed over by "substituting a more friendly word for Jazz."

MAN-MADE ARMAGEDDON. Civil Defense officials suggested to national

They compare this allowance to Social Security, although the basis is not the same. Besides it does not solve the whole problem. Many working mothers are not eligible for Aid to Dependent Children. Moreover the majority can earn more, not to mention that they prefer their independence. Rightly or wrongly, being under the Welfare Department bears a stigma.

"At least I have my self-respect now," said pretty sad-eyed Mrs. Russo, who supported herself and two children on a very small wage by making dolls' teeth in a factory a few years ago. After her husband disappeared, she was forced to be "under Welfare" until her youngest child was old enough for a Day Nursery. "And I hope I never have to be again," she always ended vehemently, when telling about it later.

Neither does the Day Nursery take too much responsibility away from the mothers, as is often asserted. After all, they are working for their children and also have a great deal to do for them at home. Prosperous mothers, who turn over their progeny to nurses, do much less. Yet undemocratically enough, they are rarely criticized.

Moreover, it is a fallacy to assume that restricting the scope of the Day Nursery will prevent mothers from working. Rather, it causes neglect of the children, even when they are not sent away.

One morning Mrs. Razo, her usually sleek black hair awry, came to the Day Nursery, sobbing:

"I don't know what I'll do if you don't take my baby. She's past a year now and the other two were younger when they first came. They did fine, too. And I felt so safe. But this one I've had to leave with an old woman in the house, and worry about it all the time I'm working. Her hands shake so that she dropped the baby twice yesterday. Today I didn't bring her back. But if you won't take her, I'll have to. I just can't stay home. You know how it is—

church organizations that they make plans to evacuate their premises in case of a bomb attack. The Administration refers to this as its "spiritual administration" program, or "'psychological first aid' to use a secular term."

PARANOID PROFESSOR. When the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, New York excluded from membership United Nations Under-Secretary Ralph Bunche because he is a Negro, a storm of protest brought quick reversal.

But the Roman Catholic *Tablet* of Brooklyn had a different reaction. It commented that Dr. Bunche would not have used his prestige "to fight all

debts, debts, always debts. Kids cost a lot to bring up these days. My husband can't make enough for us all."

Alas, her pleas were in vain! This Day Nursery—like the majority in this country—did not accept babies. Practically no provision exists for children under two in the United States." And some Day Nurseries, like the New York City Department of Welfare Day Care Centers, have raised the age for admission to three. Nor are there enough places for school children, even of the younger group.

Langy-legged Tommy, just over seven, had to shift for himself after he outgrew the Day Nursery which he had attended and where his sister still went. One day a neighbor noticed a whiff of smoke curling out of the window of his home. Rushing over the street and up the stairs, she found a frightened Tommy gazing at the drapes he had set on fire by playing with matches. Luckily, this woman was able to put out the blaze. Otherwise Tommy would have burned to death, while his parents were at work.

Judging from educational standards, the ten to eleven hour day in a Day Nursery is not justified. Yet the alternative may be even worse. Many children go home with others hardly older—a rather casual supervision. Besides, how about the effect on the older girl or boy?

Twelve-year-old Phyllis could not remember a time when she had not called for her small brother and sister at the Day Nursery. Although she was a gentle child, she resorted to slapping for discipline because she did not know any other way to control them.

Besides, the responsibility had made her too serious. At the age of ten, I took her to a toy store. However her eyes passed over the lovely dolls and other fascinating playthings. All she did was ring up again and again an imitation cash register.

types of prejudice both racial and religious." Bunche is a member of the New York City Board of Higher Education. The *Tablet* has been conducting a vendetta against the Board because it affirmed the action of Queens College in refusing to renew the contract of Roman Catholic Professor Dale Fallon upon its termination.

Fallon claimed that it was a matter of religious persecution. The Board admitted that there was a smaller percentage of Catholics on the faculty of Queens than there is in the population. They ascribed this not to prejudice but to the fact that there are fewer well-educated Catholics than there are among other groups.

At best, working mothers have a hard lot. So when they strive to keep their family together—such as it is—they should be helped, not hindered. Psychiatrists state that a mother's affection in childhood builds up a sense of security. If children cannot have their mothers as much as they should, nights and week-ends are better than nothing.

The Day Nursery supplements the mother's care without weaning the children from her as a foster mother by day or full-time may do. In fact, the devotion of these grown-up sons and daughters to their mothers in later years often is touching.

