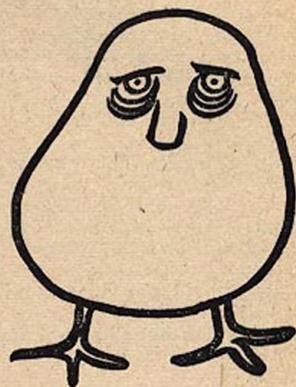


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



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CORE AND SURFACE.

Refocusing on Hips and Squares

By LAWRENCE BARTH

From east of San Francisco and west of Radio City—from the bottoms of Bohemian coffee cups and the tops of Madison Avenue heads—we're hit by discussion: What's with the hips-and-beats as against what's with the squares?

May I ask for a folding of this discussion inward to its core and then outward in the opposite direction to sensible criteria? Nobody is going to solve anything—or even clarify any issues much—by thinking of one set of guys over there, the hips, and another set across the trenches, the squares.

First, neither term means anything exact enough to be the basis of really meaningful analysis; second, whatever rough definition of the terms is possible shows up—in each case—a group of people with a pile of faults about as high as that across the trench. Oversimplifying will get us nowhere.

IN THIS ISSUE—

DR. ALBERT ELLIS
CALLS D. H. LAWRENCE
"A REAL PRUDE . . ."

"Hips" (and I will not abate quotation marks) have been around for some thousands of years. So have "squares." They've been called a variety of words through the centuries—words of a comfortable (and familiar) fuzziness: poets, sensitives, intellectuals, realists; and, on the other side: fools, Babbitts, and lots more—as James Boyer May has pointed out in a perceptive essay in *Trace*.

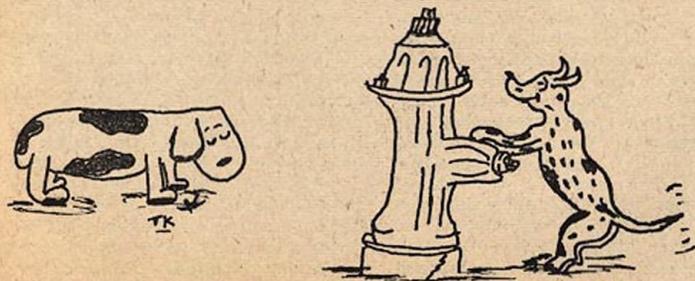
Let's list a few sample characteristics from both "groups" that can be considered typical of them (generally speaking, that is; I make no pretense of trying to be complete, or trying to duplicate everyone's definitions). Then let's see what clarities can be distilled from them. I realize that by making such lists I risk sounding mechanical, but there is so much blurry wordage about man today that a list might help us to focus sharply.

HIPS

(At least partly synonymous with "beats")

1. Belief in thinking for themselves; examining evidence they believe to be reliable (usually hard to find), and drawing logical conclusions.
2. Appreciation of experiment of all kinds—in the arts, sciences, emotions, sensation, thought.
3. Interest in relative depth, occasionally great depth, in such fields of

(Continued on Page 2)



"Of course there's a God, Emanuel. Who do you think puts these things up?"

HIPS AND SQUARES

(Continued from Cover)

human functioning.

4. Though not invariably, by any means, often a belief in the God idea, and increasingly a tendency to return to it if it had been discarded.

5. A belief that the taking of drugs is a pretty good way to cope with the disintegration of society and the discomfort of living in it.

6. The conviction that the use of the intellect is outmoded.

7. The conviction that the use of emotion is outmoded.

8. The idea that complete non-acceptance of rules of social living is a great advance over the "squares" conformism.

9. The belief that politics, as politics, is a hopeless tool.

10. The idea that all protest and organized action is a hopeless tool; apathy.

11. The belief that idleness and constant flight from place to place is an answer to the pain of living in a society dominated by anti-life attitudes.

12. The idea that pain itself is desirable, a necessity, something that should not be eliminated.

SQUARES

1. Thoughtless acceptance of social formulas that are handed to them, and attempt to practice them.

2. Fear of experiment of all kinds; acceptance of an innovation only after it has been widely practiced and pretty thoroughly emasculated.

3. No interest in depth at all; a definite fear of it.

4. Almost invariably a belief in the God idea.

5. Dislike of taking drugs other than alcohol.

6. The conviction that the use of the intellect is (at least) suspect; fear of thinking.

7. The conviction that full or true emotion is not for them; the substitution of either blankness or ersatz emotion.

8. The idea that acceptance of all the current rules of social living must "of course" be carried out.

9. The notion that politics, as politics, can accomplish useful social ends.

10. The idea that all protest and organized action is a hopeless tool; apathy.

11. The feeling that accomplishment is on the whole better than perpetual idleness, and that flight is no panacea.

12. The idea that pain should be kicked out of life.

The most obvious and striking fact about these lists is that they are a mess of contradictions. They are, of course, also oversimplified. In elaborating slightly on the characteristics, I

want to demonstrate that the two-separate-armies picture has very little foundation in reality; that a much more basic approach is needed. Elaboration:

Thinking: In general the characteristics as listed are true for both groups; however, note that "hips" will often be non-logical in accepting a mystical outlook as a way of life, drugs as a desirable experience, and irresponsibility as a personal code.

Experiment: "Hips" do accept experiment, but in so doing, often fail to see where the experiment runs out into meaninglessness, escape tactics, or mysticism; they also encourage the development of clique politics around an experimental project, returning in this way to rigidity.

Depth: Sometimes a "hip" will consider various neurotic sensations or irrationally induced sensations a deep experience, as in drug-taking; occasionally a "square" hunter in the woods, all unaware of his hunter's sadism, will be swept upward by the power and beauty of nature.

God: Both the presumable "opponents" almost always are willing to accept the primitive habit of personifying the energies and processes of nature. True, the "square" is more likely to take it out in churchgoing, compulsive moralism, and the confident use of prayer, while the "hip" may be a non-churched mystic (or, if intellect predominates in the latter, he may reason that because the processes of nature are not well understood yet, this necessarily forces a belief in a deity "to explain it all"). Both are misinterpreting, each from his own plateau of neurosis, the surge and blocking of their living energy.

Drugs: In both cases the use of drugs, including alcohol (I hate to call this helpful balm a drug, but it is), appears to be an effort to return to the flexibility, naturalness, and sensitivity of an infant, dimly remembered from that time before the building of the child's emotional armoring began in grim earnest. In the case of both "hip" and "square" the use of the chemical is intended (whether consciously or not) as an approach in the direction of health, and in both cases the attempt is made through ineffective means.

Intellect: In the "square" the contempt for reasoning has usually existed since early childhood, when the direct experimenting with environment of the small child begins to be crushed by parents and school; in some "hips" who have respected reasoning for many years, the boycotting of intellect seems to be a violent, oversimplified attempt to recapture a full use of their emotions. In both, of course, the attitude represents an amputation.

Emotion: "Hips" too fear true feelings in most cases, and they too will

substitute the ersatz where they are too bricked up to achieve a breakthrough into natural emotionality. The fear of pleasure runs through society, and lies, I believe, at the true root of "civilized" man's hypocrisy and social torture. "Squares" sometimes have a somewhat more direct, somewhat healthier emotional mobility. Both show a sick blindness to the natural unity of reason and emotion; to the fact that healthy emotional experiences improve the quality of reasoning, and that reasonable decisions improve the quality of the emotional and sensory life.

Conformism: The "hips," especially in the more "beat" manifestations, tend to a strict conformism of their own sect, as many commentators have pointed out. Where they're anarchistic (somewhat along the lines of the old Dada group, perhaps?) they must indiscriminately assume that organization and self-regulation are not among the necessities of human living-together. Even all mass production is rejected by them in blanket condemnation while they play jazz records on their phonos (neither of them hand-hewn). This anarchy is no more rational than "squares" automatic acceptance of moralistic rules.

Politics: The tactical shoving for power, the process called politics, is an irrational activity, yes (and I once discussed this in some detail in *The Miscellaneous Man*). Note, however, that the "square" too is becoming aware of this through a gradually awakening cynicism, and a vague sense of the neurotic factors that make the mass of people so often vote into power those who will most efficiently step on their necks.

Protest: Apathy and non-action are extremely widespread in both "hips" and "squares." Though some "hips" recognize that there are rational forms of protest action not allied with politicking, this realization does not move them to doing anything.

Idleness, flight: The "hip" is clearly non-rational in both these "refuges." The "square," though he believes in accomplishment, makes little distinction about the type of accomplishment he achieves. Thus, in leisure time, becoming commander of his American Legion post, or achieving fame as an outstanding collector of old buttons, are considered of value; in daily work, money is almost the total incentive—pride of craftsmanship and responsibility, and pleasure in being useful to society, have almost vanished as work motives.

Pain: Within the terms of an anti-life society, the placing of value on pain, as some "hips" do, seems for a moment to be rational, for it is true that pain can sometimes work as a cure for smugness and insensitivity to others' needs or occasionally serve as a useful warning. It is only condition-

EDITOREALISMS

The Pro-Reality Neurosis

When the *Realist* began almost two years ago, we received a request for a sample copy, together with 25¢, from Lawrence Barth. We sent him the first issue. When he discovered that the price of a single copy was 35¢, he mailed in a dime.

This was a rare and refreshing bit of honesty in a world where cheating occurs not merely from womb to tomb, but from urge to dirge.

We're honored to welcome Lawrence Barth to the *Realist's* staff this month as a regular columnist. (Our constipation worries are over.)

He is a widely-published free-lance writer, and, as Norman Mailer said about his book, *Universe Inside Me*—even before he finished reading it—Barth writes "with beauty and unembarrassed eloquence."

What are his qualifications? Well, in his own words:

"Only that from the age of twelve I've been coping with and gradually getting the upper hand on the anti-reality neurosis that parents so enthusiastically plump down on their kids' heads in our culture. I'm forty-six now and I've learned a lot, and perhaps the best qualification is that I hate and resist any creeping smugness about it in myself as much as I hate the social bullshit."

That qualification, by the way, is as good a description as any, of what our mascot on the cover, "Sir Realist," symbolizes. And the reason he doesn't have any mouth—in answer to several inquiries—is that it's the most realistic way to avoid putting his foot into it.

Footnote Type Things

Because of the gratifying response to the *Realist's* "Impolite Interviews," we've decided to continue the series. Issue #18 will contain an impolite interview

ally rational, however, to value pain; basically, biologically, pain contracts, works against, the life process. To put it right to the point, as one of the kids in "Peanuts" did, pain hurts. Rationalizations about it are primarily masochistic excuses. Note that "squares" as well accept various kinds of masochistic and sadistic activity as a "natural part of life."

It should be clear from the above that human faults wash over both "sides" of the trench, as do human virtues. To get rid of those sloppy words and be more scientific about it, let's call faults by a more meaningful term: "effects of the widespread neurosis in the human race." And virtues: "bits of naturalness and emotional expansion that escape through chinks in the man-induced human armor."

