

*freethought criticism and satire*

# The Realist

May, 1961

35 Cents

No. 26



the magazine of  
rural naïveté

## Television As a Cause of Disease

by Dr. R. C. Agnostakios

A number of intellectuals have been saying of late that television is ruining the country. They believe that the viewing of television should in some way be restricted. Now, we have made a study, "Television As a Cause of Disease," and the implications of this study suggest that prolonged exposure to television by our great American masses should in the long run prove *beneficial* to the nation.

During the past 12 years television has spread through the homes and loitering places of America as thoroughly as the Black Plague permeated Europe during the Dark Ages. Over 50 million sets send forth their messages to our homes, bars, hotel rooms and more pretentious automobiles.

Like sexual activity, one can do without television when it is not readily available; but when it is in easy reach one is likely to indulge. And Americans do indulge (in TV) at a prodigious rate. Our great public watches each TV set on the average of 10 person-hours per set per day, according to NBC Research Department Statistics for January, 1959. In a year's time, a person watching television for five hours per day will have spent 75 solid 24-hour days sitting before the flickering screen. The nation as a whole watches TV for a total of over 500,000,000 viewer hours per day, or 180,000,000,000 viewer hours per year.

(Continued on page 16)

## Three Non-Attributable Days That Shook the White House

by James Higgins

*I'm glad I'm not Mr. Stevenson  
Don't take this lyin' down!  
Hung up before the whole U.N.  
Don't take this lyin' down!*

Now what happened to Stevenson? He was moving so Bobby and Weaver like, to name only two. I had sketched out a Western thing called *The Angola Kid*, starring Springfield Steve, who would use his rifle only in non-direct intervention—which, as is well known, constitutes justifiable countryside.

Then the whole project was, all of a sudden, cancelled. "Listen," someone in authority told me, "as far as Add-lie is concerned, he was well-named. All he rates now is one shot on *Truth or Consequences*."

Capitalism corrupts. And absolute capitalism corrupts absolutely everybody. (With the exception of Kenneth Patchen, whom it just made sick. Sick to the bones of his back. He needs bread. Which can be sent to him and his wife, Miriam, by way of *Liberation* magazine, 110 Christopher St., N. Y. 14. "America is worth saving," once wrote Dreiser. Well, I don't know. But Patchen is.)

I sat within five feet of President Kennedy when he told the American Society of Newspaper Editors that if the Latin-American nations didn't shape up, the U.S. would do as it damn pleased. That is what he told us "in effect," as we say in the newspaper game.

(Continued on page 22)

## editorial type stuff

### I Like Eich

And if I laugh at any mortal thing 'tis that I may not weep. —Byron

Included among last issue's Rumors of the Month was the following item: "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.'"

Included among this month's mail was a letter which said: "It's great to be able to joke when horrible things are known and it's grand to be able to take everything in stride, but honestly, your humor or satirical taste has gone too far. Your so-called 'rumor' has probably warmed the hearts of several thousand anti-Semites, but not the hearts of several million kikes, as you call us. A witness at the Eichmann trial held up a pair of little shoes, maybe as evidence, but more, I believe, as a symbol of 100,000 little children who were slaughtered during the extermination. Are these the kikes you're polking (sic) fun at?" And it was signed: "Pitifully, Shirley Feldman."

Well, Miss Feldman, it's this way.

The rumor to which you refer wasn't poking fun at little children who were slaughtered. I am not offended by innocence.

What I am offended by is the showbusinessization of tragedy. That's what I was poking fun at.

There are at least ten films exploiting the Nazi theme, either already released or now in preparation, from *Hitler's Woman* to an as yet untitled picture based on the life of the Marquis de Sade (the movie will update de Sade as a 20th Century Nazi).

The April 5th edition of *Variety* said "it would appear that film producer-distributors have a ready market for their Nazi-themed wares. However, as any industryite knows, there often is a big slip between the U.S. bookstand [publishers of at least ten Nazi-era paperback books have for some time now been reaping a rich harvest] and the U.S. boxoffice. A notable example of this was the comparative failure of 20th-Fox's adaptation of *The Diary of Anne Frank*, after the property had been immensely successful as a book and legit play."

I think the wisest thing for me to do would just be to get on the bandwagon with the rest of the crowd.

I am writing this musical comedy for the Broadway



stage called *The Sound of Eichmann*—the play that asks the question: "Can a mass murderer from a little town in Austria find peace and happiness in Israel?" The starring role will be filled by Arthur Miller in his first and last acting-singing stint. There will, of course, be a happy ending. Just as Eichmann is about to be executed, in flies Mary Martin, screaming: "Wait! Stop! Six million Jews have just been found alive in Argentina!"

### Sort of a Summit Conference

Nobody would ever have guessed that the three of us sitting there in the Las Vegas sun were editors. Lyle Stuart of *The Independent* looks like a thug; Burt Wolfe of *The Californian* looks like an accountant; I look like a juvenile delinquent.

(It occurs to me that I have never given *The Californian* the public credit it deserves. It's a muck-raking magazine in the finest sense of the word. I recommend it. Subscriptions are \$3 a year; a sample copy is 35¢. Address: *The Californian*, 1005 Market St., San Francisco 3, Calif.)

The purpose of the meeting was to see if the three publications could somehow cooperate with each other. We eliminated the possibility of merging, since each publication has its own distinct personality. We may send out joint advertising circulars to cut down on costs, though. (The money for the trip to the west coast did not come out of *Realist* funds; it was, rather, a personal loan.)

And now I'd like to say a few words about Las Vegas. . . .

### A Disneyland for Gangsters

A great documentary film could be made about the gambling scene. It would begin with the close-up of a newspaper headline about, say, Laos; then the camera would quickly cut to the rows of people playing the slot machines inside a casino. The picture would be called *Waiting for Jackpot*.

The people who go to Las Vegas are simply out for a good time. They have no idea of who runs the town . . . gangs in Miami, Washington, New York, Chicago, Detroit. That's the way the web spreads.

To those in the know there, it is a comic opera. A respectable ex-hoodlum who has personally killed three men in his lifetime now proudly smokes a cigar at the reception following his son's *bar-mitzvah*.

The thing is, Las Vegas has good schools. There is a lesson to be learned from this by those who would improve the quality of education in their own cities: sponsor some form of corruption which, through the funnel of guilt, will lead to better classrooms.

And then replace the THINK sign with one that says COMPENSATE.

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

PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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

Subscription rates:

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

Copyright 1961 by The Realist Association, Inc.

Application for second class mail privileges is pending at New York, N. Y.

## The Tragedy of Cuba (Continued)

I do not retract a single word of what I wrote about my stay in Cuba in the February issue. I am saddened by whatever ties that the little island may have developed with the Soviet Union, but it was the United States—like an inadequate jealous lover—that drove Cuba into the arms of an exploiting gigolo.

According to President Kennedy, it is the policy of the U.S. to aid all peoples who are fighting against tyranny. Then why did my friends have to smuggle arms to aid in Fidel's battle against Batista, while now the Central Intelligence Agency—suffering from a congenital prefrontal lobotomy—arranged for an erectionless rape of a social revolution which merely made the mistake of giving human values precedence over property values?

(Captured aggressors do not equal imprisoned Jews; nor do tractors equal munitions trucks.)

I don't for a moment defend Castro's admitted injustices, which, in his very attempt to protect his humanism, mar it. But our intervention was not exactly based on humanism, either.

The anatomy of a counter-revolution was summed up in a single sentence on the business page of the April 18th N. Y. *Herald Tribune*: "As invasion forces rolled ashore in Cuba yesterday, the stocks of American firms whose assets were seized by the regime of Fidel Castro rose sharply."

You can bet your sweet ass that if we had huge investments in Algeria, Kennedy would never have the gall to permit deGaulle to kiss *him* on each cheek, baby.

## The Naked Emperor

To read the various accounts of Civil Defense Drill protests is to be given no conception whatsoever of the morality-play drama underlying them. Neither the humor—umbrellas bearing the legend "Portable Fallout Shelter"—nor the pathos—hundreds of voices singing

*America the Beautiful* in a spirit that would make Mitch Miller run out and join a monastery—were considered news fit to print.

To hear the Assistant Police Chief in New York's City Hall Park—"Officers," he announced as soon as the air raid siren had sounded, "arrest those persons who do not seek shelter!"—is to be thrilled with the concept of mass civil disobedience to a law which even a C.D. official confessed was completely illogical.

I estimated that there were 2000 of us there. Norman Mailer thought it was closer to 1000. (The N. Y. *Times* said "seven hundred to eight hundred . . . the police seized those nearest to them.") After the all-clear sounded and the crowd began to disperse, a couple of little kids came up to Mailer and myself and asked him for his autograph on the "Brave Men Do Not Hide" leaflets that had been distributed. It was a grotesque and touching scene.

If Civil Defense Drills were voluntary, nobody would participate in this ten-minute game of hide-and-go-seek except politicians and other crackpots, and adults who welcome the change-of-pace in their workaday world the way those kids who asked for Mailer's autograph welcome a fire-drill interruption of their classroom boredom.

Incidentally, the Internal Revenue Service last month announced—in answer to a large number of inquiries—that contributions or gifts to civil defense organizations are deductible on federal income tax returns. However, they added, amounts spent by individuals for the construction of bomb shelters, stockpiling of supplies, etc., are personal expenses and are not deductible.

## In Lust We Trust

This issue of the *Realist* has a triple theme: the cold war, mass media and sex. They are interrelated.

The threat of nuclear annihilation (with or without war)—not to mention the threat of limited war (which is one of the sickest phrases of our time)—is like a steady, muted accompaniment to our daily lives . . . unintentionally satirized in the opening scenes of the movie *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* (wherein a pair of intercontinental lovers, nude in bed, simultaneously exchange passion and discuss the blast-and-fallout effects of the atomic bomb that fell or was pushed, back in 1945).

The mass media have reinforced the unrealistic approaches to the bomb and sex alike. In the latter area, one of the results is a morbid interest in pornography—as a partaker of, and/or as a suppressor of.

The first-time-published-in-this-country *Tropic of Cancer* by Henry Miller (which makes *Lady Chatterley's Lover* a girl scout manual by comparison) will have the hypocrisy flowing freely in the coming months. The pun is intentional, for *Tropic of Cancer* in effect is a pornographic book for many. And so the hypocrisy lies not only in reader-land but also in publisher-land, because the defense of *Tropic* will be that it is artistic—though artistry, like pornography, exists solely in the mind of the beholder—and, idealistically, the book should be defended on the grounds of *so what* if it arouses the prurient interest of some readers?

Which reminds me: a friend of mine is a conscientious objector, and the F.B.I. is investigating him, and guess what they want to know: Does he send pornographic literature through the mail? Does he have sexual relations with unmarried women?



## How to Leak a Plug

*What's My Line*—a TV program which thrives on double entendre (punctuated by publicity in the guise of entertainment)—last month received a letter from a University of Texas freshman who wanted to be on the show. He is a fender-slapper in a drive-in movie. His duties, reported John Wilcock (whose book *The Village Square*, a collection of such significant trivia, is now available for \$3 from the *Realist*, if you'll pardon a *What's-My-Line* type plug) include "walking all over the lot and among the cars and, when no heads are showing in the parked cars, slapping the fender to make the occupants rouse up." Apparently, though, this was just a little too graphic for *What's My Line*. Asked if the young man would be a future contestant, a spokesman replied: "Of course not."

Speaking of both *What's My Line* and John Wilcock, you may recall that in his *Realist* survey of "columny" last month, Wilcock quoted Dorothy Kilgallen's *Journal-American* prediction from February: "The Russians intend to try for big headlines on or about April 1." This, then, is to suggest to the John Birch Society, in view of the man-in-space bit (which, by taking the Eichmann trial off the front pages, gave blatant evidence of Khrushchev's anti-Semitism), that Miss Kilgallen is obviously in close contact with the Communists and ought to be investigated immediately.

## Space On My Hands

Somehow, I found it difficult to get too excited about the *our* man-in-space bit while folksongfests were banned in New York's Washington Square Park. The decision, editorialized the *Daily Mirror*, "will be appealed by the singers [the ban has since been lifted] but how much better it would be if they accepted a new location gracefully."

The *Mirror* was not in such a yielding mood itself, when it came to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's ban on a ticker-tape parade for Alan Shepard in New York. Their editorial said that "this city is not going to take no for an answer. . . . We simply cannot be denied the honor . . ."

As long as Commander Shepard is now a real honest-to-goodness celebrity (*Life* magazine pictures him reading his fan mail), the *Realist* hereby makes a motion that henceforth all Astronauts be required to have their teeth capped.

## Alabama-Bound

There seems to be a terribly sick double standard floating around the country these days.

The same people who say it is immoral to *defy* the Civil Defense statutes are criticizing the Freedom Riders for trying to *affirm* their Constitutional rights.

The same people who are calling Cuba dangerous are able somehow to rationalize human violence 90 miles *inward* from our shores.

The same people who worry about Communist gains in the propaganda battle maintain a conspiracy of conservatism over an American struggle that serves but to strengthen the Iron Curtain.

The same people who decry the racial myth that brought Adolf Eichmann to power support a racial myth themselves that has resulted in genocide on the installment plan.

The same people who are celebrating the Civil War Centennial are attempting to fight it all over again.

Only trouble is, the South now has Cape Canaveral.

## Menachem, Madalyn and Me

*A fanatic is a man who redoubles his efforts after he has lost sight of his objective.*—Santayana

Menachem S. Arnoni edits a journal called *The Minority of One* (free sample copy, subscription \$5 a year, P.O. Box 544, Passaic, New Jersey). He claims that his publication has "greater historical importance" than any in the field because it places such stress on what he considers the central problem of this day: peace.

Personally, I think that the central problem, not of this day, but of all time, is human relations. To expect international harmony when individuals can't get along is but a shallow hope. For example, M. S. Arnoni and Madalyn Murray are each convinced that the other is an evil person.

And they are both wrong.

Madalyn Murray worked for seven years as a psychiatric social worker for juvenile and domestic relations courts, for a psychiatric hospital and for two private social agencies. Later she was with the Bureau of Old Age and Survivors Insurance of the Social Security Admin., as an attorney handling disability claims.

