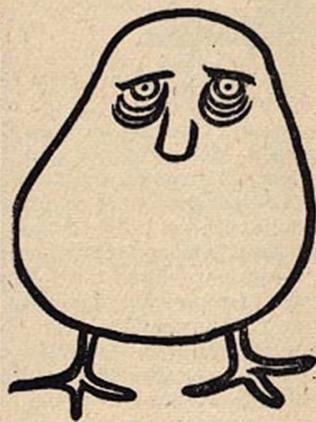


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



July-August 1960

35 Cents

No. 19

SPEAK OUT AND GET FIRED . . .

Henry Morgan



Q. NTA-TV has received a great deal of favorable nationwide publicity in regard to its "Play of the Week" series. But there was very little publicity when they fired you from your nightly show. What happened?

A. Mr. Landau—a not unpleasant, but insincere, money-grubber type who seemed to be running the station—suggested on different occasions that he wanted more of the old Morgan. I did not know this old Morgan but didn't want to bother the man with silly questions and kept on with whatever it was I was doing

(Continued on Page 2)

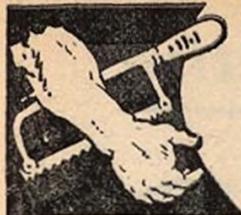
Leo F. Koch



The significance of the Koch (pronounced "Cook") case is summed up very nicely by one of the posters held aloft at a rally of some 2,000 students at the University of Illinois, protesting the dismissal of Biology Professor Leo Koch because he had written a letter to the campus newspaper, condoning premarital sex relations. The poster reads:

NOT
"FREE LOVE"
BUT
FREE SPEECH

(Continued on Page 11)



impolite interview

(Continued from Cover)

until he made it clear that the old Morgan he had in mind was more outspoken than the one he had hired.

Came a Monday night and the new, enlightened (old) Morgan went on the air and discussed the fact that Life cigarettes were advertising that their 'facts' were on file with the United States Government. Said the old Morgan: "And so are my fingerprints." A somewhat older Morgan was fired the following day.

Items of conceivable publicity value:

Item 1: Some weeks before, NTA had circularized the advertising agencies as to which of the station 'personalities' they would most like to have lunch with . . . 245 of them said they would like to have lunch with Henry Morgan; 12 of them voted for Mr. Muggs, an ape; and a few voted for David Susskind. One man wanted to have lunch with Faye Emerson if it could be arranged as a private affair.

Well, sir, the station went ahead and invited the whole damned 245 of my least favorite people in the world to lunch, in groups averaging about twenty-five. I had to go to these luncheons each week. At the serving of the second cocktail, the station's sales people would come in and pitch NTA from then on all through lunch . . . and I was asked to do the same. It was something for which I couldn't possibly have been paid. There are outrages in which no money changes hands.

Item 2: NTA made me fly to Chicago at midnight to address a breakfast gathering of Chicago agency men that morning.

Item 3: NTA made me attend a cocktail party of agency people here in N. Y. at which NTA proudly introduced its stable of has-beens.

Item 4: They fired me on a Tuesday. I was paid, that week, for one day.

Item 5: They deducted \$400.00 from my salary because they didn't think they should pay my piano player (Norman Paris). If somebody is skipping I'm going to get him anyway by repeating: **THEY MADE ME PAY FOR THE PIANO PLAYER!**

Item 6: The program had no budget. **NO BUDGET!** (\$0.00)

Now, your question is, why didn't they give out more publicity when they fired me. Beats me.

Q. You've been a member of both the American Legion and the blacklist. What are your feelings about each of those institutions?

A. The American Legion is the last refuge of the scoundrel.

I couldn't have been on the blacklist because a respected committee of Congress proved that there isn't any. What you are probably referring to is a secret organization which includes a number of Madison Avenue agency people and a man at CBS who effectively cut off the livelihood of certain people whom they suspected of being out of sympathy with the firing of Dean Acheson.

I made the rounds of these amiable citizens some time ago to find out whether or not I was a Communist. There was the Americanism Committee of the American Legion, for example. Oy, could I write a book.

Each of the committees I visited assured me that they knew I wasn't a Communist nor a fellow traveler—but, they said, sometimes mistakes are made (by them). At which point, without exception, they would ask me to name the Communists I knew. I would ask them how, since I wasn't one, I could identify any? Well, they said, who did I *think* was a member?

Even with practice I kept losing my temper while I explained that *thinking* was what had been done to me and that I wouldn't even tell them what I *thought* about Dalton Trumbo. It always ended with some cautious back-slapping and after a few years I was allowed to go back to work.

Once, not too long ago, I was being questioned by a woman who does leg work for one of these scurrilous committees, and I asked her how come they always bothered actors? Well, she said, many people are influenced by actors and if these people discovered that their favorite performers were Communists they might be swayed. But, I said, it is *you* people who do the publicity about the actors being Communists. Oh, she said, you don't understand.

Q. You've called the New York Post "a phony liberal newspaper." Why?

A. Because the Post will invent an 'issue' if there's none around. And because they deal in a funny kind of disreputable scandal when they can't invent an issue.

Remember the disgusting articles written by the son of Edward G. Robinson? (He accused his father of being more interested in earning a living than in listening to the mewlings of this quasi-imbecile brat.) Only a paper with lower standards than *Confidential* would have printed this ugliness.

Remember when Leopold was released from prison? One of the conditions of his release was that he was never to talk to a reporter. The *Post* printed that, and then sent a reporter to Puerto Rico to bother the poor man. For this you need standards lower than those of the late Jack Lait.

Part of the definition (or, *my* definition) of a liberal is that before he can respect anyone else he must respect himself. The *Post* can't meet that definition.

And who else would print Barry Gray's political opinions?

And who else would print a column *ghosted* (admittedly!) for Jackie Robinson?

I haven't read the paper in years but I once read a book by their columnist Murray Kempton. Good book, too.

(*News item:* One time at a party I said that Max Lerner was the five cent Walter Lippman. His [Ler-

(Continued on Page 13)

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

PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

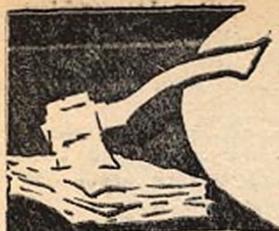
Publication office is at 225 Lafayette St., N.Y. 12, N.Y.

Subscription rates:

\$3 for 10 issues; \$5 for 20 issues

Ten copies of one issue: \$1

Copyright 1960 by The Realist Association, Inc.



editorealisms

Pride, Civil Defense and High Heels

“Quick, Henry—the Flit!”

—Bertrand Russell

I did *not* kill Caryl Chessman, and I'm tired of hearing these liberal-confessions of pseudo-guilt that “We are all murderers.” I have my pride.

Let's assume—just for the sake of argument, of course—that I'm a fine, decent, rational person. *Should* I take pride in this? If a Caryl Chessman isn't to be blamed for *not* having been a fine, decent, rational person, then why should I be given credit for *being* one?

But there are two kinds of pride.

One—an “undue sense of one's own superiority; inordinate self-esteem . . .”—is a false pride, by definition. It's the underlying motivation of every social, political and religious act of injustice, whether it be on an individual or an international scale.

The other—“a proper sense of personal dignity and worth; honorable self-respect . . .”—is also a false

To Make the World Safe for Mutations

From Mary Haworth's advice-to-the-lovelorn column of June 9, 1960:

“In the ‘iffy’ event of atomic warfare, most of the standard health care services would be blown sky-high, no doubt. In which case, whatever portion of the race survives might have emergency need of pioneer enterprise . . .”

“Some time ago I shared a table at a club luncheon with three women, one from government, two from newspapers. In casual conversation we [discussed] the surge of latterday interest being shown in so-called natural childbirth.”

“The government woman, working as it happens in civilian defense planning, made a note then and there to check the advisability of including sound instructions on do-it-yourself midwifery in civilian defense brochures.”

pride, in the sense that it's basically a value-judgment. It's my kind of value, though, and my kind of pride. And it's what motivated my decision to refuse to seek shelter during the recent Civil Defense drill.

You may recall (issue #8) that last year I spread myself out in the middle of Central Park, waiting to get arrested, and nothing happened. This year, I decided to join the protesters in City Hall Park. I was late getting started, but if I caught a train right away, I'd have been able to get there in time for the siren.

Only there was this woman, see, and she got one of her high heels caught in the subway platform.

Now, if there's one thing that really bugs me, it's high heels. As the late Dr. Dudley Morton—orthopedic surgeon; student of human evolution, specializing in the human foot, its structure and disorders, and its significance to evolution and anthropology; professor of anatomy at Columbia University; research associate

July-August 1960

of the American Museum of Natural History; and author of *The Human Foot, Oh, Doctor, My Feet!* and *Human Locomotion and Bodily Form*, as well as an anatomy textbook for medical students—once told the N. Y. State Medical Society:

“High heels furnish the chief explanation why ten women have painful foot trouble to each man. In connivance with the shoe stylist, women seem to cherish this form of self-injury as their single remaining token of barbaric sadism.”

Anyway, I very graciously helped this female masochist get her goddam shoe out from between the boards. And I missed my train.

When the sirens went off, I was sitting in a subway train, twiddling my thumbs. There were about 500 who refused to seek shelter at City Hall Park, but only twenty-six were arrested. And the cops chose them *at random!*

I was the *real* culprit, however: I was affiliated with an underground movement.

(Simple Simon says, “Groan.”)

Was the Madonna Cutting Onions?

“There are no unbelievers in Hell.”

—Princess Margaret

The only manuscript the *Realist* has ever rejected sight unseen was one entitled “A Completely Logical Refutation of the Existence of God.” Substitute leprechauns, ghosts, elves, fairy godmothers, Santa Claus, Anita Ekburg—it doesn't matter—our reaction would have been the same: it just ain't worth arguing, buddy.

That the devout are now turning to the weeping Virgin—she's weeping because she knows why the Mona Lisa is *smiling*—to prove *their* side of the story, is a sad commentary on the state of piety.

Suppose they're right, though. Doesn't their God have anything better to do with His time than to bring tears to the eyes of a printed picture? Take any newspaper, any day, and you'll find a myriad of things more worthy of His attention.

If pride is a sin, then belief in a personal God—the notion that the universe cares about *you*—is about as sinful as you can get.

The believers who are touched by life's tragedies can only feel unconscious resentment toward a “Supreme Being” Who doesn't use His power to prevent tragedy. Consciously, of course, they profess to love Him. And *there's* the rub of religion.

It's like this friend of mine says: “God is a cosmic Oedipus complex.”

Footnote Type Things

The artwork for the *Realist's* new column headings was done by Franz Cilensek.

* * *

John Francis Putnam's column of socio-political satire, “Modest Proposals,” will return to these pages next month.

Likewise Marvin Kitman—the *Realist's* gadfly in the advertising culture's ointment.

* * *

Previous “Impolite Interviews” have included Alan Watts, author of *The Way of Zen* (#14); comedian Lenny Bruce (#15); Dr. Albert Ellis, author of *Sex Without Guilt* (#16 & #17); and Richard Kern, ‘pacifist’-‘anarchist’-‘communist’ (#18).

Those issues are available at 25¢ each, or all five for \$1.

Extra copies of this issue: 10 for \$1.

SIR REALIST:

Correction

Take care, Sir Realist, that your zeal in discoloring Christianity does not also discolor your own competence and objectivity. You committed a grievous error in issue #15 when you stated that: "In his student days, Schweitzer wrote a thesis setting forth that Jesus Christ must be explained as an epileptic."

On the contrary, Albert Schweitzer's thesis is a refutation of the claim that Jesus Christ must be explained as an epileptic or as suffering from any other mental disease. (I refer you to *The Psychiatric Study of Jesus* by Albert Schweitzer, Beacon Press, Boston.)

I will not burden you with a presumptuous analysis of motives which might have led to such an error being made; suffice it to say that it would be wise for you to be more certain of your information, especially concerning such a man and such a matter.

Vito P. Maglione
Army Chem. Ctr., Md.

Editor's note: We regret having passed on that bit of misinformation—the source of which was Eternity, a non-denominational Protestant magazine.

In another religious publication this month, though, Martti Miettinen, a Finnish educator, wrote that Schweitzer "has been placed on a pedestal as a model of fine and noble Christian piety. This has been so painful to anyone familiar with his theological views that the time has come to do something about it. According to Schweitzer, Jesus was neither the Messiah promised and sent by God nor the mediator for sinners. A religious view based on such a conception of Jesus is quite obviously not the same as Christianity..."

Permission Granted

Could I please have your permission to make copies of the Steve Allen letter that appeared in your February issue? I would like to use this for classroom purposes in my course in Public Opinion. It has an excellent accounting on "loaded words."

Fredrick Koenig
Dept. of Sociology

Southern Methodist Univ.
Dallas, Texas

Editor's note: Mr. Allen's letter to Jim Greene, columnist for The Tablet, official paper of the archdiocese of Brooklyn, N. Y., berated Mr. Greene's resorting to guilt by association in regard to members of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.

We stated that the letter "was neither published nor answered." But on

January 30th, after the Realist had gone to press, Mr. Greene did include excerpts from the letter in his column. "Is Steve," he asked, "claiming innocence by association?"

The Chessman Case

You sound like an unshaven, unshavened immature Commie beatnik. So, it is now not Chessman's fault that this girl went insane, but her parents? I'd hate to see any of your children, bub. Do you think it would be fair to blame your parents for the way you turned out?

I have utterly no compassion for Caryl Chessman, for Stanley Kramer, Bill Blowitz, Dalton Trumbo, Albert Maltz, and all the others in Hollywood's leper colony. Or for you.

You better give your thinking a good scrubbing with Fels-Naptha soap. It wouldn't hurt to learn a little about writing too. I have glanced over your magazine. It is amateurishly written. It looks like a Communist rag. It has no imagination, no spark, and it's (sic) ideas are cliché and contrived.

Jaik Rosenstein, Editor
Hollywood Close-Up

Thank you for telling me what exactly it was that Chessman was supposed to have done [forced fellatio] to the girls involved. In all other accounts the writer hedged with "perverted acts," "assault," and other meaningless phrases.

Edrice Reynolds
Marietta, Ga.

Editor's note: We were guilty, however, of reinforcing the journalistic myth that one of Chessman's alleged victims is in a mental institution "because of" the incident. Actually she had a previous history of mental disturbance long before the incident, and she was not committed there until 21 months after it.

Psychiatrists at the institution said her illness would have developed regardless of the episode—which, therefore, might well be termed fallacious fellatio. Not to be confused with cunning cunnilingus.

Campus Eavesdropping

In a graduate class at Lehigh University, your magazine was mentioned during the presentation of a thesis. I would appreciate a sample copy.

Blaine Strunk
Pen Argyl, Pa.

I heard about the Realist on a debate trip at Augustana College in Rock Island. A fellow debater had every issue. . . .

John Lester Miller
Aurora, Ill.

I cannot say that I am in agreement with all of your views, but I do ad-

mire the frank, thought-provoking manner in which you present them. . . .

John Gresham
Sam Houston State Coll.

I happened to overhear some people talking about your paper and they certainly weren't talking about the *Saturday Evening Post*. . . .