One day Martha, a pleasant-faced business girl, visited her former Day Nursery. It was hard to recognize in her the puny child, the youngest of a raft of brothers and sisters, whose extreme pallor was accentuated by the deep mourning they wore for their father. Broken-hearted as their mother was, trying as life was in this new country—so far from her native Sicily—she worked, and kept her family together too.

"Now she stays at home," said Martha proudly. "She did enough for us when we were small. It's our turn to care for her."

After following up children and their working mothers for years, I can vouch that not all are estranged from each other. When they are, other factors usually are involved. Although working mothers are brave, they cannot carry their double burden alone. Children belong at home unless it is not a decent place for them.

The Day Nursery can keep them there if it does not deviate from its course, as it has recently. Prevention is better than cure. To preserve family life is a worthy achievement. When Nancy pleaded, "Please give me a new Mummy and Daddy," she was really voicing the longing of all children to be with their own parents.

To this the *Tablet* responded in high dudgeon. But the Catholics on the Board of Higher Education endorsed the action.

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DISCRIMINATION, INC. The Arabian American Oil Company has been barred by the New York State Supreme Court from asking job applicants about their religion. They had said it was necessary because they are not permitted to send Jews to Saudi Arabia, where most of their business is done. The judge replied, "Go elsewhere to serve your Arab masters—but not in New York State." He added that no foreign nation could veto the enforcement of a valid state law in New York.

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NOT KOSHER. Rabbi Max Felshin of Radio City Synagogue in New York City has been indicted on charges of attempting to bribe state inspectors to overlook violations of kosher dietary laws at the Cafe Sabra.

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OBSERVING SABBATH. By a 2-1 decision, on petition of a Jewish kosher market, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts has voided that state's Sunday law. The decision, which will excuse from Sunday compliance all who observe Saturday as Sabbath, is being appealed.

Cardinal Cushing of Boston reacted violently: "Do we want Sunday to become the kind of day that it is in Soviet Russia? . . . This is the direction in which we are heading once we disassociate Sunday from the remnants of religious significance which it still retains among ourselves. Once we allow business as usual on Sunday . . . it will become easy to argue that religion itself has become obsolete and that the religious activities which have become so closely associated with the sanctification of Sunday should be abandoned."

Cushing's statement highlighted the practical importance to religion of government-enforced Sunday observance as a crutch for the religious system in this country. Thus, many who oppose the Cardinal's religious views and purposes agree that he has analyzed the situation correctly.

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FRANCO'S BANKO. The International Monetary Fund has agreed to pour another \$400,000,000 into the faltering economy of Fascist Spain. This is in addition to over a billion that has been contributed for over six years by the United States.

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CHess GAME. Luke E. Hart, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus has demanded the resignation of James G. Stewart, Architect of the U. S. Capital, because he permitted

Masons of the District of Columbia to participate in the laying of the cornerstone for the new East Front of the Capital now under construction. The Knights, the Bishops and their pawns had protested before the event, claiming that Freemasonry is a religion, which the Masons deny.

The Committee in charge then invited the Church to send a priest to participate. But it replied that no priest could be present at a religious ceremony not of the "true faith." The Church has been conducting a sort of guerilla warfare against the Masons, partly because of its ancient grievances, but especially since a group of Masons in California tried unsuccessfully to obtain repeal of the tax exemption of private parochial schools.

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PROCEED WITH CAUTION. Educational authorities in Washington, D. C. are now considering sex instruction. The nation's total percentage of illegitimate babies has increased by forty per cent since 1950. The highest rate was not in Mississippi or Alabama but in the District of Columbia itself!

A report has been prepared for the District government recommending that high school girls be taught the use of birth control methods. The details of the report are being kept secret, but its existence and its principal recommendations were "leaked" to the press, presumably to find out in advance how much religious opposition might be expected, as with birth control aid to underdeveloped (but overpopulated) countries.

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BETTER LATE . . . The United Presbyterian Church at its recent General Assembly reversed its 29-year-old policy in opposition to birth control. It also urged repeal of laws forbidding the sale of contraceptives to married couples.

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OPPOSITION AS USUAL. The Government of Pakistan will introduce family planning on a wide scale despite an intensive campaign by the Catholic Church of that country against it. The Minister of Health and Social Welfare said it would be extremely difficult for the country to make tangible economic advances if the growth in population is not restricted. He said that the two most important requirements for a nationalized family planning program are trained personnel and the availability of an inexpensive contraceptive.