In both, the human neurosis is at work; in both, human energy gets blocked, twisted, and rebounds in irrational ways as what Reich (in his outstanding and now-banned books) called secondary drives: the mess of everyday nasty and asinine activities

that we're pleased to call "human nature."

There are those who may recoil from my use of words like "rational" and "scientific." As a creative writer and poet I'm well aware of esthetics, of mysteries and nuances in the arts, of indefinable feelings. I wouldn't for the world try to push them away; on the contrary, through a rational use of mind I look for the blocks that the sick human tribe has set up in the path of such sensitivities.

Art and science, emotion and reason, an awed sense of the universe and the analysis of nature—these are not opposites, as our dual-minded society insists; in a healthy person they function essentially as unities. And in the same sense, "hips" and "squares" are not two armies, but one basic thing: biological human beings with certain positive aspects, but mostly caged in the centuries-old artifact, the human neurosis.

Is that all I'm trying to say here? No. I don't want to oversimplify in a reverse direction; the outlook on life of the average "hip" is clearly closer

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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with a 'pacifist'-'anarchist'-'communist.' Issue #19: Henry Morgan.

Others in the field of humor will include Al Capp, Jules Feiffer, Interlandi, Jim Moran, Charles Schulz, Jean Shepherd, and H. Allen Smith.

On the serious side: Eunice & George Grier, authors of *Privately Developed Interracial Housing*; semantacist S. I. Hayakawa; labor reporter Murray Kempton; poet Kenneth Rexroth; and Allen Saunders, who writes *Mary Worth*.

Readers are invited to submit questions.

The *Realist* now has a distributor. If there are any particular newsstands or bookstores in your area which would be desirable outlets for this particular publication, they may contact Publishers Cooperative Distributing Service, 333 Park Ave. S., New York 10, N. Y.

This issue, therefore, is dated May rather than April. (Well, we had to have some excuse.)

Our stereophonic hoax (issue #16) was a solid success, judging by its ridiculous repercussions—and we'd like to thank all those who participated. A full report here next month—unless, as one advertising executive direly predicted, we land in jail on charges of "malicious mischief."

In which case you can probably expect an impolite interview with the chief warden there.

to reality—the pro-life realities and recognition of the anti-life realities—than that of the average "square."

But there's a bent of the more vigorous thinking people today toward scorning limited impulses and limited thoughts that are pointed in the direction of preserving living functions and human joy. I can't overspecialize in that wholesale way; it's too late in the world for such an error. I'd rather look for the health and the sickness within every person; encourage the health and try to excise the sickness.

Thus—to take a random example—I too criticize Norman Cousins strongly for letting the Saturday Review drag along sentimentally and genteelly, many years behind, shutting out vital new ideas; and at the same time I give him full credit for his opposition to the nuclear football games and his humane acts for the atom-scarred Japanese women and others.

We can't afford to throw away a single molecule of life-affirmation today (could we ever?)—and we need to dig it out of every living being as best we can—"hip," "square" or unlabeled.

Negative Thinking

by Robert Anton Wilson

Letter to a Lady in Iowa

Dear Madam,

I've never met you, and I don't know anything about you, except one thing. I don't know your age, or what color hair you have, or the number of your children, or whether you vote Democratic or Republican. All I know about you is that you wrote a letter about the Caryl Chessman case. You sent it to one of those stupid mass-magazines—*Life* or *Time* or *Look*—and they printed it. I read it there.

Do you remember that letter, madam? You were obviously very angry when you wrote it, and your rage scalds my mind even now as I remember it. Reading that letter, madam, was like opening the door of a blast furnace and being driven back by the unleashed thousand-centigrade waves of heat. But it wasn't a *physical* heat that radiated from your letter; it was a pulsating *hatred* and *fury*, like the roars of some poor bear caught in a cruel steel trap.

I showed the letter to my wife. She shuddered when she read it. "Poor sick woman," she said. We wondered about you; we wondered what kind of a steel trap you are caught in, out there in Iowa or Wisconsin or Illinois, in the American miasma. We wondered where your hatred and rage come from, and why you have picked Caryl Chessman to be the target of it.

Why are you so determined that this man must die? What kind of gratification are you going to feel when those little pellets drop into the pan and the poison gas comes up around Chessman's nostrils and stops his breathing forever? I wonder about that gratification, that pleasure you desire so much, the pleasure of knowing that a man has been killed.

Is it the kind of pleasure I feel when I see a good painting? Is it like the serenity my wife feels when she writes a satisfactory poem? Is it what Christ felt when he saw some of his own compassion take root in a human heart? When he saw mercy and kindness in one of the disciples who had not had those qualities before? Is it what Pasteur felt when he conquered rabies? Or what Schweitzer feels when he heals the sores of an African baby? Is it what Shakespeare felt when he wrote *Lear*? Or what Van Gogh felt when he painted *The Starry Sky*?

I can't believe it. I don't think that any of these joys—the joys of making or participating in art, the joys of ethical or scientific advancement—have ever been known to you, out there in the Iowa or Ohio split-level American sprawl. I think that the pleasure you look forward to on the night Chessman is killed is the same pleasure Hitler looked forward to when he ordered the building of Auschwitz and Belsen. I imagine that the sensation of enjoying the knowledge that a human being is being gassed to death must be the same enjoyment, in America or in Germany.

Does this comparison make you indignant, little middle-class American woman? Does it arouse again the same rage that was in your letter? I imagine that it does. I imagine that you are beginning to hate me, as you hate the others you mention in your letter—"slobbering sentimentalists who want to spare this

monster's life." I imagine that you approved of the Nuremberg Trials, and rejoiced at the executions of the Nazi criminals, and so you consider yourself a good American and an enemy of fascism.

You deceive yourself, little Pennsylvania or Florida mother. You are not an enemy of fascism. You are its chief embodiment. Fascism is not something that existed in Germany and Italy for a few decades and now has vanished from the world.

Fascism is your refrigerator and your nice, vomit-making middle-class drapes and your awful chenille bedspreads. Fascism is the toy rocketship you call a car, and the cancerous cigarette you smoke because the advertisers have made it a symbol of the sexual gratification you lack. Fascism is all of the other status symbols that come between you and the holy flesh of your fellow men and women.

Fascism is what you did when you kept that Negro engineer from buying a home in your nice, vomit-making split-level neighborhood. Fascism is the way you black-balled the Jewish lawyer's wife from your nice, Wednesday afternoon cackle-club.

Do you want a definition of fascism, little American mother-of-two who has never had an orgasm? Fascism is all the values that you consider American and Christian and proper. Fascism is all the values that the little mothers of Germany considered German and Christian and proper. Do you understand me? Fascism is all your cute little doilies and café curtains and the incredible bullshit that your magazines—*Life* and *Time* and *Look*—tell you every week.

Do you know why you want to kill Caryl Chessman—why you would like to "pull the switch" yourself, as you say in your letter? It's not because you love your daughters and want to protect them. Actually, little simpering woman out there in California, you hate your daughters. You hate their flesh, as you hate Chessman's breathing flesh and want to destroy it, as you hate all flesh.

You hate the pleasures of their flesh, you do everything you can to keep them from growing up, you can't stand the thought that a quiver of pleasure might ever course through their innocent, beautiful young bodies. You are teaching them the same values. You are breaking their spirits, torturing them every day, killing their bodies and their capacities to rejoice and be happy in their bodies. You call it "a good Christian upbringing."

That is what fascism is, little blood-thirsty PTA secretary. It is hatred of the flesh, hatred of life. It is the desire to murder flesh, to mortify flesh, to stop the enjoyment of flesh. It is the nasty, mean, sly little way you stopped your son from masturbating, under the disguise of a very "modern" understanding and tolerance. Do you remember how you did it, with all your lies about "maturity" and "growing up"?

Your son will not grow up, little woman. In one way or another, he will be masturbating sneakily, in private, long after he is married—because you blocked it now, in his childhood, when he needed it.

Fascism is everything that hates the flesh and tortures it. It's the very "virile" and "masculine" hunting that your husband does. Do you know what he feels when he shoots some poor harmless living creature and sees its blood splattered on its innocent feathers or fur? It's the same perverted sexual thrill you are going

to feel the night your society kills Caryl Chessman. It's the thrill he can get only by firing a gun, shooting a bullet into living flesh.

He should get that thrill in a clean, unperverted way, releasing his warm sperm into your living flesh, but you have made that impossible for him, haven't you? He has to kill because he cannot love.

Do you deny it, little giver of Church Suppers and Charity Bazaars? Do you claim that killing Caryl Whittier Chessman is necessary to deter other criminals? Even if you claim it, you cannot possibly believe it. The facts have been published too often, in too many places, even in your lying mass-magazines. You avert your eyes when you see the evidence, don't you? You turn away, you mutter to yourself, "I've got a right to my own opinion."

Sometimes your intellectual cowardice makes me sick, little Utah woman. You know that you haven't got a right to your own opinion when that opinion is based on deliberately avoiding the facts. You have not, and can not, have the right to live on lies, to teach lies to others, to build a society based on lies.

The truth is on record, for all to read: every country which has abolished capital punishment has had a *decrease*, not an *increase*, in crime. Capital punishment has no deterrent effect; if anything, it has a provocative effect. The statistics are available, in Koestler's *Reflections on Hanging*, in Duff's *New Handbook of Hanging*, in the report of the British Royal Committee on Capital Punishment, in the sociological studies of Thorstein Sellin, even in your cowardly little *Time* magazine of March 21, 1960.

Killing Caryl Chessman is not going to have a deterrent effect on any other criminal anywhere at any time. It will not benefit you or me or our daughters or society. It will merely gratify your lust for blood, little canasta player of New Jersey. Why can't you face it? Why can't you admit that you just desire the thrill of murder? Why do you have to pretend that you are different from Chessman?

Listen—do you want to hear your own voice, little boycotter of Marilyn Monroe movies? Do you want to know what you are like deep inside? I will tell you. I will let you hear for once the voice of your own deepest, most hidden self:

"I tried to tell a story of how a psychopathic hate is born and what it can do; I ended by letting Hate tell the story. . . .

"And what a perfect thing is your Hate. It drives you forward; it sustains you; it gives you a terrible sanity, and the strength to fight fire with fire . . . Ah, Hate, you cry out to this fanatic friend. Between the two of us we will go a long, long way. We will go right to the center of the inferno and there we will stand, taunting those too timid to follow. . . .

"I had 'proved' everything I felt the need to prove: that I couldn't be scared or broken or driven to my knees; that I didn't give a damn. . . . It is a need to prove that one can do without—without love, without faith, without belief, without warmth, without friends, without freedom. . . . If not checked, the ultimate (conscious or unconscious) need is to prove that one can do without even life itself. . . .

"And that, I'm convinced, is the most terrible thing that can happen to any man. . . . It means that you have

bomb prove it? Isn't all violence really violence against traded fear for guile and hate and an angry, furious contempt, that you have turned against yourself and all that is warm and human. . . .