Richard B. Berger
Columbia University

Educational Erosion

The Realist, brought to my attention by one of my eleventh grade English students, is a welcome oasis in a desert of educational apathy.

[To say] that education has completely failed in teaching people to think is almost an understatement—education often fails to teach teachers to think. Sadly, though, students can be taught to think, but so often those who do are deemed misfits in a society which (I strongly suspect) fears real thinkers.

Your item — "Post No Frills," on page 14 of the October, 1959 issue — pointing out the Roman Catholic sabotaging of education is what has prompted me to write. Please follow:

Palisades Joint School system is a jointure (obviously) of five townships, each of which is represented on the Joint School Board by five members. Although contrary to the state legal operational practices for school boards (which requires a majority of the members of the joint board plus a majority of the township boards — each having one vote — 3 out of 5) to pass a budget, this board requires a majority of the members of each township board.

This means that three out of five members (all Roman Catholics) of one township board can block a budget that is approved by twenty members of four other township boards. Therefore, one small township, Roman Catholic controlled, blocked the entire school budget seven times last year until they got their way, at the expense of a loss of educational facilities for Public School students.

Incidentally, a new Roman Catholic Elementary school about a mile from the public school was opened last month.

Elmer E. Moore, Jr.
Gardenville, Penn.

Editor's note: Although, in the 15 years since the end of World War II, enrollment in public schools has gone up about 60%, enrollment in church-related schools has doubled in the same period.

The Roman Catholic network of elementary and secondary schools in the U. S. is the largest private school system in the world. There are 4,262,100 pupils in 10,279 Catholic grade schools and 827,912 students in 2,400 Catholic high schools in this country.

The Realist

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

The Waist Land

A postscript to your "Significant Things of 1959" (issue #14) is on page 257 of the Sears Roebuck catalog. There is a girdle pictured, and the woman wearing it appears to need it! From a realist's point of view, this is indeed significant.

Mrs. Jane Cohen
Plainfield, Ind.

Thinking and Doing

Re: your editorial comment that "It's a telling paradox that the supernaturally-oriented Quakers put into practice what the rationally-oriented Humanists and organized freethinkers only theorize about."

Most Humanists are engaged in everyday active occupations which actively promote human welfare and happiness—e.g., teaching, psychology, medicine, etc. Even ivory tower philosophizing helps (or can help) humanity; hence, is practicing.

There is a need for philosophers, thought organizers, semanticists, too, for not everyone is fitted for work with humans or in flesh and blood causes. Rather than separating people into doers and thinkers, let's criticize hypocrisy (preaching love of humanity in the abstract but loathing most individual humans).

Further, the American Humanist Association is an educational organization (it is so chartered). The [Quaker] Society of Friends is both theological and action. Naturally, it is hoped that all Humanists are moved to take concrete action.

Jack Hardeback, M.D.
Third Vice President

American Humanist Assn.
El Cajon, Calif.

Only One More Spike

If Joel Kohut is still around, tell him that the cartoon of Christ with the cross in issue #17 was in poor taste, vile, unfunny, badly drawn and not in keeping with the otherwise high quality of the *Realist*.

Allan Silk
New York, N. Y.

Wilson's Column

Of all the people who have written for the *Realist*, Robert Anton Wilson is the most difficult to comprehend. I wonder how many readers have a frame of reference which includes differential calculus, colloidal chemistry, semantics, cybernetics, Hinduism, Zen Buddhism, and what else did he drag in? Oh yes, Euclidean-Newtonian-Aristotelian structures (grammar or architecture?), Wilhelm Reich's philosophy and the Pythagorean synthesis (chemistry or philosophy?) . . .

Mrs. P. Fellman
New York, N. Y.

I must say I am a definite fan of the *Realist* and certainly appreciate its fresh and vigorous atmosphere, particularly after battling the typical weekly editor's environment of staid religious and political putridity. But your Mr. Wilson, I believe, needs several things to be able to consider himself a valid critic. Principally, of course, he needs to know what in the hell he's talking about.

In his "The Doctor With the Frightened Eyes" (issue #16) he discusses the Hollywood version as if it were Tennessee Williams' sole creation of *Suddenly, Last Summer*. I didn't see the movie, not being inclined to the particular brand of hogwash put out by the motion picture industry, but I did read the Broadway play. If Mr. Wilson had read Williams' original, he might have been able to give a clearer picture of that writer's meaning.

To confuse a typical Hollywood diversion of cannibalism to obscure the importance of homosexuality, with the intent of the playwright, is inexcusable in a rational thinker. . . . Another inadequacy in his criticism is an excessive verbosity, a verborrhea which produces only literary vomit, miscellaneous food-stuffs, partially masticated, mixed with acids. . . .

Bob Davis, Editor
The Poplar Standard
Poplar, Montana

The column "Negative Thinking" in issue #17 is in a walloping style that our emasculated conventional writers would do well to adapt. It would be interesting to see Mr. Wilson elaborate further on how religion throughout history has perpetuated cruelty to animals. Many arena spectacles, where animals are sacrificed, such as bullfighting, have religious significance.

Tony Mallin
Chicago, Ill.

In re: Robert Anton Wilson "Letter to a Lady in Iowa" (issue #17) . . . bravo and all that jazz. What a bombshell! Seldom has an article so effectively ripped away the curtains of hypocrisy and stupidity and exposed the naked horror of the beautiful truth. Surely it will rank with the greatest articles of this century.

In my own lifetime, I have yet to read any contemporary writing containing its breathtaking power and its spine-tingling inspiration. It left me limp in the manner of a Shakespearean tragedy. I succeeded in persuading a relative to cancel Sunday church attendance, and promptly read her Mr. Wilson's article, calling it a greater sermon than she will ever hear in any church, anywhere, anytime. . . .

The article ought to be inserted into the Congressional Record.

Lester H. Hayes
Kansas City, Mo.

[Some day] Robert Anton Wilson's "Letter to a Lady in Iowa" will be a standard part of the history and literature taught in our public schools.

Milton Silverman
New York, N. Y.

Hmmph!

A Lady in Iowa

Dunsany's Column

I take exception to Reginald Dunsany, "The Tolerant Pagan." I quote from his column (issue #17): "Union members . . . 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."

Is this the logic of a well-educated man? Yes — educated only on Capitalistic theory. I have talked on Socialism and Communism since I was 6 years old and I did not know what it was until I was 17 years old. . . .

William J. Boda
Buffalo, Mo.

Reginald Dunsany arrives at some interesting conclusions re the election halocaust . . . but when and if Senator Kennedy (or some other Catholic) becomes head of this country, let the non-Catholic not complain, because, in his attempt to prove that he is not prejudiced, he helped to spearhead the drive that placed an "any means to an end" Kennedy in a position to destroy our Constitution.

A Catholic is a subject under Canon Law—a law which is, more often than not, diametrically opposed to our Constitution. The Catholic claims that he can obey both laws simultaneously. He

Contributions

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

Hallen M. Bell \$5; R.S.C. \$1; Henry W. Chmielewski \$1; Mrs. Rebecca R. Crane \$2; George G. Emert \$5; Mrs. P. Fellman \$10; Edward Florito \$3; Wm. J. Fischer \$2; George Gati \$2; Charles L. Genter \$1; Louis Goldberg \$3; Jack Green \$2; Harry Hart \$1; Lester H. Hayes \$3; John Holovacz \$2; Melvin N. Leasure \$10.

Tony Mallin \$1; Stanley Marsh III \$3; Pat Miller \$2; Mrs. Elmer T. Nilson \$2; Bryan J. Ogburn \$7.75; Dr. Verne C. Piazza \$9; Mrs. Ben Pekar \$2; Dr. Oscar Riddle \$5; S. Rosenblatt \$1; Louis M. Sander \$4; Glenn V. Smith \$10; Ralph Snodgrass \$1; John T. Sox \$5; Walter Stoyan \$2; Rosamond P. Taylor \$5; Ora Totton \$1; J. W. Tucker \$3; Nathan Weintraub \$2.

cannot. He either cheats his religion or our Constitution. We may feel certain that he will do not the former but the latter.

Sonja Biersted
Camp Hill, Pa.

Editor's note: We disagree. During the '50's, many non-Catholics did a great deal of harm to the Constitution by means of a generalization distressingly similar to Miss Biersted's. And if it was wrong to take for granted the blind political obedience of a Communist to his Party, it would seem to be just as wrong now to take for granted the blind religious obedience of a Catholic to his Church.

By the same single-standard-of-morality token, if it was wrong to execute Caryl Chessman, then it will be wrong to execute Adolph Eichmann if he is found guilty. That the quality and quantity of the latter's crimes make him literally the most unsympathetic character in the world, is all the more reason for consistency.

A constructive 'punishment' might be to place Eichmann in the custody of social scientists, for the purpose of plumbing the depths of his scarred soul. It might be discovered that the same callouses of inhumanity which allowed him to plan and carry out the extermination of six million Jews, exist in all of us, in one way or another.

It was ironic to hear Jews chant "Two-four-six-eight, Who do we hate? Nazis! Nazis! Boooooo!" when George Lincoln Rockwell sought a permit to speak his Fascist ideas in Union Square Park on July 4th. That the permit was denied in order to prevent a riot tells us nothing new about Rockwell. But what it reveals about the rioters, is what this democracy really has to worry about.

Graffiti

Subway scrawlings (issue #15), a definite part of our culture, are taking on deeper meaning.

Beneath the stairs in the Sixth Avenue station of the BMT is inscribed: "The Pharmaceutical Industry Is Running the A.M.A."

The next stairway provided a more profound statement: "We Are All Fools. Jesus Does Not Save." A religious fanatic (obviously he or she did not realize it would sound sillier) had unsuccessfully tried to obliterate the word "not."

Thomas Grabell
Brooklyn, N. Y.

All right, I give up. What's triskaidekaphobia?

Joe Robinson
Boston, Mass.

Editor's note: It's a morbid fear of triskaide, which is a summer drink made from the juice of freshly-

squeezed trisks. Not to be confused with George Ade.

The Ellis Interview

By Certified Mail:

Please lay off sending any more of your *Realist* stuff. You are overdoing your sex spiel pretty much. Don't you think there's no one in this household that is used to that kind of print or language as appeared in your last issue—and there is no one near by to administer shock treatment. I'm not a prude but neither are we prostitutes or tramps. Good-bye!

Joseph A. Grohman
Hillsdale, Mich.

I thank you for running Dr. Ellis' comments in the *Realist* . . . exceptionally interesting and informative. . . . You're doing a good job and I'm glad you exist.

W. T. Bartle
New York, N. Y.

I think the article should have been titled "An Interview With the Impolite Albert Ellis."

Mrs. Leo Zampedro
Warren, Ohio

Please discontinue sending copies of the "_____ " *Realist* to my home. Thank you.

Mrs. Julia A. Schumacher
Bronx, N. Y.

If you don't quit printing such rare bits, I'll just have to take out subscriptions for 10 friends.

Ruth Lavare
San Jose, Calif.

Do I detect a note of "politeness" seeping into your interviews?

Louis M. Sander
Canoga Park, Calif.

One thing about the interview with Dr. Albert Ellis disturbed me. When you asked him if two marriages and divorces would seem to detract from his efficiency as a marriage counselor, he replied to the effect that he has more experience, and could therefore advise his patients better on how to avoid mistakes.

This sounds a bit ridiculous. If his two marriages and two divorces gave him more experience, then eight or ten or thirty marriages and divorces would give him that much more experience. However, I don't think that anyone would take his advice seriously if they knew he had been married that many times.

Nathan Weber
Developmental Research Inst.
New York, N. Y.

It is very heartening to find a man of Dr. Ellis' level in a field which is usually chaotic, to say the least. Let's have more of Ellis. Each issue of the *Realist* is more interesting than the last. You're doing a very fine and very necessary job.

Patricia Mitman
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Am I correct in thinking that Dr. Ellis is sex consultant for the National Council of Churches?

B. Davis
Dallas, Texas

Editor's note: God, no!
Dr. Ellis once spoke on the subject of masturbation in a symposium sponsored by the National Council of Churches, but they never published his paper along with the rest.

Recently, however, he has been consulting with the YMCA Central Council on what they can do about the homosexual problem in the Y's. He told them to make all the dorms co-ed.

Our Stereophonic Hoax

The "Case History of a TV Hoax" in the June issue of the *Realist* is one of the best things I've read in years—fact or fiction. This piece alone is well worth the price of subscription.

Fletcher Stiers, Jr.
Richmond, Virginia

Your hoax was too much! I can imagine the consternation it caused. Perhaps, I can imagine it better than most: I worked for NBC just before coming to *Playboy*. In fact, I am reminded of an anecdote from that hectic time.

We had the New York City Commissioner of Health on a network show talking about the advantages of water fluoridation. The anti-fluoridation forces demanded equal and opposite time. It was quite a hassle.

Subsequently, the same man who had prepared and produced the fluoridation bit got hold of some Better Business Bureau material on how innocent people were being victimized by mail order sales of pairs of chinchillas, which the buyers were to breed and thereby get rich from the offspring. It was a public service-type exposé thing, and went off reasonably well.

Al Morgan and I, both working on the same show at that time, sent the hapless scripter of this innocuous presentation a 3-page, single-spaced vituperative blast, threatening all sorts of drastic pressures and action, demanding equal and opposite time, etc., and really had the guy in a sweat until he came to the signature, which was "The Chinchillas."

A. C. Spector
Associate Publisher

Playboy Magazine
Chicago, Ill.

The Realist

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



negative thinking

by Robert Anton Wilson

Ezra Pound at Seventy-Five

Ezra Pound is now seventy-five years old and, according to reports, hard at work on a new volume of poetry, which he is translating from the ancient Egyptian. For almost fifty-five years—more than half a century!—he has kept up an unprecedented record of literary energy and creativity.

Fifteen years ago, Pound was brought back to this country from Italy, in a state of raving mania, and charged with treason. His health had been impaired by the months spent in a U. S. Army stockade, where he was forced to sleep out of doors on the ground during the rigours of a rainy Italian summer. He was already sixty: an advanced age for a poet.

Those of us who knew, and valued, Pound's contributions to American literature were in no mood to be charitable to the old man himself. The memories of Belsen and Buchenwald were fresh in our minds. It was easy to say that Ezra Pound was finished, both as a poet and as a man. He had a few more years of life left to him, but he would spend them as a sick, mad old man caged in the horror of a "modern, scientific" mental asylum.

Then, in 1948, *The Pisan Cantos* were published. Written in the Army stockade at Pisa where Pound was imprisoned during the summer of 1945, these Cantos brought up to date the long epic poem Pound had been working on since 1917. The amazing thing about these eleven Cantos was the lack of self-pity in them.

