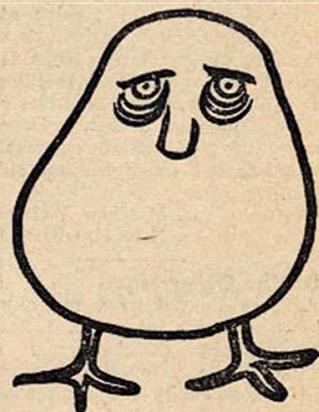


## freethought criticism and satire

# The Realist



the magazine of  
basic insecurity

March-April, 1961

35 Cents

No. 24-25

### College Teacher In Mississippi

by Dave Berkman

In September, 1959, I began teaching at Mississippi Southern College—a white, state-supported institution of higher learning. In February I resigned the post in protest over violations of academic freedom.

With the highly efficient classroom spy system I encountered; the actual frame-up, on-campus, of a Negro who tried to enter the school; attempts at censorship;

This issue of the Realist has been sent to every faculty member listed in the current M.S.C. catalogue. To those of a segregationist persuasion, may I point out that the central issue is not 'race-mixing'—although my views on this are quite clear—but rather academic freedom. To the large minority who share my views on the race issue, remember, before you sign your new contract, that document binds and commits you to employment by a state whose legislature last year passed a resolution praising the South African government for its handling of the racial problem only a few days after it wantonly killed hundreds of defenseless natives; insofar as you support by your words or deeds (or lack of them) the climate which makes such insanity possible, your very silence implies support of the Sharpeville massacre.

Sincerely, Dave Berkman

and the aura of fear that permeated the faculty, I suspect my experiences would not have been too different had I been teaching at a German university in the mid-'30s, or in a school behind the Iron Curtain today.

(Continued on Page 15)

### Political Prisoners In Franco's Spain

Every issue of the newspaper, *España Libre*, has a box on top of the front page, reading:

VISIT SUNNY SPAIN  
LAND OF ORANGE GROVES  
AND JAILS

On June 18th, 1959, political prisoners in Burgos Central Prison in Spain signed a petition to the Minister of Justice "respectfully demanding the treatment and conditions, both material and spiritual, which correspond to our status as men of ideals, honest workers and intellectuals, who happen to be separated from the rest of the community for the offense of political opposition."

The document reached the Spanish Ambassador in Washington, Señor Areilza, who wrote a reply to one Rev. Owens based on information supplied by the Ministry of Justice and the Directorate General of Prisons in Spain. The prisoners learned of the contents of Señor Areilza's reply, which they termed "a travesty of the truth and falsification of the facts." They proceeded—with many sacrifices and enormous risks—"to re-establish the truth" in a long letter to Rev. Owens which has been published in pamphlet form by the Spanish Ex-Servicemen's Association in London, and whose word the Realist is now privileged to spread....

The prison, situated some 900 metres above sea level in the outskirts of Burgos, is in a region of extreme climatic changes, with winter temperatures

(Continued on Page 7)

## SIR REALIST:

### Flattering Adjectives

I subscribe to or receive at least forty magazines or periodicals weekly, monthly or quarterly. None is more prized than your fresh, smiling, disdainful, witty, argumentative, stuffed-shirt-piercing, honest, iconoclastic pages of well-written comment. Enclosed is \$25 for a lifetime subscription.

Matthew Weimar  
Lake Hamilton, Fla.

### On the Other Hand

Please do not send me any more issues of your magazine. I find your "freethought criticism and satire" crudely done, in extremely poor taste, and intellectually one rung above the level of a feral child. If you have a point to make, it certainly isn't evident from your oddly self-conscious facetious blasphemy.

Tom J. Weiss  
Notre Dame, Ind.

*Editor's note: Is that a regular one-year cancellation, sir, or would you care for a lifetime cancellation?*

### The Tragedy of Cuba

I read with gratitude the wealth of information about Cuba in your February issue. As "liberal" after "liberal" fell by the wayside—even the New York Post, perennial master of unconstructive whimpering sympathy for the underdog—I felt so alone as a rooter of Castro since our "free" press bombarded us with a brainwashing which most of the "liberals" lapped up, sooner or later.

Then I would read the *National Guardian*, almost the solitary defender of Castro, and know if those hypocrites were liberals they would have raised their voices in protest against what happened in Hungary.

I feel much better now that a truly liberal (free, flexible, uncommitted) publication such as the *Realist* not only defends Castro but has taken the initiative to explore and print what otherwise would be unprinted. My respect for your publication is profound that no ideology has been able to swerve the *Realist* from its honestly independent points of view. Maybe a little more space should be devoted to Cuba each issue until the "free" press decides to assume the responsibility of reporting the facts there.

Ted Baker  
New York, N. Y.

### On the Other Hand

I read your paper for the first time and thought it pretty wonderful, ex-

cept for your Cuban views. Your views on Castro and Cuba are unrealistic. If instead of Thomas Jefferson, Washington, Paine, Patrick Henry, Franklin and those great leaders, we had gotten Napoleon or Robespierre or a kingship under Aaron Burr (instead of George III), would you still be defending the U.S.A. of 1776?

Figure it out. Batista has been gone a couple of years. He was bad, yes, but he's gone. Castro must be judged on his own deeds. And where do you see the difference between his ant-heap Soviet and any other ant-heap Soviet? As far as I can see, the *Realist* is realistic enough not to be for any kind of soviet, left or right.

Lew Arthur  
New York, N. Y.

*Editor's note: The difference between "Soviet ant-heaps"—a label I don't accept—is crystallized by the head of the American Legion, who would like the U.S. to replace Castro's regime by "any and all steps . . . including force, if necessary."*

### Malice in Maryland

The saga of ultra-individualism in "Malice in Maryland" by Madalyn E. Murray (issue #23) has an exciting psychopathic ferocity rarely found either in life or literature. She has taken on "our entire culture as an opponent" with a heroism almost non-existent in our society.

As a study of superior individual versus status quo, it has much in common with *The Minority of One*, C. Wright Mills' *The Causes of World War Three*, Norman Mailer, and Henry Miller's *Air Conditioned Nightmare*, to name the first that come to mind.

David Stalzer  
Rhinebeck, N. Y.

### On the Other Hand

I am rather burned at Madalyn Murray. Such aggressive people are bound to make enemies, but the minimum we expect from people, especially atheists, is truthfulness.

Since I am the member of the Baltimore Ethical Society whom she knew and wrote to, and it was a "Dear Kay / Dear Madalyn" exchange of correspondence, the Society letterhead was not used. While I do not have her letter now, I am reasonably sure she did not ask us to communicate with the American Humanist Association. She did add "Att. Dr. Frank"—not knowing he was not our president, as he was half a dozen years ago when she attended a meeting (and faded away just before the collection).

At any rate her problem was the subject of our next Board meeting, to which the general membership was invited and a *Sun* reporter scheduled to attend. He failed to show up. We prepared a statement for the School

Board on our position on the Church vs. State controversy in relation to her case—one of the very few statements they received on "our" side, according to the *Sun*.

She failed to see this in the paper and wrote our president, excoriating us for not doing anything to help her, and demanding time on our platform to present her case.

I take back that "heartiest handshake."

Kay Vining  
Baltimore, Md.

*Editor's note: Here is Mrs. Murray's reply—"My letter was addressed to Kay as representative of the Baltimore Ethical Culture Society, which I had on the address and on the salutation. I asked this question: 'Will your group help me on this matter? See attached letter.' And I enclosed the letter I wrote to the *Sun* newspaper which was printed in the *Realist*. She replied that she had forwarded the letter to 'our president, Kenneth Milford,' and 'you have my heartiest handshake.' Milford never wrote, nor Kay again (and Kay runs the Ethical Culture Society and the American Humanist Association here; Milford is a figurehead). As various people in Baltimore, struggling for inner direction and truth, seek out the ECS and the AHA here, hoping to derive from and give to the organization some human warmth and dignity, Kay has her eye on the collection plate."*

### Signs of Health

The February issue of the *Realist* is really the best yet. As to Lawrence Barth's wounded outcry [a letter complaining about the editor's bad taste], I wish someone could explain to him that when one's sense of outrage is strained beyond the limits of the organism, the energy of this tension can dissipate itself in one of two ways: hatred and aggressions—usually displaced aggressions—or in laughter. It is this saving sense of irony that the sentimental Mr. Barth seems to lack.

Nietzsche has an aphorism somewhere on this subject which runs something like: "Laughter, joyous irony, evasion, distrust—these are signs of health; everything absolute belongs to the realm of pathology."

We would all be grateful to you, if you plan to run any more Barth columns [we do], if you would take him aside and, carefully avoiding his sensitive areas (Clark Gable, Christ), point out to him that when he misses the irony and lashes out at the fools with his bladder or righteousness, he somewhat over-righteous-es his cause and becomes an object of irony himself.

William Laux  
El Portal, Calif.

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The Realist

## editorial type stuff

### About This Issue

Although we try to come out with 24-page issues as often as possible, the regular size of the *Realist* is 16 pages. Rather than strain the budget with a 32-page issue, as this one is, we've taken the liberty of making it two-issues-in-one, dated March-April.

Extra copies of this issue are available at the rate of 7 for \$1.

Or, for \$1, we'll send our five best issues: #19, #20, #23 and this, #24-25.

Subscriptions are \$3 for 10 issues, or \$5 for 20 issues.

The Realist, Dept. 25  
225 Lafayette St.  
New York 12, N. Y.

### Corrections

When the *Realist* makes an error, it is not merely typographical; it actually changes the entire meaning of what was originally intended.

In issue #23, in the Impolite Interview with Jules Feiffer, we had him saying: "I'm sure [Bob Newhart] would not argue the point that his humor is far more dangerous"; what Feiffer actually had said, though, was: "I'm sure [Newhart] would not argue the point that his humor is far from dangerous."

In issue #21, we quoted Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, of the Synagogue Council of America, as saying that "there is ample evidence both in the history of Judaism and the current state of the American Jewish community to indicate that Jewish commitment to [the principles involved in the First Amendment] is itself ambiguous"; actually, this was a comment by Reginald Dunsany in an article which quoted Rabbi Hertzberg's criticism only in regard to the lack of Protestant commitment to the First Amendment.

### Sick Humor

As I've said before, I don't agree with everything that's printed in the *Realist*. Sometimes, I don't even agree with the page numbers. But that's my problem.

Readers have been objecting to—and cancelling subscriptions because of—the occasional so-called sick jokes we print, such as the one in issue #21, from a Nazi TV commercial: "The secret ingredient in this soap is Jews. . . ."

One of the techniques of humor is to take something ridiculous—and what, really, could be more patently ridiculous than the murder of six million human beings (who happened to be Jews)?—and extend it to a 'logical' conclusion.

Sick jokes, like page numbers, exist. Indeed, they're a part of our time—not just in this country, but in Cuba, in France—only in Heaven are there no sick jokes, to paraphrase Mark Twain.

You may not like everything we decide to share with you in the *Realist*. But that's your problem.

Because . . . there's nothing in the *Realist* that you do like—that somebody else doesn't. And that's his problem, right?

March-April 1961

### How to Put On the Radio

Then there was this CBS radio interviewer who asked me what the purpose of the *Realist* is. "The purpose of the *Realist*," I answered—and he took me seriously—"is to offend the reader."

"Well," said the interviewer, "are you one of those angry young men we've been hearing about?" Whereupon I screamed into the microphone: "NO, I'M NOT ANGRY! WHAT ARE YOU ASKING ME QUESTIONS LIKE THAT FOR? WHY SHOULD I BE ANGRY ABOUT ANYTHING?" The CBS-man looked a little horrified, and I quickly switched to a calm voice and said, "No, I'm not angry; there are certain things that do anger me, but I'm really not full of hostility."

Now he wanted to know, "What burning issue is bothering you at present, Mr. Krassner?" To which I replied, "Well, I'm trying to get people to call me by my first name." He turned off the tape recorder and said, "Now, c'mon, play the game."

The game was that I couldn't talk about the *Realist* uninhibitedly enough to make me take the interview seriously. The program, it was explained to me, is, after all, "a fun show."

### The Murray Case (Continued)

In issue #23, Madalyn Murray told of her 14-year-old son's fight against religion in Maryland public schools. The story itself continues elsewhere in this issue, but we thought you'd like to see Mrs. Murray's letter to us:

"It looks like we are going to have enough money early enough so that we can pay the costs to get into the Maryland Court of Appeals. This I owe, in large part, to the *Realist*. I have received approximately \$250 in donations. There have been just letters from readers of the *Realist*, too, and I want to commend you on your clientele. I am bathed in endless excitement, ecstatic joy, and so wieder, from the quality of the letters. Some are couched in academic terminology and others in the language of the people, but through them all is the one strain that they recognize the artificiality of the 'niceties' of our mass delusional commitments. . . ."

To which young Bill postscripted: "I hope you appreciate how much your mag means to all us deviants and that you will keep it in existence, by any means."

### Tragedy, Inc. (Continued)

Last month, we suggested that an organization ought to be formed with the sole purpose of acting before a tragedy occurs. Apparently, a special branch of Tragedy, Inc. would be necessary, though, whereby volunteers—life-termers and others who have nothing to live for but who would like to contribute something to society—would offer their lives in a planned tragedy. Thus, for example, an airline crash could have been arranged, with press releases sent out in advance to representatives of all the mass media.

For, to quote from *The Airways Traveler*, official publication of The Airways Club, Inc., "The collision of a United DC-8 and a TWA Constellation over New York City, taking the lives of 134 persons, has stunned the nation and the industry. . . . Since 1946 [fifteen years!] this whole problem has been in one committee after another and through a procession of investigations. As the crash occurred an investigation was in progress, in Washington, on this very situation. There

are unquoted experts who say this had to happen to force decisive action, that only tireless government controllers, able flight crews and good luck have avoided such tragedy before. . . . If it had to happen, the spectre of Brooklyn and Staten Island—and a responsible, bipartisan governmental approach as the administration changes—can help make air transport everything it must be."

### Now Kraft-Ebing Will Tell One

It seems that there was this female gorilla at the Central Park Zoo, and she was in heat, only they couldn't find a male gorilla whose pedigree made him worthy enough to mate with her, even though they searched and searched.

Finally, zoo officials decided to approach one of the keepers, a burly Irishman who fed the animals and got along with them exceedingly well. At first, he protested vehemently, but after much persuasion, he at last gave in and agreed to mate with the gorilla.

"But only on two conditions," he insisted. "One, I don't have to kiss her. And two, if there are any children, they have to be brought up in the Catholic faith."

### Money and Monotheism

"It was a bad period. Many men I flew with were being killed in training. Religion meant a lot to me for the rest of the war."

—Jimmy Stewart  
*The Saturday Evening Post*

So this anonymous letter arrives, see, and it accuses me of "making a living off denying God."

Just for the record, I manage to make my living as a free-lance writer; I don't get a penny out of the *Realist*. But let me make this clear. I am not a martyr. Martyrs suffer. Me no suffer. Me happy. While the *Realist* was in the planning stage, I worked four hours a day for \$15 a week for the owner of a textile firm. My boss was definitely not a happy man, even though I spent one day doing nothing but going around to different banks to have the interest entered onto his various accounts. The job added some slight perspective to my sense of values.

As for denying God, let me explain briefly why I am an atheist. I am simply not able to accept the concept of an all-powerful consciousness as long as I continue to open the daily paper and see that innocent sparrows are still falling all over the place. But I am bored unto laughter with discussions about how I should call myself an agnostic because atheism is too dogmatic. Listen, I don't know—I mean I can't prove—that walking under a ladder won't bring bad luck. But I am at least willing to take a position on the matter. As far as I'm concerned, though, atheism in and of itself is not enough to base a magazine on. Freethought—the word's self-explanatory—is. But let me make this clear, too. I do not feel superior to religious people. Just luckier. Like the character in Peter De Vries' novel, *Comfort Me With Apples*, whenever I look out the window on Sunday and see people on their way to church, I say, "There but for the grace of God go I."

### The Catcher in the Realist

There's going to be some personal stuff in this, so if you object to that sort of thing, then you'd better stop reading right here.

Now then (I see you're still with me), back in issue #14, when J. D. Salinger's letter was quoted, I mentioned that his novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*, "was one of the many factors that brought about the birth of the *Realist*." Mrs. Barbara Nash of Northridge, California has been wonderfully persistent in writing to ask me how.

First, though, I want to emphasize a point which Alexander King expresses like this: "These things are yeasting and fomenting inside of you for years—you don't just all of a sudden decide to edit a magazine for the jewelry industry."

There were many specific things about *Catcher* that I identified with, but I related most strongly to the general struggle between an individual and his herd instinct. Of course, *now* conformity is something that you have a television program all about, starring Art Carney, only you eliminate one of the skits because it makes fun of the Presidential family.

The impact of *The Catcher in the Rye* was part of the emotional force behind my intellectualized decision to oppose the Army loyalty program. I'm not telling this for flaunting purposes, but rather because of the ironies involved. The reaction of the girl I figured on

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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marrying was, "What do you have to fight the whole Army for?" I never did marry her. If I had, I'm sure the idea of the *Realist* would have been aborted at the very moment of its conception. And she was the one who had introduced me to *The Catcher in the Rye*.

The reason I had to "fight the whole Army" was because I didn't want to be just an ass-down liberal.

I had written an article for *The Independent* about the injustices of the Military Personnel Security Program, and now I was due to be drafted myself. The Korean War (or, as Mort Sahl called it, "World War Two Point Four") was over, so I was able to sidestep the problem of being a conscientious objector and concentrate on challenging the loyalty program—for which I expected to wage a legal fight to get into the Army.

I had never been a member of anything (I once tried to join the Boy Scouts, but I could never learn how to tie all those silly knots, and I didn't even bother to take my Tenderfoot test), so the attorney at the American Civil Liberties Union was pleased: since I wasn't trying to hide any subversive connections, I would be an ideal test case.

He did suggest that I state that I wasn't a Communist. I refused. "I'll tell you I'm not a Communist," I said, "but if I tell them that, then I might as well tell them that I don't belong to any of the other 599 organizations on the list. I have to draw the line at the beginning or not at all." The ACLU man apologized, and together we drafted this statement:

*I am willing to certify that I have not engaged in any acts of sabotage, espionage, treason or sedi-*

The *Realist*

tion, and I affirm my loyalty to the United States, and am willing to take the Serviceman's Oath. However, I refuse to further answer the questions on this 'loyalty' certificate because I sincerely believe that such inquiry into my activities and associations is a serious invasion of privacy and violates the First Amendment.

Then came the waiting to be inducted. And the anxiety. I didn't mind for myself, but I dreaded the thought of involving anyone else—my brother worked for the government on the research and development of guided missiles (for an avocation, he rationalizes), my sister wanted to be a teacher, and my parents would have been traumatized by a Central Intelligence Agency investigation of me—an automatic procedure once you defied the system.

Because of the anxiety, I developed a skin condition. Because of the skin condition, the Army rejected me. And because of the rejection, we never got to the loyalty questionnaire. However, the Supreme Court did finally declare the Military Personnel Security Program to be unconstitutional by a vote of 8-1.

One of the things about *The Catcher in the Rye* that struck a chord in my psyche was the lack of communication between generations. For instance, my parents never knew about me and the Army loyalty program. I just couldn't get myself to tell them. They'll first learn about it here. They're utterly ashamed of the *Realist*, but they continue to read it because I happen to be the editor. They would prefer that I weren't.

They haven't been sure whether or not I'm a Communist even though they know I'm against violence and against censorship. And then, because the *Realist* is "against" everything, they think I don't love my country. Yet it's precisely because I love the principles of freedom, that I bitch and banter so much about their violation.

Otherwise it wouldn't really be love, it would only be infatuation.

Recently, I was invited to observe a meeting of a group of college students wanting to do something because, said one, "You don't adjust to an insane society." But virtually all of them felt hampered by parents who Just Want Things To Be Nice.

The little boy genius in Salinger's short story, *Teddy*, describes his attitude toward his parents this way:

"I have a very strong affinity for them. They're my parents, I mean, and we're all part of each other's harmony and everything. I want them to have a nice time while they're alive, because they like having a nice time. But they don't love me and Booper—that's my sister—that way. I mean they don't seem able to love us unless they can keep changing us a little bit. They love their reasons for loving us almost as much as they love us, and most of the time more. It's no good that way."

Some day I'm going to get married and have children, and if their doing what they believe is right happens to hurt me, then it's going to be their goddam duty to hurt me.

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## Eavesdropping of the Month

John Wilcock, who contributes "columny" to the *Realist* this month, swears to Bertrand Russell that he overheard the following bit of dialogue between two men in a luncheonette, in reference to the rapist-killer of 4-year-old Edith Kiercorius:

"Yeah, but what a vicious degenerate."  
"Well, nobody's perfect."

## The Land of the Fat

Philip L. White, manager of Public Utilities in Norwich, Conn., has banned the wearing by female employees of "leotards, bobby socks, knee socks, slacks, loafers, moccasins, ballet slippers and other shoes without heels." Mrs. Judith Elwell ignored his edict and came to work in low-heeled shoes which, she said, are more comfortable because of her weight. She was given a three-day suspension.