"But there are periods of self-doubt and times when you know yourself for what you are—an angry, hating, fighting failure. . . . You fiercely resolve that you will find a way to liberate yourself from the Thing that subjugates you. The Thing is psychopathic bondage."

Do you recognize these words, little librarian out there in Jackson, Mississippi? Isn't this the hymn of hate that begins to well up in your mind around three in the morning, after hours and hours of restless tossing—do you remember how you jump out of bed and run for the safe, non-habit-forming drug your doctor has prescribed for your "nerves"?

These are Caryl Chessman's words, from his book *Cell 2455, Death Row*—they explain why you want to kill him, and why you must not. Chessman is the embodiment of all the things you smother under your aspirin and miltown and luncheon martinis and your insane, catatonic hours of mindless, mind-destroying TV-fantasy.

Do you begin to understand? Do you know why you really want to kill Caryl Chessman? He is a psychopath, a man subjugated by the psychopathy of our society. He has done what you secretly desire to do: he has risen up in armed rebellion. Dr. Robert Lindner, who understood the psychopathic criminal perhaps better than anyone else before or since, has defined the type as "a rebel without a cause, an agitator without a slogan, a revolutionary without a program."

He is a man whose flesh has been tortured beyond endurance by the fascist puritanism of our society. He couldn't stand it; he lost control; he lashed out in violence against his tormenters—you and your daughters and your courts and policemen and judges. Do you understand now why he frightens you? He is releasing *It*—the pressure, the weeping, suffering, angry, sulking pressure inside *you*, the pressure you drown and smother with your TV and soap opera and Bufferin.

It gives you a thrill, way down deep inside, to read about his offenses, doesn't it? That's why your newspapers are always full of stories of murder and rape and mugging and violence. You need the thrill of reading about these things, don't you, little Secretary of the Society to Fight Communism in East Orange?

You can't admit it, can you? You only read the rape stories in the newspaper because you feel sorry for the victims, you say. Then tell me, little frigid woman, why are you so cruel to these victims when you have one in your own neighborhood? Why do sociological studies reveal that a girl who has been raped in America generally has to leave the community afterwards? What do you whisper about her as she passes on the street? Do you care to remember that, you little hypocritical Methodist?

You want to kill Caryl Chessman because you are afraid to admit to yourself how much *you enjoyed* his crimes!

After he is dead, you will make a hero of him, as you did with Robin Hood and Jesse James and other psychopathic individuals. You *love* the psychopathic rebel, really—after he is dead. All of your myths prove it. He is the manifestation of your own childish desire to just break loose—violently, irrevocably, blindly—

against the inhuman pressure of your own fascism.

You and he are basically alike in this one thing: that you do not know or understand the possibilities of intelligent and constructive rebellion.

And the terrible irony of this is that Caryl Chessman may very well have learned, through his writings, how to channel his rebellion into a less infantile behavior than hoodlumism. His later books—*Trial by Ordeal* and *The Face of Justice*—seem to lack the volcanic hatred of *Cell 2455*, *Death Row*. His recent gesture of offering his own life in exchange for an end to capital punishment was certainly the act of a constructive, rather than destructive, rebel.

It can happen, sometimes. There was in New York, a few years ago, a young Italian boy headed in the same direction that Chessman once took. This boy happened to read Allen Ginsberg's poem *Howl* while in prison, and he decided to become a poet himself. He is now recognized by many as the country's major young poet—Gregory Corso—and he has not returned to crime.

"The life of crime," he has said, "was only necessary to me when I didn't know the more creative rebellion of art." Jean Genet in France is another case of a criminal who was able to unleash his inner turmoil in art and thus lost the need to unleash it in crime.

Do you begin to understand why you *must not* kill Caryl Chessman, little Minnesota neurotic? Do you want to know why so many "sentimental fools," as you call them, from all over the world are defending this man? It is because they are beginning to understand—some dimly and some with a terrible clarity—the horror of the age in which we live.

They are beginning to understand that fascism is hatred of the flesh, torture of the flesh, killing the flesh. They are beginning to understand that the evil is the same in both the Nazi war criminals and in the judges who condemned them at Nuremberg—the same in Khrushchev sending his tanks into Budapest and in Truman sending that bomber to Hiroshima.

They are beginning to realize that the horror of fascism, the horror of flesh-hatred, can never do anything but feed on itself and destroy itself—that violence and hatred can never produce any progeny but more violence and more hatred. The First World War made a world so sick that nothing could grow strong in it but fascism—Mussolini's and Hitler's and Stalin's and Franco's and Peron's and Metaxas's—country after country going mad.

The Second World War did not defeat fascism: it increased it, a hundredfold, in the hearts and minds of the victors. Our Government today, once the free and decent embodiment of man's highest hopes, is engaged in testing and perfecting weapons that only a madman could conceive.

The spiral never turns downward: it mounts and mounts, violence producing violence producing violence in an endless cycle, until we are all mad with blood and hunger for blood. After each new atrocity we grow madder, more frightened of our enemies and ourselves, more hungry for greater atrocities.

Where can it end but at the place where it started? Hatred of the flesh! It is as if the mouth bit the hand or the leg kicked the face. We are turned against ourselves, not against our enemies—doesn't the hydrogen

self? All flesh comes from one primordial drop of sperm: every hunter hunts himself.

If you love yourself, how can you hate any flesh? When the sperm meets the ovum—when life is made in the furnace of passion—only the insane can hate the act of fucking. And where else but from this insane hatred can come a hatred of any living creature of flesh? It is only because you hate yourself, little frigid woman, only because you have been taught and believe that your body is evil, that you can for a moment desire the death of any living body.

Can't you open your eyes even yet, poor, sick little woman? Destruction stares you in the face. Radioactive fallout is in the milk you drink. Your bones are rotting with it. The men you elected and sent to Washington are spending your money to create nerve gas to drive whole populations insane.

Do you think it's going to be used only on the Russians? Hold a Russian baby in your arms for a moment, and ask yourself if even that dirty little lie would justify such weapons. But it is lie, and you and your babies will be the population on whom the gas will be used, if it is ever used.

Do you begin to understand the opposition to capital punishment now? It is not a matter of Caryl Chessman's individual life: it is a matter of life *per se*. So long as men think that any excuse justifies the taking of life, none of us are safe. Somewhere the chain of violence begetting violence must be broken. Somewhere we must stop and tell ourselves:

"The flesh is sacred. It must not be harmed, ever, for any excuse. Not for vengeance, and not for World Socialism, and not for German Supremacy, and not for Democracy. The flesh must be preserved!"

Did I shock you when I used the word, "fucking," a little while ago? Do you know that if you love babies, you must love fucking? Do you know that if your husband loved you, really loved you, and fucked you lovingly, he wouldn't have to go out and shoot little furry animals to prove his "masculinity"? Do you know that if a small baby is lovable, then the sperm and ovum from which he grew must be lovable, and all flesh must be lovable? Do you know that if you loved your husband you wouldn't have any desire to see *any* man die?

Do you know that all your status symbols, the "success" to which you drive your husband, are not flesh and can give you no real joy? Do you understand the whole world hates you for this love you have of silly trinkets and junk, this love of not-flesh? Do you know that $\frac{3}{4}$ of the people in the world hate you for using your atom bomb to hold them in starvation and subjugation while you plant your fat behind in a Cadillac to drive two blocks to the supermarket?

You have not been reading this, really, have you, little woman in Grand Rapids? You are muttering against me, calling me a "Beatnik" and a "nut." You and your legislators will go on making nerve gas and hydrogen bombs. You will go on hating the flesh, torturing it, and plotting its ultimate destruction. And you will kill Caryl Chessman.

It will be one of your last atrocities, little Christian woman. The time is running out for you and your legislators. All that you will accomplish by murdering Chessman is to notify the world (half of which has al-

(Continued on Page 15)

IMPOLITE INTERVIEW:

Dr. Albert Ellis — Part Two

Q. What sort of reviews have your books such as *The American Sexual Tragedy* and *Sex Without Guilt* received?

A. Fairly good reviews—when they were reviewed at all. Sex books, however, are not too frequently reviewed in the public press — especially when they take a liberal position, such as mine do. Even professional reviewers become disturbed, in many instances, about sexually liberal books and either ignore them or are disparagingly negative. All told, however, my books have got surprisingly good reviews.

More surprisingly, perhaps, my books on sex — including *The Folklore of Sex*, *The American Sexual Tragedy*, *Sex Without Guilt*, and *The Art and Science of Love* — have been refused advertising space, from time to time, in some of the most respectable, as well as some of the sexiest, publications. Thus, ads for one or more of these books have been refused by the *Saturday Review*, the *Reporter*, *Esquire*, *Playboy*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *Diner's Club Bulletin*.

Q. Applying the same liberal standards that you apply to taboo sex acts, such as premarital intercourse, what is your reaction to incest, which is one of the most taboo of all sex acts?

A. In terms of being a taboo, incest is just as nonsensical as any other taboo. There's no reason why it should be considered criminal or heinous or wicked to commit incest; and there's no real evidence as yet that incestuous relations are as damaging and harmful as they are often claimed to be.

However, there are some practical reasons why incest should normally be discouraged. If an individual has sex relations with members of his own family, it would be somewhat akin to his having relations with a girl with whom he intimately worked together or with one of his teachers; and these kinds of relationships often, though not always, lead to difficulties, jealousies, and dissensions.

After, for example, fornicating with your sister for awhile and then getting tired of her, you cannot very well say, "Well, Sis, I think we'd better stop seeing each other" — especially if she happens to be sixteen years of age and you're seventeen and you live in the same household.

Moreover, if you happen to be lusty mightily after your mother and she after you, and your father (peculiarly enough!) has some serious objections to this, a slight case or two of mayhem is likely to occur in your family; and that, to one or more of you, might be highly inconvenient.

In view of these practical disadvantages, I would certainly advise any of my patients or friends against committing incest. But if they failed to take my advice, I do not think they should be put in jail because of their rash sexual behavior.

I would consider incest much in the same class with what my friend and associate, Dr. Harry Benjamin, has called a vice rather than a crime. Vices — such as cigarette smoking or over-indulgence in alcohol — are things which we might well be happier if we did not engage in. But I do not think that they should be made crimes, except under unusual circumstances — as when the individual who over-indulges in alcohol insists on driving a car, and thereby endangers the lives of other people, while he is under its influence.

Q. Incidentally, do you smoke?

A. No. I discovered, at the tender age of twelve, that smoking was doing me and my throat tissue no good whatever, and have never been vice-ridden in this manner ever since.

Q. All right, now let's apply to incest one of the standards that you apply to homosexuality in your books, *'The American Sexual Tragedy'* and *'The Art and Science of Love.'* Suppose that there are two men stuck on a desert island and they know that they'll be there for a very long period of time. It's your contention that they would be neurotically fixated on heterosexuality if they did not get involved in some kind of homosexual relations — is that right?