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WORDS VS. DEEDS. In his first Encyclical letter, nominally addressed to his bishops but actually to the secular rulers of the world, Pope John gave advice on a wide variety of subjects. He insisted that he is "above interstate

rivalry," that he has "no desires in the present life," and that he has "no motives of political domination." Therefore, he indicated, his words should be heard respectfully by all men of affairs.

This statement followed by only a few weeks the Pope's unsuccessful attempt to dictate to the people of Sicily whom they should elect to public office. It followed by only a few months his orders to Catholic politicians throughout the world that in the conduct of public affairs, they must be guided by the pronouncements of their bishops rather than by their own judgment.

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VISITING THE JOHN. President Charles de Gaulle of France visited the Pope and received the pontifical blessing for his regime. France is seeking advancement of the Common Market scheme—a union of European states, all of which are ruled by Catholics. However, some of his overtures to Italy were received with a degree of coolness.

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BLOCK THAT LINE. An attorney in San Francisco is filing suit to block the Roman Catholic governor's efforts to turn over to the University of San Francisco—a Jesuit institution—an important collection of state-owned historical works, and to prevent him from supplying state employees to administer it.

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THE STATUS AVOIDERS. Fordham University has announced the appointment of a "board of lay trustees." College trustees are supposed to have certain legal obligations and rights, such as to hold legal title to the institution's property, to defend lawsuits against it, etc. But it wouldn't do any good to sue these trustees; they are judgment-proof.

They are not trustees at all unless they might be called trick trustees or jesuitical trustees in the sense that they are one thing and are represented to be something else. Under their appointments, they seem to have no rights or powers at all but only "advise and assist and cooperate with" the Jesuit Order, which keeps title to the property in its own name.

The Order, in turn, is owned—lock, stock and soul—by the Pope.

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JEWISH COPYCATS. New York Jewish educational leaders seem to be emulating the Jesuits. Negotiations are under way for the development of a new campus for Yeshiva University comparable to that which recently has been approved for Fordham University. Like the Jesuit project, the Jewish one would seek federal subsidies

under the disguise of a housing development.

MUSICAL CHAIRS. When Elizabeth Taylor recently embraced Judaism, it was said that her mother objected to Eddie Fisher; now that Liz was a nice Jewish girl, her mother naturally felt that she ought to marry a doctor.

Other entertainment-world converts to the religion of Moses include Marilyn Monroe, Sammy Davis, Jr., Carrol Baker, Polly Bergen and Diana Dors.

What with business picking up, all three branches of Judaism have for the first time in the history of their faith entered the missionary field. They have established an organization called the Jewish Information Society for this purpose.

MOTHERLY LOVE. The will of a Jewish woman who tried to cut her son out of a \$40,000 interest in her estate if he failed to divorce his Catholic wife and marry a Jewish girl was held void in Milwaukee as being contrary to public policy.

THRU THE SIDE DOOR. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee announced that recommendations had been made to it by persons described as "some of America's most distinguished former diplomatic officers" for establishment of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. They recommended not an ambassador but a *charge d'affaires* because this could be done without the consent of Congress. It was suggested by some in Washington that the diplomats who made this preposterous proposal were "distinguished" perhaps more for their deviousness than for anything else. None of the names of the diplomats were made public.

ANTI - ANTE - NUPTIALS. The Southern Presbyterian church in its assembly at Atlanta condemned the so-called "ante-nuptial agreement" required of non-Catholics who marry Catholics. The Presbyterians said that it "involves the signing away of the spiritual birthright of unborn children by denying them the possibility of any religious training in the home other than that prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church. It is far better that the parties concerned should not marry than that these tragic results should follow."

LOADED CANONS. The bishops of Australia have joined in a pastoral letter forbidding lawyers to "undertake divorce cases when the marriage, whether of Catholics or non-Catholics, is valid and indissoluble" under Canon Law. Exceptions may be made only with the permission of the lawyer's bishop.

CLERICAL MAVERICK. An important official of the Augustana Lutheran Church, Martin V. Borjquist, speaking at its annual synod, opposed tax exemption for churches as well as the discounts and concessions that are often granted by merchants, public utilities, etc. to wearers of the cloth.

PROFESSIONAL SECRETS. The House of Representatives has again adopted a bill which exempts from disclosure in courts of law in the District of Columbia any secrets held by priests or other clergymen as part of their professional duties.

The principal purpose is to provide federal sanction for the rule of Roman Catholic Canon law which provides the "Seal of the Confessional." In the past, priests have had no right different from that of ordinary citizens to refuse to act as witnesses.