On another level, a doctor from Pennsylvania wrote to the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in regard to the fat content of semen. A previous item in the *Journal* had stated that normal semen contains "lecithin, cholesterol, and phosphorized fat." Now the physician had this inquiry:

"During a discussion with a young married woman on the many facets of 'married life,' she stated that she enjoys fellatio. It occurred to me that she may be ingesting as much highly concentrated fat each time as would be contained on an untrimmed large steak. This may account for her having trouble losing weight, even though she declares she is watching her diet rigidly. She has also noticed increased development of her breasts. Is there a possible hormonal factor of testosterone or another undiscovered hormone which may be aiding in this reaction and might be helpful to others? Obviously, the imagined or real need for help in this area is costing American women and their husbands millions of dollars each year as well as much emotional turmoil. In Beardwood's chapter on obesity (in *Cyclopedia of Medicine, Surgery, Specialties . . .*) the possibility of the body converting some portion of protein into carbohydrates is stressed. Is there any newer thought along this line? Some people seem to get fat on air alone, or is this the bloating of starvation?"

This was the *A.M.A. Journal's* answer:

"As far as this consultant is aware, while there may be some psychogenic and genetic factors concerned with obesity, it generally can be ascribed to intake of more calories per day than are expended. No cogent scientific evidence is known indicating that body fat is accumulated in any other way; in order to remove fat it is necessary to ingest fewer calories than one expends. It should be remembered that calories are obtained from protein and carbohydrate as well as from fats. In regard to the possibility of fellatio being a contributing factor in obesity, one would be somewhat skeptical. Even assuming an ejaculation of 10 cc. of semen were all fat, this would be only 90 calories. It is extremely doubtful that this would have a significant effect on inability to take off weight unless, of course, it was practiced several times a day. . . ."

Perhaps the lady's problem might be solved quite simply, however, if only the research efforts of those dedicated scientists who deal in a latter-day version of alchemy could lead to the successful development of semen-flavored Metreol.

## Beyond Satire

"The Libido of a Conservative" by Herb Swartz in this issue is, obviously, a parody of Barry Goldwater's political philosophy. Here are a couple of the Senator's actual quotes, though:

- "The United States should begin acting like a world power and quit groveling on its knees to inferior people who like to come to New York."
- "Where fraternities are not allowed, Communism flourishes."

## Launching Hoaxnik Three

I think the main reason why I'm not a socialist is because I'm a realist: the idea of a couple of Madison Avenue advertising executives having a conference on a campaign to put across a collectivist concept to the American public seems like something out of a Jules Feiffer cartoon strip.

And yet I'm appalled at the inhumanity that arises out of capitalism and—in the words of Judge J. Cullen Ganey in the electrical anti-trust case—"the organization or the company man, the conformist, who goes along with his superiors and finds balm for his conscience in additional comforts and the security of his place in the corporate set-up."

Maybe the thing to do, as long as you have to work within the present framework, is simply beat 'em at their own game.

Out of the \$32-billion petroleum industry, gasoline marketers will spend more than \$120-million on advertising this year, about \$45-million of which will be spent on television. In 1959, for the first time, TV emerged as the prime medium for oil and gasoline advertising. In 1960, the industry invested close to \$40-million in gross TV time. That figure is expected to nearly double by 1965 if the major companies continue their national expansion.

They are, you see, just plain scared. They are frightened by—get this phrase—"a shrinking increase" in the demand for their products. The American Petroleum Institute's statistics reveal that motor fuel sales especially are on the decline. The industry blames taxes which, they believe, have stimulated the growing use of economy-type cars that take less gas to operate. Compact cars may account for as much as 50% of new car sales this year.

And—all kidding about "free enterprise" aside, folks—the oil industry ain't gonna indulge in any price cutting. Like the cigarette companies and the automobile companies, they're united. Sunoco and Amoco and Esso and all the resto are doing their little soft-shoe routine to the tune of *Side By Side*, because price cutting would directly affect their profits, and while you may see local station price wars, the industry hierarchy's feeling is that if one company cuts prices broadly, all will have to follow. So, instead, large-scale sales drives are under way.

Texaco alone put \$9,014,734 into network TV for the first nine months of 1960; the next closest network advertiser was Gulf with 'only' \$1,216,919. Texaco is the outstanding TV network spender. They are what is known in the trade as "a 50-state marketer"—a goal much coveted by their competitors. And, whereas the Shell Oil Company is using a single medium this year—their ad pouring \$13-million into newspapers to

dominate over the competition in that medium—Texaco is using that same strategy with television.

Now, you may recall that last month, in discussing Texaco's soft-sell TV commercials on the Huntley-Brinkley newscast, I asked if it wouldn't 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." *Television Magazine* praises Texaco for "humanizing its retail ad approach," saying that "the effect of the Texaco series is emotional rather than factual." An article in *National Petroleum News* puts it to the industry this way:

"You do not sell gasoline. You provide a cluster of value satisfactions which the customer wants and likes. You buy customers by providing whatever cluster of satisfactions is necessary in order to make people want to deal with you."

And that's where our 'hoax' comes in.

If you'd like to participate, then sit down and write a letter—in your own words, on fancy letterhead if you have it, without mentioning the *Realist*—and say that Texaco's nice soft-sell commercials aren't enough to make you want to buy their product; however, if they will send a large donation to CARE and announce it in their commercials, you promise you will become a loyal customer. The address:

J. W. Foley, President  
Texaco, Inc.  
135 E. 42 St.  
New York 17, New York

The *Realist's* first hoax—currently being written up, I understand, for one of the professional journals—showed how much TV advertisers fear the viewer. It would be gratifying if you could help channel that fear into altruism this time.

## Prudish Press Proscribes Prostitute's Prose

"In general," wrote Paul Blanshard in *The Right to Read*, "the successful book must depend primarily for attention on the three great New York media, the Sunday N. Y. Times, the Saturday Review, and the Sunday N. Y. Herald-Tribune." This month, Lyle Stuart published a book called *Pleasure Was My Business*, wherein Madam Sherry tells the history of her deluxe brothel. Ads for the book were turned down by both the *Times* and the *Tribune*; Stuart didn't even try the *Saturday Review*—their shame-psychology had already been experienced with sex-oriented books by Dr. Albert Ellis.

Madam Sherry's guest list was a who's who of two generations—public enemies and politicians, gamblers and judges, police chiefs and con men, hoodlums and royalty. She describes the antics of her girls with a prominent King, and she details her relationship with Al Capone. *Pleasure Was My Business* is available from the *Realist* for \$4.95.

## What's My Corruption?

New York's Mayor Wagner has a special post office box to which citizens may send anonymous letters with charges of municipal corruption; but every industry also has its own unique little corruptions, and you are cordially invited to let all the rest of us in on the particular corruptions of your occupation, in a special new *Realist* feature. Names will be withheld, naturally—but say—I may want to blackmail you myself some day.

The Realist

## Franco's Prisoners Speak

(Continued from Cover)

reaching 14° C below zero (5° F), yet the prison has no heating. Thus both solitary confinement cells and common rooms with 55 to 60 prisoners each are very cold during the long winter months. The majority of us suffer from chilblains and festering chaps, mainly on our hands and in our ears, yet we cannot enjoy, even in our beds, the minimum endurable temperature. Constant cold transforms the life of prisoners into a permanent suffering. Moreover, the premises are in a deplorable condition of disrepair: the windows do not close, window panes are broken, and not being replaced, only a few badly constructed toilets, badly working showers with hot water provided only one hour per week, corridor floors which are never washed and, despite our efforts to keep them clean, have become sources of dirt and infection to keep them clean, have become sources of dirt and infection, inadequate electric lighting, etc.

Moreover, it is not only the prisoners, but also their families who suffer from this neglect, since when they are visiting us they are obliged to wait at the prison doors without the slightest protection against the elements. Our parents, children or wives cannot take shelter anywhere since there are no waiting rooms, not even a small shelter outside the prison, despite our repeated requests.

### Visiting Conditions

Ordinary visits are nearly always limited to 15 minutes and the condition under which they are held make them a moral torture instead of a source of encouragement and consolation for us and our families. Two sets of prison bars, the outside protected in addition with a thick metal netting, are separated by a passage of 175 cm. in which sits an official, and the prisoners and their relations can only see each other across them, making any intimate conversation completely impossible, especially since the visiting room is a common one where five to six prisoners receive their relatives simultaneously, being difficult even to make oneself heard.

Thus it often happens that our relations, after long journeys sometimes amounting to hundreds of kilometers, are hardly able to see us or talk to us. What this means in suffering, especially when it is repeated over many long years, can only be appreciated by those who have actually experienced it.

We have seen in American and other films how the visiting rooms are organized in those countries. The difference is so great that it will not stand comparison. Yet, despite our persistent requests for the improvement in this most important aspect of our prison lives, nothing is done and we continue to suffer under this intolerable humiliation.

### A Strangling Censorship

We should like to note that the legal Spanish publications, which are submitted to a strangling censorship, are not allowed inside the prison, and only some of them after passing through an additional censorship (if one can call it as such) finally reach us! We are forbidden under pain of serious punishment to read the daily press, which is completely controlled by the Government! Neither are we allowed to listen to the Spanish broadcasting stations. There is no need to point out

that if this is the attitude adopted with respect to the Spanish press and radio it is even more difficult for us to receive any foreign publications.

In addition to the fact that until recently we were obliged to pay for watching the cinema performances, our 16 mm. projector is old with defective lighting and sound. The films are, as a rule, of very low quality, and it is only the documentaries lent us by some of the foreign embassies that are worth considering and contribute towards our entertainment and education. After prolonged requests and work on our part we have at last been conceded the right to listen in the School building to microgroove records of classical and modern music, which now constitutes one of the few spiritual pleasures granted us.

The performances of artists from outside the prison were stopped more than two years ago, since the authorities dread the sympathy and understanding that always grow between the visiting artists and the political prisoners.

We always accorded a warm welcome to the artists who performed for us, and this welcome was considered by the prison authorities as a "political demonstration." This happened when we were visited by the great pianist Iturbi, who was given a warm expression of our gratitude and who on taking leave conveyed to us his sincere appreciation. Then a few months later, he offered to give us another concert free of charge, but was refused permission. We should like to note that the artists who were the last to visit us were the musical group of Maristas brothers, and the Circle of Rest and Education. The Spanish authorities fear that the truth about our tragic position will become known and deprive us, therefore, of any contact with the outside world.

### The Food

Food was always one of the most important questions in prison. Señor Areilza's assertions that the food we receive can be compared favorably with that of the Army are groundless. It is only the permanent sacrifices of our relations and the rising help of the Spanish people and our friends all over the world that have kept us alive in the inhuman conditions of our long years of imprisonment. In fact, although the allowance for our food was raised by 9 to 12 pesetas per person per day, as the result of our petition, providing a certain improvement, the situation in this respect still remains very unsatisfactory. In order to provide a better idea of the actual conditions, we append an official week's menu.

Below we give a menu for a week with the exception of January 25, when special food was provided. The breakfast was the same every day, consisting of a bowl of bread dipped in milk.

January 24

Dinner: White beans with pork. Black pudding. An orange. Supper: Potatoes.

January 26

Dinner: Red beans with potatoes. Fried Cod. An orange. Supper: Potatoes.

January 27

Dinner: White beans with potatoes and meat. Fried sardines. An apple.

January 28

Dinner: Chick peas with potatoes. An egg. An orange. Supper: Pea soup.

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### January 29

Dinner: Vermicelli soup. Tripe à la Madrid. An orange. Supper: Red beans with potatoes.

### January 30

Dinner: Potatoes. Fried black pudding and chitterlings. Supper: Semolina sausage.

Usually the cooking is bad and the quality of the produce used poor, especially that of potatoes.

Precisely for that reason the black pudding and chitterlings served us for dinner on January 30 were rotten and badly cooked. Several prisoners got up from the table and in a correct manner showed their food to the Chief of Supplies, who was in the dining room at the time, stating that it was badly cooked, putrid and that it would be dangerous to eat in that state. Without protesting in any other way we simply refrained from eating the black pudding and chitterlings. The prison Medical Officer, who was called in, expressed an opinion favorable to us, although at a later date we were informed that the black pudding was analyzed at the city laboratory and found satisfactory. The Prison Authorities did not take any repressive measures against those who refused to eat the rotten food on that day, and they included all the prisoners, which proves that our complaint was justified. Moreover, we were informed through the crew leaders, who were summoned to the Office for the purpose, that in future this dish would not be included in the menu.

Since that date the food has been cooked slightly better and its quality has improved.

### Correspondence Seized

In the last few months of 1959 and especially in 1960, the political police has been seizing illegally the letters sent to us by our relations and those we send to them, thus causing great moral injury to us, and at the same time still limiting to the minimum the number of letters we are allowed to write. We are only allowed to write four post-cards of 20 lines each per month and only to those nearest of kin to us. In order to be able to write to the nearest of kin another two single page letters per month, we have to contribute 7 pesetas per quarter for a subscription to the weekly *Redención* (Salvation) edited by the Patronato (Church "Guardianship" charitable organization). To the police censorship of our correspondence, is often added that of the prison authorities. In our correspondence we must not mention anything about our conditions here, the prison amenities, number of prisoners, food, treatment, etc. We must not mention how long we have been in prison or the sentences to which we have been condemned. We are even forbidden to write the word "amnesty," or to comment on our legal position.

This censorship, whose object is to isolate us from our relations and friends, our people and the entire world, has been driven to such extremes that we are even denied the right to write to our defense counsels, despite the numerous petitions recently presented by us in this connection. It is also made impossible for us to get in touch with official personalities or organizations. For instance, the 12 comrades of ours who were punished in connection with the presentation of the document of June 18 last, were not allowed to approach the Minister of Justice asking him to cancel the unjust punishment imposed on them. The police nature of the censorship becomes clear from the above and also from

the fact that in many cases those who write to us or help us are being persecuted.

Similar methods are adopted with respect to the parcels we receive. When clothes, food, books, etc., are sent to us, the authorities investigate their origin and try to persuade us not to accept them. Recently an official of the above service, Virgilio Gonzales Revilla, told one of our comrades that he had received several clothes parcels from the USA, and that if more parcels were sent, they would be returned to the senders, and also expressed the opinion of the prison administration that our comrade should tell his American friends that they stop sending any more clothes parcels, which our comrade refused to do, stating that the prisoners are in need of such clothes.

### The Clothing

Señor Areilza insists that we are issued with the required clothing. In fact, however, until recently we received no clothing whatsoever; we had no bunks and slept on the floor even without sleeping mats. Owing to our constant activity and the pressure exercised by the Spanish people and our friends abroad, double bunks have been recently installed and we were issued with one uniform of poor quality cloth consisting of a mantle, jacket and trousers renewable every two years, and a summer uniform (cotton jacket and trousers) also renewable every two years. We are also issued with a pair of leather boots every two years and one or two pairs of rope shoes. The underclothes only amount to two shirts and two cotton pants for winter and summer. As protection against the long winter cold, we receive four blankets, but only two sheets and two towels to last us two years. The warm clothing, indispensable in this cold climate, such as warm winter underclothes, jerseys, pants, etc., we have to obtain from our relatives. Neither are there any clothes issued to those who are released and are in need of them.

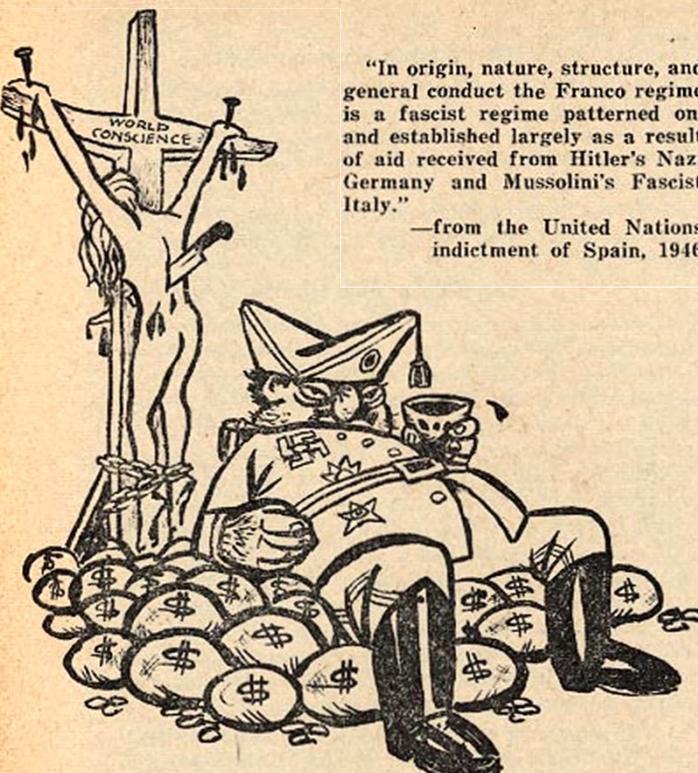
### Religious Persecution

Another fundamental question in which the Ambassador's account differs from the actual facts, is that of the prisoners' religion and freedom of conscience. Señor Areilza asserts that the non-Catholics are guaranteed the freedom not to attend the Mass and other Catholic services, and to practice other religions. In fact, the presence at all the Catholic services is *obligatory* for all the prisoners without exception, and it is considered as an "obligatory parade" announced by a bugle, when all the prisoners must fall into the ranks of their respective Brigades (Crews) and march to the service. This is a glaring example of the arbitrary and brutal violation of the freedom of conscience and freedom of religion carried out despite repeated statements by the overwhelming majority of the prisoners that they are not Catholics, yet are forced under pain of severe punishment to attend Mass and other services.

Several times, without result, we have requested that attendance at church services be made optional according to the official Prison Regulations. Our friend José Satué, in prison for the last 12 years and recently serving his sentence in the provincial prison of Salamanca, where on his request he was not obliged to attend religious services, was lately transferred to Burgos and made to attend the services despite his repeated requests to be excused from attending. He was even threatened with severe punishment if he persisted in his request. Neither is it possible to practice other religions

"In origin, nature, structure, and general conduct the Franco regime is a fascist regime patterned on, and established largely as a result of aid received from Hitler's Nazi Germany and Mussolini's Fascist Italy."

—from the United Nations indictment of Spain, 1946



since we have never had dealings other than with Catholic priests. Our Protestant prisoners, including several Germans, have no choice but to join the "compulsory parade" and attend Catholic services. Recently the Prison Director tried personally to force certain Muslims who were recently admitted, to eat the normal meals made of pork, forbidden by their religion. It was only their uncompromising attitude which obliged the authorities to provide them food without pork. In this prison Catholic religion is practiced with inquisitorial intolerance.

#### Outside Contact

Señor Areilza also maintains that the prisoners are allowed to visit their sick or inform relations, even if they are in parts of Spain far removed from the prison. The truth is that in his prison we only know of three instances when such permission was granted. Namely that of Antonio Zapata Borrego in 1947; Alberto Puen-te Garcia in 1958; and Manuel Gil Prieto in 1959. With the exception of these three cases all similar numerous requests were refused, although unfortunately many of us have lost our parents, wives and children during these long years of imprisonment without having been granted, despite our requests, the consolation of seeing our beloved ones for the last time.

The Ambassador also states that our lawyers can visit us freely. In point of fact that freedom does not exist. We are not even allowed to write to our defending counsels. The requests of lawyers and journalists from many foreign countries to see us, were always refused. This is what happened to the lawyers' commission headed by M. Douzon, who was refused permission to visit us in the spring of 1959. The same happened to a lawyers' commission which was in Spain in November, 1959, and unsuccessfully requested permission to visit prisons and especially that of Burgos. The

commission was only allowed to visit the prison of Alcala de Henares and the women's prison in Madrid. The object of General Franco's government is to isolate us from any contact with the outside world, especially from lawyers and journalists both Spanish and foreign, in order to hide the great juridical and human injustice being committed against political prisoners.

#### Punishment

Neither does the Ambassador tell the truth respecting punishments. Many of us have suffered corporal punishment in the past, and it is only the changed political situation in the country, our dignified and firm attitude, and the rising national and international campaign in our defense which have influenced the prison authorities and provided the present more favorable conditions. Nevertheless, the rigorous punishments still imposed on us constitute a violation of human dignity disgraceful in a civilized country. Recently 12 of our comrades who were arbitrarily held "responsible" for the presentation of the petition of June 18, 1959, already mentioned, were condemned to 95 days of solitary confinement with 40 of them in complete isolation without the right to buy food or have any outside help. In 1958, three of our comrades were condemned to 40 days of solitary confinement for having written a respectful note to the Chief of State in which they defended our status as political prisoners in view of the statement made by General Franco to the Paris newspaper *Le Figaro*. It will be seen from the above that the punishments imposed are arbitrary and unreasonable, which makes them even more inhuman.

Last December, a common-law prisoner was condemned to 40 days' solitary confinement for saying aloud in church, "I will pray for my freedom," in answer to a suggestion made by the priest in his sermon that we should ask Christ for what we desired most. He was thus severely punished in spite of the fact that it was Christmas. When on December 30 we were served with a putrid black pudding which was impossible to eat, and two of the political prisoners complained to the Chief of Supplies, they were condemned to 60 and 40 days of solitary confinement respectively. Their health is greatly endangered by this punishment, since during winter the solitary cells are very cold and the prisoners there are deprived of sleeping mats and blankets during the day, and since they are not allowed to purchase any food and have to live on the meagre rations.

The persecution and punishment is not only directed against us but also against our relations. On President Eisenhower's visit to Spain, hundreds of our relations had to report daily to the political police, and many of them were detained for several days, because General Franco's government was afraid that they might attempt to inform the President of our real conditions of imprisonment. In actual fact two women relatives of ours were arrested at the very door of the USA embassy in Madrid, as they were attempting to deliver a letter to President Eisenhower signed by our relations. They were threatened and bullied and detained for several days. It was only when the College of Advocates intervened in their favor that they were released.

