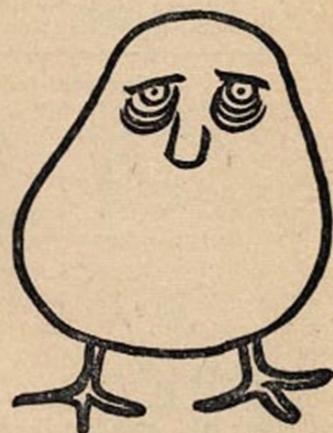


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



the magazine of
ulterior motives

June, 1961

35 Cents

No. 27

stream of consciousness: Lenny Bruce

(Editor's note: While vacationing in Puerto Rico this month between bookings in New York and Chicago, Lenny Bruce sent us the following stream of consciousness. He also enclosed a note saying, "I love Puerto Rico. Today I went to the refinery and saw cane crushed. Tomorrow I'm going to the busboy plant.")

Dave Garroway called Betsy Palmer pretentious and righteous. Betsy cooled it because he just lost his wife to "take one before bedtime and one before each meal" and "pat don't rub the infected area once every four hours for pain" and "keep in a high place out of the reach of children" (Christ, even to kill yourself, you need an I.D.) and "for external use only."

A diaphragm for external use only—that's *really* a preventative measure—wear it outside.

"I can't help it if you put twelve million in the wrong box, the one that says 'for external use only.' Sell 'em that way. Why, it would cost a mint, we would be bankrupt before the ninth million box. . . . Of course we'll sell 'em this way, you idiot. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I don't know what the hell you would do if you ever had to make a decision. And I don't wanna hear all that Vance Packard market-research crap like 'It has to have a function.' Its function is the most subtle support, ever, of Catholicism and the philosophy it embraces. We are a fifth column undermining birth control. Put them in the wrong boxes. Change the prices. . . ."

* * *

A man slimeys up to the counter.

(Continued on page 2)

on socialized medicine: Henry Morgan

(Editor's note: While guesting on the Jack Paar show this month between Secrets, Henry Morgan declined to answer an audience-member's question about socialized medicine, so we invited him to spleen his vent here instead. He also enclosed a note saying, "As you know I am enamored of the Realist because, even if I throw up at some of its opinions, I am so delighted that it HAS any I'm anxious to help keep it around.")

The problem of socialized medicine is a big one, and I'm glad you came to me, Dad. I happen to be an authority on medicine and also on socialization of stuff.

I became an expert on medicine through the kind offices of a great uncle once removed. Isn't it interesting how you can forget a brother you don't like but you can remember (or invent) a relationship to someone you do? (*Like, man!*) He was a dermatologist and when I asked him why some disease or other I was sporting at the time hadn't cleared up, he said, "Son, there really isn't a lot that doctors know for sure, but the thing they know least about is the human skin."

Among doctors there is usually one to whom the others in the fee-splitting group refer as 'a great diagnostician.' This means that he's the quickest in the bunch to give a name to what the patient died of. I hear that many people are living longer these days owing to increased sanitation and the elimination of scurvy and yaws but I've never heard anyone even attempt to prove that this is necessarily a good thing. I'm not even sure of what they live longer than.

If the Bible is only half kidding, people used to live

(Continued on page 31)

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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(Continued from Cover)

"Three Ramses, please."

"Yes sir, will there be anything else?"

"No, that's it. Here."

"That's a 'one,' sir."

"Don't tell me they have a tax on safes now?"

"No, the price has gone up—\$2.50 for three. . . ."

"It's a balloon, Ronnie, why did Grandma slap me for playing with it? 'Cause they're my Daddy's balloons?"

"It's not a balloon."

"Yes, it is. My father would never lie to me because my father said there is nothing worse than a liar."

"Lenny thinks scumbags are balloons! Lenny's a dumbbell! Ha, ha, Lenny's a dum-dum, Lenny's a dum-dum. . . ."

* * *

"Daddy, would you ever lie to me? . . . Owwww! Stop it, I didn't call you a liar, I said. . . . Owwww!"

"Ralph, that's an eight-year-old boy you're punching. Ralph, will you stop! Oh, you crazy dago, will you—you're going to kill him, listen—"

"Hey, open up in there, it's the super—come on, open the door—God, if you're not stinking up the halls with those peppers. . . ."

* * *

Oh eight and bloodied but happy, dear sweet god, I'm happier than if I won the Rollfast Whitfield Ointment and Name the Pony Contest.

My father wasn't lying. Ronald Pritchard, home-room 309, was lying. It was a balloon. It took David Niven around the world in eighty days.

That's why I can't wear the damn things, because—regardless of what the Surgeon General of the U.S. Army says—it's a balloon, and if you want to be a silly ass and put a balloon on your wand, go ahead. But please don't do it in front of me. Have some respect for our father who art in heaven hallowed be thy name thy kinkdom come thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

If you're pure a balloon will take you to Heaven . . . if it's not over five years away, because that's how long they're guaranteed for. Imagine springing a leak while passing Jupiter.

Humanitarian of the Month

The U.S. Supreme Court had been asked to declare unconstitutional Connecticut's 82-year-old statute forbidding the use of contraceptives, which are sold freely in that state for the hypocritical "prevention of disease." Chief Justice Earl Warren asked Connecticut's Assistant Attorney General, Raymond J. Cannon, who is defending the law, whether it would be constitutional in a specific medical situation "even if it were conceded that the lady would die." Mr. Cannon said yes.

Realist First Reader:

A Child's Handbook On Fighting Communism

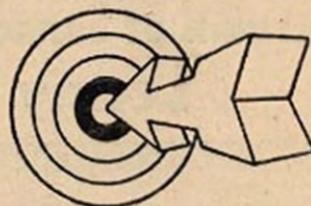
Now we are going to have some fun fighting Communism. Let us play a game of Make Believe. Close your eyes and concentrate. We are going to pretend Red China doesn't exist. They are the Bad Guys. Because they make people slaves.

Nationalist China is different. They are the Good Guys. There hundreds of thousands of little unwanted children are sold. They work in coal mines. Then they are wanted. The older girls work in brothels. How nice to be so wanted. Open your eyes now. Anyone around our base is it!

Fidel Castro says Cuba is a socialist state. That proves they are Communists. But we knew it before. You could tell the way Castro and Khrushchey hugged each other. So we stopped buying sugar from Cuba. Now other countries buy sugar from Cuba.

Iran has bought 10,000 tons of sugar from Cuba. Iran gets a lot of economic and military aid from us. So we are helping Cuba anyway. Maybe we should trade tractors for prisoners then. But we will fool them. We will put treads on all the old Edsels that didn't sell.

There are Communists in the United States too. They are dangerous. So the Supreme Court says they have to reg-



ister as foreign agents. Otherwise they have to go to jail. So they register as foreign agents. Then they have to go to jail under the Smith Act.

So the Communist Party isn't very much fun to belong to any more. But there's a way to belong without going to jail. You have to join the F.B.I. first. Most of the members do it that way. J. Edgar Hoover is the head of the Communist Party.

Why are Communists such a threat to us? Because they advocate the violent overthrow of the government. That is why Governor Rockefeller wrote his name on the bottom of a new law. Now anyone who gets convicted in Federal Court of advocating the violent overthrow of the government will lose his driver's license.

That law was passed in April. But on the 4th of July holidays the U.S. broke all previous traffic accident records. More people got killed in cars than ever before. The roads are still full of Communist spies.

How can we defeat Communism all over the world? By foreign aid. This turns Neutral Guys into Good Guys. Meanwhile there is a great big famine in Red China. So Canada will ship wheat to them. But special machinery is needed for this. It is made in America. And the U.S. Justice Department doesn't allow such sales. Because Bad Guys deserve to starve. Everybody knows that. Especially the Neutral Guys.

So Canada shouldn't be mad at us. Didn't President Kennedy plant a tree there? That's personal diplomacy. It has nothing to do with hungry human beings in Red China. The way to avoid feeling guilty about suffering people is don't recognize them.

SIR REALIST:

The Function of the Realist

Receiving your magazine is like discovering the digit eleven after having counted on ten fingers all one's life.

Linda Lane
Portland, Ore.

A Suggestion

The article on political prisoners in Spain was interesting. Now that you have opened the subject, why not check on the treatment of political prisoners in Cuba, China, Russia, Indonesia, North Korea, etc., etc., and fight for everyone's freedom.

Ed Mack
Detroit, Mich.

Frustrated Reader

Many of my thank yous for your very utterly honest publication. It is to my heart. Actually, I write concerning the article about the rotten situation in the Spanish prisons. Can't a person do anything besides subscribe to a "monthly newsletter." Goddamn it! What's the good of reading about it?

Nancy Sparrow
Old Greenwich, Conn.

Rockwell, Sour Chariot

Re your upcoming Lincoln Rockwell interview: I agree with M. S. Arnoni's criticism. In fact, once I asked him not to give this man any publicity of any kind. I know Rockwell. I've corresponded with him as an illiterate enthusiast ("Flash" Gordon, though I believe he has since caught on) in order to smell out and classify his stink. I discovered this character loves publicity, even if it's a kick-in-the-face type publicity. And worse, he makes money out of it. He hustles his new publicity, his newspaper write-ups, etc. to the crackpot fringe, which sends him dough. Even his negative write-ups show his "penetration." If you print an interview with him, you will be putting money in Lincoln Rockwell's pocket! I wouldn't give him a postage stamp.