There is no opposition from the Protestants. Although the privilege means little to them, as compared to their Roman Catholic competitors, it is sufficient enough to keep them from complaining.

STUD POKER? There were protests all summer from clergymen in various parts of the world against artificial insemination. Dean E. L. King of Cape-town Cathedral Anglican parish in South Africa said that it is "monstrous . . . degrades men and women to the level of the stud farm—and I imagine even a bull and cow have met socially on nodding terms. . . Is a woman's need fulfilled just in producing a child from anyone under any conditions?"

THE BIRDS AND THE BEASTS. In May, Marvin E. Edwards, 45, father of three, shot it out with Mrs. Annie Pizzuto, an attractive widow of 31 who refused his advances. He had met her in his capacity as a Salvation Army captain on mission business.

In June, at Skowhegan, Maine, Rev. Arthur R. MacDougall was convicted of statutory rape of a 14-year-old girl, who gave birth to a child. He was famed as the "fishing parson," and preached an annual "angler's sermon."

In July, at Washington, D.C., a 46-year-old Methodist minister was arrested, charged with raping an 18-year-old member of his congregation.

LEGAL TRAP. The Catholic Archbishop of Chicago has been sued for \$1,750,000 on 23 counts of negligence. The suit arises from the fire at Our Lady of Angels School in Chicago. It is brought in behalf of four children who were injured but survived, and their parents. No claims have yet been filed for the other injured children, or for the parents of 93 who died.

The National Fire Prevention Association said that the deaths "are an indictment of those in authority who have failed to recognize their life safety obligations in housing children in structures which are 'fire traps.'" But the Archbishop is expected to rely in defense on the old English rule—now held obsolete in many states—that the church is not legally responsible, even for the grossest negligence.

PAROCHIAL PROBLEM. The suggestion of Bishop Lawrence Shehan that parochial school facilities be limited in some places to junior and senior high schools was badly received by Roman ecclesiastics. The Apostolic Delegate said that the parochial schools are an "absolute necessity" to sustaining the Catholic church in the United States.

But the Maine Council of Churches (Protestant), commenting on the Catholic campaign in that state for free public transportation of parochial school students, said that "The Roman Church, which has prided itself on the excellence of its parochial schools, is at long last publicly admitting that it is no longer willing to support in full such private efforts in education."

CHILDREN AS PAWNS. In Jeanette, Pennsylvania, public school officials were forbidden by state officials to rent four classrooms for the conduct of classes of a parochial school. The Catholics are now threatening to transfer 436 Catholic children suddenly to the public school, then in a short time withdraw them again when new parochial facilities are built.

UNHOLY MATRIMONY. Prince Albert of Belgium had to cancel his plans to be married by the Pope at the Vatican, because of anti-clerical opposition at home. His Uncle Charles, who was regent during the Allied occupation of Belgium (while Albert's father, Leopold III was "on the run" in Germany) refused to attend, even when the wedding was shifted to Brussels. But his aunt, Maria Jose, former Queen of Italy, was there. She is the one who during World War II arranged for Leopold's famous tete-a-tete with Hitler at Berchtesgaden.

The wedding was performed by a civil official, then again by the Cardinal, the same one that married Leopold III to a Nazi sympathizer while he was supposedly a prisoner of the same Nazis. That wedding and the wedding of Leopold II to a dancing girl had both been performed by cardinals secretly, in violation of the law requiring an advance civil ceremony.

COUNTER-REVOLTING. Silvio Milazzo, who had revolted against his own Christian Democratic party of Sicily,

won over them in spite of Vatican threats that his supporters would be deprived of the sacraments. The Vatican-controlled party has, however, obtained a commanding position in the government, according to latest reports, by means of a deal with Monarchists and Fascists.

BLACKMAIL AND BEAUTY. Sue Ingersoll of Santa Fe won the Miss New Mexico contest. Her bishop ordered her to withdraw and to give up her chance to be Miss Universe. If not, she would "not be allowed to receive the sacraments of Confession and Communion." Neither would her mother. At least two other bishops came out against such contests, and a New Orleans girl had to back out.

Commenting, Monsignor John Cavanaugh said in the *Register* that bathing beauty contests are a "vulgar display of nudity," and not in reality contests for "those skilled in aquatic sports." He asked, "What percentage of the girls know the difference between a half gainer and a half nelson? Undoubtedly they would likely have subsequent to the contest more use for the nelson than the gainer."

