

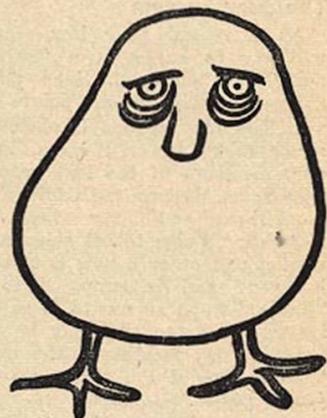
## freethought criticism and satire

# The Realist

February, 1961

35 Cents

No. 23



the magazine  
of mob violence

## An Impolite Interview with Jules Feiffer

*Q. Whereas the first collection of your cartoon strips was titled "Sick Sick Sick," your latest collection is titled "The Explainers." Would you explain (sic) the significance this evolution has for you?*

A. There were several (sic) significances. One was that you cannot call each future book *Sick Sick Sick*. One alternative is to be clever about it: to call the next book *Son of Sick Sick Sick*, to call the following book *Sick Sick Sick Strikes Again*, to continue the string with *Good Grief, More Sick Sick Sick; Sick Sick Sick Goes West; Sick Sick Sick and the Hardy Boys; Sick Sick Sick Revisited*; and perhaps as a farewell volume, *I'm Sick of Sick Sick Sick*.

And in truth, I *was* rather sick of it. The original title idea came to me in the early part of 1956, some time before the sick joke craze began. Unfortunately, once my book came out under that title, I was forever tagged as a "sick" humorist, questioned by interviewers on why I liked sick jokes, buttonholed by eager material offerers at cocktail parties and in many other ways driven to spend half my time explaining that, No, I do not do sick jokes, that I hate sick jokes, that I am in the habit of leaving rooms where sick jokes are being told and that I am far more interested in what offensive neurosis drives people to tell such stories than the stories themselves.

The title as I had originally intended it was a general description of current American society—enmeshed in acquisition, atomic energy, apathy and Eisenhower. When the title was not understood that way I dropped it.

(Continued on page 12)



## SIR REALIST:

### The Jury System

As a second year law student I will try to enlighten a "naive layman" [see editorial, issue #21] on some seemingly esoteric points of law.

1. The jury system is obviously an anachronism in civil cases, and the only members of the legal profession who favor it are the Melvin Belli's (tort bread-and-butter men). The right of a judge to set aside a jury's verdict and order a new trial is "time honored" and is supposed to effect "justice" when an award is so grossly inadequate as to obviously be against the manifest weight of the evidence. This is one of the restraints on the jury's power.

The jury, however, is actually given considerable latitude in fixing the award, and a judge must have adequate cause to order a new trial or else he will be reversed on appeal for abusing discretion. The phenomenon works the other way if a jury should award too much; and a judge can even order judgment *non obstante verdicto* when a jury finds for a plaintiff who really has no case. The jury is just not as almighty as most laymen seem to think.

2. What goes on in the jury room is in fact confidential — except, of course, the verdict. There is nothing wrong in asking each juror for his vote—his *reasons* for his decision are of course privileged. Polling is permitted to avoid the possibility that the foreman's verdict will not be the jury's. Eleven imperious jurors might, for instance, mentally coerce one milktoast juror into remaining silent when his decision is contrary to theirs. It is thought that the truth will prevail when each juror is publicly required to pronounce his decision.

Until the Seventh Amendment is repealed, we'll just have to put up with the clumsy jury system.

David Roy Pressman  
Washington, D. C.

### Recommendation

I'm an average teenager; I go to high school and ride motorcycles and start race riots like other kids, but I rebel by watching Jean Shepherd and putting stamps on letters upside down. I haven't gotten a chance to get anything big going yet, like an Oral Roberts Night for the courageous doctors who don't recommend the ingredients in Anacin, but I'm being very patient.

I realize that my opinion is a very inconsequential one, but I would like to recommend that any readers who list to the scientific side get hold of *Mirror Image Mockery* by R. A. Morgan. It's a short but lethal dose of "scientific-subjectivism" for anyone who likes that kind of jazz.

Nancy Myer  
Coopersburg, Pa.

### Antidote

I'd like to see these stickers on letters all over the country to counteract



Have Faith!

the "Pray for Peace" postmark that the Post Office uses.

Faye A. Fergus  
Cleveland, Ohio

### Cramps For The Memories

I hasten to say that John Francis Putnam is terrific in the *Realist*. The story of the Puerto Rican invasion (issue #7) and this last "Modest Proposal" threw me into laughter that doubled me up in cramps. Keep going, Johnny—you're really something.

Virginia L. Paterson  
New York, N. Y.

### First Backer

I want to be a financial backer of the *Realist*—as a matter of fact, the first backer. I'm enclosing my contribution. You will receive the same on the first day of every year so long as I live. No strings, no conditions.

Martin Berman  
Urbana, Ill.

*Editor's note: We wish to thank Mr. Berman for his dime. We would also like to take this opportunity to give him belated credit for the photo which appeared in the centerfold of issue #22; it was not rigged, incidentally — the two recruiting signs stand side by side on the larva of an Illinois post office.*

### Reasonable

Re the *Realist* and religion: so far as I know, you have the most reasonable editorial policy to be found anywhere. Most publications fall into one of three "camps"—pro, con, or gutless neutralism . . .

Bryan J. Ogburn  
Elizabeth City, N. C.

### Who You Calling a Handle?

I am reminded by the *Realist* of a sentiment of Balzac's, that "a man well versed in the art of sarcasm can prick your heart with a dagger while forcing you to admire the handle."

William C. Kerby  
Ravenna, Ohio

### Columnist's Complaint

It's no cliché: if I didn't value the *Realist* highly I wouldn't bother to criticize. You've again done a thing that's in lousy taste (in the real sense). I'm referring to the Clark Gable thing on the cover [issue #22: "Clark Gable Is Found Alive In Argentina"]. The other two headlines were genuinely amusing; this wasn't. There's no social criticism in it, no meaning; it's just sort of wanton hitting where there's nothing to hit, except people's feelings. Several friends felt it was in effect brutal. That was their own reaction; consider the reaction of Clark Gable's wife if this "joke" comes to her attention.

You've got an insensitive area — this and the Jesus cartoons [issue #17] show it. I'm hoping it will fill in with a sense of values, of kindness. I think time will do it.

I thought Bob Wilson's column on Norman Mailer [issue #22] was very good indeed, but I think you missed the point in your comment on the Mailer situation; after all, Mailer never said (nor need one draw that implication) that the knifing was done deliberately as an exploration of special areas of experience. According to Bellevue, he's not psychotic, as we know now; I've assumed that he might have been psychotic or semi-psychotic at the time of the knifing, however—possibly largely from drug-taking. What you say is, of course, perfectly true — nobody should be exempted from responsibility concerning other people's safety—but I think the emphasis you put on his remark isn't necessarily right.

Lawrence Barth  
New York, N. Y.

### The Naked and the Okay

Congratulations for surviving with the *Realist*. It does get better. I thought Robert Anton Wilson's thing was okay.

Norman Mailer  
New York, N. Y.

## editorial type stuff

### Christmas Cards

I'm usually slightly cynical about the sincerity of the Christmas cards sent out by firms with whom you do business during the year. It's the cheapest form of payola. But I must admit that there are exceptions. I received a Christmas card this season from the Better Business Bureau.

Probably the most meaningful card I've ever been sent, though, depicts on the cover a stained-glass-window nativity scene, with the legend: "There's Only One Way to Put Christ Back in Christmas." Then you open it up, and on the inside, there's this picture of Santa Claus nailed to a crucifix.

### Corrections

In issue #20, we stated that members of the board of directors of the *Humanist* had resigned to protest the editor's dismissal. Actually, the resignees were members of the editorial board of the magazine, rather than of the board of directors of its publisher, the American Humanist Association.

In issue #22, we quoted *L'Express* of Paris: "... at its presentation, [*The Lovers*] was violently attacked by a Fascist and anti-French faction under the guise of safeguarding public morals. If [the] Director of the Venice Film Festival was nevertheless

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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able to successfully defend his choice, it was because Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice, honored today under the name of Pope John XXIII, let it be known that he found those attacks hypocritical and poorly inspired."

This has been denied by a Vatican official, Msgr. Albino Gallette, executive secretary of the Pontifical Commission for Motion Pictures, Radio and Television; and Msgr. Thomas F. Little, executive secretary of the National Legion of Decency, called it an "absurd and false claim."

The Legion had placed *The Lovers* in its Condemned classification because "The blatant violation of Judaeo-Christian modesty and decency which permeates the development of the theme of this film is a serious threat to public and private morality."

### Panacea of the Month

From an actual Civil Defense TV spot featuring a family which lived in a fallout shelter for two weeks:

"Our family," says the mother, "now has a closer relationship than before."

February 1961

## The Tragedy of Cuba

"We shall not die of fear; we shall die laughing."

—Fidel Castro

January 1, 1961

Whenever there is a tragedy of any sort, there are always persons who could have told you so. I've long felt that there should be organizations whose sole purpose would be to act before a tragedy occurs. Thus, the "stringent new safety precautions" which unflinchingly follow every disaster would now be required as a matter of foresight rather than hindsight. Prevention would be the keynote of Tragedy, Inc.

The Fair Play for Cuba Committee—in its own special yet far-reaching area—is just such an organization. Recently, they sponsored a 10-day tour of Cuba. Against the wishes and advice of the U. S. State Department, some 340 persons were able to see the revolution for themselves. They paid their own way.

I was in Cuba from December 24th through January 7th. It turned out to be the most inspiring experience of my life.

Actually, I had merely gone for a vacation. I figured that while I was there I might write a snide little piece about how, for example the local art-film theatre in Havana was featuring *From the Terrace* with Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, and that there was this big controversy developing between moviegoers who favor dubbed-in voices and those who prefer superimposed Spanish subtitles so that the flavor of the original Hollywood dialogue isn't lost.

I was also going to smuggle a cup of sugar back into the United States.

But you can't just ignore the significance of the Cuban Revolution. As Carleton Beals—veteran Latin-American expert and author of *The Crime of Cuba* and 30-odd other books—said to me: "It's ironic how this little island has become practically the key to the fate of the whole world."

It's also ironic how *The Progressive*—a monthly liberal magazine whose respectability is exceeded only by its lack of guts—decided not to publish an article by Beals because it was too pro-Cuba. It had already been accepted—and set in type—before the editors suffered a severe case of cold feet. The article finally did appear, however, in the *Christian Herald*.

You have to know the background of Batista's unconstitutional police-state horror in order to appreciate the fervor of the revolution against it. Our State Department said not a word when, in an open-air cafe in Cuba, the patrons (including an American visitor) were indiscriminately whipped. We weren't at all indignant over the shooting of children and the displaying of their dead bodies on the sidewalk. We didn't protest the torturing, the eye-removing, the mass slaughtering. The period from 1953 to 1959 would have made Hitler dance with joy.

But only now do we call Cuba "unsafe." In reality, it is safer than Central Park, despite the scattered acts of counter-revolutionary violence in Cuba which have resulted in posters on the backs of buses reading: *Pardon Para Los Terroristas—The Wall (i.e., The Firing Squad) For the Terror-*

ists—an indication of how urgent it is to Cubans to protect the peace they fought so hard for.

I am not condoning capital punishment—not even for mercenary saboteurs—although it does make you think twice about someone who will set off a bomb in a florist shop, injuring innocent people (as opposed to what the rebels did: killing *only* when necessary—and it would certainly give a pacifist pause not to justify that struggle).

It's understandable, then, that when an American, complaining about the radio in a restaurant being too loud, said: "In six months, half the Cubans will be deaf"—and the owner thought he'd said "dead"—the police were called. The man was arrested and questioned and released. He had no complaints about his treatment.

In my own case, since I didn't like to keep bothering the elevator operators at my hotel, I would use the back staircase, and on one occasion I was stopped. I was treated with more courtesy than I had been when I was stopped in New York with a suspicious-looking package during the Mad Bomber days.

(During my whole two-week stay in Cuba, I deliberately did *not* wear my lapel card indicating that I was an invited—though paying—guest of the government.)

The Cubans are alert, but they are not trigger-happy. Nor are any chances being taken. Some Americans invited a militia-man to have a drink with them. He accepted to be gracious, but the bartender refused to serve him. Had he drunk even one beer while on duty he would have been dismissed. The next day, though, the militia-man invited the Americans to his home for dinner.

The Cuban people were cordial and friendly and warm. What I was concerned about was the apparent lack of a free press—one, that is, which could be critical of the revolutionary government.

The day before I arrived in Cuba, the last such paper, *Informacion*, had stopped publishing. As far as I could determine, it was not forced to stop; it had originally been functioning on a Batista subsidy, and now the money had simply run out.

One of the slogans in Cuba is: "In God We Trust and In the Revolution We Believe." And they mean it. So when I say that the revolution should be self-critical, Cubans reply that the revolution is so popular that there's no real *market* for criticism. Besides, said one, "We get the *New York Times*, and that's enough."

Of course, not all Cubans read English, but the point is well taken: American newspapers and magazines have deliberately slanted and shamelessly lied about the Cuban Revolution.

I sat in on a press conference in Cuba. The reporters included representatives of *United Press International* and the *Associated Press*. "Is it our fault what the individual publishers decide to print?" they say. But a Cleveland editor, for instance, has complained that the wire services aren't *sending* the true story about Cuba. "Nobody tells us what to write," insist the wire service men.

Nobody has to.

At this particular press conference, the interviewees included Carleton Beals and Dr. Samuel Shapiro, History Professor at Michigan State University.

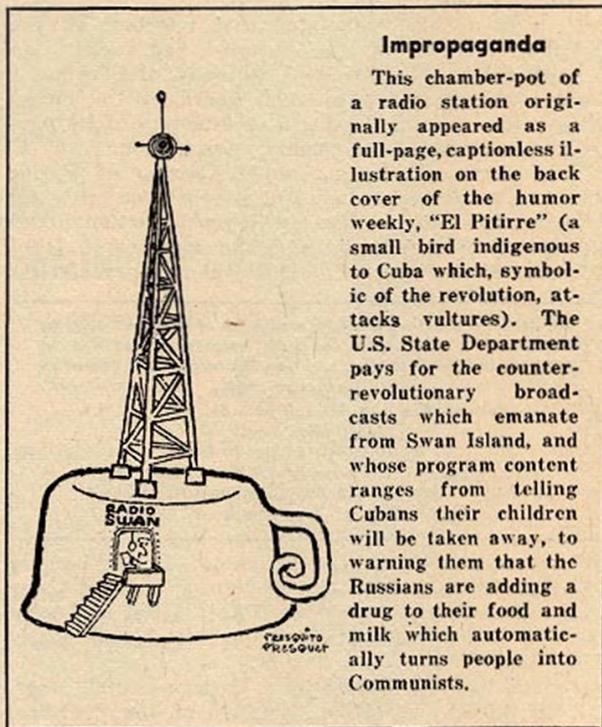
For 2½ solid hours, the reporters did extremely little note-taking.

Omission is the better part of distortion.

When this shoddy journalistic practice was pointed out, one of the wire service men had the gall to rationalize: "Well, there's always an emphasis on the negative in the news."