David Gorlin
Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor's note: Worrying about Rockwell using the interview to collect money is getting hung up on an external symptom and ignoring the exposure of the disease itself: the psychology of right wing radicals as revealed by Rockwell's utterances; when I studied abnormal psychology in college, it was in order to gain greater insight into less extreme evocations of what were basically the same abnormalities. As William C. Baum wrote in the New Leader, "no one should infer that the

ideology [Rockwell] represents is commonly discredited and without support in the United States."

There are estimated to be more than 500 periodicals in this country which regularly preach Nazi tenets; they are read by an estimated 5 million Americans each month. The underlying theme of all is that Jews are plotting to conquer the world—a plot which began with the crucifixion of Christ and reveals itself today in a variety of Jewized evils ranging from Communism to psychiatry. Even the introduction of Negroes into major league baseball is presented as evidence of the Jewish-Communist plot to mongrelize the white race out of existence.

In 1956, the radical right was able to change the wording of H.R. 6376, a bill designed to grant Alaska a mental hospital program. Opposition stemmed from the fear that Jewish psychiatrists would turn Alaska into a "Siberian concentration camp" where American patriots would be detained. The Senate subcommittee which held hearings on the bill was flooded with mail and witnesses. Similarly—any valid reasons for opposition to fluoridated water notwithstanding—the radical right has successfully blocked "Jewish poisoning" in local communities across the nation.

The American radical right was active in the campaign to restrict U.S. participation in the International Court of Justice. It was a member of the radical right who contributed substantial material to the controversial Air Force manual. The American radical right is in the process of forming an actual political lobby.

Concluded Baum: "More frightening even than Rockwell's recent prediction that the American Nazi Party will win the Presidency in 1972 is the realization that millions of Americans regularly read and propagate ideas like Rockwell's and others of the radical right."

In short, Rockwell's bite is but a warning signal of the danger inherent in the John Birch bark.

A Case in Point

The *Realist's* broad, often comprehensive coverage of the institutional embarrassments of our time is rather remarkable to this reader—who finds it difficult to keep up with the myriad publications in his own field. Recently, however, I read an article in the *American Psychologist*, official voice of the American Psychological Association. . . . I thought the contents of this particular article were very *Realist-ic* and might be of interest to your readers.

The article, "Test Burning: II" (*American Psychologist*, May, 1961), is a report on public reaction to a community-wide psychological research program conducted in Columbia County in the Hudson valley of

New York State. The situation was similar to the Houston, Texas incident ("Test Burning in Texas," *American Psychologist*, vol. 14, 1959) but in this case, reason ultimately prevailed.

The five-year research program was concerned with mental health in rural areas and involved, during the phase in question, testing third-grade children in their classrooms and interviewing their parents. The project proceeded without incident for approximately three years during which time relations with the school board, church groups, and various civic organizations were excellent. In fact, only three families had refused to participate in the study. Interestingly, the fathers of two of the refusing families were doctors!

Then the local post of the American Legion launched a campaign opposing the organized "mental health movement." In the words of the authors, "A series of articles was published in the Hudson newspaper linking mental health with 'world citizenship, one worldism, internationalism, communism, and socialism.' They included wholesale quotations from such publications as the *American Mercury*, the *Economic Council Letter*, the *Dan Smoot Report*, and the *Newsletter of the American Flag Committee*. One quotation from an article is representative: 'Mental health is a misnomer for what is really a weapon being skillfully used by communist propagandists to bring about conformity to the Marxist ideology. . . .' Finally, a resolution was adopted by the post objecting to community mental health boards, the employment of school psychologists, and expenditures by boards of education for mental health programs; and a congressional investigation of the 'mental health movement' was demanded."

In the remainder of the article, the authors describe in considerable detail the aftermath of the American Legion's attack. Reactions in the community included the cancellation of a contribution to the project by the Lion's Club, calls from irate parents, attempted legal action to stop the project, sensationalistic exploitation and grossly inaccurate reporting by the press, and cries of "brainwashing," "human guinea pigs," "sex research," and the like. Parenthetically, "sex research" is no less defensible as a legitimate area of investigation (*The Chapman Report* notwithstanding) but in this case the project was not remotely connected with sexual behavior.

These associations—mental health movement, sex, communism—provide their own satire. Yet if shouted loud enough and often enough, the docile are persuaded, the fearful silenced,

the chain-reaction set in motion; much ado about nothing over a most innocuous research effort vividly demonstrates the destructive power of black-white thinking; what the semanticists call a two-valued orientation. It is important to remember, however, that the "tyranny of words"—words which incite but do not instruct—thrive on ignorance, superstition, and helplessness. Undermine these human vulnerabilities and the "humanity of words" has a chance to emerge.

Something like this may have happened in Columbia County: With patience and tolerance, members of the research team described in detail the methods and objectives of their project. Publicly and repeatedly, the accusations of the American Legion and their fellow travelers were refuted by demonstrable evidence. As a result, the community again supported the study.

Happy ending? Perhaps. Yet, rather than a triumph of reason over fanaticism, the outcome seems to reflect the absurdity of the issue, i.e., the aforementioned human frailties of ignorance, superstition, and helplessness were apparently not very strong with respect to this particular issue in this particular community. This possibility could easily be tested: Sex research, anyone?

Robert E. Mogar, Ph.D.
University Park, Pa.

Farewell to Inconsistency

I would appreciate it if you would immediately cancel my subscription to your magazine. I found much of it amusing and provocative. However, I consider your articles on the Cuban situation an extremely irresponsible critique during a time of national crisis. . . .

Sue Sand
Milwaukee, Wis.

Editor's note: To those irresponsible readers who would like to read an accurate report from Cuba, a book titled "M-26, The Biography of a Revolution" by ex-CBS newsman Robert Tauber has just been published and is available from the Realist for \$4.95.

Operation Freedom

Your coverage of our trip to Tennessee was one of the early encouragements we had that the cause might pick up momentum. We have received a number of contributions from your readers (the contributions from those who marked their gift as prompted by your article totals \$90). I don't feel in a position to thank you since it is evident you believe in the cause, and thanks for this is hardly in my province.

Rev. Maurice McCrackin
Cincinnati, Ohio

The Old Frontier

I found the *Realist* in Mort Sahl's dressing room at Basin Street East so now I'm subscribing. How's that for a testimonial?

Liz Smith
N.Y., N.Y.

Editor's note: A testimonial for what?

Waiting For Subpoena

Would you kindly let your readers know that I consider your piece, "Menachem, Madalyn and Me," in your May issue, a masterpiece of misrepresentation through censorship and omission? A transcript of the forthcoming trial against you should rectify this.

M. S. Arnoni, Editor
The Minority of One

The Shadow Knows

When I asked the editor of *Minority of One* to print my letter, he would not do it. He has refused to permit me to reply to him in the audience he commands. I'll bet you will print his. Do "fair rules" apply only to one magazine and not another?

Madalyn Murray
Baltimore, Md.

Angry Young Woman

It kind of bothers me: I also am about the same age as you, also angry, but what the hell am I doing about it?

Among our friends, my husband and I are considered to be rather "odd"—we spread ourselves too thin in an attempt to support numerous organizations and publications whose ideas we subscribe to, we periodically write letters to our congressmen and representatives, I spent some time a few months ago picketing Woolworth's in support of the sit-ins in the South; but regardless of a few incidences of exhibiting individualistic behavior we are civil servants. To maintain civil service jobs we also maintain a cloak of respectability. I envy and admire you guys your guts and the outspoken stand you have taken.

Carolyn Symonds
San Bernardino, Cal.

Editor's note: This isn't false modesty now, but there's really nothing courageous about putting out a magazine since—unlike those hope-of-the-world kids who are voluntarily risking their skulls for a seat on the bus—the danger here is non-existent. Whatever uncivil service the Realist may provide, its continued publication is an act of freedom, not bravery.

Brief Observation

The funniest line in the whole issue last month was in Peggy Gerard's letter: "Where do you draw the line between intelligent freethought and bad taste?"

James P. Ryan
St. Louis, Mo.

PEACE WALKER

(Continued from Page 27)

May 2nd, 10:30 P.M.

Twenty-three miles today, and the toughest I've walked yet. There wasn't 500 feet of level land, all put together. Uphill and down, to the right and to the left, sometimes as high as 2200 feet above sea level. On top of that, I have a new cold that started today.

At the outskirts of Uniontown, a bakery-truck driver gave us two dozen doughnuts.

A new walker caught up with us and joined our ranks—a practicing nurse from N.Y.C. Two other women have joined us too. Also, four members (2 boys, 2 girls) from the Bruderhof Community (officially called "The Society of Brothers") five miles up the road, where Wilmer had arranged hospitality for tonight, came up to meet us and to walk back to their place with us. It's a sprawling ex-resort-hotel on a man-made lake.

We were joined for tea and cookies there by 6 of the Bruderhof's teenagers who'd just gotten out of school (they teach their own children up to the 8th grade, under "state approved" facilities).