There are literally thousands of disabled people in the United States who have reason to be grateful that it was she who adjudicated their cases. There are countless juveniles who never got into a jail if she could help it—and she could—and did. There were food baskets she bought for her cases, and there were things like getting a girl a Sunday School dress or a boy a catcher's mitt or a tired father a small case of beer.

She was enormously proud of her work because she is a woman who believes in deeds, not words, and she was helping to alleviate human sorrow.

Now M. S. Arnoni is no stranger to human sorrow himself. He was brought to Auschwitz by the Nazis, where his mother and sister were gassed to death. He endured torture and starvation. When he was released in 1945 he was unconscious and given up by doctors as a hopeless case. He weighed less than 80 pounds. But he recuperated, and became an active member of an underground that was illegally transferring East European Jews to Palestine. And he was imprisoned again, this time by the British, at Cyprus. He managed to escape, and to find his way to the Arab-Israeli war.

He had an irrational feeling of guilt for having survived. He felt that if there was to be any sense, in retrospect, to his sufferings, he would have to devote himself to preventing a recurrence of the horrors he had known. And so he launched *The Minority of One*.

On October 27, 1960, Madalyn Murray sent the following letter to *The Minority of One*. . . . "Gentlemen: I am enclosing a newspaper clipping which is a first round of a battle in [Maryland] reactionary Republican dominated and Catholic state. [The clipping pertained to her son Bill's fight against sectarian religious exercises in public schools.] Please utilize this in your next publication, if you see fit. I ask only for a copy of your issue if you do use it. If you desire to have any additional information, please just write. There is no way for me to deliver to you in words my admiration for your work. It is unique in intelligent presentation, content, format. If you could only be multiplied by 1001, I feel there would yet be hope for America."

She sent the same clipping to the *Realist*, but without any compliments; her praise came after she had

seen the magazine and was included in an article about the developments of the case, which she wrote at my request for issue #23. I called it "Malice in Maryland." For the issue after that, she wrote "More Malice in Maryland." As that issue was about to go to press, I read in *The Minority of One*, in reference to Madalyn Murray and her son Bill, the following:

"You read in the newspaper 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 was shocked. I met with Mr. Arnoni and he told me about some correspondence between Madalyn Murray and himself. Then I called Baltimore to get her side of the story. She wasn't home. She had gone to Norwalk, Ohio, to attend a funeral. So that night I spoke to her in Norwalk. Based on what she told me, I decided to insert an editorial footnote in the middle of her article, printing what Mr. Arnoni had said, and calling him a liar. I also phoned a few interested people and told them what I'd done.

Then I became acquainted with the actual correspondence, and concluded that the truth lay somewhere between the Arnoni and Murray versions. I stopped the presses—destroyed \$270 worth of issues that had already been printed—and substituted for the Arnoni-is-a-liar statement, the following: "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." I also called those interested people again and told them of the change I'd made.

In the course of the Arnoni-Murray correspondence, Menachem told Madalyn of his financial plight. On December 12, 1960, she wrote to him that "if you can hang on a little while longer perhaps I will have some money to help. I have several wild ideas . . ." He expressed his interest, and on December 28, she wrote to him: "I am making an educated guess that I can raise \$20,000. It will cost me \$10,000 for my case (or, at a maximum,

\$15,000) but I won't need this except over a period stretching out for 18 months. It appears to me that if I could divert about \$5000 to you this spring and summer, you should be able to utilize this for a plant here in Baltimore . . . and if your need for additional funds continues . . . I could lend the Magazine some out of the money that I won't be needing for the approximate 18 months." That was one of the wild ideas.

On January 10, 1961, she wrote: "I want to make a specific business deal with you . . . and in this I want to do two things . . . (1) I want to help save the *Minority* and you, and (2) I want to provide myself with some future security."

And Menachem paid a visit to Baltimore.

When I wrote in the *Realist* that "Madalyn Murray, with Mr. Arnoni's encouragement, did consider . . ." I did not mean to imply that he initiated the idea; but he never rejected it, either. He tells me that he had planned to have Madalyn circularize the contributors to her legal fund, asking permission to use their donations for *Minority*, but he never communicated this to her. In answer to Madalyn's note of January 27—which said, "Your silence is deafening . . . what cooks?"—Menachem wrote to her on January 29:

" . . . Frankly, I thought that you have lost interest in the whole matter. I must admit that I was somewhat disillusioned during my last visit to Baltimore. While we had never been sufficiently specific in our conversations, basing it primarily on one of your letters, I came to Baltimore convinced that you were interested in doing two things: accepting the promotion of *The Minority of One* as your wholehearted project and investing substantial cash in it. It turned out that as far as your personal involvement was concerned you were thinking primarily in office routine criteria, and as for investment it was TMO itself which you expected to make it. I am glad to conclude from your telephone call and last letter that you are still interested in joining forces. If you are totally sincere and serious about it, we can achieve a great deal. You will, however, appreciate that my primary concern is how to save TMO now that it is so close to pulling over the hump and not what it can offer to you, to me or to anyone else in the immediate future. I must, therefore, cling to the attitude: What do you want to do for TMO? I know that if you sincerely want, you can do much both due to your personal stamina as well as due to the means which are available to you."

Replied Madalyn, on February 1: "It is incredible to me that you could charge that [I was] out to get something from TMO. At this point, TMO has nothing to give . . . and for a year, or years futuristically TMO has nothing to give in terms of finances, status, or anything else, to those who labor, from principle, for her. This is a pettiness which I feel you should be above harboring. I realize your disappointment because of my modest financial means. I was quite explicit in my let-

## what's the catch?

by Marshall E. Deutsch

(Catches are on Page 6)

1. An advertisement in the N. Y. *Sunday Times* offered business franchises and equipment and stated that the seller would buy back these franchises and equipment from buyers who did not find them satisfactory.

2. According to the Law of Averages, if you flip a coin often enough, it will come out heads half the time.

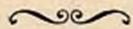
3. The fact that many persons lie curled up in the "fetal position" shows a craving on their part for the security of the womb.

May 1961

### Contributions

Dolores Bohlman \$75; Mrs. Rebecca R. Crane \$2; D. Ewing \$25; Faye A. Fergus \$1; Thomas Grabel \$2; Robert Grossman \$2; Paul J. Hutt \$5; John S. McClaughry \$2; William Moore \$2; Roger Price \$10; S. Rosenblatt \$2; Mrs. Gertrude Russell \$12; George F. Schulz \$5; Richard P. Wakefield \$1.

ters, and in our talks, that my offers were tentative and in part premature as I did not know what my financial abilities would be until Spring. . . . Now, you see me as desiring to be a clerk-typist for TMO! This is incredible as nothing of the sort was ever contemplated, discussed, or given credence to you when you yourself intimated that my desire to have some knowledge of internal affairs of TMO actually constituted a desire on my part to be a clerk-typist. You are above this. At all times I have been employing myself to find backing, uncover methods of printing, etc. I have offered to expose myself to a Federal indictment and certain jail sentence by converting funds directed to me, in the mails, for my own Bible case, to assist you in getting your press; that I want to manipulate this in order to cover minimum costs of my case as they come up, you somehow have twisted into a desire 'to gain from TMO' instead of 'to give to TMO'. . . . This last week I spent over 50 hours trying to get a deal, or a free use of something or other, or gain money for you from monied people here. Is this trying to gain from TMO?"



I received a letter from a pair of Park Avenue law partners, Feldman and Pollak, dated March 29, reading: "Our client, Menochem S. Arnoni, publisher of *The Minority of One, Inc.*, advises us that he recently suffered severe damage as a result of a libelous publication and slanderous remarks made by you. . . ."

They're trying to tell me something.

I checked with Mr. Arnoni. "I'm going to sue you out of existence," he said. This, from a man whom I supplied a mailing list to in the early part of his struggle, whom I later secured a meeting-room for when he came to N.Y. to raise money, whom I even named as beneficiary on a flight insurance policy when I flew to Chicago (at *Playboy's* expense).

He rationalizes his wanting to "put the *Realist* out of business" by saying that because it is so "flippant" about serious issues, it does harm to the cause (what-

ever that is). In addition, he is opposed to my publishing in the next issue an impolite interview with George Lincoln Rockwell, head of the American Nazi Party. I can understand this as an emotional reaction from a former concentration-camp prisoner, but not as an intellectual reaction from a civil libertarian.

But of course (rationalizations aside) he doesn't have a case. I'm accused of sabotaging his latest campaign to raise money. He'll have a tough time proving it. In his May issue, he states that "The subscribers meetings in New York and Boston not only produced the cash necessary for the immediate continuance of TMO, but also laid the cornerstone for the non-profit foundation of The Friends of The Minority of One."

Madalyn Murray, on the other hand, who really was libeled, wrote this to me: "My major reason for no libel suit does not concern Arnoni or me as individuals. I am an American radical. I will not, publically, attack another segment of the American radical left. Arnoni is a radical. He is doing a fine job. The radical left means more to me than my affronted honor. It means more to me than I as a living entity mean. It means more to me than my children's honor. It means more to me than Arnoni as an individual. Arnoni says Bill and I are fakes from the word 'go' and the suit is only a fraud, a gimmick for money-raising. This supposes that I am a monster who would deliberately put a 14-year-old, and myself, through a series of traumatic crises, would jeopardize my aged parents in their living, for \$\$\$\$\$. This supposes that I contrived the scheme in advance, that I fly under false colors, am probably not an atheist, etc. This supposes Bill is totally corrupt at age 14. Arnoni has a burden of proof. I have had too much training, too much experience and worked too hard in order to be objective (even about myself) to lose my rationality now and strike out in blind, infuriated revenge. I don't live that way. It violates my rules of conduct."

She still gives \$1 a month to *The Minority of One*.

On April 28th, Judge J. Gilbert Prendergast dismissed the suit filed by Madalyn Murray and her son Bill. They will appeal his ruling that the power of the Baltimore School Board to require Bible readings and prayers in opening school exercises is a matter within the board's discretion. Said the judge—whose inability to appreciate the concept of ethics without supernaturalism is exceeded only by his profound lack of understanding of the First Amendment: "Just how the religious liberty of a person who has no religion can be endangered is by no means made clear."

### WHAT'S THE CATCH?

(Continued from Page 5)

1. The advertisement did not say at what price they would be bought back.

2. The catch is that there seems to be no such law. I have been unable to find references to a law of averages in any of numerous encyclopedias and textbooks of statistics which I have consulted. There are, however, laws of probability, and they suggest that a coin whose center of gravity is its geometric center will be increasingly likely to exhibit heads half the time, as the number of flips is increased. However, no matter how improbable an event is, it may occur, and it is possible that a coin such as just described will never exhibit equal frequencies of heads and tails, no matter how often it is flipped.

3. As pointed out by Dr. Mark D. Altschule, Editor-in-Chief of *Lippincott's Medical Science* (Vol. 8, No. 7, p. 426, October 10, 1960), "A moment's consideration of the anatomic facts should make it clear to anyone that it is impossible to curl up in the other direction."

### Reasonable Facsimile

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

Enclosed is:

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

Please begin my subscription with.....

- Also enclosed is \$1 for 10 extra copies of this #.... issue.
- Also enclosed is \$2 for your 8 most available back issues.

Name .....

Address .....

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

The Realist

## core and surface

by Lawrence Barth

### Ending the Atomic 'Helplessness' Mood

Like almost every other American, I'm doing virtually nothing about it: the insanity of the nuclear weapons and the arms race. There are many reasons; one is that the very words I've just used, "nuclear weapons" and "arms race," are seen on every side, and take on the boring quality of every cliché ever invented. This in itself is a danger.

Shall I review here in detail the reasons why it's all insane? You as an informed person are supposed to know. If you're like me, you read one week that Linus Pauling estimates that at least 15,000 seriously defective children will be born every year for a long time to come, as a result of the 1952-1958 fallout, and next week that a mere misinterpreted signal or random accident could set off an atomic war—and then you go about your business. You, and I, don't do anything about it.

I've heard somewhere a statement by a poet to the effect that "when The Bomb comes, it will find us quietly doing our writing, our painting and acting." Is this noble? It's pathetic.

Is it merely because they're uninformed and misinformed by A.E.C. spokesmen and newspapers that people keep sitting around doing nothing about hovering death? Only partly. Psychologically, there are many reasons for the "hopeless, helpless" mood. For one thing, the whole problem of the arms race is so extremely complex—like society itself today—that there seems to be no way to cope with it. For another, power in what we glibly call our democracy is steadily moving out of the hands of the mass of people and, as C. Wright Mills puts it, into the hands of "the high military, the corporation executives, the political directorate."

Again, the human neurosis, as Reich showed with glaring clarity in *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*, is so deep in human beings that even when they have much of the governmental power in their hands, they too often use it irrationally and become willing handmaidens of Stalins, Hitlers, Francos and Mussolinis.

This is generally true, but of course not invariably. During the depression years in the United States there gradually arose out of hopelessness a sense of unity and struggle among the stamped-on American people that we haven't seen since. Today Americans in their twenties and thirties don't really grasp the fact that there was a movement then that included people just like themselves, a movement that yelled like hell against starvation, unemployment, food-burning, cutthroat landlords, a movement that was articulate in print, speeches, meetings, paintings, sculpture, theater, marches on Washington, committees, letter-writing, speaking on street corners, and telling legislators what they wanted.

Since those times our government has become steadily more repressive, using, in its efforts to kill off the Communist party, methods often as antidemocratic, dishonest and ruthless as those often used in Communist parties themselves. The result of course has been that

it has just about succeeded today in wiping out opinion, energy, courage and a sense of human responsibility in nearly two hundred million Americans whose farthest left belief is that people should stay alive.

There is, then, no single, simple, pat answer; the nature of reality, unfortunately, is to be complex, and this is certainly true of the causes of the atomic apathy. The misinformation, the political-social complicatedness, the power elite, the blocking and misdirection of energy in the human neurosis, the governmental suppressions—all these and more are fragments (or perhaps better, levels) of the cause.

To analyze these levels has importance, but I don't intend to try, because there's something much more important to say: I'm a human being and you're a human being, and here we sit *waiting* for death. We keep hoping it might magically be shoved off just another year, so we can get thus-and-so done, something we've set our hearts on. How about *not* being blown up in an atom-bomb holocaust, ever?