That the Cuban Revolution is of a positive nature is revealed in its humor as well as in its actuality. The following is a joke that I was told over and over again:

It seems that Fidel Castro had died. His brother Raul called Heaven and asked if Fidel had arrived yet. Saint Peter said no. Raul tried again the next day. Still no, replied Saint Peter. The same thing happened the next day. At last, Raul called Heaven, and this time the voice on the other end of the line said: "Cooperative number two, Saint Peter speaking." Fidel, obviously, had arrived.



Ah, but Jules Du Bois of the *Chicago Tribune* reliably reports that in order to stay in power, Castro will have to massacre 6½ million Cubans.

And *that's* the joke that you hear over and over again in *this* country. Only it's too sadly far from the truth to be funny.

You have to travel through the provinces of Cuba as I did to see what the revolution is doing. The statistics are impressive but the humanity of it all is absolutely overwhelming.

The *New York Times* says that construction in Cuba is at a standstill but—literally—*communities* are going up there before your very eyes. For a year, the men in one crew have been working seven days a week.

Their wages are better than before, but that's

beside the point. The point is that they are *completely involved* in what they're doing. Coffee breaks are not the focal point of their existence.

You see the squalor of the poverty-ridden huts which people live in, and you see the homes they are building and moving into, and you understand the depth of the legend over a door: *Seguimos Con-tigo, Fidel—We'll Stay With You*. . . .

It is to be expected that a newscaster like Fulton Lewis, Jr. would call Castro a "bearded madman" but it's depressing to hear one like Frank Edwards say that the Cubans gather to "Heil Castro." The difference between Hitler and Castro is frightfully simple. Hitler's speeches were on an emotional level for the purpose of accomplishing what was essentially Evil. Castro's speeches are on a rational level for the purpose of accomplishing what is essentially Good. It's as cowboys-and-Indians as that.

And unless you've seen Castro speak (not the out-of-context bits on TV) or read complete translations of his speeches, you have absolutely no right to make any judgments.

The theory of the revolution is expressed in the words of Henry George: "As every man born, by the only fact of birth, he has a right to live. . . . It is a right to eat, and as all nourishment derives directly or indirectly from the earth, every man has a right of a piece of land to nourish himself."

The practice of the revolution is expressed in the words of a Cuban mother: "We're living like decent people now."

The fly in the revolution's ointment is expressed in the words of Fidel Castro: "Communism is the theme which is going to be used by the counter-revolution, since there is no other pretext of greater importance, to cause harm to Cuba, to agitate or to bring about the failure of our revolution. That fear that the minority seems to have that Communism is growing in Cuba does not respond to reality. . . . The Communists simply have a newspaper."

What Castro really ought to do is just go to Russia, join the Communist Party—then *break* with Khrushchev à la Tito—and the United States will aid Cuba like crazy.

Likewise, Cuba should develop nuclear power if she wants to be re-recognized—for that is the very factor which may turn the tide as far as U.S. recognition of Red China is concerned.

(A cablegram bearing the news of the diplomatic break with Cuba was handed to Fidel Castro only minutes after I had met him and asked for an Impolite Interview. I don't care what Ike did to the country—it's what he did to *me*.)

Meanwhile, there are little stickers pasted around in Cuba that say: "Our Revolution is Not Communist. Our Revolution is Humanist. The Cubans only want the right to an education, the right to work, the right to eat without fear. . . ."

But don't take their word for it. Or mine. As the council of ministers stated: "Cuba considers broken the relations with Eisenhower's government, but not with the people." If you possibly can, go to Cuba and find out for yourself.

Find out for yourself how the Communists are trying to exploit the diplomatic blunders of the United States. Find out for yourself why Cubans really

believe that Yankee imperialism is going to result in an attack on their island. Find out for yourself how the agrarian, urban and industrial reforms are helping the people.

(The above two paragraphs were written before the State Department made travel to Cuba all but impossible. Anyway, if it's any consolation, the *Realist* plans to have a monthly report from a journalist stationed in Cuba. Also, I would suggest you send \$1 for the 5 issues of *The Independent* dealing with the Cuban Revolution, or 25¢ for their February issue, or \$3 for a year's sub. Their address: 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.—same building as ours, different office. I would recommend, too, the weekly newsletter, *Fair Play*, which is available for 15¢, or \$5 for one year, from The Fair Play for Cuba Committee, 799 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.)

There were 20,000 killed during the Batista era. Now, in the Sierra Maestra, where the battles had raged, there are schools being built for 20,000 kids. And a nationwide learn-to-read campaign is being carried out.

In front of the infamous Santiago fort—now transformed into a school—there is this message: *Ser Culto Es El Unico Modo De Ser Libre—To Be Cultured Is the Only Way to Be Free—José Martí*.

In Cuba, 1961 is designated *El Año De La Educacion—The Year of Education*.

The U. S. State Department has a hell of a lot to learn.

### Soft Sell and Hard Hearts

Chet Huntley is a TV newscaster whose sense of morality forces him occasionally into the role of TV commentator. This month, for example, in reference to the lack of aid to starving-and-dying (200 a week) Africans by member nations of the U.N.'s Food and Agricultural Organization, he remarked that "It's about time that those who talk so much of equal rights learned something about equal responsibility."

The Huntley-Brinkley newscast is sponsored by Texaco. They are now featuring real soft-sell commercials. For example: with a pleasant musical background, a little boy and girl are playing with a ball, and the ball rolls under a car, and a Texaco serviceman retrieves it and gives it to the boy. But wouldn't it make you more anxious to buy at a Texaco station if *they* were to send aid to, say, Africa and announce it on the air? This could extend to the whole \$13-billion-a-year advertising field—excuse me, I'm dreaming.

On a previous occasion, Huntley commented that "They have no right to criticize the Castro, executions, who remained silent during Batista's reign of terror."

Ironically—and this is a quote from Dave Delinger's piece on Cuba in *Liberation*—"the American-owned oil refineries had tried first to put a squeeze on the Revolution by instituting a gradual slow-down in production and then to paralyze the economy altogether by refusing to process oil for the government. By May of 1960, the Texaco plant in Santiago de Cuba was refining only 4500 barrels of oil per day in a plant whose capacity was 25,000 barrels. When the Castro government tried in desperation to

buy crude oil on its own, all sources were shut to it except the United Arab Republic and the Soviet Union. Nonetheless, the first arrival of a Soviet oil tanker in Cuba was widely cited by the United States as conclusive proof that Cuba had gone Communist.

"When Texaco continued its program of economic warfare by refusing to process the government oil, Cuba took over the plants. Everyone knows that modern society cannot operate without gas and other fuels, but few people stop to think of such things when a seemingly trustworthy statesman or news commentator cites *Red oil* and *Cuban expropriation of American property* as evidence of Cuba's Communism. As a matter of fact, most Americans know, when they are reminded, that the oil trusts are vast octopuses which control governments, start local wars, stifle honest competition, and make millions of dollars by overcharging consumers. Still, it is considered somehow reprehensible to defend oneself from them.

"In Santiago de Cuba, Texaco had rigged its operations so that it did not have to pay taxes to the Cuban government. It managed to buy machinery, oil, and transportation from its subsidiaries, sister companies, or foreign branches at prices which made it possible for it to show a purely fictitious loss on paper on its Cuban operations."

It is no wonder, then, that Cubans are beginning to say: "Cuba Si, Yankee Si, Imperialist No."

Goodnight, Chet.

## Conservative Humor

Since the satire published in the *Realist* tends to have what could quite easily be labeled a liberal point of view, I thought it might be interesting to have William F. Buckley, Jr.—the patronizing saint of conservatism—supply us with some samplings of conservative humor, and I wrote to him recently with such a request. This was his response:

Dear Mr. Krassner:

I am awfully sorry about the delay—I am snowed under with work. I wish I could cooperate with you, but I can't. I have no time. And if I did, I'd probably look to a more congenial journal to spend it on. I like your appreciation of humor and would probably like you, but what the hell, I totally disagree with your magazine and don't see much point in working for it.

Yours sincerely,

/s/ Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

Nevertheless, the *Realist* is pleased to present a sampling of conservative humor. Following are two questions and their complete answers, from an interview with Barry Goldwater in the January 14th edition of Mr. Buckley's *National Review*. "The Senator," reads the introduction, "answers questions with his customary candor."

Q. *There is an important difference between the type of campaign that makes the Republican Party appear to be very different from the Democratic through vigorous attacks on extremist proposals of left-wing Democrats, and the type of campaign that forthrightly espouses conservative positions. Many conservatives have criticized Nixon for not waging the first type of campaign. But would he have been wise to wage the second—to have attacked the welfare state, farm price supports, the labor monopoly; or to have championed*

*state's rights in the field of education, or militant anti-Sovietism in foreign policy?*

A. The general answer to this question is "yes." I think the country has long been ready to support a conservative candidate willing to take a stand on the issues.

Q. *Can you say now whether you will be a candidate for President in 1964?*

A. No, I can't say.

## No, But I Saw the Movie

Can only bones fracture? According to a report entitled "Fracture of the Penis" in *The Journal of the Medical Society of New Jersey*, the answer is no, although rupture of the corpus cavernosum is admittedly an oddity; it is sometimes associated with rupture of the urethra.

The author tells of a patient who called him to request an immediate appointment because "an accident occurred at home causing blood and clots to come from the penis." This 52-year-old man, continues the doctor, "feeling a desire to masturbate, [had] inserted the penis into the narrow neck of a cocktail shaker. During erection, the patient, who volunteered the information that he is moderately hard of hearing, heard a 'cracking sound.' . . . There was little or no pain. The patient took a handkerchief, tied it around the base of the penis as a tourniquet, and the bleeding slowed down to a trickle."

His apprehension, however, "was not especially due to the bleeding, but more with respect to 'What can I tell my wife when she comes home?'"

The doctor-author reported that "Creecy and Beazie have searched the medical literature, and reported a total of 21 cases of fracture of the penis, including one of their own."

One of their own patients, we assume he means.

In this report, the causes were listed as follows: "Striking or kneading with the hand to reduce erection—6 cases; coitus—4 cases; rolling over in bed—4 cases; bumping into chair—1 case; thrown on saddlehorn of motorcycle—1 case; striking toilet seat—1 case; kicked in fight—1 case; kicked by horse—1 case; slammed in car door—1 case."

(Yes, I know it's a total of 20, but I'm quoting.)

"The loud cracking sound at the time of fracture has been a rather constant finding in the history," it was noted. "Normal function apparently returned in all reported cases."

The report never did say what that man told his wife.

## Verification

Jean Shepherd, in the *Impolite Interview* in issue #20, stated that if the Japanese had the atomic bomb on December 7th, 1941, they would've used it.

In Berlin, a Japanese officer, Mitsuo Fuchida—the only survivor of the 70 Japanese fliers who hit Pearl Harbor—in an interview in connection with the French documentary film, *Kamikaze*, said that the use of the atomic bomb was fully justified and probably saved a million American lives which an orthodox invasion would have entailed; he added that, had the Japanese possessed the bomb, they would certainly have dropped it.

## OPERATION FREEDOM:

# Report On a Visit to Fayette and Haywood Counties, Tennessee

by Ross Anderson, Wallace Nelson and Maurice McCrackin

We have just returned from Fayette and Haywood Counties, which have been much in the news. Conditions are fully as bad as the press has pictured them, and the needs are much more varied and overwhelming than just food and clothing for Freedom Village—important as that is. If the lives and future welfare of these courageous and unified people are to be safeguarded, information concerning their plight must be given widespread and immediate attention. Hence we have drawn up the following:

### BACKGROUND INFORMATION

Fayette and Haywood Counties lie in the extreme southwest corner of Tennessee. The population of Haywood County is 27,000, 52 per cent of whom are Negro, and that of Fayette County is 35,000, 78 per cent of whom are Negro.

Early in 1960 State Charters were granted to the Fayette County Civic and Welfare League and to the Haywood County Civic and Welfare League. The immediate purpose of these organizations was to launch a Negro registration and voting campaign. Counter organizations of White Citizens' Council groups, meeting in local churches, were formed immediately. The names of the charter members of the two Negro Leagues were circulated promptly among all white business and professional people in the two Counties and later the names of those who had registered were added and all, under threat of themselves being boycotted if they did not comply, were ordered to have no business or professional dealings with League members or voting registrants. O'Dell Sanders, Haywood County Negro leader, was forced to close his grocery in Brownsville. Thirty salesmen once called upon him but they all quit within a two-week period under pressure from white landowners. Health services have been cut off and these farmers are unable to buy food, clothing or gasoline for their machinery.

### THE PRESENT SITUATION

In Haywood County 300 families and in Fayette County, 400, were ordered to move by January 1, 1961. Only one of the 700 had not registered to vote. Machines are displacing tenant farmers and sharecroppers all over the south, and in the past some have moved from Haywood and Fayette Counties for this reason. However, this is not the issue in these present evictions. To

say that it is to sell these heroic people short in the stand that they have taken and who as a result are undergoing such hardship and suffering.

Most of the 700 families have lived on their places many years, 10, 20, 50 years or more. Some were born there and have lived there all their lives. Some families, faring better than most of their neighbors, have been able to purchase farms of their own. But most have been kept in economic servitude, though it is their labor that has been the economic mainstay of Haywood and Fayette Counties.

At White Citizens Council meetings leaders said, "If we don't get rid of these niggers, you'll be seeing them sitting in office in the Court House. We'll go easy until the cotton crop is in and then we'll freeze them out." It has been a "deep freeze," of hostility, boycott, cruelty and violence. In mid-summer O'Dell Sanders, spoken of previously, who is founder of the Haywood

The nine families already evicted are resettled on the land of a Negro farm owner, Shepherd Toles. They call their settlement "Freedom Village." The morale of the village is high but living conditions are hazardous and difficult. Families are living on dirt floors. Drainage and sanitary facilities must be made safe, or serious illness is a threat. Forty-three children and 16 adults are now living in Freedom Village.

In Fayette County there are no Negro doctors, and hospitals and clinical services are denied to any Negro registrant in the County. With a health center two miles away last week, Mrs. John McFerren, wife of the Fayette County League chairman, had to take her sick baby to a doctor 41 miles away.

Freedom Village is under attack. It is charged that this is purely a propaganda scheme. Newspapers have carried stories that jobs have been offered to these families but they don't want to

### Conflict of Interests Department

The following two "Special Weeks" were both celebrated last month:

*University of Detroit Silent Record Week . . .* Purpose: "Commemorating the invention of the Silent Record and promoting the virtue of silence per se, stereophonic silence (which is twice as silent) and blank slides and home movies." Sponsor: Hush Records.

*National Loudspeaker Week . . .* Purpose: "To encourage Americans to speak up for their country and its principles. To promote greater sales of loudspeakers and sound equipment that carries the American 'message.'" Sponsor: Utah Radio and Electronic Corp.

Civic and Welfare League, was cruelly beaten and thinking him dead, his captors threw his body on the Sanders' front porch.

The injunction order of the Circuit Federal Court of Appeals on December 30 effected a six weeks injunction, ordering that there be no evictions until the court can determine why the eviction orders have been given. The Federal Civil Rights law says that no action shall be taken which seeks to prevent a citizen from exercising his voting rights. The government contends that this right has been breached in these eviction orders in Fayette and Haywood Counties.