Police searches of the homes of our relatives, interrogations and insults are a common occurrence all over Spain. The relatives living near to the prison of Burgos suffer more than others from this constant persecution.

The wages paid in the prison workshops are calculated on an even more complicated basis than those of ordinary Spanish workers. This deliberate complication makes it impossible to grade workers and results in each worker receiving a different remuneration. Moreover, the workshops do not operate all the year round, leaving prisoners for several months without work. For instance, the blanket-making shop functions only four or six months of the year. Similar conditions prevail in the shoe shop. The clothes, basket and wood shops often close down owing to the lack of orders or material. The bakery alone works regularly, employing only four prisoners.

If these conditions are taken into account, the average wages of 20 pesetas per day mentioned by Señor Areilza, actually amount to half that figure. Even so, there are many wages which are much lower, since the Ambassador quotes the higher wages as average. The Ambassador's statement that the working prisoners are also allocated 1,600 pesetas monthly each for a personal fund, is completely incorrect. This has never existed. In fact, the wages consisting of the 20 pesetas or less per day are partly paid to the prisoner and partly allocated at the rate of 18 to 20 per cent of the total to a personal savings fund. Thus nothing is paid in addition to the wages. As well as employed in the workshops, some of us work as painters, bricklayers, carpenters, and also in the prison farm. With the exception of those working in the farm (4 workers), who are paid 16 pesetas daily or 5 pesetas per day for temporary work during sowing, harvesting, and so on, the prisoners have no fixed wages. Thus the painters were paid some 1.50 pesetas per day for painting the prison buildings and residences of prison officials and their families. The gardeners are paid 15 pesetas per month.

### Exploitation of Labor

The statement of Señor Areilza that the prisoners enjoy the same benefits as those legally enjoyed by Spanish workers, poor as these are anyway, does not correspond to the truth. Very few of the prisoners are covered by the simplest social insurance, and those who are covered have to pay 7.2 per cent of their wages towards it. The conditions in this respect are so bad that even the Vertical Syndicates (Trade Unions) organized, controlled and staffed by the government itself, were obliged to request the authorities to respect our rights. The November, 1959, issue of the journal *Boletín de Madera y Corcho* (Wood and Cork Bulletin) reported the proceedings of the Conference of the Central Social Security Department of the National Syndicates held in September 10-12, 1959. This included the following resolution: "Request again that all the work carried out in prisons be covered by labor legislation and the workers taking part in it to be included in social security schemes."

Furthermore, it is not true that all the workers are allowed to work and thus benefit from the Redemption Through Work regulations. The Redemption Agency issued a circular dated March 30, 1953, stating that prisoners who were originally condemned to death and whose sentences were later commuted to 30 years of imprisonment, cannot benefit from the Redemption regulation. Only prisoners whose sentences were commuted before that date still benefit from the Redemption. The effect of this regulation can be judged from the following figures. Of the 151 prisoners here whose

death sentences have been commuted, only 30 benefit from the reprieve. Neither does the reprieve apply to those sentenced a second time. Since those with commuted death sentences and those who persisted in their opposition to the Franco regime are numerous amongst us, the benefits of the Redemption Through Work only apply to few.

Of the total number of 399 political prisoners [at this particular prison] only 235 are employed in the workshops.

### Sanitation and Health

The sanitation in the prison, despite Señor Areilza's assertions, is very bad, and so is the attitude of the authorities to this most important question. The neglected state under which we had to live until recently is clearly demonstrated by the fact that up to the spring of 1959 we had no drinking water inside the prison. In the past, practically all the prisoners had suffered from epidemic infections of the digestive organs owing to the bad water they had to drink. When chronic gastritis and other colon bacillary diseases were followed by paratyphoid, the dangerous situation forced the authorities to take note of our constant complaints and to lay drinking water mains from the city of Burgos to the prison. This measure soon reduced all the infections of the digestive organs and halted the paratyphoid cases, which were inclined to spread.

A whole book would be needed to describe the sanitary conditions under which we had to live during over 20 years of imprisonment. We shall only quote a few facts. First we should like to note that Doctor Gustavo Ceballos, who was throughout the period of dictatorship up to April, 1959, the official Medical Officer of the prison, always placed his hatred of democrats above his professional obligations, considering us as his political enemies instead of patients. This is the only possible explanation for the typical cases we quote below.

### The Neglected Ones

Eduardo Delgado died of pernicious anemia in 1947. For a long time during his illness the Medical Officer would not attend him. Finally he was taken to hospital in a most serious condition and died shortly afterwards. Alfredo Casaprima suffered under similar terrible negligence and died in hospital from uremia.

Bartolome Mendoza Caballero, who was suffering from a serious stomach and liver disease, remained for a long time in the prison infirmary. Afflicted by haematemesis, he was transferred to the Provincial Hospital, but on request of Dr. Ceballos, he again returned to the prison infirmary, although he was still in a convalescent state. Shortly afterwards he was caught washing out his handkerchief at the time of the roll call, expelled from the infirmary and punished. Shortly afterwards he had another attack of haematemesis, returned to the infirmary in a grave condition and died there a few days later.

Manuel Tey Regueria entered the infirmary in an advanced stage of tuberculosis but was refused by the Medical Officer permission to be transferred to the Prison of Consumptives in Cuellar. He also died later in the infirmary, completely neglected by everybody. Francisco Sidaller was gravely ill and was admitted to Ward 14 attached to the infirmary, but he was not attended at all and died shortly afterwards completely uncared for. Joaquin Aransaz Raso entered the prison in a se-

### The Case of Damian Ecuder Llado

(Thirteen men arrested at random were tortured by Franco police for singing a hymn; here follows the statement of one of them.)

On May 19th last, I was in the concert hall on the occasion of a concert organized in tribute to [the poet] Maragall . . . when, at the end of the performance, there were some disturbances on the part of the public, who wanted to sing El Cant de Senyera [Catalan National Hymn]. When I tried to leave the hall—having taken no part in these disturbances—I was arrested by the police, who ignored the remarks of a priest who was trying to protect me. From there I was taken to police headquarters, where all the objects and documents I had in my possession had to be handed over.

After a brief interrogation, they began to hit me on the face and other parts of the body. Then they brought into the same room Ignacio Espar whom they brutally struck for some 4 minutes in my presence. When they had finished beating Espar, the policeman, referring to me, said that "we haven't beaten him yet," and forming a circle around me began to insult me and to strike me again most brutally, with very hard blows on various parts of the body—repeated kicks in the testicles, punching my nose, causing it to bleed, and striking various parts of the body.

Furthermore, the officer who had beaten me with greatest ferocity wiped the blood from his hands on my jacket. I was then taken to the cell and kept there until the night of the 21st, when I was set free, having had to pay a fine of 1,500 pesetas [\$25].

(No charges were laid against any of the 13 men. Their cases are neither isolated, nor are the indignities inflicted on them exceptional.)

rious condition due to the tortures inflicted by the political police. Dr. Ceballos refused to render him any medical attention on the grounds that he was a political enemy; he prevented the required operation that was needed and only after numerous requests by his relatives was he transferred to the Yeserias Prison in Madrid and duly operated on.

Rafael Garcia Rubio, suffering from asthma and diabetes, was not attended by the Medical Officer or given the required medicines. One night he lost consciousness and died twelve days later without regaining consciousness. It was Dr. Ceballos' practice not to admit anyone into the infirmary until they were about to die.

Since the arrival in April, 1959, of Dr. Luis Escribano, the new official Medical Officer, things have improved. Dr. Escribano takes interest in the sick and the sanitary conditions of the prison. We have found out that he has recently dispatched a long memorandum to the Directorate General of Prisons, indicating the bad sanitary conditions existing here and requesting their complete reorganization and in the first place the improvement of the infirmary.

It is noteworthy to mention from this memorandum that owing to the prolonged imprisonment of the majority of the political prisoners, who have spent 10, 15, 18 and 20 years in prison, many of them suffer from profound psychosomatic disturbances which should be considered as *chronic and important* illnesses. Probably all of us come into this category in some degree or other.

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Other points should be mentioned to illustrate the bad sanitary conditions in the prison:

- (a) Only a small portion of the required medicines is provided by the prison authorities. The patients, their relations or friends have to buy most of the medicines, especially the more expensive ones.
- (b) The services of the medical specialists required are not provided officially and we have to pay a certain amount if we need them. We must point out that thanks to the humane and disinterested attention paid to us by specialists in the city of Burgos, including the oculist Dr. Urraca, we have had the required indispensable services of specialists in serious cases. We should also like to draw attention and express our gratitude to the personnel of the Burgos Provincial Hospital and particularly to the surgeon Dr. Mateo and the former director of the hospital Dr. Vara, who were always ready when requested to attend us with utmost consideration.
- (c) The X-Ray apparatus installed in 1955 has hardly been used and is out of order. Dr. Escribano is trying to improve this service.
- (d) Wards Nos. 9 and 10 adjacent to the infirmary, lack the most primitive amenities. They have a cement floor and no proper ceiling. They have no toilets worthy of their name, neither do they have any heating. A brazier was made for the prisoners out of an old oil drum in an attempt to keep the winter cold out.
- (e) In the infirmary annex for old people there are 15 comrades of ours whose ages vary from 60 to 70 and who have been in prison between 12 and 15 years. Their health is broken. They receive 18 pesetas per day for their nourishment, but they require another 300 to 400 pesetas per month to lead a decent life, and this they must find themselves.
- (f) The infirmary blankets and mattresses are never disinfected or washed. The disinfecting chamber has been out of order since 1949.

When a patient dies or is discharged, his blankets and mattress are aired on a tree in the inner yard for several hours. There is no need to stress the danger of infection for the person who has to occupy the vacated bed, or the lack of any hygiene whatsoever. In his memorandum to the Directorate General of Prisons, Dr. Escribano requests at least 50 "Flex" mattresses to cover the most urgent requirements. Even in order to obtain clean sheets, the prisoners had to wage most determined battles.

If we add to the many defects already quoted the most important, that the food in the infirmary does not meet the minimum requirements of patients, or the special nutrition necessary in certain cases, an exact idea of the actual conditions in the prison will be obtained, as opposed to the glowing picture painted by Señor Areilza.

### The Number of Prisoners

Finally, we should like to clarify an important question which has been misrepresented in Señor Areilza's letter. He says that the Spanish prison population on June 1, 1959, amounted to 14,875, of which 860 were condemned for "crimes" against the State. Next he compares these figures with those of the period of 1935-36 at the time of the Republic when there were 34,526 prisoners, including 15,000 political prisoners. He does not mention, however, nor does the Minister of Justice

when they quote these figures, that the people who were then imprisoned, until the democratic parties won the elections to the Chamber of Deputies on February 16, 1936, included many of those who are now in this prison, since the political prisoners then included workers and peasants who took part in the strikes of 1934 against the forces of reaction which then controlled the government.

Moreover, those who persecuted the people then are still persecuting them now, since in the repressions of those days the principal part was played by General Franco, and Generals Camilo, Alonso, Pablo Martin Alonso and others. This clarification shows that the number of political prisoners in 1935-36 and on June 1, 1959 both point to the constant persecution of Spanish liberals and democrats by those who now are in power and who try to prevent by violent means the exercise of any freedom in Spain.

These are some of the most essential facts concerning our present conditions. We could have added an account of our tragic lives during these long and painful years, of the suffering of our families and of our own suffering. We could have sent you a long list of the comrades of ours who were shot, of those who died of starvation and sickness in the last 20 years. We could have described to you the tortures, the moral oppressions and humiliations the persecutions, the constant attacks on our conscience and human dignity.

We shall refrain from recalling all these painful memories which will accompany us to the end of our days, since these years of imprisonment, of bitter experience, have overshadowed everything else in our lives. We were young when we entered Franco's jails and now we are middle-aged and getting old.

We have wasted here years of our lives and aspirations. But we are not imbued with hatred or a desire of vengeance. We are not striving to settle accounts. Neither do we complain of the past. These are historical facts which cannot be altered and we are more than compensated by having lived with dignity and having maintained unconquered, our courage and our ideals.

Our greatest desire at present is to contribute by our actions and our strength to the ending of the spirit of the civil war, of hatred and bitterness, by establishing national co-existence and understanding, saving Spain and its younger generation from the destruction of the past, from fratricidal war which should serve as a historical lesson to end the use of violence as a means to achieve political and social ends.

We desire from the bottom of our hearts, most sincerely and profoundly that Spain, having achieved the reconciliation of her sons, should adopt the civilized and democratic principle of respecting the most varied opinions. We wish with the fervor of those who have so generously sacrificed so much for such a noble cause, that Spain becomes a prosperous and happy land on the path of democratic development.

There is a deep contradiction between our description of our conditions, of who we are and what are our aspirations, and that outlined by Señor Areilza and in fact by General Franco's government. Who is telling the truth? Who is right?

These questions can be easily settled. We, the political prisoners in the Central Prison in Burgos, request in the name of all the Spanish political prisoners, that International Commissions of the United Nations, or

the Economic and Social Council, or the League of the Rights of Man, or the International Association of Lawyers, or Doctors, or the International Red Cross, or the International Association of Journalists, or any other responsible and reputable organization, should be allowed by General Franco's government to visit the prison, speak to us freely and find out the truth for themselves.

By allowing this, General Franco will show that he has nothing to hide. In fact, he does not do it because he wants to hide from the outside world what is happening here.

In conclusion, we should like to beg you, Rev. Owens, that at the same time as you transmit this letter to the Spanish Ambassador, Señor Areilza, you send it to newspapers and journals, organizations and individuals both in the United States and other countries who are interested in our conditions and those of our relatives.

We especially request you and all our friends to exert pressure on General Franco's government in order to obtain permission for an International Commission to visit the Burgos Prison and other prisons where there are political prisoners so as to make known the truth of our conditions.

We beg you, our friends in the United States and other countries, to support to the utmost the noble and just demand for an amnesty for all Spanish political prisoners and exiles.

Yours sincerely,

The Political Prisoners of the  
Central Prison in Burgos

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Editorial Postscript: A sweet little old lady in a New Yorker cartoon a few years ago asked a travel agent: "Would you be kind enough to tell me which dictators we're friendly with?" Franco would have topped the list. His regime is an Unholy Trinity of church, state and army.

Lawrence Fernsworth wrote in his book, *Spain's Struggle for Freedom*, that "It was the greatest and most disillusioning shock of my life when I was obliged, on the evidence, to conclude that the Jesuit publicists had standards of devotion to truthfulness which were different from those I had been taught to respect." Recently over 300 priests sent a letter to their bishops protesting Church support of the present Spanish government's violation of fundamental human rights. Several bishops rebuked the priests for their "imprudence."

In his 1953 State of the Union message, President Eisenhower said: "We shall never acquiesce in the enslavement of any people in order to purchase fancied gains for ourselves." Later that year, nonetheless, the U.S. entered into a military-economic pact with Spain, by which we have poured millions into the dictatorship. An attorney, back from Spain, told the Realist that every foreign correspondent he spoke to there said that Franco wouldn't last a day without American money behind him. Not only our government aid, but private investment, too: Socony Oil, U.S. Steel, Coca-Cola, Goodyear Rubber, National City Bank, Hilton Hotels—they're all there—thriving, while human beings rot away.

A letter was smuggled out of a Spanish prison and sent to Life magazine, pleading that "it is not enough to capture the superficial picturesqueness of bullfights or Holy Week processions . . . beneath the veneer of an apparent normality, achieved by the massive use of coercive measures, [lies] the suppressed anger of an entire people." The letter wasn't printed.

The Committee for a Democratic Spain, P.O. Box 159, Cathedral Station, N. Y. 25, N. Y., has been formed; they will publish a monthly newsletter, *Spain Today*, at \$3 a year . . . sans bullfights or Holy Week processions.

even if you never see another movie,  
please don't reveal the ending of . . .

# PSYCHITA

(As the opening credits roll across the screen, the voice of Fabian is heard, singing Steve Allen's lovely lyrics to Dimitri Tiomkin's haunting melody, "Psychita's Theme.")

Cling to me, my darling nymphet,  
Like I'm a rock, and you're a limpet,  
Your charm could fill the missile gap, li'l Psychita,  
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
You are even sweeter than apple ci-eeder,  
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
So tell me, dearest one, no matter what  
The weather,  
That clouds up above  
Won't darken our love,  
And we'll have a lifetime of puberty,  
Together.

(The scene: An aerial view of a highway. Pan over to neon sign reading "Mom and Dad's Motel." Cut to motel office. Mom and Dad, played by Robert and Loretta Young, are sitting and talking.)

MOM: Ever since they built that new highway a year ago, our business has been falling off something awful.

DAD: And we can't always depend on Humbert Shmumbert in Cabin 5. Do you realize that he's been our only guest for the entire past year? Let's face it, he's not going to stay at our motel forever. What happens to us when he decides to go?

MOM: Well, frankly, dear, I'll breathe a sigh of relief. I don't like all the time that our daughter has been spending with Mr. Shmumbert. It's not right. It's not healthy.

DAD: You're worried about Humbert Shmumbert? Why, that harmless fellow is no more lecherous than I am. And besides, Psychita's too young for him. She's only a child. What could a middle-aged man possibly see in her?

(Cut to full view of outside of cabin. Close-up of door, showing number 5. Cut to interior. Music: "Psychita's Theme." Psychita, played by Evelyn Rudie, stands in front of a rumpled bed, wearing only panties, a half-slip and a brassiere. She is thirteen, going on fourteen.)

PSYCHITA: Humbert, will you please come help me fasten this darned old bra.

(Humbert Shmumbert, played by Oscar Levant, enters from bathroom, buttoning his shirt. He is forty-seven, going on forty-eight.)

HUMBERT: I don't see why you have to wear one of these things anyway. (Helping her.) Your breasts have barely begun to grow.

PSYCHITA: I know, but Mom saw this advertisement for Teenform, and it says, "The understanding mother now buys her daughter's first bra, whether or not she needs it physically." It's supposed to give me poise or something. It even expands as I develop. The ad says they sell it at all "understanding stores."

HUMBERT: Alas, the trend along Madison Avenue is becoming increasingly anthropomorphic.

PSYCHITA: Oh, stop showing off all the time with

those big words, willya, please.

HUMBERT: God, I just adore you to pieces when you become perturbed like that.

PSYCHITA: You can let go of my brassiere now. I have to do my Algebra homework.

(Fade in to highway scene. Cars rolling along. Close in on car being driven by beautiful woman, Janet Victim, played by Tony Curtis. Close-up of the seat next to her, empty except for a paper bag, stuffed with \$40,000. Janet's thoughts can be heard as she makes driving grimaces.)

JANET'S VOICE: I'm a thief, that's what I am. If only I could tell somebody and unburden my conscience. But how could anyone ever sympathize with a common ordinary thief? Why, they might just as well—they might just as well identify with—with a pedophile! . . . Hmmm, it's starting to rain. (Starts to rain.) I'd better pull up at a motel for the night.

(Cut to Mom and Dad's Motel. Janet's car pulls up. Cut to interior of motel office. Dad is reading the paper. Mom is sewing. Psychita is doing her Algebra homework. Humbert is twiddling his thumbs. Janet Victim enters.)

JANET: Oh, hello there. I wonder if I could have a room for tonight.

MOM: Surely. Just sign the book there.

(Close-up of Janet's hand signing registry book: "Janet Pseudonym, Thief River Falls, Minn.")

DAD: Nasty night for driving.

PSYCHITA: Two  $x$  equals  $y$  plus one.

HUMBERT: I'll help you with your luggage (looks at registry book), Miss Pseudonym.

JANET: Oh—yes. Thank you.

(Humbert takes her suitcase. Janet carries the paper bag full of money herself. Cut to outside shot, showing Psychita standing on motel office porch, as Humbert and Janet enter Cabin. Close in on door, showing number 4. Cut to interior of Cabin 4.)

JANET: I would like very much to confide in you, Mr. Shmumbert.

HUMBERT: Call me Humbert. Tell me, do you have any pictures of yourself when you were a little girl—perhaps at the age of twelve?

JANET: No, I'm sorry, I don't. Listen, I've stolen some money.

HUMBERT: Oh, that's too bad. You don't happen to have a younger sister, do you?

JANET: No, I'm sorry, I don't. I think it's forty thousand dollars.

HUMBERT: Perchance you have some young female cousins?

JANET: No, I'm sorry, I don't. Would you help me count the money, please?

(Cut to outside of motel office. Psychita is still standing on the porch. Cut to interior. Mom is still sewing, and Dad is still reading. Close in on clock over the desk. As if to indicate the passage of time, the hands move from 8 o'clock to 9 o'clock within two seconds.)

DAD: There goes that crazy clock acting up again.

MOM: Yes, we really ought to have it fixed one of these days.

(Cut to outside of motel office. Follow direction of Psychita's eyes to Cabin 4, as Humbert leaves it and returns to his own cabin. Cut back to close-up of Psychita's face. Her eyes harden with anger. Through tight lips, she speaks.)

PSYCHITA: Why, that no-good, two-timing, dirty-rotten, double-crossing fink!

*(Cut to interior of Cabin 4. Janet is just stepping into shower. She smiles when she sees what brand of soap is there. She lathers herself up, smiling a toothy smile all the while. Suddenly, the shower curtains part. Standing there is Psychita, large butcher knife in hand. Music: "Psychita's Theme." Janet stops smiling.)*

PSYCHITA: For the first time in your life, feel really dead.

*(Psychita wields the weapon over and over again. Camera achieves montage-in-motion effect by series of quick cuts: to knife, to Janet's arm, to knife, to look of horror on Janet's face, to knife, to Janet's thigh, to knife, to look of vengeance on Psychita's face, to knife, to Janet's chest—very important in this scene to show all that violence but no nipples. Cut to interior of motel office. Mom and Dad are sitting and talking.)*

DAD: Nothing exciting ever happens around here.