What you can do is in its details undramatic (reality again), but it's remarkable how small bits of action, persistently repeated, can snowball until they change the mood and outlook of most of a population. "The climate of opinion," though a cliché, is a singularly accurate expression; like the weather, the climate of opinion surrounds us everywhere at all times, and affects everything we do. An anti-bomb, pro-survival climate is just offstage; the essence of it is *reachable* inside practically every human being, simply because the biological nature of a living organism is to live. Almost nobody has started reaching for it yet.

Here, roughly outlined, are some specific things you can do:

1. If you're an intellectual, talk to other intellectuals—who in one way or another are generally "opinion makers" to some extent. Take some group action with other intellectuals. Show publicly your admiration for the eighteen German physicists who made a declaration for peace and against using their skills to work on nuclear weapons.

Call attention to the handful of pacifists who picket nuclear-weapons plants and organize peace marches. Don't hesitate to make friendly contact with intellectu-



"And remember—according to government findings, beer contains less Strontium 90 than milk!"

May 1961

als all over the world who prefer life to death, no matter what kind of political atmosphere they live in; the human race can't afford to wait till everyone has the perfect, mistakeless opinion about everything before we all become friends. Human beings are sentient, hurt-able protoplasm far more than they're opinions.

And don't stop with the world of intellectuals—reach the average man as much as you can through talks, films, magazine articles, letters to papers, etc.

2. If you're an artist of any kind, do the same sort of things among artists. Use your special kind of creativeness to touch hands with all other human beings' urge to live. I don't mean you should turn your art into a shallow agitprop kind of thing; continue to work at it with all the depth you give it now. *In addition*, and outside your usual artistic framework if necessary, use your skill to convey a clear, simple message of facts and stimulation about the nuclear arms race to as many people as possible.

3. If your contribution to human life is growing beets or driving buses or drilling oil wells, you have enormous power—both in numbers and in the vital

necessity of your work. Take it up in your union, grange or lodge: no more atom bombs here, in Russia, or anywhere. Join SANE (and if SANE tends toward appeasement of governmental bullies, as some people think, join anyway and make it a better organization). Or join some of the pacifist, non-violence organizations. (Never mind whether you agree with each and every

National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy,  
17 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Committee for Non-Violent Action, 158 Grand St.,  
New York 13, N. Y.

Student Peace Union, 5504 S. Woodlawn, Chicago,  
Ill.

Fellowship of Reconciliation, Nyack, N. Y.  
War Resisters League, 5 Beekman St., New York  
38, N. Y.

American Friends Service Committee, 160 N. 15th  
St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

Peacemakers, 10208 Sylvan Ave., Cincinnati 41,  
Ohio.

Catholic Worker, 175 Chrystie, New York, N. Y.

### The A. E. C. Awards

According to a recent report by the U.S. Public Health Service, milk supplies in the St. Louis area again led the nation in strontium-90 content—while Georgia again came in a slow second place.

The Atomic Energy Commission certainly should give St. Louis a special award for continually placing first. And perhaps an award would spur Georgia on so that she wouldn't lag so far behind. I am sure that the way St. Louis is running away with the contest is distressing A.E.C. officials.

Then, in order to take over first place, Georgia officials can go to Washington and beg: "Please resume testing when the wind is right so that it blows more strontium-90 our way."

And now that radioactivity levels are also to be reported for land and air, the A.E.C. could establish three divisions of awards. And perhaps even a special award for cities which place first in two or in all three divisions.

Who knows, perhaps the presentation of awards would turn into such a big affair that it could be televised. And some patriotic organization such as the American Legion could sponsor it as another of their public services.

(SCENE: Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis)

ANNOUNCER (A. E. C. Official): Ladies, Gentlemen, and . . . ah . . . others. I am afraid that I have to announce that Georgia has been disqualified from this year's contest. Just this afternoon, A.E.C. scientists discovered that the Georgia Health Department has been dumping quantities of strontium-90 into the city's air, water and milk. Though we strongly approve of Georgia's enthusiasm, it unfortunately does not coincide with contest rule number one which clearly states that it is the sole duty of the A.E.C. to pollute the nation with radioactive matter and that no one else should infringe upon this role. So, for the fifth year in a row, the A.E.C. presents its little bronze statue, "Quasimodo," to the city\* of St. Louis.

SOUND: Grunts of approval from the St. Louis section of the audience.

St. Louis mayor, glowing with happiness, is wheeled onto the stage by attendants. Announcer sets the statue onto his lap and pats his glistening head. The mayor looks toward him with empty sockets, opens his toothless mouth and says, "Eee-uhhhhhooooo."

—Jerry DeMuth

one of their opinions; never mind the petty politicking that arises even in the best-intentioned organizations; survival is bigger than that.)

Talk, write letters, picket, work out attention-catching demonstrations; direct protests to the Soviet, the U.S., the French and the British missions to the U.N. The power elite everywhere are people, after all; they have to eat, sleep and travel; they depend on you and your work. And emotionally sick as they are, they too — deep down in them — want to live; they can be reached, they can be forced to put aside the insanity.

I'm not preaching. The hard, harsh, bare fact is this: the crazy ones in governments are ready to kill us all. Get off your can. *Move!*

### Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

An ad in the New York Sunday Times of March 26th proudly announced: "Now you can experiment with Atomic Irradiated Seeds." The copy continued: "Try to create new flowers and vegetables. Watch the unusual effects of radiation on plants. Be a plant breeder—right in your own back yard."

Atomic Irradiated Seeds may produce two types of changes: "Physiological—a temporary disruption of plant's normal growth that causes interesting new patterns, twisted or odd-shaped leaves, shorter or thicker stems. Flower petals may be misshapen and several flowers may fuse to form a giant flower. Plant slowly recovers and finally returns to normal shape." And "Genetic—major variations that pass on from one generation to the next to create new varieties. Results are completely unpredictable and you may get new shapes, new colors or new sizes. When your flowers show signs of being different—don't pick them. Save the seeds and plant them next year. You may develop a new patentable or prize variety."

Safety is no problem: "Flower and vegetable seeds are irradiated with gamma rays of cobalt-60 under the direct control and advice of a government supported laboratory. Seeds are not radioactive but merely 'bruised' to try to produce mutations. Irradiation is performed by competent scientists who operate under license from the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission."

\* Last year, atomic seeds produced, among other things, "Marigolds 8 ft. tall" and "Sausage-shaped tomatoes yielding fifteen slices per tomato."

## An Impolite Interview With Hugh Hefner

*Q: As the publisher of Playboy magazine, what would you say is the purpose of your "Playmate of the Month" three-page foldout of a nude?*

A. We publish photographs of beautiful women because men enjoy photographs of beautiful women. Our "Playmate of the Month" is usually dressed in something less than her street clothes, because that's the way most men prefer their women in a pin-up picture, and probably elsewhere.

It has been our experience that women usually prefer thin, undernourished, flat-chested females, dressed to the teeth, as a concept of "feminine beauty"—and that men prefer exactly the opposite: voluptuous, well-rounded and undressed. The women's idealization of woman is actually a male counterpart, competing with man in society; man's view of woman is far more truly feminine.

Nor do I think there is anything voyeuristic about a man appreciating a photograph of a beautiful nude; not if he has other interests as well and enjoys a normal sex life. The notion that sex is beautiful, not ugly; healthy, not sick; and basically heterosexual—would all seem to fit in with an appreciation for the nude female form. I guess you might say that if a guy digs broads, you'd expect him to dig photos of broads; and if he doesn't dig broads, he's got a problem.

*Q: You've fought many a battle in the field of censorship; what's your guiding principle?*

A. I didn't set out to do any crusading in the field of censorship, though I certainly think there is plenty of room for it (the crusading, that is), because no society is truly free if it cowers under the censor's lash.

We edit *Playboy* to please, entertain and inform a literate, urban, male audience. We try to edit the magazine with honesty, insight, taste and integrity, for we very much believe in what we are doing and enjoy it. Now if you set out to edit, with honesty, any magazine for adult males, you aren't going to come up with *McCall's* or the *Reader's Digest*.

If you begin listing the subjects of special interest to a male readership, you've got to come up with beautiful women and a rather broadminded attitude on sex fairly high on your list, or you're figuring the list upside down. As an editorially honest book, *Playboy* reflects the sex attitudes of its readership—and these attitudes shock a few people for whom sex has become something either sacred or obscene.

*Playboy*, of course, is not really a very sexy or shocking magazine, and the fact that some few people consider it so is a sad commentary on the sexual mores of a portion of our population. Unhappily, this rather limited segment has been often the most vocal, and it is their view of life that we find most often depicted in the family magazines, on TV and radio and, until quite recently, in most books and movies. It is really a castrated, female view of life—one example out of many of the growing womanization of America.

But we don't ever expect a specialized magazine like *Playboy* to appeal to everyone—if it did, it would no longer be especially urban or male in viewpoint—and we don't worry about those who don't dig us (no one is forced to buy the magazine—it costs 60¢ to get your hands on a copy) as long as they don't attempt to stop others from enjoying it who do understand and approve.

Of course, it is the nature of the beast to find the prude and the bigot most anxious to force his or her opinion of what is right on the rest of us. They often seem to have nothing better to do with themselves than worry about the affairs of their neighbors. So occasionally, more often in the past and only rarely now, a small group of local citizens, a P.T.A., a police chief, a district attorney with political aspirations, puts on the mantle of the censor in his community and starts banning books, magazines and movies.

Whenever *Playboy* is involved in such attempted extra-legal censorship, we take the matter into court; and whenever this is necessary, we win. *Playboy* has never been adjudged objectionable by any court anywhere in the U.S. and is never apt to be.

What the would-be censors have neglected to notice is that, in addition to the lightly-clad beauty in the center of the magazine—our "Playmate of the Month"—*Playboy* regularly publishes some of the finest fiction, articles, art and photography appearing in America today. The courts happily look beyond the pin-ups to the total whole and judge accordingly.

*Q: Why don't you feature a fully nude "Playmate" and—based on the premise that pubic hair is not a "clear and present danger"—test the constitutionality of the obscenity statutes?*

A. It seems almost certain that no court, at least at the upper judicial levels, would accept the popularly held lay notion that pubic hair makes a nude obscene, and it is actually difficult to understand where this generally accepted misconception got its start. But wherever the idea came from, it does exist as a part of our present culture, and even a relatively sophisticated audience like *Playboy's* would find such pictures shocking, I'm sure.

We're not interested in splitting hairs, pubic or otherwise, to see "how far we can go" without stepping over the line of legal obscenity. *Playboy* is edited to entertain a fairly wide audience (present print run: 1,500,000) and good taste has always been one of our paramount considerations, not seeing how much the law will allow, but editing a first-rate publication for urban men.

If and when the public attitude changes sufficiently to make the publishing of complete, unretouched nudes pleasing rather than shocking to a fairly substantial part of our society, then *Playboy* will probably publish them that way—for it is *Playboy's* purpose to please, not shock, and the only people who might be shocked by the magazine today are a relatively small minority who are well behind the mainstream of general thinking and taste.

*Q: Why have you refused advertising space to the books of Dr. Albert Ellis?*

A. Rejecting advertising is one of the favorite games we play at *Playboy*. In fact, in the first year that we went out after advertising lineage, I think we turned down more ads than we accepted.

What makes an ad unacceptable for the pages of

*Playboy* in our eyes? Well, a wide variety of things—a viewpoint that seems in conflict with the concept of the magazine, ads of questionable taste, ads of questionable value, ads that sell too hard, or are unattractive or that do not compliment the *Playboy* reader—his intelligence, education, income level, taste, etc.

We feel that our reader buys a "total package" when he picks up *Playboy*—advertising as well as editorial—and that everything within *Playboy's* pages should create a consistent impression of the good life to which *Playboy* is dedicated.

The books by Dr. Albert Ellis that have been rejected are sex manuals or volumes on the problems of fear and guilt surrounding sex. As such, they are inconsistent with the editorial concept of our magazine, which approaches sex with pleasure and appreciation rather than a medical handbag or a psychiatrist's couch.

Actually, any product with sex as its major appeal is going to have a tough time getting advertising space in *Playboy*, because we can control the sex content of the editorial portion of the magazine down to the last comma, but if we once let down the bars just an inch or two on sex products in our ad pages, we would run the danger of losing control of it completely.

*Playboy* has the toughest ad policy of any magazine in America, with the possible exception of the *New Yorker*. It is one way that we have of separating ourselves clearly from the cheap girlie magazines, without even having to read a line of our editorial content.

*Q. How do you feel about publishing fiction or non-fiction by a writer whose work has also appeared in some of the cheap girlie magazines?*

A. We try to judge a writer's work on the basis of its own merit rather than on where else the writer may have previously been published. Some writers are forced to sell to the lower markets in the beginning before they are firmly established.

I do think, though, that some writers already well established do hurt their own reputations by selling junk that should never be published to the cheapest markets, or by letting the girlie magazines reprint some of their previously published material.

*Q. Jules Archer once wrote a piece in Playboy entitled "Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning"; it ridiculed, quite intelligently, the concept of virginity. But, almost simultaneously, he wrote another piece—this one for True Story magazine—called "Are Good Girls Old-Fashioned?"; and it was the pure antithesis of his point of view in Playboy. What's your reaction?*

A. It proves that free-lance writers write more from the pocketbook than the heart, I guess. A good many writers will write from any point of view on any subject to make a sale. It's also true, I'm afraid, that a good many magazines are edited not out of the beliefs of their editors, but to appeal to the popular prejudices of our time. Not so with *Playboy*.

*Playboy* is edited from the heart and head of its staff, and a good many writers welcome the opportunity of contributing to a publication in which they can express their honest view of the world, not a female-dominated, castrated concept, as I said before, filled with more taboos and sacred cows than you could ever hope to put out to pasture.

*Q. What taboos does Playboy have?*

We've almost no real taboos, as such, though some subjects simply do not fall within our editorial scope of interests. Anything of entertainment value to the

adult, urban male is most probably suitable to *Playboy's* pages.

We think it's a man's world, or should be, so we aren't apt to print something that suggests otherwise. There's plenty of the other point of view published regularly in the women's mags and so-called "family" and "general interest" mags, which are actually women's magazines in disguise.