Because of the injunction order, only nine of the 700 families have actually left their farms. Under threat a few have left, since the court injunction. The others wait the final court decision. It can be expected that resentment by landlords will increase persecution of the families who refuse to leave.

work. Freedom Village is a symbol of the plight of thousands of Negroes suffering from prejudice and persecution. Reports that legitimate job offers have been made and refused have been proved cruel and false. One mother said, "They said I'm lazy, but how could I be lazy when I've worked so hard in the same place for 38 years? . . . Some have come and talked to us and then have been untrue in what they have said and have hurt us. Please, if you can't help us, don't hurt us." These people have been hurt and hurt again. Yet they are not in despair. We felt here the same high courage and dedication to a great cause that we felt when we visited Montgomery in the midst of the bus boycott movement. We talked with a man whose farm machinery was to be repossessed the next day because all of his credit had been cut off. His whole economic future was at stake. When the man issuing the foreclosure order said to him, "I hope

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you don't hate me for what I'm doing," Wilkes replied, "No, I don't hate you for what you are doing. I'm a Christian and I can't hate anyone."

These men, women and children in Fayette and Haywood Counties face the future, dark though it is, with courage and quiet patience and determination. As one man said who had endured much, "We are suffering, but we won't run away." This is the way they are facing the future; may it not be that they must face the future alone!

#### WHAT THE BASIC NEEDS ARE

From the above background material, it will be seen that there will be continuing needs of several kinds. For one thing, food, shelter and clothing for as many as five thousand people will need to be provided for an indefinite period.

There is immediate need for cash. Supplies of various kinds must be purchased. Lumber to put floors in the tents will cost an estimated six hundred dollars. Outside toilets are inadequate at present, and a shelter for in-

be lent at very low interest or at no interest, and with no sure guarantee even of principal return.

It should be noted, too, that white farmers and business people, not many in number, but very important, who have refused to boycott Negro registrants or have testified for them against the White Citizens Council persecution are suffering right along with the Negroes. These people face complete economic ruin unless given loans or other forms of assistance.

All these people have intangible needs also. They are out in the front line, standing up for freedom and human dignity. They are laying their lives on the line. They need active support, as well as understanding and sympathy. They need to know that we are with them. Supplies and cash are indispensable, but so are human contacts. Visitors should go down and stand and sit and work with the persecuted. They do not need to have people tell them what they ought to do. They know, and they are doing it. But they do need to have friends and to

carried on by more or less unanimous consent and support. A very few taking a strong stand against the boycott could dispel it like a bad dream.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR MEETING THE NEEDS

Two needs arose in our discussions in Tennessee as being primary and urgent: (1) Installation of wooden floors in the tents, at an estimated cost of \$600 for lumber. (2) Loan capital.

Credit has always been readily available to these responsible farmers—until they registered to vote. Now they are threatened with foreclosure of mortgages on land and farm equipment, with refusal of the customary loans to buy seed and fertilizer and to meet family expenses until the harvest.

Planting time is almost here; payments on long-term loans must be made to avoid being forced off the farms. Merchants (including a very few white supporters) are boycotted by suppliers and have to extend much credit for what business they have.

The need is immediate, and substantial sums of money are necessary. We are therefore beginning at once to collect money for a LOAN FUND. This is the plan:

The Civic and Welfare League in each County, with District organizations, will set up boards or committees to administer the fund. In addition, we will seek the right person, acceptable to the Leagues, to act as technical advisor in the area and as liaison between the Leagues and the fund-raisers. The loans would bear little or no interest, and the risk factor is high, of course. However, it is loan capital these people desire for this need, rather than gifts.

The sum of \$532 already loaned to meet one situation which came to the attention of our deputation, would be considered the first loan made by the fund. We believe it will be possible to obtain separate funds to pay the expenses of the liaison person, and no monies sent for the loan fund will be used for administrative expense or any other purpose. If you can buy some share in this financing of the loan fund, which we are calling OPERATION FREEDOM, please send your check and fill out the form below.

#### Idealism of the Month

"Darryl F. Zanuck . . . said in New York last week the current integration crisis in the south should provide the basis for a boxoffice film. He has read a number of scripts on the subject and none of them was any good."

—Variety



coming food and clothing should be erected. We suggest that cash gifts be sent for these needs. It should be kept in mind, too, that it may be far more economical to buy food locally in wholesale quantities than to ship it long distances.

There is need to raise a large sum of money for a loan fund. Even in normal times farmers must borrow money each spring in order "to make the crop." Fertilizer, seed and other supplies are bought on credit and paid for out of harvests. This year all regular bank facilities in the immediate vicinities of Haywood and Fayette Counties are boycotting the Negro farmers.

A considerable amount of loan capital is needed also to forestall foreclosures on both land and equipment, to protect farmers who own land or equity in land. Last fall those who registered to vote suffered especially from questionable methods of landlord book-keeping. The word that went out: "Give them just enough to make the crop, and then freeze them out." This proved to be the policy. More tenant farmers than usual ended up not having earned enough "to pay off." Normally, advances could be had, but not this year. Every man who gets behind one payment is being asked to pay up at once or get out. A large fund is needed to

meet those friends face to face from time to time. Go and share a bit of the danger. Stand watch for a few nights at a store which may be dynamited during the night. Let the weary owner get a few full nights' rest.

Go to the people who are joining to drive out the Negroes. Ask them in loving concern what they think they are doing. Be aware of their needs too. Many of them may be inwardly sick of what they are doing. Those who go to understand and help them realize their better selves may render the greatest of services.

It is well to note that persecution cannot be long continued if it is not

Mail to OPERATION FREEDOM, c/o Rev. Maurice McCrackin, 1111 Dayton St., Cincinnati 14, Ohio (MA 1-3784)

I want to participate in OPERATION FREEDOM. I/we enclose check for \$..... Please consider this as a gift  OR a loan  to the revolving loan fund; OR  Please use the enclosed for lumber or other such need. If you are loaning money to the fund, please fill out the following:

This loan is for an indefinite period of time.

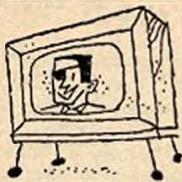
I would like this loan repaid in two years.

Name..... Address.....

Remarks:

(If any individual or group would like to explore other avenues of assisting, we will be glad to make suggestions if a specific request is made for information.)

(While the need is for a large amount of money for the loan fund, it should be understood we are interested in small gifts or loans from persons or groups with little money. The number of persons supporting OPERATION FREEDOM is important, too.)



by Marvin Kitman

## report from an independent research laboratory

In research circles, An Independent Research Laboratory (AIRL) of Ridgefield, N. J. is known as the lab that has nothing. Most of the scientific work done at AIRL, as a consequence, depends directly on the largesse of friends and relatives. Understandably, the lab is as eager as a little boy opening its packages Christmas morning. This year's testable haul included a bottle of Liquid Prell and a carton of Commander cigarettes.

Liquid Prell is a new miracle hair shampoo said to contain liquid emeralds in every drop. In testing it, the Lab naturally sought to isolate and convert to its own monetary gain several of the emeralds. Our staff alchemist's preliminary report was so pessimistic, however, that the Lab decided to wash its hands of the project. His wife shampooed her hair with the remaining liquid so that the gift shouldn't be a total loss.

Commander, the new king-size Phillip Morris, is the cigarette with "noticeable improvements," its most conspicuous being "cleanliness." "It's made . . . on a rather remarkable new cigarette machine called the Mark VIII," said an ad prepared by Leo Burnett & Company (the Marlboro Man-men). "Instead of just dropping the tobacco on the paper, this new machine lifts it by vacuum, gently vacuum cleans it, and then rolls it into paper."

Ever since the AIRL learned Latakia got its idiosyncratic flavor from being cured over fires of dried camel's dung, it has been looking for a really "clean" cigarette. Is Commander really clean? An Independent Research Laboratory wanted to know.

Yes, our White Glove Test (Pat. Pending) showed. Not a drop of dirt in a carload, although some palates may reject Commanders because they taste like they've been run through a vacuum-cleaner. *Chacun a son gout.* A member of the AIRL custodial staff was so impressed by the test, incidentally, that he plans to urge the Kennedy Administration to unleash the Mark VIII Vacuum Cleaner on the problem of making the first really clean H-bomb.

But the Christmas gift the Lab wanted more than anything else in the world—and didn't get—was an Accutron, a widely-advertised product of the Bulova Watch Company. "What is ACCUTRON?" an advertisement in the New York Times asked recently. "It is the first instrument of the space age you can wear and use! It is the first microsonic timepiece. . . . It doesn't even tick. *It hums!*"

The test our directors had planned for the Accutron watch was a simple one. "This instrument," consumers were told, is "the heart of a timing mechanism in a U. S. satellite." It is "built to withstand the shock of a rocket launching." But can the watch withstand a more prosaic shock, say, a drop from the wrist to the floor?

The question seemed timely. Bulova's advertisements overflowed with encouragement. "ACCUTRON is guaranteed 99.9977% accurate . . . not under laboratory conditions . . . *but in actual use*" (dots and italics not ours, but *Life* magazine's). So we decided to go ahead with a field test.

As the field representative assigned to the test, I was given the run of jewelry store floors in New York City. Cartier's, the first shop on Fifth Avenue I visited, had a worthless floor: the cheapest Timex could survive a fall on their pearl-grey wall-to-wall carpeting. Tiffany's, which has everything including a solid gold putter, not surprisingly has a perfect floor for watch-testing: parquet with borders of green marble.

"Would you like it in 14- or 18-karat?" Tiffany's watch-man asked.

"Immaterial," I said, as grimly as an astronaut.

He withdrew a microsonic timepiece about the size of a half-dollar from the glass showcase, and handed it over. While fondling it, I looked at the clerk. He was a thin-faced man, wearing steel-rimmed glasses and a half-smile masking growing concern about me.

Could some other independent research laboratory have already conducted this Accutron test? Was I being classified as an astronaut? No. I attributed his nervousness to last year's robbery.

Before beginning the countdown for the test, I tried to relax the clerk.

"Is there anything wrong with this unit? It isn't ticking."

"It hums, sir," he said, trying to take the watch out of my hands.

"Doesn't the humming drive you out of your mind?"

"Actually, it's quite pleasant," he said, making another dignified grab for the watch. "360 revolutions per minute is middle-F on the piano, you know."

"You don't mind if I listen awhile," I said, at last indicating I was aware he wanted the microsonic timepiece back.

"No, not really, but it's the last one we have in stock at the moment. They've moved so well since being introduced, we're waiting for a new shipment now. We can take your order."

The realization that I might be smashing the last Accutron in Tiffany's must have made me visibly pale, because the clerk made a determined lunge for the watch. The counter between us hampered him. He didn't get a clean grip on the microsonic timepiece. And the test was made.

It was a beautiful drop, ricocheting off the counter edge onto the parquet floor.

"Nothing to worry about," I said. "It's shot from rockets. Must be shock-proof."

I didn't think the clerk heard me. He was around the counter so quickly to take the Accutron out of my hand, I thought he had hurdled it. Actually he had run around it.

"It all depends how far *you* drop a shock-proof watch," he said. If the copywriter who wrote those ads could have seen the Tiffany clerk's face at that moment, he wouldn't have been so cock-sure about American watchmaking being in the space age.

Did the Accutron pass An Independent Research

(Continued on Page 24)

## A Tale of Two Ladies — and an Ex-Girlfriend . . . . . by Bob Abel

Whatever the political tensions wracking the Anglo-American alliance these days, it is worth noting that a trans-Atlantic accord has been reached in one area, at least, and that both sides are now permitted a non-furtive embrace of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's best-known heroine. There is doubtless a certain irony in the chronology of the Anglo-American embrace of Lady C., but her English debut, albeit a follow-the-leader affair, was considerably more stylish and reeking of tradition than the earlier, American road show.

The court test of milady's English legitimacy produced a spirited display of the diversity of opinion which is freedom of expression, and thus the sources of Lady C's defense are almost as notable as the ultimate "innocent" verdict handed down in her favor. Entering the lists of London's Old Bailey to speak their mind were such varied representatives as:

A bishop of the Church of England, who testified that the Lawrence book is one Christians *ought* to read; the headmistress of a private girls' school, reporting her findings that most of her wards had been familiar with the controversial four-letter words since the age of ten; a psychologist who cited the book's "educational value" as antidote to the constant "titillation and insinuations" about sex to which young people are subjected; a Roman Catholic scholar who "coolly observed" (according to an ear-witness) that it would do Catholic priests a lot of good to read the book; a Leicester University literary authority who called a four-letter word a four-letter word—"we have no word in English which is not either an abstraction or has become an evasive euphemism for the sex act, and we are constantly running away from it, or dissolving into dots"; a clergyman who runs youth hostels; a *magna cum laude* graduate, female branch, in English Lit.; and a very respectable sprinkling from the Establishment, including Dame Rebecca West, poet-critic C. D. Lewis and novelist E. M. Forster.

Undaunted by this formidable opposition, the prosecution asked the jury to ponder these basic questions of class: "Is this a book you would like your wives and servants to read?"—and "How would you feel if it were your own wife who was carrying on an affair with your gamekeeper?"

The judge, presumably unmindful of everyone's servants and gamekeepers, reminded the jury that "there is considerable difference between being 'shocked and disgusted' [the prosecu-

tion's defense] and that which depraves and corrupts," and nine men and three women debated but three hours before deciding that Lady C. was not unfit company for the likes of themselves.

Reporting the story—and it was the top story in England for days—two widely respected newspapers (including the staid *Manchester Guardian*) printed what a New York *Times* correspondent called "the most notorious and universal of four-letter words" in their recapitulation of the trial, thereby setting off a small controversy as to whether this represented another blow for freedom of expression or the instinct toward graffiti displayed by small boys in men's rooms.

At the Savile Club on Brook Street, authors W. Somerset Maugham, Stephen Potter and Sir Compton Mackenzie clinked whiskey glasses and toasted a "good show." After 32 years of exile as an unexpurgated lover, Lady C. had come home, an official pariah no longer and legally bereft of her former powers to deprave and corrupt—closed minds.

On our own side of the Atlantic, another literary heroine was being scrubbed up so she wouldn't agitate a censor's eye, as the celluloid version of Lady C. did in a rather dreary French movie. Truman Capote's delightful Holly Golightly, the chief character (along with himself as narrator) in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, will only enjoy a "suggested immorality" in the Paramount film based on his book.

As played by Audrey Hepburn, Holly won't be virginal, but you won't see her kick up her heels, either. Her colorful literary life has been given the dream-factory treatment and emerges as so-called adult movie fare which should prove approximately one-third as appetizing as a film faithful to the book might have been. (Not that faithfulness *per se* to a literary work is mandatory for a good movie, but why does Hollywood pay huge sums for books which are promptly reduced to lookalike movie scripts—and then complain that there is a shortage of good stories for films?)

The heart of Capote's book—Holly's casual, often risqué dialogue; her candid conversations with the narrator about the men she has known not well, but intimately; their strange brother-sister relationship, with its gentle sexual overtones, which characterizes Holly as the pursuer of dreams rather than men—all this has been left out of the film. Where there

could be no romance—there is now one between Holly and the narrator. The book's sad, wistful ending is now happy as hell, what with this big love affair—because Holly is now fey, instead of immoral, and she deserves an upbeat ending.

Even the strip-tease scene that has been added to the film has a more realistic counterpart—which you can see if you should happen to catch the film in Europe.