MOM: Why don't you see if there's anything good on TV?

DAD: I guess I'll go put on one of those stupid family situation comedies—but you never see them watching television.

*(A moment after Dad exits, Psychita walks in, unnoticed by Mom. She stands there, dripping blood.)*

PSYCHITA: Mom, I have to talk to you. Something has just happened which is going to change my whole life.

MOM: Why, of course, dear. I feel sorry for girls who can't go to their mothers for frank talks. Thank goodness you and I have never been embarrassed with each other. I can make it all sound so simple and easy and natural that you'll get over your nervousness in a hurry. You'll feel sure, secure, safe. Nothing can show, no one can know. I'll tell you the nicer way.

PSYCHITA: I know all that jazz, Mom. No odor, no chafing, no binding. "Don't be an outsider," the Tampax ad says. But what I'm trying to tell you is—*(Humbert bursts into the room.)*

HUMBERT: You must call the police! Right away! Someone has murdered Janet Pseudonym. Someone—*(Sees Psychita, still dripping blood)*—Psychita! You! How! Why!

PSYCHITA: Big man, you always use such big words, now look at you. I did it because of you, ya big lug. I saw how long you were in her cabin.

HUMBERT: But we were only counting the money she'd stolen. Forty thousand dollars in singles takes a lot of time to count. It's not as if we were doing anything wrong, Psychita.

*(Fade in on the office of Dr. Listen, a world-renowned psychiatrist, played by Sal Mineo. Mom and Dad sit in rapt attention as he speaks.)*

DR. LISTEN: Well, the money was returned to Janet Victim's employer, and Humbert Shmumbert is in prison on two counts: one, for impairing the morals of a minor; two, by withholding information from the police, as an accessory to an embezzler. But I'm sure that what you're really interested in hearing about is Psychita. As you know, she's been committed here at State Hospital for an indefinite period of time, depending on our final prognosis. We've tested her in every possible way, from the Stanford-Binet to the Rorschach, from the Multiphasic Personality Inventory to the Thematic Apperception Pictures, from sensorimotor coordination to encephalographical examination, from

hypnosis to sodium pentothol. Basically, this is what we've uncovered. As in the case of any teenager, Psychita became a product of her culture, which is, essentially, an imbroglio of romantically-oriented fantasmagoria.

MOM AND DAD: Yes, Doctor.

DR. LISTEN: Her world was built of concepts derived not only from the two of you in your roles as parents, but she also most definitely internalized quite deeply the values imparted to her by movies, advice-to-the-lovelorn columns, popular fiction, magazine articles, window displays, tabloid newspapers, and so on *ad infinitum*. Our civilization, through its various media of mass communication, does everything it can to imbue its members—and teenagers are of course the most susceptible—with one of society's pivotal paradoxes: that lust in and of itself is bad, but that it becomes automatically transformed into love concomitantly with the act of marriage.

MOM AND DAD: Of course, Doctor.

DR. LISTEN: Now then, the average teenage girl is able to accept this inconsistency by getting involved with the details of vicariousness—wearing lipstick, for example—but Psychita's environment, you must realize, also included the motel which you both operate. A motel by its very nature is dedicated, to a very large extent, to the promulgation in actuality of the loveless lust which Psychita's peers were able to rationalize through lustless (or puppy) love.

MOM AND DAD: Go on, Doctor.

DR. LISTEN: Well, when Humbert Shmumbert happened to come along, Psychita was psychologically ready for him. She was also, unfortunately, keenly fitted to satisfy his particular perversion. For an entire year, then, they carried on a glorious—albeit aberrant—affair. And then, Janet Victim entered the picture. Psychita became, literally, insanely jealous. Her schizophrenic environment which I have described—combined with a predisposition resulting from certain hereditary factors—led her almost inevitably to commit her crime of passion.

MOM AND DAD: Certain hereditary factors, Doctor?

DR. LISTEN: Ah, yes. When you first adopted Psychita, it was thought advisable not to reveal to you the truth about her medical history. Now, however, the story can—nay, must—be told. Fifteen years ago, a psychotic by the name of Normal Bates was committed to this very institution. I shan't go into the details of his particular split personality. Suffice it to say that Normal had a classical Oedipus complex. Whether or not we accept the orthodox Freudian doctrine of universality is immaterial, for most of us do not kill our rival-fathers. To all intents and purposes, though, Normal Bates did exactly that. He killed his mother—a divorcee—and her lover. The guilt and anguish he felt as a consequence of committing matricide toppled Normal over the brink to the insanity toward which he had been heading all along. In order to convince himself, so to speak, that he had not killed his mother, he became her. Not constantly, mind you. Sometimes, he was himself. Other times, he was her. And still other times he was, simultaneously, both himself and his mother.

MOM AND DAD: But what does all this have to do with Psychita, Doctor?

DR. LISTEN: Well, you see, in some of the lower forms of life, there appears to be a gradual anatomical

## College Teacher in Mississippi

(Continued from Cover)

Actually I was, in effect, fired at the end of my sixth week. I was informed that my contract would not be renewed the next year because "your continued employment might place us in a dangerous position with our constituency which supports us." I was told this by the Dean of the institution at a meeting also attended by the Dean of Arts and Sciences and my departmental chairman.

The meeting had been scheduled at my request. I'd learned that a spy system was operating in my classes and that reports on my lectures had been received by the deans. When my chairman mentioned to me that one of them had expressed concern about the con-

tents of these reports, I requested the meeting since I felt the mere fact that the administration was taking cognizance of them was not in keeping with what one expects to find in a supposedly free American institution of higher learning.

### The Promise

Perhaps I was naive, but I had not expected this. I had believed promises that were made to me before I accepted the post. When I was interviewed by the Dean of Arts and Sciences the previous April, I made my feelings on integration quite clear. I was assured by the Dean that these views would present no difficulties as long as I did not go out of my way to bring up the race

issue. I agreed to this, but pointed out that I could see where such matters might arise contextually within courses, or that questions about personal beliefs might be put to me, in which cases I could not see myself avoiding issues or hesitating to speak. *I was told by the Dean that this was agreeable.* I would not have accepted employment under any other circumstances.

I kept my promise. The administration did not keep theirs.

### God's Punishment

In the interim between my interview and arrival in September at the beginning of the academic year, Rose Barnett was elected Governor by an overwhelming majority. In his campaign, Barnett, who was the White Citizens Councils' choice, stressed that "niggers" were made different because God

combining of the sexes. This is true, for example, in the ostracods, a group of shell-fish which actually reproduce their species by the process of self-impregnation. But this of course becomes rarer and rarer as we ascend the evolutionary scale. Nevertheless, it was discovered during a routine physical check-up of Normal Bates that he had a certain type of tumor known as the arrhenoblastoma, so named because it contains blastodermic cells. The blastoderm is one of the basic membranes in an unborn child, from which all the organs of the fetal body develop. Now, even though Normal Bates' actual mother was dead, her personality remained alive in one half of his mind, while—logically enough—in the other half of his mind Normal's Oedipal desires likewise remained alive. And, although it has been a well-kept secret all these years, one night he shattered medical history.

MOM AND DAD: You mean?

DR. LISTEN: Yes. Normal Bates was a functional hermaphrodite. He was Psychita's father and mother, both. He was also, as it were, her brother.

*(Fade in on a room in State Hospital, empty except for Psychita, sitting on a chair and smiling wanly. She is holding a middle-aged-man doll. As the camera moves further and further away, her thoughts are still audible—accompanied by slow, muted music.)*

PSYCHITA'S VOICE: So they think they're getting even by keeping me here till I'm an adult, huh? Oh, sure, I'll miss living a normal teen-age life. I'll miss exerting a strong influence on family purchases from furniture to automobiles as well as commanding a sizable amount of disposable income on my own. I'll miss being a member of a group that saved the movie industry, that buys 90% of all the single records sold and half the albums, that spends more on clothes than the average for the total population, that spends \$300-million a year on cosmetics alone. Yes, I'll miss being part of the \$10-billion teen-age market. But I'll have the last laugh, society—because you haven't gained an inmate—you've lost a consumer.

*(The strains of "Psychita's Theme" become louder and louder, drowning out the sound of a child-like giggle.)*

## Rumors of the Month

¶ Film producer Stanley Kramer has confessed that he paid an official of the National Space Agency to put a jacket on Ham, the astrochimp, with a message on the back, reading: "Go See Inherit the Wind."

¶ Edward R. Murrow, as the first official act in his capacity as head of the U.S. Information Agency, has initiated a project called Radio Free Dixie.

¶ Newly-appointed Postmaster Day has issued a new postal cancellation, which reads: "Pray for Separation of Church and State."

¶ President Kennedy has asked for old bowling balls to be sent to Bedlow's Island in order to construct a rosary for the Statue of Liberty.

¶ Richard M. Nixon, in a futile post-election-mortem gesture, telephoned long distance to Congressmen, asking that they vote affirmatively to give Negro Robert Weaver a Cabinet post.

¶ Matinee idol-like Senator Barry Goldwater is going to make a movie for 18th Century Fox.

¶ The polling firm of Sindlinger & Co. has found that whereas 1,583,972 persons mentioned or discussed the murder of Patrice Lumumba during a two-week period in February, 20,465,397 mentioned or discussed the shooting of rock 'n roll singer Jackie Wilson.

¶ Life Magazine has signed a contract giving them the exclusive publishing rights to a song lyric by Adolf Eichmann, entitled: "If I Knew You Were Coming, I'd Have Baked a Kike."

¶ A leading automobile manufacturer has announced that he will base an entire advertising campaign on the premise that his car was the only one which did not win anything in the Mobilgas Economy Run.

¶ The U.S. State Department has broken off diplomatic relations with East Orange, New Jersey, because they cannot guarantee the safety of errant book-borrowers there.

¶ The Pepsi-Cola Company is taking over sponsorship of the Peace Corps. They have already renamed it "International Sociables." Applications from Jack Paar and Ed Sullivan have been turned down. Sullivan, incidentally—were he to appear on the Paar show—would have to pay himself only \$320 every Sunday night.

and no reason to believe that this student, who is himself a native Southerner and an avowed segregationist, would come to see me about it.

(This was one of the big surprises the South held for me: many ardent segregationists, the race issue aside, can be pretty decent people. Although I'm afraid my own prejudices made me doubt this before I went there, I met too many white Southerners I can say this of. The answer to this apparent paradox probably lies in the well-known psychological phenomenon of *compartmentalization*. Thus a student who could condone segregation, found the existence of a class that would stand so against other

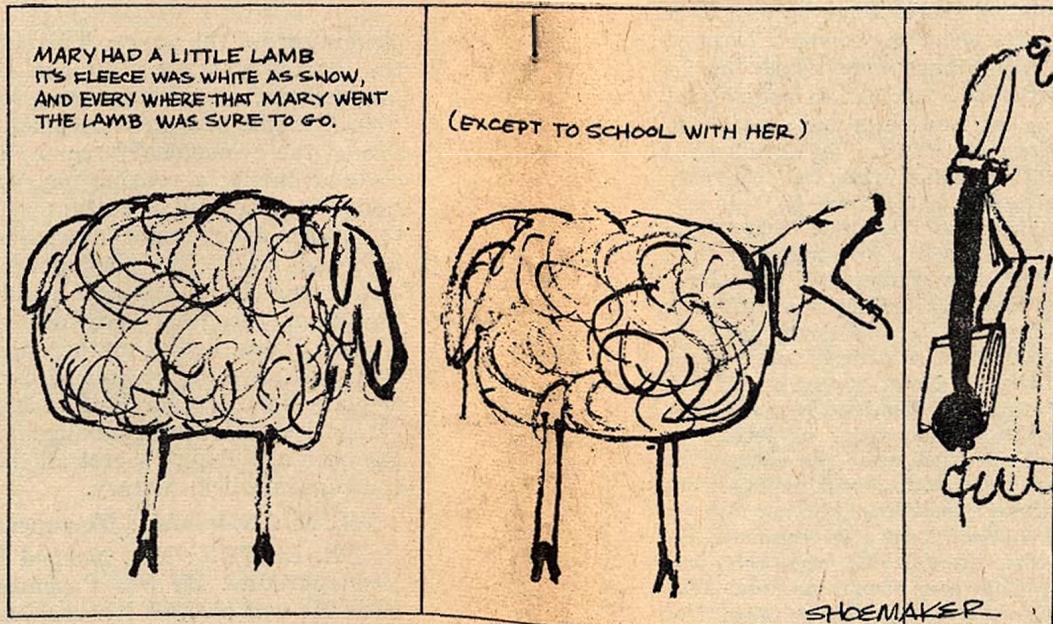
and to accept it as a matter of course. Since three days later my chairman told me the student's employer had called one of the deans and cited the same two remarks which the student said would be reported.

### The Incidents

I relate the four 'incidents' now in their chronological order. At the beginning I learned from the Dean of Arts and Sciences that he had also received reports of the first two (though whether in these cases it was directly from students, and/or through townspeople I do not know).

The first occurred in my Bachelor's. On my very first day a student delivered a br

The REALIST Issue Number 24/25 - March/April 1961 - Centerspread Cartoon  
scans of this entire issue found at: <http://www.ep.tc/realist/24-25>



he felt he had to inform me as soon as he learned of it.)

### "Preaching Integration"

This student was one of two in my classes who work for the same firm in town. His employer had just told him that he'd been receiving reports on what I'd been saying in class from the other student, that on the basis of two statements (third and fourth 'incidents,' below), he was convinced I was preaching integration," and was reporting this to the administration. He said his employer also told him still

speech based on a magazine article surveying the integration scene. (Other faculty members who teach Speech though not all—have avoided the 'dangers' inherent in such a situation making "integration" the one topic which students cannot speak.) Before I was able to call on the next speaker a girl who was apparently aware of my Northern background suddenly asked whether I thought Negroes should be allowed to enter the school. I replied I had gone to school with Negroes for seven years and certainl

wanted to punish them; therefore no "nigger" will ever enter a white Mississippi school. Now, apparently, neither can any mention of Negroes that does not support this viewpoint.

With Barnett Governor-elect, the school administration—some of whose members have reputations as genuine liberals—retrenched. The new and irrevocable position became that the institution will at all costs be kept open during Barnett's four-year term, and anything that might antagonize him and his Citizens Council supporters must be avoided. Since a Mississippi Governor is constitutionally prevented from succeeding himself, perhaps then another Governor like J. P. Coleman, Barnett's predecessor, and a moderate—at least by Mississippi standards—will be elected. Thus I was told by the same Dean who made the agreement with me when I was interviewed, that "the academic freedom of an individual cannot be placed above the welfare of the entire institution."

(There is, by the way, no question of my successor having to face the same problems. This was seen to in advance. The school placed an advertisement in a professional placement bulletin which concludes: applicants "must be in accord with the social climate of the state." In other words, a person must first hold a prescribed set of social—and within the context of conditions as they exist in Mississippi, therefore also political—views in order to be even considered eligible for employment as a teacher in a public institution.)

#### Never So Naive

Up to the time I was fired, I had mentioned matters relative to Negroes on four occasions. I made accurate mental notes of what I'd said and the content surrounding it on each of the four. (I felt a certain repugnance about finding myself having to carefully note anything I'd said in my own classroom, but I was never so 'naive' as not to realize the atmosphere in Mississippi is such that when one mentions anything relative to Negroes, this is the 'safe thing' to do.) Interestingly, only one of the four instances touched on the integration issue at all.

Before I relate the four, since they indicate the absurd lengths to which fear of 'controversy' has been carried, let me give the background, first as to why a 'liberal,' such as I regard myself, would accept a post at a segregated Mississippi institution, and secondly how I originally learned of the existence of the spy system. (Spying works two ways and, as it turned out, I had mine too—a sort of 'non-commissioned counter-intelligence agent.')

#### The Background

My field is Broadcasting, specifically educational television (ETV) in which I'd spent the previous two-and-a-half years as a producer-director at a uni-

versity-operated midwestern station. One of my superiors there told me that a former classmate of his, now a Speech department chairman at a Mississippi school, had an opening on his staff for an assistant professor in, and director of, Radio-TV.

The South is the region most active in ETV (an interesting paradox when one notes the regional per-capita educational outlays), but Mississippi is one of the few Southern states not yet so. Thus it appeared probable they might be initiating some sort of TV operation. Since this school was the only one in the state offering a curriculum leading to a major in Radio-TV, it seemed a logical place for ETV to begin. Initial correspondence confirmed the possibilities of this, and I began seriously to consider the idea of going there.

But there were still doubts to resolve surrounding the variance of my views with those prevailing among whites in the state. (A serious mistake often made even by the most liberal reporters and commentators is their constant references to the wishes, desires, etc., of the South. What they usually mean, of course, is the white South. To omit this important word only serves to validate the disenfranchisement of the Southern Negro by Southern states. Yet this means ignoring what in Mississippi constitutes a group making up almost 50% of the population.)

I began to tell myself that running away from something solves nothing, and besides, even in Mississippi a college or university must be an oasis of some enlightenment. Also, even though my resumé listed among other affiliations implying 'liberal,' the American Civil Liberties Union—an organization whose strong pro-integration stand I suspected made it almost as anathema as the NAACP—I was being considered.

#### Cards On the Table

Still, I did not want to enter anything like this blind—especially after having read the previous ACLU report which stated legislative pressures were being effected against state institutions to ferret out even hidden supporters of integration—so I asked for the interview.

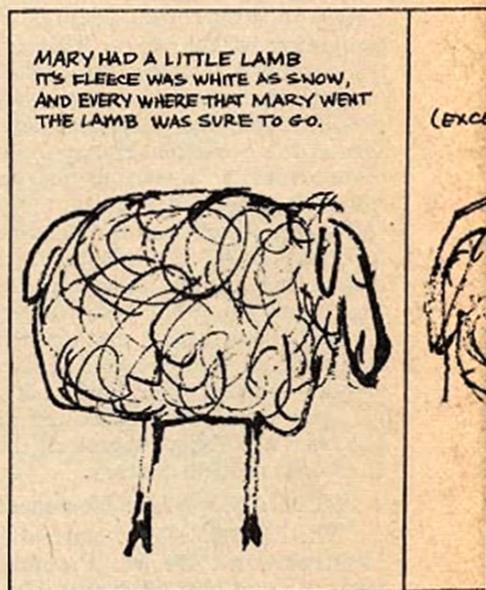
As a result of the previously noted promise made at this meeting—plus the potential the job held; a salary not bad even by Northern standards; and such 'fringe benefits' as a moving allowance, expenses and time-off to attend the two annual national educational broadcasting conventions, and a faculty apartment in a soon-to-be-completed campus project at very low rent—I accepted the post.

I arrived in September, and for the first five weeks everything went smoothly—or so I thought until my spy made his report.

#### The Counterspy

Friday evening of the fifth week a student came to my house to speak to me about an "urgent matter." He had been told about the classroom spies by someone who was involved, but who had no reason to believe that this student, who is himself a native Southerner and an avowed segregationist, would come to see me about it.

(This was one of the big surprises the South held for me: many ardent segregationists, the race issue aside, can be pretty decent people. Although I'm afraid my own prejudices made me doubt this before I went there, I met too many white Southerners I can say this of. The answer to this apparent paradox probably lies in the well-known psychological phenomenon of compartmentalization. Thus a student who could condone segregation, found the existence of a classroom spy system so against other principles he held,



he felt he had to inform me as soon as he learned of it.)

#### "Preaching Integration"

This student was one of two in my classes who work for the same firm in town. His employer had just told him that he'd been receiving reports on what I'd been saying in class from the other student, that on the basis of two statements (third and fourth 'incidents,' below), he was convinced I was "preaching integration," and was reporting this to the administration. He said his employer also told him still other prominent people in town were receiving reports on everything I'd been telling my classes, and that this surveillance had been decided upon even before I arrived because it was known I am a New York Jew.

(Let me emphatically stress, however, that I am positive the school's subsequent actions were in no way influenced by my being Jewish—though

of course their decision to fire me was based on reports apparently resulting from suspicions aroused because of this.)

At the time, I didn't place too much credence in this student's story. But I had to accept it as true in its entirety since three days later my chairman told me the student's employer had called one of the deans and cited the same two remarks which the student said would be reported.

#### The Incidents

I relate the four 'incidents' now in their chronological order. At the meeting I learned from the Dean of Arts and Sciences that he had also received reports of the first two (though whether in these cases it was directly from students, and/or through townspeople, I do not know).

The first occurred in my Basic Speech class. On my very first day of teaching, a student delivered a brief

previous summer, and having read further into the matter, among a number of clarifications I made was that, contrary to what certain Southern Senators have said, these were not racial conflicts, but revolved around questions of turf, the meaning of which I then explained—to wit, those street blocks which each gang considers its own in- violate territory.

(Regarding any question of relevance—and teaching would become impossible if we had to justify the relevance of every remark we made in class—a prime tenet of modern Speech theory is that content, especially accuracy of facts, is of paramount importance in any speech situation, and throughout the quarter I made such corrections or clarifications in innumerable instances on speeches of every sort.)

#### "Negro Stations"

The third 'incident' arose in my Survey of Radio-TV Programming course. In considering the various stations as distinguished on the basis of programming formats, I lectured on minority-appeal outlets including the so-called 'Negro stations.' I pointed out that many Negroes of higher socio-economic status tend to look down on these stations since they play little but rhythm 'n blues, and that since this is where an obviously disproportionate share of Negro buying power lies, this is a factor advertisers and agency time-buyers should keep in mind. I said I based this both on what such Negroes I have personally known have told me, and on a long conversation I'd had with a leading Negro sociologist who recently published a report on Negro listening habits and with whom I'd spoken at a convention last year.