We're not apt to take major issue with any of the organized religions of our time, because we don't feel it falls within the *Playboy* province, but we might publish a paper on the philosophical destiny of man; we aren't likely to take issue with one political party or the other, but we may write on subjects of political import, as in "Cult of the Aged Leader"—an article on the need for younger men in politics that we published a couple of years ago and that seems to have been remarkably prophetic—or our editorial on the dangers of continued A-Bomb tests and Strontium 90; and we prefer to approach sex, as I mentioned earlier, with a smile and a song in our heart, rather than a sneer or a stern expression (I guess we don't really believe that sex is nearly as serious as some people would like us to).

[Editor's note: Here are a few personal examples of how manuscript-rejections by various *Playboy* editors are consistent with Hugh Hefner's concept of the magazine's editorial scope of interests. (1) A satirical fable called "The Second Coming" came back with a note saying: "Dear Paul, It's a gas—but we can't do J.C. humor"—and it was signed J.C. The piece was published in the *Realist* (issue #20) and—when reprinted in a Chicago weekly called *the paper*\*—evoked this response from a reader: "Congratulations on the 'Second Coming' fable. It's the most devastating critique of American mores you have yet published." (2) A satirical piece involving children came back with a note that was complimentary but asked the question: "Who needs kids in *Playboy*?" (3) A query on an article about the social life of summer camp counselors resulted in this response: "Thanks for the spanking fresh article idea. I'm afraid, though, that it isn't right for *Playboy*. Though we do have a high percentage of college readers, we rarely, if ever, aim any articles in their direction; articles, that is, such as the life of a camp counselor. It is our feeling that the college man does not want to read very much about his own breed, but would rather phantasmize about the urban executive world he is about to enter. That has been our theory in the past and it has worked quite well. I'm sure you understand."]

*Q. Is it more important for you to be right in your decisions about what to publish, or are you more concerned with not offending readers?*

A. Being right is considerably more important, but the two are in no danger of conflict in the editing of *Playboy*, since if the magazine were offensive to its own chosen readers, it wouldn't be fulfilling its purpose.

If we offend someone's maiden aunt in Nebraska, then she has no business reading the magazine, for she is too easily offended. If we offend a healthy num-

\* *the paper* can be described only as experimental journalism held together by jazz-flavored irreverence—10c a copy, \$2 per year—5335 S. Lake Park, Chicago 15, Ill.



ber of our chosen literate, urban male readers (and I don't mean a handful, I mean a large number), then chances are the fault is ours and we really did overstep the bounds of good taste. Freedom of the press isn't a license to publish any damn thing you please—you've got to use good judgment with your editing.

I would allow myself considerably more editorial leeway, for example, if I were publishing a literary quarterly, or the *Realist*, than I do with a million-plus circulation magazine for the entertainment of city guys. But, similarly, I allow myself more freedom in the pages of *Playboy*, with its adult, male audience than I would if I were publishing the *Saturday Evening Post* or *Look*. It's all a matter of properly gearing your publication to its chosen audience.

*Q. Why did you leave Esquire?*

*A. Esquire* was moving its offices from Chicago to New York, and I decided to stay behind, because I felt that somehow, some way, I had to try a publishing venture on my own, and I believed I would have more chance at it working in the town where I had grown up and had some working contact.

Even so, it was a difficult decision to make—leaving the security of weekly pay checks for the uncertainty of an independent venture—and the parting of the ways came over a \$5 raise that I requested and they refused. That \$5 was what it took to really make up my mind, so I stayed behind in Chicago, and two years later—on a borrowed \$600—I launched *Playboy*.

I've never been sorry that they didn't offer me the extra \$5; I don't know how the execs at *Esquire* feel about it today.

*Q. What do you think of Esquire's going "respectable"?*

*A.* Those currently in charge of *Esquire* are apparently embarrassed by the old boy's daring youth, and they've leaned over so far to "clean up" the magazine that they've taken most of the fun out of it—at least for me.

*Esquire* has lost all of its girls and very nearly all

of its humor, too. Except for the coverage of male fashion, it doesn't really seem to be a men's magazine any more. Can you publish a men's magazine and not include girls in it? Maybe. If your male readership is old enough. But *Esquire's* readers aren't that old.

Arnold Gingrich, the original editor and present publisher of *Esquire*, has written in his own magazine and elsewhere that the world is about to embark on a great new voyage of morality, by which he apparently means puritanism. He feels strongly that the new freedom so apparent in literature, films and elsewhere is going to produce a counter-action, that people are going to get "fed up" with all this new found honesty regarding sex and throw it out in favor of—I'm not exactly sure what—a mid-Victorian hypocrisy, I guess.

At any rate, this notion is apparently affecting his editorial thinking, and it suggests nothing whatever to me except that editors, like everyone else, grow old—and if they're not very careful, their magazines grow old with them. Thank Heaven, of course, because that's where *Playboy* comes in.

If *Esquire* hadn't left the young urban guy stranded in the early 'fifties, he wouldn't have snatched up so quickly our own first searching effort, and in seven years, he wouldn't have turned *Playboy* into a veritable handbook for the young city guy, and the greatest publishing success of our generation.

If *Playboy* ever loses its editorial balls, then it will deserve to be knocked over by a younger, more vigorous magazine in the coming generation. But that won't happen so long as I'm alive, I can promise you that. Hell, when *Playboy* is a respectable 20 years old, I'll be in my mid-forties and just getting my second wind.

A magazine is as young and as vigorous as the thinking that goes into it, and I hope to still be very much of a young man—psychologically, at least—when I'm sixty. Maybe physically, too. Charlie Chaplin fathered a child when he was 70. And I'll have all those "Playmates of the Month" around to keep my interest up.

Yes, the first seven years of *Playboy's* existence have been wonderful, but I've a feeling the best is all still ahead.

*Q. Do you think Playboy is guilty of practicing snob appeal?*

*A.* Sure, but it's the "Schwepps' Commander Whitehead" or "Man in the Hathaway Shirt with Eyepatch" kind of snob appeal that's available to anyone who digs it and is willing to work a little to become a part of it.

*Playboy* is dedicated to the enjoyment of "the good life" that is every American's heritage, if he's willing to display a little of the initiative and daring-do that made the country great in the first place, instead of settling for job security, conformity, togetherness, anonymity and slow death.

(And, just incidentally, while trying earnestly to climb that ladder of success, through creativity, thought, initiative and daring to be different, Americans supply the only chance this country has of moving back into a position of world leadership.)

This isn't the negativistic kind of snob appeal that says, "I'm better than you are because my father's name was So-and-so," or "I'm descended from the Revolution," or "I'm white," or Protestant or what have you. It's tied closely, instead, to the prestige of ac-

(Continued on page 14)

## Justice for Sgt. Thorne

by Edward L. Galligan  
Associate Professor of English

Sometime ago the F.B.I. man in Kalamazoo asked several of us on the faculty at Western Michigan University to read a book called *10:04 Sgt. Thorne* (formerly *Sex Life of a Cop*) by one Oscar Peck. He was looking, in behalf of the Federal Attorney in Grand Rapids, for "experts" in literature who would be willing to testify at a forthcoming trial that this and several other books put out by the same company are obscene.

It is a paperbound, very cheaply made and only 147 pages long but selling for fifty cents. The garish, stiffly drawn cover is not particularly erotic. The story itself, though, does its best to be very erotic indeed. It is about a policeman on night duty cruising in a city of forty thousand. He and his duty-buddy spend an astonishing proportion of their working time locked in amorous embrace with a succession of women. The slacker hours they while away by peeping on other happy couples. Only twice do they pursue lawbreakers: once they investigate a burglary (and are immensely relieved to discover they are too late to catch the burglars); the other time they chase and capture two teen-age couples in a speeding car.

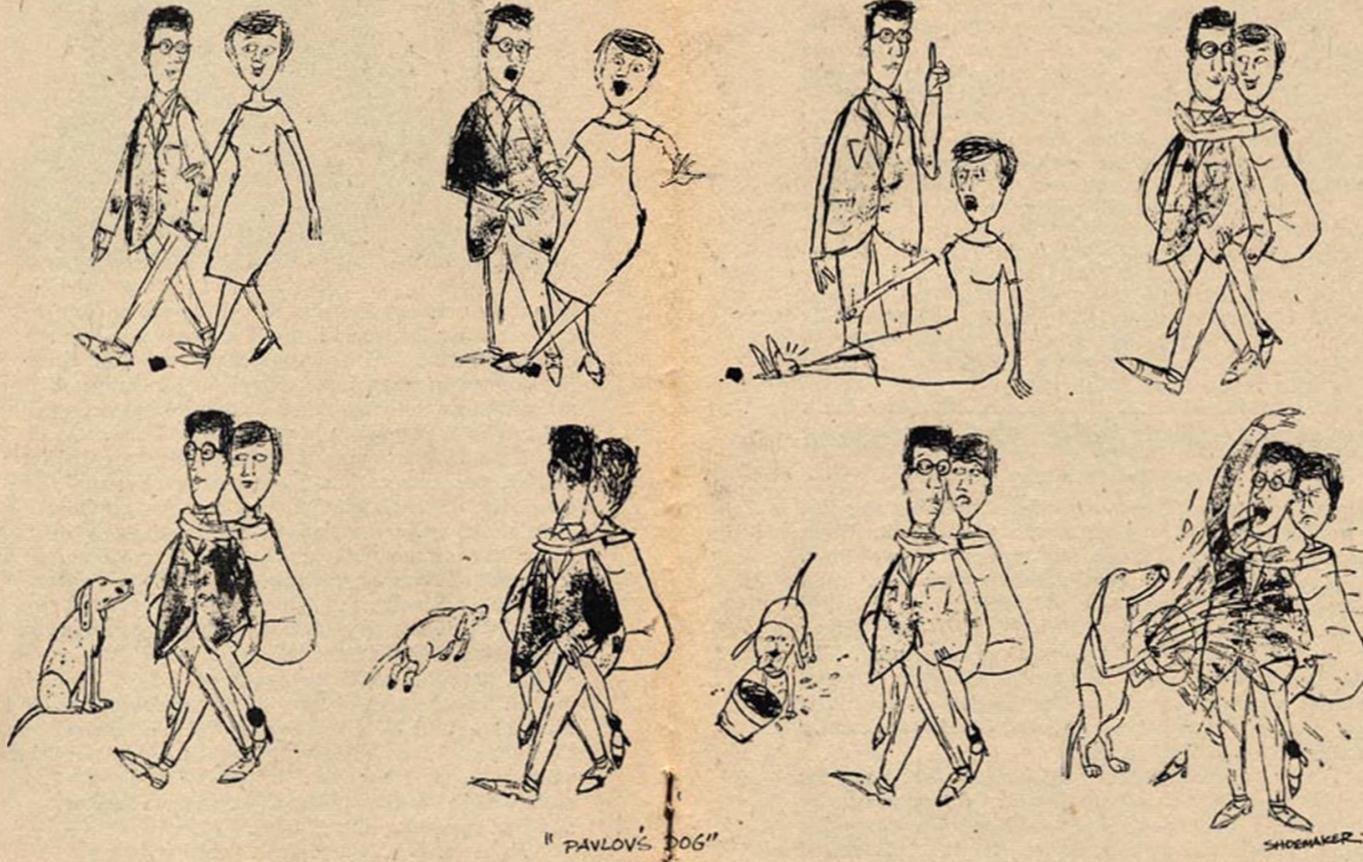
Most of the time copulation is what they want and copulation is what they get. There are 16 separate incidents of it in 147 pages. Nearly all are presented at sufficient length to make them, for the very susceptible, erotically arousing. There are also two scenes concerning unsuccessful attempts at what the author invariably refers to simply as "it," plus one briefly glimpsed orgy among students at the local junior college, plus other scattered references to "it."

The book ends with an irony that clearly charmed the author, Mr. Peck. Sgt. Thorne returns home unexpectedly one evening (it having occurred to him that what he had been doing illicitly with other women he could do legally with his beautiful wife) and discovers that his buddy—whom he has of course cuckolded—is cuckolding him. He is stunned; the abyss has opened at his feet. He reels against the wall in a purple paragraph, then gasps to himself, "What in the world did I ever do to deserve this?"

There is no question that *10:04 Sgt. Thorne* was intended to have considerable pornographic effect but there is some question whether it achieved much. (10:04, incidentally, is a signal in police code meaning that everything is all right.) It begins like pornography. After a brief opening scene in the police station which emphasizes the preoccupation of cops with women it hurries to an assignation. Sgt. Thorne and his buddy meet two women at a field at the edge of town. Sgt. Thorne and his woman perform in the back seat of the police cruiser while the other pair hold forth in the women's car. As in pornography, the sergeant's woman (and all the others he meets later on) has no real existence; she is simply a sexual partner, female in body but male in attitude.

As a result, the scene can maintain the erotic absorption characteristic of pornography. It can ignore all the individual quirks and rhythms which might distract the pair's attention from their copulation, letting it occur in a vacuum, isolated even from the physical world of car and field. Fiction, like *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or like *Peyton Place*, never concentrates so exclusively on the erotic; it is always at least partly aware of the world around its lovers.

There is, though, one break in the scene's concentration: both Sgt. Thorne and the woman take the time to fold their clothes neatly in the front seat in order to avoid wrinkles which would betray them when



they returned home. It is significant that the one worldly detail should be of this sort. The imagination of the writer does not reach to social, esthetic, moral, or psychological awareness, but only to the adolescent's awareness that you have to be careful not to get caught doing "it."

From here the book proceeds to more scenes in more back seats, to a front seat, to beds, to a sofa, to a woods, to a meat-cutting block in a restaurant (the image of that one bothers even Sgt. Thorne). The frequency of copulation is impressive but there is very little variety or vividness. As one reads on, the suspicion grows that though Oscar Peck is willing to write pornography he lacks the knowledge and experience to do so. There is nothing that he couldn't have learned from the "how

to" books on sexual relations. When he comes to the college students' orgy, which should have been one of the big scenes of the book, about the best he can do is the superbly inept statement, "Then both boys and girls started doing immoral acts with each other while others watched laughingly awaiting their turns at the amusing game."

Looked at this way, *10:04 Sgt. Thorne* is incompetent pornography. But as well as all the sexual scenes in it, there are a fair number of passages dealing with the corruption of the city—not many, but enough that one could argue that the corruptness of a typical American society is the theme of the book. The sheriff takes

examples that O'Hara has made available to him. *Ten North Frederick* may seem shoddy by the standards of serious fiction but it took considerable skill to write it and a little more than average intelligence to read it. Even *Peyton Place*, with all its crudities of style and story, made demands on the abilities of its writer and its readers. Pornography is a lot easier for all concerned. Thus, *10:04 Sgt. Thorne* might actually be social criticism which takes the easy, pornographic way out of its artistic problems. Perhaps it is a *Peyton Place* for those who lack the education and intelligence to read the original.