Referring to those who view such contests, the Monsignor said, "We all know what happened to the good and sainted King David when he saw Bethsabe across the rooftops. It can and does happen time and again."

AGING EUPHEMISM. The White House Conference on Aging is scheduled for 1961. The committee preparing for it includes many representatives of religious bodies. Churches are already getting millions from the federal government in the form of low-interest loans for their homes for the aged. They are called "housing loans."

HASN'T SCRATCHED YET. Evangelist Billy Graham has returned from a world tour including Russia and England. He described a stroll that he and his wife took thru the parks of London. He said, "I have travelled all over the world and never seen anything like it! . . . We saw two couples in the midst of the sex act in daylight." A letter to *Time* magazine suggested that he also spend one or two moonlit evenings spying on those who park along the lover's lanes in his own Bible Belt state.

Graham seems to be miffed by big cities generally. On his return, he also admitted that New York was "simply too big to be reached" by his kind of crusade. He added that "it was like a flea crawling on an elephant."

WHERE'S SELGE? Bernard J. Sheil, auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, who distinguished himself as the only Catholic bishop who openly criticized Senator Joe McCarthy, received belated

recognition from the new Pope. He was promoted to the rank of Archbishop and made titular bishop of Selge. But he told reporters that his duties would remain the same as they have been since his "voluntary withdrawal" from active work some years ago—those of a pastor of a parish in Chicago.

THE BIG INCH. The governing board of the National Council of Churches, representing most American Protestants, opposed adoption of the so-called "Christian Amendment," which provides that the nation "devoutly recognizes the authority and law of Jesus Christ." The discrimination against Jews and non-believers is obvious. But there is also the danger, as Protestants see it, that in recognizing the "law of Jesus Christ," the government might be said to have adopted the law "infallibly" promulgated by the Pope.

LOVE THY OPPOSITION. Catholic party Chancellor Julius Raab of Austria, thru a deal with the opposition, retained his post despite his defeat in the recent elections. But he had to concede several new cabinet seats, including much economic power, to the Socialists. His ambition for a new concordat with the Pope seems to have gone by the board. Meanwhile, Franziskus Cardinal Koenig visited President Eisenhower, thanking him for American millions.

BEYOND THE CALL. A young Catholic California college girl rescued a boy classmate from a shark but he had been fatally wounded and lived only long enough for her to baptize him. She was given a medal by the Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women and another by Pope John himself. The young man's funeral service was conducted in a Lutheran Church.

KISS AND MAKE UP. Argentine President Arturo Frondizi was almost overthrown last month in a crisis resulting from exposure of his secret voting pact with exiled Dictator Juan Peron, whose followers have been outlawed. Living in the turbulent Dominican Republic, Peron fears that he may have to make a quick getaway and would like to go to Italy or some other Catholic country. He has applied for revocation of his excommunication from the Catholic Church, decreed because he expelled some Catholic priests from Argentina.

FAITH HEALING. In Philadelphia, the third annual International Conference on Spiritual Healing, sponsored by the Order of St. Luke the Physician, was scheduled for September 15-16. During the preceding week, a woman in Detroit had thrown away

her insulin, believing that she had been cured of diabetes by Oral Roberts. Next day she died in a public hospital.

A little earlier, at Fayetteville, North Carolina, a young couple drove their sick 3-year-old daughter 250 miles to see Roberts. They arrived an hour late for one meeting, waited ten hours in the open for another to begin, during which the child died in their car, while crowds prayed loudly for her.

"NON-PRACTICING." The bad feeling between the Catholic Church and its most famous Cuban member, Fidel Castro, has worsened since the *Realist's* last report. All five members of the Cuban hierarchy have been called into a conference. Pedro Luis Diaz Lanz, defecting chief of Castro's air force, said that the word "God" had been removed from the Cuban constitution because "Communism does not agree with the church, with religion." Major Diaz said that Premier Castro had publicly avoided answering questions on this point. While Castro had a Jesuit education, Roman Catholic sources classify him as a "non-practicing Catholic."

THE GREAT DEBATE. The constitution of North Carolina says that "Beneficent provisions for the poor, the unfortunate, and the orphans being one of the first duties of a civilized Christian state, the general assembly shall provide for and define the duties of a Board of Public Welfare."

Representative Pat Taylor, a member of the state constitutional revision committee, thought that the reference to Christianity should be stricken out. He said that if he were a member of another faith, he would not "want them raising taxes and saying it would be spent only on Christians." But Representative Ed Yarbrough said that he would "never vote against Christianity."