Perhaps it is captious to complain, since Capote himself has called the screen play "excellent . . . but more as a creation of its own than an adaptation of my book"; yet this left-handed compliment is indicative of what is really wrong with American movies. They are all very much creations of Hollywood and not of life in America, or anywhere else, for that matter. Holly Golightly, the dear little bitch, was more grown-up than Hollywood has ever been. It would have been much kicks to meet up with her on the screen.

Our last tale is, alas, one of a lost love, between the Cuba that used to be—B.C. (Before Castro) — and the American press, which Castro has always believed—with some justification, it seems—to oppose his revolution.

America's romantic attachment toward her pert little Latin neighbor to the south underwent its first trauma at the time of the "war criminals" executions. Most U. S. newspapers lamented this turn of events, and rightly so, but little publicity was given to Castro's explanation for them or to the mood of the Cuban civilian population, some 20,000 of whom had been killed, many after torture, by the Batista regime. Castro told Herbert L. Mathews of the New York *Times*' editorial board (who took that famous picture of Castro in the Sierra Maestra in 1957) that he hadn't "fomented" the executions. "On the contrary," Castro said, "I yielded to popular demand as little as possible and, in fact, the unjust, ignorant accusations by Americans made our people more determined than ever to have justice."

The truth then, as now, has been hard to arrive at if one's sole source of information is the American newspaper. Cuba, which had been our docile, worshipful, dependent lady friend in the Caribbean, was acting like a graduate of the Charles Atlas course for new nations—and them what ain't for us is naturally agin us.

The editorial reaction of U.S. newspapers to our diplomatic break with Cuba is another link in the chain

of evidence that the American press has not been doing its job in reporting and analyzing the complexities of the U.S.-Cuban relationship. As James Reston noted in the *Times*, the only realistic issue here is "not whether slamming the door makes Ike feel better, but whether it promotes the interests of the United States." Reston, to his everlasting credit, noted that diplomatic recognition is not a badge of good conduct, and generally showed himself more aware of the liabilities of such a move than did most editorial writers.

In New York City, for instance, the *Herald-Tribune* said the U.S. "has done the only thing it could possibly do," citing the move as one which gives us "the advantage of assuming an uncompromising position." Also, said the *Trib*, "it permits us . . . to make the essential distinction between the Cuban people and the Castro government."

The *Daily News*, America's largest-selling paper, snarled: "This kick to Castro's teeth came none too soon, if you ask us," adding that "all Americans except the local Reds and their dupes" will applaud Ike's "decisive action."

The *Mirror*, a Hearst tabloid, made it simple for its simple readers: relations between the U.S. and Cuba were "fraternal" before Castro . . . Cuba is now a Russian satellite and we have withdrawn recognition from it.

The other morning paper, Reston's own *New York Times*, did not begin to match its Washington bureau chief in analyzing the situation and, while its editorial was clearly superior to most, it seemed remarkably similar to other *Times*' editorials on Cuba during the past year—bland, bloodless, and looking backward all the while.

Along toward evening, the *Journal-American* produced the proper Hearstian ultimatum, and the *World-Telegram & Sun* applauded the move since "hope has long gone that our diplomatic relations with Cuba would ever improve so long as Castro is dictator there."

Only the *Post*, long on guts and short on news as usual, questioned the wisdom of making such a move without first consulting the new Administration and the Organization of American States; ". . . a truly great nation," the *Post* reminded its readers, "does not allow itself to be provoked by words into impetuous action that may have self-defeating consequences."

## Anti-Clericalism in Cuba

On December 25th, 1960, the front cover of the Sunday supplement of the newspaper, *Hoy*, was devoted to a display of Cuban Christmas cards. The back cover consisted of a spread of



cartoons entitled *Curas!*—translation: "Priests!"—and their point of view is fairly well indicated by the cartoon which is reproduced on this page.

There have been full-length articles dealing with "The Excommunication of Father McGlynn" (the priest who was a follower of José Martí); "Hidalgo Was Also Excommunicated" (the priest who touched off Mexico's independence struggle); "The Catholic Church Versus the Independence of Cuba."

A special New Year's issue of *Verde Olivo*, official organ of the rebel army, featured a picture story, beginning with a photo of a line of open, bone-filled caskets, and followed by these photos of church-dictator alliances:

¶ "While the country and cities were full of deaths, while Batista robbed and tortured throughout all Cuba, Cardinal Arteaga received decorations from the bloody tyrant."

¶ "Luis, the royal prince of Tacho Somoza—church support doesn't fail him either, while Nicaragua is mas-

sacred by his repressive police corps."

¶ "Franco, who murdered two million Spaniards—Franco, who holds Spain under terror, who maintains jails full of political prisoners twenty years after the Civil War—was not excommunicated; on the contrary, he receives the holy blessing from the high and corrupt hierarchy."

¶ "The high clergy doesn't excommunicate the butcher Trujillo; on the contrary, the Cardinal of Santo Domingo is his strongest ally and genuflects [used metaphorically] to him."

¶ "Estimé, who put the people of Haiti under his bloody boots—the Cardinal never wrote a pastoral letter against him; on the contrary, he gave him his close friendship."

¶ "Somoza, the killer of Sandino, chief of one of the bloodiest dynasties in America, is another friend of Cardinal Arteaga."

¶ "Spellman, the disgraceful cardinal of the imperialists, who gave \$10,000 to buy the bombs which exploded against the Cuban people—this hypocrite and fascist Spellman is not excommunicated."

(A student of agricultural engineering at the University of Havana—upon learning that Cardinal Spellman offered last month to pay for a psychiatric check-up for Fidel Castro—had this response: "What about him?")

A Cuban government official, himself a Rosierucian, told the *Realist* about the confusion of his sister, a Catholic who sees the humane achievements of the revolution on one hand and the opposition of the hierarchy on the other hand. For the Church is no longer the beneficiary of large donations from wealthy businessmen and landowners.

Moreover, a front-page banner headline in *El Mundo* of December 29th read: "Rev. Lence Challenges Bishops to Condemn Terrorism." The story quoted him as saying that "there are silences that smell of the odor of the dollar."

Before an audience of more than 3,000 at the National Capitol, Rev. Lence stated that "in this solemn hour that Cuba faces, as a Catholic priest and as a Christian, I challenge those who have been issuing pastoral letters [against the revolutionary government] to condemn the terrorism [the bombing by counter-revolutionaries of Flogar, a cafeteria in which fifteen persons, mostly children, were injured]."

Rev. Lence is not too popular with his fellow clergymen.

"Many of those who attack me," he said, "used to go to the Palace of the tyrant [Batista] without concern over the Christian blood that was being shed in Havana and in the Cuban countryside."

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YOU SEE I'VE ALWAYS HAD A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE IDENTIFYING-



WELL, SURE KID. WERE ALL THAT WAY.

I MEAN MINE WAS AN INCREDIBLY MIXED UP LIFE - DOES IT BOTHER YOU WHEN I TEAR UP BITS OF PAPER?



NO. HA HA. BE MY GUEST.

I USED TO FIND IT TERRIBLY DIFFICULT TO TALK ABOUT MY CHILDHOOD. I'D ALWAYS GET SNEEZING FITS. WOULD YOU MIND AWFULLY NOT SMOKING? IT REDDENS MY EYES.



SURE KID. WHAT EVER YOU SAY.

LIKE CAN ANY OF US HONESTLY ANSWER WHO WE ARE? I USED TO THINK I WAS DOZENS OF PEOPLE UNTIL I WAS TWELVE.



YEAH. I USED TO WANT TO BE WHITEY LOCKMAN.

I MEAN THE PROBLEM WAS IDENTIFICATION. IT'S EASY TO KNOW THAT NOW - BUT IN THOSE DAYS - WOULD YOU MIND FINDING MY SHOES - I THINK I KICKED THEM UNDER YOUR SEAT.



WELL SURE. I HAD MEN IN SERVICE LIKE THAT - NEVER WOULD SHAPE UP.

I MEAN HOW CAN YOU TELL A CHILD OF TWELVE THAT HER MOTHER IS A FATHER FIGURE AND - WELL, I MAY ADJUST TO IT IN RETROSPECT BUT -



YEAH. ITS LIKE MY EXPERIENCES IN SERVICE. MY MEN ALWAYS KNEW THEY COULD TALK TO ME.

DO YOU HAVE ANY PAPER IN YOUR POCKET? I'VE RUN OUT OF NAPKINS - PLEASE. I ASKED YOU NOT TO SMOKE.



OH, I'M SORRY. YEAH. I'LL GO GET SOME MORE NAPKINS.

LENNIE BOH! HOWSIT GOIN'? WHO YOU WITH?

THE SWEETEST LITTLE KID IN THE WORLD! CHARLIE, I THINK I'VE FOUND MISS RIGHT.



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### JULES FEIFFER

(Continued from Page 1)

The Explainers was Kenneth Tynan's appraisal of what my characters were always doing, either to themselves, to each other or to the world in general. It sounded right so I used it as the title for my last book. What the next collection will be called, I do not yet know—maybe *Son of Explainers*, *Good Grief More Explainers* or *The Explainers and the Slave Empress*. Once you have a basic concept the possibilities are limitless.

Q. Comedian Bob Newhart was quoted in the N. Y. Times as saying that he has "never heard of a good reactionary comic. There's no Republican Mort Sahl. Anybody as individual as a comic is would naturally tend toward the liberal party." Do you agree with this?

A. The entertainment business seems to be mostly made up of Democrats; whether this makes them liberals or not, I'm not sure. I've never heard of a good reactionary comic either, but I've only heard about two good liberal ones, so the odds are not quite what Newhart would imply they are. Irreverence is not necessarily a synonym for liberalism. It sometimes has more to do with immaturity or repressed egoism.

Q. Do you think Newhart himself lives up to his statement?

A. I'm crowded with uncertainties here. I'm not sure what the original statement meant, and having only seen and heard Newhart briefly I'm really not qualified to judge, although I'm sure he would not argue the point that his humor is far more dangerous. The "new school" of humor seems to be making that subtle switch from "I'm not kidding, things are wrong!" to "I'm only kidding, things are wrong." It's the difference of attitudes between a man fired by the company telling a joke on the company and the man who fired him telling a joke on the company—at the company picnic, of course.

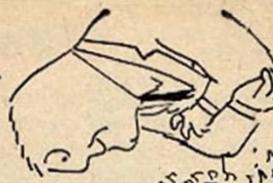
Q. Your strip has been reprinted in Socialist publications. This question isn't meant to imply guilt by association—or credit by association, depending on one's point of view—but are you a Socialist?

A. I don't know. I guess I need too much room to maneuver in to allow myself to be any definite shape of political being. I've also allowed my strip to be reprinted in religious publications but I'm an atheist. I've allowed my strip to be reprinted in the *Realist* but I'm not a freethinker. I've allowed my strip to be reprinted in *Mad* but I'm not tasteless. *The New Republic* is going to run some of my strips but I'm no liberal. And if William Buckley ever came around. . . . As long as the cartoons are run without change I'm glad to see them circulated.

Q. William Saroyan once wrote: "I believe the living are simultaneously naive and sophisticated, because no matter how naive a man may be, there is somewhere in him great sophistication, and no matter how sophisticated he may be there is great naiveté in him." How would you relate this to your work?

A. I believe the living are simultaneously orange and purple, because no matter how orange a man may be, there is somewhere in him great purple, and no matter how purple he may be there is great orange in him.

YEAH, I USED TO WANT TO BE WHITEY LOCKMAN.



THE SWEETEST LITTLE KID IN THE WORLD! CHARLIE, I THINK I'VE FOUND MISS RIGHT.



LIKE CAU ANY OF US HONESTLY ANSWER WHO WE ARE? I USED TO THINK I WAS DOZENS OF PEOPLE UNTIL I WAS TWELVE.



LENNIE BOOM! HOW'S IT GOIN'? WHO YOU WITH?



SURE KID. WHAT EVER YOU SAY.



OH, I'M SORRY. YEAH, I'LL GO GET SOME MORE NAPKINS.



I USED TO FIND IT TERRIBLY DIFFICULT TO TALK ABOUT MY CHILDHOOD. I'D ALWAYS GET SNEEZING FITS, WOULD YOU MIND AWFULLY NOT SMOKING? IT REDDENS MY EYES.



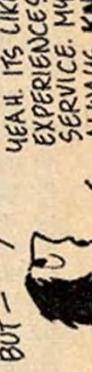
DO YOU HAVE ANY PAPER IN YOUR POCKET? I'VE RUN OUT OF NAPKINS—PLEASE, I ASKED YOU NOT TO SMOKE!



NO. HA HA. BE MY GUEST.



I MEAN HOW CAN YOU TELL A CHILD OF TWELVE THAT HER MOTHER IS A FATHER FIGURE AND—WELL, I MAY ADJUST TO IT IN RETROSPECT BUT—

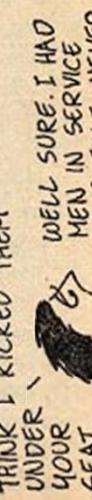


I MEAN MINE WAS AN INCREDIBLY MIXED UP LIFE—DOES IT BOTHER YOU WHEN I TEAR UP BITS OF PAPER?



YEAH, ITS LIKE MY EXPERIENCES IN SERVICE. MY MEN ALWAYS KNEW THEY COULD TALK

I MEAN THE PROBLEM WAS IDENTIFICATION. IT'S EASY TO KNOW THAT NOW—BUT IN THOSE DAYS—WOULD YOU MIND FINDING MY SHOES—I THINK I KICKED THEM UNDER YOUR SEAT.



WELL, SURE KID. WERE ALL THAT WAY.



YOU SEE I'VE ALWAYS HAD A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE IDENTIFYING—



The Realist

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**Q.** In writing the dialogue of your characters, do you strive for accuracy or do you deliberately exaggerate?

**A.** I decide who and what my character is, how he thinks, what he stands for, what point I am trying to make, the way this particular character might inadvertently make that point, and then the dialogue naturally follows.

I don't strive for tape recorder accuracy, I strive for an attitude, a point of view generally representative (if slanted) of the type I'm portraying. It is almost automatic that the dialogue will also be representative.

While there is no conscious exaggeration, there must, of course, be exaggeration. The limits of newspaper or magazine space is such that were I to make my characters speak without editing, they would run on for pages, cease to be funny, cloud my editorialization and lose my point.

**Q.** Do you think it should be the function of an artist to bite the hand that feeds him?

**A.** I don't think it's the function of the artist to do anything except what his insides demand he do.

I'm personally in favor of biting all the hands that feed me but that happens to be my private line of endeavor and who knows whether those aforementioned hands truly consider themselves bitten? It may all be a private conceit. I've been nationally syndicated for over a year now and have had very few complaints. It raises the ugly suspicion that I'm being derelict in my duties.

**Q.** How have you bitten the hands that feed you?

**A.** Now let me see. . . .

**Q.** Do you slant your material to fit the market—such as, for example, *Playboy* magazine?

**A.** I try not to. There is, on occasion, an unconscious slanting not asked for by the market but demanded by one's own idea (often misguided) of what the market will find acceptable. I find this less and less to be the case, however, and I would consider most of my work interchangeable whatever the market.

Basically I remain the prime market. I must slant my material to my own demands. As far as my strips go I want never to have to tell people, "Don't look at that. I was just doing it for the buck."