No matter which way you look at the book it is hard to find adequate reason for suppressing it, and it seems to me impossible to suppress it by the standards established in the court's decision on *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—"contemporary community standards of frankness in the presentation of matters of sex and nudity." The frequency of such matters is phenomenal, but the presentation of them is, in comparison with *Memoirs of Hecate County* or *By Love Possessed*, vague and even prudish. Women's breasts are lavishly described, but only in the creamy white clichés. There are practically no descriptions of or references to genitals. Except for two occasions—one involving a variant position for intercourse and the other what marriage manuals term "a kind of love-play practised by many couples"—the sexual act is only fuzzily described.

("It" happens once in the front seat of a police cruiser; personally I rather wish that Mr. Peck had been more exact in explaining how two good-sized adults managed carnal connection in such cramped quarter.)

The book makes a blustery show of rebellion against genteel standards, yet this prudishness in description indicates that deep down it accepts them. Neither author nor hero would challenge the premises of the sheriff's wife when she castigates Sgt. Thorne for his clumsy efforts to collect on an offer she made the previous evening when under the influence of "slow" gin: "Of all the uncouth, uncultured people—you take the prize."

Still, one must have some sympathy for the citizen of Kalamazoo who made the first complaint against *10:04 Sgt. Thorne*. One must also have some sympathy for the officials in the Department of Justice who decided to prosecute the firm which publishes it and other Saber books for sending obscene material across state lines. The publishers are plainly in the business of selling dirty books. At the back of the book they advise their readers that the government was defeated on charges made in California in April, 1958 that eleven of their books went "substantially beyond contemporary community standards and appealed to the prurient interests of an average normal person." Thoughtfully they supply the titles of all eleven books (*Rambling Maids*, *The Strange Three*, *Turbulent Daughters*, etc.). Then on following pages they give one-page excerpts from four more of their books. Each excerpt tells of someone approaching sexual intercourse; each tries to be erotically stimulating. These unlovely fellows are not only selling dirty books, they are making an exorbitant profit on them; fifty cents is plainly an exorbitant price to pay for a book as cheaply made as *10:04 Sgt. Thorne*.

However, I find that I can control my indignation

## For the Separation of Church and Sex

by Leo F. Koch, ex-Professor of Biology

Since my dismissal from the University of Illinois (see issue #19) for writing a letter on sex to the editor of *The Daily Illini*, the student newspaper on the campus of said University in Urbana, Ill., I have lectured at five other college campuses. These experiences confirmed my conviction that our college youth is no longer bound by the dead hand of dogma, either civil or ecclesiastical.

The great majority of these students who came to hear me, view sex as one of the natural characteristics of the human animal which, like hunger and thirst, willy-nilly will be expressed; if there be no legal outlet, illegal ones will do. Their puritan parents and Victorian grandparents (especially those on university boards of trustees) will be well advised if they realize that they, themselves, sowed the seeds of sexual rebellion in their children, by their systematic subversion of the Christian ideal of continence, by their obvious and total hypocrisy in this realm of interpersonal relations.

I doubt if this filial rebellion will settle for less than a complete upheaval of the so-called Judaic-Christian code of sexual morality which has been built up over the last 1500 years of gross distortion and misinterpretation of the teaching of Jesus Christ. To those who are open-minded enough to want to know the facts of life about the development of Christian morality, I can do no better than to recommend G. Rattray Taylor's book, *Sex in History* (now in paperback).

Most history books would have us believe that the Middle Ages were years of relative religiosity among the multitudes, whereas in fact the fanatic drive of the Christian fathers to suppress the sex drive in western Europe was anything but immediately successful. Unfortunately, only a small sect of the early Christians subscribed wholeheartedly to the ideal of continence to the point of systematic self-castration.

Invariably, student audiences show their commitment to rational and

ethical sexual practices by their opposition to the double standard of morality which now prevails in practice, and to the life-negating view of total abstinence outside of marriage which is preached so widely from the orthodox pulpits in our country. I can only commend them for their intelligence, and hope that they will courageously profess openly what they are already practicing. In this direction lies mental health. Their life-affirming, libertarian view of sex coincides clearly with a biological perspective of a scientist.

It is my hope that the Koch case, in addition to being a legal touchstone for academic freedom, will also serve as a catalyst to bring our sexual mores into the open atmosphere of the marketplace of ideas of a democratic society, just as it already has on a number of our more important college campuses. Among the campuses which already have had a full exposure to my ideas about premarital sex are Northwestern University (Evanston, Ill.), the University of Iowa (Iowa City), New York University and Columbia Teachers College (N.Y.C.), and Buffalo State Teachers College of New York, in addition to the University of Illinois itself (Urbana).

over the publishers by comparing them with the makers of Pink Ribbon Drene Shampoo (another over-priced item) whose commercial comes between the weather report and the ball scores on channel eight. It shows a conventionally handsome young pair stretched out before an open fire; while the narrator whispers about the power of the shampoo to produce "hair that begs to be touched" the man unties and lets drop a ribbon on the woman's hair and then runs his hand most lovingly through the tresses. Obviously enough, the message of the commercial is that Pink Ribbon Drene Shampoo will lead you to "it."

The literal-minded Mr. Peck and his publishers might well be preferable to the makers and advertisers of shampoos, soaps, deodorants, perfumes, and so forth. The advertisers seem bent on corrupting the entire nation. *10:04 Sgt. Thorne* is merely doing its inept best to satisfy the demands of educationally lower class readers for erotic stimulation and for social criticism. These same demands are met for middle class readers by *Peyton Place* and for upper class readers by *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

If high school students—the usual object of suppressors' concern—read it, it is neither a wonder nor a worry. They haven't yet graduated into the educationally middle class, and they are not going to find much in it that they haven't already met in their dreams. The adolescent quality of the imagination behind *10:04 Sgt. Thorne* is most neatly shown in a line from the excerpt from one of its companion volumes, *Tomorrow's Children* by Dorothy Mancer: "She wore no bra, and as she fell back against the pillow her breasts quivered like creamy yellow topped with cherries."

That is a line to cherish, not suppress.

### IMPOLITE INTERVIEW

(Continued from page 11)

complishment and the rewards for same. We say life is wonderful—enjoy it—make the most of it. Work hard and play hard. You don't get a second time around.

Q. Have you ever considered a girl other than Caucasian as "Playmate of the Month"?

A. For pictorial coverage in *Playboy*—yes, often; for the "Playmate" feature—not very seriously. The "Playmate of the Month" constitutes a specific editorial problem, wherein we attempt to depict a "girl-next-door" variety, all-American beauty, of no particularly discernible nationality or race.

We're continually searching for this prototype, for this one feature, not attempting to vary it month by month. This isn't prejudice on *Playboy's* part—it's simply the editorial concept devised for the "Playmate" feature. In other portions of the magazine, we pictorially cover and uncover beautiful women of every race and nationality.

And I'm sure I don't have to make any special point about where *Playboy* stands on the critical racial issues that exist in this country at this time: through our television show *Playboy's Penthouse*, the *Playboy* Key Club, and the magazine itself, we are doing as much real concrete good to improve racial understanding as any general publishing firm in the country.

Q. Would you want your sister to marry a *Playboy* editor?

A. Absolutely not. I don't want my editors marrying anyone and getting a lot of foolish notions in their heads about "togetherness," home, family and all that jazz. If I had a sister, I'd expect her to pick on someone else and leave my freedom-loving staff alone.

The student officers of the University of California (Berkeley) issued statements supporting me shortly after my suspension from duties at Urbana. Also to be mentioned in this category are the Municipal University of Omaha and Hunter College of New York, but their administrators banned lectures by me on their campuses after they had already been announced publicly. The presidents of these two institutions are my nominees for outstanding prudes of the year.

One might pardon President David Henry of the University of Illinois for firing me if he were being pressured by state legislators and administrators who were concerned

### Thy Will Be Done—But Quickly

The Better Reading Program, Inc. this month sent out, along with literature advertising their "Rapid Reading Kits," reprints of a letter from Rev. James Donovan of the College of Our Lady of the Ozarks in Carthage, Missouri. Father Donovan had written to them, in part:

"As you may or may not know, every Roman Catholic Priest has the strict obligation of reciting what he calls his Divine Office every day. Since this changes every day, most priests must read it. It takes the average priest between one hour and one-and-a-half hours to do this each day. After using your rapid reading kit for only a few days, I have been able to save as much as 35 minutes in this daily task.

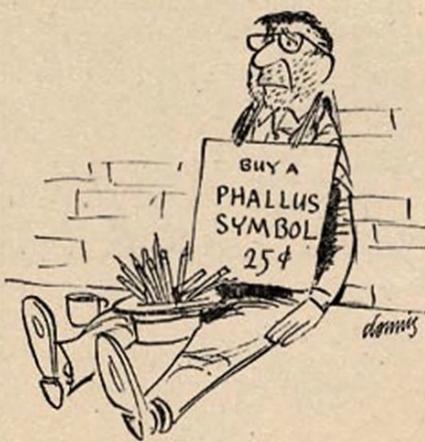
"In talking to other priests about the kit, I have mentioned about the time it has saved me in reciting my Office. Invariably, I have received the same answer, 'Get me one of those kits.' If you want to sell your kits to priests, mention this point and you will end up with more than half of the American priests on your mailing list."

about the passage of the largest (\$195,000,000) bond issue in the history of the institution, but it is difficult to forgive him for forgetting the basic function of a university for frivolous and totally insignificant reasons.

Shocked parents and university presidents who seem not to have read the Kinsey Reports (nor those of the Kronhausens, Ehrmann, or Reis) would seem to be acting out a most ignorant premise if they assume that American sexual mores are divinely authorized.

Surely nothing less than sacred taboos would warrant the actions of the presidents of universities at Urbana, Omaha, and New York, who seem much more offended by the idea of my talking about sex than they are about the hundreds of students

who are actively fornicating all over their campuses. But it seems that the "Christian Way" has always been to regard heretical beliefs more dangerous than actual illegal actions. Not too strange, perhaps, if one views this paradox from the perspective of vested interests.



Perhaps it is indicative of decadence that religious leaders today are more violently concerned about attacks on their sexual codes than about direct attacks on God Himself. Perhaps this supports my claim that in our society, sex is more potent than God. At any rate, the Koch case would warrant this claim: 13 short

paragraphs about sex caused a cultural explosion whereas more than 13 letters against God caused hardly a local ripple.

It appears that any attempt to liberalize the legal codes governing sexual activity will face a massive and determined opposition from those religious authorities who view any such move as a direct attack on the very foundations of their Churches. In the face of this dilemma, the hopeful reformer can only strive for a separation of Church and Sex as effective as the present separation of Church and State, which now—albeit sometimes violated—at least has constitutional legality.

This does not mean that we must behave irreligiously; just the contrary. But it does mean that non-believers have religious rights and responsibilities every bit as pressing and demanding as those of the "true-believers." Constitutionally, the theists have no more right to force atheists to conform to theistic dogmas about sex than *vice versa*. If the Christian is happy in his continence, more (or less) power to him; but let him beware of the clutches of the psychiatrist. And let him also be tolerant of those of us who prefer to spend part of our precious time on more pleasant and delightful experiences than continence.

### It Won't Be Long Now

The attraction of Christianity was that it confirmed the sense of guilt and authorized self-punishment to relieve it. It was the inevitable culmination of forces which had been at work for many hundreds of years. A steadily increasing sense of guilt and isolation demanded some new myth. The early fathers skillfully provided the rationalization which was needed to justify men's desire to turn Thanatos against themselves and to deny Eros.

How closely the whole psychological process depended upon the suppression of sexual desires is shown by the preoccupation of these early Christians with the subject of castration. The tonsure of the priest is a recognized symbol of castration, and his adoption of a skirted cassock perpetuates the adoption of female clothes, in just the same way as the priests of Astarte, after castration, assumed female attire.

The Jews had adopted circumcision—another symbolic castration—as part of a religious convention which made every man a priest, and thus entitled him to read the sacred books. The Christians perpetuated this. But symbolic castrations were not enough for many of them. Thousands hastened to castrate themselves in truth—Origen was only the best known instance—and a sect sprang up so enthusiastically addicted to the practice that its members castrated not only themselves but also any guest rash enough to stay under their roofs.

This development was obviously inimical to the survival of Christianity, since every religion depends for most of its following on the fact that children usually follow the religion of their parents, and a sect which did not reproduce itself would be in danger of dying out. The Church therefore strictly forbade it.

—from *Sex in History*  
by G. Rattray Taylor

## Television As a Cause of Disease

(Continued from Cover)

Sociologists agree that the prolonged exposure to television has already had a far reaching effect on the habits of audiences (see B. Bosford and J. Wise: "The Effects on Rats of Long Endured Visual Stimuli," *Journal of Abnormal Social Psychology*, May 1953). Children especially are vulnerable as indicated in the excellent Nuffield Report, "Television and the Child." In this paper we shall examine the relationship between TV viewing and certain specific bodily ailments. We will ignore the direct damage caused to human tissue by X-rays from the cathode ray tube, and also skip over the relationship of TV viewing and delinquency. Rather we will confine ourselves to human ills induced by the TV habit, and their implications.

For the sake of this and future studies it is convenient to divide TV viewers into three categories: *heavy viewers*, those who watch TV for more than 20 hours per week; *medium viewers*, those who indulge for from 4 to 20 hours per week; and *light viewers*, those who, on the average, watch TV for less than 4 hours per week. Light viewers include the blind. With the above distinctions we can now analyze the effect of TV viewing from a statistical point of view by comparing the health and sociological patterns of the various types of viewers. But before going into the statistical data, let us consider the medical rationale that suggests linking TV viewing and disease.

### THE RATIONALE LINKING TV VIEWING AND DISEASE

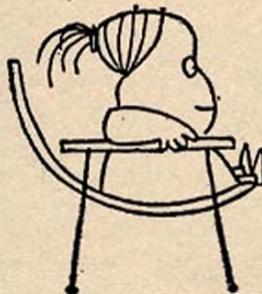
Recent studies and laboratory experiments have led scientists to correlate the heavy viewing of television and disease, *a priori*. For example, TV-viewing by its nature is a severe sedentary preoccupation. One can listen to the radio while doing manual work, but a person watching the all-engrossing TV screen must remain in one spot.