(It was suggested to me by a 'safe' faculty member—in an atmosphere such as exists in Mississippi, one soon learns through the grapevine who is and isn't 'safe' to talk with—that this may have been the cardinal sin: stating that even though educated in the North, I'd spoken to Negroes as equals. Apparently the white South will not tolerate integration anywhere—even if it took place in the Midwest.)

#### Script Changes

Fourth, in enumerating examples of Broadcasting's general hesitancy to deal with controversial material, among those I included (in both the above and my Introduction to Broadcasting courses), was that where racial incidents are depicted at all in dramatic form, they usually end up involving Mexicans or Indians rather than Negroes, in order to avoid offending the white South.

I think it is obvious that both the last two 'incidents' concerned matters basic to any academic consideration of Broadcasting within the particular courses in which they occurred. Therefore, to have avoided them because of fear of possible repercussions would

not only have impinged on my academic freedom as a teacher, but equally important, would have been an abrogation of the students' rights and expectations to be fully informed by an instructor about all relevant material.

Previous to the meeting with the deans, I had submitted a report to the administration through my chairman in which I outlined, among other things, a plan by which an educational radio station could be set up. Included in a list of potential programming courses was the National Association of Educational Broadcasters (NAEB) Tape Radio Network, a service subscribed to by the vast majority of educational stations in operation. I was informed, however, that NAEB programming—much of which is originated by Northern institutions—is "too controversial" and therefore I would be expected to look for and censor such materials! I told the Deans I found this on the same plane as bookburning, and informed them of my refusal to do so.

#### Play-it-Safe Warning

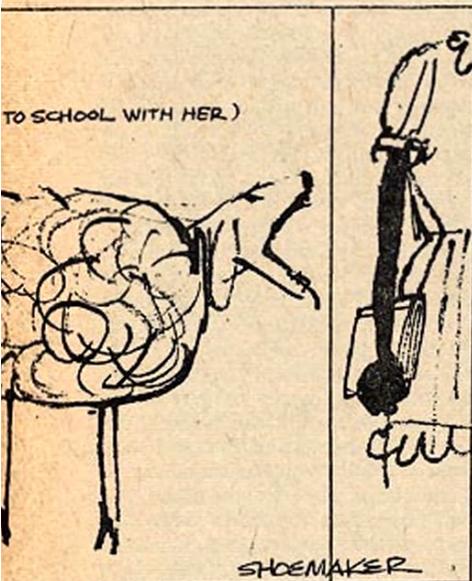
At the end of the meeting I stated my position that I did not believe their decision on contract renewal in any way abrogated the agreement made during my interview. I would continue to conduct my lectures in accordance with it, and include any materials I deemed pertinent as long as I remained. To this the Dean replied that should any further such reports reach his attention, I could expect to be called to his office about them.

When I was not called in for the remainder of the Fall quarter—although I'm sure such reports continued to be received—I assumed this was an idle threat. I could not have been more wrong.

Shortly after return from the Christmas vacation and the beginning of the Winter quarter, Governor Barnett was due to be inaugurated and the State Legislature reconvened. After his inauguration a committee had announced that an investigation would begin into the alleged teaching of "Communism, apostasy and integration" at state-supported institutions of higher learning. While initially limited to one institution, there was no doubt others would soon be involved, and when ours was reached, I would be among those called.

Needless to say, were I to testify that I was hired by school officials who had known my strong pro-integrationist views, it would not have sat too well with the "red-neck" and Citizens Council members of the Legislature who control the school's purse-strings. In addition, it had long been rumored that Governor Barnett had promised, if elected, that he would try to oust the school's president, and this might have provided the perfect pretext on which to do so.

Thus, in a three-week period be-



speech based on a magazine article surveying the integration scene. (Other faculty members who teach Speech—though not all—have avoided the 'dangers' inherent in such a situation by making "integration" the one topic on which students cannot speak.) Before I was able to call on the next speaker, a girl who was apparently aware of my Northern background suddenly asked whether I thought Negroes should be allowed to enter the school. I replied I had gone to school with Negroes for seven years and certainly I thought they should. (This brief reply was, of course, in complete accord with the agreement made at my interview with the dean.)

#### Questions of Turf

The second mention of Negroes occurred in the same course. A girl delivered a speech on juvenile gang outbreaks. Having been in New York City at their height the latter part of the

March-April 1961

tween the end of January and the middle of February, I began to be hit with a series of complaints designed to raise questions in regard to my competence. (Somewhere, administrative wires must have been crossed, because at the same time a local clergyman, who had been one of my few confidants, had informed me that he'd met the Dean of Arts and Sciences at the end of January and had inquired of him about my situation. The Dean told him that the school had regretted the decision to let me go since there had been only praise for my teaching. However, the administration felt that with the new Governor, it was simply 'too dangerous' to keep me around.)

In other words, the purpose of the sudden series of harassments was clearly an attempt to force my resignation—and it succeeded.

#### The Harassments

The first was a complaint concerning the high number of drop-outs in my basic Speech course during the Winter quarter. This had been due to my grading which had averaged out to about a 'D.'

On the basis of oral reading assignments, I would estimate that about half the students could have been considered 'functional illiterates' (though it must be borne in mind this was only a subjective evaluation). Public address assignments were characterized by the most commonplace ideas, faulty logic, mispronunciations of the grossest nature, a style seldom rising above the monosyllabic and featuring frequent confusion between prepositions such as *for, of, from, as, at, to, etc.*, and as not atypical examples, confusion by two Juniors over the difference between *is* and *are*, and *was* and *were*, and my shattering obliteration of another upperclassman's apparent life-long belief that the plural of *man* was *mans*.

#### Academic Standards

Yet although I had been told by my chairman on many occasions that maintenance of high academic standards was not only proper, but badly needed, and that there would be no pressures to conform to any grading curve, he suddenly expressed his 'grave concern' over the drop-outs and their possible effect on future enrollments.

(I might note here my impression that the general academic level of the student body as a whole was low—considerably lower than that of the Eastern and Midwestern schools with which I was familiar. A number of students made no secret of the fact they were attending school in Mississippi because they couldn't find Northern schools that would accept them, or because they had flunked out elsewhere.

(Yet in all fairness, I had an Intro-

ductory Broadcasting section that was perhaps the equal of the best classes to be found at almost any school. The ability of at least a third of these students to express themselves on paper was extremely high, and I often found myself having to defend statements and interpretations made in lectures against questioning and arguments characterized by the keenest analysis and insights.

(But even here, I found a crib-ring had been organized after the quarter ended when one bright fellow handed in a report he had copied from another student—glaring errors and all—at the end of the term. In the true Southern tradition of Gentlemanly Honor and Conduct he was willing to spill all to save his own neck until I threw him out of the office, telling him the only thing I despised more than cheating was informing. Inquiries I later made of students whom I had confidence in revealed that about a third of the class had organized a book-report crib-ring. I asked for no names, of course, and was never able to discover who they were.)

#### "Only a Weird Mind"

Because student population reflects the high proportion of fundamentalists, and therefore the provincialism indigenous to the area, discussion of race was not the only area considered 'controversial.' Thus, the second complaint . . . my Chairman expressed his 'deep concern' over a report from two girls that they had been 'offended' by a lecture I had delivered on the use of motivational research and sexual symbolism in advertising. (One of the girls' comments to me that "only a weird mind could even consider such things" and that "this Freud must have been pretty sick" were typical of the attitude of a student minority.)

Yet my Chairman had previously told me such complaints are frequent whenever materials dealing with sex are introduced, such as Psychoanalytical theory in Psychology, and that in fact frequent complaints were lodged against him when he lectured on the phallic nature of Ancient Greek Theatre in his History of Drama course. He stated, however, that since the Administration was aware of what lies behind these complaints, they are never taken seriously, and therefore I should never feel under any pressures to avoid such materials. Yet as soon as the girls complained he called me in to express his 'concern.' (It should be noted no such complaints were received during the first quarter in either of the two sections where I'd previously given the same lecture.)

#### Memos and Campus Cops

The third 'complaint' consisted of a strongly worded memo addressed to myself and the student staff members

of the campus radio station threatening to fire me if the campus police reported any further instances of carelessness on the part of my students in locking the building and leaving via unauthorized exits after the station signed off at midnight. Carbons were sent to the deans.

Suffice it to state that it was shown beyond any doubt that my students were not the ones responsible. When I brought proof of this to the chairman all he could do was smile weakly and say that this was to be expected since the campus cops often made such vague and unsubstantiated charges. This of course, raised the obvious question of why he had sent out a memo without checking in the first place.

#### The Final Straw

Then came the final straw. Two days later I received a letter from the President stating that I would be dismissed immediately should there be any more complaints about my conduct. None of the previous ones were noted, but he did list a new one as an example: I had smoked, and permitted students to smoke, during classes. (With all these serious complaints this was the only one he would list!) Here he had me; the charge was true. But it had been true since I began in September, and with their spy system they must have been aware of it since that time. It was also true, according to my students, of about a fifth of the rest of the faculty. Now suddenly I was threatened with dismissal because of it.

Then ensued a series of letters in which I specified what the charges he had in mind were, and pointed out that three (including the mention of racial matters) were in complete accord with what I had been told was proper and even desirable, and that the fourth was completely false. Not knowing what else the school might have in store for me, I offered a protest resignation which was accepted immediately.

#### Birth of an Article

I lost nothing by this. Ever since the meeting with the deans the fifth week, I had been in contact with various persons and organizations concerned with matters of academic freedom and had been advised to write an article on my experiences. An official of an organization I'd made an appointment with during Christmas had warned me the one thing I would have to watch out for above all was the very real possibility of a frame-up by the school in order to provide an explanation of their decision not to renew my contract. Because of the incident I'm about to describe, I knew anything might happen next, and decided I'd better leave before any new and perhaps really serious charges were brought against me. As for the

## Of Dolls and Dreams . . . by Bob Margolin

Woolworth's is now selling large Negro dolls which they have placed on their shelves alongside white dolls. Each row of dolls consists of alternating whites and Negroes. Both the white and Negro dolls look exactly the same, so it is my conjecture that they were made from the same mold, using a different coloring process. I feel, however, that this was an economic, rather than a physiological concession. Likewise, the dolls are attired in the same cute little dresses; different colored dresses for the white and Negro dolls, though.

But, what with the picketing and everything, there probably aren't too many Negroes shopping in Woolworth's these days. And certainly no bigot would buy a Negro doll for

his kid. Admittedly, children of middle-of-the-roads might profit from playing with Negro dolls. Yet there is still a great untapped market: the manufacturers might start making life-size Negro dolls for liberals who give parties and don't have any Negro friends. You simply buy a couple of these life-size Negro dolls, put drinks in their hands and stand them up by the blues-blasting stereo.

"Hey, what you got there, Mister?"

"Nothing much, kid, just these little plastic models of the American Dream."

"How much do they cost, Mister?"  
"That depends, kid, how much you got?"

Legislature, they could read all about it when this article was finally published.

At the faculty meeting prior to the opening of school in September, we were warned by the President not to discuss the matter—then on the front pages of the state's papers—of the Negro who had announced he would try to enter the school at registration. The President said he would do all the commenting and would "deal with the matter."

### The Frame-Up

The matter was *very effectively* "dealt with"—so effectively that it received national press and radio coverage, and probably would have received even more had it not coincided with Khrushchev's first visit.

This Negro, known throughout the community as a devoutly religious person who neither smokes nor drinks, was arrested for illegal possession of whiskey and reckless driving while still on campus, as he walked to his car after his admission request was turned down. This, despite the fact that arresting officers were never able to gain entrance to his car to make the plant! (Mississippi is the only 'dry state' left, and so possession of liquor is illegal. Yet a substantial source of revenue is the bootleg tax imposed by the state on illegal whiskey—an interesting insight into general moral conditions as they prevail in the Magnolia State.)

### Faculty Cowards

That this was a frame-up was universally admitted—and proudly so by the more ardent racists. (The reasons for it were apparently twofold. First, if this student ever tried to register again, he could be turned down on moral grounds because of his 'criminal record.' This would have avoided the

inevitable Federal Court fight should he have been turned down for reasons of race, and the possible order for his admittance which would have meant Governor Barnett's closing down of perhaps the entire state-supported system of higher education. Secondly, it would serve as a warning to any other 'uppity' Negroes who might entertain similar ideas about entering 'white men's schools.')

Yet, despite the fact that all this was well known, albeit legally hearsay, *not a single faculty voice was raised in protest!*

Now, why do I relate all this, and what can be done about it? First and foremost, all this is taking place in the United States—a country which proclaims its right to the moral leadership of a "free," as opposed to a "totalitarian," world. Obviously, when situations such as exist in Mississippi are allowed to continue within its borders, this claim is laid open to question.

The "what (if anything) can be done about it," is far more complex.

### Individual vs. Institution

As of now, all pressures on the state school system emanate from an extremely vociferous and powerful racist right. No matter what the cost, the state school system will accede to any demands made by the Barnett administration and its Citizens Council supporters. (As I was told at the meeting of the Deans: "The academic freedom of an individual cannot be placed above the welfare of the entire institution.")

Thus, in October, a film presented to the state education department's audio-visual library by the B'nai B'rith of Mississippi, which dealt with the problems faced by a Polish family when it moved into a previously all Anglo-Protestant neighborhood, was with-

drawn after 94 showings. On the 94th it was seen by a White Citizens Council member of the state Senate who claimed it was full of NAACP propaganda.

### Cancelled Speakers

In the past two years, scheduled speaking engagements of two out-of-state ministers were cancelled by the state institutions at which they were scheduled to speak because both were known to entertain pro-integration sympathies.

At the institution where I was employed, a local clergyman was not invited to speak on campus for the first time in eight years, no doubt because of his known pro-integrationist views.

A scheduled appearance by the Dave Brubeck Quartet was cancelled by two schools after it was learned that one of the members of his group was Negro.

Mississippi is the only state whose state-school athletic teams are prevented from meeting integrated teams even away from home. (This apparently is a cause of discontent among athletes at the school I taught at. Both the football and basketball teams are nationally ranked, and the basketball players especially, many of whom are from New York and New Jersey, could not understand why they were unable to participate in any of the national tournaments.)

### D.A.R. Textbook Hounds

A state legislative committee is investigating various textbooks used in state schools which have been attacked by the D.A.R. (One of the reasons cited for changing a text in my own department — admittedly an inferior one on many grounds—was that it contained pictures of integrated classrooms.)

*With Barnett in the next three years, things can only get worse.*

Therefore, effective counter-pressures must be exerted.

The first is one that already exists in large measure, but which must be intensified. Teachers and scholars looking for jobs must be made aware of the repressive atmosphere existing at such schools. (Even the researcher is not immune. One can never tell, as the Russian geneticists well know, when the 'truth' you are pursuing in your lab will suddenly take on important social and psychological ramifications for the state. Psychology, Sociology and Education professors in Mississippi will attest right now as to how difficult it is to include previously-confirmed laboratory findings in their lectures which prove there are no innate mental or social differences between Negroes and Caucasians. Remember: "niggers were made different . . .")

### Except the South

Already, "Situation Wanted" ads in

various professional journals and placement bulletins frequently contain phrases such as "Will locate anywhere except South." Also, it is a common practice for departmental chairmen at Northern institutions to attend Southern regional academic meetings in order to lure away the best men remaining in the area. Thus the school where I taught, for example, has many positions going unfilled, or staffed by persons who do not meet optimum requirements—and accrediting associations are quite strict about the proportion of Ph.D.'s a faculty must maintain.

In other words, as the deplorable lack of academic freedom at these schools is made more widely known, few will accept the glib promises that I did, and the flow of academicians Southward will be further reduced. In addition, present faculty members will give second thought to staying as they realize they will have to watch themselves even more, perhaps to an impossible degree, and resign.

#### The Rationalization

I find personally interesting the lengths to which many Northern 'liberals' and 'moderates' at such schools have gone in order to rationalize their remaining. What it usually amounts to is that their mere presence will, apparently thru some mystical osmotic process, influence or change the life-long prejudices held by the majority of the student body.

The process *must* be mystical and osmotic since such a person seldom ever ventures to perform a concrete act, or express views on anything 'controversial,' even where they are germane to his lectures. However, when you press, and ask him what good then can he possibly be doing, he protests.

(And let me emphasize that it is *he* who first insists that this 'doing some good' is one of his more important reasons for remaining. He *must* believe this. Otherwise how can he live with himself when he sees half those around him constantly exploited and degraded, and one less than 30 miles away, lynched?)

#### Armchair Bravery

"Why, right in my office, in plain view where anybody can see it (!) I have a copy of *The American Dilemma*, you know, the one by Gunnar Myrdal—'the Damn Swede.'" (Imagine that—a Professor has a book!)

Or, a more common retort: "Why I just called a kid in class on using the word 'nigger.'" (Actually, it turns out he didn't reprimand the student in class; instead he asked to see him afterward in the safety and privacy of his office where he told him, "We don't use naughty words like that in my class.")

Such are the bold acts of the professional summer soldiers and the pedagogical sunshine patriots—and I never cease to be amazed at how a person can honestly convince himself that it is thru such brazen displays of raw courage that he is reforming the South.

#### Hit 'Em in the Pocketbook

However, you can rationalize a situation only so far, and then it becomes untenable. Thus, as qualified teachers become harder to attract or retain, schools will find an effective counter-pressure emanating from their accrediting bodies, and a second from the sheer numerical lack of instructors to handle increases in student enrollments. Freshmen planning to enter the

#### Jimcrow Humor

The joke at Mississippi Southern College went like this: the NAACP wants to integrate outer space, and their slogan is "A Coon to the Moon by June."

teaching profession outside the state—as a large number do because of the unbelievably low salaries paid in the elementary and high schools—or students who pursue professional or graduate study, will become quite wary of entering any school not accredited. Since this would force their parents to send their children to distant institutions with resultant cost-increases, perhaps this might cause these parents to start placing additional, opposite pressures, too.

#### Credence to the Myth

There is also a serious question in my mind as to whether schools such as the one where I taught can even be considered academically valid institutions of higher learning. The mere fact they lend credence to the immoral, superstitious, and scientifically unsound myth of racial inferiority by segregating the races, is the basis for this.

In addition, it must be remembered that the right-wing racist quite often does not concern himself solely with questions of integration or other matters pertaining to Negroes. He is usually suspicious of, and therefore effects pressures against, any utterances or textbooks supporting, or even objectively treating, economic, social, historical, psychological and artistic theories contrary to his own. Therefore, can schools which accede to his pressures claim they are valid institutions of higher learning, when such institutions are supposed to be at least theoretically dedicated to promoting and supporting the free exploration and exposition of ideas?

#### Another Pressure

Perhaps a step in the right direction was a bill introduced into the New York State Legislature which would have made it illegal for colleges or universities chartered by the State Board of Regents to admit students on the basis of transcripts from racially segregated schools. That bill died in committee. But should such bills be passed by New York and other Northern states with leading graduate and professional schools, such as Michigan, Ohio and Massachusetts, a further source of pressure would be exerted.

Also, as experiences such as mine, and the general atmosphere prevailing at such schools, become more widely known, perhaps Northern Congressmen will give second thought to permitting Federal funds to be used for building construction, research grants and academic expenditures at these institutions.

#### A Conscience Committee?

Even in Mississippi, with its recent past record of condoning the Till and Parker murders, such pressures might not go unnoticed. In 1955, despite the fact that he pointedly refused Citizens Council backing, Governor Coleman *was* elected. Perhaps still respected voices within the state, such as Hodding Carter, William Faulkner, and even Coleman, might find the situation—not only as regards schools, but generally—becoming so bad that a sort of 'conscience committee' might be formed as a source of counter-pressure.

(This may not be too far-fetched. Coleman, for example, in his final speech to the Legislature as Governor, warned against closing the state's schools when integration comes, and of the tragic consequences that would result.)

#### The Educated Bigots

Needless to state, a majority of faculty members—though not enough to adequately staff an institution—including native Southerners and the few Northerners who genuinely hold to the prevailing white Southern views, will not resign. (I wish the 'moderates' who mouth pious platitudes about how "education is the answer," could sit in the faculty lounge, as I did on a number of occasions, and listen to the 'nigger jokes' being told by staid professors steeped in the rich traditions of their 'liberal' arts and other academic disciplines.)

The issue, I feel, is clear. The 'racial question' cannot be considered separately, or be divorced, from such questions as academic freedom and quality of education. The South must be made to clearly understand that it must get in step and accept not only the Four-

(Continued on Page 28)

## The Libido of a Conservative

by Garry Boldwater  
(as told to Herbert Swartz)

### Backward

*I am a politician, a United States Senator, and nobody knows better than I how periphrastic that is.*

*I know America. It is a land of Conservatism. The trouble with our Conservatism is that we have espoused the theory of the conscience and failed to put into practice the libido.*

*Conservative political philosophy rests on the truths of the past. Apply these to the present and we've got it made. We must meet Communism with the past: with the wisdom of Hobbes and Burke and Plato. And if that doesn't work we shall go back even farther.*

*This book, then, is an attempt to show where the libido and the past must join forces.*

### Chapter I: Nag, Nag, Nag

The first thing we've got to overcome is the notion that Conservatives are not interested in people, as the Liberals charge. And right here is where the importance of stressing the libido comes in. Has anyone ever heard of a libido having economic status or privilege? Of course not. Only people have libido. The libido of a Conservative is people. It is the Liberal who considers the materialism of a man. The Conservative looks at the whole man—his spirit. Keep man's spirit free, and his libido will burgeon.