The Bruderhof set-up is a vibrant communist-anarchist community that has no "leaders" and keeps a common purse (no member having need for wages). Its guiding theme is the Christian "Sermon on the Mount," and its 20 families of 135 people make their living from a mail-order business in durable wooden toys and classroom aids that they make in a workshop out in back. [For a free catalog, write to Community Playthings, Farmington, Pa.]

The most impressive thing here is the ready laughter of the children, and their ruddy cheeks. Supper was in the communal dining hall. On each table was a (secular) songbook. Somebody called out a number and we sang the song—a hiking song!—on that page. Then we ate. . . . A we-know-it-by-heart song was sung by our hosts, followed by a beautiful moment of silence before we broke up, moved the tables to the walls and arranged the chairs in concentric circles in preparation for the question-and-answer period.

Meanwhile, at 10 P.M., Brad and Karl were on Channel 13, the local educational station, on a program called "Allegheny Roundtable," answering Rev. Fred Schumann of Pittsburgh's 1st Trinity Lutheran Church and Ron Wulkan, Capt. of the U.S. Army Reserves and a Public Relations man. Topic: "Can 'Non-Violent Action' Stop Totalitarianism?" Some of the viewers said that the debate was a toss-up, influence-wise.

The Realist

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

editorial type stuff

Assorted Announcements

• A collection of impolite interviews from the *Realist* has just been published. The book contains the interviews with Lenny Bruce, Dr. Albert Ellis, Henry Morgan, Alan Watts, Jean Shepherd, Richard Kern, Jules Feiffer, Hugh Hefner, and me. If *Impolite Interviews* is not on hand at your local bookstore, copies are available from the *Realist* at \$4 each.

• I would like to apologize for the poor clerical service you have been getting; finances may permit the hiring of a part-time office assistant in the near future. Please note, by the way, that since the *Realist* is not published in July, the next issue will come out in August. If there are any issues to which you were entitled as a subscriber and didn't receive, send in a postcard with specifics.

• Interlandi's bomb-classic (Feb. issue) has become perhaps the most discussed-and-shared cartoon of our time. And, at a convention of editorial cartoonists in Los Angeles last month, many professionals thought it should have won the Pulitzer Prize. In response to numerous requests, copies of the cartoon—suitable, as the saying goes, for framing—are available at \$1 each from Interlandi, P.O. Box 278, Laguna Beach, Calif.

• We have finally been granted second class mailing privileges by the U.S. Post Office. This means a substantial saving for us each month, and speedier delivery of the magazine to you. Incidentally, with one exception, the *Realist's* subscription list has never been available to anyone, nor will it ever be, even though its rental could bring in additional funds. It is one of the few things I hold sacred.*

• The *Realist* is its own best (or worst) advertisement. You can help increase the circulation by sending \$1 for 7 copies of this issue and giving them to persons you think might find rapport with our irreverence. Or, send seven names and addresses with the \$1, and we'll mail the copies from here.

A Pair of Aces

This is to introduce a couple of additions to the *Realist's* roster of regular contributors.

William Worthy is a reporter's reporter. His background: Ford Foundation Fellow in African Studies, 1959-60; former Nieman Fellow; former Special CBS News Correspondent in Russia, Africa and China; correspondent for the Baltimore *Afro-American*. A veteran of three round-the-world tours of duty, Worthy has covered such events as the Korean truce negotiations and the historic Asian-African Conference. He is probably best known for having defied the U.S. State Department's ban on passports for newsmen traveling to Red China.

*However, since quite a few subscribers have expressed an interest in knowing of other *Realist* readers in their communities, we are going to compile a mimeographed list of names and addresses. If you wish to be included, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope; only those persons listed will receive copies. Warning: the *Realist* shall not be responsible for the inevitable shmucks who move among us.

Frankly, I was a little concerned about the possibility of his having subversive affiliations; then I felt ashamed of myself for playing the guilt-by-association game. Ironically, Worthy had been checking to make sure that I'm not a Communist. (Or so I was told; Worthy denied my amused accusation, though.)

* * *

Eileen Brand is one of the wittiest people I know. In her time, she has held such positions as—only a partial list—Animal Nurse, Fire Hose Builder, Traveling Saleswoman, Airplane Assembler, Election Petition Circulator, Mother, Canning Factory Worker, Researcher, Waitress, Office Manager . . . in such industries and professions as—again, only a partial list—Night Club, Union, Telephone Company, Psychoanalysis, Insecticides. "The sum total of this experience," she says, "points inexorably toward residence in my friendly neighborhood madhouse or to a post as Editor of a young, offbeat, controversial, rising publishing house." Until recently, she had combined these goals by working for Lyle Stuart.

"Let no one be misled," Eileen Brand cautions. "I am not a jobhopper. I am quiet, responsible, shy, dependable, modest and stable. My past employers (mostly) recommend my work highly. The only reason that I have worked 45 job classifications in 25 industries is that . . . well, one thing just led to another."

A Note On the A.M.A. Convention

It is worth mentioning in passing that the most consistently crowded 'exhibit' at the American Medical Association's convention in New York's Coliseum this month was the stand where free soft drinks were provided by the Pepsi-Cola people—"for those who think young." Although that beverage has more active ingredients than many of the drugs displayed there, the Pepsi-girl said no when I asked her if a prescription was required.

The Naked Emperor (Continued)

In terms of materialistic values, the ultimate weapon—the neutron bomb—is now scientifically feasible. According to Senator Thomas Dodd, "It would do next to no physical damage, it would result in no contamination, but it would immediately destroy all life in the target area."

Meanwhile, back in Texas, the *Observer* has been investigating Civil Defense. One discovery is that the few individuals who have actually built fallout shelters tend to want the fact kept secret. Seems they fear that, comes the nuclear invasion, all their unprepared neighbors will be banging on their doors. One fellow has stocked his shelter with a shotgun and ammunition.

In connection with a new *Realist* feature—"Impolite Question of the Month" (for which readers are encouraged to propose questions)—we have written to the director of Civil Defense, asking: "What would happen to the nation's economy if everyone stocked a two-week food supply as recommended by Civil Defense?"

No answer yet.

Space On My Hands (Continued)

From "Selection Techniques for Space Crews" (a paper presented at a Symposium on Psychiatric Aspects of Space Travel, sponsored by the American Psychiatric Association):

"... one might consider as a poor risk in minimal sensory environments, a person who reports in a questionnaire that the most distressing thing for him would be confinement in a dark place with no escape.

"In considering the crew, the limitations of space may require a small group living in close confinement. . . . Much work has yet to be done in delineating the maximally functional group, but depending on the nature of the group, one might exclude the person with a history of constantly fighting and rebelling both against peers and authority figures, as well as those with pressing homosexual or other major neurotic conflicts. Some have even suggested that for longer trips marital partners might be appropriate. . . ."

Alabama-Bound (Continued)

And now, class, we shall take up a sociological phenomenon which took place back in the 20th Century—the Freedom Riders.

In May of the year 1961, there began attempts to eliminate bus station racial barriers. Violence resulted. Unfortunately, it was Mother's Day, and most of the police force was off duty.

Schools were started to teach prospective Freedom Riders the principles of passive resistance. Simultaneously, other schools were started to teach the principles of mob rule.

Historical evidence indicates that waiting rooms had signs reading "White Intrastate Passengers" and "Negro Intrastate Passengers." You see, the courts had outlawed enforced segregation only among interstate bus passengers. Thus a new race made its appearance in the South—the interstate Negro. Obviously, the interstate Negro was far superior to the intrastate Negro.

At any rate, United States marshalls were sent to straighten things out. Fortunately, the C.I.A. was not behind this invasion—no need to remind you of the Cuban fiasco . . . although one student here, who shall remain nameless, described it in a mid-semester examination as a little foreign sports car.

Despite this racial blot on our national conscience, the Attorney General of that day, a Mr. Robert Kennedy, assured the world that in forty years, there might well be a Negro elected President of the country. And, of course, in the year 2001, an interstate Negro was indeed voted into that high office.

While on the way to Washington, however, he was arrested in Jackson, Mississippi for using an intrastate white urinal.

Constructive Mischief, Anyone?

The *Realist's* hoaxnik department has been forced to go underground in order to achieve maximum effectiveness. We are forming a new organization: United Nonjoiners For the Use of Creative Kinetic Energy to Resist the System . . . really. There will be no dues, no constitution, no officers. The first meeting will be held in New York City, most likely in August. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you would like to be notified of time and place; out-of-towners are asked to participate too, as there will be a mimeographed bulletin describing the group's plans of action. Suggestions for potential projects are invited. Although the organization's initials are symbolic of members' spiritual disorientation to the System, it is preferred that all mail be addressed directly to the *Realist*.

negative thinking

by Robert Anton Wilson

Is Capitalism a Revealed Religion?

. . . so sore menses eyes were blinded
Where covetousnesse of filthie gaine is more than
reason minded.
—Ovid's *Metamorphoses*
(Golding translation)

A friend of mine told me a story recently that makes a good introduction to a column about economics. It seems that my friend was in the men's room at his place of business, voiding his bladder energetically, when the President of his firm walked in and took a stance at the next urinal. A strange thing thereupon happened to my friend: his urine ceased spurting, even though he could still feel the pressure of an incompletely emptied bladder.