**Q.** How do you feel about *Mad* magazine?

**A.** Don't look at that. They're just doing it for the buck.

**Q.** What are your feelings about *Lil' Abner*?

**A.** Al Capp, I assume, is in a great way responsible for the strides toward satire the comic strip has taken in recent years. You can draw a straight, progressively stimulating line from *Lil' Abner* to *Barnaby to Pogo* to *Peanuts*.

I don't see *Lil' Abner* these days because I don't buy the *Daily Mirror*, so I have no idea of what he's up to. I've always enjoyed Capp's magazine articles as much or more than his comic strip.

**Q.** What's your favorite comic strip?

**A.** You know, I read them so infrequently these days that I'm no longer sure I have a favorite. I'm a devotee of *Pogo* and *Peanuts*, of course. I read *Mary Worth* because there is masochism in me which drives me to it. I am an admirer of several cartoonists outside the strip field: Herblock, Bob Blechman, Tomi Ungerer, Osborn, Steig, Steinberg, Francois,

Roy McKie, others who I can't think of at the moment. My favorite comic strip in retrospect is *The Spirit* by Will Eisner.

**Q.** What's your least favorite comic strip?

**A.** They're all pretty much the same. I get terribly annoyed on those rare occasions when I happen to come across one of the several dedicated Cold War adventure strips like *Terry and the Pirates*. The official policy on syndicated strips is that they are to be non-editorial in nature. The way this has often worked out is that strips are only non-editorial when it comes to the expression of views that differ from official State Department policy. I'm all for the expression of opinion in any kind of strip but it would be nice to counter the monopoly of our cartooning Edward Tellers with one or two cartooning Linus Paulings.

**Q.** Would you describe the personalities of some of the characters who appear from time to time in your strip, such as Bernard?

**A.** The original concept of the strip was to have no set characters. I like the fact that they slowly and undeliberately evolved. The first was Bernard, the inept though anxious, the often defeated yet always persistent; Bernard must love loss because he's made so many of them. He loses to women, to authority, to society, to anything he pits himself against. And yet—and this is his single saving grace—he refuses to see himself as a loser. He rationalizes defeat so that it becomes indistinguishable from victory. He comes back, always, for more.

**Q.** What about Huey?

**A.** Huey is not as different from Bernard as you may think. Both are egoists, both are basically passive, both often let the girl make the first move. Their difference is that in Bernard's case they *don't*; in Huey's they always *do*—because Huey, unlike Bernard, knows his identity and uses it—uses it with an arrogance and a sensuality that is pure narcissism, and which automatically attracts women to him. With Bernard everything goes out till there is nothing left. With Huey everything is drawn in. He is a magnet.

**Q.** Are you Huey or Bernard?

**A.** Is there a multiple choice? As William Saroyan so aptly put it, "I believe the living are simultaneously Huey and Bernard, because no matter how Huey a man may be, there is somewhere in him a great Bernard, and no matter how Bernard he may be there is great Huey in him."

**Q.** Would you care to say a few words about human relationships?

**A.** When asked that way I can't think of a thing.

**Q.** How do you think human relationships apply to international affairs?

**A.** There are no human relationships in a foxhole.

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

**A.** I'm all for it. I don't question the fact that there are many hack analysts, no more than I question the fact that there are many analysts who enter analysis more as an extension of their neurosis than as an attempted cure for it. But there are the hacks and the uncommitted in all fields. Analysis gets all this hostile attention because it's still looked on as an immigrant science and like all immigrants it

### Realist of the Month

Dr. Joyce Brothers: "There's nothing so unromantic as a seasick bride . . ."

is not to be trusted, not until one of its members is elected President, at any rate.

In the meantime its influence has become so ingrained that while official psychoanalysis may still be uneasily frowned upon, the myth of self-help has become a naive mystique among our over-aware citizenry. Each has his own formula whether it's writing his inner doubts in print, voicing them on the air, exhibiting them through his art, his dance; whatever his outlet he will defensively assert, "Others may need help. I can handle my own problems."

Q. *What's your opinion of Dr. Joyce Brothers' late-night TV show?*

A. An unnecessary postponement of the national anthem.

Q. *Do strangers ever ask you for advice on their emotional problems?*

A. Okay, what's troubling you, Bunky?

Q. *What do some of your fellow Fire Island vacationers represent to you: Alexander King?*

A. It's hard not to gush about people you like. He is a fine, lovely man. He is needed.

Q. *Tennessee Williams?*

A. Outside of *The Glass Menagerie*, I am not an admirer of Williams' work. I'm a little unjust with people I don't like. After having seen a fair example of their work I see no point in bothering with their future efforts and so have only accidental and very occasional exposure to their current thinking. Most of the generally accepted anti-Williams clichés are also my clichés. Where I defect from his detractors is where most of them unhappily concede that, despite his love of decay, he is a fine writer; I happily concede that he is not.

Q. *Herman Wouk?*

A. He has the skill of a good detective story writer. It's a shame he has nothing to say.

Q. *What was your reaction to Norman Mailer's original decision to run for Mayor of New York?*

A. Norman Mailer is one of the best writers of this generation. Why don't we leave him alone?

Q. *Jean Shepherd (issue #20) asserted that we don't live in an oligarchy? Would you go along with him on that?*

A. Honest to god, some of these questions make me want to bury my head under the covers.

Go along with him on what? If anything, we live in a society of intermeshing oligarchies. Each particular social and economic grouping has its own tightly-hewed-to rules which muddy as the groups meet and mix and produce new combinations of rules, just as rigid as in the past but with less surface definition, so that while the individual will always know when he's violating the code he may be hard put to define exactly what the code is. How's that?

Incidentally, I was amused by Shepherd's description of his differences with Shelley Berman over the similarity of a bit they both did on Albert Schweitzer and a booking agent. I never knew Jean had done such a bit. I had been annoyed with Berman because I had done a strip in the *Voice* which

was very similar in theme. Maybe we all swiped it from John Wilcock.

[Editor's note: John Wilcock, an occasional contributor to the *Realist*, writes a regular column for the *Village Voice*. A collection of his columns is to be published shortly in book form; for \$3, we'll be glad to reserve a copy of *The Village Square* for you.]

Q. *What conclusions have you come to about your audience, judging by their postal responses to your strip?*

A. Not many. I'm syndicated in 40 papers around the country which are 40 papers more than I originally thought would buy the feature, so that the strip is more of a commercial success on a newspaper basis than I ever suspected it would be; though 40 papers does not put me in any but the most minor league of national syndication.

The postal response in those cities which run the strip is spare, friendly and generally intelligent. There has never been much pan mail. Once I was chastised as one of "you guys who keep picking on Joe even after he's dead," and once I received a batch of House Un-American Activities Committee reports on Red China from a west coast reader who, having just seen a strip of mine on the Hollywood blacklist, was most eager to re-educate me before I got to the issue of the off-shore islands.

Q. *What are you a spokesman for?*

A. Me.

Q. *What is snob humor?*

A. Snob humor is, unfortunately, almost any kind of humor. The "ins" whether they be "ins" because of race, religion, social position, lack of social position, age, birth, knowledge of seven foreign languages, world travellers, professional stay-at-homes, leftists, rightists, centrists, freethinkers, Trotskyites, revisionists, David Susskindists or Goldwaterites—whatever common point of view two or more may have which makes them "ins" as opposed to whatever different points of view two or more others may have which makes them "outs"—they, the "ins," will use any method of attack (that is socially allowable) against the "outs." *Humor* is allowable. It is devious enough to be defended as "just having a little fun, no offense intended, Rastus," and often vicious enough to provide security through laughter, safety through derision and a temporary solace that makes this particular form of intellectual vigilante-ism worth its weight in group therapists.

How convenient it is to be able to laugh at anyone outside your circle as either a wrongo or a fathead.

Q. *Are you guilty of snob humor?*

A. Of course not, you fathead!

Q. *How would you describe "gibble-gabble"—and what is its function?*

A. Simply that conversation has, to many of us, become less a means of *communication* than a means

### Eavesdropping of the Month

Actually overheard by Mrs. Allyn Chambers of Evanston, Ill.:

First Jewish woman: "And how's your son?"

Second Jewish woman: "Oh, didn't you know?"

He married a gentile girl and caught cancer."

of imitating communication; a separatist's function which keeps us from touching others closely or, more basically, touching ourselves closely. This is why clichés are so important. They allow us to reduce conversation to a mutually understood list of banalities which allows both participants to retreat into their private worlds while seemingly in the midst of a lively and animated discussion.

I've used the words "gibble-gabble" in several strips to denote public utterance as separated from private thought. While *he* is going "gibble gabble gobble geeble" he may be thinking, "God, how did I get stuck with *this!* I wonder if she'd be hurt if I just got up and ran out of the restaurant." And while *she* is going "gabble gooble gibble gabble" she well may be thinking, "I wish I were home washing my hair, I wish I were home polishing my nails, I wish I were home getting drunk *alone* instead of being here getting drunk with him, I wish one of us would die. At the moment I have no preference."

Q. *What thoughts do you have in retrospect about the British TV Program, "We Dissent," on which you appeared?*

A. I've never seen the program. Practically nobody here has, including those congressmen and newspaper editorialist who, on the first days following its screening in London, vigorously protested the subject matter. The *Daily News*, without having seen it, suggested that we all go back where we come from but, after enquiry, failed to forward subway fare; and the *Nation*, without having seen it, complained that the supposed "dissenters" had not dissented enough. Not having seen it myself I tend to side with the *Nation*. A few months ago I did meet somebody who saw it. He claimed to like it but what does he know?

Q. *In connection with the off-Broadway revue you've written, whereas you never change your cartoon strip to please the audience, will you have the same artistic integrity for the theatre?*

A. I assume you refer, Barry, to that much discussed forthcoming production of my much discussed multi-million dollar revue called *The Explainers* which will first open in fashionable Chicago this Spring and then be brought the following winter to Broadway's very favorite Thompson Street.

What can I say, Barry, except that we think we've got a sweet little show here with a number of fresh bright young faces, a bunch of hard working happy kids, some exciting new ideas that frankly—and you know how I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, Barry, because as you know we go back a long way together and you know me and I know you and you've been a guest at my house and I've been a guest at your house and you know it's not my style to knock for knocking's sake and I think you can testify to that—I have never knocked for knocking's sake. I have—you'll pardon me if I get emotional—I have never been a knocker who's knocked for knocking's sake. But we both know—and why kid ourselves, huh, Barry?—that there hasn't been much in the revue department in recent years. That's common knowledge. And what we are going to try our darndest to do in this little show of ours is bring back a sense of fun—know what I mean?—in people's lives because we're put on this earth for precious little enough time as it is and we just don't seem to

## Political Bouquets for 1960

by Sidney Bernard

*At this, the beginning of 1961, let us pause to pay tribute to a few political friends of humanity who, last year, touched us to the slow:*

● New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner, fearless hand-shaker to legions of foreign V.I.P. visitors, bold changer of the Times Square street sign in support of fine causes and promotions, friend of the city's youth (nightly, he announces on radio: "Parents, do you know where your child is at this hour?"), firm and impartial Solomon to both sides of every controversy.

● Governor Nelson Rockefeller, millionaire with a hard flair for austerity. His battle to saddle a tough income tax on state wage-earners was a Draconian one. He knows better than all of us the need for an extra subterranean wing in our split-levels and apartment houses. His belief in the sacredness of a man's property is an intimate one: each acre of his vast Potanical Hills reserve in Westchester County is—like his sense of unreality—wire-meshed against random intruders.

● Nikita Khrushchev, the Saint Matthew of Marxian dialectic, who fended off the infidel behind the Great Wall of Peking, thus—as the New York *Times* points out—turning the Kremlin a bit to the right vis-a-vis the dragon-devouring Chinese. And if there is any doubt about that, recall which shoe the dignified dictator banged the U.N. table with.

● The whole U.S. Navy—and in particular those stalwart saviours of our sealanes who waged a titanic defense of the atomic submarine *George Washington* in the waters around Groton, Connecticut against ten threatening pacifists armed to the skin with leaflets.

● And, finally, that matronly lady who, in the last days of a hot election campaign, with all around her sporting Kennedy or Nixon buttons, sat coolly and serenely in a tight corner of a Chock Full O' Nuts restaurant, her own large lapel button reading: "Bell Telephone Hour Nov 3."

Individualism is not dead.

have the kind of fun we used to be able to have.

I'm no philosopher, Barry—no, stop it, I'm not—but I've got one thing after a lot of number of years in this business that I won't put on the line for anybody. That's my artistic integrity, Barry. I won't put that on the line for anybody. There isn't enough money, I swear to you, Barry, not enough money in this world, and I'm a man—you know this, Barry,—who's had his ups and downs. Ups and downs—but one thing my audiences are going to know when they walk into a theatre with my name out in front—they're going to know that, from the bottom of my heart, I love my reputation, Barry.

I want to thank you for being so patient with me. I didn't mean to make a speech. God bless you. God love you. You're a great human being. Keep 'em flying. Goodnight.

## Image of a President

"But, always I believe in progress and not just merely in getting law, then you say, I want to get up and preach law, then no one will ask, I believe in progress."

—Dwight D. Eisenhower

Editor's note: The author of this article prefers to remain anonymous because, in his own words: "My articles are occasionally printed in Republican papers, in addition to which I'm getting good notices for my book in very conservative papers—and my name would be poison to them once my views on Eisenhower were bared."

Recently I had the opportunity to see a U. S. Information Agency movie biography of just-retired President Eisenhower. I understand that hundreds of prints of the two-reeler have been circulated these past few years in such out-of-the-way precincts as Pakistan, Libya, India, Ceylon, Burma, Iraq, Egypt, Venezuela, Cuba, Japan, Laos and twenty-five or thirty other nations of the non-Communist world.

The film proves to be an instructive lesson in presidential images—and the kind that does us no good abroad.

Briefly, it reviews the well-known events in the General's life from birth, through the long military service to the White House. It is chock-full of dedicated homespun scenes such as the house where he was born, his high school graduation picture, his wedding picture, Ike tickling his grandchild, Ike at his desk in the White House greeting Boy Scouts.

A solemn commentary matches the homely scenes. Ike going to church, for example, is quoted as saying, "I am the most intensely religious man I know." The movie reaches its high point when we are told of the General's strong, abiding faith in the youth of the nation, as the background music soars to a final hymn-like tremolo.

"Faith Without Works" might be the subtitle of the twenty-minute film, which deserves to be ranked as the saintliest (if not most sanctimonious) portrait of a president since Parson Weems' story of George Washington and the cherry tree. *Life of President Eisenhower* is even saintlier as Ike never admits to a wrong deed, bad thought or questionable association in all his life.

The deloused, disinfected commentary makes no reference to the bonus army affair in 1932 when Colonel Eisenhower volunteered to serve with General MacArthur in Washington, D.C., to rout unemployed bonus marchers. Newsreel archives contain



striking shots of the Army using tear gas, tanks and bayonets against World War I veterans, but you'll not find them in this "documentary."

*Life of President Eisenhower* is edited with short, sharp cuts to give it a semblance of urgency, immediacy, importance not inherent in the separate sequences of the movie. From the emerging rattle of stills, campaign shots and newsreel footage, the viewer is supposed to go home with the idea that the General's career was one long, meaningful preparation for Executive responsibility. Lets' see. . . .