Thus the Conservative has no intention of making another man's choices for him. This is why the Conservative opposes raising Social Security. Let a man spend his earnings during his lifetime as he sees fit. If he goes to the races, so what? At least he had fun. His children can always take care of him in his old age.

The concern of the Conservative is with freedom, protecting it and making it grow. With increased libido and more horse racing, we can maximize freedom.

### Chapter II: The Present Is Tense

The Conservative knows the problems of too much government. Our government is now the biggest government in history and that's dangerous to freedom. The government interferes too much in our lives. My aim is not to pass laws but to repeal them. With fewer laws, there will be less government printing. The cost of running the federal government will decrease. I do not undertake to promote welfare, for I propose to extend freedom.

As for the refusal of the courts to handle test cases, that seems an outmoded relic of the past. All past is good, but some parts are better than others.

### Chapter III: Are States' Rights Left?

The cornerstone of the Republic—states' rights—is being destroyed. Can freedom withstand this attack? Only, I say, if we look to states like Louisiana to show us examples of increased individual liberties when the states take over. Otherwise we shall fall victim to those scurrilous bureaucrats in Washington hatching up such schemes for slavery as unemployment compensation, urban redevelopment, better health and safety standards. For, above all else, the diseased, the sick, the

impoverished, the idle, the lame, and the halt, want freedom. This is their main concern.

There are certain things we must not forget about our states. They know their own problems best. The state governments are composed of and led by those friendly people you know and trust: the butcher with his thumb on the scale; the furniture dealer ordering his signs for next week's fire sale; the school committeeman reading *Peyton Place* in the bathroom.

The federal government has no right to judge the performance of individual states as is being done by means of federal grants-in-aid and matching funds. This is political blackmail to get better roads, schools, hospitals and conservation methods. How much more in keeping with our Constitution, surely, if the states refused to accept these monies.

### Chapter IV: Are Civil Rights Right?

The only rights a man has are those rights written down and given him in the law. Nowhere in the Constitution is the federal government given authority on education. In making the infamous *Brown* integration decision, the Supreme Court relied on the strength of the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Error all the way, I maintain. That Amendment was strictly concerned with guaranteeing voting rights. That's all "equal protection" is.

Now don't get me wrong. I believe it is both wise and just for Negro children to attend the same schools as whites. To deny this opportunity would carry strong implications of inferiority. It's merely separate sessions that I am urging. Two sets of schools would cost too much money.

But though we should disregard the *Brown* decision, let us not discard it. Some day, who knows, a state may decide to teach Russian in the public schools, and the case would be a very handy precedent for asserting federal control in education.

### Chapter V: How You Gonna Keep Them Off the Farm—After They've Seen Parity . . .

The problem of the farmer is near and dear to all Conservatives. The solution: we must do away with all forms of subsidy instantly. Let the law of the marketplace—supply and demand—take effect. There are too many farmers producing too much, and this seems the only fair way to thin out the ranks.

It is indisputable that the foremost opponents of abolishing subsidies are the highway builders. They fear that once subsidies are abolished, there will be too many country folk walking, driving old wrecks, and generally clogging up the highways and interfering with road construction. They remember the last time.

The last subsidy given to each and every farmer, I propose, should be a helicopter. Then they can leave their homes without slowing down macadam progress.

### Chapter VI: Some Things You Have To Make the Best of . . .

I'm for unionism, within its proper bounds. If we didn't have unions, the alternative for achieving economic justice for the working man would be State Socialism. So now that we're in that box, let's see how we can get out of it.

Let us abolish the power of unions to enforce industry-wide bargaining. When a union enforces uniform conditions throughout an industry, and the nation, it is comparable to State Socialism. A union should

bargain with only one employer at a time. The dislocations that may result are meaningless. More strikes, for example, will help deplete those union treasuries which are too large anyway.

(The increased number of small employers who go bankrupt need not concern themselves with that stigma, however; they can always blame the union.)

As for union leaders, we all know how corrupt they are, so what difference would it make that with less power and finances they would be much more receptive to employer bribery?

No man should have to join a union. I just don't believe that non-union employees will freeloader on the gains secured from an employer by the union. If he doesn't want to join a union, the non-union employee can simply refuse the raise in pay. Or, accepting, he may join the union in gratitude—people so often pay for what they can otherwise get for nothing.

### Chapter VII: Representation Without Taxation

Taxes are too high and the only way to cut them is to decrease federal spending. Get the government out of those spending areas where it has no business in the first place: social welfare, education, public housing, etc. Then establish a spending vacuum in those areas and some level of government or private institution or individual will come in and do the spending. Politics, like nature, abhors a vacuum. And if my thesis is wrong, we have nonetheless reduced taxes by cutting spending.

The particular trouble with our income tax system is that it is graduated. Each person should be asked to pay an equal percentage and no more. Rates should not rise merely because the amount of income is larger. Confiscatory tax rates in the higher income brackets have caused the exodus of motion picture stars to foreign countries, resulting, therefore, in a serious culture depletion in our society, as well as the loss of the drive by the rich to make even more money, with the attendant turn of their attention to such uneconomic-growth matters as charity, and the spread of that horror, the expense account, which, by increasing the demand for food, supports parity.

### Chapter VIII: The State of Welfare

There is no more confusing problem facing Conservatives than the welfare state. Though of course it is illegal *per se*, the courts unfortunately haven't shown any dispatch in telling us this. No matter, the Conservative knows in his *heart* that welfarism as provided by the federal government must be erroneous. These affairs should be administered by local or state governments, or by private charitable institutions.

Yet, despite these indisputable facts, it is precisely because of the welfare state (which is a creeping form of collectivism in its own right, and more insidious for being less obvious) that the Marxist, Socialist doctrines of the left could never gain a foothold in this country. So the problem is that if we liquidate the welfare state, we might be opening the door to the possible advent of open collectivism.

The only solution is an increase in private charity and a lot of hope. Let me assure my critics that I steadfastly believe that my proposals for cutting taxes (see previous chapter), with the consequent lowering of allowable charitable deductions, would have little or no effect on the amounts donated to charity.

### Chapter IX: The Venus de Milo Syndrome

As I have said, natural or human rights are civil rights only if they are written down. Now you take the Fourteenth Amendment again, where a man's "life, liberty, and property" are protected from deprivation by the state. So suppose the state wounded his arm. This isn't his life, it isn't his property (after all, where do you buy arms?) and, well, he's still free.

This is the reason I have continued to submit my "Arms for the States" legislation at every session of Congress.

As our founding fathers realized, the sum of its parts is always greater than the whole. This is why the Russians might be willing to take on the United States—but Texas?—or California?—or New York? The mere idea gives Mr. Khrushchev the shakes. For my part, I'll string along with the titans of statehood—such as Hague, Curley, Faubus, Long, Shivers—and take my chances.

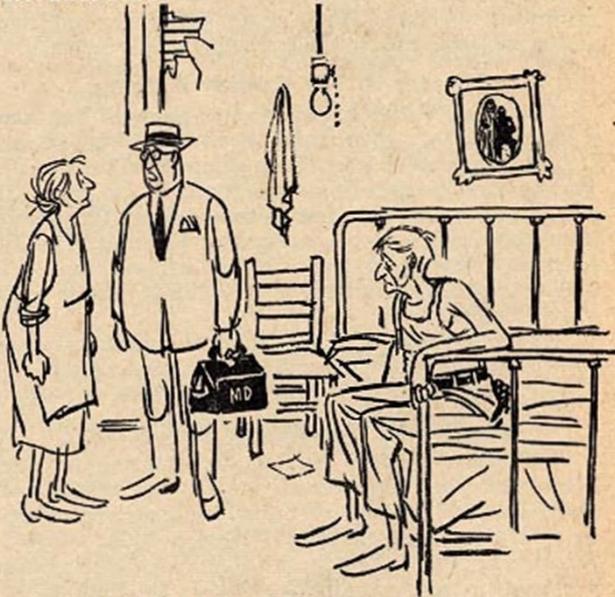
### Chapter X: Reactionary Progress

All good Conservatives agree that the threat posed by the Soviet Union is no laughing matter. Indeed, we have reached a time when Patrick Henry's demand for liberty or death is at hand. It is this alternative which we may today bring to a climax.

My proposals include: limiting cultural exchange; granting foreign aid only to those countries which are actively pro-U.S.; stopping aid to satellite countries; doing away with negotiations with the Communists; forgetting disarmament; and supporting the U.N. only when it is in our national interest.

If these policies are adopted, the status quo will change posthaste. I daresay nobody will dispute that assertion. The need for revitalization of the libido, then, is obvious. For, as far as the immediate (if you'll pardon the expression) future is concerned, we will all either be dead, or free as the birds of Nirvana. In the event that we go, at least we'll go happy.

### INTERLANDI



"I hate to charge, but you know what Barry Goldwater says—'People start getting things for nothing, they lose their initiative. . . .'"

# Department of Unintentional Satire

*"Awareness of the danger is the first requisite . . . know your enemy . . . don't provide protective coloration for subversive organizations by being an indiscriminate joiner. . . ."*

—J. Edgar Hoover

About six months ago, a new reactionary youth group called "Young Americans for Freedom" was founded. YAF now claims to have over 21,000 members, with chapters on 115 college campuses.

This month, Senator Barry Goldwater was scheduled to deliver a major address at a rally—the first annual national Young Americans for Freedom awards for Conservatism—with awards going to such stallwarts as Francis E. Walter, Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities; Lewis L. Strauss, former Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission; Herbert V. Kohler, President of The Kohler Company; George E. Sokolsky, Hearst syndicated columnist; and William F. Buckley, Jr., editor of *National Review*.

On October 2nd, 1960, Edrice Reynolds of Marietta, Georgia, wrote the following letter to the local office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

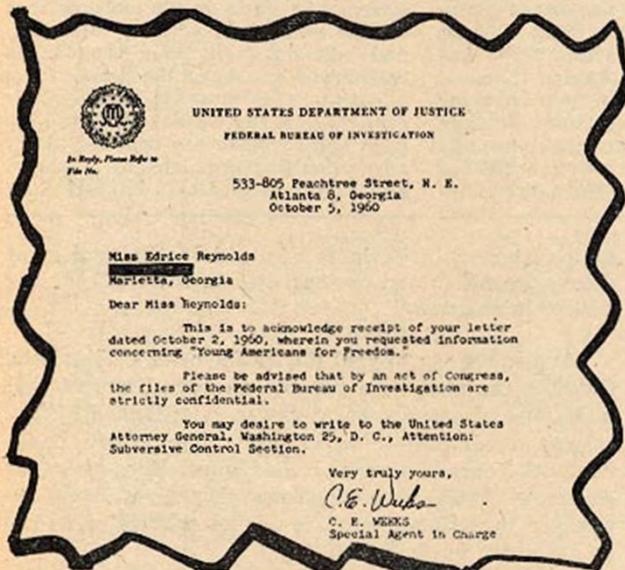
Gentlemen:

I am thinking of joining an organization called "Young Americans for Freedom." I should appreciate any information you could give me on whether or not this organization is even remotely subversive or connected with any organization which is designed for the overthrow of the U.S. Government.

The address given was 343 Lexington Ave., New York. Thank you very much.

Very truly yours,  
/s/ Edrice Reynolds

She received the following reply.



What Mr. Weeks is Special Agent in Charge of, is also, apparently, strictly confidential.

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At any rate, Miss Reynolds then proceeded to write the following letter to the United States Attorney General, Subversive Control Section.

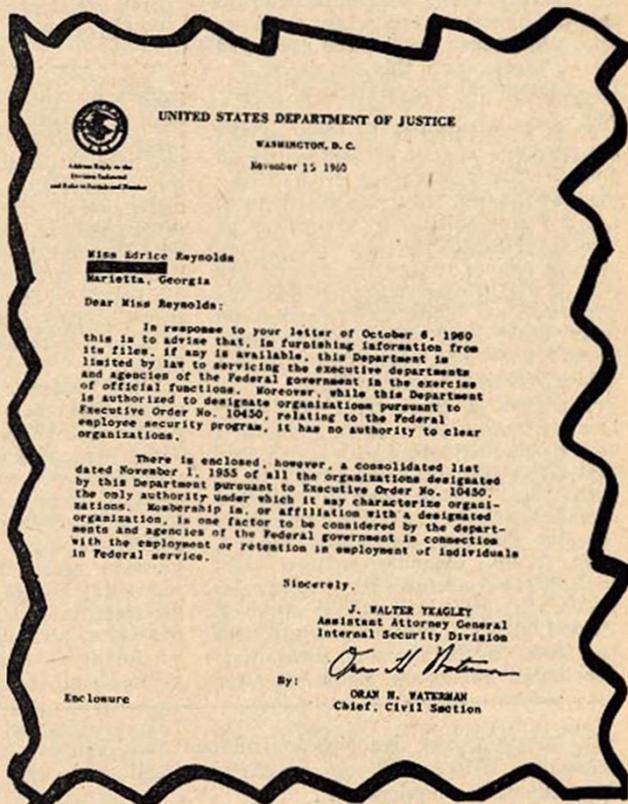
Gentlemen:

I am thinking of joining an organization called "Young Americans for Freedom." I should appreciate any information you could give me on whether or not this organization is even remotely subversive or connected with any organization which is designed to overthrow the U.S. Government.

The address given was 343 Lexington Ave., New York. It was mentioned in the magazine called *National Review*. Thank you very much.

Very truly yours,  
/s/ Edrice Reynolds

She received the following reply.



And that's where the matter stands.

We can but suggest to Miss Reynolds—if she really wants to learn how to keep out of trouble—that she heed the words of Clyde Bedell, who wrote in the November 28, 1960 issue of *Advertising Age*:

"There isn't the slightest question but that every small or large corner-cutting device indulged in by business men is helping the Communists in their savage war-to-death with free America. . . ."

"For over a year, I have been making an intensive study of Communism—and if all advertising men knew what I know, I am quite certain that every such man

## Out in Left Field Without a Bat

by James Higgins

Paul Krassner asked me to try something for the *Realist*. And put a standing head on it. (This standing head phrase shows right away I am in the newspaper game. In truth—which is something else—I am an editor of a morning daily in Pennsylvania, circulation class 35,000-50,000.) At first I thought of borrowing the wonderful legend from a signboard on the north side of Route 30 between Lancaster and York: "Jesus is Risen, He is Coming Again." The sign is not far from the River Susquehanna, named for the Susquehannock Indians (later the Conestoga Indians), "least known to ethnologists . . . tall, aggressive and keen of mind." In 1763 "a band of white rioters, known as the 'Paxton Boys,' inflamed by accounts of Indian depredations along the frontiers, broke into the Lancaster jail, where the Conestoga had taken refuge, and destroyed all of them. With this massacre, the Susquehannock passed out of existence."

I am attempting to be clear at the outset. After that it doesn't matter so much. What stopped me from lifting the Jesus stuff from the sign? Is it not a fitting tribute to the power of The Man? Something the women murmuring among themselves around the well of a very early morning remarked with awe and satisfaction, smiles on their dark lips? Whattaman Jesus. Great Game Kid. Cut down in his prime by Pilate's Paxton Boys.

The fact is, however, I no longer identify with Jesus. In my youth I very much overworked with my mother that line, "Woman, what have I to do with thee!" This usually followed strenuous efforts to explain to her why the two Jameses, Joyce and Farrell, were truly catholic writers. She couldn't see them for dust. O'Casey she pitied, the poor lad, brought up a Protestant with never a chance to hear the Right Word it was no wonder his pencil went all askew. Later on, after

my father died, I felt at least the stirrings of easier interest in my mother and some affection. By this time I was married so was relatively safe, you might say. But Jesus. Long gone as an alter ego. If there is any rising to be done I prefer to be all there myself.

I am a newspaperman who does not like the smell of ink. Or the paste that is sometimes used to mend tears in the great paper rolls on the presses. What I like is the smell of people. The smells. From various parts. Now I notice the higher a man goes in the newspaper game the more he puts into endeavors to disguise his smell. And the less

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*(Editor's note: This is the first in a series of columns by the Assistant Editor of the York Gazette and Daily, perhaps the most independent commercial newspaper in the country. Jim Higgins is part H. L. Mencken, part Mort Sahl, and part leprechaun.)*

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sniffing of others he does. The gatherings of the mighty, editors and publishers, thereby take place in an atmosphere of No-Smell. At least as far as the participants are concerned. They neither smell nor are smelled. By themselves, that is. Of course the common odor emanating from the convention hall is one of the prime causes of urban air pollution. It will have to be put a stop to if the rest of us are to have a fighting chance at life. I call this odor Smug.

What I mean to say is: You can only air-condition within certain limits, beyond which things get natural again. The newspapers are waging a dogged struggle to keep clean away from sweat. And the news magazines represent a more desperate flight. If you notice, the paper is slicker; the impression more defined. One of the most refreshing bits of news from Cuba for me was that the compositors, linotype operators, stereotypers, pressmen and so forth were interfering with the printed stuff. Sticking their dirty fing-

ernails into the inviolate Lie, which for so long had been the object of adoration. Mixing some body salt into it is what they were doing, as I see it. Fine. Footnote to each news item: The above is shit. There is a lot to be learned about the newspaper game from observing the various rules which insist that the mechanics do no more than follow copy. Wouldn't it be a wonder, won't it be, to see a guy at a linotype machine tapping out the lead with all his heart, since the letters ring true to him? Hey, he says, grinning, by God, that's the real thing. Maybe he begins to sing. And the walls between him and his comrades-in-creation break.

The best example of this in the audio-visual field that I know of is that program a few years ago when the

beautiful woman, Han Suyin, put down Joe Alsop. Man, wasn't he squirming onward and upward to get out of her reach, miles apart as they were, she in Hong Kong, I think, he in Washington or New York? Person to Person. The lady took it literally. She has no fears, that was clear as a bell. Poor Joe, I thought, was going to choke on the ideology which has stood him in stead of the honest grip, for Miss Suyin wouldn't buy none of it. She kept him swallowing his own mullarky. Which tells something about television or the movies. And about newspapering. Joe Alsop does OK as long as he keeps several removes from people. The minute he confronts a lovely person face to face, the jig is up. So multiply that by the number of editors, columnists and editorial writers in the United States and you have the score. (And a start on the meaning of the movie camera. Is it any wonder old Sam Rayburn and company are appalled at the suggestion that sessions of Congress and its committees be televised? Look

who wants a free America to endure, would refuse to lend himself to any deceptive, clever, questionable selling schemes or devices. . . .

"This country today is locked in a struggle with the most evil and dangerous force ever set loose on this earth—Marxist-Leninist Communism. Our foe has made eminently more headway than the public realizes. The Communists are extremely influential in our schools, our churches, our government, our unions, our munitions plants—everywhere.

"They are doing everything they can do to weaken our faith in our form of government, in our American heritage, in our civil processes, in our free enterprise system, in Christianity, in religion, in morality. I know no words strong enough fully to express my indig-

nation at men in business who aid in the process of decay, deception, and destruction—in little ads, or big ads, or in any way."

And so we say to you, Edrice Reynolds of Marietta, Georgia, the next time you see an advertisement that makes use of any deceptive, clever, questionable selling scheme or device—think carefully before you buy—don't let yourself become a Red dupe. For, while the American Association of Advertising Agencies is authorized to designate specific ads as subversive, it has no authority to clear them.

Injudicious use of your purchasing power may stigmatize you forever.

how it helped to put the finishing touches on Joe McCarthy. A very dangerous instrument for windbag types.)

Another possible title for the kind of thing I might write for the *Realist* hit me on the Harrisburg road the other day. I was driving there to see the film, *Operation Abolition*, manufactured by pals of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. It is, by the way, a very funny film. I look forward to the day when Peter Sellers does his impression of somebody like Congressman Scherer of Ohio in a movie that has to do with the halfwit hysterics of this time. Scherer is a frowning man. I see him in the sixth grade, row four or five, worried about the drift of things in the classroom. What, really, is the teacher up to? And what are the others thinking about? Do they not realize that the experiment of a course in the French

language in elementary school is ipso facto unpatriotic? For one thing, the whole geeminy French language is pronounced different. Hmmm. Where will it lead? (Here Gordie Scherer makes a note on the yellow paper with blue lines furnished by the school system. He writes it just this way: Note—Where will it lead us? Also—Why yellow paper? Why not white paper with red and blue lines? Maybe too expensive?)

Anyway, on the Harrisburg road is another spiritual sign-post: "Forward for Christ's Sake." But I feel that "Out in Left Field Without a Bat" sums up my predicament more suggestively. That is to say, I speak here for my generation, which is to say further that I'm a liar, for no one can speak except for himself, the book reviewers notwithstanding.

Even "Out in Left Field Without a

Bat" is a lie, like all titles and all headlines, unless, of course, these are observed in an imaginative context. In the first place, I have a bat. So do my sons. All My Sons. (I have two of them.) My daughters, however (I have two of them, too), do not have bats. Nor does my wife. There is the family situation in a nutshell. (I believe, I believe, in family life.) But it is true that I am out in left field and have felt at home there ever since a terrible athletic failure at the age of twelve, when Pooch Haley, the regular left fielder for the Birch Road Indians, decided to come in and take over for me at third base, which I did not know from a hole in the ground. It was the seventh inning. Pooch had not had a single chance all day. No one had hit to left. But no sooner did I get out there than Frog Gaudet caught hold of one. At the crack of the bat I started

### Excerpt from a TV audience participation program:

### It Could Be Your Life To Tell The Truth Or Consequences Are Funny

(... The camera is panning the audience as Ralph Edwards speaks from the stage.)