A. Not exactly. Let me state it a little differently, because it isn't their overt homosexual acts that we have to be concerned with so much as their sexual desires and possibilities. Actually, one of the males might be physically repulsive to the other — just as if you were on a desert island with an ugly female of, say, eighty-five years of age, you might not have sex relations with her because she might be physically repulsive to you, rather than because you might be opposed to extra-marital relations.

Q. But even in the case of this ugly old woman, applying your own standards, wouldn't you still be neurotically fixated on beautiful young women if you refused to have any kind of sex relations with her when no other females were available?

A. Technically, to some degree, yes; but this would be a very minor kind of "neurosis." In my own case, I frankly acknowledge that I am a heterosexual "pervert," in the sense that I have damned little interest in eighty-five year old women and quite a bit of in-

terest in beautiful younger gals. Technically, you could say that I am fixated upon or fetishistically attached to the younger females. But since I was reared in a society which frankly encourages just this type of "fixation" and which hardly penalizes me in any way for being thusly "fixated," my "perversion" is exceptionally slight.

Similarly, a heterosexual male who for many years was forced to live on a desert island with a single other male who was himself reasonably attractive, and who refused to have any sexual relations whatever with this other male, would be technically "perverted," since he would then be inappropriately maintaining his exclusive heterosexuality.

But, as I point out in my chapter on sexual deviation in *The Art and Science of Love*, this man's "perversion" would be exceptionally minor or slight and would in no way be equal to the abnormality of an exclusively homosexual male in our own society who can have wide access to many good-looking females but who steadfastly refuses, out of extreme fear or hostility, to try even one of them.

Q. All right then; now let's apply this same situation to incest.

A. Fine. If you were stuck on a desert island for many years with, say, only your sister, and she were a reasonably young and attractive girl, would you be "perverted" if you refused under any circumstance to have intercourse with her — is that your question?

Q. Well, of course, there would then be my sister's "perversion" to contend with — but yes, that's the question.

A. Well, personally, being — as I said before—a mild heterosexual "pervert," I would almost certainly copulate with my sister and let the chips fall where they may. Because, of course, assuming (as you say) that she had no objections herself, there wouldn't be any chips to fall, and there would literally be no better choice.

In a civilized region, where I would be penalized for engaging in incestuous relations or where there were other females available, I would of course not engage in incest. But under the hypothetical conditions you give, why not?

Q. Why—not! . . . How do you feel about sexual freedom for teenagers?

A. Although, as I have stated in my books, I feel that premarital sex relations are fine for those who are sufficiently intelligent, well-informed, and emotionally mature to avoid unwanted pregnancy and venereal disease, teenagers are unfortunately often not in this category.

They frequently are unintelligent, ill-informed, and emotionally immature. But I have my famous "out" for them even in these instances — namely, that if they refrain from penile-vaginal coitus, which could well lead to

that it is, lives with us benefits could miss. ously as- methods of masturbat- ey include, and often al coitus. ee that in e's no to- therness in of people rithout any getherness, i other sex ce's hypo- equently do frustrating; y find not ating. ve may as- nasturbator wers, isn't over a pro- it his need al imagery n? all phanta- al at times, s with our As I have ce of Love, ried couples t that they of exciting rcourse to- d on think- they might t. y, or what- is the very uman core, y, emotion- abuse their ss disturbed lous use of lthy or un- o has prac- long period masturbat- his imagery ial satisfac- ing? all this use d, in that to face the dividuals do xually with are unable

extremely-sexualized i women, for example, an entire love story fore they become fully aroused. Thus,

The REALIST Issue Number 17 - May 1960 - Centerspread Image
scans of this entire issue found at: <http://www.ep.tc/realist/17>

often have to help them overcome their these kinds of fact that you've been married and divorced twice seem

earth's making one cynical, a most imp- selor. Secondl to acknow- takes, an one is lik courage t model of counselin Thirdly people w seling ac their mi and wan might b Here, th ence wit well be l For se l feel the marriage ceptional riage co Q. Wt why? A. As it stink written, stand a right, h place in so that satisfact This i: represen ciety an out, ma on "Art of Sexu: editing, ress bec against want it damned Q. Do kind of tion that A. I c it's quit or grou others n of writir legitima enforce, works t eus. It's th vice and may wel

The Easter Story

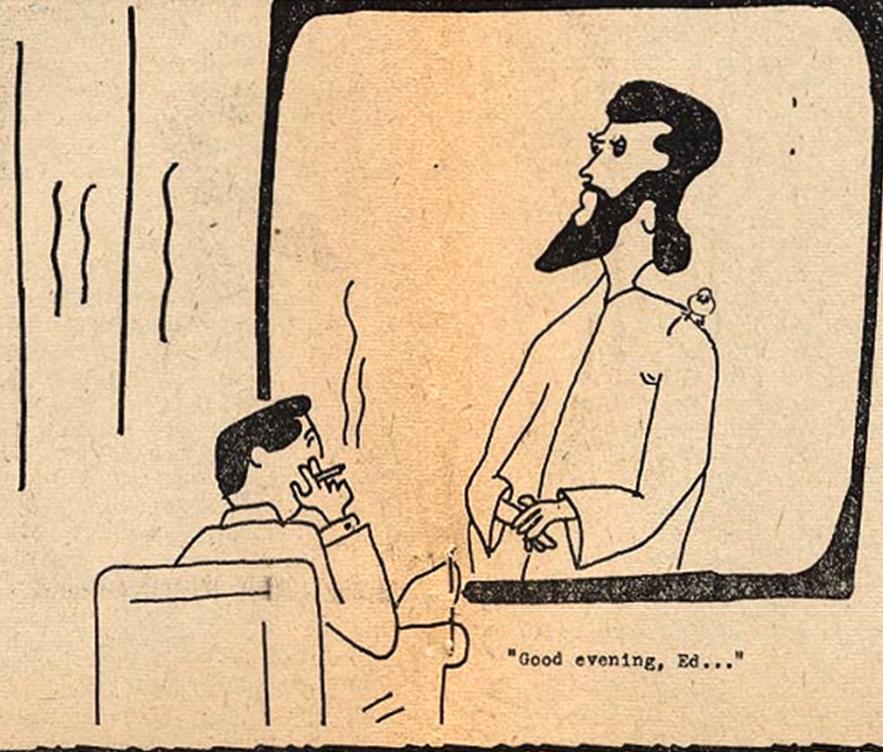
"One of the good things about our religion is that we can make fun of it. . . . If religion is to be a joy to us, we must keep it elastic—be able to laugh at our most sacred precepts without feeling we've committed a wrong."
—from *The Climate of Eden*



"Sorry, but I've been forced to close my practice. Why don't you try using Clearasil?"



"Would you mind crossing your feet, please -- we have only one more spike left."



"Good evening, Ed..."

The Number One Song on the Hit Parade in Alabama, North Carolina and Other States of Bigoted Mind:

"I Found My Segregated Baby in the Five-and-Ten-Cent Store. . ."

undesirable results, they may still quite freely engage in petting to orgasm, which is likely to have only good results.

Q. Well, if they're well-informed enough to pet to orgasm, wouldn't they also be intelligent and mature enough to use contraception?

A. Not necessarily. It is easier to teach many teenage youngsters to pet to orgasm and avoid actual intercourse than to have intercourse and always to employ proper contraceptive technique. Almost any teenager can be taught: "Do what you may sexually, with the full consent of your sex partner; but rigorously refrain from intercourse because it may well lead to pregnancy. Other than that, go enjoy yourself up to the hilt!"

Q. You mean NOT up to the hilt, right? . . . What do you think of D. H. Lawrence?

A. I am afraid that Lawrence was something of a prude! In spite of his real courage in writing works such as *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, he was a real prude in his attitudes toward masturbation — which he considered essentially wrong and almost wicked — and toward the sexuality of women.

He was morbidly afraid of females and throughout several of his books, such as *Aaron's Rod* and *Women in Love*, he keeps portraying an active, aggressive woman who's out to de-ball her lover by keeping after him sexually, striving for her own orgasmic satisfaction, and sapping his strength and vitality.

Lawrence, during a large part of his life, must have had very serious sex problems and had considerable feelings of inadequacy about his potency and his "masculinity."

Like so many disturbed males today, he falsely identified masculinity with his sacred penis and his ability to give a woman a simultaneous orgasm during penile-vaginal coitus. This was very sad, since Lawrence otherwise had the capacities to be a free and unanxious human being.

Q. But — judging by some of his essays, such as "Pornography and Obscenity"—wasn't Lawrence, rather than anti-masturbation per se, anti-masturbation when it's done as a kind of secondary thing instead of intercourse, with people getting their kicks vicariously through movies and novels rather than with an actual sex partner?

A. Perhaps so; but in the essay you cite, he did refer to "the vice of self-abuse, onanism, masturbation, call

it what you will." He felt that masturbation is "exhaustive"; that it includes no sexual give and take, as intercourse does; and that "in masturbation there is nothing but loss." These are rather extreme statements.

Certainly, as I have pointed out in *Sex Without Guilt*, masturbation is usually less satisfying than heterosexual copulation; but it is hardly exhaustive unless, like Lawrence, you are prejudiced enough to think that it is; and it endows many human lives with utterly harmless and enormous benefits that these lives otherwise would miss.

Lawrence, moreover, wrongly assumed that extravaginal methods of heterosexual contact were masturbatory — when, of course, they include just as much give and take, and often a lot more, than does vaginal coitus.

Q. But would you agree that in masturbation — well, there's no togetherness?

A. Yes, there is no togetherness in masturbation. But millions of people masturbate most joyfully without any need, at that time, for togetherness, even though they find it in other sex acts. And, unlike Lawrence's hypothesizing, these millions frequently do not find masturbation frustrating; quite the reverse — they find not masturbating highly frustrating.

Q. All right; but since we may assume that the average masturbator uses his phantasizing powers, isn't there a danger, especially over a prolonged period of time, that his need to store up and refer to sexual imagery will become a habit pattern?

A. Why shouldn't it? We all phantasize having an enjoyable meal at times, and that hardly interferes with our actual enjoyment of eating. As I have shown in *The Art and Science of Love*, the sex lives of many married couples are largely saved by the fact that they can phantasize all kinds of exciting situations while having intercourse together; while, if they relied on thinking only about each other, they might never be sexually competent.

Phantasy, creative imagery, or whatever you want to call it is the very core, and the particularly human core, of a good sex life. Naturally, emotionally disturbed people can abuse their phantasizing powers; but less disturbed individuals can make marvelous use of these same powers.

Q. Would you call it healthy or unhealthy when a person who has practiced sexual imagery over a long period of time in the course of masturbating finds it necessary to use this imagery to help himself obtain sexual satisfaction while actually copulating?