The '20s and '30s saw some profound and shaking changes. Governments fell. Red and Fascist philosophies of leadership rose and dominated. A universal depression struck and nearly finished off the democracies. But there was F.D.R. to salvage the Free Enterprise system and spread its benefits more equitably. A great president had saved the day and inspired the Republic's return to confidence, self-esteem and moral leadership in world affairs.

These years of cataclysmic change — what were their significance in molding Eisenhower the man? According to the movie's commentary, they were for Ike "two decades of happy peacetime service."

In the Army, Eisenhower (as we used to say in the Marines) had found a home. Government-subsidized health benefits, life insurance and lifetime social security—which Eisenhower complains are socialistic and bad for civilians—were given him free by the Army. About the time

he was receiving half-a-million dollars for rights to his book, *Crusade in Europe*, the General, hitting back at New Deal concepts said that "real security" was to be found only "in jail." Speaking personally, he might have said: The only real security may be found in jail—or the Army.

According to the film's implications the '40s are significant only because Ike scaled the heights from Colonel to Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe, with an assist from Roosevelt, Eisenhower's Commander-in-chief. But F.D.R. is not once mentioned, nor are Churchill, Marshall or the other master architects of Allied victory.

While the film is ineffectual as truth or propaganda and dull as biography, it is interesting in unlooked-for ways. Despite its obvious intention to avoid any issue with guts, this "Life" unwittingly reveals the President's awful self-consciousness as a public servant, his apparent apprehension of the role in which he has been cast. Movie cameras are like deep mirrors and give back precise, if sometimes selective and fleeting, images of inner calm or disturbance.

In a scene at the National Airport Ike is shown waving goodbye to his wife, President Truman (shown only once) and other officials. He walks up the plane ramp, turns and waves a last farewell. About to enter the plane Eisenhower makes a sudden, unexpected half-turn. You can see a look of excruciating bewilderment stamped on his face. You wonder what agonizing thought is running through his head or whether he's just trying to make up his mind, Should I wave another bye-bye?

In another sequence where Eisenhower takes leave of his former comrades-in-arms, he sinks into the back seat of his open limousine, a long, happy, unexpectedly successful Army career back of him. Suddenly his face wrinkles up sourly like a baby with colic. He seems to have a troubled vision. He sighs visibly.

For all his supposed mass popularity, war hero Ike rarely appears at ease in his public moments. As he walks in a slow-march academic parade, he smiles sheepishly. Those familiar, sympathy-searching looks of his seem to ask the camera—the audience—"What in the world am I doing in this freak get-up?"

You almost sympathize with Ike's dilemma. It does seem rather odd, if you consider it—a grown man whose major reading material is Western stories, elevated to the position of college president.

For the short time Richard M. Nixon is "on" he scores as the big  
(Continued on Page 23)

## MALICE IN MARYLAND

by Madalyn E. Murray

*Mrs. Madalyn E. Murray started court action yesterday to eliminate "sectarian" opening exercises from the Baltimore city public schools. . . .*

—The Baltimore Sun  
December 8, 1960

Some people have interpreted my position to mean that I am against religious ceremonies in schools. This is not true. I am against religion. I am against schools. I am against apple pies. I am against "Americanism." I am against mothers. I am against adulterated foods. I am against nuclear fission testing. I am against commercial television. I am against all newspapers. I am against 99-and-44/100% of the magazines. I am against Eisenhower, Nixon, Kennedy, Lodge. I'm even against giving the country back to the Indians. Why should the poor fools be stuck with this mess?

I'm against people who are against things.

That was the start of it.

I am the spawner of two sons. One is age 6 and one is age 14. I am going to state boldly at the outset that I abuse these two sons. I expect them to:

- (1) give love and accept love;
- (2) mature.

When Bill was age 10 I expected him to read and understand *Hiro-*

*shima* and the *Voyage of the Lucky Dragon*. Our household Gods were Clarence and Ruby Darrow, Mahatma Gandhi, Albert Schweitzer, Eugene V. Debs, Castello and Paine. He was versed in their ideology or else! When he was 6 I started him on chess; I told him that he either beat me at the game when he was 8 or he could look for a new home. He can beat me at chess.

If he could not now at age 14 discuss the nation's budget, the U-2 flight and its implications, the A.M.A. and why it is the people's enemy, complete and unabridged information on sex, religion, politics, economics, foreign affairs (including the last affair of Brigitte Bardot), art, literature, music, beatniks, interior decorating, cooking, housekeeping, carpentry, architecture, farming, husbandry, genetics and "the adolescent revolt," he could get the hell out of my house—what good would an ignoramus-slob be in a home?

Of course he's normal. Normal, schmormal. What's normal? He was in Little League for three years. He

loves horror movies and *Mad* magazine. He prefers airplane model building to girls, but you should see this boy operate at a party or a dance. He teams with sibling rivalry, has "hate mother" days, is often lazy, absent-minded, irascible . . . and yet, his crooked grin, his wry sense of humor, his easy manner, his eagerness to work, to learn, is a delight.

I just never did introduce him to any specific organized religion. Once, when he was in the first grade in school, he came home and told me that the teacher asked, every Monday, who went to church and who didn't. He wanted to know what a church was like inside and what they did.

I told him that a man got up in front of a large group of people and harangued them about being sinners. He wanted to know if they were sinners. I said they were perhaps charlatans, but not sinners, and anyway the man told them to "pray" for forgiveness. He wanted to know what praying was, and I told him it was a way that people had of nagging something they called God to grant them small favors. They figured the more they nagged, the more they got. Bill grinned and said, "Boy, if he chops off nagging like you do, I pity those poor people."

The upshot of it was that he wanted to go to church. I did him up brown. We dressed in our best clothes and I chucked him off to Sunday School and then met him later and dragged him to the church services. I will never forget what he said to

## The Adventures of Churchman

by Bob Margolin and Mickey Gruber

Faster than the wrath of God! More powerful than 3000 Hail Marys! Able to leap tall cathedrals in a single bound! Look! Up in the sky! It's a saint! It's an angel! No—it's Churchman!

Who is this man of steel, this leviathan of goodness? In real life, Churchman is none other than meek, mild-mannered Padre Peter, a humble Carmelite monk who resides in a small monastery in southern France where he and his brother friars manufacture a delicate liquor known as Chanteuse.



Our adventure begins on a night different from all other nights. The monks had had a good season and now, with the profits from the Chanteuse bottling, they were able to lay a Luculian table. After picking the last bit of meat off a pheasant breast, Padre Peter bowed his head to thank God for the



February 1961

me. "Mom," he whispered, "I thought 'Jesus Christ' was a swear word. Now they tell me it's some guy who ran around in his nightgown. He was supposed to be made out of bread and wine."

That ended that experiment.

From then on, I permitted him to pick up any book he wanted, or to ask any questions he wanted to ask, and I tried to give him a good biased answer so that he would grow up to be an iconoclast.

Bill is 14 and he out-iconoclasts me, and like the man says, "There ain't hardly none of them kind."

So, when, during the summer, Bill began to grapple with me in our Summit conferences about what to do when school opened this year—as he was not going to go through that "hogwash" of Bible reading and Prayer recitation each morning—I looked at him, one full inch taller than I am, and I'm 5'-8", and I told him if he thought he was big enough now to take on our entire culture as an opponent, that he could jolly well begin where he wanted to begin.

The first day of school he was in the principal's office. The second day I was in the office—and when the din of the battle abated, status quo was still quo-ing. We mapped out battle lines: The first offensive was to "exhaust administrative remedies," which we did. They ignored us.

Then Bill came up with his idea: why not go on strike? This had always been an effective weapon

against me—and after a couple of days of garbage removal on my own, I always raised his allowance. He figured that it should work. Being "sick sick" myself, I followed the earnest wishes of a 14-year-old boy and said, "Like it's way out, son."

(You see, until the *Realist* came along, we felt we were the only ones in the world who could engage in the doublethink of seriously attacking what was sick in the U.S., while at the same time laughing ourselves sick over it. Note the double reference to "sick"—meaning Bill and I consider ourselves to be only "sick sick," and fighting a protracted battle not to add the other one to a definition of ourselves. In this particular fight against religion, we are in deadly earnest and at the same time it is one helluva big lark. No one quite understands this position, so please feel free to join either the crowd or us.)

And then we went down and read Gandhi on civil disobedience, the Maryland Statutes of compulsory school attendance, and—seeing what considerable difficulty I would be in—the fines, the imprisonment, the court costs. I turned to Bill and said, "You call your time." He decided he would go on strike the next day, and he did.

I wrote a letter to the School Board, stating that "when there is a clear violation of the principle of separation of church and state, and when my good conscience as a confirmed and practicing atheist requires

that I must rebel against such a flagrant violation of basic constitutional rights, I am compelled, in an action of civil disobedience, to withdraw by son, William, from Maryland public schools. I do not intend to send him to a private school. He will remain at home and he will be schooled under my personal tutelage, without religion. . . ."

And we began our "home study" program, and our "strike."

We knew this would be a fight, so I sent copies of our letter to the American Civil Liberties Union and to the Baltimore Ethical Culture Society and, through the latter, to the American Humanist Association.

The American Humanist Association did not answer my letter. Perhaps the Baltimore Ethical Culture Society never sent it to them, who knows?

The Baltimore Ethical Culture Society wrote back, "you have our heartiest handshake," but they never put a word in their newsletter, never endorsed my position publicly, never told their members at their meetings what I was doing, and in reply did not even use the organizational letterhead.

The attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union came out to my home in a week or so and told me that what I was doing was evil and sinful. He said, "Look at me. I had to go through that. Have your son wash it off as nonsense." He argued that my overt fight meant that I lacked

repast before rising from the table.

It was a warm night and the good Padre strolled over to the window to take a cool breath of air. He poked his head out the window and then he saw it: the brilliant yellow circle of light with the black cross in the middle. It was the Churchsignal! The Pope was calling Churchman!

Padre Peter looked across the room to Josephus, the young novice who, as Altar Boy, aided him in defending against the forces of evil. The two quickly headed upstairs to the Chapel. They entered and Padre Peter hurried into the confessional, said the magic word, "Inri"—and seconds later he emerged as Churchman, defender of the righteous and downtrodden.

The cassock was perched at a jaunty angle on Churchman's well-shaped head, and his powerful muscles rippled under the tight surplice. His greatest asset was his famous Limited Vision, which protected him from all obstacles.

Altar Boy buckled on his utility belt and the two lept to the sill. Churchman pushed open the stained glass window, and the dynamic duo soared into the night toward the Vatican.

The Pope was just turning off the



Churchsignal when Churchman and Altar Boy landed on the roof of Saint Peter's Basilica.

"What's up, chief?" said Churchman.

The Pope ran his hand across his brow with the worried air of a man who feels responsible for the solution of the world's problems. "Freethinker has struck again," he replied, handing Churchman a prophylactic with a note attached.

Of all the evil anti-ecclesiastical foes, none was more sinister than Freethinker. He was never one to give up, and his fiendish brain was continually hatching plots for mocking and undermining the ways of purity. Time and again, he had clashed with Churchman, and although Freethinker never emerged victorious, he occasionally made a few dents in the hard core of righteousness.

The piece of paper attached to the prophylactic was an advertisement for a Planned Parenthood meeting which Freethinker was holding in Greenwich Village.

"You two better break up that meeting," the Pope urged. "Give 'em heaven," he shouted, as the caped evil-

faith in my son's tenacious hold on atheism. He refused to intercede in the case. He repeated, and repeated, and repeated, "You are wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong. I know in my heart you are wrong in what you are doing."

We had then been on strike for ten days.

My neighbors saw Bill at home and asked if he was sick. I explained to them that I was having an argument with the school over religion, and they went in their homes and from then on avoided me.

I told some of my best friends—liberals—what I was doing, and they said, "Madalyn, that's so childish. When are you going to stop these silly childish crusades?"

My family was now getting irate. Daily, Bill and I were showered with abuse.

We moved our steady study lessons to the library. The famed Enoch Pratt Library and its staff did not approve. When we wanted some help to set up a ninth grade course of study, and we tried to explain why, the stiff disapproval crystallized into obstacles of non-cooperation. The reference librarians could not find a ninth grade math book, a ninth grade history book, a ninth grade biology book.

It was a tragicomedy.

We were then on strike seventeen days. I asked Bill, "Is everybody out of step but Johnny?" And he answered me, "Everybody is out of step but Johnny."

The summit conference reconvened

—and on October 28th we wrote a letter to the *Baltimore Sun*. It follows:

"I have had enough. When the last infamous epithet is cast and when the speaker or writer gropes for an even more vile indictment of a person or a system, invariably the word then hurled is 'atheist.'

"I have had enough, for I am an atheist, and I will no longer be maligned and abused by identification with all that is evil, corrupt and noxious. Now, when religion is an issue in a national election, I want to ask you: what of us? What of us who are atheists, agnostics, humanists, non-believers and who are unchurched? There are 68,000,000 Americans who do not belong to a church. We have no spokesman in Congress, no liaison representative at the White House, no organized lobby or pressure group in Washington. Who speaks for us? Who defends us?

"What is an atheist that he is so vile? Webster defines him as 'One who disbelieves in the existence of a God, or supreme supreme intelligent being.' And, I ask you, out of Shakespeare (by substituting the word atheist for the word Jew):

"Hath not an atheist eyes?  
Hath not an atheist hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Chris-

tian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die?"

"Do we not love, work, bear children, praise honor and seek truth? Do we not attempt to lead good lives of discipline, devotion to family and society? Do we not die in wars? Do we not have a right to our opinion as to the existence or non-existence of a supreme intelligent being?

"When we go to a public meeting, why are we subjected to prayer, in the efficacy of which we do not believe? When we handle money, why, since 1955, have we been confronted with money minted 'In God We Trust?' Why should our mail be stamped to 'Pray for Peace?' As we pledge allegiance, why should this pledge be extorted from us to a nation 'under God?' Is your own belief so thin that you must force it upon others?

"Anybody in America can worship this alleged God in his own way, organize a church, publish religious books or magazines, operate a religious school and preach to his heart's content. This is fine, but, please, 'include us out.' We atheists, agnostics, want only the freedom of our opinion. We desire to be excluded from your collective madness. We desire not to have this forced upon us against our good conscience and our considered convictions.

"I repeat, I have had enough. Therefore, I have withdrawn by 14-year-old son from Woodbourne Junior High School, in an act of civil disobedience, in defiance of Maryland

fighters soared toward New York.

✠

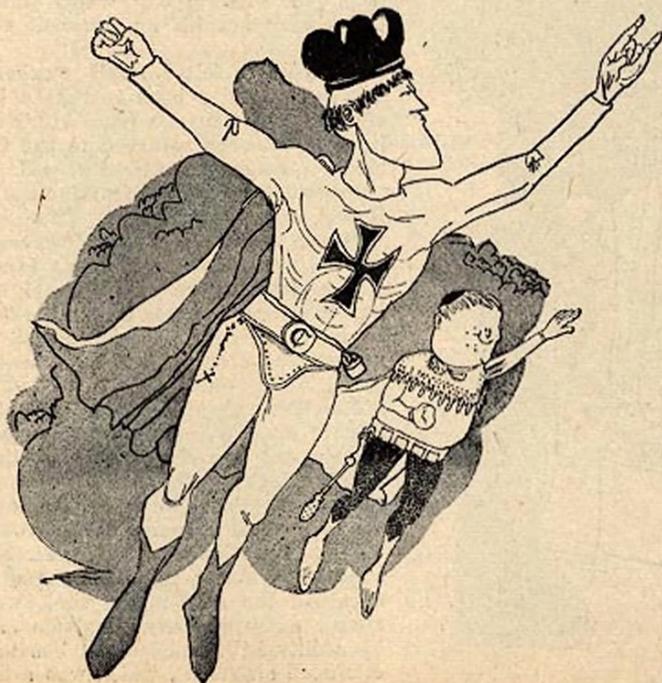
Freethinker had set up his soapbox and was conducting the Planned Parenthood meeting in the middle of Washington Square.