Pound writes a moving obituary for Louis Till, a Negro soldier hanged by the Army for rape-murder (his son, Emmett, was later to make the family more famous); he tells bits and snatches of the conversation of the other prisoners; a monumentally powerful image of the horror of modern warfare emerges; — and against this, Pound sets the timeless beauty of the natural world, the world in which man could find peace and happiness if he could only conquer his chronic rapacity:

*The ant's a centaur in his dragon world,
Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
Made courage, or made order, or made grace.
Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
Learn of the green world what can be thy place
In scaled invention or true artistry,
Paquin pull down!
The green casque has outdone your elegance
(Canto 81)*

*And now the ants seem to stagger
as the dawn sun has trapped their shadows,
this breath wholly covers the mountains*

*it shines and divides
it nourishes by its rectitude
does no injury
overstanding the earth it fills the nine fields
to heaven*

(Canto 83)

It is a strange, complex and deeply moving image that emerges from *The Pisan Cantos*. When Pound does speak out directly against war, as at the end of Canto 76 ("Woe to them that conquer with armies/ and whose only right is their power") he doesn't seem to be speaking as Ezra Pound, the man who believes in Social Credit, Stamp Script and other debatable economic panaceas — nor as Ezra Pound, who espoused fascism because he had seen through all the conventional "solutions" to our problems — but, rather, he seems to speak impersonally, for the violated earth itself.

It is the earth, really, that is the hero (or, more often, heroine) of *The Cantos*, from way back at the beginning when, in Canto 4, Pound contrasted the imagery of an earlier war with the possible beauty of earth:

*Palace in smoky light,
Troy but a heap of smouldering boundary stones
.....
The valley is thick with leaves, with leaves, the trees
The sunlight glitters, glitters a-top,
Like a fish-scale roof,
Like the church roof in Poitiers
If it were gold.*

Throughout the long poem, as year after year went by, and war followed war around the world, Pound kept reminding us of natural beauty, and of the chaos we make of it. The above lines from Canto 4 were written around 1919. Fifteen years later, in 1934, Pound was pointing up the same contrasts: In Canto 48, on page 34 of *The Fifth Decad of Cantos*, we read:

*There were cadavers
and the pit was not large enough to hold all the
cadavers
so the sergeant jammed 'em down with his boots
to get the place smooth for the Kaiser*

Four pages later in Canto 49, we read:

*Autumn moon; hills rise about lakes
against sunset
Evening is like a curtain of cloud,
a blurr above ripples; and through it
sharp long spikes of the cinnamon*

It is, of course, an oversimplification to imagine that the *Cantos* consists of nothing but these contrasts; if that were the case, Pound could have said it all in a 12-line sonnet. But the peace of the non-human world, and the gruesomeness of war, are two of the major themes of this long, symphonic poem, and they are dominant in *The Pisan Cantos*. The universality of this implicit message, and the lack of self-pity, are what most moved us about the *Pisan* poems.

Even when Pound does seem to be speaking of his personal suffering he does it in terms of non-human

suffering generally:

*But in the caged panther's eyes:
"Nothing. Nothing that you can do . . ."
green pool, under green of the jungle,
caged: "Nothing, nothing that you can do."*

DRYAS, your eyes are like clouds

*Nor can who has passed a month in the death cells
believe in capital punishment
No man who has passed a month in the death cells
believes in cages for beasts
(Canto 83)*

Through these poems (or, as Pound calls them, chants) written in Pisa during the time of his own greatest suffering, many of us came to feel more deeply the tragedy of Ezra Pound.

Pound's life-long fight against war-makers, monopolists, the capitalist system, international bankers — and all others who were destroying the beauty and fertility of the earth — was climaxed by Pound's own allegiance to the worst destroyers of our time, true enough; but now, with some of our own mistakes coming home to roost — those of us who had followed leaders as mad, or madder, than Mussolini — we began to sense that the irony of Pound's horrible last mistake was the universal irony of our century.

Which of us had not seen his own idealism exploited by cynical maniacs in pursuit of power? Which of us had not seized upon panaceas as wild as Pound's favorite cure-all, Stamp Script?

But still, even after *The Pisan Cantos*, we said that Ezra was finished, both as a man and as an influence on our literature. We said it now with a sense of loss and pathos, but we still said it.

Ezra, really, had set a new record in literary history, by being a strong influence on three generations of young writers. When he had first appeared in London in 1907 — fresh from the (then) unsettled wilds of Idaho, but already full of an astonishing poetic erudition in Greek, Italian, French and a dozen other languages — his genius was immediately recognized, even by his elders.

The regnant writers of the time — Ford Madox Ford, William Butler Yeats, and several others — moved forward from a Victorian to a modern style of writing largely under the influence of this amazing American who was several years their junior. (Yeats and Ford had the decency to acknowledge this influence, but others did not.)

Then, after the first World War, Ezra was in Paris, and it was to him that the young expatriates turned for literary and personal example. Hemingway's prose is one imperishable product of Ezra's coaching; the early poetry of T. S. Eliot and e. e. cummings are others.

Finally, in the 30's, when Ezra was beginning to show signs of age and increasing eccentricity, it was he who was the chief model for young poets. Auden, Spender, Tate, each in their different ways, carried on innovations of rhythm and language which Pound had been first to introduce into English and American poetry. It was without equal in literary history: one man setting the seal of his personal genius on three generations of writers.

It is not strange, then, that we found it hard to

believe, back in 1948, that Pound could continue to be an active influence with the generation that was rising. He was old, he was mad, he was a traitor — the young could learn from him, but almost certainly they would not. . . . Even with *The Pisan Cantos* in our hands, we could not guess the miracle that was about to occur.

There have always been two lines of development stemming from Ezra Pound's early poetic-semantic innovations.

The first, and until recently the dominant line, has been that explored by T. S. Eliot: a precise, witty and dead-pan manipulation of poetic cliché to drag mockingly into light the submerged unconscious (or at least, unacknowledged) illusions of our time. Pound began this in his *Mauberley* poems of 1917-1920, a series of ironic little verses that set the reader's expectations for one cliché after another and then smoothly side-step into an utterly imperturbable and unexpected irresolution.

(Strangely, this is the same device that underlies the best "cool" jazz, and something much like it appears in the studied opacity of some Abstract Expressionist painting. Basically, it is a way of saying that we are so trapped by the "social lie," or the mass-produced stereotype, that the only truth left us is an inscrutable silence.)

In the hands of Eliot and his disciples, this Poundian method became a tool of, first, psychological, and then, theological dissection of human self-deceit.

"Humankind cannot bear very much reality," Eliot says in *Four Quartets*; his poems, and those of his followers, pursue the image of a man of sensibility trying to utter a word of truth that will redeem his age — and always stumbling toward the lie, always giving up into a baffled "No comment." In some ways, this is the best (and most typical) poetry of our age; and it is what most Universities still consider the total body of "modern poetry."

But, like all methodological innovations in the arts, this hyper-ironic and hyper-analytical poetry is capable of becoming another cliché — another mass-produced stereotype. That is, indeed, what has happened to it.

The academic Quarterlies are full of poems by little English instructors who are very wittily and very precisely doing variation #78,105 on Tate's variation on Eliot's "Here were a decent, goddess people . . ." Worse yet, all of these very clever little apes have copied not only Eliot's poetic sensibility but also his inane medievalism, superstition, Royalism and general conservatism and despair about mankind.

I am not saying that the debacle of liberal democracy doesn't provide good reasons for the more sensitive person to feel that way; I am saying that to feel that way and express it exactly as Eliot does is to fall into another mass cliché as vacuous as the optimism of the liberals. It is just another evasion, another way of making a wall of words to block off actual complex experience of the world, another case of humankind not being able to bear very much reality.

That is why the best and most original young poets of today — that is, the Beat poets — are all, without exception, in rebellion against the Eliot influence. The amazing thing about this rebellion, however, is that, in rejecting the poetic style which comes out of Pound via Eliot, the Beats have returned to a style that also comes out of Pound — this time, via William Carlos Williams.

When Allen Ginsberg writes the following charac-

The Realist

teristic outburst near the end of his, "Death to Van Gogh's Ear."

*Money-chant of soapers — toothpaste apes in
television sets — deodorizers on hypnotic
chairs —
petroleum mongers in Texas — jet plane streaks
among the clouds —
sky writers liars in the face of Divinity fanged
butchers of hats and shoes, all Owners!
Owners! Owners!
and their long editorials on the fence of the
screaming negro attacked by ants crawled
out of the front page!
Machinery of a mass electrical dream! A war-creating
Whore of Babylon bellowing over Capitals
and Academies!
Money! Money! Money! shrieking mad celestial
money of illusion! Money made of nothing,
starvation, suicide! Money of failure! Money
of death!*

Tokyo Was Never Like This

(Editor's note: The following is an excerpt from a "diabolic dialogue" which appeared in issue #2.)

Faubus: . . . of course, Mr. President, I'll be the first one to admit that the Supreme Court has made some wrong decisions. But when it comes to the matter of issuing passports, I think they're in the right. You ought to leave well enough alone.

Eisenhower: I gather, Governor, that you are referring to my recommendations to Congress—

Faubus: That's right, Sir. There was a particular phrase in that message which disturbed me. You said that it's essential for the Government to have the power to restrict the travel of Americans into areas "where their presence would conflict with our foreign policy objectives." Don't you realize that this could apply to me?

Eisenhower: Well, that isn't exactly what I had in mind. The way I see it, the Secretary of State—

Faubus: Yes, it could apply to him, too!

Eisenhower: No, no, I was going to say that it should be within his power to—

Faubus: I'll tell you who you *should've* kept from going out of this country. Ezra Pound, that damned Fascist, that's who. Do you think for one moment that his presence abroad does our foreign policy objectives any good? Him and his goose-step salute. And calling America an insane asylum. Anybody who says a thing like that must have little rocks in his head. What's more, he insulted you, Dwight.

Eisenhower: But Orval, people don't take him seriously. After all, he was just released from a mental institution.

Faubus: And I say that steps could have been taken to see to it that such an occurrence never took place. An ounce of prevention is worth a cure of Pound. . . .

he is, of course, employing some of the deliberately mechanical, rock-and-rolling rhythms of William Carlos Williams' *Paterson*, together with some of the deliberately "uncouth" or pre-poetical imagistic juxtapositions of that poem, and he is doing it to say something similar to what Williams said in that poem; but the whole effect began in Pound's early Cantos — a barbaric, mechanized, assembly-line velocity of image and rhythm to suggest the madness of our modern world:

*Profiteers drinking blood sweetened with sh-t,
And behind them . . . f and the financiers
lashing them with steel wires.
And the betrayers of language
. . . n and the press gang
And those who had lied for hire;
the perverts, the perverters of language,
the perverts, who have set money-lust
Before the pleasures of the senses;
howling, as of a hen-yard in a printing-house,
the clatter of presses,
the blowing of dry dust and stray paper,
foeter, sweat, the stench of stale oranges,
dung, last cess-pool of the universe
(Canto 14)*

Nor is Allen Ginsberg the only Beat poet to be "of the Tribe of Ezra." Gary Snyder's translations from the Chinese have the tone of Ezra's Chinese translations: "Red jade cups, food well set on a blue jewelled table," has a bright clarity of language and a masculinity of rhythm that could come from either of them; it happens to come from Ezra's *Cathay*.

Ted Joans, Charles Olson, Brother Antoninus and Ray Bremser are other Beat poets clearly in debt to the Pound-Williams innovations. Pound has actually performed the miracle of being a strong influence on four generations of poets, at least two of whom were consciously in revolt against the ones preceding.

Aside from his example to others, what of Ezra himself?

Well, he has not been idle these last fifteen years. *The Pisan Cantos*, which we thought to be the last installment of a permanently unfinished epic, has been followed by two more books of chants: *Section Rock Drill* in 1955, and *Thrones* this year. There are now 109 Cantos, or just 11 short of the 120 Pound announced when the poem was begun way back in 1917. The latest chants are as good as any Pound has written: his fine old ear can still produce melodic effects that make the rest of his contemporaries seem as flat as James T. Farrell's prose:

*Out of gold light flooding the peristyle
Trees open in Paros,
White feet as Carrara's whiteness
(Canto 106)*

The meaning of this long and cunningly-made symphonic poem becomes more and more inescapable as it moves towards its conclusion. All along the way, Pound has been building up subtle contrasts and distinctions (emphasized by the polyphonic style, which varies from the most delicately-made lyricism to the savage clatter of Canto 14, and even includes long prosaic stretches of economic analysis.)

One dramatic contrast, for instance, is that between

Sigismundo Malatesta who was so kind to the artists who worked on his temple (Canto 8) and "the supreme pig, the archbishop of Salzburg" who mistreated Mozart (Canto 26); and between that archbishop who did, at least, have some interest in art as an adjunct of civilization, and Baldy Bacon, whose interest

Was in money business.

"No interest in any other kind of business"

Said Baldy

(Canto 12)

Jefferson, the hero of the first fifty Cantos, is first introduced to us, in Canto 21, trying to get together a string quartet at Monticello; when he appears for full treatment in Canto 31, we get a kalaidoscopic panorama of his interests:

*... no slaves north of Maryland districts ...
... flower found in Connecticut that vegetates
when suspended in air ...
... screw more effectual if placed below surface
of water.*

John Quincy Adams, another Poundian hero, is shown in Canto 34: (a) fighting for an end to slavery, (b) conducting experiments to determine standards of weights and measures for America, (c) reading Pope's poetry aloud to his family at breakfast, and (d) reflecting on the fluctuations in value of paper currency.

The other heroes of the Cantos all share this far-reaching curiosity — scientific, political, artistic, historical — just like that of the poet who has rescued so many of them from obscurity. Apollonius of Tyana, hero of the *Rock Drill* chants, has been resurrected by Pound partially because he was the first Greek modest enough and curious enough to learn Hindu philosophy.

Sir Edward Coke, Yong Ching, Confucius, Odysseus, Marco Polo, Tai Tsong — each hero of the poem illustrates in some way the mind that is eager for knowledge and experience. Like Odysseus in the first Canto, these heroes are all willing to take risks:

*Ten million germs on his face,
"That is part of the risk and happens
About twice a year in tubercular research, Dr.
Spahlinger" ...
"J'ai obtenu," said M. Curie, or some other scientist
"A burn that cost me six months in curing,"
And continued his experiments.*
(Canto 27)

The one single sentence which sums up most of the meaning of the *Cantos* is introduced in Canto 85 and repeated several times in the following 23 Cantos: "The dynasty came in because of a great sensibility." This is from the *Shu King* of Confucius, and Pound gives, several times, the ideogram *ling* which he has translated "sensibility." He also translates it as "awareness" and "curiosity."

It is a word that wonderfully describes Pound's own crowning virtue, the virtue which has made him a powerful poet and teacher for more than half a century, and which, to many of us, redeems him from his terrible errors in practical politics.

"Sensibility" obviously means more than objective knowledge, although objective knowledge is one of its prerequisites. "Sensibility"—*ling*—is not what Jeffer-

son learned about the screw that worked underwater or the flower that vegetated in air; it is the state of mind which made Jefferson take an interest in these things, the state of mind which wanted a string quartet in his home, the state of mind of Odysseus wanting to hear the song the Sirens sang. John Adams had it:

*Number of small birds from the shore
instant they light on a ship
drop asleep from exhaustion*
(Canto 65)

This bit of observation from Adams' diary, Pound arranges in the form of a Japanese *haiku*; he wants the reader to see the similarity between Adams' awareness and that of the Oriental poets.