The reader may want to accuse me of surrealist symbolism, a dirty mind or a perverted sense of humor, but I can think of no better place to begin an examination of Capitalism than the lavatory. We are all aware by now, or should be aware, that Protestantism has played a large part in creating and maintaining the Capitalist ideology, and Protestantism itself began in a privy.

This little-known fact is worth stressing, in the light of psychoanalytical theory. Luther's own words are: "But once when in this tower I was meditating on those words, 'the just lives by faith,' 'justice of God,' I soon had the thought whether we ought to live justified by faith [*the central doctrine of Protestantism*—R.A.W.]. This knowledge the Holy Spirit gave me on the privy in the tower" (quoted in *Luther* by H. Grisar).

All Protestant theology begins from, and pays tribute to, this "experience in the tower"—*Thurmerlebnis*, as it is called. That this experience could hardly have happened anywhere else but in a toilet is well documented by the anal and excremental style of Luther's fantasy: at least twice he had visions of the devil in which that Evil Spirit assaulted him by the time-honored gesture of contempt—"showing him his posterior," in Grisar's words.

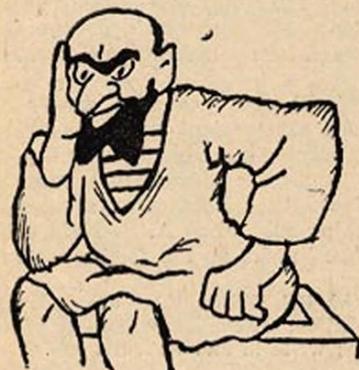
More: this anal preoccupation colors Luther's entire sensibility. The Pope and his Bishops are, Luther says, "urine, excrement and filth . . . the filth of squiredom, dung splattered on the sleeve," etc. The devil wants to "stink us and stab us with his dung." As for mankind, "we are but worms in ordure and filth." Such quotes could be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*, certainly *ad nauseam*. Alfred North Whitehead was being accurate, not polemical, when he compared Luther's rhetoric to Hitler's, and said that Luther was "more foul-mouthed." Even facing death Luther could think in no other imagery: "I am the ripe shard," he said, "and the world is the gaping anus."

It was, I believe, Erich Fromm who first explained the connection between the Protestant ethic and the

rise of Capitalism—a connection long noted and well documented by such sociologists as Tawney and Weber—by pointing out that both Protestantism and Capitalism are creations of what Freud called “anal personalities.” Fromm, of course, has to dilute and obfuscate the basic Freudian insight in order to get it in line with his sociologicalization of psychology.

This dilution and obfuscation is what Fromm and other neo-Freudians celebrate as their “advance” over Freud’s “biological orientation.” What is primary to Fromm is not body-sensations but “attitudes toward the world” occasionally expressed “in the language of the body.” (I am paraphrasing and condensing from his *Escape from Freedom*.) Thus Freud’s clear and eminently scientific conception of the “anal personality” becomes vulgarized into the foggy and uselessly vague notion of the “authoritarian personality.”

I leave this de-materialized psychology to those professors who, finding it useful in mixed classrooms and inoffensive to the public at large, have embraced it. I take it that I have a body, and my reader has a body, and that we both had them long before we began developing “attitudes toward the world,” and that any psychology worth elbow-room at the counter of scientific consideration will have to be centered on these facts and on the pulsating rhythms of the living flesh.



“... Refresh my bowels
in The Lord.”

St. Paul, Philemon 1:20

his infamous century and see with his own eyes that the relation of a boss and worker is chiefly a physical relationship, an energy relationship, in which part of the worker’s energy is drained off much in the manner that a vampire’s victim has his blood sucked.

All ideological super-structure is built upon this simple energy process, and Marx was right in refusing to let any other fact or set of facts distract him from his unblinking examination of this central circumstance of our economic system. When the “natural sciences” and the “social sciences” are finally synthesized, this basic energy process will be their chief link, and will be formulated, I am convinced, in a Third Law of Thermodynamics.

Freud’s stupidity was of an equally brilliant kind: he was the first psychologist really to understand the implications for psychology of the simple fact that people have bodies. (Cezanne’s stupidity, similarly, was to

look at the world as a child does and not as an art teacher tells one to.)

But to return to my friend, standing there at the urinal in the grip of an unusual variety of impotence.

Readers are beginning to write in accusing me of being a Reichian, and I don’t want to lend support to so terrible an accusation, but I also don’t see, and can’t see, how we can account for what happened here except by saying, in Reich’s terms, that the presence of the President of the firm created an anxiety—and anxiety, to Dr. Reich, meant simply, physically, the withdrawal of life-energy from the periphery of the body to its core: a contraction. My friend’s genital-urinary apparatus went dead as the energy flowed back into his center.

(For some interesting data tending to indicate the increasing prevalence of this anxious energy-contraction in American culture, see Lawrence Barth’s column in the October 1960 *Realist*.)

An experience of my own comes to mind here. Recently, a guy I know got so damned mad at me that he refused to speak to me anymore. Readers of this column may figure he had good justification—and I would be the last one in the world to deny that, intent as I am on becoming known as the meanest literary bastard since Brann the Iconoclast—but the point is that my offense, in this case, was merely *speaking against the Capitalist system*. Being sent to Coventry for this, by a cat who has been only mildly peeved by my sexual and religious heresies, is what prompted the question asked in the title of this column: “Is Capitalism a Revealed Religion?” Has it now become so sacred that questioning it is more dangerous than, let us say, asking if Jesus ever pulled his pudding as a boy?

I am going to come on so strong as to say that, in a Freudian sense, Capitalism always has been a revealed religion. (“Religion,” old Papa Sigmund once succinctly said, “is a public neurosis; neurosis is a private religion.”) *Capitalism, I would in all seriousness suggest, can best be understood as a public neurosis characteristic of societies in which the life energy has been driven out of the genital area into the anal area*. Being a public neurosis, it is institutionalized, ritualized and mystified with all the pomp and folderol of any other religion.

Let us look into the age that gave birth to Capitalism. The Late Middle Ages were a time of hysteria (always a result of prolonged anxiety states) and of witch-hunting (a symptom of hysteria)—and, finally, of impotence. The whole style of the age, as Spengler would call it, is well illustrated by *Bull Summa desiderantes* issued by Pope Innocent VIII:

“It has indeed lately come to Our ears,” wrote His Holiness, “that in some parts of Northern Germany . . . many persons of both sexes . . . have abandoned themselves to devils . . . and by their incantations, spells and conjurations . . . have slain infants yet in their mother’s womb, as also the offspring of cattle . . . These wretches further afflict and torment men and women . . . with terrible piteous pains and sore diseases; they hinder men from performing the sexual act and women from conceiving, whence husbands cannot know their wives, or wives receive their husbands . . .”

It seems evident that, as G. Rattray Taylor notes in his brilliant *Sex in History*, Innocent was concerned “solely with certain pathological sexual phenomena . . . particularly psychic impotence and frigidity.” Taylor produces considerable evidence that such Papal fears

were well-grounded because the dictatorship of the Medieval Church was indeed so thoroughly destroying the normal sexual functioning of men and women as to create widespread impotence and infertility.

The witch-hunts of the period were almost all, Taylor demonstrates, brought on by people who, finding themselves impotent, accused some neighbor of "bewitching" them. The infamous *Malleus Malificarum*, the handbook used for centuries by witch-hunters and Inquisitors, reads like nothing so much as a modern textbook of sexual pathology.

It was out of the maelstrom that Protestantism and Capitalism emerged. As the genitals of the Western World died, its anus, so to speak, came to be its central living preoccupation—inspired and guided by the hysterical vision of one neurotic monk sitting on a john.

The psychoanalytical insight that money represents to the anal personality—the feces which it covets—is not really new or novel. Have we not always spoken of "filthy lucre"? Doesn't Dante put the usurers and the buggers in one pocket of hell because both are "against natural increase"? Five hundred years after Dante, didn't another great poet, who is markedly hostile to Freudian theory, intuitively make the same discovery:

Usury kills the child in the womb
And breaks short the young man's courting
Usury brings age into youth; it lies between the
bride and the bridegroom
Usury is against Nature's increase.

Yes, that is Ezra Pound, in his Canto 51. Elsewhere, Pound has indicated the same awareness of the pro-anal, anti-genital direction of the Capitalist (or, as he calls it, Usurocratic) temperament:

his condom full of black beetles,
tattoo marks round the anus,
and a circle of lady golfers about him.

the courageous violent
slashing themselves with knives
the cowardly inciters to violence . . .

the beast with a hundred legs, USURIA
and the swill full of respectors
bowing to the lords of the place,
explaining its advantages,
and the laudatores temporis acti
claiming that the shit used to be blacker and
richer

(Canto 15)

At the end of Arthur Miller's novel, *The Misfits*, the hero curses, not "money," but, significantly, "shit and money." Another artistic expression of the anal orientation of the modern world occurs in Norman Mailer's "The Time of Her Time," in which the protagonist, trying to cure his girl of frigidity, finds he can bring her to orgasm by entering *per anum*.