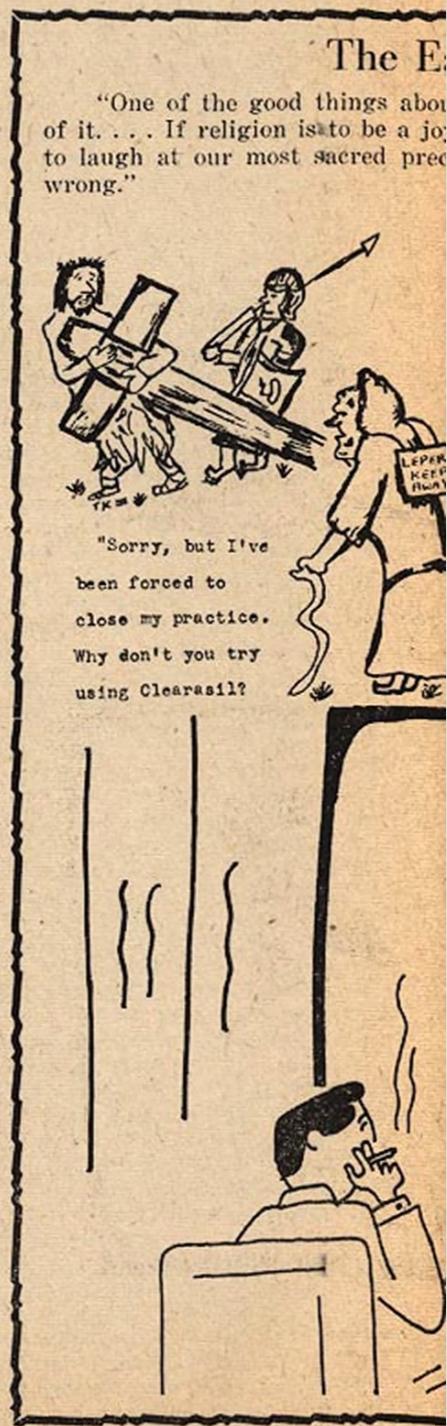
A. Ordinarily, I would call this use of phantasy effective and, in that sense, healthy. For we have to face the bio-social fact that many individuals do become relatively bored sexually with their mates and that they are unable

to achieve full satisfaction unless they phantasize other partners or things during intercourse.

Females, in particular, are poor bed-mates in many instances because they have trained themselves to do little or no phantasizing during sex relations. I have to teach many couples to phantasize before they become sexually adequate and gratified.

Q. What kinds of phantasies?

A. All kinds, from very-loving to extremely-sexualized imaginings. Many women, for example, have to make up an entire love story in their heads before they become fully aroused. Thus,



they daydream about meeting a man, going to dinner, having him tell them how lovely they are, going home with him, and so on and so forth—a dream-lover sort of thing.

And, without such phantasies, they may be unable to masturbate or have heterosexual intercourse. Other women have very specific sex phantasies, including those of copulating with a man other than their husband; and I often have to help them overcome their guilt about having these kinds of phantasies.

Q. Wouldn't the fact that you've been married and divorced twice seem

to detract from your efficiency as a marriage counselor?

A. Not necessarily. For one thing, by being married and divorced twice one may acquire first-hand experience which is not too often acquired and, through this experience, gain an understanding of certain aspects of marriage that may be very valuable in counseling.

Ultra-romantic views, for example, are likely to be dissipated by down-to-earth marital experience; and, providing one does not become bitter or cynical, a realistic view of marriage is most important for a marriage counselor.

Secondly, through having the guts to acknowledge one's twice-made mistakes, and do something about them, one is likely to acquire self-respect and courage that may well serve as a good model of behavior for one's marriage counseling clients.

Thirdly, a considerable number of people who come for marriage counseling actually have already made up their minds that they want a divorce and want to be helped through what might be called divorce counseling. Here, the counselor's personal experience with marriage and divorce may well be helpful.

For several reasons such as these, I feel that my own experience with two marriages and divorces has been exceptionally useful to me in my marriage counseling practice.

Q. What do you think of pornography?

A. As literature, I feel that most of it stinks. It is exceptionally badly written, trite, and boring. I can hardly stand any amount of it. In its own right, however, it sometimes has a place in helping to arouse individuals so that they can achieve greater sex satisfaction.

This is largely because direct sexual representations are banned in our society and, as D. H. Lawrence pointed out, made secret. As I note in an essay on "Art and Sex" in the *Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior* which I am now editing, pornography gets its effectiveness because it depicts acts which are against our morals; and if we really want it to lose its appeal, we had damned well better change those morals.

Q. Do you think that there is any kind of writing or graphic representation that should be banned?

A. I can't think of any. I think that it's quite legitimate for some person or group to advise, or even warn, others not to patronize certain forms of writing or pictorial art. But it's not legitimate for this person or group to enforce, by law, a ban against the works they consider sexually dangerous.

It's the question I raised before of vice and sin. Addiction to pornography may well be a human vice in some in-

Theme Song of an F.T.C. Official Upon Learning of the Dishonest Practices of a Certain Well-Known Dance Studio:

"No Wonder Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing in a Hurry. . ."

stances; but I cannot see that it is sinful and punishable. Though I believe that some people are very emotionally sick in their addiction to pornography — because they spend thousands of dollars in their obsession with it and neglect many other enjoyable aspects of living in the process — I think that human beings have a right to be emotionally sick.

And others have a right to advise them: "Why don't you go for help, get psychotherapy, and overcome your emotional disturbance?" Just as these others have a right to say to their gambling-addicted associates: "Why don't you go for psychological help so that you can stop squandering all your money at the racetrack?"

But I still am strongly opposed to banning pornography. People, if they are adults and have been warned against being vice-ridden during their childhood, should have the right to retain their vices.

Q. What do you think of Henry Miller?

A. Henry Miller is often an unusually fine writer. In such books as *Tropic of Cancer*, *Tropic of Capricorn*, and *Black Spring* he has done exceptionally good work. In some of his later books, such as the *Rosy Crucifixion*, he goes to ridiculous, and to my mind often downright pornographic, lengths (such as having a character copulate with his girlfriend in a crowded movie theatre) and becomes boring and unbelievable.

Q. How would you compare the sex symbolism of Marilyn Monroe and Brigitte Bardot?

A. Marilyn Monroe seems to be a sort of ideal American girl that you lust after and never quite get, while Bardot seems to represent the more idealistic, and I think less true, concept of the girl who is lusting after you and whom you do get.

I don't go along with the notion that Bardot is supposed to be a child-figure whom men want to mother, or something like that. She doesn't look very childish to me but is a distinctly lustful-type woman.

Q. What religions do you think do the most harm to people's sex lives?

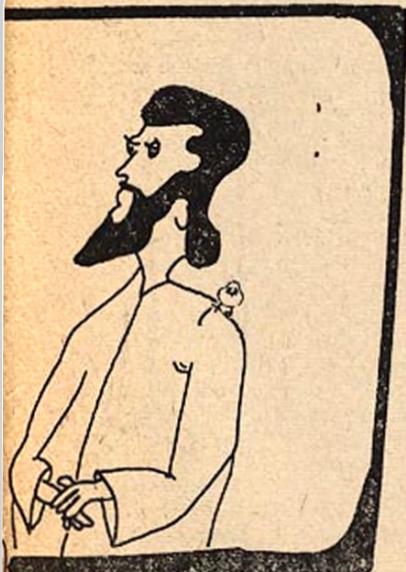
A. Virtually all orthodox religions — including orthodox Catholicism, Judaism, Protestantism, etc. — include specific anti-sexual rules which enormously influence and interfere with the sex lives of their adherents. Liberal religions, such as reformed Judaism and liberal Protestantism, seem to inflict

er Story

er religion is that we can make fun of us, we must keep it elastic—be able without feeling we've committed a —from *The Climate of Eden*



"Would you mind crossing your feet, please -- we have only one more spike left."



"Good evening, Ed..."

the least sexual harm on their believers.

Q. Do you think that sexual neuroses created religions or that religions created sexual neuroses?

A. First of all, I doubt whether there is such a thing as a sexual neurosis per se, since all the individuals I find with severe sexual problems have a general neurotic outlook; and as a part and parcel of their general neurosis they develop a so-called sexual neurosis. So let me turn your question around somewhat and ask: Do I think that neuroses created religion or that religion created neuroses?

Partly, this is a matter of definition. Because if we define both religion and neurosis in their broadest sense, I think that they are actually the same thing and that therefore neither created the other but both stem from the same fundamental source.

That source may be called faith unfounded on fact; human gullibility; lack of scientific thinking; an unquestioning and unchallenging attitude toward life; or a refusal to accept and live with reality when it happens to be inevitably grim.

Originally, I believe, both religion and neurosis got started because people had genuine problems — such as rainstorms, forest fires, lack of food, and difficulties of living together in groups — about which they had insufficient knowledge or intelligence to solve; and not being able effectively to control these real problems they built up substitute- or quasi-solutions, particularly consisting of obsessive-compulsive rituals and the blaming of self and others.

That is to say, not being able to control or solve the immense problems of storms and hunger, they dreamed up deities to whom they kowtowed and for whom they ritualistically punished themselves — so that these gods, presumably, would solve their problems for them.

And not being able to control or solve the large personal problem of how to get along well with others and still maintain their own self-respect, they dreamed up what might be called sub-deities, such as compulsive personal rituals (hand-washings, withdrawal from social contact, etc.), or constant status-seeking, or ingratiating conformity, or other neurotic symptoms.

Another way of putting it is to say that ancient man seemed to have the basic philosophy that if you cannot control a large area of living, such as climatic conditions or one's own interpersonal relations, you had better pick on a smaller area — some ritual — that you know you can control and then assume that the control of the smaller area automatically will help you with the control of the larger one.

More specifically, you had better

assume that if you make sacrifices or punish yourself in relatively little ways, the unkind fates will somehow magically protect you in big respects.

This belief is, of course, a non sequitur and has little or no evidence to support it; but if it is held strongly enough, it will lead to the (false) certainty of support — and, peculiarly, that very false certainty will temporarily help one, in many instances, feel better about the original problem.

Unfortunately, however, it will not at all help one really to solve the problem. Indeed, by diverting one's feelings, and making one falsely believe that the problem has been solved, it will hinder one from ever actually solving it.

This, in a nutshell, is both religion and neurosis: the establishment of a false or unprovable belief — faith unfounded on fact — which gives one the

CENSORS

Though up to their censorious necks
In the lewd literature of sex,
They have a feeling of security
That they won't jeopardize their
purity.

—Tom Pease

illusory sense that one has solved the real life problem for which one, usually quite unwittingly and unconsciously, developed the unprovable belief in the first place.

Because one (again unconsciously) really seems to believe that the problem cannot be solved — and, remember, primitive man really did have climatic and other problems that could hardly be fully solved at the time — one develops a "solution" that pushes the problem out of mind and lets one somehow assume that it now is solved.

More specifically, after assuming that one cannot by one's own efforts (and those of one's fellows) control rainstorms and floods, one invents a deity who presumably can control these occurrences, and then one also assumes that certain self-punitive or self-sacrificing rituals (virtually all of which are annoying and work-involving pains in the ass) will help one control one's assumed god.