Suddenly a bearded man in the back glanced toward the sky and saw two black spots silhouetted against the clouds. "It's probably a saint," he thought, and returned his attention to Freethinker's lecture. A ponytailed girl in the front row looked up and also noticed the two black dots. "It might be an angel," she said to herself.

Then Freethinker himself gazed at the two figures hurtling toward the earth. "It's Churchman and Altar Boy," he yelled, jumping off the soapbox.

Having expected the two, he had cleverly set a trap for them. Churchman's weakness was beautiful blondes. He shrank at the sight of them. So, from his Freethinkermobile, Freethinker called forth a bevy of curvaceous blondes whom he stationed in the Square to stun the dynamic duo.

He also stirred up the crowd who jeered at Churchman as he alighted.



Code, Article 77, Section 231, because the State of Maryland in the persons of the Board of Education of Baltimore City has violated both the First and Fourteenth Amendments of the Constitution of the United States by requiring daily Bible reading and recitation of the Lord's Prayer in their public classrooms.

"And, may my conscience now Rest in Peace. . ."

We honestly did not anticipate what would happen. We wanted to bring some pressure on the school board, and instead all hell broke loose. A flood of newspaper men came in, radio men, television men. Within three weeks there had appeared in the three Baltimore newspapers over 100 separate articles concerned with us. The longest was 55 inches (and that ain't hay) and the shortest was about 3 or 4 inches. We were on television news every single night for three weeks. We were interviewed on radio. Releases were national and international.

Vile, opprobrious mail poured in.

Our home was attacked with rocks, with rotten eggs.

Roving gangs of teenagers—from five to twenty-five in a group—bore down on Bill every time he appeared in public.

Our neighbors rapped at our door to tell us we would be run out of the neighborhood by fair means or foul.

And on the second day of the mad roar of publicity, the ACLU attorney called me up and said, "You know, I think you started something." We started to argue right then and there about the handling of the case. ACLU wanted to negotiate, to trade a little piece of our freedom for a concession from the school board, to arbitrate, to stall, to soft peddle the issue of atheism.

I don't believe in anything but a broad frontal attack, and I've got my unemployment checks to prove it. I will not keep my big mouth shut for anyone, and I've got my lack of references from prior employers to prove it.

We managed to agree that Bill would go back to school, so as not to be charged with simple truancy (as the school threatened), and that he would walk out of the religious services. That is, ACLU wanted him to walk out, but I reasoned that the school would just charge him with disobedience and I insisted that he stand up, say he was walking out so as not to participate in the religious ceremony, and to make the issue clear.

It was a tempest in a teapot because the school was determined not to let us test it before they could get to the Attorney General of Maryland. With reporters watching, they locked Bill out of his class! With

reporters watching, they posted teachers at each end of the hallway and maneuvered him away from the class! With reporters watching, they physically diverted him, day after day after day, as each day this 14-year-old boy tried to test the issue by walking out of the service in an act of defiance.

We went to the school board meeting and pled for a hearing. The States Rights Party of Maryland and the Daughters of America were there in force to filibuster and to defame us.

The ACLU looked around in disgust, said a few sour words, sat down and whispered, "What's the use?"—but first he made it clear to all concerned that he was not in support of our position, he was there to protect us only insofar as our case could be construed to be under the First Amendment.

I got up and let the sons-of-bitches have it. I made clear that I was an atheist. This was an attack on religion. This was an attack on religion in schools specifically, but only because that was all that I could attack in the framework of this particular issue.

Finally, the Attorney General of Maryland ruled.

This was our unique problem: there is no law in Maryland concerned with religious ceremonies in public schools. There is a school board administrative rule that the Lord's Prayer shall

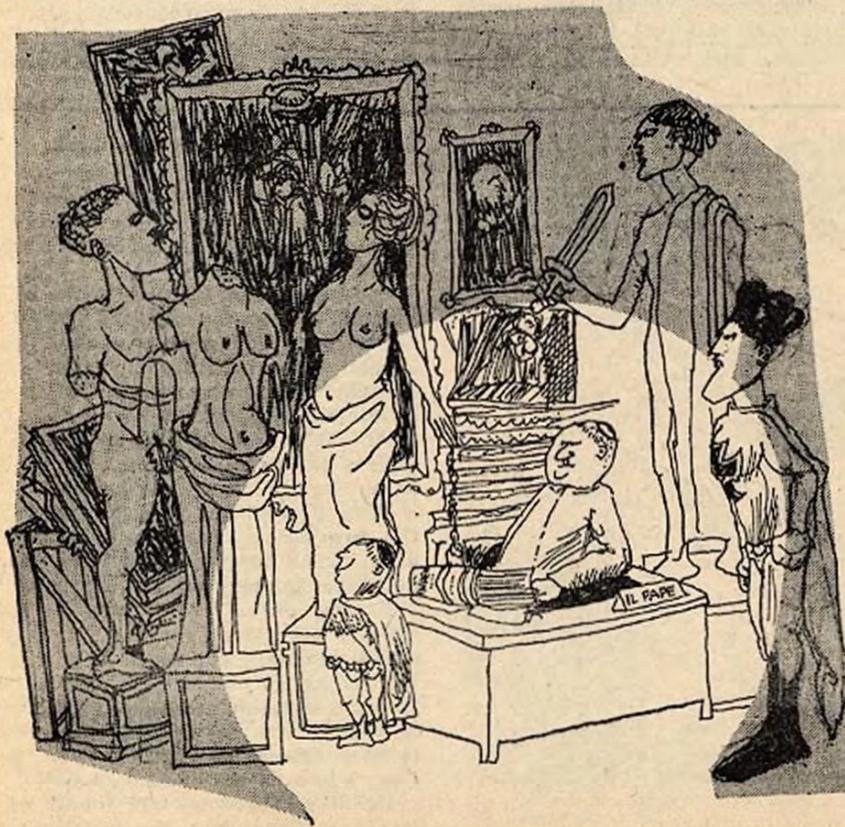
"Thumbs down on the Index," shouted one. "Birth control is here to stay," shrieked Maggie Sanger. One disillusioned follower of righteousness hurled his plastic index finger of St. Bituminous the Unwashed, which missed Churchman but hit an innocent chess player.

Churchman felt himself weakening and ran behind a bush to take a gulp of Holy Water from a phial in his utility belt. He then returned to the fray, ready to subdue the forces of evil.

Freethinker shouted from across the Square, planning to stun Churchman with the bevy of blondes. However, he did not count on Churchman's Limited Vision. The blondes wiggled their hips but Churchman couldn't even see them as he zoomed by at super-speed. The narrowness of his Limited Vision had saved him again.

Freethinker, sensing the ineffectiveness of his ploy, set up a dense smoke-screen and ran for his Freethinkermobile. Not even the mob of screaming liberals could save him now. He gunned the motor and prepared to take off.

"Get the Churchrope," Churchman shouted to Altar Boy. Altar Boy unsheathed the thin silken cord, woven from the hair of Mary Magdalene, from his utility belt, and lassoed Freethinker's hood ornament, which was a mini-



be recited daily and the Bible read daily, and that the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag will be said "under God." This administrative rule has the force of law.

The Attorney General ruled that the "Rule" was safely within the meaning of the U.S. Constitution, and that the children of Maryland had a right and a duty to bow their heads in prayer to the Supreme Being. He added, almost parenthetically, that if the parents disagreed they had the right to have their child excused and he recommended to the school board that the "Rule" should be amended to include this.

But to be excused would only cause a pupil—in the words of our petition to the courts—"to lose caste with his fellows, to be regarded with aversion and to be subjected to reproach and insult."

The ACLU felt I should accept the compromise, and they bargained with the School Board for my acceptance. I felt that I should go ahead with an all-out fight then. Finally, the ACLU agreed to go into the fight with me, but by the time I was about ready to toss ACLU to one side. We went to the School Board again and petitioned that the "Rule" should be placed to one side completely.

The ACLU attorney did a remarkable thing. He gave a speech on the religiosity of his organization and announced at this school board hearing that 17 other people were joining me

in the fight and that all denominations would eventually be represented. I knew nothing about this. If ACLU is a religious organization, I don't care—but why bring their religion into my fight?

(I feel the national ACLU is a fine organization and does magnificent work—that each local ACLU reflects the level of liberalism in its own community—and that Baltimore is in pretty bad shape.)

The School Board amended the rule in order to have the children excused who desired to be excused. This was about November 17th. The ACLU then informed me that "maybe" they could go ahead and file a case in court in February, 1961 . . . or thereabout. I thought this over a little while, and I fired my ACLU counsel.

Meanwhile, back at the Junior High School, Bill needed to be driven back and forth to school.

In school he was pummeled, shoved, tripped, punched, poked, razed, kicked, tripped—and does anyone realize how lethal a weapon a good heavy pointed rosary is when swung out by heavy beads?

One teenager came up to me (an adult!) and spat in my face.

Bill has six classes in school and three of his teachers refuse to speak to him!

There is extra homework. There is a campaign for psychological testing. There are "counseling" sessions. There is "hard" marking on grades.

What these people do not understand is that an atheist has intestinal fortitude. All the hard training I have given my son is paying off, day by day. He stands up to them, and every night he comes out to the car grinning.

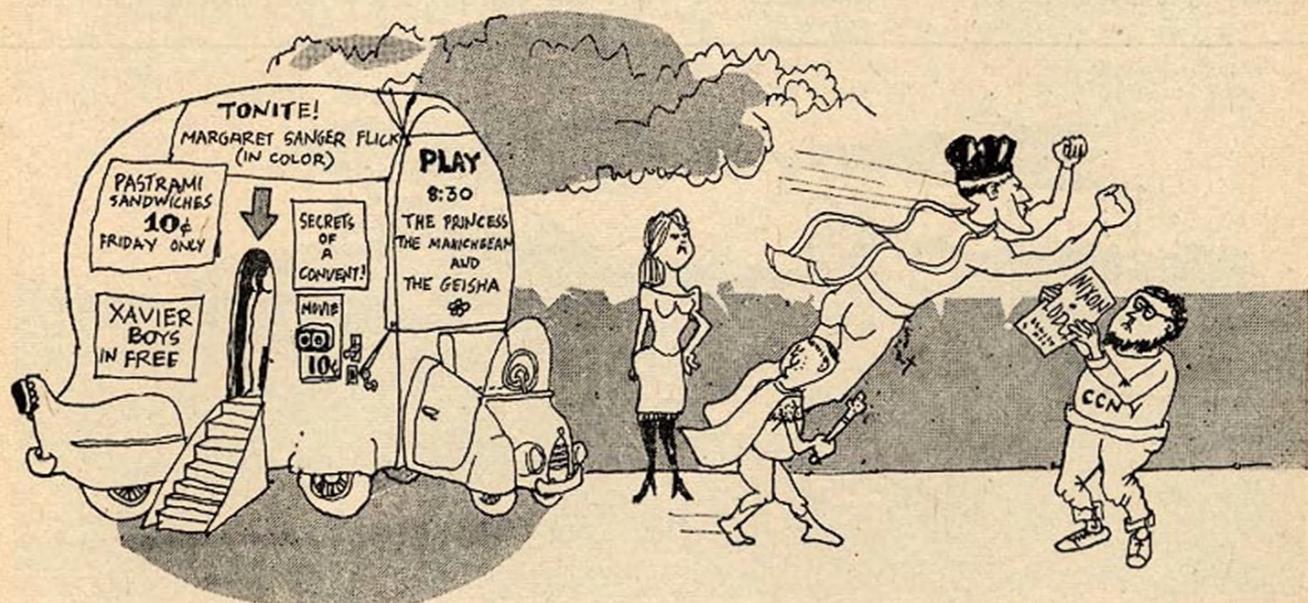
Forty-five teenagers gathered around our front steps on Christmas Eve and sang religious carols to us. On Christmas Day ten teenagers waited outside with piles of specially iced snowballs, waiting for Bill to appear.

In school they chain dance behind him, singing, "We hate Murray." He is shown switchblade knives daily.

And, ohhhhh, do those rotten eggs that they pelt at us stink!

So, I found two attorneys who would take my case. And I continued to write letter after letter to every free thought newspaper or magazine that I knew about. I wrote, and I wrote, and I wrote. I sent clippings. I asked for support. Until, hold your breath, one showed interest—but they cautioned me:

Don't call yourself an atheist. Don't say you are fighting religion. Your name needs to be Humanist, Secularist, Freethinker, Rationalist. You must fight on the level of a violation of Constitutional rights. Throw in with the ACLU. Throw in with the American Jewish Congress. If they petition for Chanukah, love Chanukah. If they are Jewish, tell them you believe only in Judaism.



ature replica of Bertrand Russell. The powerful pair held fast as Freethinker tried to get away, and then, with a mighty effort, they swung the Freethinkermobile around their heads and flung it into space where it is still

orbiting. "Thank God," said Altar Boy. "The world is rid of a horrible evil." "Good work, Altar Boy," replied Churchman. "The case is closed." Then the two defenders of righteous-

ness flew back to their monastery, humming the Donna Dia overture.

The Churchcave, reached by a secret trapdoor in the basement of the monastery, was filled with trophies taken

Like hell I will. I want this printed in caps. I AM AN ATHEIST. MY SON IS AN ATHEIST. OUR PRIMARY FIGHT IS AGAINST EVERY RELIGION. Our secondary fight is for our constitutional right. But—before there was a constitution there was non-belief. I don't need any legal document to support my right. Non-belief is sufficient unto itself.

I asked my two attorneys how much this will cost me. The figure is between \$10,000 and \$15,000, if we use stipulation where we can instead of trial, and otherwise cut corners. So I told them to go ahead with the suit. We filed our petition on December 7th, 1960.

This is sheer insanity. I don't have \$15,000. But the *Realist* is going to pay me \$15 for this story . . . and then I will only need \$14,985. You see, everything will work out.

No, really, "I am related to reality." I figured that there are as many as a dozen rationalist groups, and if I use all the psychology that I can on them, they will publish my story, and they will appeal to their members for funds, and I will be able to pay this off.

When the first long newspaper story had hit the stands, I purchased ten copies. I cut out the stories and sent them to each humanist, rationalist, secularist outfit I knew about. No one had bothered to answer my mail. So I re-wrote to everyone, nagging them. As of now, the following organizations will publish an appeal for funds for me, and will carry this story as it develops:

The American Humanist Association in *Free Mind*; the United Secularists of America in *Progressive World*; the Freethought Society of America in *The Free Humanist*; the Friendship Liberal League in *The Liberal*; the Secular Society of America in *The Open Mind*; the Rationalist Association in *The American Rationalist*; and I think that Protestants and Other Americans United may break down and put it in their *Church and State*.