Actually, the psychoanalytical theory of money as a symbolic turd is already implicit in the Judeo-Christian myth of work as Adam's Curse. Dr. Karl Menninger's *The Human Mind* recounts a case-history of a millionaire who was compulsively busy to escape anxieties connected with infantile anal guilts. Similar cases appear in the works of Freud, Ferenczi and Jones, among

others. Abraham describes in his *Selected Papers on Psychoanalysis* a patient whose anxieties centered around the idea of being forced to eat excrement as a punishment for sin: the theme of two or three of the most popular jokes in capitalist society.

"Work," says Durkheim briefly, "is still for most men a punishment and a scourge." Freud, perhaps, put it even more simply, in his study of Dostoevski, saying that Dostoevski was under a compulsion to make his burden of guilt take tangible form as a burden of debt. Norman Brown's brilliant *Life Against Death* (to which I am greatly indebted*) sums it all up thusly: "Money is human guilt with the dross refined away till it is a pure crystal of self-punishment, but it remains filthy because it remains guilt."

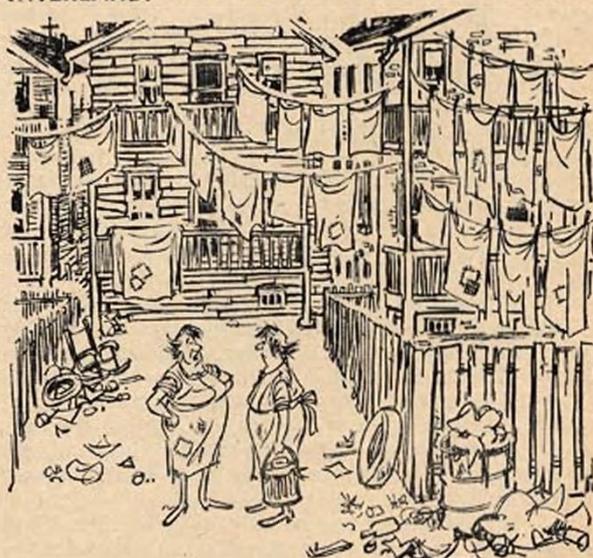
It may seem almost too pat if we now remind ourselves that the congenital problem of Capitalism, never yet solved, is the problem of *dumping the surplus*.

The psycho-dynamics of Capitalism, in short, seem to consist of what cyberneticists call a *circular-causal* process. Born of neurotic anxiety and desensitization (contraction of the life energies), it constantly generates more anxiety through its unpredictable boom-and-bust cycles and the wars incident upon its imperialistic necessity to dump the surplus. But this second-order anxiety (which afflicts the boss as well as the worker, for he, too, is the victim of the cycle) breeds that "busy-busy-busy" compensating activity which drives the whole system ever onward into contradictions, crashes and further anxieties.

Dr. Wilhelm Reich's theory was that cancer is caused, partially, by the contraction of life energies, i.e., *anxiety*. (And anybody who doubts Reich's theory of anxiety only needs to observe himself in a moment of stress to be convinced that Reich was absolutely right. Improper breathing and what A. S. Neill calls "the stiff stomach danger" make up the feeling we call

*Editor's note: As with Bob Wilson, there are undoubtedly books—fiction, non-fiction, serious, humorous—to which you are greatly indebted; write in and we'll list 'em.

INTERLANDI



"I'll tell you why the world is in such a turmoil—everybody wants a standard of living like ours, that's why . . ."

"anxiety" or "tension," and both are symptomatic of muscular contraction, such as we see on a very gross level in an infant *cringing* with fear.)

Consider, in the context of Reich's idea, the following words of one of the most enthusiastic defenders of modern American Capitalism, Dr. Ernest Dichter, President of The Institute of Motivational Research: "Possibly more than half of all human diseases are psychogenic," says Dr. Dichter in *The Strategy of Desire*; "worry, maladjustment and other emotional disturbances can be responsible for almost anything from heart attack to cancer." Dr. Dichter's job, as high-priest of Motivational Research, is using this "worry, maladjustment and other emotional disturbances" to influence people to allow themselves to be exploited still further by the Power Elite of Capitalism.

According to the University of California's recent symposium on psychological factors in cancer, all the women with cancer of the breast examined by Dr. Franz Alexander in one study showed severe psychiatric disturbances, generally with some degree of sexual malfunctioning; another study, of women with cancer of the uterus, showed even more conspicuous sexual disturbances, especially of the sort called "frigidity" (*Psychological Variables in Human Cancer*, University of California Press).

Vihjalmur Stefansson's *Cancer: Disease of Civilization* points out that this pathology is rare, or non-existent, among primitive tribes. Need we add to this that the physical bearing of primitive peoples is so different from that of our so-called "civilization" that almost every explorer on record comes back with bemused comments on the subject? Primitive man, free of the anxieties and armors-against-anxiety characteristic of our culture, stands and walks and sits as a human being should, gracefully and naturally. Look around you and notice how much *visible* tension you can see in people's postures; and you will know why Dr. Reich called cancer a *shrinking biopathy*.

Our kindly editor has asked me to stop using the example of the guy walking into the park with a radio in his hand every time I want to say that people are dead in modern America. Okay. I will use another example. I once said to a young lady (who happened to be the wife of the guy who stopped talking to me when he found out I'm a socialist), "Dig that tree there—wow!" She replied, icily, "I *dig* it," putting me down for being so corny as to talk that way. The point was that she *hadn't* dug it; she had hardly glanced at it. Basho could flip over a sight as simple as a tom cat with the Yen, and write a poem about it:

Yawning. Then, fully awake,
the cat goes out
to a night of poontang.

This is not just "the poet's eye"; Cezanne had it. Nor is it the "artist's eye"; Darwin had it when he looked at the iguana and intuited the law of evolution. It is the special kind of stupidity I was talking about earlier in this column. It is the innocent childish eye of a man who is not completely blinded by the organized bullshit and desensitization of an unjust social system. It is obvious, or should be, that the prejudiced white never "sees" a Negro; he sees the social lies, stereotypes, in his own mind. (This is the point of the best novel ever written about the Negro in America, Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*.)

June 1961

Moment of Creation (or, Too Many Syllables Spoil the Haiku)

Hovering
just on the edge
of a poem
my asshole tightens
in anticipation.

—Richard Trombly

It should be equally obvious that, in a social system motivated by anxiety and a deadening of life energy, nobody even sees the street on which he lives anymore. We are walking dead men, as Lawrence tried so hard to show us in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, that great and mostly unread novel in which average readers hop around looking for symbolic sexual gratification and skipping the passages which give the book half its meaning—the passages about how Clifford's impotence and paralysis drove him to becoming a successful businessman.

The whole world has been stunned for 17 years now by the opening, in 1944, of the Nazi annihilation camps. We still don't know how to explain such things, how they could be possible. Let me bring this column toward a conclusion with a set of facts that may throw some light on what happened in Germany—and *is happening* here—facts which are all explained by my hypothesis that Capitalism derives from deadening of the genitals and centering of the interest in the anus, but which cannot be explained, so far as I know, by any other hypothesis.

1. The English of Shakespeare's day were a bawdy, sexy, uninhibited bunch of hipsters. As Capitalism grew in England, this national character changed markedly, so much so that it is difficult for us to imagine Falstaff and his friends as truly English. The modern post-Capitalist Englishman is the epitome of the armored individual, rigid, compulsively "moral," utterly lacking in spontaneity. Simultaneously, England was



"They don't really help—I still hate my job."

When Nikita Got Home That Night

by Ed Murray

"Lummox."
"Lummox-stomachs. All I said was I'd like to shake her hand, too."

"First. You said 'I'd like to shake her hand first.'"

"I was misquoted. What can you expect from those capitalist papers? In Pravda you'll see the truth."

"Always with the puns. Can't you talk serious?"

"Listen, Nina, I was only being polite."

"Some polite. And that picture. How can I hold my head up when we get back?"

"Don't worry. Pravda doesn't run pictures."

"And that smirk. You looked like a puppy dog."

"Last time you were mad because I banged my shoe. This time you're mad because I was polite."

"You looked like you were going to swoon in her lap."

"Ah."

"Now what are you smirking about?"

"I was just thinking about being polite."

"Clown."

"I hardly drank a thing."

"A girl that age."

"Youth. Oh, Nina, how I wish you were young."

"Lummox."

"And tall."

"Clown."

"With black hair."

"And skinny? You want me to be skinny, too?"

"I was only being polite."

"Every time we go to a party you make a fool of yourself."

"I hardly drank a thing."

"You were too busy."

"Last time you said I drank too much. This time you say I didn't drink enough."

"Everyone saw."

"You're unreasonable."

"A girl half your age."

"Ah, youth. It's a shame she isn't the one who's president. I'm sure I could come to an agreement with her."

"So, you admit."

"I admit nothing."

"What kind of arrangement?"

the first nation *consciously* to idealize the completely frigid woman.

2. Capitalism was born in Germany, chiefly, and chiefly in the age of Luther.

3. Calvin's fanatically anti-sexual regime in Geneva was also one of the primary creators of the Capitalist spirit. Raleigh, observing the deadness of the Genevese, remarked that they had "nothing left but their usury."