In regard to so-called sexual neuroses, the same kind of thing happens. After having sexual difficulties (usually because he thinks he is fundamentally worthless and that he will be a miserable failure in his sex relations), an individual looks around for some magic means of controlling his sexual responses, and hits upon some fetish (such as having his sex partner wear high heel shoes) or symptom (such as compulsive homosexuality) and works very hard at controlling this aspect of his sex life.

He thus deludes himself that god

and fate are on his side and that he will be sexually competent; and because he believes this delusion, he often is somewhat in control of his sex powers.

At bottom, then, religious beliefs and neurotic beliefs are the same kind of magical means by which the disturbed person "controls" his world and deflects himself from actually tackling and solving some of his basic problems. In this sense, religion actually is neurosis; and, by the same token, neurosis is a form of religion.

Q. Would you say that the basis of your technique of rational therapy can be epitomized by developing the patient's ability to say "So what?"

A. No, not quite; but the statement that rational therapy largely consists of teaching patients to say and, what is more important, to mean, "So what?" — has some degree of truth in it.

Let me put it this way. Emotional sickness normally consists of over-concern rather than of sensible concern for what one is doing. The disturbed person seriously exaggerates the significance of something — especially, of what others may think of him, of how terrible it would be for him to fail at something, of how awful it is to be mentally "hurt," etc.

But it would be almost impossible for him to be disturbed if he were utterly realistic — that is, if he accepted unchangeable and inevitable things as they are, instead of his unrealistically contending that they should or must be different from the way they are.

This does not mean, of course, that the normal individual should not try to change his conditions of living for the better. And it certainly does not mean that he should tell himself that everything must happen for the worse, and that therefore there is no use in his trying to better his life situations.

For although this latter tack may seem to be a sensible "So what?" attitude at first blush, it is really a catastrophizing, "My - god - isn't - everything - positively - awful - I - had - better - completely - give - up - trying" attitude.

In other words, if one is over-concerned or catastrophizes about the people and things one encounters in life, one will either be anxious most of the time or one may adopt an unfuck-it-all, defensive so-whatness point of view. This latter kind of "So what?" attitude is precisely what rational therapy does not teach, since it is only a mask for underlying over-concern.

What rational therapists do teach their patients is that there is nothing for them to be over-anxious about, nothing to be over-afraid of. More specifically, it teaches them that there are literally millions of instances where it doesn't make much difference

what their neighbors think of them or what wheels are turning in other people's heads.

In these many instances, they can appropriately learn to say: "So what? So what if everyone doesn't love me? So what if I try something and fail at it? Will it really kill me? Will my world really end?" This is the kind of so-whatness that rational therapy promotes.

Q. You're not saying, though, that people should never give vent to negative emotions — by, say, crying — are you?

A. No. There's nothing wrong with good honest sentiment, such as crying, when something has really gone wrong in your life—when a close relative, for example, has died.

Regret, sorrow, irritation, annoyance, displeasure — many kinds of negative emotions, such as these, are perfectly legitimate reactions to deprivation and frustration. We don't get what we would like to get and we're sorry. If we were happy under such circumstances, it would be most inappropriate — in fact, downright crazy.

But it's when we turn our legitimate regret and irritation into intense, prolonged, or very frequent negative reactions that we make them — and I literally mean make them — into depression, guilt, anxiety, hostility, despair, and other highly dysfunctional emotions.

This is what's wrong and what rational therapy rigorously opposes. It teaches the individual, once he has illegitimately translated his legitimate regret and irritation into severe anxiety and hostility, to re-translate them back into less self-defeating and more rational feelings or emotions — that is, into regret and annoyance again.

Reason, when truly worthy of its name, does not — as is so often unreasonably assumed by its opponents — do away with human emotion. It merely enables the individual to keep his natural, legitimate feelings within sensible limits and to use them for his own maximum enjoyment.

Reason can be effectively used as a tool to destroy exaggerated, self-defeating, highly negative emotions; but not, if it is still to remain worthy of the name reason, to do away with all human emotions.

Q. Rational therapy has been compared to Zen — yet you've said that Zen is like throwing out the baby with the bathwater. We quoted this to Alan Watts and he disagreed [issue #14]. What's your reaction?

A. It is quite possible that in Alan Watts' personal brand of Zen, indifference to the inevitable — or contemplation of one's navel—is not taken to extremes, and that he can therefore remain vitally interested in life while still being, in a sense, detached.

But other devotees of Zen often not

only throw out emotional pain (through their doctrine of accepting the inevitable) but heave out desire as well. Like rational therapists, they not only eliminate necessity or need but, quite unlike rational therapists, they extirpate desire or preference.

When I, personally, get to that point — the point of giving up all my human desires—I doubt whether I shall see any point at all in continuing to live.

Still other Zen Buddhists have all kinds of mystical — and, to me, rather nonsensical — doctrines along with their quite sane acceptance of grim reality and of human individuality.

Thus, the great Zen propagandist, Hui-neng, espoused the doctrine of no-mind or mindlessness. Starting from the proposition that "From the first not a thing is," he reasoned that seeing into one's self nature is nothingness — since self-nature is "not a

Unrealist of the Month

Psychologist James E. Bender:

"Anything more intense than a goodnight kiss, which should be nothing more than a gentle brushing together of the lips, should be reserved until marriage, or, at least, until there is a definite engagement."

thing." This is as far from rational therapy as I can imagine any doctrine to be!

Similarly, many other Zen Buddhists along with their valuable insights into the intrinsic existence of a human being, include mystical mumbo-jumbo and impractical rituals. Alan Watts may not be of this group; so there are apparently Zen Buddhists and Zen Buddhists.

Q. Yes — Inners and Outers What about Ayn Rand's philosophy of "objectivism?"

A. Ayn Rand's and Nathaniel Branden's objectivist views are in many respects quite sane, rational philosophies of living. She is logically against self-sacrifice — or what I call Florence Nightingalism — and I certainly agree with her.

As I said earlier in this interview, the human individual is happier and more effective when he is basically self-interested and it would be my contention (as I believe it is Miss Rand's) that once he's self-interested enough, he will normally tend to be socially-interested as well.

So there is much in common between rational psychotherapy and "objectivism." There are, however, several significant points of difference. Thus, the "objectivists" adhere strictly to Aristotelian thinking; and I, along with almost all modern philosophers, take a non-absolutistic, non-Aristotelian position.

By the same token, the "objectivist" school believes in the absolute power of human reason; and although I am rational, I am not a philosophic "rationalist" and do not believe in the absolute power of anything.

I believe, along with Hans Reichenbach, that we live in a highly probabilistic world, where nothing ever is, nor need be, absolutely certain. And rational therapy tries to get people to accept this kind of world and to be able to live happily in it.

More specifically, the Ayn Rand and Nathaniel Branden group of "objectivists" seem to believe strongly in blaming human beings for their mistakes and errors and punishing them — if necessary, by death — for their wrongdoings. In rational psychotherapy, we accept mistakes and wrongdoings as unfortunate facts of life but never blame anyone for anything.

The kinds of people Ayn Rand excoriates in *Atlas Shrugged* are not, to my way of thinking, bastards, villains, sinners, or lice, even though they are often deluded and wrongheaded. It is the job of a rational therapist to show these people how and why they are wrong, and how they can change for the better, rather than to hate their guts and blame them for being horrible "sinners."

Q. Where do you draw the line between self-sacrifice for others and self-sacrifice for oneself? How about the sacrifices of Albert Schweitzer, for example?

A. I cannot accurately assess Schweitzer's motives, so I cannot be certain what kind of self-sacrifices he is making. I can easily see, however, how an individual such as Schweitzer might aid his own sane self-interest by in some ways sacrificing himself for others.

What I am strongly opposed to, and what I meant before by Florence Nightingalism, is the notion that unless you deliberately and consistently sacrifice yourself for others, and put their interests ahead of your own, you are a wicked, selfish individual and don't deserve to live.

In rational therapy we teach that you do not hurt others by refusing to put their interests above your own; rather, they hurt themselves by taking your "selfishness" too seriously and by falsely believing — again, at point B — that you should sacrifice yourself for them.

We also teach, in rational therapy, that the sane individual normally puts himself first and primarily goes after what he really wants out of life — while, at the same time, taking care not to kick others in the teeth so that they, in their turn, do not interfere seriously with his seeking his own ends.

If, over and above this, the indi-

vidual wants to devote himself to some person, thing, or idea outside himself, that is fine; and, in fact, will normally lead to maximum self-efficiency and happiness. But he doesn't have to be devoted to others.

Q. Do you find, in your clinical practice, that "Organization Man"-oriented problems keep cropping up?

A. Most definitely. The two main problems of human beings in this country — and probably in most other so-called civilized societies — are (a) their dire need to be approved, accepted, or loved; and (b) their complementary dire need to achieve, succeed, do well, gain status.

In my group rational therapy sessions, in particular, we consistently find that these two problems exist and are importantly interrelated.

We might well say, then, that using the term status-seeking in the broadest sense, almost every American is tied up in knots with over-concern about how much status he is now achieving or later may achieve. And if he's not doing as well in this respect as he generally thinks he should be doing, he almost always considers himself to be something of an incompetent or a worthless slob.

Q. How about the beatniks?

A. The beat generation mostly—and this isn't true of all of them, but I'd say roughly of 90 per cent of them—are trying to obtain status in an off-beat manner. With their beards, their sweatshirts, and their Howl-ish poetry, they are often unsubtly proclaiming: "We are better than you lousy sons-of-bitches! We are really beatific while your poor slobs of squares are like, man, squares of slobs!"

Q. What do you do when the rational sex and other standards which you try to impart to your patients come in conflict with their irrational religious philosophy?

A. There are two ways to tackle this problem, one of which I consider to be essentially dishonest and do not employ; and that is the boring from within technique which is used by many liberal Protestants and Jews today. They keep the term religion but redefine it in terms of what I call ethicism. That is, they throw out all kinds of supernatural beings and merely live by ethical postulates.

In so doing, they can take a religious believer and try to get him, essentially, to give up his religion—his faith unfounded on fact—and still call himself religious (meaning, actually, ethical). I consider this dishonest because religion, in any accurate sense of the word, does mean faith unfounded on fact and some kind of a belief in the supernatural; while ethical postulates have little or nothing essentially to do with religion.

The most blatant atheist can be, and usually is, highly ethical; and it is

therefore misleading to redefine religion in terms of ethics.

I could, therefore, take my religious-minded patients and try to get them to give up their irrational religious philosophies while still (erroneously) thinking that they are "religious." I choose, rather, to show them, in most instances, that what they call their religious beliefs are totally incompatible with a good state of mental health and emotional well-being and that, whether they like it or not, they are going to have to become less religious (in the accurate sense of the word) if they are to become healthier.