The "great sensibility" which brought in the Adams dynasty was not unlike that praised by Confucius. Charles Frances Adams is heard in Canto 46 complaining about the lack of good conversation in London in the 1860's: the great sensibility was still there, in old John's grandson, still alert, still seeking intellectual stimulation.

(In Canto 99 we are reminded of how "Odysseus' old ma missed his conversations," and the famous passage about Malatesta's conversation in Canto 11 is justly celebrated.)

Pound has often mentioned the cup of white gold at Patera, said to derive its beautiful form from the breasts of Helen of Troy, being literally molded therefrom according to an ancient legend. In Canto 106 he writes, placing his political theories in perspective to his over-all philosophy:

*How to govern is from the time of Kuan Chung
but the cup of white gold at Patera
Helen's breasts gave that*

In this beautiful image Pound's genius clearly rises above Pound's personal ideology, the good and the bad both transcended into the awareness that made the great dynasty and makes all great things. The beauty of Helen's breasts is what really matters. If mankind can learn that, and remember it, society can never become completely corrupt.

When men know and value these things, government becomes a matter of "details of organization," as Pound says elsewhere. It is when men do not love women's breasts — when they "set money-lust above the pleasures of the senses" — that corruption begins.

"Latin is sacred, grain is sacred," Pound once wrote. The values of human culture and the values of the fertile earth are here presented together, no dichotomy between them, two things to be cherished forever. It is this love of the possibilities of earth and of the possibilities of man that makes Pound a living influence even today, even after madness and treason and an ordeal that would break a lesser man.

In the last ten years, Pound has translated what he considers the major works of Chinese civilization: the *Ta Hsio*, the *Lun Yu*, the *Chung Yung* and the *Shih King*. Now he is at work on the *Egyptians!*

Whatever his flaws and errors, Ezra Pound exemplifies that "great sensibility" and great curiosity he has praised; and I for one am glad that he has been spared and allowed to return to Italy where he is loved and can continue his work without the bars of a cage around him.

THE KOCH CASE

(Continued from Cover)

In the first place, the poster itself is a symbol of a spirit which belies the myth of student apathy. On May 2nd, Professor Koch wrote to Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review*:

"What a disappointment to read your editorial of April 30 1960. . . . I am filled to the gills with the laments of mediocre professors and journalists, and now you, to the effect that the present generation of college students is somehow derelict in its obligations to society to be dashing, adventurous, devil-may-care, rabble-raising true-believers of something—presumably, the American Way.

"It would be easy to demonstrate again, if the recent student uprisings all over the world, and also in the United States, do not do so convincingly enough, that there is nothing wrong with our students except their parents and teachers.

"Given encouragement by their parents and teachers, and once having observed commitment, courage of conviction, and social action by parents and teachers, I dare predict that our present generation of college students would set the world afire.

"But, treated as if they were grade school pupils, and denied any opportunity to exercise adult authority, and prohibited by outmoded mores from assuming responsibility for themselves, surely, most students cannot be blamed if they play it cool.

"Only an idiot would risk his future welfare and security by advocating new ideas, changes in the American Way, and violation of our cultural mores, when every day he is impressed with the economic sanctions and social ostracism which are the rewards of those foolish few, like myself, who dare to express their honest opinions of controversial issues in public.

"If professors were to assume their educational responsibilities to their students and to our society, and were to become a little less dull and more stimulating themselves, perhaps they would have a moral right to criticize their students!

"The great mass of professors are either too stupid, or too busy with their footnotes or graphs, to realize what a pitiful example of cultural decadence they are now setting for their students.

"Parents, perhaps, are doing professors to shame by setting even worse examples for their children by their hypocritical lip service to education and their total devotion to making a fast buck and titillating their senses with meaningless entertainment and fatuous, conspicuous consumption of consumer goods and gadgets."

(The letter was not published. Meanwhile, Cousins himself has dismissed someone from the National

Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy because Senator Dodd of Connecticut said he was a "known Communist." There was no hearing.)

David D. Henry, President of the University of Illinois, was hanged in effigy—a well-dressed manikin complete with spectacles and mustache—just outside the University YMCA: "Hanged," stated a placard, "for Killing Academic Freedom." (The general secretary of the Y said that the persons who had stuffed and hanged the effigy were "plotting against the YMCA.")

There were other, more literate protests. Wrote one student to the *Daily Illini*: "President Henry felt that Dr. Koch's views were a reflection on the University. I feel that the University's action is a reflection on me. The cynicism implied in the act must not be allowed to speak for the students. . . ."

Wrote another pair of students: "By failing to view Koch's letter in proper proportion, the Administration has itself 'prejudiced the best interests of the University' [the reason for Koch's dismissal]. The publicity attending the suspension has precipitated the condemnation of many who were previously unaware of the incident. . . ."

And, from a quartet of students: ". . . The committee, considering Dr. Koch's letter in the *Daily Illini*, felt that it raised serious doubts as to his competency as a teacher. . . . We, as thinking college students, fail to see the connection between a man's beliefs and his teaching ability. Certainly, Dr. Koch has felt this way for a long time and since his adequacy as an instructor wasn't questioned prior to the publication of his letter, why should it be questioned now?"

As to the demonstration itself, W. Thomas Morgan, former FBI agent who is now the University's chief security officer, said the demonstrators had been kept under close surveillance: University photographers snapped a number of pictures of the students *closest to the speaker's platform!*

Somehow, such action seemed to justify the sign which read: "World's Great Purgers: Stalin in the 30's; Henry in the 60's." (When a TV cameraman drew near, the sign was reversed. The other side said: "TV Is for Small Minds.")

The fact that "Free Love" was in quotes on that other poster points to the sensationalism to which not only newspapers bow, but also the wire services which feed the stories to all the open-mouthed dailies waiting in the nest. Thus, the wording of the UPI version was that "The University of Illinois today announced it would fire a professor who urged free love for college students instead of just petting."

What Dr. Koch had actually said, however, was this:

"With modern contraceptives and

medical advice readily available at the nearest drugstore, or at least a family physician, there is no valid reason why sexual intercourse should not be condoned among those sufficiently mature to engage in it without social consequences and without violating their own codes of morality and ethics."

Since when are *urge* and *condone* (with qualifications!) synonymous?

But the headlines shouted out: FREE LOVE BACKER, and LOVE PROF FIRED, and (from the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*, yet) PROFESSOR TO BE FIRED FOR URGING FREE LOVE. The (Hearst) *Chicago American*—whose immodest masthead states, "The World's Greatest Newspaper"—gave the case the most space. And the most distortion.

Only one newspaper in the country (the *Chicago Sunday Star*) actually printed Koch's entire letter. Those who quoted from it failed—without exception—to include Koch's assertion that "the . . . important hazard is that a public discussion of sex will offend the religious feelings of the leaders of our religious institutions. These people feel that youngsters should remain ignorant of sex for fear that knowledge of it will lead to temptation and sin."

As if to prove the accuracy of that statement, *Christian Century*—leading liberal (in quotes, of course) Protestant magazine—criticized President Henry for not basing Koch's suspension more clearly on religious grounds. Their editorial said that Henry's statement—that Koch's letter was "offensive and repugnant, contrary to accepted standards of morality" was "deficient" in that it was "humanistic" and failed to state that the taboos violated by Koch are based on "revelation."

But whether or not God's eye is on every hymn that breaketh, is really beside the point.

The point, as the poster said, is free speech. There is a difference between crying "Fire!" in a crowded theatre and condoning sex on a crowded campus. As a report to President Henry from the University Committee on Academic Freedom stated:

"In this University . . . 21.8% [of the students] are already married and the remainder are at a stage of development and maturity at which they can and do weigh and debate advice on relations between the sexes. It is doubtful if the reading of the Koch letter could have had any significant effect on their sexual behaviour."

Dr. Koch told the *Realist*: "It may be that this could become a test case before the Supreme Court for a re-definition of Academic Freedom. My opponents are working for a definition of Academic Freedom limited by 'academic responsibility.' In their mind, this means not embarrassing the University administration by expressing views which are so controversial that

outside pressure is exerted on them. What else? In this view a professor has less freedom of speech than a ditchdigger."

Said President Henry: "I contend that the dismissal of Mr. Koch constitutes no infringement of academic freedom." He added that "What may be regarded as incitement to or condonation of immoral conduct cannot, under the pretext of social criticism, be treated merely as the presentation of an unorthodox point of view or an intellectual exercise in philosophy." He concluded: "I believe that the public and the common law place 'out of bounds'—along with subversion and fraud—the encouragement of youth to violate the usually accepted moral code and the laws pertaining to that code."

The Ill. division of the American Civil Liberties Union stated that Koch's dismissal will "leave the young with the impression that conventional morality cannot stand the scrutiny of public discussion."

Between the appearance of Koch's letter (March 19th) and his suspension (April 7th), there had been a great deal of pressure on the Administration. That pressure did not arise from a vacuum. The Reverend Ira Latimer—of the Bureau of Public Affairs, Institute of Economic Policy in Chicago; also member of the University of Illinois Dad's Associations—had distributed a letter to the parents of female students, all over the state. Excerpts:

"Professor Leo F. Koch's exhortation to sexual promiscuity . . . evidently timed to appear when a large number of high-school students were visiting the campus for the annual basketball tournament, is an audacious attempt to subvert the religious and moral foundations of America. It calls for immediate action by the faculty of the university, the board of trustees, the governor, or, if all of these fail in their responsibility, by the people of the state.

"The standard operating procedure of the Communist conspiracy is to demoralize a nation as a necessary preliminary to taking it over . . . Professor Koch's letter follows this formula point by point.

" . . . he [Koch] concludes [in his letter] that 'the heavy load of blame should fall on the depraved society which reared them.' This is also perfect Communist party-line technique—to call that which is good 'bad' and that which is bad 'good.'

" . . . Animal Koch would reduce us to a sub-animal level . . . All this, of course, is a calculated appeal to the appetites of young men who thoughtlessly suppose that a college campus would be a paradise if co-eds were no more 'inhibited' than prostitutes. The bait for women is the suggestion that they are discriminated against by 'a double standard of morality.'

" . . . The central target, of course, is Christianity, and Professor Koch openly deploras 'the hypocritical and downright inhumane moral standards engendered by a Christian code of ethics which was already decrepit in the days of Queen Victoria' . . .

"The next target is the concept of civilization. . . . Impulses to steal, to assault, to kill are innate in the animal part of the human organism. What Christianity calls Original Sin corresponds to a biological fact which no atheist can deny, however he may attempt to explain it. Civilized life is possible only when men voluntarily and by God's power subordinate animal instincts to conscience and reason.

" . . . The Communist objective is to make glib doubletalk in violation of common sense pass as 'intellectual' and 'progressive' and thus to destroy the capacity for criticism which enables men to detect and denounce the fallacies and semantic perversions of Communist propaganda.

"Professor Koch's . . . letter is proof that something is terribly wrong in the University of Illinois. This is the university whose trustees recently voted that students getting hand-outs from the federal treasury should not be asked to sign statements that they are not engaged in conspiracy against the United States. It would seem that a majority of the trustees believe that Communists have a right to be supported by the American taxpayers. . . .

"This is the university which is currently using the taxpayers' money to finance a propaganda campaign to wheedle those taxpayers into assuming at the coming election the additional burden, of a bond issue of \$195,000,000, which will, presumably, provide more facilities for more Professor Kochs to teach more young people that there is 'no valid reason' why they should not have 'mutually satisfying sexual experience' whenever they feel the urge.

"And the real victims are the students, both men and women, who are being demoralized to produce a generation that will not even know that when it loses liberty and personal integrity, it has lost all chance to find meaning and joy in life.

"I herewith offer to address any student organization or campus church on the subject of 'Koch and Subversion.'"

And several hundred neurotic parents demanded Koch's dismissal.

Little did Leo Koch dream, when he wrote that letter to the *Daily Illini*—in response, incidentally, to an editorial criticizing the ritualized necking and petting in the halls of sorority houses—that it would have the worldwide repercussions it has had. Forty scholars from Oslo, Norway, for example, sent a petition to the Board of Trustees, in support of Koch.

In this country, the reaction has

been equally encouraging. Dr. Robert A. Harper, President-elect of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, issued this (completely ignored) commentary on the Koch case:

"As a veteran family life educator, marriage counselor, and writer and lecturer on premarital and marital topics, I should like to state flatly that the conventional moral code regarding premarital chastity does a great deal more harm than good in contemporary American society. This code not only leads some young people into firmly fixed pornographic attitudes and prudishly repressive sexual behavior (from which matrimonial ceremonies, alas, cannot free them), but it instills guilt feelings in countless other youth who proceed to violate the stupid premarital taboos.

"Fortunately, however, a growing number of young people have been able to perceive the false, superstitious basis of the outmoded sanctions against premarital coitus and are proceeding maturely, stably, wisely, and happily with wholesome and desirable premarital sexual relations which greatly aid them in their marital sexual adjustments. . . .

"Even if Professor Koch were incorrect in his views (which he quite clearly is not), he deserves the individual and academic rights of expressing them. It is certainly to be hoped that the Board of Trustees of one of America's great universities can rise above the shrill and petty cries of reality-denying bigots and courageously declare its belief in the freedom of its professors and students to think and to express their thoughts.

"I am reminded of the blot of stupidity and ignorance stamped upon Dayton, Tennessee, back in 1927 by its strong stand that a biologist by the name of Scopes could not teach the indisputable facts of organic evolution. Is the University of Illinois going to become the high water mark of bigotry in the '60's by saying that a biologist cannot publicly state what even the most naive university students know: namely, that a majority of young people today have premarital sexual intercourse and that those who proceed maturely with such experiences emerge with desirable, not undesirable, results? I wish a more favorable chapter in educational history than this for the University of Illinois!"

But, on June 14th, Professor Koch's suspension was upheld, and he was officially fired. And students sang, to the tune of *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. . .

Now academic freedom is among the finest goals,

But our administrators fear it taxes students' souls.

And the Tribune spreads the word 'to all the taxpayers at the polls—

Public Relations marches on.

HENRY MORGAN

(Continued from Page 2)

ner's] wife was standing right behind me, dammit.)

Q. How were you misunderstood during the steel strike?

A. By whom? All I said was that the steel workers were going to force the raising of prices again so that the raise would be futile. So that fathead Nixon gave them the money. Who the hell listens to me, anyway? And what was so original about what I said? I sincerely believe Nixon to be, potentially, one of the most dangerous men in the world, but I never said that.

You know, that's an hilarious question. How was I misunderstood during the steel strike. The true answer is that I was misunderstood by a girl named Betty something who thought I wanted to go home with her. I wanted to go to my house because it was closer. The subject of the strike didn't come up at all.

Q. Your career has been punctuated by misunderstandings—by your employers and by the public—of your targets. Do you think you were guilty of this same type of misunderstanding—the target when you said that humorist Jean Shepherd was “slightly anti-Semitic” merely because he used the name “Manny” so frequently as a name for mythical movie directors?

A. I don't know any ‘humorist-Jean-Shepherd.’ I know of a Jean Shepherd who talks about his youth in the middle west, if that's the one you mean. He has talked about that youth of his in such detail that I suspect it lasted for about forty years. And nobody is slightly anti-Semitic. Everybody is completely anti-Semitic except for a handful of Jews, and they're not sure.