3. As Capitalism came to dominance in Germany, the German national character became more and more rigid, armored, "closed" and secretive, lacking in play and spontaneity, etc. Out of this came the automaton who is a living caricature of humanity, the goose-stepping tin soldier known as the Nazi.

4. America, the only surviving 100% Capitalist nation, is the most Puritanical nation in the world. It is the only nation, indeed, which has executed a man in the 20th Century, not for murder, but (in effect) for a sexual offense.

5. Desensitization in America is growing more appalling all the time. Lawrence Barth recounted in the *Realist* a few months ago an incident at a racetrack in Illinois where a section of the grandstand collapsed, killing and injuring a great number of people; the people in the uncollapsed part of the grandstand were completely unmoved, according to reports—even those sitting only a few feet from the groaning bodies of the victims. It is this country also which twice dropped atomic bombs on two cities full of men, women and children, and which poured burning napalm on its enemies in Korea.

6. Recently, in Harmony, North Carolina, the American Legion staged a little rabbit hunt—for charitable purposes, of course. The rabbits were beaten to death with baseball bats.

7. The mysteries of Capitalist economics are held to be as sacred as those of any other religion—i.e., every other organized social neurosis. Only the "experts" are supposed to be able to understand "the rate of interest," "the price of money," the "dangers" of "inflation," etc. The whole system—"the black magic of money," as Pound once called it—simply rests upon *breeding* money as if it were alive. ("Is your gold ewes and rams?"—Shakespeare.) Or, as Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, put it, "the bank hath interest on all moneys it creates out of nothing." This creation out of

nothing is just what the infant wants to do with its feces, according to Freud, Jones, Ferenczi, Abraham, Menninger and other psychoanalysts. (Rexroth once paraphrased Dante's analysis of this system by saying that, to Dante, the usurer is a pederast who wants to make his turds his heirs.)

I could go on, but what's the use? Those who have had a little experience in psychiatry will know what I'm getting at; others will just laugh, as they've been laughing since Freud published his first case histories. I ask only one thing of skeptics: don't bring up Soviet Russia, please. That horrible example of State Capitalism has nothing to do with what I, and other libertarian socialists, would offer as an alternative to the present system.

Dante said of the damned in hell that they were persons who had lost *il ben del' intelletto*, which I don't think it's at all extravagant to translate as: their ability to *dig* things. This is not a Marxist kind of social criticism I have been presenting in this column, but just a way of saying that there's something pathological, literally so, about a system which increasingly blinds people to the joys of the senses and ties them down to a narrow groove of profit-seeking.

The Borscht Circuit

From an AP dispatch of May 25th:

"Federal investigators have turned up evidence that Jerry Re, as a prominent member of the American Stock Exchange, tried to manipulate brokerage recommendations through bribery. . . . Two brokerage employes, Harison Parsons and Edward Ballman, told Securities and Exchange Commission investigators that Re invited them to lunch in 1958 and offered a bribe. Parsons said Re offered '10 cents a share under the table' if he and Ballman would induce customers to buy about 50,000 shares of I. Rokeach & Sons Inc., a kosher food manufacturer now operating as Exquisite Form Brassiere. The witness said Re suggested that he meet them 'uptown' and make payments in cash. Both Parsons and Ballman . . . said Re's offer was rejected. . . ."

Moral: The sales appeal of a product is not necessarily guaranteed by fancy packaging.

"I didn't say arrangement. I said 'agreement.' You're like those capitalist newspapers."

"Sure, I know. In *Pravda* it will say 'agreement,' but I know what you were thinking."

"Let's go to bed."

"Who do you think you're talking to?"

"Now what's the matter?"

"I know you."

"It's about time."

"You'll grunt in the dark with your eyes closed and say you love me, but I know what you'll be thinking. Lum-mox."

"I'm sleepy."

"Now you're sleepy. When I wanted to come home you weren't so sleepy."

"I was being polite."

"I hope she tells her husband."

"Tells him what?"

"Such a nice young man."

"Oh-ho. So that's it."

"So young. So tall. Such nice teeth."

"Behind my back again. Like that Cossack in 1910."

"I told you he was my cousin."

"I know what you told me."

"He was insulted when you said you'd rather shake her hand first."

"The Cossack?"

"No, him. The President. I don't suppose you noticed him."

"A baby. A woman like that needs someone more mature."

"I know what you're thinking."

"I'm sleepy."

"Lummox."

"I had a hard day."

"Clown."

"Please, Nina. I'll buy you the coat."

"The sable?"

"Sable? I thought you said mink."

"Yesterday I said mink. After tonight I need a sable."

"Stalin never had this kind of trouble."

"Stalin didn't drink."

"I hardly drank a thing."

"Or chase girls."

"Polite. I was trying to be polite, like you told me."

"Lummox."

"All right. A sable. Next time I hope he leaves her home."

"Such a nice young man."

"Anyway, I'm too old. She's only a child."

"You promise a sable?"

"Next you'll ask for the moon."

"You already promised the moon. I'll take the sable."

"Peasant. You'll always be a peasant. You have no soul."

"Put out the light, old man. It's past your bed time."

"I'm sleepy."

"You admit?"

"I admit."

"So. We'll go to bed."

"Ah, what can a man do? I'll put out the light."

"Goodnight, Nikita."

"Goodnight, old woman."

Department of Satirical Prophecy

From one of John Francis Putnam's "Modest Proposals" in issue #20: "We wonder, do good little Catholic girls tip their nun dolls up to see what's under their skirts like all other little girls do? Which brings us to this consideration: do they make Priest dolls? We've never actually seen one, but we feel that the church is missing a great bet in this area."

From the *Boston Globe*: "When Richard Cardinal Cushing appears tomorrow . . . to serve as guest cashier from noon to 1:30, he will be greeted by next-door neighbors—the Daughters



of St. Paul. The Sisters at the St. Paul Catholic Book and Film Center will have on display in their window the above 'Cardinal Cushing' doll in full dress of a prelate, complete to his ring."

From the cover of issue #22: "David Greenglass To Be Given Back His Old Government Job."

From the letters-to-the-editor of the *New York Daily Mirror*:

Dear Editor:

I was distressed to read stories of the catcalls directed at David Greenglass after his release from prison. David Greenglass was only a fringe character in the theft of the atomic secrets. He repented of his role. All of the unrepentant principals in the thefts, except the Rosenbergs, have fared better than Greenglass.

He has been working WITH the U.S. for ten years now. He was the principal witness against the Rosenbergs. He and Harry Gold have told us most of what we know about the Soviet theft of our atomic secrets.

He has cooperated time and time again with the Senate Internal Subcommittee, of which I was Counsel, even while our overall policy was one of playing down Soviet aggression.

I was always confounded by the severity of our treatment of Greenglass and Gold in view of how much they helped and in contrast to our treatment of the unregenerate advance guard of Khrushchev. Some of the latter have even been awarded substantial indemnities.

If we set a precedent of making it unpopular and difficult for former Communists to help us, we won't get that assistance any longer.

American business could do well to give this man, with his technical training, a chance to re-establish himself.

Robert Morris, President
University of Dallas
Dallas, Texas

From "Trampolines: the Five-Fold Way to Karmic Bliss" by Sam Bluefarb in issue #21: "Two roads [to karmic bliss] are open: philosophy or drugs. But the trampolino finds both an inconvenience. He avoids the first because that would mean that he would have to submit himself to the discipline of contemplation, with all the hazards of self-analysis this activity would produce as pernicious by-products of that doubtful practice; but if the first is an unthinkable choice, the second is completely beyond the pale of any self-respecting trampolino interested in his own preservation as a sentient piece of protoplasm."

From a N. Y. *Sunday Times* book review of *This Is It* by Alan Watts: "Mr. Watts tells us how he sought this experience [satori, or the moment of illumination] also by means of drugs, particularly the new wonder drug lysergic acid, which he assures us is harmless and not habit-forming. There was a good deal of hallucinatory fireworks, and at moments Mr. Watts tells us he felt he was going psychotic, but in the end the drug did seem to produce the illuminated consciousness of the mystic. If this is so, it raises the troubling question: If the drug can do it, why do we need the religion? And the perhaps even more troubling social question: If a simple drug can place within the reach of millions an experience that throughout the centuries has been considered the final fruit of religious discipline, then what authorities acting on what principle are going to be able to prevent usage of this drug?"

the american character

by William Worthly

(Editor's note: What follows is the transcript of remarks by Bill Worthly on June 2nd at a rally sponsored by the Liberation Committee for Africa, concerning "Nationalism, Colonialism and the United States.")

Early this morning I returned from a four-day conference in Washington on "the American character." The conference was sponsored by the Fund for the Republic as a launching point for a scholarly study of the American character. A wide assortment of persons from all over the country were taken to the nation's capital as guests of the Fund and put up in \$15-a-day rooms in the plush Shoreham Hotel.

The group included editorial writers, Harvard, Columbia and Amherst faculty members, theologians, trade unionists, corporation executives, the new and controversial chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, and an Assistant Secretary of State.