After slumping in a soft chair for three hours per day for a few years, the long unused muscles in the legs, beginning with the short extensor and proceeding through the anterior tibial, the psoas and up to the greater zygomatic muscles of the head, naturally tend to become soft and eventually atrophy. Nature decrees that tissue which is not exercised shall wither away, and we would expect to find soft muscle and brain tissue among steady heavy TV-viewers.

Coupled with atrophying muscles one should expect to find an accumulation of fat among heavy TV view-

ers. Fatty tissue is likely to build up, and paunches to develop, for the following reasons: 1) the heavy viewer is not getting enough exercise; 2) the heavy viewer will tend to eat more than the non-viewer. This latter phenomenon comes about because of the heavy viewer's close proximity to the larder and liquor supply, and also because many TV commercials encourage munching, ingestion of food and excessive bibulation.

The English Brewers' Society reported back in 1955 that the average Briton drank 140 pints of beer that year—three pints more than he drank

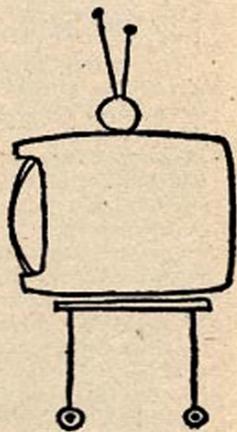


in 1954—because of increased imbibing at home while watching television. And television had not then blanketed Britain. We believe that the great diet and fat-reducing industry has arisen partially in response to TV-induced fat. In any case TV's entreaties to drink and eat are all too effective, and consequently one should expect to find a greater incidence among heavy TV viewers of such ailments as diabetes, heart disturbances, kidney trouble and cancer—diseases to which obesity is a contributing factor.

According to Life Insurance Statistics (*Obesity and Death: 1950-1960*) obesity is a major contributor to the shortening of life. Dr. Edward Podolsky states: "There is overwhelming statistical and clinical evidence that obesity greatly shortens the life span, is related to earlier development of diseases of the heart and blood vessels, diabetes and kidney ailments, and even cancer" (*Popular Medicine*, May 1959). In the June 27, 1959 issue of the *New York Times* it was reported that doctors have found a "demonstrated relationship between longevity and body weight" and also agreed that "the general

leptosomic configuration was most attractive and desirable." Therefore TV should tend to shorten the lives of its steady admirers.

Beside the pectoral region, the body organ most likely to be directly affected by heavy viewing is the eye. TV pictures flicker, the raster often wobbles, brightness varies from channel to channel and from night to night. Distortion and uneven pictures force the eye to strain unnaturally. The eyes of heavy TV viewers are subjected to rough abuse. Over a long period of time TV viewing should lead to eyestrain and impaired vision, according to M. & N. Smith in their article "Television and Blindness" *Journal of the American Optological*



*Society*, January 1958). We will verify this deduction in the statistical part of this paper.

Aside from body malfunctions directly attributable to heavy TV-viewing we should consider a host of psychosomatically induced ailments such as headache, stomach troubles and constipation.

Scientists have long been aware that headaches, some stomach disorders and chronic constipation can be induced by psychological preconditioning. (See Bard-Cannon, "Theory of Mind-Body Reaction to Stress" [1928] and Lipshitz-Landau, "Induced Somatic Systemic Malfunctions," *Journal of Psychosomatic Society*, Sept. 1950.) The above illnesses can develop in a number of ways. Vivid pictures of the ailment in question are often enough to bring on an attack in sensitive individuals.

Television "medical misery" commercials, for example, show diagrams of the sinuses, alimentary canal, bowels, etc. in striction and under pathological actions. Aspirin and pain reliever spot-commercials describe with vivid animation headaches complete with writhing brains and sickly neurons. Other commercials show muscles

wrenching in convulsions. A particularly suggestive Roloids commercial has shown graphically a beaker of "stomach acid" burning a hole in a handkerchief. These lively commercials usually appear on the TV screen about dinner time.

Television cross sectioning of malfunctioning organs are effective in disturbing many people's constitutions. In addition, when men dressed as doctors tell susceptible viewers that they are sick, it is little wonder that ailments appear in the viewers. These psychosomatic illnesses, while rarely fatal in themselves, have a cumulative effect in reducing the life span.

Rasputin maintained that in order to be saved one must first sin, and he therefore was a glorious sinner. The skillful TV huckster of pills and enemas realizes similarly that first he must have victims to benefit from his nostrums. In the statistical section that follows we will examine the evidence which links TV-viewing and these psychosomatic ailments.

#### THE STATISTICAL AND MEDICAL EVIDENCE

Having discussed the ill effects one may expect from the all-pervading phenomenon of television, let us now scientifically inspect the health of the viewing public. We will compare (where possible) the heavy, moderate and light viewers and attempt to correlate the diseases discussed with the viewer groupings.

The sample chosen consists of 853 white middle income persons living in the New York urban area. Finding non-viewers was quite a problem since even the blind are exposed to at least the sounds accompanying the "shows." Most of the light viewers turned out to be students or extremely busy professional people. The sample was adjusted for income and educational level, as described in the Fall, 1955 issue of *Factor Analysis Journal*.

The sample population was then parsed for the following characteristics:

- Obesity as gauged by the weight tables issued by The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.
- Eyestrain as evidenced by the frequency of recourse to an eye doctor and headaches resulting from an eye condition. Adjustment must be made for normally poor eyesight, as indicated in *Optometricia* — Jan., 1957, Pp. 101-105.
- The minor psychological complaints of constipation, upset stomach and headaches as gauged by direct interviews with the TV-viewers and recourse to aspirin (number per

week) and enemas (frequency per month).

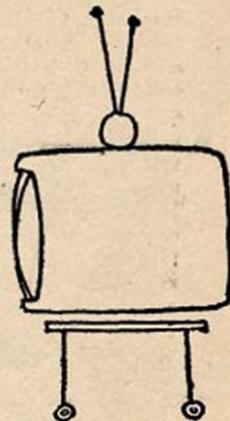
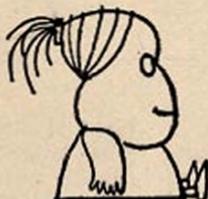
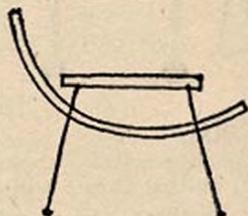
No attempt was made to probe deeper ailments attributable to heavy TV-viewing, such as those due to feelings of abandonment, irritation via desiring unattainable things, and the jaggings of the emotions. Indeed the heavy viewers suffer much more from the five ailments studied than do the light viewers, with the exception of eyestrain. But the high incidence of eyestrain among light viewers may be due to the fact that many of the light viewers are heavy book readers. This reinforces a survey conducted a few years ago by the BBC to determine the program choices of British intellectuals. The BBC found that most of the intelligentsia didn't own TV sets. Further studies now in progress should ascertain the precise effects of TV on other bodily functions.

#### Frequency of Certain Diseases Among Various Television Viewers. (Sample population of 853, white, middle income individuals was chosen at random)

Key: Heavy viewers—over 20 hrs/wk.  
 medium viewers—4 to 20 hrs/wk.  
 light viewers—less than 4 hr/wk.

Figures are in percentages of total sample

type of ailment	heavy	moderate	light
obesity	36	29	14
eyestrain	34	11	35
constipation	18	15	3
stomach trouble	10	7	7
headaches	35	21	10



#### AGGRAVATING LONG-RANGE BODILY DISTURBANCES DUE TO TV-VIEWING

In the long run, psychological ill effects may prove of graver consequence than the directly observable sicknesses we have discussed. Long-range psychological disturbances stem mainly from three causes:

##### Child abandonment

Installation of unreasonable desires

##### The searing of the emotions

1. Because of television many parents, in whole or in part, have given up the responsibility of tending, teaching, and minding their children. Large numbers of parents, encouraged by the TV producers, have said in effect to their children: "Leave us alone, go watch the gangsters, the cowboys murdering the Indians, the 'comics,' or whatever you choose. They will take care of you." The parents, for all intents and purposes, have abandoned their children to the loud dancing screen.

This rejection of the child by the parents, because of its subtlety and yet completeness, breeds a deep-seated mental defense in the youngsters. It is so easy for a parent to "shut up" a child by forcing him to pay attention to the TV show. The child in need of parental guidance and encouragement, when shunted to watch "his" program, may for a moment seem to disregard having lost his parents. But children without parents to guide them usually turn out badly. Sociologists such as Benedict, Maude—"Observation of Offspring Siblings," *Journal of Psychological Sociology*, March 1951, believe that the present rise in juvenile delinquency is directly traceable to the inability of the delinquent to respond to or know the parental-oedipal image. Television is a major factor in this alienation of the child from his parent. As the trend continues we may in the next generation find nothing but juvenile delinquents in certain segments of our population.

2. Illnesses of all sorts are likely to be further aggravated by the installa-

tion of unreasonable desires. The instillation of such desires is the prime function of Advertising in an automated, productive, acquisitive society. The unreasonable desires may be material, sexual or sociological in nature.

For example, when a TV viewer is repeatedly told that he should and must possess an item he cannot possibly afford, an unreasonable material desire is being instilled in him via the more than one-billion dollars spent annually by TV advertisers. And when a beautiful woman adorned in a low-cut, slinky dress is dangled before the viewer slumped in his easy chair, we have an unreasonable sexual desire fomenting in the viewer. The chances

can then use his illness as an excuse for not having obtained his unreasonable desire. This type of rationalization is quite common, as explained by Dr. F. Wise in his book, *The Effect of Irritation*, 1958, N. Y. Generally speaking, these irritations are not fatal.

3. Much of television entertainment consists of involving the viewer in deeply-felt, exciting, emotional situations. American television has developed to a high degree the art of jaggling and scaring the emotions, through violence, bloodshed, the use of sex, and simple narrative. The resulting catharsis, while occasionally desirable, when repeated night after

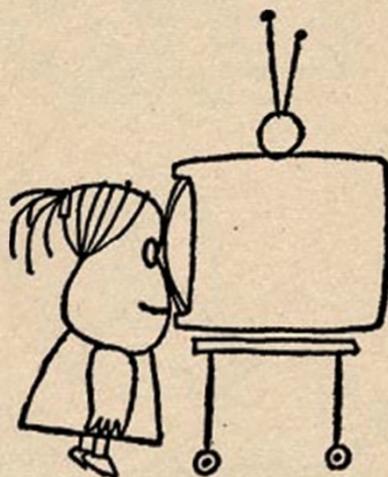
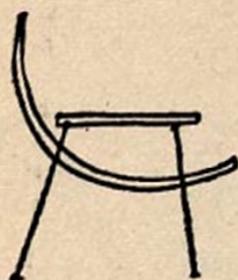
vice to say, the constant searing of the emotions will increase tensions in the heavy viewer, and this in turn will lead to a less healthy body and mind. Again, over-catharsis is not a fatal condition but one that will aggravate any other bodily ailments.

### CONCLUSIONS

From all available data we must conclude that heavy viewing of television is a contributing cause to disease and early demise. As yet the fatality of the television syndrome has not been exactly established, but a number of excellent men, e.g., Borsuk and Suhl, are working in this area. Scientists are uncertain as to why the death rate due to heart trouble and cancer has risen precipitously in the last 12 years; however, statistics are indicative—the evidence is growing which links heavy television viewing to certain peculiar somatic disturbances bordering on the carcinogenic and the thrombotic.

But in a way our findings may be a cause of hope. From a strictly eugenical standpoint television could lead to a great improvement of the human stock. It has been well established (see BBC report #79) that the slothful, and persons with lower mentality, are the most ardent devotees of television. Therefore over a period of years—no less than 15—since heavy television viewing will cause a greater death rate amidst the heavy viewers, we estimate that the eugenically less desirable heavy viewers will be destroyed at a 20% faster rate than the more active, intelligent light television viewers.

Perhaps a provident Nature, weary of reproducing the weaklings and misfits of mankind engendered by modern society and modern warfare, has chosen television as the medium for diminishing human dross and thus improving the human race.



of the pudgy viewer, a beer can in his hand, ever possessing the television sylph are rare indeed. As an example of unreasonable sociological desires, consider the viewer who is told that he should live in a certain geographical section which because of his color he is barred from entering. Subsidiary unreasonable desires are suggested to the TV viewer in many ways: ads for products aimed at adults (beer, cigarettes, sex-allure) are unreasonable suggestions to children; ads for products aimed at women (cosmetics, loungerie, douches) are unreasonable suggestions to men.

Instability and irritation inevitably result. The viewer may react to the induced irritation by working harder in a fruitless attempt to obtain the unobtainable. But more than likely the viewer will develop bodily manifestations due to the irritations caused by the unfulfilled unreasonable desires. (See Jahnke & Emde, "Bodily Manifestations Due to Irritability," Leipzig, 1934, a classic in this field.) Over a long period of time, incessant mental irritation usually takes the form of proneness to minor infections, especially skin eruptions — and in some unstable individuals, even leads to suicide.

In the case of illnesses, the viewer

night results in either a callous attitude towards human emotions or a somatic reaction resulting from an increase in bodily tension.

The scholarly authors of the BBC-sponsored Nuffield report, "Television and the Child," Oxford University Press, 1959, suggest that "... crime and violence programs increase tension and anxiety, increase maladjustment and delinquent behaviour, teach children techniques of crime, blunt their sensitivity to suffering..." Suf-

### Just One of the Symptoms

From an ad for *Miracle Plot Cards*, manufactured by the United Service Company, in Van Nuys, California:

"WRITERS! Now you can have thousands of story ideas at your finger tips! *Miracle Plot Cards*—the basic formulas for all story plots possible to conceive—this marvelous method of creating stories can offer everlasting inspiration. Easy to use. *Miracle Plot Cards* consists of a deck of cards. All you have to do is lay the cards on a table according to a specific pattern and instructions—then PRESTO—you may find the basis for an amazing original magazine story, teleplay, radio, stage play, or novel. . . . Don't let your inability to plot stories ruin your writing career! Send for this astounding deck of plot cards today! Do it now and save yourself hundreds of hours of fruitless labor!"