Nobody misunderstands my targets, either. If they do, it's because I didn't make myself clear. It's like these non-objective painters. If I don't know what the bum means, it's his fault for not knowing how to communicate. Same with me. If I don't know how to communicate what I mean, I can't very well blame the audience. The fact that the TV audience is stuffed with goofs is no excuse. If I don't like talking to goofs I can go into another line of work.

(This is dream-talk. I don't know how to do anything else. All the openings in the *Sunday Times* are for servo-mechanism oilers.)

I listen to Shepherd when I work on my model trains. One night he referred to himself as a humorist. I laughed, but that's the only time I can remember that happening.

Mostly he talks about how hot it was in the summer when he was a kid (since which time, I imagine, he's been living in some hermetically sealed space inside his own head where there is no weather at all) . . . but I live in a cold apartment and he makes it warmer.

His open-end self-psychoanalysis (does this kid use pentothol?) is at least cleaner than Tennessee (Tom) Williams' (although that ten-second shot of Liz Taylor in the bathing suit did more for me than hormones).

Actually, it's Shepherd who is misunderstood. By the whole world. Just listen to him: (Since I accused him of anti-Semitism, he took two actions. He sued me for slander; and he stopped using the name Manny. Changed it to Irving.)

Q. What's your reaction to the following performers: Mort Sahl?

A. A unique performer, though not a performer in the ordinary sense. I've seen Fat Jack Leonard, for ex-

ample, completely mystified by what Sahl does. And he (Sahl) shouldn't be lumped with the sick ones, nor for that matter, with any of the new kids. He does excellent work and it's his own. He's essentially a writer.

Q. Lenny Bruce?

A. A ghastly mistake. It's the fact that he has an audience that scares me. Bruce isn't sick. What your interview with him [issue #15] failed to disclose is that he isn't very amusing, either. And so to call what he does ‘sick humor’ is misleading. It's primarily a collection of statements. But I'm quite serious when I say that this young man is a terrible, untalented, revolting . . . ah, the hell with him.

Q. Elaine May and Mike Nichols?

A. Fine folks. Worth the money. Long may they prosper.

Q. Jonathan Winters?

A. The eternal possibility.

Q. Shelley Berman?

A. An amusing gent. His style is sometimes a bit on the heavy side, sometimes a bit on the self-conscious, but by and large a fine addition to the upcomers.

Q. Henry Morgan?

A. Who cares? I won't pay a doctor to listen to my opinion of me and I won't force it down your throat either. I'll tell you (this much, though . . . if I'd spend my time doing useful work instead of answering this claptrap . . . but there, you see. I won't.

Q. As a selective TV viewer, would you watch “I've Got a Secret?”

A. No. If you want to know why I wouldn't watch ‘Secret,’ it's because I don't think it would amuse me. After all, I wouldn't be on it. I think Betsy Palmer is worth looking at, but it's a lot better up close. She is a delight, and if her husband drops dead tomorrow, it's okay with me.

(I can see some s.o.b. bringing this into court to prove intent, the dirty s.o.b.)

Q. Do you think you're prostituting yourself by being a member of that program's panel?

A. Prostituting my ass. (I notice your paper is partial to people who are able to insert vulgar language into the text when they've run out of ideas. I must say that the psychiatrist or whatever [psychotherapist Albert Ellis] who spoke about the misuse of some of the dandier words was quite right, but why lose a mailing privilege just to be right?)

People who talk about prostituting themselves should be arrested. It reminds me that Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (Gilbert's partner—I think that's the name) used to burn about the fact that everybody seemed to buy his G.&S. tunes but ignored his ‘good’ work. I know painters who would rather be supported by the State than do ‘commercial’ art. Arrested, all of them.

I get paid on ‘Secret’ for the peculiar public personality I accidentally built. My services are unique, it says in the contract, and they are, too. Go fry your hat.

Q. Do you have respect for your audiences?

A. Listen. I come to the studio at about nine-fifteen (the show goes on at nine-thirty). I've arrived in blizzards, in thunder storms, in—well, taxis. It doesn't matter how terrible the weather, there will be six hundred people standing on the sidewalk waiting to see a half-hour panel show. Some of them stand in line, I've been told, for two hours and more. What can I think of them?

These poor cattle (that's what they look like, huddled in the rain) aren't the whole audience, of course.

But as dear Fred Allen once said during a radio broadcast, he could reach into his toilet and come up with better than what was sitting out front. (Not on the air, stupid . . . he said it to Pat Weaver, who was his producer at the time.)

It is necessary to judge the TV audience by what they watch. What they watch is obviously what they *want* to watch, don't kid yourself—all the research has been done no matter *what* John Crosby thinks. Nobody spends a million dollars today to present *Leave It to Beaver* to people who aren't watching. It follows that the TV audience in general is one enormous . . . (well, the psychologist said that sometimes these words are more descriptive than others and should be used but I just can't do it) . . . is one enormous shithead . . . (well, I couldn't come up with anything else).

Now. When I do a show of my own (they go by like subways, don't they, though?) it attracts a selective audience. Up to now these people haven't been shown to be worth counting. In other words, selective programming doesn't belong in an expensive mass medium—and what critics forget is that it *is* a mass medium.

The only way I know of to get a large audience is to be lovable, and how the hell am I going to do that? You might be interested to know that 'Secret' gets a considerable amount of mail asking them to fire me because I don't smile enough! This is the God's (what a word to use in this paper!) honest truth.

The other night I went to see Mort Sahl at work and, as Manny (I know better than to strike twice) is my witness, seventy per cent of the people in the room didn't know what the hell he was talking about. He was using plain English and fairly short words—he was talking about these people and the time in which they live—and they acted as though the whole thing were being done under water on Saturn. Now, if Mort Sahl, a literate and amusing man, can't be understood by the majority of the people in one small room, what can one expect of a TV audience?

What's the circulation of *this* paper? Thirty million?

Why, I don't believe you've printed a paragraph up to now that could be read on TV. And I include the masthead.

The TV audience is the United States of America, that's who. And the U.S. at this moment is not interested. You name it, doc, and I guarantee that they're not interested. And if they were, they wouldn't understand it.

Of course, this brings up the question of prostitution again. But, you see, I don't *do* anything else. If I did something 'better'—*then* TV work would be prostitution . . . but I don't. And I even respect what I do and believe I do it better than anyone else can. And there it is, 'arry.

Q. How do you justify your comments about the obesity of Jack Paar's daughter and the halitosis of vocalist Anita O'Day?

I detect here the unfine hand of someone who, afraid that the answers to these idiotic questions wouldn't be amusing, decided to get laughs with the questions. Good luck to the fathead.

Q. What's your attitude toward autograph-collecting?

A. I've been an autograph collector for many years. Once I got Dean Martin in a men's room and had to hold the pad for him and it wiggles a little, but is perfectly clear. I have two Mae Bushes and a lot of Mule Haas, but to fill out there is work to be done. One time

I almost got Harlow Shapley but I didn't know who he was until it was too late. He made a movie or something, I forget, but one of the other kids said I should get it and, like I said, I was just too late.

Some of my experiences have been pretty rewarding. Like the time I shoved a blank check under Hal Block's nose just to see would he say something funny, and he called me a dirty little mocky and didn't give it to me. Once I stood for three hours waiting for Judy Garland but she was drunk or on H or something and I settled for her manager's autograph which isn't bad, when you come to think of it. How many people could possibly have it?

My Roscoe Karns has begun to shrivel. I have a Niven—part of David Niven—which one of the kids tore out of my hand, but it's better than nothing, I say.

What I would really like to do, I guess, is break my leg and have everybody sign the cast. I've seen some pretty funny stuff on casts, although I don't really know how you save it when it's all over.

(Swap Dept.—I have a fair Lou Boudreau I would swap for a good Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. or what-have-you? Also want a good Jean Shepherd from when he was a kid, if available.)

Q. Peter Lind Hayes says that: "The comedian tries to make himself socially acceptable by making people laugh. Most comedians are sad. It probably is because they feel they can never be attractive romantically." Do you agree?

A. Peter is an attractive fellow. What's he talking about? He wants to be attractive to Mary Healy? So do I.

Anyway, I'm not a comedian. I'm a humorist. A humorist is a comedian who isn't working.

I've always loved George S. Kaufman's "Satire is what closes in New Haven."

And it's fruitless to quote people out of context (even if the context is complete, such as above). That is, Peter may have been drunk, he may have been uninterested in the question, or he may just have wanted to get rid of the interviewer, which is what I mean by out of context. A comedian isn't any sadder than anyone else except when his money runs out. Then he just *looks* sadder.

You know who is sad? The comedian's wife. It's because people are always asking her: "Is he funny this way all the time?" The proper answer to that one is, of course, a belt in the nose, but most comedians' wives just don't have the strength any more.

If it's true that comedians are sad it might be owing to the fact that comedians are the best actors in the business but only *they* know it. *Any* comic can play a straight part, but no straight can play a comic. It's not true that every comic wants to play Hamlet; it is true that he could. I don't want to argue about this because nobody knows what I'm talking about except comics.

Very often a satirist is a sad man. He's a teacher at heart and what he's trying to teach is simply that there's a right way and a wrong, and that what he is confronted with every morning of his life is a series of outrages. He attempts through humor to correct error, to eliminate folly, but the only laughs he gets are from people who are sure that he means somebody else. This makes him sad.

Peter doesn't really believe that making a girl laugh is the key to her bedroom. In the first place, most girls walk around in a frame of reference different from that

of most men's. When a girl laughs, it's usually for the wrong reason.

In addition, girls usually like to put their trust, as it is called—and for the first time, I'll bet—in the hands of a solid citizen who reminds her of her father. Tell too many jokes and she's liable to think you're not the serious type she'd like to take her to Atlantic City, or wherever the young cut-ups go these days. Well, in my day we didn't go to Atlantic City either, but I've heard so much about it that *somebody* must have gone there.

Fortunately, there *are* girls who become sexually aroused over comics. Almost every trade has its camp followers. There are girls who go for sanitation engineers. There are girls who go for cretins. As I say, every trade has them. There may even be girls who go for middle-aged gentlemen who write this way. Please contact the office. I abhor the use of the word 'contact' as a transitive verb, but there may be girls who go for that, too.

Anyway, there are only two people that Jack Paar has said publicly that he doesn't like, Peter and me. This makes me and old Pete the kind of buddies I'm

not going to break up by saying anything against old Pete, see, so if I seem to disagree with old Pete, I don't mean it.

Q. *What's your attitude toward canned laughter?*

A. Doesn't bother me. I read books.

Anyway, I think the next step will be a lot more interesting. Frozen laughter.

Q. *You've undoubtedly been influenced by the Good Guy/Bad Guy aspect of Western melodrama. Who are your heroes?*

A. I like the crippled fella who makes the bad coffee. And I like Paladin because he reminds me so much of me. He's cool, goes to the opera, girls are mad for him, he's ugly, and he never sends his shirt to the laundry. James Arness has no laundry problem either, I notice.

(Alfred Hitchcock isn't western but I like him personally, especially when his program is concerned with cannibalism. Then Hitch looks, at the end, as though he ate a tasteless actor.)

My real heroes in the Westerns are, I suppose, the Indians. I bet on them all the time. It's that old guilt feeling, I guess.

Q. *And who are your villains?*

A. Guys with moustaches; guys with their eyes too close together—same as everybody's, I guess.

Usually, the real villain is the guy who put the show on but I manage to forgive him if I find myself employed in it.

Q. *What's your attitude toward telethons?*

A. This question is obviously ghost-written. By somebody with a Stupid monkey on his back. It reminds me of the classy questions asked of Sweepstakes winners . . . i.e., How does it feel to win one hundred forty-two thousand dollars and eleven cents? Great. How does it feel, Ted, to have a lifetime average of .302? Great. How do you feel, Manny, now that you've finished a five-million-dollar picture? Great.

Telethons were invented to give Jerry Lewis something to do after he ran out of material.

Telethons were invented to give the jerks of the world an opportunity to watch the asses of the world.

Telethons were invented to see what percentage of the pledges could actually be collected. (About eleven per cent, by the way.)

Telethons were invented to give Dietrich's daughter an opportunity to cry for a fee of two thousand dollars. You heard me, buster, two thousand dollars. The ladies with the biggest tear ducts make even more.

It's hard for Jerry Lewis to raise money for spastics when he's the living proof that they're employable.

Telethons were invented to give Milton Berle a lay-over between Miami and Las Vegas.

Telethons were invented to show what bad taste would look like if you could get it all into the same place at one time.

Telethons were invented so that show folk could demonstrate that they're all heart.

Q. *Here are two quotes. Henry Morgan: "Overpay a man long enough and he develops a self-suspiciousness that becomes a search for a social consciousness." Dr. Albert Ellis: "Anyone with good brain cells is not likely to be very happy in life if he does not have some definite vital absorption." How do you reconcile your statement with that of Dr. Ellis?*

A. Now you're talking! The fact that it's through your hat doesn't bother me. What connection? Is Dr. Ellis' man with the good brain cells my man who is

Academy Awards Anonymous

Whenever the American Academy of Film Arts and Sciences presents its annual awards (a spectacle described by The Abbey Film Society Bulletin as *Hollywood's Vindication of Itself or Mediocrity Is Its Own Award*) the recipients—through a process which combines ingredients of movie tradition, personal guilt, false humility, sticky togetherness and rehearsed sincerity—almost invariably thank everybody from God to the make-up man who kept Tony Curtis clean-shaven throughout *The Defiant Ones*. Since some credits were unfortunately omitted last time, we'd like to take this opportunity now to thank:

- Adolph Hitler—without whose untiring efforts the production of *The Diary of Anne Frank* would not have been possible.
- The National Transvestite Association—for technical advice during the shooting of *Some Like It Hot*.
- Eleanor Roosevelt—for giving the song *High Hopes* a recital push in the right direction on Frank Sinatra's TV show.
- Yul Brynner—who posed as a model for the Oscar statuettes.
- The Maidenform Brassiere Firm—for its supporting role in *Room at the Top*.
- Nikita Khrushchev—for providing publicity above and beyond the call of duty to *Can-Can*.
- The Ku Klux Klan—which unselfishly supplied the rope for *The Hanging Tree*.
- Jesus Christ—for permission to film His polygamous wedding in *The Nun's Story*.
- The Longines-Witnauer Watch Company—official timers of *Ben-Hur*.
- Carole Tregoff—who was the chief costume designer for *Pillow Talk*.
- Joseph McCarthy—for his posthumous contribution to show biz by having brought Joseph Welch to the attention of the director of *Anatomy of a Murder*.
- F. W. Woolworth—for serving free coffee and sandwiches to the stand-ins on the cast of *Porgy and Bess*.

overpaid? Is Dr. Ellis' "vital absorption" the same to you as "search for a social consciousness?"

All I say is that you overpay a man too long and he gets to feeling guilty . . . he feels he isn't worth the money and he wants to do something about his guilt. In the old days he'd join the Communist party. Today he goes to Dr. Ellis (if he's lucky).