Speakers ranged from Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, who said that Americans to survive must become revolutionary-minded, to a director of the National Institute of Mental Health, who appeared to believe that to revolutionize a social order that has produced so many social evils would be preferable to individual attempts to "adjust" to it.

Some of the potpourri of participants had their feet on the ground. Others were far removed from the reality of the deepening crisis facing this country in 1961.

On three different occasions during the discussion periods, for five or ten minutes each time, I made some comments and directed questions at the speakers. The large room was always completely silent while I spoke. But afterwards, on the basis of remarks made to me and others, it was distressingly clear that a good many in the room hadn't heard.

More and more I get the feeling of dwindling communication not only between white and colored Americans but also between white America and the colored areas of the world. In trying to explain the worldwide social revolution to the largely deaf majority group in this country a colored person is reminded of that poignant and tragically true passage in one of Arthur Miller's books, *The Misfits*. A young woman seeking a divorce at Reno confides to a fellow sufferer her main problem with the husband she has just left:

"I could reach out and touch him but he wasn't there."

And the older, more experienced wife retorts:

"Honey, if that were to be the grounds for divorce, there wouldn't be a dozen marriages left in the country."

The white and colored races are living together in domestic and international disharmony, with precious little spiritual contact on the human values that make life worth living. And as the world position of the white race worsens, the majority group in the United States particularly becomes more and more preoccupied with superficialities and irrelevancies.

A rabbi at the Washington conference cited a current example. Our mass media made a big story out of the speculation over whether the wife of the Shah of

Iran would bear him a son who would be heir to the throne. But when the rabbi recently visited Iran, every literate person he met said that the Shah will be lucky to save his own skin when the aristocratic and royal corruption and extreme privilege lead to his downfall in the very near future.

The people of Iran laugh at Americans for not perceiving through our fog of press propaganda that nothing could matter less than the birth of a son or daughter to their outdated Shah.

Here is a perfect illustration of the blinders that our Uncle Tom diplomacy in the Middle East and elsewhere puts on this country. For it was primarily the C.I.A. that eight years ago restored the Shah to his throne and reversed the national revolution and social reforms introduced by former Premier Mossadegh.

In his speech at the conference Justice Douglas was especially bitter toward the U.S. press for its long campaign of ridicule against Mossadegh while he was in power and for the important role the press played in undermining his efforts to control the big American oil companies in the interests of the poor people of Iran. Justice Douglas recalled how he had visited Iran in that period and found that, under Mossadegh, democracy was finally beginning to reach the peasants through the institution of village councils and through economic reforms.

When, inevitably, Iran blows up and our puppet falls, this will be one more nail in the American coffin.

Whenever the discussion at the conference wandered to esoteric intellectual heights and ignored these harsh aspects of "the American character" as it is seen around the world, I endeavored to throw out questions that would bring the group back to earth. Yesterday, for example, I brought up a "sophisticated" religious volume published in the U.S. a little over 100 years ago. The book, *The Christian Doctrine of Slavery*, was designed to "answer" the religious and Bible-based arguments of the Abolitionists against chattel slavery.

[Editor's note: A pamphlet titled "God, the Original Segregationist" by Rev. Carey Daniel—pastor of the First Baptist Church in Dallas, Texas and president of the local White Citizens Council—is currently in its 24th edition and claims to have "over a MILLION readers already!" The essay is now going to be included in a full-sized book, along with "Seven Other Segregation Sermons," including "Let's Return to Africa Her Stolen Children," "Mizicrats vs. Dixicrats—101 Best Jokes on the Race-Mixers" and "Proof That Race-Mixing is Godless Communism."]

I then went on to point out that, with exceptions of course, the organized church has supported 400 years of western colonialism, child-labor, racial discrimination right up to the time of the cold war pressures from the Communist bloc, two world wars including Hiroshima, the Korean War with its napalm bombings, and virtually every social evil that has come down the pike. Could the three gentlemen on the platform, I asked, reasonably expect the non-Christian peoples, which included most of the colored nations, to accept the leadership of

Triple Feature of the Month

From the marquee of the Trans-Lux newsreel theatre in New York City:

JKF Answers Reds on Berlin
3 in 1 Rocket Makes History
Laurel and Hardy Comedy

a self-righteous society with that kind of tainted spiritual heritage?

Only Father William F. Lynch of Georgetown University attempted to answer. The Protestant and Jewish speakers in effect took the "Fifth Commandment," and remained silent.

During the conference a New York publisher was speaking privately with a white girl college student, one of a dozen invited by the Fund for the Republic. "Mr. Worthy scares me," the girl remarked. "Why?" asked the publisher, expecting her to accuse me of extremism. But her answer was on another level: "Because these adults just can't understand what he is saying."

A white Catholic student from a Catholic university, who returned yesterday to his campus to graduate, said he is going to try to arrange for me to speak there next fall, even though he himself will be gone.



"Well, sir, I taught them how to properly plant their food, how to prepare it to maintain an adequate diet, and how to build housing that will last through the stormy season. Now they want me to tell them how to depose their government, which is a dictatorship maintained by U.S. military aid . . ."

By and large, however, the older generation is not prepared to listen to any fundamental criticism of "the American character" and of what Langston Hughes calls "the ways of white folks." They think they want to engage in self-examination and to correct the obvious flaws in this faltering society. But in most cases they go right up to the threshold of searching analysis and treatment, then quickly retreat.

During the Washington conference I was repeatedly reminded of a frequent episode in the office of a Manhattan dentist. Many of his patients work in the same building. He is never surprised to receive an urgent call from a man or woman in agony from a neglected tooth, begging for an immediate appointment. Within five or ten minutes they yank open the door of his office, suddenly grind to a halt and exclaim: "My God, the pain has stopped." Almost invariably, they wish to turn right around and depart without any treatment.

Obviously, these white-collar patients know they need radical treatment on a tooth that minutes before was "killing" them. The tooth is afraid; the patient is afraid; white America, with its deep-seated guilt about racism and colonialism, is afraid. By neglect, this country is losing everything in the world and will soon stand naked and alone.

To date, much of the fault has lain with colored Americans. We have not spoken out forcefully enough. Yesterday I renewed an old friendship with Edward R. Murrow, now the director, as you know, of the U.S. Information Agency. I spent a half hour in his office. I went to see him on an entirely different matter and not on this problem. But in the course of our conversation I suggested that he ought to gather half a dozen articulate young Negroes—men not beholden to the white community such as Daniel Watts of this Liberation Committee for Africa and Robert Williams of the Monroe, N. C., NAACP—and arrange for at least a half day session with intelligent leaders in this Administration: himself, for example, and Chester Bowles and Robert Kennedy.

They ought to discuss with brutal frankness the state of civil rights and U.S. policy toward Africa as seen by Negroes. I left a flier with Ed Murrow announcing tonight's meeting and also Julian Mayfield's article on Bob Williams—"The Challenge of Negro Leadership"—in the April issue of *Commentary* magazine. Until I mentioned it, he didn't know that during the invasion of Cuba a white daily in Detroit found sentiment in the Negro community nine to one for Fidel Castro.

A month ago, also at the time of the invasion of Cuba, I proposed in a speech that a civil disobedience campaign, especially by Negroes, is clearly called for in the event of any further attack on Cuba.

Tonight I would like to propose an extension of that idea. Quite apart from the grave injustices involved, the desperate efforts to maintain western colonialism and neo-colonialism are keeping the entire world in a dangerous state of turmoil. There is no greater threat to peace.

Those of us who see behind the hypocritical slogans of the cold war should pledge ourselves now to open resistance if ever our servants in Washington are again tempted in any part of the world—the Congo, Iran, South Vietnam, the Straits of Taiwan—to prop up the rotting structure of white power by resort to bombs, to marines, to our new guerrilla units or to other military means.

A Combat Report: My Sortie Against Fidel Castro's Phantom MIG Planes

by David R. Zimmernam

I am a newspaper reporter, and hence an insular person. I believe in strict non-intervention in the affairs of another man's paper. At least, that was my policy until the invasion of Cuba, when I lost my former resolve, and tried to shoot some of Castro's phantom MIG planes off the front page of the *Times*, a neighboring New York paper.

I had bought the *Times*' early edition of April 19th, on the crucial second evening of the invasion. There I read, in the five-column lead headline, that:

MIGS AND TANKS ATTACK REBELS

A blunt statement, indeed: there were MIGs in the air—no doubt about that, I conceded. But, by the time I had finished the news story under the head, I had found that the situation was not quite so simple. I had discovered that the attribution for the MIGs being aloft was a "communique" from the anti-Castro Revolutionary Council (whose leaders, it later turned out, were just then prisoners of the C.I.A., and were being held incommunicado).

Moreover, the reporter responsible for the story, Tad Szulc [pronounced Schultz], had written that, while there had been some reports of MIGs, in crates, being brought to Cuba, "there have been no reports of MIGs actually flying"—a statement that contradicted what was said in the headline.

Szule said, further, in a sentence that could win a prize for the number of hedges, of which there were five, set to surround a single newspaper statement: "Some exile sources here [Miami] speculated that the MIGs, if they had appeared in the air, may have been flown by Soviet-bloc 'volunteers.'"