Charles Smith came to see me, but I could not have his *Truthseeker* endorse me because of his racist stand. He understood and agreed but wanted me to take the endorsement of his Association for the Advancement of Atheism and his National Liberal League, *free from all racism references or ties*. I accepted this.

From those two groups plus The Freethought Society of America, I have been able to get \$500. This paid the retainer fees for my attorneys. And you see, now I need only \$14,485. Our fund committee is: Maryland Committee for Separation of Church & State, 1526 Winford Rd., Baltimore 12, Md.

I'm an attorney myself and a damn good one, too. But I'm a little nutty on "unionism." I have a queer idea that women should be paid equal wages if they do work equal to men. The last place I worked, I built up such a union that was so militant, that I was fired. I wasn't only fired, I was blacklisted. I wasn't only blacklisted, I was refused unemployment compensation. I wasn't only refused

unemployment compensation, but my friends and allies fled in droves.

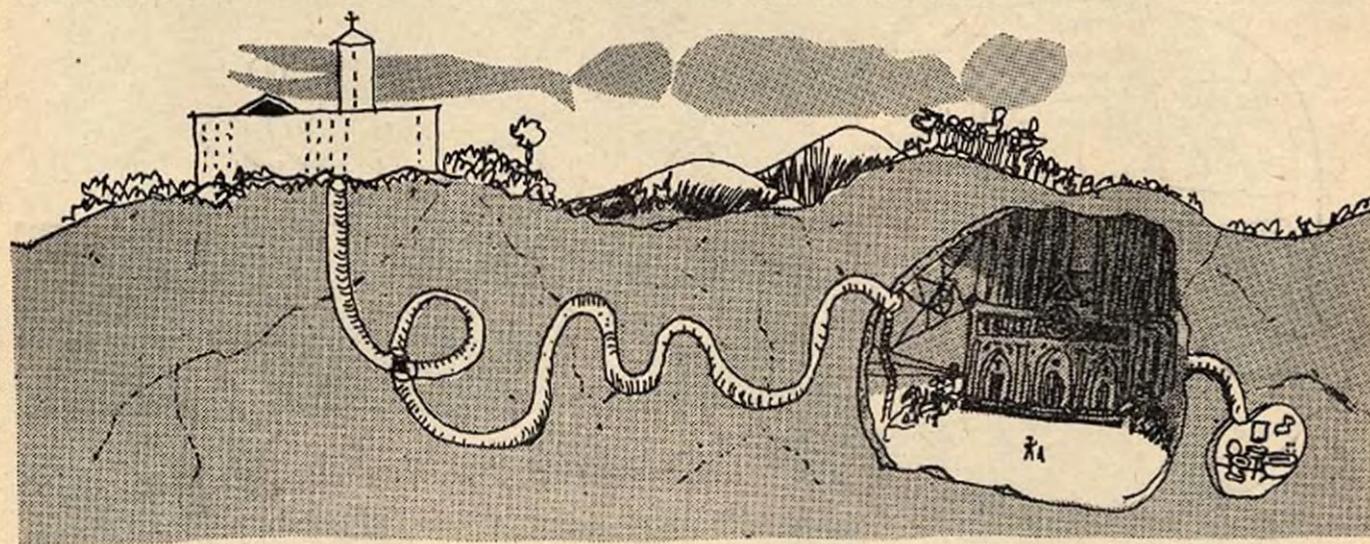
I fought them. I finally got unemployment compensation. But if you think anyone would hire me now you are out of your cotton picking mind.

If you think that any one of my friends would be brave enough to stand up and be counted as a "reference" you are out of your mind. I'm the infamous atheist, Mrs. Murray, who reared her children to be infidels, and may she rot in economic distress.

So, where I previously earned \$125 a week and had \$30 a week for the support of my children, I now have \$39 unemployment compensation a week plus \$30 for the support of my children.

Do you know what? Anyone in the world can live on \$69 a week. It isn't bad at all. Martyrs have compensations. We could have dragged along with our ACLU and got all our court costs paid, and all our attorneys paid, and so on and on and on—but as we write to others in cases similar to our own, they candidly tell us that they had to give up a portion of their principles in order to receive the help. We don't need to do this. It isn't that I am censuring those people. I am just psychologically put together in such a way that I can't do anything but butt the wall head on. It feels so good when I stop.

The School Board will answer us in January, then we have 15 days to file a demurrer, then they have 15 days to file an answer, then it is put on the court calendar. Actually, before anything happens (other than a



from Freethinker and other opponents of righteousness.

There was the complete set of William Faulkner's works taken from The Fiend From the University, and there were three Tennessee Williams films,

and there was also something that had been taken from Freethinker the night he and his commando band had tried to bomb the Vatican Relics Factory, which for centuries has been a great source of wealth for the Church.

At the last minute, Churchman had arrived and, with a mighty lunge, smothered the blast. Freethinker managed to escape, but his sandals are perhaps the most coveted trophy of them all.

clear call from the court for filing-fees and serving-fees and transcription-fees), it may be March.

Then, we should have a wonderfully nasty hearing, for I will be as insulting, as vituperative and as obnoxious as anyone can be on the witness stand. I will be pleased to tell them that I feel that Jesus Christ is at most a myth, and if he wasn't, the least he was, was a bastard, and that the Virgin Mary obviously played around as much as I did, and certainly I feel she would be capable of orgasm.

Editor's note: Frank Interlandi (not to be confused with his twin brother, Phil, also a cartoonist) gets an occasional rejection on his syndicated feature, and the Realist will be privileged to publish a few of them. We weren't sure whether the one below—the original drawing of which is being framed for our office—was actually sent to the syndicate, so we wrote to Interlandi and asked. This is his reply:

"Glad you liked the cartoon and plan to use it. I was hoping you would. Actually, I did the cartoon with the intention of sending it to the syndicate, but when it came to putting the punch line in I couldn't think of anything but 'I'd shit!' . . . the more lines I tried the less funny it got, and the surer I was that the original line was the best and the only one . . . it was a genuine reaction; i.e., the feeling of being helpless and returning to infantilism. . . . But why do I have to explain a cartoon. Naturally I knew the syndicate would reject it, so they never did see it . . . but I wanted to see it printed and I thought of you . . . that's the story.

"Tell me, was I really one of the influences on you and the Realist?"

The answer is yes.

## A PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 16)

scene-stealer in *Life of President Eisenhower*. At Republican campaign "vacation headquarters," Dick greets Ike with a handshake as he busily pumps his left thumb up and down as he explodes in the patronizing laughter of the professional politician. He mugs ingratiatingly while Eisenhower ponderously describes The One That Got Away. Dick fairly bursts with boyish mirth as he tries to imitate Ike's form in fly-casting and flubs it. Uneasily, you're reminded of an old-time movie with its fittingly, unreal characters. We haven't come far since '52.

At best, and this is giving it some, the Eisenhower film typifies the Big American Success Story. You know: every Belle Springs Creamery can-pusher can become president of the corporation or president of the U.S.A. And sure enough, Ike, counting the Columbia University period, has done both. But the righteous, empty generalities reveal as much about the man as the candid close-ups. Babbitt has become the Shining Light.

How sad is this official biography, this image of a man, this image of a nation—of a brave Revolutionary heritage forfeited by respectability, mediocrity and stupidity—ours as well as his. For the people chose him twice.

*Life of President Eisenhower* turns its back on history, on the changing and growing meaning of democracy to America and the world. Judging by the events of the recent past, the movie has won us few allies overseas where desperate people must stare blankly at it for an awareness of their plight.

## Back Issues

In response to many requests, the following back issues of the Realist are available at 25c each, or 5 for \$1. Extra copies of this issue: 7 for \$1.

Subs: \$3 for 10 issues; \$5 for 20.

#1—Interfaith Marriage; satire on telethons.

#7—Psychological Aspects of Discouraging Contraception; satire on war economy.

#8—The Semantics of 'God'; satire on A.M.A.

#9—The Birth Control Pill; satire on blacklisting.

#10—Saga of a Psychoquack; satire on fallout shelters.

#11—The Bombing of a Buddhist Mission; satire on gangster conventions.

#12—The Conversion of George Jean Nathan; satire on birth control.

#13—Space-Theology & Other Misguided Missiles; satire on congressional hearings.

#14—Alan Watts Interview; satire on Dear Abby.

#15—Lenny Bruce Interview; satire on political campaigns.

#16—Dr. Albert Ellis Interview (Part I); satire on shave-cream commercials.

#17—Dr. Albert Ellis Interview (Part II); satire on Life magazine's scoops.

#18—Case History of a TV Hoax; satire on cigarette ads.

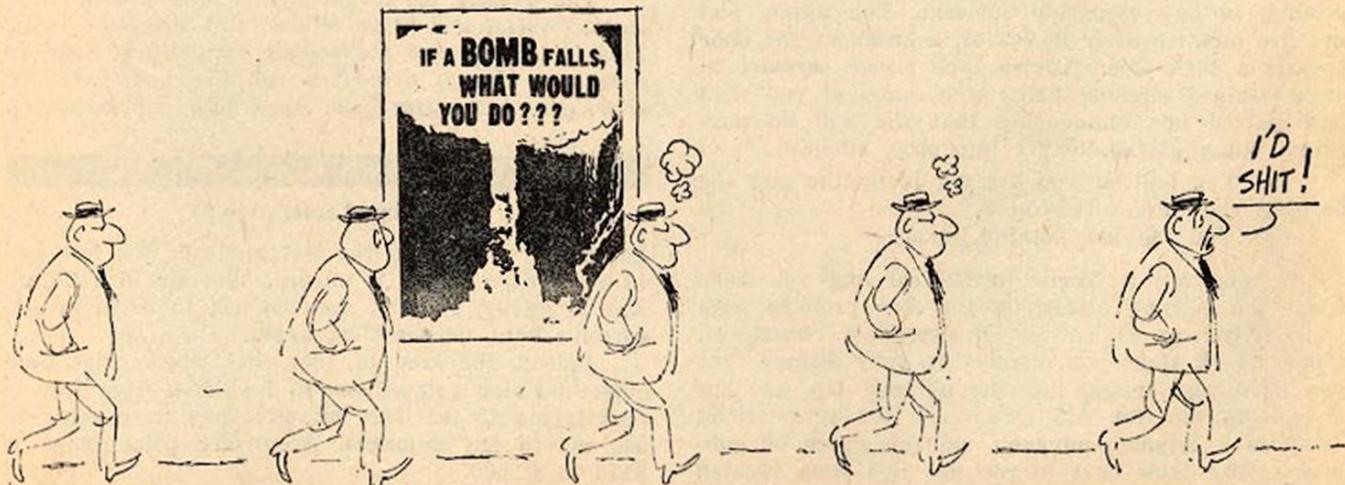
#19—Henry Morgan Interview; satire on Academy Awards.

#20—Jean Shepherd Interview; satire on the cold war.

#21—The Myth of Space Travel; satire on trampoline fad.

#22—Lenny Bruce Revisited; satire on psychiatry and the law.

The Realist, Dept. 23  
225 Lafayette Street  
New York 12, N.Y.



INTERLANDI

# modest proposals

by John Francis Putnam

## Test Your Own Morality

*Editor's note: There is a child's 'riddle' which goes: "If you could have a million dollars for just pressing a button which would kill a man in China, would you do it?" Since I am only chronologically an adult, I take these things very seriously, and find myself asking questions like: Would it be a very old man in China; one whom nobody would miss? Would anybody know that I pressed the button? How soon could I have the money?*

*One day recently I was having lunch with John Putnam, and we got to talking about the possibility of more true-to-life situations by which one could test his own morality. John began to create some right on the spot, and I suggested that they might be the basis for one of his columns. And here it is.*

1. A blind friend has inherited a cigar box full of stamps. Knowing that you are a semi-expert philatelist, he asks you to classify the stamps and, if possible, sell them for him, as he hopes to raise money for an operation to restore his sight. You look the stamps over and discover that they are high face value 19th Century U.S. classics, with a showing of "Postmasters Provisionals" for good measure, about \$25,000 worth, after H. R. Harmer's auction fees are deducted.

(a) You tell him the box is full of Nassau Street garbage mixture, and offer to burn the junk in the incinerator.

(b) You contact Philip Ward, Jr. in Philadelphia with a view to selling the stamps and setting up a trust fund for your blind friend.

2. While visiting at a late hour in the office of a friend who is a theatrical agent, a phone call summons him away for an hour. He asks you to stick around, as he's expecting someone. You agree, and not five minutes after he leaves, a knock at the door reveals a little Tina Louise type *creme caramel* in seam-strained treader pants who comes at you with half parted lips announcing that she will do anything, but *anything*, to get into show business.

(a) You tell her you are not really the guy she thought you were—afterwards.

(b) You tell her nothing at all.

3. You are a Negro intellectual and you have spent the evening discussing the race problem with your friend at dinner in an expensive restaurant. Comes check time, you discover to your dismay that you have just enough for the bill and tip, but not enough to pay for cab fare home for your friend (who is a cripple and can't ride on buses or subways). The table next to you has just been vacated by a party of ten and the large tip they left is within easy reach. This table is waited on by the only Negro waiter in the place, and you have observed

that he's been called away to the kitchen before he can collect his tip.

(a) You swipe the whole tip.

(b) You calculate the probable cab fare and swipe that amount, leaving an I.O.U. and your NAACP membership card.

4. Your boss, whom you hate, is having an affair with a bohemian-type girl. He has never really made it with her and he tells you that he is going away with her for the weekend. You happen to know through a medical intern friend that she has shown up at a local clinic with a bad dose of syphilis, which she refuses on religious grounds to have treated.

(a) You warn him about her.

(b) You say nothing, but slip a pro kit into his coat pocket before he leaves.

5. You have just gotten a job as secretary to a writer, who outlines a fast-moving, original plot for a screen play. He's about to leave for a six month cruise on a schooner and will be out of touch with the world for that time. A week after he leaves, at a party, you meet a movie producer who is filling the room with his bootless cries about how badly he needs script ideas for a quickie he intends to make, which will be finished in six weeks.

(a) You tell him the idea and claim it as your own.

(b) You say you own 80% of the idea and give the producer the name of the writer's schooner for his files.

6. You and a Jewish girl you are desperately hoping to impress find yourselves invited to a cocktail party given by your new employer, who considers you his fair-haired boy, and has given you several raises, and who promises ultimately to give you a bloc of stock in his business. During the party, and in the presence of your girlfriend, he makes a vile anti-Semitic joke and he is truculently drunk enough to expect a response from you.

(a) You laugh, and get yourself off the hook by shouting, "Sick! Oh, man, that is sick!"

(b) You punch him in the nose, get fired, and your girl leaves you because you have no job.

*The results of the Realist's first Modest Proposals Contest will be published in an upcoming issue. This is to announce the second competition. Send in your own idea of a modern morality test, including alternative paths. Deadline: April 30th, approximately.*

## INDEPENDENT RESEARCH LAB

(Continued from page 9)

Laboratory's test? In the last analysis, the test had to be written off as a misfire. The air in Tiffany's was so sticky, I didn't dare to ask to listen to Accutron's hum, or non-hum, again.

Indeed, the kind of fear that never grips Consumer's Union gripped me as I shifted from foot to foot trying to extricate myself: they were going to ask me to pay damages. Accutron's price range is \$175 to \$2,500.

I thought it was very Christian of Tiffany's to let me go with a reprimand to be more careful the next time I looked at their watches.