In other words: I give my patients who have orthodox religious beliefs, and who are palpably disturbed as a result of these beliefs, the choice of

Editor's Note

Due to space limitations, a large section of this interview—dealing with Dr. Ellis' views on the dating system ("Pretty crummy, in more ways than one") and his constructive, potential solutions to said crumminess (digressing, tangentially, from genetics to politics)—has had to be omitted.

It will, however, be included in a special reprint — containing both Part One and Part Two — available at the rate of 25¢ or ten copies for \$1.

giving up the religious nonsense they believe — or else remaining mentally ill. They have every right, I show them, to be as religious as they want; but they are not going to get better, in any real sense of this term, if they exercise their right to keep believing in an irrational religious philosophy.

Q. Would you say that you brainwash your patients?

A. No, quite the contrary. I take people who have already been brainwashed to believe all sorts of superstitious, irrational, unrealistic, religious ideologies — and I do my best to unbrainwash them.

Q. Are you a 'Rational Fascist'?

A. No, although I fully admit that there are those who are rational fascists. But I, for one, do not believe in rational thinking as an absolute good or a certain solution to all possible problems. I fully admit that a rational approach to life is a value judgment rather than a scientific "fact," and that those who wish to be irrational are fully entitled to their value judgments.

I uphold the hypothesis that if you want a certain end in life, especially of rational thinking how to attain that the goal of not being anxious or hostile, then I can show you by means

goal. But I don't personally care whether you decide to be rational, and I have no intention of forcing you to be, even though I believe that you would in all probability be better off if you did favor rationality.

If, then, someone wants to be irrational and to contend, with Spengler, Ortega y Gasset, and other thinkers, that irrationalism is a good thing, that is his prerogative. If someone upholds the thesis that everyone in the world might just as well commit suicide or that everyone should devote his entire life to mystical mumbo-jumbo, I again will uphold his right to believe and preach this doctrine. This is his value system; and, for better or worse, he has a right to it.

Rationality is not good for all purposes, but only for specific goals. If you want to be desperately unhappy, for example, I would strongly advise you not to attempt to be rational.

But if you want — as millions of people in this world seem to want — real, consistent freedom from anxiety and hostility, from shame and blame, then I doubt whether you're ever going to be able to achieve your goal unless you definitely employ highly logico-rational methods of thinking.

So I don't think that I am a rational fascist in that I try to impose by views on others or that I arbitrarily contend that they must be the best views. I merely say, on theoretical and clinical grounds, that I strongly believe that if you want certain ends, my system of rational therapy will help you achieve them. If you want certain other ends — such as anxiety, grief, guilt, despair, hostility, and depression — it is quite probable that some non-rational technique will best serve you.

Q. Final question: Are YOU happy?

A. I think I can honestly say that I am one of the relatively few people in the United States, and perhaps in the entire world, who has not had a seriously unhappy day for the last twenty-five years.

I find it almost impossible to feel intensely unhappy, hostile, or upset for more than literally a few minutes at a time. I really would have to start working myself up to be unhappy: I'd have to work hard at, to practice again, disturbing myself.

Whereas I was desperately unhappy for a good part of my childhood and teens, this feeling is virtually unknown to me today. Instead, these days, I almost automatically go after self-disturbances and quickly eliminate them. Not squelch, suppress, or repress them — I mean really eliminate.

And because I have so little time and energy to expend at making myself miserable, I derive considerable pleasure, enjoyment, and sometimes sheer bliss out of my life. What more can one ask?

Reginald Dunsany:

The Tolerant Pagan

Wisconsin's Primary Importance

When, for the first time in history, Greeks met Romans on the field of battle, the Greeks won a great victory under their King Pyrrhus of Epirus. A year later, he repeated the feat of arms. But his losses were such that he declared, "One more such victory and I am lost."

John F. Kennedy made no such public observation after his victory in the Wisconsin primary early last month. But he might well have done so privately. He won, not by a landslide, which many of his friends expected—and which would have cinched his position as front runner for the Democratic nomination—but only by a majority of 56%.

The Catholic districts voted overwhelmingly for him. Protestant districts voted not quite so overwhelmingly against him. If it were not for pro-Catholic prejudice, for the fact that 50% of Wisconsin Democrats are Catholic, and for the fact that many Catholic McCarthyites crossed over to help him, Kennedy would certainly have lost.

Still Kennedy did win, and by a substantial margin, over a candidate having considerable local popularity, Senator Hubert Humphrey of neighboring Minnesota. What made Kennedy's victory "pyrrhic" was that the religious issue, which all sides had hoped to suppress, was actually raised and was decisive in the results.

It may also be decisive in other states. If so, Kennedy cannot win. For instance, he faces a similar contest this month in the state of West Virginia, where only three or four per cent of the people are Catholic.

The issue was raised in Wisconsin in a tentative, inept and unorganized way. Advertisements were inserted by private parties in county weeklies claiming that according to unofficial polls 80% of the Catholics would vote for Kennedy. They urged a "break" for the Protestant candidate.

Some of the small-town papers refused to accept the ads. But this did not succeed in suppressing the controversy: for the substance of the ads was promptly reported in the metropolitan press of Wisconsin and all other states.

When the votes were counted, the fears expressed in the advertisement were confirmed—80% of the Catholics did plump for Kennedy. Humphrey still decried the raising of the issue but said that if it were not for the Catholic vote he would have won.

It is ironic that the issue arose as it did. The Catholics seemed to be emulating the voters in some of the new African nations who vote for tribal brethren regardless of platform. Protestants are expected, if only from an instinct of self-preservation, to stick with their own "tribe."

Thus Kennedy may lose many Protestant votes merely because he has gained so many from the Catholics. Whether the Catholic or Protestant "tribe" prevails, this would seem to any fair analyst what sportsmen call "a hell of a way to win a ball game."

In Wisconsin, there seems to have been little or no reasoned discussion of the basic issue involved. This

centers simply on whether Kennedy's membership in the Catholic Church involves such limitations on his freedom of action as to hamper his performance of public duties. The failure to discuss this specific issue resulted from the "gentlemen's agreement" between candidates to suppress it.

Humphrey himself refused to discuss the matter. So the election took on the aspect of a neighborhood "rumble" between the children of Irish and Swedish parents, or between Negroes and Caucasians, or between Gentiles and Jews.

Although the religio-political issue was raised in Wisconsin in a very unsatisfactory way, it was probably better than if it hadn't been raised at all. Democratic leaders in every state have been watching the contest with deep interest. They were not waiting to find out whether Kennedy would win; everyone expected him to.

What they wanted to know was whether he would win by a landslide, which he did not. They also wanted to find out (a) whether the religious issue would be raised at all and (b) whether it would cause losses to Kennedy in Protestant areas.

The answer to both these questions was, yes.

This means that Kennedy's chances are injured just as seriously among Catholic politicians as among Protestants. Leaders of the Democratic city machines have already made a practice of overloading their tickets with Catholic names. In cities like New York or Chicago, it is almost impossible for a non-Catholic to become Mayor.

A Catholic name at the head of the national ticket might cause further imbalance, and make the whole structure fall on the heads of the Catholic bosses.

Of course, the Wisconsin result is not conclusive. Kennedy is obviously a skilled politician and has vast financial resources. Much hinges on what he is able to accomplish in West Virginia. He will also run this month in an uncontested Democratic primary in Indiana (which was a great stamping ground for the Ku Klux Klan).

Nixon is also running there—unopposed—on the Republican ticket. Up to this time, Nixon has refused to campaign at all. As a result, his popularity index as reflected in Gallup polls has dropped to a point where it is now exceeded by Kennedy's. But as the *Realist* goes to press, Nixon is showing signs of life.

He has also displayed a surprising willingness to raise at least one issue of a religio-political nature—defying the taboo previously imposed against such matters. He told the Associated Church Press—an organization of Protestant editors—that in his opinion, the U.S. should provide birth control information to any needy foreign nation which asks for it.

Nixon's view in this respect diverges considerably from the opinion of President Eisenhower, to whom the supplying of birth control information is "none of the government's business." And it conflicts violently with the Catholic view recently expressed in a very truculent way by all the American bishops.

The doctrine of that church treats birth control as a form of murder, and its advocates as accessories to the crime. Senator Kennedy has expressed himself on the subject, but very equivocally.

Birth control in its own right hardly deserves con-

sideration as an issue of national importance. It has received such prominence only because of the violent attitude of the Catholic Church. But it is certainly an ideal issue for distinguishing between those who do and those who do not take dictation from Catholic ecclesiastical powers.

Few voters, Catholic or Protestant, sympathize with the hierarchy's murder-theory of family planning. The question is now—paradoxically—whether Kennedy will dare to take the popular side.

Be the First Kid on Your Bloc

Apprehension about Catholic political action was also heightened by occurrences before and during the White House Conference on Children and Youth which ended early this month.

Msgr. Raymond J. Gallagher had been appointed one of the twelve vice-chairmen of the President's National Committee for the Conference. There were 7,000 delegates, none of whom were selected as representatives of religious denominations. But 400 of them happened to be members of the Roman Catholic faith. Msgr. Gallagher—who also speaks for the Catholic bishops—sent to each of the Catholic delegates, in advance, a "handbook" telling them how to conduct themselves during the Conference.

It urged them to present "our" position with firmness. It said that Catholic delegates should be "appropriately aggressive" so that a fair number of "our" people would be elected to the key positions of recorders and representatives in the various sessions.

It set forth the official Catholic position on 29 issues—including Church-State relations, birth control, religious education in public schools, government aid to religious schools. It urged the delegates to "learn them thoroughly so that there will be a uniform presentation of the Catholic position by all who have the opportunity to speak."

Msgr. Gallagher's action seems to have been a blunder comparable to that of the bishops in precipitating the birth control issue onto the national scene. For he aroused violent antagonism, not only among Protestants but among his own church members.

The *Washington Post* referred to one recipient of the handbook who resented it. She said that "she was coming to the conference as a representative of all citizens in her community and not as a representative of a particular faith."

Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State (POAU) called the handbook "an unblushing attempt to commit the conference in advance to a reactionary sectarian program."

(This development inevitably recalls the "infiltration" methods used by the Communist Party in the thirties when it threatened to become a national political force. These are the methods to which can be attributed its present tremendous decline in influence. Union members, for instance, who in the thirties elected Communists to office because they were "appropriately aggressive," later found that they were representing not the voters but the interests of a tight-knit foreign-controlled political organization.

(The anger of the workmen was aroused. They not only threw the Communists out but adopted the extreme measure of excluding them entirely from office. If the American electorate develops a similar apprehension with respect to Catholic political action, the

hierarchy will only have brought it upon themselves.)

The advance exposure of the handbook at the Conference on Children and Youth may well have "cramped the style" of the Catholic delegates. Certainly, there was more discussion of religion this year than at the Conference of ten years ago. But it did not eventuate in any Catholic victories.