We are but waiting for *Miracle Character Development Cards*, *Miracle Basic Theme Cards*, *Miracle Comic Relief Cards*, *Miracle Sexual Scene Cards*, and, what will be the ultimate offering in the series: *Miracle Autobiographical Memoir Cards*.

## mass media and education

by Dave Berkman

*Editor's note: This is the first in a series of columns by Dave Berkman. He has spent four years as a television producer-director in both commercial and educational TV, and the past two years teaching Broadcasting at a Southern college and currently in New York City.*

Those of us in education who are also students of mass communication have placed a large share of blame for the erosion of intellect that has befallen us during the post-war years, on the mass media—especially television. We could do little else. The evidence has been impressive. As a result, we have looked more and more to formal education to provide the leadership to oppose this cerebrally stultifying trend.

Yet a realistic look at—as opposed to a rose-colored look to—education, might well lead us to the conclusion that far from providing any opposition, formal education has instead jumped on the bandwagon and is actually fostering, re-enforcing, and perpetuating the superficial, anti-intellectual mass media-induced values. And, high atop in the band-leader's seat seems to be the humanistic branch which one would think would be the most concerned with achieving the reversal: English.

### According to the Gospel

It was my rather unpleasant (though highly enlightening) experience while pursuing doctoral studies in Mass Communications this past year, to expend three of my elective credits on a course in the teaching of secondary school English. During the course I was able to pinpoint at least six specific approaches or tendencies promulgated by texts and teacher as Gospel, all of which would be most heartily approved by those who during business hours populate a street which I will describe, in order to avoid using the cliché, as located in New York City between Lexington and Fifth Avenues.

Before enumerating the six, let me stress that what I cite here is not selected in order to "make a case"—I only wish this were so—but is substantively typical of what we were taught. Nor were these the teachings of an instructor whose views and philosophy are atypical; rather, he is a recent past national president of an English teachers' professional organization and a leading writer on teaching methods, materials and curriculum.

### Six Approaches in Search of . . .

The first approach would be the emphasis on *Group Dynamics*.

Whereas education should be fostering the development of independent thought and action, we found ourselves directed to utilize techniques that would only result in the opposite: that is, to make use of those group-centered techniques—especially the 'committee report' system—whereby individual thought, responsibility and initiative is submerged into group

effort, and in which the most important consideration becomes not the individual's quality of a person's contribution, but rather how well he gets along with, and is accepted by, his peers. (And if he isn't their peer, if he actually is superior to them—much as such a possibility appals those who hold to a false egalitarianism which somehow equates mere existence with intellectual equality—then brother, let him watch out!)

The child—having been exposed for years to the one-dimensional world of a 21-inch microcosm (which, beyond his own limited direct experiences, is the rest of the world as he knows it) for upwards of five hours a day, a world in which bland happy people leading bland happy lives find their happiness in being accepted by equally bland happy people—finds TV's viewpoint (that it is indeed important to conform in order to be liked—and above all, *one must be liked*) receiving official sanction and support in the classroom.

### Table of Non-Content

Aside from any social implications, this group technique with its stress on participation for its own sake is bad if for no other reason than that it often becomes the excuse to avoid concerning oneself with the teaching of content.

I particularly remember one student's presentation of a taped demonstration lesson he had 'taught.' It began with his reading one of Wordsworth's poems. Now if there is any one poet, the meaning and purpose of whose poems have been made clear by the author's own comments and subsequent scholarship, it is Wordsworth. But for the rest of the 'lesson,' all we heard were a bunch of semi-literate adolescents exchanging their incoherently expressed and fuzzy notions as to what they thought the poem meant. At the tape's conclusion almost everyone 'oohed' and 'ahhed' about how wonderfully democratic this all was. "Wasn't it wonderful how everyone participated and had something to say?" "What a wonderful experience!" ("Experience": a simple English word that the Educators have charged with all sorts of mystical meaning.) Finally, one student—one of the very few with an abiding love, not to mention knowledge, of literature—asked our classmate who'd conducted the lesson: "Couldn't you have achieved your aim without using any poem?" The reply was an unashamed "Yes." Unfortunately, the devastating significance of this remark seemed to escape nearly everyone, including the instructor.

### Fun for Profit and Loss

Second was the stress on *Fun* (apparently now in partial post-Sputnik disrepute and eclipse), or making learning seem easy and enjoyable through the use of contrived games and devices.

Now such areas in the English curriculum as spelling, punctuation and grammar are, at best, tedious, and will be mastered only by the application of diligent, disciplined effort. To attempt to 'sugar-coat this bitter pill' by disguising it as a game often provides an excuse to concentrate on the outward 'fun-form' at the expense, again, of content. Could it be that the lack of mastery of fundamentals found so widely among high school students (and this is by no means limited to the mentally handicapped 'slow-

learner')—fundamentals which should have been mastered in the elementary grades—is correlatable with the emphasis on making the mastery of fundamentals seem enjoyable?

It is the world of mass media which preaches that you have earned the right to a daily five hour period of 'enjoyable escape'—that you have earned the right not to be expected to give serious thought to the issues upon which, as a member of a supposedly responsible electorate, you are also expected to decide. When education goes along and says that even *learning* must be made enjoyable, then why should a person feel any such obligations?

### Slogan, Shmogan

A third, and interrelated tendency, was the stress placed in English education, as in advertising and mass media, on the label or package—often for the purpose of making the 'goods' seem something more, or more palatable, than they really are. Why should education feel it must protect children from reality? If a unit deals with biographies of inventors, why give it the title *Practical People*—why such emphasis on the pretty, pleasing palliatives of alliteration?

In two recent Presidential elections we saw a substantial majority of the people convinced that all of the grave issues we faced could be reduced to two four-word slogans—both, by the way, highly alliterative: "Communism, Corruption and Korea" and "Peace, Progress and Prosperity." We are now paying the price.

But is it not possible that had education, and especially English (which is most directly concerned in educating in effective utilization of mass media), questioned the use of such techniques and cautioned students to be on their toes when they are used, instead of utilizing them itself, people then might have spotted the hoax perpetrated on them by the slogan-writers? Instead, education simply provided additional conditioning for their acceptance.

### Going Down, Please

A fourth—and again, interrelated—tendency I saw, was perhaps the hardest to accept. It was the willingness of English, ostensibly the discipline concerned with achieving excellence in language and verbal skills, to accept the mass media dicta that we are 12-year-olds who must be addressed as such. This I saw in the unquestioned acceptance of the philosophy that cautioned us, as we constantly were cautioned, to avoid using difficult words (forgetting that we can learn the meanings of new words only thru contextual exposure), the philosophy that graded literature *down*, rather than *up*, to a pupil's level, and taught us that it is preferable to speak in simple sentences that everyone can understand.

It is a philosophy that proudly points to the success of this approach in advertising for proof of its correctness. And it is a philosophy whose adherents then wonder why they have such trouble getting Shakespeare or Melville across to their students. It is a philosophy that was perhaps best expressed by one of our two texts in a chapter on teaching Composition, in which we were advised that when teaching transitions, we should avoid using this term and instead substitute "bridge," since the average (!) high

school junior would probably have difficulty in grasping the meaning of such a difficult, Latin-derived word.

Paradoxically, it is a philosophy often applied by teachers who then bewilderedly ask aloud, and in print, why we twice found suspect a Presidential candidate who dared include literary allusions in his speaking, and who wonder why people couldn't understand that he obviously was, as he claimed, just "trying to talk sense to the American people." It is a philosophy whose application led the people to prefer a mediocrity who did not understand the basic essentials of English syntax and who could not construct a coherent sentence—and whom the American people came to admire specifically for this obvious lack of culture—but who was, after all, a man who did meet the single basic criteria of modern verbal and linguistic training: He Could Be Understood.

### Mine Eyes Have Seen the Gory

Fifth was the over-use of *Visual Aids*.

In a country where "New York's Picture Newspaper" and a 'picture magazine' can claim more circulation than any other daily or weekly periodical—and as *Life* proudly proclaims to its advertisers, this circulation includes a high proportion of college-trained upper-middle class readers—where, according to surveys cited by the television trade organizations, we spend more of our waking hours in front of the set than at any other activity except work, and where we go out of our way to avoid the complexity of the printed word (it is no accident that *Reader's Digest*, though a text publication, has twice the circulation of any periodical in the country), we again find many English teachers willing to re-inforce rather than oppose the mass media approach, as we were taught to, by utilizing slides, pictures, movies and over-amply illustrated texts, all because it makes the complex artificially simple. (Perhaps the worst offenders here were the textbooks whose oversimplified, commercially stereotyped artwork did double harm by also serving to dull the critical ability to perceive what is artistically valid.)

One could only wonder whatever happened to the idea that it was education's—specifically English's—job to make the complex comprehensible, not through pre-digestion by visual translation, but by equipping the student to deal with it in terms of its innate linguistic complexity.

### Avoid, Avoid

Sixth, finally—similar to that which has passed down from many an agency executive to a writer or producer—was this directive: "As employees you are obligated to avoid the consideration or discussion of any issues or topics your board or other superiors deem objectionable" Thus, like television, I found a prominent educator accepting the principle that education must avoid the controversial for fear of offending some segment of the population which supports it. The utter hypocrisy of such a position so boldly stated is only underlined when one sits in such a class and constantly hears stressed the theme that "We are educating for democracy"—with few ever noting any contradiction.

Yet, if the mass media have accepted such restrictions, is it not even more incumbent and imperative for education to include controversial issues in the curriculum? For, if TV, which captures the greatest share of the average American's leisure time, does not consider them, when will he find himself confronted by such issues? The need that he be so confronted is especially important since the areas that both TV and education avoid are the vital ones of sex, religion (specifically separation of church and state, since doctrine is rightly not the concern of public education), race, and the questioning of certain basic political, social and economic values upon which the *status quo* rests.

Thus we found that although the other of our texts devoted nearly a whole chapter to criticisms of the so-called "junior novel" for its artificially-conceived and stereotyped formula plots, its single-dimensionality of character-portrayal, its emphasis on an unrealistic 'wholesomeness' and its specific avoidance of the taboos noted above—and despite the fact that every reason cited was a good one *not* to include such a *genre* in our teaching (since English courses are, after all, ostensibly dedicated to the raising of literary standards)—the author was nonetheless forced to accept that we must indeed teach such works, because the inclusion of more realistically meaningful and literarily valid novels might invoke the displeasure of persons, administrators or school board members!

#### No Course in Practical Puberty

Here one encounters a contradiction that indicates even further the lack of conviction which lies behind many of the pedagogically-couched shibboleths that educators so glibly drop. Above value, above need, above merit—that, we are told, which should dictate content selection is the student's *interest*. The contradiction arises when we admit that one of the things which interests most high school students is sex. Here, we might logically conclude, we have part of the problem licked, for sex is a major theme of much great literature. Perhaps then, English can raise literary tastes by appealing to the natural, healthy curiosity that exists in pubescent and immediately post-pubescent adolescents? If so, why inflict on them a Bobbsey-Twins-Grown-Only-Slightly-Older (though not much wiser) junior novel, when there is available a near-classic about adolescent life such as Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*? Why? Because *Catcher* involves sex, and sex is controversial, and *avoidance of controversy* lies even above interest in the distorted-value hierarchy of our democratic educators.

And so in a sixth area we find education to a considerable extent accepting and actively supporting the anti-intellectuality of the mass media, instead of providing an alternative.

Perhaps, though, I am wrong. I started on the assumption that we should look to formal education for leadership in opposing the false values of the mass media. If I were asked to characterize the American high school, I would describe it as "An artificial world in which sex, sin, cigarettes and controversy do not exist." Perhaps education, then, should look to television for leadership. They, at least, recognize cigarettes.

May 1961

## Mass Media Logic

(some didactic daylight-savings-time syllogisms as seen by good old Bob Abel)

Sidney Skolsky is a famous Hollywood columnist who interviews celebrities. He tells us if they sleep bare or not. Many of them do sleep bare. Sidney Skolsky is one reporter who knows how to get to the bottom of things.

In 1940 the average weekday newspaper ran almost 25 pages, of which over half, 13.75 pages, were devoted to news. Today's average weekday paper has nearly 38 pages, of which 14.39 pages are devoted to news. Who says there isn't as much news as there used to be?

British schoolmasters have asked the government to set up a special TV censor just for American Westerns. American TV Westerns are part of American culture. British schoolmasters think the Westerns are too brutal and savage for young viewers. They do not understand American culture.

Private-eye shows on television have been described as a "Western in modern dress." This means that it is like society against the enemies of society. We are society. We and the sponsor stand against the enemies of society.

The Untouchables is a popular TV show. It no longer has gangsters with Italian-sounding names. A TV show in Italy ridiculed Fascism and the Mussolini era, and the second installment was cancelled because right-wing groups protested the vilification of an epoch that had become part of Italy's history. No matter which side of the Atlantic you live on, there have been no Italian gangsters.

Max Youngstein is a vice-president of United Artists. The American Legion is a patriotic organization which has threatened to picket films which use unpatriotic personnel. Max Youngstein says he will sue the American Legion if it pickets one of his films. Sometimes it is hard to be a good patriot and capitalist at the same time.

Memorial Day is a holiday. The radio stations and newspapers report the news on holidays. The usual news is the number of deaths on the highways. They report this news every holiday. It is one of the rituals.

A New York Post reader wrote in to say that most newspapers do not report the news the way it happens. "You stand on a street corner and watch a crowd of several hundred people screaming 'Viva Castro' and read the next day that it was an anti-Castro demonstration," said the letter. New York Post readers stand on the wrong street corners.

James Reston of the *New York Times* said that ex-President Eisenhower was both the "most popular and most criticized man in the nation." Walter Lippman said that the press treated Eisenhower so gently because (1) most publishers are Republicans and (2) he was accorded—or allowed to acquire—"a divinity that belongs to kings." James Reston and Walter Lippman do not always read each other.

Time is a magazine. Time asked presidents of U.S. companies, men listed in "Who's Who," members of the A.M.A., officers at the Pentagon and "American Men of Science" what magazine is most important to them. More mentioned Time than any other. A magazine has to know who its important friends are. But don't get me wrong. I love Lucey.