(I'm putting this plug in for Ellis because I read his interview and seem to agree with most of it, and I need a great deal of therapy but hate to spend the money. Besides, if I go to a man and, after a few sessions, find out what I'm afraid I'll find out, I'll either have to kill myself or consider myself to be unfashionable. I'm afraid I fear fear.)

I used to have a definite vital absorption but lost the need for it. Ran out of good brain cells.

Q. Jerry Lewis spent \$800 to fly his barber to Miami for a haircut. What's your reaction?

A. Why did his barber need a haircut?

Q. What do you think is the relationship between the Hollywood fad of a generation gone by, of becoming a Communist—and the current fad of undergoing psychoanalysis?

A. I think I covered that. Humorist-Jean-Shepherd says he never heard of a giraffe inventing an automobile. This could be owing to the fact that the giraffe wasn't brought up with the stain of original sin bothering him, according to you (backwards), or that he isn't the victim of the Judeo-Christian methodology by the terms of which we're all guilty until proved even guiltier.

The guilty folks in Salem got even by burning those darned witches. The guilty folks today get even by burning Chessman.

(I realize that Chessman had no business raping Eddie Cantor's daughter . . . but the fact is that at the time Cantor had five daughters . . . so you can hardly call Chessman all bad. And the fact that he has a typical criminal Super Ego doesn't really differentiate him from other public characters . . . Marlon Brando, Henry Morgan, Paul Krassner.)

Anyway, the Hollywood psychos of the past joined the party as a sort of *Mea Culpa Cha Cha* in part, and as a sort of sharing-the-misery experiment which later was further developed as psychodrama. Many Communists of my acquaintance were marvelously advanced, since they went to Communist analysts. I've known analysts whose footwork in and out was faster and more graceful than that of Louis Budenz.

This may sound a little mixed up—but consider the source, man.

Q. What do you think of comedian Joey Adams going into politics?

A. He isn't.

Q. What's your reaction to the following potential U.S. Presidents: Richard Nixon?

A. A hardworking opportunist. No statesman. Wife's jaw too angular. Too soft on Populists. Looks like a loaded chipmunk. Very earnest in a terribly depressing way. The man to beat.

Q. Stuart Symington?

A. Don't bother me.

Q. John Kennedy?

A. A man with a terrible father. You want a President's wife called Jackie? With Peter Lawford as Secretary of State, Sinatra and the Rat Pack in the Treasury? He should be given an afternoon program of his own and stop pestering us older folks.

Q. Lyndon Johnson?

A. Look out. Sleeper. Bad for Negroes. Fake civil rights man. Bossy. Southern.

Q. Adlai Stevenson?

A. Not a chance. Speaks English, a sure sign of arrogance. Not really lovable. And you know why she divorced him, don't you? Well, then. Too bald. Sounds uncertain when he's uncertain. Forget him.

Q. Nelson Rockefeller?

A. Will be drafted. Can beat the chipmunk.

Q. Hubert Humphrey?

A. Cut it out. Nobody's named Hubert.

Q. What do you think of Mort Sahl's having been approached by Republican committeemen as a gag-writer for Nixon in both 1956 and 1960?

A. I believe this to be a story spread by Castro. In the first place, anyone familiar with Sahl's work must know that he's not venal enough to be a Republican. In the second place, who would believe that Republican strategists would let Nixon make a joke . . . thereby equating him with that despicable egghead Stevenson. The whole story is a foolish fabrication . . . probably started by Sahl just to get laughs around the house.

Q. What do you think is wrong with the Realist?

A. What has been bothering me about your paper—aside from the anti-Catholic slant, which is at best completely useless, and at second best a sort of boring threnody—is that I cannot believe for a moment that a publication which uses the words "freethought—criticism—satire" in its logo could possibly contain any of those things. Except criticism.

It has seemed to me that freethought means that it can't be either defined or even mentioned. If freethought is free, how do you form a club of freethinkers? They'd have to agree to some common principles, no? Or do you mean that you're free to think what you like after you have agreed to think alike up to a point . . . your point?

(I see there's an interchangeable 'you' going on up there.)

Satire is another word that should never be used as a definition. Once it is spelled out, whatever follows—having been defined in advance—is at once suspect and heavy-handed. People who deal in satire in its pristine form are loathe to define it, since the very act of definition condemns the author as a serious fellow with a point-to-make. Then he isn't funny . . . and he isn't writing satire.

What this is all about is connected with something one of your writers said . . . something to the effect that Upton Sinclair's book about bad meat offended the people only in their stomachs, not in their heads. Your paper is at its best when it reviles, not the bad meat, but the bad thinking which allows bad meat to be purveyed.

John Wilcock's piece [Issue #15] was a good one because it allowed a cretin to be convicted by his own flabby mouth. It pointed to the meat-purveyor directly and, instead of bothering too much with the meat, it gave the reader a laugh and a tear at the same time.

Boy. A laugh and a tear at the same time. I sure wish I had said that.

Q. As of this interview [April 12] what's the latest thing that has gotten you mad?

A. Robert Moses accepting Huntington Hartford's offer to louse up the southeast corner of Central Park. It was bad enough when Moses thought he was Moses, but since he's promoted himself to God he's insuffer-

able. He fought like hell to keep Shakespeare out of the Park and now he wants to let Teabag slum it up. Well, no one wears Senility with grace.*

Q. And what's the latest thing that has struck you funny?

A. Putting an extra deck under the George Washington bridge. It won't solve the traffic problem but will ruin the Japanese brushstroke loveliness of the bridge. This is funny to me because the other way I'd get an ulcer.

Q. As one who has been through the mill, what would you say are the injustices concerned with divorce in this country—and who would you say is responsible for these injustices?

A. You've got the horse in the wrong place again. At least half the injustice is concerned with marriage. Any two panting animals can get married. Any heiress can shack up with a Romanian. Any certified schizo can team up with any certified barfly. Nobody stops you from arranging your own hell on earth to begin with. THEN we come to the divorce part.

Now the only reason you asked me about this is that you hoped I'd say all my trouble stems from the Catholic Church . . . but it isn't that simple. They claim to number 40 million. That leaves 140 million who aren't Catholic. If part of the non-Catholics are 'against divorce' they're probably offset by Catholics who aren't.

Let me just say that although I was divorced about five years ago—after having tried to get one for almost seven years—and although I'm saddled with this pet-choka for the rest of my life, even though we lived together for about one year and have no children . . . and although I think the divorce philosophy, laws or what-have-you, are all the work of insane people and stem from a hundred different follies and a hundred different, damnable errors . . . there's not much to be done at the moment to correct anything, and I'm revolted by the whole topic. It's a subject I find all but impossible to kid about. Ask any man who has had a nutty wife and . . . no, I don't want to go on with it.

It might interest those who've never been involved, though, to know that divorce is just as demeaning, just as heartbreaking for those who want out, as for those who don't. And the happily marrieds aren't interested in changing the laws. And for those who've been through it, it's too late to change them.

Q. Is it true that you've often gone with a girl a year too long rather than tell your life story all over again to a new one?

A. Yes, but that's not so odd. Often you hear of people who stay married simply because they're used to each other. Or she knows how he likes his eggs and he knows how to rub her back. By the time a girl knows how I like eggs and I know her back, I've usually finished my story and I figure it's like being married. But at about the time I've finished talking and it's her turn, I find that she has nothing to say and I have to audition a new one. But unfortunately the story now bores me and I have nothing to say to a new girl.

* Henry Morgan has since decided to fight Moses' senility by the grace of law. A taxpayer's suit to prevent the building of the proposed cafe is pending. Stated his attorney: "Mr. Morgan says anybody who chops down one tree in Central Park ought to be executed. But we have not prepared a legal action to go that far."

(What really happens is that I stay with a girl until she decides that if she's ever going to have a legal baby by me, she'll be too old to push the pram. This usually happens when she hits thirty. I have a girl leaving me right now who is over thirty and has figured that I get canned or quit jobs so often that she'll be economically insecure forever. Too bad, because this is a good one who rubs my back. Of course, I make the eggs.)

Q. How do you feel about astrology?

A. Hasn't seemed to hurt anybody but Hitler and Vincent Lopez. It is a solace to the same people who stand in the rain waiting to see a TV show.

In a way, the people who believe in astrology are one-up on the rest of us. They can't find any answers around the neighborhood and have found an outside source which, while it'll only hold up for a few years until we get there, is admirable. What better belief than that the stars control your destiny? Think of the comfort the boob derives from the thought that Saturn is busy thinking up what he's going to have for dinner.

I'm surprised that there aren't more people involved with astrologists but I expect that part of the problem is that they don't understand it. I'm an Aries man myself, and I was delighted to discover that I was born under the same sign as Gertrude Mandel, a fine girl whose father, a Pisces, owns a hardware store just outside Muskegon. Makes you think, don't it.

Once you accept the fact that if Uranus is in the house of Jupiter you shouldn't argue with your dentist, the rest of life's problems don't loom so large, do they?

Listen, some guy in Vermont wrote in a book that his aged forbear, a grandmother type, knew the lore of the Onandagas, as a result of which he had half the shmucks in New England running around buying up honey and vinegar to rub on their cancers. The Federal Government stepped in, as the saying goes, and told him he had to fix up the label on the bottle! (This happened in March, 1960 . . . I don't have to make up stuff, buddy . . . it's all there to hand.) So why not stars?

Look, is it wrong to believe that Bufferin works twice as fast? Consumers' Union, or whatever that outfit is called, says it doesn't. Works about the same as aspirin. Does this stop anybody you know from buying it? Ever hear of the orgone box, Jack? Electric belts? Peruna?

I don't want to twist your arm any more than is necessary, but people will believe *absolutely anything*. Provided that it's essentially untrue. Tell them that a car has 145 horsepower, which it has, they'll tell you they're too smart to fall for that advertising. Tell them to stick a dandelion under the pillow to cure dandruff and they'll elect you President. Of anything.

I can see that I talk too much. A simple question can be answered simply. What do I think of astrology? Well, I wouldn't want me sister to marry one.

Q. You once said that atheists are "inefficient thinkers." Why is the thinking of someone who can't accept the claims of astrologers any more efficient than the thinking of someone who can't accept the claims of theists?

A. If it's true that the universe is constantly expanding—which is proved by the Doppler (red light) effect, which is proved by the fellas who say that that's the way it is—and if it's true that matter can be neither created nor destroyed (except for a handful of scientists who claim that matter is being formed constantly and that we are actually a completely stable, in position, universe), and if all this comes about because of



the tolerant pagan

by Reginald Dunsany

Your Tolerant Pagan has been accused of religious discrimination: Some readers claim that I pay too much attention to Catholics and not enough to, say, Protestants. As a matter of fact, some of my best friends are Protestant, and I had no intention of slighting them.

Now is the time for all good pagans, then, to make up for past neglect: I shall devote this month's column to a few vignettes about life among the Protestants. They are a pompous people, but not—unlike the Catholics—so pompous as to be consistently amusing. You may find a chuckle here and there, however, as well as getting some idea of the impact of Protestantism on public affairs.

Love Thy Neighbor

In London, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, said that the Dutch Reformed Churches in South Africa are "gravely impairing their loyalty to Christ" by not speaking out

against the nation's racial segregation policy.

On this side of the Atlantic, James Lawson, a Negro Methodist preacher, was dismissed from the Divinity School at Vanderbilt University for participat-

ing in sit-down demonstrations at lunch counters. As a result, however, the dean and 12 theology professors resigned.

And, although Protestants condemn the separatism of Roman Catholic parochial schools, a number of denominations are now setting up school systems of their own—many, merely in order to maintain racial segregation.

What, No Churchmousenik?

Hanns Lilje, President of the United Lutheran Church of Germany, speaking to 7500 people in Minneapolis, warned that Communists of eastern Europe are using the sputniks and other space inventions to undermine faith in Christianity. He quoted an East German newspaper which boasted that the Russian space satellite "did not come across the throne of God."

In Baltimore, Maryland, meanwhile, George F. Packard, pastor of the St. Mary's Episcopal Church, launched what he called his own "churchnik." It was a six foot papier maché replica of the Mercury Astronaut capsule which rose to the rafters as two youngsters pulled an attached rope through a pulley. It was painted with three orange crosses to dramatize how "confirmation launches the soul into the flight of life"

the spontaneous formation of the hydrogen atom which, under ten billion degree heat can become linked with itself to form the carbon atom, and if it's true that the earth is either ten or twenty or five hundred billion years old, then I ask: Why are you bothering me?

And, if some docs believe in the unconscious race memory—and I can claim successfully that I remember a few things from the Triassic neighborhood and a few things from the time I had the fight with the protozoan girl who lived in the next wave—who is to say whether God lives upstairs around the fourth galaxy out if you're facing the river, or whether Jesus was merely repeating what had been preached by the Essenes in the crossword puzzles? To put it another way . . . would you ask for the meaning of meaning in the English language of a man named Korzybski?

It's only that I'm against all words that begin with 'a.' These include apathy, apostasy, atheism, adrenalin, achromatic, anthology, argyrol and ablative. The trouble with you folks is that no matter what you call it—Zen, Existentialism, booze—it's always a negation. Negation is all right for anti-matter research because that moves forward. Not good for people. People very small.

Q. What's your philosophy of celebrityhood?

A. Sometimes it helps. It gets you tables in full-up restaurants, and sometimes people give you stuff for nothing because you can afford to buy it and they just charge it to the people who can't afford to buy it.

All you have to pay for it is a loss of privacy for the rest of your damned life, giving autographs to mindless little girls, listening to jokes forced up your leg by imbecile truckers, answering questions in small papers of dubious repute and miniscule circulation (and which use jerky words such as 'celebrityhood'), overpaying tradespeople because they know you're a big star and make a million dollars a year and don't need the money, overpaying your ex-wife because she believes you're

rich and live in a middle class neighborhood only in order to fool moronic Supreme Court Justices into not awarding her money you'll never see in your lifetime, repeatedly telling the Mannies that you really don't know how their Irvings can break into the disc jockey game (which they refuse to believe and hope they'll live long enough to spit on your grave), being stared at in the street whether you're blowing your nose or not, being told by fat ladies from Iowa that you're the favorite performer of their five-year-old nieces and more; much, much more.

On the other hand, I used to be shy when I went to a party. Now I'm not.

Q. Are you pessimistic or optimistic about the future?

A. As an amateur historian I'm pessimistic, but as a human I'm optimistic. Everybody'll die except me. Not that I'm afraid to, you understand . . . it's just that I don't count on it. I have a great deal to live for. (Myself.)

I don't have a book to finish, a research project which needs doing, or any of the other things which many people seem to discuss fluently on their deathbeds, but I'm partial to ocean bathing and want to see can I get in some more of it. I'm not interested in skin-diving—which is an escape like Zen—I like to be on top of the water like a diatom.

I also enjoy eating all the things that give me gas. And there are so many other things to be enjoyed: wondering how a naked girl will look in clothes; doing double-crossies in ink; waiting for the first potable instant coffee.

The future. Funny, nobody seems to notice that he lives in it constantly. This second was the future but a second ago. I daresay that the main thing to worry about in the 'future' is that there's liable to be a Heaven after all. Wouldn't that be sheer Hell?

and how spiritual power maintains it on its journey.