Edwards: Yes, somebody is going to be mighty surprised. Will it be you? Or you? Or you? Wait, the camera is stopping. (Close-up of two women sitting together.) Mrs. Freeman Olmstead and Mrs. John McKone, will you two ladies kindly step up here with me? (Audience applauds as they walk toward the stage.) Nervous, eh? Well, I'm going to ask you both a question. I want you to tell me how many times President Kennedy's inaugural speech was interrupted by applause. (Buzzer goes off.) Oh, I'm sorry, your time ran out—heh heh—you didn't answer the question, so . . . to help us with this stunt, I'd like to introduce now the star of his own weekly press conference, *New Frontier*, ladies and gentlemen, let's have a hand for John F. Kennedy himself! (Applause as Kennedy walks on stage, smiling, hat in hand.) Welcome to our show, Jack.

Kennedy: Thank you, Ralph, it's a great pleasure to be here. Now then, ladies, as you know, your husbands were survivors of the RB-47 reconnaissance plane the Russians shot down last July. Where are they now?

Mrs. Olmstead and Mrs. McKone: They're being kept prisoners in the Soviet Union.

Edwards: How would you like to hear their voices, though? We arranged to have them make a record. Listen . . .

Voices (with echo chamber effect): Hi, honey, guess you never expected anything like this, huh?

Edwards: But wouldn't it be wonderful if they were here in person? Well, don't faint now, but the voices you just heard were not on a recording, they

were spoken through a microphone in a secret dressing room in this very theatre! They'll be coming out here now, and we're going to play a little game called "Protocol." Your husbands will greet John Kennedy and stand around chatting with him. The one who can stay longest without rushing up and hugging his wife will win a washing machine with a year's supply of soap flakes. And now, open the curtains. (The curtains part. Olmstead and McKone emerge. Their wives jump up and down at the sight of them. The two men ignore their wives and salute John Kennedy; then they shake hands with him and make small talk. Their wives continue to jump up and down, with an occasional scream between jumps.) Isn't that wonderful self-control? What do you say, audience, should we give the prize to both couples? (Audience applauds and calls out "Yes!") All right, then, Jack, as their Commander-in-Chief, will you do the honors?

Kennedy: Dismissed!

(The two men rush to their wives and embrace them. A picture of an airplane is superimposed on this scene.)

Offstage Voice: Guests on this program were flown here through the courtesy of the United States Air Force.

Edwards: All right, let's break it up. Ahem, Mr. and Mrs. Olmstead, Mr. and Mrs. McKone. I said let's break it up. Uh, folks. Aw, c'mon now. You're on television, don't forget. (The couples part.) Now, gentlemen, would you kindly sit on those chairs our stagehands have set up there—we're going to play another little game called "I've Got a Brainwash" or "What's My Party Line?" (The men sit down on the chairs, which are numbered.) All right,

Jack, proceed.

Kennedy: Number one, what do you think of the House Un-American Activities Committee?

Olmstead: It is a necessary arm of our government and must continue to weed out left wing pinkos in their insidious plot to overthrow the American way of life.

Kennedy: Number two, what do you think of those who oppose the House Un-American Activities Committee?

McKone: They are quite obviously dupes of the Communist plot which seeks to abolish this committee and they must be exposed for what they are.

Edwards: All right, now, will the real brainwashed captive stand up, please.

(Both men remain seated.)

Kennedy: Needless to say, the Russians didn't win the battle for the mind of either of these men. Ralph, I think we'll have to call it a tie.

Edwards: Right you are, Jack, and so the prize will go to both couples—a tropical paradise vacation with all expenses paid by us—folks, your trunks have already been packed, and there's a cab waiting outside for you—so goodbye, and have a memorable time. (The audience applauds as the two couples exit.) Now, are they gone? Can't hear? Kennedy: Say, Ralph, about that all-expenses-paid bit—you know, there's a terrible drain overseas on the U.S. gold reserves, and—

Edwards: Don't you worry, Jack, they won't be spending much. You see, the Olmsteads and the McKones are going for a cruise on the Portuguese liner, *Santa Maria*, and wait'll I tell you the trick our staff has arranged to play on them . . .

## columnny

by John Wilcock

February was an eventful month the world over but the top newsmen managed to keep up with all the important happenings.

Of course, it wasn't always easy to tell *who* was in the news but there was plenty of it. "The female star of a soon-due B'way show"; "a certain governor's brother"; "a TV network president"; and "a prominent young singer" were among Earl Wilson's anonymous cast of characters. The ubiquitous Zsa Zsa Gabor was listed in person, however, and so, involved in various trivialities, were the rest of those dull Wilson wags—Jackie Gleason, Hugh O'Brian and former Mayor Bill O'Dwyer.

Wilson himself went to Brazil for the Mardi Gras (he traveled Varig, he pointed out, and—for good measure—reminded readers, two days later, he traveled VARIG) but still had time to do some of his usual vicarious tit-snatching backstage at the Latin Quarter when he reported on the trend to wearing mikes inside bras.

He amused himself, but heaven knows how few of his readers, by recording a big joke. Seems a friend called him on his return and said, "Understand you're back from Reno?"

toward the infield, positive that a shoe-string catch was called for. "All mine," I howled. But as I yelled I knew! The ball was about thirty feet over my head, sailing on.

I do a fairly good imitation of this episode from time to time at parties, drawing up to an uncertain halt, gazing toward the heavens, following the course of Frog Gaudet's swat—and then turning back to face the reality of my team-mates, for there was no sense to chase the ball. From the response of friends, male friends, at these parties, I get the idea that all of them went through similar experiences. So it may well be that we are, indeed, a generation of left fielders, with balls lost beyond hope of recovery. It is very poignant and significant to hear Linus Pauling, Willard Uphaus, et al—let me add the special name of Alexander Meiklejohn—harping on youth. And William Carlos Williams, "clinging to the advance." Of course my daughters, who are nineteen and sixteen, rare candy, do not understand, since they are not Chinese.

We are in the process of making new symbols, of which the *Realist* is a journalistic piece. Along with the *Catholic Worker* and *Peace News*. Magazines? *Monthly Review*, *Liberation*, *Fellowship*, *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. *Scientific American*, the best of the formalities, because, I would guess, of its editor, Gerard Piel,

"We said," he said, "not Reno—RIO." (Funny?) At the end of the month Wilson pitched in as M.C. of a television show to give a helping hand to the *Herald-Tribune's* Hy Gardner who, in that incestuous way the columnists have, was becoming an item himself by (1) having a baby (he's married) and (2) being ill. Number one prompted him, too, to tell a joke ("Why does everybody offer congratulations on the birth of a new baby? Did you ever see an old baby?") and for number two, at least, he had some compensation. He lapsed into modest 6-point type, the columnist's equivalent of a stage whisper, to tell readers all about it:

Aside to Augustus J. Poleto, Department Commander, Catholic War Veterans: Thank you and the CWV, sir, for commending the column's continuing fight against communists and pro-commies. There's nothing courageous about fighting punks, all it takes is the non-secret weapon all of us have in the arsenal of Democracy—truth!

Ed Sullivan made the startling discovery that "Mrs. Mav Gordon comes from Amsterdam, N. Y., where my parents lived . . ." and presented other scoops: "Perle Mesta's escort, Paul Millard . . . Herb Sheldon's mother died . . . Les Brown, Jr. and Carlotta Smith in tune . . . John Vivyan and Patricia Huston ablaze . . . Vic Damone's dad died . . . Melvyn Douglas lost his mother . . . Dick Button and Piper Laurie ablaze . . . Adm. Chester Nimitz 76 . . . Barry Sullivan's ex, Marie, and Dean Dillman have iced . . . Cliff Nazarro died . . ." And so we leave smiling Ed Sullivan.

In the *Journal-American*, Louis Sobol lost his temper. "Oh, why don't we go back to the old-fashioned method—just wash out with soap and water the mouths of the guys who want to talk dirty in public—Norman

a Thinking Man. The plan, though, is to get inside the institutions and blow them up. In short, Off-Broadway is a flanking maneuver, made possible by the decline and fall of the Broadway dollar. Compare, for the fun of it, the United Nations and Congress to Broadway. How does the Rules Committee differ from the Secretary General? And them, combined, from 48th Street? These are questions I believe should be confronted on the John Crosby program, which I have never seen. As a matter of fact, the most thrilling and cultivated TV show in the history of my life was in a book, Terry Southern's *Flash and Filigree*. Second, the crazy crew Steve Allen had on that auto program last year. I learned a great deal from those fellows. Mostly they were ahead of the New York Sunday Times News of the Week, which wasn't even trying to be funny, let alone pertinent. And always I remember the title of a brown pamphlet I read years ago when I worked for New Directions, in between Mary Barnard and Kenneth Patchen: "Of What Are the Young Films Dreaming?" Get that issue of *Contact* that has the interview with Renoir and the stuff on Lenny Bruce by Ralph J. Gleason, a friend whose middle name I have never asked. No doubt it is Jeremiah, running in the fifth at Hialeah.

Now here are some thoughts about the press. Are Women's Pages taking over? Is a librarian a fit person to

recommend a newspaper? What improvements might be made to produce livelier obituaries? Can an editor be bought for less than \$15,000 per? (General economic conditions are a factor there, boy.) Should the American Newspaper Guild take a stand on the corner? Are Negro tennis players actually pros and should they thus be designated? Who, really, is the editorial "we?" (What kind of typewriter does they use?) Which executive puts his shoulder to the dike when the front page runneth over? Is a tabloid big enough to hide behind? Why did PM survive as a whiskey? Does the most accurate labor news find its way into the birth column? Should the Fund for the Republic start a daily? Was it in the public interest to even mention Sputnik? Where was the AP when Batista was in flower? Does Dear Abby have a Master's? And so forth.

Needless to say, I do not expect immediate answers to such serious posers. Committees are needed. Furthermore, I am hip enough to know there aren't any answers. Fellowships are granted to question-raisers nowadays, not to idiots who, swinging in the trees, chant that there's more virtue in going naked, like a poem should. But if we do have to have an inquiry into the character and behavior of the press, I nominate: Denise Levertov, Oscar Brown, Jr. and my son Pete, age ten. As he said once, "The words are all there, Pop, but where's the music?"

Mailer, Lenny Bruce, et al," snapped softshoe Sobol. He was too busy, it seemed, to do it himself: there were more important things on his mind. "There are 643 Kennedys listed in the Manhattan telephone book," he reported, and "Have you ever stopped to think how many famed composers' names end in 'n'?"

His bouquet for fellow-columnist and wife, the Bob Considines ("the Mr. and Mrs. Perle Mesta of Manhattan"), was somewhat overshadowed one week later by Considine's own reprinting of a letter nominating him (Considine) for Mayor of New York. The letter had run in the same paper the previous day but Considine presumably didn't want anybody to miss it.

The J-A's men (and women) have always been a particularly gee-whiz-it-brings-tears-to-the-eyes bunch. Jim Bishop, Reporter, did another column about his father, "Big John," and that old character assassin, Elsa Maxwell (who's really Charles Laughton with a wig), shook her sad head one day over some "unfortunate" rumor about some "charming, happy and nice" friends of hers.

Four days later she returned to this matter:

"I hate to harangue about a subject, as I have been lately, but columnists—and I am one—must know and substantiate their facts and must not just write haphazardly without knowing what they are writing about. I am not against columnists—in fact, I am for them; but must they always print items from hearsay and not the truth? Perhaps the truth appears uninteresting; but it is my passion."

The passionate Elsa, who appears to have more chins than the Shanghai telephone book and doubtless weighs a little more, said she'd received a telegram which "really bowled me over." It sounded like the unlikeliest trick of the month.

Even with February's plethora of action, some columnists stayed ahead. "The Russians intend to try for big headlines on or about April 1," Hearst's Dorothy ("What's My Whine?") Kilgallen revealed to a breathless world. And out in Chicago, she warned, "another Caryl Chessman case' may be brewing . . . a prisoner named Paul Crump has been facing the electric chair since 1953 . . . naturally he's become 'a model prisoner.'"



אדישער פארשער וואס האט דער ערשטער פארשער'ס די

March-April 1961

## A Slight Case of Presumption

In the February 15th edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, there was a full-page "Open Letter\* to President Kennedy" from the American Institute for Economic Research. "This message to President Kennedy," explained the asterisk at the bottom, "has been written as an open letter in the hope that thus it will come to his personal attention without delay . . ."

Like most of her contemporaries, Dottie was busy asking questions without providing answers. "Are Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee keeping a delightful secret?" she queried, and "Has any sports writer asked Ingemar Johansson whatever became of the fiancée he was supposed to marry last Autumn?" On Friday, Feb. 24, she speculated twice in her column on the amount of weight that various celebrities had lost.

Has anyone asked one of Hearst's lady columnists if she's really that way?

With Walter Winchell still out of action, the New York *Mirror's* Lee Mortimer had plenty of space to indulge his two favorite subjects, Communists and queers, which he sometimes thinks are interchangeable. All columnists love the question technique but Mortimer manages to make his questions not only rhetorical but rambunctious.

"Did you know that no more than \$15 to \$20 a day is kept by the Russian stars performing here in 'Cultural Exchanges' out of the thousands they receive and where does the difference go?"

"J'ever notice that the same soft-in-the-head crowd that signs all the appeals to recognize Red China or end the House Un-American Activities Committee, usually spouts against capital punishment? Whatever happened to the professionals who made a living for so long keeping Caryl Chessman alive?"

"MMonroe may have ended it with double-dome Arthur Miller, but she's still very much under the influence of the d-d Lee Strasbergs: what's she need them and their method of acting for?"

"Has Jerk Paar renounced Castro yet? Has he apologized to the American people for the dangerous situation he helped put over?"

Both the Commies and the queers, Mortimer implied in various columns, were out to get him. "The daffodils have their own sort of anti-defamation league which I understand is raising funds to put me outa business . . . from here and there comes news that Lee Mortimer is being profiled by pioneer Pravda but it can't be worse than what some of New York's disguised Pravdas have said about me."

He is not, of course, fighting alone as he subtly pointed out, with his occasional references to "J. Edgar Hoover, the great patriot who created the FBI."

It remained for the New York *Post's* Leonard (As I Was Saying To Winston Churchill) Lyons to get the month back in perspective with a sartorial note. The new issue of *Look*, Lyons reported, had taken issue with his statement that "JFK committed a fashion error by wearing a striped tie with a striped suit." *Look* had submitted that combining patterns was the latest and most elegant trend in men's clothing.

It is not," ruled the Emily Post of the saloon circuit, "nor will it ever be."

## MORE MALICE IN MARYLAND

by Madalyn E. Murray

Let me tell you what the Inquisition at Woodbourne Junior High School is doing now.

For every day that Bill was "on strike" the School decided to give him a zero for every classroom recitation, every homework assignment, every quiz, every test. With all these zeros averaged in Bill would fail even if he made 100% in every class until June. What the "Avengers" did was to wait until the end of the first semester to divulge this information to me.

In a series of conferences the last week in January, with much churlish glee, we were advised that Bill would flunk out this year—not due to his religious stand, but because of his inability to attain a passing grade. Now, Bill has always been a fair scholar in school, where the sick system is taught; and an excellent scholar on his own, where he is not punished for unorthodox ideas. On a Stanford-Binet he comes out with a 120 I.Q. Clearly, he is a mental defective, incapable of learning and of passing ordinary high school courses.

If Bill flunks out, this isn't too bad, except for one thing. We have a peculiar set-up in Baltimore. The ninth grade ends junior high school. The sheep are then sorted from the lambs and sent, on the basis of grades and of achievement potential, to either the trade schools or the academic and college prep schools.

If Bill is flunked out or passed with a very low grade, he cannot get into a college prep high school. He will be forced into an industrial or trade school where he can learn to be a gas station attendant. There isn't a damn

thing wrong with a tradesman, and I admire and respect them, but Bill has wanted to be a physicist—he spends all his spare time reading books on Atomic Reactors, Nuclear Fission and the like—and I want him to have what he wants.

The face of the principal of his school glowed with malice as she told me that Bill could not attain entrance into Poly or City (the academic schools). This is too much punishment for Bill.

Finally, I got the principal pushed into a corner where she agreed that Bill could "make up" his lost time. At first I used the argument that they could not give him zeros as his losing time was the fault of the school in not excusing him from religious exercises.

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*(Editor's note: Last month Mrs. Murray told of the tragicomic circumstances surrounding her 14-year-old son Bill's moral and legal challenge of sectarian religious exercises in Maryland public schools; here are further developments on the case.)*

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That they were wrong in this refusal was proved by the fact that they changed their school board rule and permitted him to be excused.

Their argument ran like this: At the time they had the rule, they were correct because the rule existed; at the time they changed the rule, the former rule became incorrect, but not retroactively; what they did up to the time the rule was changed was correct; what they have done since then is also correct; this is good administration.

Finally, arguing as to "fault"—to which they would not admit—they did

agree to let Bill make up for the lost time. The next week they called me back and handed me 26 single-spaced typewritten pages of "make up." This was the "optimum" that the student should have achieved during Bill's absence.

There were more than 900 algebraic expressions. One sentence of the six-page history assignment read, "Write the biographies of 17 men of Greek's Golden Age." It would take two college professors a year to do this homework that Bill was supposed to have missed in 19 days of school absence in a strike.

They were giving him a chance and spoke at length of their generosity since normally they would not give the opportunity of such make up to a person who wilfully remained away from school.

For some unknown reason, also, every homework paper which Bill had done since he returned to school in late October was now missing. All these

assignments, straight up through the last week of January, had to be redone.

In order for Bill to use his time fruitfully, he was withdrawn from gym and sent to Room 28 alone, isolated, to study. Then he was withdrawn from recess periods, then from outdoor exercises, then from cafeteria, then from assembly, always to go to Room 28 and sit there alone.

He was allowed to go to the library for a short time, but the librarian noted that Bill often read some of the current magazines, and she felt he was not utilizing his time, so she gave him some assignments on her own. He was so undisciplined as to not return them to her, so later library periods were utilized to have him sent to Room 28.

I argued that he was being isolated, that he had *something* in common with all the teen-agers—and the answer was that Bill was being given a wonderful opportunity to make up his work, wilfully missed.

Bill continued to struggle to make friends. He was caught once talking to two other boys about rock 'n roll, and the vice-principal came up to the group and said that no gangs were allowed in school and they would need to break it up. Bill said he would break it up when he (the vice-principal) broke up that group of five over there, and that group of four over there, and that group of five over there.

Bill was ordered to report to the vice-principal's office, threatened with suspension, and I was ordered into the

### COLLEGE TEACHER

(Continued from Page 20)

teenth, but the First Amendment, as well.

Make no mistake. There is a large minority even in Mississippi that believes so, but has not spoken up for fear of economic reprisal and social ostracism. Yet in Little Rock, in a state bordering Mississippi, the situation became so intolerable that citizens finally rallied—though only after some schools were shut down for a year—and formed the Committee to Stop This Outrageous Purge (STOP), which succeeded in preventing the firing of teachers who had expressed opposition to the policies of Governor Faubus, by forcing a successful recall of Board of Education members who were keeping schools shut. As a result, all Little Rock schools are open again. A similar

committee has been formed in Atlanta which is ready to battle for continuing public education when integration is ordered there.

Increasing college enrollments in Mississippi indicate an increased desire and respect for education in this state. Thus, as the corrosive forces and pressures at work in state institutions come out into the open, perhaps enough protesting voices will be heard so that the deans will realize that *accession* to pressures from the racist right might also "place us in a dangerous position with our constituency which supports us," or that "The academic freedom of an individual is the welfare of the entire institution."

Otherwise, education and the First Amendment in the South will remain farcical, and the anachronism of totalitarian classroom spy systems will continue to exist in the United States.

principal's office again. There, the principal instructed me to order Bill to respect the vice-principal. I told her that respect came automatically when people by their demeanor, their justice, merited respect, and that I could not order Bill to love anyone, hate anyone, or respect anyone.

The principal went livid with rage. She demanded that I order Bill to respect the vice-principal—and I just sat there and refused. I told her that the vice-principal commanded no respect, that I did not respect him, and neither did Bill, and that the situation would remain that way.

She ordered Bill to feign respect. I said that would be deceit, and I could not ask my son to practice deceit.

When we finally parted, Bill had not apologized to the vice-principal. I had not ordered him to respect the vice-principal, and the relationship between the school and me had deteriorated further.

The boys were now pitching pennies at Bill and yelling for him to go back to Russia. They were spitting in his locker. The school, notified of his constant harassment, refused to do anything, refused to discipline the boys, refused to change the atmosphere of approval of their acts which causes them to go further and further.

So . . . Bill and I dug into the homework—plus the regular homework.

Just to check why he was getting such poor grades regularly, I had an engineer do one of his Mechanical Engineering drawings; the drawing came back marked "Of very poor quality."

I had a ninth grade English teacher write one of his themes; it came back with a big "Failed" on it for poor composition, for poor thinking, for poor presentation.

I had a college History professor write a history homework paper; it came back marked "Inferior, poor understanding."

To get all the homework done, I kept Bill at it till midnight and 1 A.M. night after night . . . until on Washington's birthday, when school was on vacation for one day, and I got him up at 6 A.M. to start again, he broke down into tears. My brave little warrior, red-eyed, trembling, wept until he was semi-hysterical.