After this inspiring exchange of irrelevancies, the committee supported Yarbrough and refused to strike out the word, "Christian."

AN AMERICAN TRIANGLE. The United States Senate has adopted a resolution to designate the fourth Sunday of September as Inter-Faith Day. Presumably on that day all unbelievers may remain in bed.

AUTONOMY OF "MURDER." The American Law Institute has proposed the adoption by all states of uniform laws permitting therapeutic abortions not only, as now usually permitted, to "save the life of the mother," but also to "preserve her health," mental and physical, in case of rape and incest, to avoid the birth of monstrous children, etc. The proposal is opposed by Catholic lawyers because their church treats all abortions as the equivalent of murder.

John Francis Putnam's

Modest Proposals

When Americans reluctantly come around to a distasteful point of view like, say, "tolerance," they rationalize their acceptance of it by saying it is for "business reasons." That one golden reason can even justify non-conformity!

But it is a pity, when you consider how much we all enjoy hating some group or other, that you can't indulge in the fullest exercise of your cherished prejudices without hurting somebody's feelings. And if there's anything an American hates to be told, it's that he's hurt somebody's feelings.

It is a frustrating situation. For example, when you feel like telling a Jewish joke in mixed company and find that you have to stop and count noses. . . . It's awful, believe me. You can't complain about the food in a Greek luncheonette because there may be some Mexicans sitting at the counter. And as for recommending Joseph Conrad's Narcissistic sea epic to an NAACP friend . . . well, it's getting rough all over.

Even the Irish are sensitive these days, and besides, they are more likely to sock you than any other group. I know a few Gypsy haters, but they are becoming as scarce as Gypsies and soon both haters and hated will be absorbed into the melting pot, which, when last heard from, was no longer calling the kettle black. (A state law.)

Still the need to hate persists. You try hating red-heads, but along comes one who is big-bosomed, small-waisted and wiggles when she walks; so you try bald headed men. . . .

You soon find, that for a prejudice to be vigorously, heartily and satisfyingly expressed, the target has to have social and cultural as well as ethnic patterns. You have to be able to visualize all sorts of details about the group you hate, so that you can savor the whole business and lovingly clench your fists and snort with indignation over the way they live, eat, pray, make love, etc. (And let's face it, their way is always *better* than yours!) But today they're passing laws all over the country making it illegal to hate people because of race, creed or national origin. In the words of the old Jerome Kern song:

Work up a lil' hate an' you land in jail!

But don't patch the eye-holes in your sheets boys, there's still a way out. I have found one group which, within the strict interpretation of the law, is perfectly

O.K. to hate. Friend of mine from down in Mississippi somewheres told me about this happy medium at a recent meeting in a Yorkville bar and he set forth his argument as follows:

"If they's anything in this world I hate, it's a Veteran! Greedy? Why they's the eatin'est hawks you ever saw! An' what's more, they is lazy, shiftless an' they all has got *big feet*. (From marchin' in all them parades!) An you can't go wastin' an education on 'em. (Not when they's all'a time chasin' after them college professors an' the like!)

"What's more, them Veterans, they sticks together like flies on a wounded pig! Take the real estate problem you got with them. . . . a nice development opens up outside of town an' a goddam *Veteran* sneaks in. 'Fore you know it, he's brought in his relatives an' the whole section is spoiled. Should go back to like it was right after the war when they had them segregated in camps, that's what!

"When you're on a crowded bus, who is it gives you the shove and the elbow? A Veteran, that's who! You realize who it is controls all the banks and big business in this country? Veterans! Newspapers, mag-

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azines, comic books, all controlled by Veterans! They got a strangle hold on our e-conomy!

"But they's clever! Time was you could tell a Veteran on sight. The govern'mint made 'em wear a badge with a duck on it, but they was so conspi-kuous everywhere they stopt wearin' them badges an' nowadays you liable to find yourself *shakin' hands* with a Veteran an' not even *know* it!

"Once a month they meets behin' closed doors. What goes on is *anybody's* guess. I hear they's actually plottin' to take over the govern'mint . . . they tried it before (remember the bonus march?) an' they'll sure as hell try it again!

"But the worst of all is them Veterans is all of 'em oversexed . . . ever see how they behaves at their conventions — an' stag parties? You may say what you want in their favor, you may stand up an' defend 'em, accept 'em into your home for dinner, appear with 'em in public places, but tell me this . . . would you want your *sister* to marry a Veteran?"

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