Two years ago, a rubber-band-propelled cardboard rocket soared upward and smacked into the ceiling. As the Astronaut capsule mounted higher, an eight-foot-high plywood "electronic counter" beside the pulpit blinked with red and green lights. The preacher also had a five foot high painting of one of the seven U.S. astronauts and told his congregation that rigors similar to those of the astronauts would be required of them during Lent.

Taxing the Constitution

The Central Lutheran Activities Council of Texas has urged that income tax deductions be allowed for religious school tuition. This is an obvious subterfuge to get around the constitutional prohibition of church subsidies.

But it certainly makes no substantial difference whether Uncle Sam pays religious school tuition directly or has it deducted from someone's tax. There is one slight difference. People too poor to pay income tax would get no benefit from the Lutheran proposal.

You Know, U Nu?

Prime Minister U Nu of the Union of Burma, in fulfillment of a campaign promise, has appointed an advisory commission for making Buddhism the state religion. Similar trends exist in a number of the former colonies of Britain.

The (Protestant) Burma Christian Council protested that a state religion is "diametrically opposed to the modern democratic ideal of separation between religion and the State." They did not attempt to justify the Christian church-state alliance under which Burma was ruled during Britain's years of control.

A Matter of Degree

At Waynesburg, Pa., 40 Roman Catholic students were excluded from graduation exercises because they refused to take part in Protestant baccalaureate services. A court issued an order requiring their admission to the graduation rite.

Interfaith Rivalry

Aggravating the troubles of President Eisenhower in connection with his trip to Japan was a demand from Protestant leaders there that he cancel his visit to the Meiji (Shinto) shrine. They said that it "would have a serious effect on the religious situation in this country." But at the same time, the United Presbyterian Church asked Eisenhower to visit the International Christian University near Tokyo.

The Meek Shall Inherit

The pay scale of Methodist bishops has been increased from \$12,500 to \$15,000 a year, plus a \$3300 allowance for a residence (per year), \$6,000 for secretarial and office expense, and \$750 for office equipment. Retired bishops get \$5500 a year and their widows \$3250.

On the other hand, a report filed by the ministerial relations department of the United Presbyterian Church says that many congregations are hiring retired ministers full time for the amount they may earn under Social Security regulations, namely \$3.33 a day.

At the annual pastors' conference in Miami Beach, Florida, Wayne E. Oates, a Baptist theological professor, told them that they should eat less. He urged them to eat at home, rather than in parishioners' houses and "let your stomach rest." He also recommended against the acceptance of gift automobiles. (A retiring Methodist bishop was recently presented with one worth \$14,000.)

Dancing in the Dark

Leaders of the official state church (Lutheran) of Norway object to the teaching of dancing in the public

Of Kosher Green Cheese

The degree to which religiosity extends was unintentionally satirized in Jerusalem this month by a group of forty rabbis at a conference held to discuss religious problems of space travel, including when the Sabbath should be observed on the moon, since time is so radically different up there.

Also, since the moon year is shorter, Jewish space travelers would face the problem of the frequency of Yom Kippur (defined here, you may recall, as "Instant Lent"). The rabbis decided, in all seriousness, that on a trip to the moon, a Jew should take with him a Hebrew calendar and a radio receiving set which will communicate the exact date of Yom Kippur.

schools. They complain of the "excesses often deriving from it." Two members of the West Memphis ministerial alliance resigned after attempts to include school dances in the alliance's "cleanup drive."

Seven board members of the Texas Baptist Children's Home were ousted by the general convention. They claimed it was a result of their permitting children from the Home (aged 18) to attend a high school dance. One of them said that the trouble arose from "prejudiced ideas, coming from some of the outdated teachings and writings concerning dancing."

He added that the children were "old enough to decide whether to go to a school dance since they were old enough to get married with the blessings of the denomination."

Double Subsidy Standard

POAU (Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State) opposed the attempt of Representative Clement J. Zablocki of Wisconsin to attach to the federal school aid bill an amendment authorizing loans to parochial schools.

POAU, however, has been conveniently silent with respect to the loans and grants that have been made for years under the National Defense Education Act: many of these go to religious colleges, mostly Protestant; whereas, the Zablocki amendment would have benefited grade schools, mostly Catholic.

Similarly, the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes quite willingly accepts millions of dollars from Uncle Sam under the Hill-Burton Act, but the Methodist Church has given a broad endorsement to the activities of POAU, including its fight against government money going to Catholic hospitals.

Ashes to Reparations

Last month, Dr. John A. Scherzer, former chief of the European department of the National Lutheran Council, urged the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to return six million dollars of "enemy property" belonging to private citizens of Austria. He said it would be a "gesture of reconciliation and international goodwill."

But a Justice Department memo said that "the primary class of persons benefitted are persons who were active collaborators with the Nazis, who aided the conspiracy which led to the downfall of Austria in 1938 and who are not entitled to favorable consideration either by the United States or Austria . . . Returns of seized property have been refused to United States citizens who resided in Germany during the war and collaborated with the enemy. There is no reason to give Austrians better treatment than United States citizens who were similarly situated."

Dr. Scherzer had testified on behalf of the National Citizens' Committee for Return of Confiscated German and Japanese Property, a private group which includes a number of clergymen, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, on its board of directors. The Washington Post called the Committee a "remarkable collection of philanthropists—with other people's money" and, regarding its demands, said that "the mind buckles, the stomach turns."

Last year a similar bill covering German and Japanese enemy property was supported by Methodists, Quakers, and others. The New York Times pointed out that the Bonn Republic is supposed to compensate its own nationals for losses suffered through the U.S. seizure of their property in 1941.

This promise was made in return for waiver by the U.S. of its claim against the Germans for war reparations. Although West Germany today is a prosperous nation, it has not taken care of these obligations, nor has it paid the indemnities due to Jewish victims of Nazi persecutions.

But Dr. Scherzer told the Committee that the legislation "conforms to the traditional aspirations of international law, to protect civilians from the rav-



core and surface

by Lawrence Barth

What Wilhelm Reich Did and Didn't Do

Dr. Albert Ellis, psychologist, was interviewed in the March issue of this magazine, and had some intelligent things to say on psychotherapy, and the outlook of different psychiatrists. When he came to the work of Dr. Wilhelm Reich, he unfortunately gave over most of his commentary to some pretty foolish and irresponsible remarks—and I don't use the word "irresponsible" lightly.

It's long been a habit of even highly respected psychotherapists to misstate what Reich advocated, and then brusquely dismiss the distortions as "Reich's nonsense"; replying to these twistings was a regular minor function of the *International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone-Research*, and later of the *Orgone Energy Bulletin*, while those journals still existed.

For example: Dr. Ellis agreed that Reich taught that "if you had a so-called perfect orgasm, you could meet any problems — you could withstand any difficulty that arose during the

ages of war, and affirms the historic American tradition with respect to private property."

The citizens to whom he refers are principally Oskar Teuber, an ex-Nazi, and Countess Marianne Thun-Hohenstein, former German citizens loyal to Hitler. Of the six million dollars awarded by the bill, five million would go to them.

Peale of Thunder

A group of Protestant and Catholic clergymen, headed by Norman Vincent Peale, were scheduled to testify before the House Post Office Committee in opposition to an increase in postage charges on religious publications. The rates on such material are now so much lower than the actual cost of transportation and delivery, that the difference constitutes a substantial subsidy to the churches.

Before any of the clerical witnesses could be heard, an announcement was read that Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield had withdrawn his request for the increase. "He has stolen my thunder," said Dr. Peale. "I am disappointed by this turn of events. I had a powerful speech prepared for you."

One of the congressmen noted that Peale and his colleagues had called on Summerfield before coming to the hearing. Asked if they had persuaded him to change his mind, Peale said: "I got no indication what caused the light to dawn. Maybe he prayed about it."

day," and gave this erroneous concept of Reich's opinion the acclaim of "some of the worst bullshit ever written."

Reich did say that you could meet your problems better if your orgasm were a full one; but he was absolutely aware that in the fantastically sick world we inhabit, even sexually healthy people (there are very few) could be beaten down into sickness and destruction by the daily problems. This is one of several reasons why his strongest emphasis was not on the cure of neuroses (always a tricky and uncertain proposition, with all types of therapy), but on their prevention.

Four words are used by Dr. Ellis in referring to some of the techniques of Reich's orgone therapy—*massage, poke, masturbate, manipulate*. I can evaluate them on the basis of having been through orgone therapy myself.

The first is nonsense, for no *massage* is involved.

The second, *poke*, is obviously a snide word coming from more than mere ignorance of the technique.

No orgone therapist *masturbates* his patient; he tries (and often with remarkable success) to release the patient's sexual inhibitions sufficiently for the patient to achieve a relaxed, "giving," loving orgasm with his sexual partner, and on the road to that end, the patient will probably become able to masturbate himself with much satisfaction as a temporary form of release.

If one doesn't distort it, the word *manipulate* alone among the four might be used to suggest the carefully worked out technique of disarming muscles that are "afraid" to let go.

Dr. Ellis says that *The Function of the Orgasm* "has helped thousands of

males and females to be more sexually and generally disturbed than they otherwise would be." This is not true in all cases by any means; I've known people who were definitely helped in their self-understanding by it, and whose fear of sexuality was lessened as a result.

However, the book is intended primarily for psychiatrists. If a layman who is not taking orgone therapy simply reads the book, and does only that, it's possible that in some cases he becomes rather disturbed; in short, the insights in it begin the necessary process of piercing his inhibiting armor to a certain extent. In therapy, such a person's armor is broken down *gradually* with the *greatest care*, a little at a time, to avoid the release of more energy, more emotional outlet and more confrontation with psychological insights than the patient can handle at a given stage.

The process does happen, as I well know personally. It's far from being a perfect or full process in most cases, but its results make it a definite advance over psychoanalysis and other therapies that concentrate primarily on words and ideas. Dr. Ellis calls the disarming process "more bullshit." He might be less inclined to make this glib dismissal if he went through it.

In trying to describe in a very condensed way what this man Wilhelm Reich, M.D., achieved, let me first make it very clear that I'm not a "Reichian"—that is, a cultist. A number of people have tried to turn Reich's accomplishments into a cult, and neurotically will continue to do so. Cultism was something Reich abhorred; his spirit was emphatically that of the Renaissance abundant-minded eclectic man—without the Renaissance mysticism.

I'm perfectly aware that Reich was human enough to be at times hasty, oversimplifying; and toward the very end of his life, as a result of constant harassment and the government's burning most of his published books, frantically bitter — sometimes beyond the bounds of reality.

Whitehead's remark would fit him well: "A certain excessiveness seems a necessary element in all greatness." None of this changes my opinion that he made contributions equaled by no other psychiatrist except Freud.

To epitomize Reich's psychiatric-social accomplishment, one could do worse than to say, "He got to rock-bottom." What this means in all its branches fills a number of books and journals. Starting as a co-worker of Freud's, he began to chafe under the limitations of the psychoanalytic attitude, which for all its deep-probing discernments remained highly abstract and afraid to touch the social breeding-grounds of neurosis.

It seemed, further, to start out with

thoughts, words, egos, superegos and the rest of the psychological concepts in the middle of the air, unattached to and not deriving from the body of which they were functions; in short, he felt it "psychologized biology."

Reich thought in terms of a unity of body, mind and emotions, and of a basic energy that creates and animates them. He saw that to reach the tangled emotions of the neurotic most effectively, it was necessary to deal directly with the production, flow and use of that energy.

Clinical experiences showed him that neurotic anxieties, as well as the rigid, mixed-up, often sadistic sexual intercourse that was considered "normal," were a result of disturbance of the body's energy flow. Parents and society pushed such a fear of pleasure into infants and children that they grew up with the full, natural outletting of their energy blocked in many ways, and primarily in intercourse.

There was—and is—much confusion about "sex"—the word and the concept. Procreation, he saw, is a function of the sexuality, and not vice versa; a function of the free flow of bodily energy, a sometime result of a deeper functioning that occurs throughout the body in different ways, and throughout nature: excitation and charge, discharge and relaxation.

This operation of energy occurs in maternal love, feeding, esthetic enjoyment, creative work, play, and many other ways; Reich put primary stress on full genital gratification largely because that is the energy function that society has flattened out most thoroughly.

Sadism, masochism, pornography, mysticism and other distortions common to "civilized" people he saw as "secondary drives"—a jagged result of the forced blocking and detouring of energy expression. His therapeutic method was evolved to break up the muscle rigidity that kept the energy bound up, and with it natural emotions and rational thinking. Here as a function of basic energy, psychological entities such as narcissism, phobias, the Oedipus complex, and so on, had their place.

To change the social breeding of neurotics and to encourage natural sexuality in children, adolescents and adults—in all aspects of life, and especially in the genital aspect—was to face a social time bomb. It still is; the sexual revolution—which some people fondly think is all over—is even today only beginning.

Reich faced the bomb and struggled to make natural, gentle love play for children—and healthy, happy, loving sexual intercourse for adolescents and adults—socially allowable. The killing and distortion of love in human beings of all ages as a result of the interference with the sexual energy discharge

makes a difficult barrier; multiplied, made subtle and complex, it has hardened into social institutions that "of course" are "the only proper thing."

The most heavily armored people who have murdered love are the ones who think a natural, genital sort of person is a killer of love. They create pornographic thinking, but they angrily call the natural man a pornographer because he speaks honestly about basic functions (and so arouses their anxiety at the suggestion of full pleasure).

They create an elaborate—and disastrously inefficient—code of compulsive morality, the function of which is to suppress antisocial impulses; it never occurs to them that a healthy, genitally mobile, self-regulated humanity would never have any anti-social impulses in the first place.

All this was a part of Reich's struggle and accomplishment. And much more: the penetration of the non-biological chicaneries and mass horrors that we call politics; the understanding of mystical feelings that make it possible for organized religion to continue its destructions; a more fruitful approach to those ailments popularly called psychosomatic; his work on cancer; his new developments in physics

and biophysics, with ramifications concerning the origin of life, weather control, etc. His functional approach in a mechanistic world. His making possible at last a unitary science of man and his world.

Reich was a disturber; he said to a humanity that had learned to live (after a fashion) with its fright: "Don't frighten yourselves over pleasure in the first place."

That he was put in a prison finally and had his books burned is not very surprising; Freud barely escaped mass human irrationality of this sort himself, and (before his physical flight from Nazified Austria) probably escaped as well as he did primarily because he largely appeased in areas where Reich challenged. Whether Reich's work will soon reach out to most of society or will be smothered for another century or so is unguessable.

That work is still barely known in our country, though he lived and worked here, steadily and persistently, for seventeen years. One could very well say to fellow Americans, and to the human race as a whole: "While you were looking the other way, a great man passed by."

A Statement of Concurring Opinion

(Editor's note: The following is a communication from Dr. Mason Rose, a practicing psychoanalyst in Hollywood, California.)

As the high monkey monk of the iconoclasts, I am afraid your satirical zeal overshadowed your knowledge in that certain portion of the Ellis interview which related to Wilhelm Reich. I would expect Ellis, the self-appointed pontiff of a new school of therapy, to issue papal encyclicals regarding his competitors, but you should not allow your free-thinking to become free association. At least, if you are going to play Socrates to us mere mortals, stick to "the method."