### THREE NON-ATTRIBUTABLE DAYS

(Continued from Cover)

Mr. Kennedy's mood reminded me of the time in 1943 or so when the C.I.O. Shipbuilders Union—of which I was a reckless supporter, half-assed tin-knocker that I was—lost a union representation election at the Bath Iron Works in Bath, Maine. That night three or four of us were very militant. Unfortunately we did not have the newspaper editors of the nation for an audience. But we talked loud and clear to some girl welders at the Columbia Hotel just off Front Street. We said, in effect, that we would do as we damn pleased, company and workers notwithstanding. A day or so later, things looked different. *Rigor realitus* was setting in.

It was my impression, observing the President exactly five days after he spoke to the ASNE that he was experiencing more or less what I had gone through in Bath all those years ago. Mr. Kennedy now gave the appearance of a somewhat chastened man. This occasion was the concluding act of a two-day Non-Attributable Background Briefing on Foreign Policy conducted by the Department of State for about 350 U.S. editors—me among them, representing the York (Pa.) *Gazette and Daily* rather than the *Realist*, which is merely a figment of your imagination.

At the aforementioned shindig, the President had fought a magnificent warm-up shadow-boxing battle against Castro or anyone else south of the border who had any idea he was a match for a *Norte Americano*, no matter what Soviet son-of-a-bitchnik he had in his corner. But in front of these same editors at what I would call a brainwashing conference if I sincerely thought most editors had any brains, Mr. Kennedy seemed to me to be wondering what would happen next.

After all, Allen Dulles had been the very first guy he had appointed. And look how Allen had left him down, as they say here in the Dutch country where I live. (A conjugation: Dull; Dulles; Dullest. Which can be translated as: Going; Going; Gone.) God only knows what J. Edgar, the second appointee, might do.

Mr. Kennedy, by the way, was not the only one on whom a few days time had a sobering influence. At the Statler-Hilton the newspaper editors to a man and woman had made the rafters ring with their enthusiasm for the President's remarks, which were as close to a declaration of war as he can probably get without congressional approval. That was Thursday. On Saturday the editors voted two to one against any invasion of Cuba with U.S. forces "at this time." Maybe they only meant over the weekend. But I rather think they and the President are to be congratulated on their afterthoughts.

What really happened in the Caribbean late in April, of course, was a party lost its way. It was making weather observations off Swan Island when a hell of a storm blew up. The first thing the party knew, someone said, "Hey, this is the Bay of Pigs." Another said, "Kind of swampy, isn't it?" A third said, "Allen told me the natives would be friendly." And a fourth said, "Let's shoot one and see." A fifth remarked, "If my Daddy was here, watch out!" And a sixth said, "Your Daddy's probably holed-up in some shack in Miami, waiting for the all-clear. . . ."

But so much for phantasy.

I have this friend who was in Cuba during the 72 hours that backfired. He has always been a confused socialist. He went to Cuba on April 15th, permission of the Department of State, which is authorized to extend travel-to-Cuba okays only if it seems to be in the interest of the United States. My friend is now safe home. But he says he can't get over the feeling that somebody in the State Department figured it would be in the best interests of the United States if a stray socialist got shot in a Cuban mix-up that started on April 17th. He now has a far more personal interest than ever in foreign policy.

Anyway, you want to know why they call these briefing conferences Non-Attributable? It means that you can *listen* to everybody: Rusk, Dulles, Stevenson, Bowles, Murrow, Bohlen, Williams, Berle (A.A., not Milton), Webb, Gilpatrick—even Ball and Jenkins, the poor souls, as my grandmother might have said—but you cannot "attribute" your published reports to any one of them.

My suspicion, after listening very carefully for two days to the lot, is that there is a very good reason for this rule. To a man they are ashamed of themselves and do not wish to take responsibility for stuff that editors are capable of swallowing and then presenting in the public press. The phrase for this is: Operation Massive Regurgitation. For further details read your daily paper.

Not long after the President's observations to the editors assembled in the State Department's new auditorium, he went to New York to speak to the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Most of their deliberations, as usual, had involved the sacred Publisher-Dollar relationship. But they made time for Mr. Kennedy, who told them—again I am reduced to "in effect"—"Ye shall know the truth but for G.E.'s sake, don't print it."

As I write this, I am overjoyed to see that Mr. Nixon thinks otherwise. Or at least talks otherwise. He, too, has apparently been chastened by defeat, for I had been reliably informed that if elected he had vowed—within the limits of Quaker non-violence tenets—to show Drew Pearson that Washington wasn't big enough to hold the two of them. Now, however, he is all for Truth. No cover-ups of what's going on in the federal government. Very commendable, Dick, if I may say so. That stuff must be put a stop to. Eight years of self-restraint is enough. Any more and the dikes are likely to burst and tell oil.

Let me finally, however, make a clean breast of things myself. I wear a beard. Sitting there in the Statler-Hilton at the working press table five feet from our President—who, I learned later, had been up a good part of the night pondering Cuba—I felt very conspicuous, as if my beard were getting longer all the time. For protective coloration I stood up and clapped at the end with all the others. When I explained to an honest friend that I was applauding because I was glad the speech was over, he said this was my way of bullshitting myself. Another friend said I had missed the chance of a lifetime for worldwide attention: "All you had to do was sit there, Higgins," he said, "take off your shoe and bang it on the table."

## A VIEW FROM THE C.I.A.

(Continued from page 24)

America into the Spanish-American War. An affirmative answer is grounds for immediate exclusion from the project, and tight surveillance thereafter. Moreover, any extraneous remarks which the subject may utter about Marion Davies are grounds for detention.

- (e) *Humor*: Obviously, you can rely on a Cuban ex-banker who tells anti-Batista jokes—unless, of course, they are *sick* anti-Batista jokes—then arrest him. However, the problem will be a great deal more subtle in almost all other cases. What we are looking for is an *American* sense of humor. As the last step in our screening process, we have

### Department of Satirical Coincidence

From the April 28th issue of Time magazine:

"Exiles also say that they were subjected to lie-detector tests [by the C.I.A.] before going to camps (sample question: Have you had homosexual relations?) and were threatened with deportation or detention camps at McAllen, Texas, if they got out of line. They say that in the final stages, the Pentagon moved in to take direct control of the operation."

arranged for a special psychological probing of each recruit. He will be strapped into a lie-detector Mark VI Komfort-Seat and shown, without previous warning, an *unpeeled* banana. Reaction will be correlated according to established scriber-patterns which have been averaged to show: 1. Homosexual bias; and/or 2. Anti-United Fruit Company bias.

- (f) *General*: All recruits must be what we might call "a good drinkin' buddy."

In conclusion, keep impressing these people that they are in this operation for selfless and idealistic reasons. This will obviate any demands for financial assistance. We are *not* budgeted to the extravagant extent where we must furnish these bastards with pocket money.

In all contacts with Cubans, C.I.A. Field Directors must strive to preserve an ironic detachment. Work with them, but don't get intimate and friendly. Too many good Americans have had their feeding-hands bitten, so our maintenance of a balanced sense of innate superiority is necessary to insure a continuing sound grasp of all eventualities that might present themselves.

On the other hand, Puerto Ricans attempting to pass themselves off to us as Cubans for prestige and status-seeking reasons will be taken into immediate custody.

Finally, remember this: You are of supreme importance to your country. If, in an emergency, it comes to making a choice between yourself and a Cuban, do not forget your value to the nation; recall the cost of your training, and all that went into making you what you are today. Yes, *think* before you commit a thoughtless act of personalized generosity. There's always a big supply of Cubans.

## ROOM AT THE BOTTOM

(Continued from page 24)

"What is the name of your organization?"

"The 26th of August Movement."

"Is the day you will land a secret?"

"Yes," he said. "As a matter of fact, we are very worried about our invasion schedule. Air France won't guarantee us bookings during the summer months; it's their big season. We may have to charter our own plane anyway. The C.I.A. has been applying pressure on the Diner's Club and American Express, trying to seal us off from Gen. de Gaulle."

"Why?"

"They fear some of my lieutenants will become followers of Simone Signoret, the leftist."

"Where will you land if Paris' airports are covered with obstacles, as they were in April?"

"On the Riviera."

"Is there any issue on which your volunteer group has important differences of opinion?"

"Yes. Some want to land in Biarritz."

"Can you tell my readers something about the way the 26th of August Movement operates in New York—for example, where do prospective members make contact?"

"At 803 Third Avenue. It is a nice little French restaurant on New York's East Side, discovered by one of my trusted lieutenants. But we don't want any chairs thrown in the Chambord. One of the reasons they have such high prices is to keep the artists and rightists out."

"Does your movement train its men?"

"Our basic training is mostly educational," he replied. "We are learning German, for example, so we can ask the French Foreign Legion directions should we get lost over there."

"How about physical training?"

"We dig up paving blocks in the Bronx on weekends."

"Don't you ever do anything constructive, like picking up cigarette butts?"

"Yes. We spend a lot of time looking for plastic bombs in telephone booths. That is good training for France, and also releases New York City policemen so they can get to the coffee houses and pick up their paychecks."

"If the 26th of August Movement is successful, will you expect to give Gen. de Gaulle advice on how to handle the Algerian problem?"

"Of course. As you know, the problem of Algeria is that there will be no place to send the French Foreign Legion once there is *paix en Algerie*. Nobody wants German troops in Metropolitan France. So we will propose the Legion be sent to Guantanamo Naval Base."

"One last question, M. Verdoux. Are there any mercenaries in your volunteer army?"

"I swear that we do not have a single mercenary with us. But we all expect to get paid, like any other volunteer army. Some of us are family men, after all, and have kids our wives expect to send to private schools in Switzerland as soon as we land."

## A VIEW FROM THE C.I.A.

by John Francis Putnam

*It's not that we think the Central Intelligence Agency is careless or inefficient, but once in a while we should allow them a major lapse, like the one that occurred last week when one of their agents left a top-secret directive in the fourth stall from the left, as you enter, in the Gent's room on the Staten Island Ferry. We feel that we are not endangering national security by printing this directive, since it is dated November, 1960. . . .*

### Confidential Instructions To Executive Field Directors

An insurrection is planned in Cuba with our personal supervision, guidance and assistance.

This insurrection must be spontaneous, enthusiastic and wholehearted. It has to proceed from a broad popular base that will include all walks of life, and it must express the true wish of the Cuban people for liberty and the right to enjoy an adequate measure of opportunity for material advancement within the context of an equitable relationship to the U.S. economy. They deserve a reasonably fair shake.

In order to maintain the widest popular support for this dynamic movement for liberation, it is important for all C.I.A. Field Directors to use insight, sympathy and understanding in dealing with the dissident Cubans

### . . . volunteer killing for fun and profit . . .

now imposing upon the hospitality of the U.S., no matter how personally distasteful they may be.

To insure the success of our mission, then, it behooves us to discover the few reliable and safe elements among the motley, undisciplined horde of troublemakers that our Miami office has to tolerate in the national interest.

The following rules of thumb are suggested for evaluating individuals for positions of subordinate responsibility in the enterprise. It must be emphasized that due to the emotional nature of most Cubans, their excitability and almost hysterical personal pride make them unfit for command positions.

- (a) *Linguistics*: No Cuban who speaks, apart from his native Spanish, any language other than English, is acceptable. A Cuban speaking more than four languages fluently is to be arrested.
- (b) *Credit Rating*: Please use your discretion concerning this delicate matter. Remember, pseudo-intellectuals and moderate socialists have feelings too.
- (c) *Appearance*: Conservative dress is a must. Definitely no loud ties allowed. And, although this may be thought of as prejudice on our part, no Cuban under 5' 11" will be considered; bear in mind that these men are being selected for "associate command" positions and must have an air of authority.
- (d) *Politics*: We have devised a simple test to determine the political leanings of a prospective recruit. Show him a picture (enclosed) of the late William Randolph Hearst and ask him if he thinks that Mr. Hearst was personally and directly responsible for the blowing up of the U.S.S. *Maine* and getting

(Continued on page 23)

## ROOM AT THE BOTTOM

by Marvin Kitman

Paris, the City of Lights, is normal again. Last month, however, Gen. Charles de Gaulle was calling for volunteers to defend the capital against right-wing paratroopers from Algeria. Since most Parisians now believe the only threat from the sky today is from pigeons—both right and left-wingers—it occurred to me that Gen. de Gaulle probably hasn't even heard that volunteers are still answering his call to arms in overseas colonies, like French Lick, Ind., and Nouvelle York.

Particularly if his intelligence agents are as effective as our C.I.A.

One of the most fully-organized volunteer army departments is in the Nouvelle York area, and its chief invited me to interview him several days ago. Only three conditions were attached to the interview, none of which were disagreeable: I must not reveal the location of his headquarters; nor his real name. I also had to promise to tell the truth.

I'm still not sure where I was taken in the group's black Citroen, except that I was on the Boulevard Queens for a brief distance. As for the chief's name, I was told to call him Monsieur Verdoux.

"You can appreciate the need for secrecy," M. Verdoux explained, sitting at a desk in what appeared to

be a French dry-cleaning shop. "It would not be in the national interest to upset the *colons* in Washington at the present time."

M. Verdoux is a handsome, pipe-smoking man of 31 who wears glasses and a crew-cut. Being a veteran of the U.S. Army, he knows that war can be Hell. He edited an army newspaper during his military service. He still works as a journalist, when not organizing volunteer armies.

Why did M. Verdoux organize this particular army?

"My relatives fought in the French-and-Indian War," he explained. "On the side of the Indians. But I have long since broken with my family."

He got up from his desk, picked up a clothing hanger, and walked to a map of France on the wall.

"I suppose you're wondering what this movement is all about," he said, pointing to Paris on the wall map with the hanger. "Paris is still in grave danger. What Gen. de Gaulle doesn't seem to realize is that the *ultras* failed this time only because of faulty intelligence. The *paras* threatened to jump on Paris at the wrong time. Everybody loves Paris in the springtime. Naturally, everybody is willing to die for Paris in April. But Paris in August is another matter. Everybody knows there are no Frenchmen in Paris in August. It will fall overnight."

"You mean . . ." I started to say.

"Oui," he said, speaking French for the first time. "We expect a new *putsch* in August. Since Americans—and mad dogs—are the only ones crazy enough to be in Paris in August, it will be up to our volunteer groups to save Paris—and France."

(Continued on page 23)