He cannot go out of the house alone. He is stalked by his classmates, in gangs, run down like dogs run down a hare. They yell obscenities at him. I have to drive him to and from school every day, and he must use a separate door and not go in with the rest of the students.

If the school would take a firm stand, and not condone this student action, it would not occur. If the principal were not sadistic in her interpretation of administrative rules, perhaps the human side of the teachers would come out. It is something fantastic—

out of *The Castle* or *The Trial* of Kafka.

Bill is all right now, but I feel like a sadist myself by keeping his nose to the grindstone on the back work. On his current work, although the teachers never ask the whole class to turn in homework, Bill has to turn his in. His quizzes go missing. His homework even now mysteriously disappears before the teacher can get a grade in the book. If everyone else gets one point off for misspelling, Bill gets three points off for the same misspelling.

We are supposed to give up. It only makes me angrier. Right now, we have resorted to making carbon copies of all homework, so that we can take it into court.

### An Editorial Footnote

M. S. Arnoni, editor of *The Minority of One*, wrote in his publication this month, in reference to Madalyn Murray and her son Bill, that he had read "about a courageous mother and son who are putting up a 'heroic' fight against religious instruction in public schools. You are so enchanted by their apparent integrity that you establish a personal contact only to end up wondering who is more corrupt—the mother or the son, both being consciously involved in no more than a fraudulent gimmick to collect donations under the pretext of legal expenses and then invest them for personal enrichment."

I have been up for almost 48 hours now—including some 10 hours on long distance phone calls—checking into the accuracy of Mr. Arnoni's accusation.

It is true that Madalyn Murray, with Mr. Arnoni's encouragement, did consider investing and/or lending a portion of the fund over and above legal costs, to *The Minority of One*. No such transaction ever materialized, however.

As far as the case itself is concerned, a professional reporter spent a day in Baltimore investigating the situation for the *Realist*. The facts—and the principles involved—still stand.

—Paul Krassner

Fundamentally, the school's legal maneuverings have added up to the oldest and most effective technique: delay.

We filed a Petition for a Writ of Mandamus on December 8, 1960. Ordinarily there is a 15-day return on such a petition. A mandamus is a writ issued out of the highest courts of jurisdiction in a state, in the name of the state, directed to an entity (the School Board), requiring them to do some particular thing therein specified, which appertains to their duty or their office.

Apparently at the School Board's request, the Court suggested that they be given a "regular return date" (about 45 days) instead of the 15 days. Because Xmas and New Year's were court holidays, this meant that the return from the School Board was due on January 18, 1961. They got it in late on that date so that we got it the next day; it was so vague we didn't know if they were demurring to the procedure or to the merits of the case.

We tried to get a hearing set up in an expedited manner and finally had to go over the head of the Clerk of Courts (who dallied) to the Judge to get the hearing set. It was put down for February 23, 1961. Then the School Board attorneys (the City Solicitors) asked for a one-week delay because they had to go to Washington D.C. for a personal trip. We accommodated them, and set the hearing for March 2, 1961.

For 45 minutes they stood and yelped about our having a right to litigate the question; they were only concerned with the type of action we were taking—while they did everything to sink the boat. If they honestly desired to have the case heard, they could have said so, and we would have been underway with it.

There has never been a case quite under these circumstances (there never is). We had not one precedent case. Neither did the School Board. (The New York, Florida and Pennsylvania cases are all different.) The Judge—although this was a procedural matter only—questioned some of the merits of the case himself.

He asked us to show why we thought that the Duoay or the King James Bibles were sectarian. We replied that if the Catholics were opposed to the King James version, the Protestants opposed to the Duoay, and the Jews opposed to the New Testament of either, and to the Lord's Prayer, we felt this was sectarian. The Judge mused that people in opposition to a given thing did not mean it was sectarian.

He asked why we specified this as a religious ceremony. We said that there was a patriotic service, then a Lord's Prayer, then a reading from the Bible, and this appeared to us to be "non-instructive" and purely ritual.

He asked why we were objecting under the First Amendment, as this applied to religion, and we were obviously without religion. We replied that the First Amendment gives liberty to non-belief as well as belief.

The Judge said he would do some homework and then give his decision. Meanwhile, we are asking him for a restraining order to stop the school from abuse of Bill on his homework.

Oh, yes—the school has assigned Bill a locker in the girls' locker area.

## Case History of a Political Hoax

*What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word 'politic' which now for ages has signified 'cunning,' intimating that the state is a trick?*

—Ralph Waldo Emerson  
"Essay on Politics"

*If our advertising campaigns were as poorly conceived as the Republican campaign, America might well be a non-bathing nation.*

—from an article  
in "Printers' Ink"  
December 2, 1960

An editorial entitled "Launching Hoaxnik Two" in the October, 1960 issue of the *Realist* suggested that readers write to both Kennedy and Nixon, or their campaign managers, or their advertising agencies, saying "that you've heard the awful rumor they've been spreading about their opponent—but don't mention anything specific—tell them that you don't think such a whispering campaign is fair, and say that they've certainly lost your vote by such tactics."

Following are a couple of highlights of the results.

Quenby Jill Sameth, a young lady in Montgomery, complained to the Kennedy forces about some despicable rumor they had been spreading about Vice President Nixon, and a letter from Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli, Inc.—an ad agency whose San Francisco offices are on the renovated site of the Hotel Galileo, of bordello ill-fame—was sent to Miss Sameth in return. . . . Dear Mr. Smith (sic):

. . . We have no way of understanding your complaint, and we do not know the matter of which you speak. In any case, please be advised that the function of this advertising agency in the campaign has been properly confined to the mechanics of national advertising.

I don't mind saying on this occasion that neither this advertising agency or the Democratic Party believes in the Republican practice of having Madison Avenue advertising men determine political policy. Therefore, if you have complaints about the Republican campaign, I suggest you address them to the Republican advertising agency. If you have complaints about the Democratic campaign, you should address them to the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Washington, D.C.

Yours very truly,  
/s/ Maxwell Arnold, Jr.  
Vice-President

It should be noted that this letter was somewhat flavored with sour grapes. Mr. Arnold is an ardent Democrat. When his agency got the Democratic Party account, he personally screened employees. Independent voters were out of the question. In fact, if you didn't (literally) say, in answer to one of Arnold's standard questions, that Cox was superior to Coolidge, you would be considered of no use in the campaign. But, rather than engaging in the hoped-for role of active advisors and idea people, the firm was relegated to such mundane duties as television-time-buying . . . a frustrating development for someone who had delusions of king-making.

Richard Kern (impolite interview, issue #18)—who has founded the Greater New York Society for the

## Lenny Bruce: On The Great Debate

Everybody hears what he wants to hear. Like when they were in the heat of the election campaign, I was with a group who were watching the debate, and all the Nixon fans were saying, "Isn't he making Kennedy look like a jerk?"—and all the Kennedy fans were saying, "Look at him make a jerk out of Nixon." Each group really feels that their man is up there making the other man look like an idiot.

So then I realized that a candidate would have had to have been that blatant—he would have had to have looked at his audience right in the camera and say, "I am corrupt. I am the worst choice you could ever have for President."

And even then his following would say, "Boy, there's an honest man. It takes a big guy to admit that. That's the kind of man we should have for a President."

Prevention of Cruelty to the Human Animal, information about which may be secured by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Society's address: Penthouse Suite 7, 150 Nassau St., New York 38, N. Y.—wrote a letter to the Nixon forces, referring in it to "a stranger with whom I had innocently gotten into a conversation on the subject of a temporarily jammed subway door. I am actually ashamed to admit it, but the fact is that for a few hours I actually believed what this man told me about Senator Kennedy. . . ."

Mr. Nixon's Executive Assistant wrote back, asking for details.

Now, if we could only think up an absolutely absurd rumor, and get the Executive Assistant to the Vice-President to deny it—thereby indicating the extent to which wooing a voter can reach—our hoax would have served its purpose.

Jacqueline Kennedy was the first potential First Lady in recent times with whom American males might indulge in erotic phantasies. Certainly this hadn't been the case with Eleanor Roosevelt or Bess Truman or Mamie Eisenhower. But to imagine oneself with the President's wife—this was too much!—and so we decided that it would be a perfect basis for our absurd rumor.

This, then, is what Richard Kern wrote in his second letter:

". . . The suggestion is that Kennedy must have a psychologist among his advisors who insists his wife campaign with him, despite her pregnancy, in the hopes that male voters will unconsciously allow their pleasant sensations, aroused by her youth and attractiveness, to become confused with a desire to vote for her husband, motivated by the same mechanism that makes pretty girls in ads for beverages or automobiles a factor in sales increases. . . ."

Came the answer: ". . . Your thoughtfulness in reporting the rumor in your neighborhood is appreciated, and I can assure you that it has no basis in fact."

## CONTRIBUTIONS

We wish to thank the following persons for their (tax-deductible) contributions to The Realist Assn., Inc.—a non-profit corporation which publishes the *Realist*.

George A. Fenley \$2; Judy Knight \$1; Charles Perry \$5; Gertrude Smith \$10; Barry Striffler \$1; Amos Unghe-rini \$2; Lee H. Watkins \$3.

## A Quarterly Report on Some of the Crap That's Been Going On . . . by Bob Abel

Janet Mick, "Miss Rheingold of 1961," garnered more votes in the seven-state contest than did both presidential candidates in those same states.

\* \* \*

Murray Kempton, commenting on that TV unspectacular, "The Eisenhower Years," wrote: "The real mystery of his career is not why the voters—who are poor lost souls—made him President of the United States. It is why a board of trustees, made up of men petrified as educated, made him president of Columbia University." Meanwhile, Plummer Ltd., a New York dispenser of over-priced gifts and objects d'art, has been featuring an Eisenhower Toby Jug — "a conversation piece today . . . a collector's item tomorrow." Only \$12.50 and he's yours forever.

Post-election hindsights: (a) Ike thought Dick lost because Jack telephoned for the Negro vote, despite what Ike described as his 8-year effort "to protect Negro voting rights and to promote racial integration in public schools." (b) Dick thought Dick lost because reporters on the campaign trail liked Jack better, although reporters have nothing to do with deciding what gets into print or how much space or what placement it will receive—the editors make those decisions—and only 16% of the nation's papers backed Kennedy editorially. (c) Nat Rubin, who sells advertising on the blue shirt-bands used by Chinese laundries in the New York area, claims Jack won because Nat put "Kennedy for President" shirt-bands into circulation.

Typographical-type errors: From an AP Washington dispatch—"That gave Kennedy a nationwide popular vote margin over Nixon of 114,859 out of more than \$68,000,000 votes cast." From Frank Farrell's Journal-American column: "Anita Loose (sic) has a new book . . . called 'No Mother to Guide Her.'" From Bosley Crowther's N. Y. Times review of the film, "Breathless"—"He thinks nothing more of killing a policeman or dismissing the pregnant condition of his girl than he does of pilfering the purse of an occasional sweetheart or rabbi-punching and robbing a guy in a gentlemen's room."

\* \* \*

February 9th headline in N. Y. Times: "Americans Find Australian Life Pleasant, Calm and No Tension." Australia—which is frequently cited as a model country, a pleasant, relaxed nation with high living standards and few slums—doesn't sound like the sort of place for George Lincoln Rockwell to visit, but he's been invited to speak at a racist rally in Sydney on May 1st. Rockwell, who has found a direct re-

lationship between the amount of noise he makes and the amount of publicity accorded to him, may not get a visa to Australia, although he would be quite at home there. The country's official immigration policy excludes Asians. White Europeans are recruited, but those from southern Europe—such as Italians and Greeks—get low priority. Of late, letters to Australian newspapers have been blaming Italian immigrants for an increase in urban vice. And, said one official, "Top golf clubs and places like that won't let Jews in, but there is no anti-Semitism."

\* \* \*

February 18th headline in N. Y. Times: "Immigrant Curbs Urged in Britain." Merrie Olde England, it seems, is becoming a "honey pot" to poor settlers from the West Indies, and a Conservative member of Parliament wants immigration restrictions imposed on colored members of the Common-

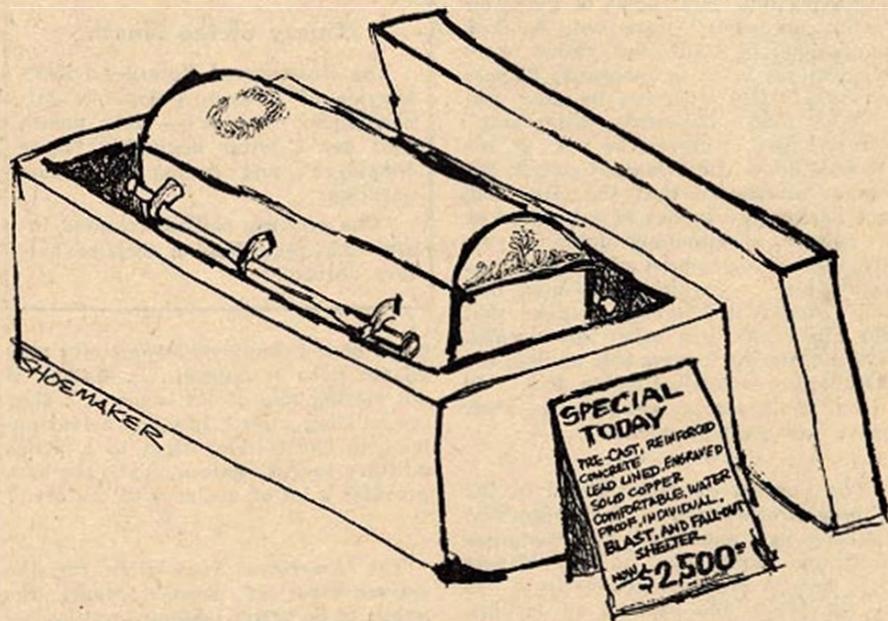
camera how he (Shackne) would feel if his 4-year-old daughter someday married a Negro boy. Shackne, whose wife happens to be Japanese, didn't dignify the question with an answer.

\* \* \*

Censorship rearing its ugly head: In Torrington, Conn., the local NAACP wants three short stories banned from use in the city's high school. The offenders—Edgar Allan Poe's "The Gold Bug," Joel Chandler Harris' "Brer Rabbit" and Ruth Stuart's "Sonny's Christening." U.S. Customs has been seizing such books as a Samuel Beckett collection of three novellas and Lawrence Durrell's "The Black Book"—both of which are available in bookstores; the latter, in fact, is a current choice of The Reader's Subscription book club.

\* \* \*

Life in Russia—no paradise, to be sure — is nonetheless getting better. The new communal apartments being



wealth. Since the official policy of the Australian Immigration Minister is "to form an Anglo-European society, a splendid amalgam of British and West European peoples," perhaps the English could lend a helping hand Down Under—as well as solving Britain's own problem—by just all emigrating to Australia.

Back in this country, in Warm Springs, Georgia, contributions to the March of Dimes go to support separate facilities for Negro and white polio victims. In Chapel Hill, North Carolina, a group of Negroes and whites picketed a theatre to protest the refusal of the management to admit Negroes to see the all-Negro film, "Porgy and Bess." And in Louisiana, Governor Davis asked Bob Shackne, a CBS-TV correspondent who was interviewing him on

built provide a common kitchen for as many as five families, but there is in the kitchen a table for each family and sometimes in the bathroom a detachable seat for each family.

\* \* \*

From a N. Y. Daily News ad, bidding for attention from N. Y. Times readers: "Have you been frightened into thinking you're constipated?" From a radio commercial for Ex-Lax: "Constipation can be a problem for anyone, even doctors."

\* \* \*

The A.M.A., America's highest-income union, recently raised its dues \$10 per head, some of which will be used for "publicity." Thus, when you visit your doctor, the poster on his wall headlined "Socialized Medicine and You" is all part of the treatment. In Great Britain, under the National

March-April 1961

**Health Service**—which has often been accused of "extravagance"—a smaller portion of income is spent on health than in this country—and there, nobody goes without.

\* \* \*

A quiz of some 400 college students from New York metropolitan colleges found that: Nehru is the prime minister of Israel; Castro is the capital of Cuba; Faubus is a rock 'n roll singer; Dulles is still Secretary of State. Moreover, 1% didn't know who the new President and Vice-President are; 83% drew a blank on the Secretary of Defense; 94.9% couldn't identify the Health, Education and Welfare Secretary. By way of contrast, 95% knew what cigarette "tastes good like a cigarette should."

\* \* \*

Attorneys for General Electric and Westinghouse, two of the largest electrical parts manufacturers indicted for price-fixing in government bids, explained that their pleas of guilty or "nolo contendere" were not, in fact, admissions of guilt, but rather were legal moves made to "promptly dispose of what would otherwise be most protracted and expensive litigations." Nevertheless, you can be sure if it's Westinghouse. In Atlanta, Georgia, the mayor announced that the city "will not borrow the tactics of a buzzard or a vulture in swooping down on the troubles of a segment of the business community" — which, translated into less rhetorical language, means that the city won't join other cities which are considering a mass suit against the bid-rigging electrical parts firms. In Atlanta, of course, progress is their most important product.

\* \* \*

The general executive board of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners has expressed its "complete faith and confidence" in two leaders who have been sentenced to from two to 14 years for bribing an Indiana highway official.

\* \* \*

Concern with their public image has prompted former members of the Waffen S. S.—the fighting arm of Hitler's elite corps—to protest a TV series called "The Third Reich" because it portrays them in an unfavorable light. The only people they killed, the claim goes on, were enemy soldiers and civilians who happened to be in the way. And Adolf Eichmann contends that he would have been "not only a scoundrel, but a despicable pig" if he hadn't carried out Hitler's orders. Rhodesia's official hangman, John R. Catchpole, has offered his expert services free, in connection with the Eichmann case. "My superiors," he says, "consider me one of the most humane and efficient in the world, a fact that can easily be verified." However, he has not presented any testimonials from satisfied customers.

A recorded church sermon over Station WALK in Norwalk, Conn. ends with the speaker announcing: "We say goodbye with our transcribed signature, 'Amen.'" And Louis J. Dunne, secretary and manager of the Bronx Elks lodge, was quoted in the N. Y. Post as saying that the Elks "have only two main provisions. You must believe in God and you must be white."

\* \* \*

**Station Breaks:** "Stay tuned for Julie Harris in 'The Heiress'—see how this woman takes her revenge—on CBS." And, on NBC: "More To Come—Dr. Brothers Tells Why—Following The Jack Paar Show."

\* \* \*

The "Friends of Mitchell Field Association" plans to protest in Congress the closing down of the large air field on the outskirts of New York City because "closing a military base on the

### Query of the Month

The Homosexual Voters Advisory Service of Denver, Colorado—Michelangelo Chapter — this month sent out a letter beginning "Dear Employer" and ending with this question:

"Can you use skilled, talented individuals, regardless of their sexual-love nature?"

brink of the country's largest city puts all our lives in danger. . . . Moscow is not closing any of its bases . . . they are building more." It takes a real patriot to covet living next to a prime military target—unless maybe the base provides a lot of business to the area?

\* \* \*

The American Association for the Advancement of Science wants the public to be better informed on the lessons that science has learned. As a starter, we might suggest these headline-capsuled lessons: "Cancer Found 4-Fold In A-Bomb Survivors"; "Moon Stirs Scare Of Missile Attack"; "Find Strontium In Soviet Grain"; "Soldier Killed In A-Reactor Blast Buried In Vault Lined With Lead."

\* \* \*

The Delaware River Port Authority has insured two of its bridges and the people who use them against damage and injury resulting from a nuclear explosion. Survivors may collect—assuming the insurance company is still around. Meanwhile, the Office of Civil Defense Mobilization—which has announced a program to teach students in "selected" high schools across the nation "the proper technique of building fallout shelters"—is also stockpiling prayer books in the event of a nuclear war.

## SIR REALIST

(Continued from Page 2)

### On the Other Hand

That was an awful thing to put in a letter to President Kennedy (issue #22). Where do you draw the line between intelligent freethought and bad taste? What's good for the goose is not necessarily good for the gander. And he is the President, after all.

Peggy Gerard  
New York, N. Y.

*Editor's note: If I kid Kennedy, it doesn't necessarily mean I don't respect him. I like much of what he's doing—from avoiding church-state togetherness to promoting the humane use of surplus food—and I'm glad I voted for him. As far as what's good for the goose is concerned, I've found that the index finger does rather nicely, thank you.*

### Interlandi's Classic

The Interlandi cartoon (issue #23) was terrific, the only really true statement as to what citizens would do if a bomb falls. Your journal gets better and better. Most go the other way.

Lee H. Watkins  
Davis, Calif.

### On the Other Hand

Wow, did you pull a *faux pas* on your February "Modest Proposal." First, let me say that in the past, I derived great enjoyment from this particular portion of the *Realist*; however, the "Test Your Own Morality" bit was like something found in the *Reader's Digest*.

To begin with, the word "morality" can thank the church for its survival, its misconception and its irrelevancy. I can see nothing terribly "immoral" in the ridiculous quiz you set down as a test, simply because there was the absence of trust in all of them. . . .

I can conclude only one thing, and that is that you both [John Francis Putnam and Paul Krassner] must have had a lousy lunch that day. Please, to get back on the right footing, don't try any more impromptu themes and kill this crumbly "morality" nonsense!

Elissa Beiser  
Elmhurst, N. Y.

*Editor's note: You receive a letter like the one above.*

(a) You print it and explain that Putnam's "Modest Proposal" was intended as a satirical take-off on the *Reader's Digest*-type questionnaire.

(b) You invite the letter-writer to discuss the matter over lunch and then you ask the waiter for separate checks.