The Reichian portion of your interview was a fruitless meeting for quite frankly you don't know enough about Reich's work to phrase factual questions, and Dr. Ellis does not have your background. As one strawberry said to another, "If we hadn't been in the same bed we would not have been in this jam."

Since I am an eclectic, which is probably a synonym for being too stupid to find myself a therapeutic school, I do not write you as a Freudian, Adlerian, Jungian or Ellian or for that matter as a Rosian. It just seems to old "pop," who has been a psychoanalyst for nigh on twenty years, that attacks by the *Realist* on persons, ideas or peanuts should be factual as well as free, satirical, critical and funny.

We earthier people, who attempt to be firmly rooted in the scientific method, dislike easily recognized misquotations contained in questions and answers

that leave fact to indulge in vapid generalization and name-calling.

It seems to me, as a student of General Semantics, that Dr. Ellis needs some of his "rational therapy" in order to get at his, as well as his patients' "specific, irrational and vague thinking." Perhaps his deliberate use of Anglo-Saxon terms leaves him a bit disturbed in the depths of his non-verbal processes.

Now, let's get back to you, the esteemed editor afflicted with an Olympian detachment and a macroscopic view of his own microcosm. You either need: (1) new glasses, (2) an intensive course in reading comprehension and retention, or (3) revitalized or new brain cells.

Let's all admit that Reich had a complex character structure highly tainted with paranoia. But let's also realize that his contributions to psychoanalysis, character analysis and bio-

Dr. Ellis Replies to Barth and Rose

Let me see if I can throw a little more light and a little less heat on this matter of what I replied to my questioners (Paul Krassner and Robert Anton Wilson) and what my critics (Lawrence Barth and Mason Rose) replied to me in regard to some of the views of Wilhelm Reich on sex and psychotherapy.

Barth and Rose both vigorously object to the statement, made by Krassner and Wilson and tacitly accepted by me, that "Reich felt that if you had a so-called perfect orgasm, you could meet any problem — you could withstand any difficulty that arose during the day." Barth insists that Reich did not say this, but merely said that you could meet your problems *better* if your orgasm were a full one; and Rose contends that Reich only considered the orgasm as the *index* of an individual's psychosomatic integration.

therapy, elevate him to the status of Freud. With few exceptions, contemporary analysts use Reichian "character analysis" in lieu of Freudian "symptom analysis."

An ever growing number of therapists are using Reichian bio-therapy with uniformly excellent results. It, by the way, has more than "a measure of truth in it" inasmuch as it is supported by the excellent research of Dr. Edmond Jacobson as documented in his book, *Progressive Relation*. The Journal of Psychosomatic Medicine has also reported numerous supporting researches.

Now to deal with your ill-conceived question. Reich did not feel that a perfect orgasm allowed one either to solve personal problems or withstand daily difficulties. He considered the orgasm as the *index* of an individual's psychosomatic integration. Needless to say, the more integrated the person, the less anxiety he experiences in his daily activities.

The Ellis theory of his bio-energetic therapy as indicated by his answers is equally fallacious. The therapist neither massages nor masturbates the patient. The truth is that, as the therapist discovers — through a growing knowledge of the patient—the patient's *functional* armor patterns, these are emphasized either verbally and/or by a portion of the anatomy either being palpated or struck. The palpation or striking is usually psychosomatically painful because each generates physical pain and an anxiety attack.

If any of you honorable, Reichian ignoramases (sic) ever happen to be in the Los Angeles area, I will donate you a session of bio-therapy. In just forty-five short minutes, I'll have you monkeys climbing the walls screaming for relief from the somatic relaxation of what you term armoring with "only a certain measure of truth in it."

—MASON ROSE, Ph.D.

Assuming that Barth and Rose are correct, that Krassner and Wilson exaggerated Reich's faith in the orgasm, and that I (not having Reich's collected works handy at the time I was being interviewed and tape recorded) went along with Krassner and Wilson's exaggeration, I still would be inclined to think that the Reich-Barth-Rose hypothesis is bullshit.

Although Reich, in his *Function of the Orgasm*, continually refers to the "experimental findings" that support his hypothesis of the enormous value of "full" orgasm, he gives no experimental data whatever in this book, nor to my knowledge in any of his other voluminous writings, that resulted from these alleged experiments.

Virtually all non-Reichian psychologists and psychiatrists, from Freud to Fromm, have upheld the obverse of Reich's hypothesis: namely, that (to paraphrase Barth's terminology) the individual who meets his problems better tends to have more satisfactory orgasms; or (to use Rose's language) the individual's psychosomatic integration is a far better index of his capacity for satisfactory orgasm than his orgasm proficiency is an index of his psychosomatic integration.

In my own rather extensive clinical experience, I have rarely found a person whose lack of full sex satisfaction has made him or her emotionally disturbed; but I have found hundreds of individuals whose emotional problems, particularly their fears of failure and of social disapproval, have led to their being sexually dissatisfied or inorganic. Some documentation on this point will be found in my recent book, *The Art and Science of Love*.

Both Barth and Rose strongly object to my contention that Reichian therapists massage, poke, masturbate, and manipulate their patients. They forget that I stated, in my "Impolite Interview" with Krassner and Wilson, that this "is essentially what Reichian therapists will do if they strictly adhere to their own theory." I am sure that many Reichian or quasi-Reichian

therapists never or rarely massage, poke, or masturbate their patients.

But by the same token, many so-called Freudians no longer frequently use free association, longwinded dream analysis, or the creation and resolution of a fullblown transference neurosis. These defections, in practice, from the original Reichian or Freudian techniques of therapy serve to bolster my own beliefs that, in the form stated and implied by their originators, such techniques are unworkable or ineffective, and therefore have had to be abandoned by any but the most orthodox practitioners of Reichian or Freudian therapy.

Barth and Rose independently insist that (a) Reich's works have definitely been of help to sexually disturbed individuals and (b) that Reichian therapy is particularly helpful for sexually and emotionally disturbed persons. They forget that in my answers to Krassner and Wilson I indicated that Reichian therapists sometimes do achieve favorable results — but probably *not* because of their physical manipulations of the patient's body zones.

They also forget that (as has been pointed out by many critics of various forms of psychotherapy) virtually all therapeutic methods — including such crackpotty techniques as faith healing, Christian Science, and dianetics—have achieved *some* "cures" and *some* good sexual results.

Barth and Rose also argue that if skeptics such as I (not to mention Krassner and Wilson as well) ever underwent a few Reichian treatments, we'd quickly see what sticks-in-the-mud we were and refrain from further carping. But exactly this same argument has been used for centuries by devotees of the Catholic Church, Holy Rollerism, Yogaism, orthodox Freudianism, etc.

Unfortunately, if the disbeliever in these kinds of creeds were wholeheartedly involved in disproving some of their main tenets, he would have to spend about two and a half lifetimes first being initiated into their deepest "mysteries."

I have already tried this experimental approach in regard to orthodox psychoanalysis; and after several hundred hours on the sofa with a highly reputable analyst, I am still an unbeliever. Now must I go through the Reichian (and Catholic, and Holy Roller, and Yoga) rigmorole too?

Rose insists that Reich's work has more than "a measure of truth in it" inasmuch as it is supported by the excellent research of Dr. Edmond Jacobson. But all that Jacobson (whose relaxation techniques I respect and sometimes teach to my patients) has shown is that if one is overly tense about almost anything, physical methods of relaxation will usually divert one sufficiently for the moment so that one feels

Realist Rumors of the Month

In keeping with the finest traditions of yellow journalism, the Realist is pleased to spread the following rumors this month:

better and is temporarily less tense.

But Jacobson has given no evidence of any real cures of basic personality problems by the use of his method; and I have seen many patients who have successfully used it for years with nothing more than shortlasting palliative results. I am sure that a great deal of the success of Reichian manipulation is of the same sort: it makes the patient, during and immediately after his session, feel marvelously well and relaxed, and diverts him from his underlying problems for the moment.

That anyone has ever really been cured of a serious emotional disturbance, or even of a moderate degree of character armoring, by these physical techniques alone is highly dubious. That the supplementary use of these techniques with other more rational methods of verbal psychotherapy is particularly useful has also never been convincingly shown.

Both Barth and Rose contend that Reich made remarkable contributions to human well-being. But Barth admits that toward the end of his life Reich was "frantically bitter—sometimes beyond the bounds of reality." And Rose states that "let's all admit that Reich had a complex character structure highly tainted with paranoia."

One of my reasons for being so highly skeptical of the efficacy of orthodox Freudian procedures was their obvious inability (as shown so clearly in Ernest Jones' recent comprehensive biography of Freud) to head off the severe emotional disturbances and highly hostile behavior of virtually all the members of the original Freudian circle—including, of course, Sigmund Freud himself. Can it be wondered, in view of the utterly disturbed and embittered manner in which Wilhelm Reich ended his days, that I am equally skeptical of orthodox Reichianism?

—ALBERT ELLIS, PH.D.

An indiscriminating graffiti hobbyist has confessed to police that he had been planning to go around painting swastikas on synagogues; the Star of David on cathedrals; and Rx on Christian Science churches.

Fidel Castro of Cuba has challenged Senator Richard Russell of Georgia to a filibuster contest, in the hope that this international approach will lead to inclusion of the sport in the 1964 Olympic Games.

If Fidel Castro loses, he will shave off his beard and wear a three-button, pin-stripe suit from now on. If Russell loses, he will seek repeal of his state's new law which requires labeling by race of all blood in Red Cross and hospital blood banks.

(That latter part is not a Realist rumor; the Georgia House of Representatives has actually voted, 107 to 2, in favor of a bill which makes it unlawful to give a transfusion using blood of a race other than that of the recipient—even in case of disaster.)

Senator John Kennedy was the secret benefactor behind Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters Union rally at Madison Square Garden—the condition being that Hoffa limit his blasts to Kennedy, despite demands for equal time by other presidential hopefuls.

Beatniks of the Catholic faith cross themselves with snapping fingers.

Presidential Press Secretary Jim Hagerty has revealed to reporters that a Mau-Mau chieftain sent Eisenhower a note of encouragement during the Little Rock crisis.

The Greek Orthodox Church has admitted that the phenomenon of its "Weeping Madonna"—a lithograph which had reportedly shed tears—was due to a coincidental combination of influencing factors: the icon was suffer-

ing from pre-menstrual tension and watching the Jack Paar show.

The U.S. Air Force has issued a manual entitled *How to Read an Air Force Manual*. Excerpt:

"This is a book. See the book. See the pretty book. Read the pretty book. Read, read, read. The book has pages. See the pretty pages. See how they turn. See how they turn your stomach. Retch, retch, retch. . . ."

Richard Nixon is starting a whispering campaign to discredit his probable political opponent; he contends that the Democratic Party's 1960 slogan is: "Eliminate the middle man—vote for Pope John."

Despite the long-standing feud between Proctor & Gamble and Lever Brothers, a network official has discovered that, between commercials, Mr. Clean and Handy Andy—who is not an animated, multi-armed trademark but an actual, living atomic mutation—are disloyally carrying on a homosexual relationship. ("It's so easy when you use Lestoil.") A movie about their exploits is now in progress, to be called *Sodomy, Last Summer* or *Please Don't Eat the Pansies*.

The Anti-Defamation League had attempted to obtain equal time on the White House lawn, claiming that the annual Easter Egg Roll discriminates against Jews celebrating Passover. However, their idea was turned down when Mamie pointed out that Ike might mistake a leftover matzoh ball in the grass for a golf ball. "Putts," muttered the A.D.L. official. His organization is now campaigning instead to end discrimination against midgets in professional baseball.

Disc jockey Peter Tripp, who was the focus of nationwide attention when he stayed awake for 200 hours, has confessed to a Senate investigating committee the secret behind his record-breaking accomplishment: he had practiced by staying awake for the entire week immediately preceding the publicized feat.

The Realist, Dept. 19

225 Lafayette St.

New York 12, N. Y.

Enclosed is \$3 for 10 issues
 \$5 for 20 issues

This is a new sub
 a renewal

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

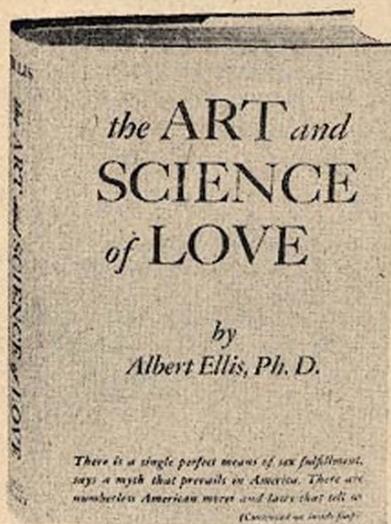
I also enclose \$..... as a (tax-deductible) contribution.

The Realist Bookshelf . . .

American Culture and Catholic Schools

—just published. The author of *People's Padre*—Emmett McLoughlin, who left the priesthood because he considered humanity more important than dogma—now describes, with that precious mixture of integrity and humor—his 21 years of Catholic schooling. He tells how he was indoctrinated into blind obedience to the Church; he cites the propaganda in Catholic textbooks; he details the *modus operandi* of parochial schools and their clerical administrators; he discusses the consequences to our culture of Catholic doctrine on birth control, politics, sex, medicine, communications. Emmett McLoughlin is superintendent of Memorial Hospital in Phoenix, Arizona—which he founded as the first American hospital with a definite interracial policy. He sums up his experience as a teacher of Catholicism: "As far as contact with reality is concerned, I might just as well have been plucked out of the Middle Ages."

American Culture and Catholic Schools: \$4.95



The Art and Science of Love — a thoroughgoingly-rational, myth-destroying, not-necessarily-marriage manual by Dr. Albert Ellis; the most outspokenly honest psychologist of our time. \$7.95.



Stranger Than Science—a collection of 74 fantastic-but-true tales by radio-TV news-commentator Frank Edwards, who offers no explanations; he is merely a reporter. \$4.95

The Great Quotations

—compiled over the past decade by George Seldes, crusading journalist of *In Fact* fame. More than 10,000 quotations ranging, in time, from Socrates to Einstein; in philosophy, from freethinkers to dictators. Only 5% of these quotations are included in the so-called standard, popularly-accepted volumes (*Bartlett's, et al*); the rest have remained—until now—ideas ignored, edition after edition, by a conspiracy of silence. Among the victims of this deliberate anthological censorship and suppression: Jefferson and Adams (in their liberal views on politics and religion) and even conservatives such as Washington. *The Great Quotations*—912 pages; beautifully bound; with an index of 102 subjects—has an introduction by J. Donald Adams of the *N. Y. Times*, in which he describes this inspiring reference work as "a collection of man's best thinking."

The Great Quotations: \$15.00



La Gangrene—an English translation of the book that was banned in France—the government smashed the presses and seized all copies—wherein 7 Algerian intellectuals describe the unbelievably sadistic torture inflicted on them by Paris police who learned directly from the Nazis. \$2.00

The Realist
225 Lafayette St.
New York 12, N. Y.

BULK RATE
U. S. Postage

PAID

New York, N. Y.
Permit No. 6172

Form 3547 requested