For instance, resolutions were adopted endorsing the supply of birth control information by all appropriate public agencies, state and national; another endorsed federal aid to education, but not for parochial schools.

But again the nation was treated to an example of Catholic bloc voting. Just as 80% of Wisconsin Catholics had voted for Kennedy, just as every Catholic Senator but one had voted for federal aid to parochial schools, so at the White House Conference, the Catholics closed ranks under ecclesiastical direction. When the birth control matter was first raised, in the study group, the vote was 16 to 12 in favor of the resolution. Of the 12 opposed, 10 were Catholics.

Manual Labors a Point

The Communism of the thirties was also recalled by the recent revival of charges that the Protestant clergy has been infiltrated with its principles. These charges are of course nothing new. They were raised by the "un-American" investigators beginning with Martin Dies, followed by Joe McCarthy, and ending with Congressman Francis Walter, present head of the House Sub-Committee.

But this time, the charges were incorporated into an official manual sponsored by the U.S. Air Force. One explanation of their reappearance might have been the pure and simple stupidity that sometimes seems to infect our governmental processes. The Air Force explained to one investigating group how the intelligence level of its officers had sunk seriously during the last war.

The manual is one of several—including one on the washing of officers' dogs, one which gives detailed information on the function and use of knives and forks, and another which tells how to increase post exchange profits by watering the martinis. The one being discussed here claims that 30 of the 95 scholars who worked on the Revised Standard Version of the Bible were Communist-tainted.

Stupid charges seem to evoke stupid replies. The National Council of Churches did not for an instant admit any Communist infiltration of its ranks. Instead it demanded an immediate withdrawal of the manual and obtained an official apology for its issuance.

A splinter group of "ultrafundamentalists" then demanded its reinstatement and that the government apologize for having apologized to the Council. And this is not the end. It will be worse and funnier before it is over.

No one seems willing to discover and admit the true facts. Your Tolerant Pagan feels that there has been infiltration of Protestant ranks by the Commies. But the degree of such infiltration is so minute as to be of no importance.

Dr. Clyde Taylor, Secretary for Public Affairs of the National Association of Evangelicals, said that "there is only one sensible course of action left, namely a full-scale investigation into the roots of the situation. The points in question are largely the results of theo-

MODEST PROPOSALS

(Continued from Page 16)

they read the AMSTERDAM NEWS." "But would you want your sister to marry a FREIHEIT reader?" "Sure you can lend him money . . . he not only reads the TIMES but the WORLD-TELEGRAM & SUN too." "And what's more, to prove he's the kind of man we want in our organization, he always turns to the sports section in the HERALD-TRIBUNE first." "Call her up . . . you'll like her . . . she reads the VILLAGE VOICE and the POST." "In answering our ads, please mention THE CROSS AND THE FLAG—it identifies you." "They're well-dressed and all that, and they make a good appearance, but for Gawd's sake, they're JOURNAL-AMERICAN readers!" "What do ya mean, does she lay . . . you seen her readin' the ENQUIRER, didn'tcha?" "Belong to the Holy Name Society—him? No sir, he reads the REALIST."

On second thought, this must be very confusing to our "out-of-town" readers. American journalism being what it is, though, all you have to do is to draw upon your local papers for the same nauseating exactitudes.

Privy to the Plot

Up to now, Segregationism has had no mystique, no eloquent spokesman. Not even a William F. Buckley, Jr. to push palatable truth in the better and well-entrenched drawing rooms. The vast forces of America's *apartheid* have no better Galahads than the beefy form and style offered by Eugene "Bull" Connor and Willis McCall, who hold sheriff's office in Florida and Alabama respectively.

Given the disinterested high-mindedness of the movement, it is a sad commentary on America today that this important group is so dreadfully lacking in tone. If thoughtful travellers like Harrison Salisbury are to be believed, the "better" people of the South have shunned this tidal wave of popular sentiment, representing, as it does, a cloacal dynamism that is hard to equal anywhere in the world today.

What is needed are slogans that will typify the spirit of the movement. Symbols, signs. Hymns, poetry,

logical liberalism on Protestant churches and American society in general. The public deserves to know the specific relation between liberal-socialist theology and politics."

He continued, saying that while conservative Protestants take the view that "the social order of the world is eventually imperfectible because of the inherent sinfulness of human nature," the liberals assume "the worth and dignity of man" and imply "the perfectibility of the social order." Their emphasis, therefore, is on the "social gospel."

He concluded: "Within this context, it can be seen why certain liberal churchmen have frequently called for a social revolution. While it is perhaps true that they have not adopted Marxist-Leninist thinking in its entirety, there has been a tendency to promote a 'social gospel' which has been related at point to the objectives of international Communism."

Glenn L. Archer, head of POAU, took an opposing position. He said that "Church beliefs and practices are not a proper area of the state's concern under our

a literature. A philosophy, an apologia and a carefully prepared revision of the mass image of the segregationist to fit in with and become acceptable to society.

But this revision presents problems. It would be easier if society could revise some of its *own* prejudices so as to fit in with the standards of the segregationist. For instance, the introduction into polite usage of the deep, abdominal belch—a strong, he-man expression which has power, resonance and a poetry of its own when properly delivered—would be a significant first step. Farting in mixed company without attendant blushes would also bring us further along to a meeting of minds and hearts at the White Supremacy level.

The whole pungent vocabulary of the hasty scatologist is there to be given new life. ("Come on, men, it's time to whistle up the dawgs, piss out the fire an' go home.")

And finally, if we can only develop the same kind of attitude toward lynching that Barnaby Conrad and Ernest Hemingway have toward bullfighting, there is a promise that the the cultural flowering of Bessemer, Alabama will not be far off.

NEGATIVE THINKING

(Continued from Page 6)

ready abolished capital punishment, according to UN statistics) that you are not capable of learning to be human. The day Chessman dies, as the London *Daily Herald* remarked, will be "a day when it will be rather unpleasant to be an American."

With those few pellets you will destroy yourself and your race and your class forever. You will gas yourself and your church and your lying newspapers and magazines. You will all go down, before the tides of the Russian barbarism which at least is cynical enough to know how to make good propaganda. Your nerve gas and your hydrogen bombs will only finish the job.

Caryl Chessman's epitaph for himself will serve for you, too, and for the society which first created hatred of flesh: "Evil seeks but the opportunity and the means to destroy itself."

system. Theologies and modes of worship are simply none of the Government's business."

But many saw in this statement a dangerous flirting with the Roman Catholic position that the Church is a separate society, not subject to the state, that its activities must be exempt from public criticism and exposure.

If Protestant preachers are "advocating social revolution," then Congress certainly has a right to investigate the fact. The public has a right to know to what extent, if any, Protestant Churches are an instrument of Communism.

They should also know to what extent the synagogues are an instrument of Zionism, whether Islamic theology is aiding Nasserism, and whether Catholicism is generating Fascism.

Separation of church and state does not preclude such investigations. Religious factionalism—as demonstrated both in the Wisconsin primaries and at the White House Conference—may vitally affect the future of the nation. It should be brought out into the open and solved intelligently and peaceably.

John Francis Putnam's

Modest Proposals

LIFE Buys a Party

As long as LIFE and all those editors are standing by, we can face up to anything that comes along, safe in the knowledge that once a week they're going to see that we get what is variously known as "the big picture," or at least the Luce ends tied up into a vibrant, visual package. LIFE, which up to now has always been *there* as it happens, recently went themselves one better and *paid* for it to happen.

Recognizing the cosmic implications of the Gambi-Andre affair, they discovered the power of a brand new force in picto-journalism: the "pay-as-you-go-get-it" plan. (Expense vouchers handed in to the LIFE accounting Department after a grubby North Carolina wedding must have snort-circuited the IBM set up . . . it's not every magazine that pays for wedding rings, motel rooms and second-hand fish knives, all in one week!)

Footing the bill so that a good story can actually happen is an idea with vast possibilities. No longer need resourceful and imaginative people like the editors of LIFE wait upon the caprice of weather, accident or somebody's cold feet. Now they can begin to stage their own news. With the example of the late William Randolph Hearst, they could start things to jumping down in Cuba, with some carefully premeditated fireworks in Havana harbor. Only difficulty here is the absence of any U.S.S. *Maine* on the current U.S. Navy register of snips.

Judicious bribing and the promise of featured cover-stories on TIME to the right people could purchase for LIFE the exclusive right to execute Caryl Chessman. LIFE would emerge from this even more high-minded than ever, by saving the State of California the cost of doing away with a troublemaker and concomitantly saving a few political skins in the process.

Perfectionists on the LIFE staff would of course want to try something more picture-worthy than a gas chamber. We can anticipate the kind of agonized think-sessions that would debate the relative "impact" value of an Iron Maiden (sex overtones and all that jazz) and a Guillotine (Gallic verve). But whatever instrument is finally chosen, it will be quite certain that the last thing the subject of the article will see on Earth is a cluster of bright lenses and a galaxy of exploding strobe flashes. It is not given to every man to meet

his Maker on a triple-fold-out four-color center-of-one-book insert!

LIFE might also contrive a Socratic end for Albert Schweitzer. The full-time machiavellians who recreate the moral image of Richard Nixon from week to week could devote a little time to setting up a *cause célèbre* by bribing the right people over at the World Council of Churches and the Administration of the Belgian Congo.

As a result of the most costly frame-up in history, Schweitzer is arrested and charged with being anti-negro, tone-deaf, and practicing criminal abortion without a doctor's license. A six-week trial with air-conditioning provided by LIFE results in the death sentence.

But the Belgian judge is a Humanist and recognizes that you simply don't execute Book-of-the-Month-Club heroes like Albert Schweitzer. Surrounded by lady researchers, Al Schweitzer can bring about his own end, with the hemlock provided by the Pfizer Chemical Corporation (a historically accurate chemico-synthesis based on an old Athenian formula).

A fast "cheapie" would be the Roman orgy staged for ex-King Farouk, whose fat old heart could hardly survive such an affair of State. It would provide LIFE's readers with Di Laurentis-style titillation and His Pudgesty with the grace of a happy death.

With a huge cash outlay, LIFE could next insure, once and for all, their exclusivity on the greatest continuing human interest story of our day: they could buy the British Royal Family.

But you can go *them* one better. You can buy LIFE! They're down to nineteen cents on the newsstand. But save your money; read last week's issue next time you go for a haircut.

The New Class Distinctions

Language is no longer within our grasp. It is becoming increasingly difficult to find words that will satisfactorily describe the kind of class a person belongs to. You can no longer say "working class" or "middle income" and expect any kind of recognition. "Upper class" is absolutely out unless you read Ouida novels in the bathroom. "Slob" and "snob" describe individuals rather than serving as a reflection of milieu.

We propose this amazingly descriptive way of designating class without using either Marxist or society-columnist cant. Simply mention what paper the person reads and you've pinned him down.

"Aw, don't hang around with him . . . he's a NEWS and MIRROR reader." "We don't want to rent to them,

(Continued on Page 15)

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