As I read this, I felt the habits of a lifetime dissolving within me. I reached for the telephone on my night table, and dialed LACKAWANNA 4-1000. I was connected with the news department, and a toiler there read through the story, paragraph by paragraph, with me; he agreed that it failed to support the point-of-fact headline which it had been given. The first Late edition was on the press and running, he said, but he would see to it that the matter was straightened out in the final edition.

I bought the last *Times* on the way to work the next morning; a glance told me that there had been changes—perhaps my call had been heeded! I unfolded the paper and discovered that the page one line had been stretched from five columns to six, and now read:

MIGS AND TANKS ATTACK BEACHHEAD

A change, indeed, but not a correction. Instead of writing a more accurate head, the *Times*' people had amended the story to fit the sense of the one that was already written. Deep down in the text, for example, they had added to Szulc's statement that no MIGs had been reported in action the qualification "except by rebels." And, they had added several more sentences from the Revolutionary Council's "communique" on the MIGs in order to give it more credence.

Thus, my sortie against Cuba's phantom jet planes had turned out to have been but a failure. I had tried, and failed, to shoot down those non-existent MIGs. I have no excuse but the ease with which the C.I.A.'s

mimeo machine had turned the wheels of history down stairs in the *Times*' pressroom cellars.

That Castro used no Russian planes was admitted, officially, the following week; he had won with *American* jet planes—originally given to Batista!

Facts aside, though, there was a quite specific purpose for the release by the C.I.A. of the patently inaccurate MIG story, so cheerfully swallowed by the *Times* and other newspapers.

The C.I.A., from the start, had promised U.S. air support to the Cuban invaders. In fact, six aircraft carriers—The Essex, Wasp, Bonhomme Richard, Shangri-La, Independence and Randolph—were in, or headed for, Cuban waters during the week of the invasion.

President Kennedy, to his credit, recognized that such support would have meant war with Cuba, and decided to sit on the order to send up the air cover. In effect, he told the C.I.A., which begged for a total commitment, that if the Cubans would land, they must go it alone; they'd get no more help than they'd already been given.

However, the President permitted his decision to remain open; he ordered the concentration of U.S. ships and planes to continue through the week against the chance that he would reverse his decision.

(Cuban exiles have complained, in recent weeks, that 25 American jets, which were to have been flown, not by U.S. airmen, but by Cuban rebel pilots, remained grounded at an airstrip in Florida during the invasion. They say that these planes, operational, would have brought them to victory.)

During the very hours that the *Times* wrote—and stayed with—its inaccurate and provocative headline, the invasion chief, Roberto San Roman, now Castro's prisoner, sent an urgent and, as it turned out, final plea to the President for air support.

Joseph Newman, chief U.N. correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*, wrote later (on May 1st) that San Roman "spoke from a walkie-talkie to a ship which relayed his message . . . Richard Bissel, Jr., deputy director of the C.I.A. [who was in charge of the Cuban adventure] alerted some of the key men in Washington. These advisors awoke President Kennedy at 2 A.M. April 19, and discussed the crisis for two hours. They argued in favor of air support from the American aircraft carrier [sic] in the Caribbean in a last attempt to save the situation."

It was, by then, too late, and the President stuck by his refusal to allow the U.S. to be drawn in further.

Did the C.I.A. lie to the President as it lied to the public (all Revolutionary Council statements were, then, at its behest) about the presence of MIGs over Cuba? That, we may never know, but it is clear that the story was circulated to justify, both before and after the fact, an extension of U.S. involvement in Cuba. The facts of the case, MIGs or no MIGs, might never have been questioned (and what if they had?) once we had retaken Havana.

Scatological Error of the Month

From the first edition only of the N.Y. Daily News—a Reuters dispatch datelined Colombo, Ceylon:

"One person was shit to death and another seriously injured today in a post-election procession at Yatiyantota . . ."

Geez, what a horrible way to go—those Yatiyantotans sure do have some strange political rituals—presumably, the foreign office will issue a white paper.

Help Stamp Out Hostages

by Marvin Kitman

The morning after Fidel Castro proposed his infamous tractors-for-prisoners deal, Sen. Bourke B. Hickel (R.-Iowa) slipped into the White House for a private session. In begging President Kennedy to say "Yankees Si, Cuba No," he was only speaking for many other less influential Americans. Richard Nixon was against the trade because it "would increase the power of a tyrant." Sen. Everett M. Dirksen (R.-Ill.) was against it because he wanted American citizens set free in Red China first. And Sen. Barry Goldwater (R.-Ariz.) was against it—not surprisingly—because it was "unconstitutional." None of these Americans actually wanted to see our freedom-fighters in Cuba executed. It just seemed that way.

A principle was at stake. After hearing that President Kennedy had blessed the Tractors-for-Freedom Committee, Sen. Styles Bridges (R.-N. H.) expressed it best:

"I am, quite candidly, upset that the President endorses a policy of blackmail and ransom. Never before has the U. S. resorted to that."

I agree with Sen. Bridges.

The U. S. had no business getting involved in a tawdry trading deal which really should be the business of private enterprise. Our government never would have been compromised if it had given all its prisoner-trading business to Survivors & Hostages Inc. of Ridgefield, N. J.

S&H, as it is popularly known, is the world's first trading company specializing in the exchange of prisoners for merchandise. It was founded for the sole

purpose of enabling nations to swap prisoners without losing face.

Since I am public relations director at S&H—and a major stockholder—let me explain how it operates.

S&H will be conducting its business through a world-wide network of what we call *redemption centers*. A redemption center has no connection with Billy Graham, being more like a shopping center. It is a place where governments bring the prisoners they have collected during the year, and redeem them for merchandise with S&H green stamps.

To find out how much an individual prisoner, or *stamp*, is worth, the participating nation consults the S&H catalog, or *gift book*. The merchandising department at S&H has established a fair rate of exchange on every conceivable type of prisoner—perhaps for the first time giving human life a tangible value.

Here is a sample listing from the S&H gift book (all rates of exchange subject to change without notice):

REVERE WARE. Heavy stainless steel cookware with thick copper bottoms for even heat distribution. Complete set (11 pots). EXCHANGE RATE:

One (1) Ethiopian non-commissioned officer, left over from Italo-Ethiopian War (1935-7), under 50-years-old, in fair condition.

DAZEY ELECTRIC CAN OPENER. Push-button automatic model. Magnetic lid-lifter. Removable cutting mechanism. EXCHANGE RATE:

One (1) Italian non-commissioned officer, under 55-years-old, in good-to-fair condition.

The exchange value, of course, is regulated by the condition of prisoners offered for exchange. A clean, mint prisoner, for example, is worth much more in hard goods than a badly-used one.

A nation can also lump its prisoners together into groups, called *books*, and trade them in for a single item in the S&H gift book. Two books of Laotians—either Royal Laotians, Pathet Lao Laotians, or mixed—are worth an RCA Victor Stylist Portable TV set ("Mirror shaped, 17-inch tube with new slim-line styling," according to the S&H catalog).

Having decided on its premium—and this can be a real fun activity with the whole nation participating in the decision—a government delivers its stamps and books, and takes home its merchandise. Trading the S&H way has its advantages.

First, there can be no ugly recriminations. In capitalist societies like the U. S., no conservative would dare cry "ransom" or "tribute" since S&H is a private enterprise with no more official status than General Motors has when it sells Pontiacs in Poland. Yes, friends, even Red China could unload its American prisoners the S&H way (A Tartan Rotary Power Mower, 2-hp engine, for one businessman).

Governments which save their prisoners and redeem them the easy S&H way get so many wonderful things they desperately need to improve living standards—and it doesn't cost them a penny in hard currency. At best, prisoners usually have only a negative value. It costs money to feed them, and they lie heavy like doughnuts on a nation's conscience. If kept too long in jail, there is a tendency to forget why they were originally incarcerated anyway.

Prisoners, too, will like being traded the S&H way. It saves them wear and tear. Since they will now be considered a natural resource, a demagogue will no



"Gentlemen, Gonzales here has a rather unique sales promotion idea."

June 1961

Beware of the Dog-Eared

From the instructions to book reviewers for the Library Journal:

"If either content or treatment could offend certain individuals or groups, please say so in your review so that librarians who have sensitive readers among their patrons may be aware of this."

more think of crying *paradon* than deliberately setting fire to sugar cane fields or forests.

S&H, in fact, will change the whole concept of *apres-war*, a tribute to what American citizens can do for world peace when properly motivated.

Its predecessor in the prisoner-trading business—the Tractors-for-Freedom Committee—was motivated by a sense of guilt at having gotten our Cubans into a hole. To its credit, S&H has been motivated solely by a desire to make money while performing a worthwhile service. A look at the board of directors of Survivors & Hostages Inc. will prove the sincerity of our motives.

Actually I am not at liberty to disclose the names of anybody on our board of directors. But I can assure you that they all are the same faceless men who can be found in any real estate syndicate or other ventures which profit from human misery.

Three factors made the founding of S&H inevitable. President Kennedy's announcement that his most favored prisoner-trading group would be eligible for tax exemptions, and the way banks rushed to offer instant credit (\$17,000,000 for tractors, overnight), convinced our people the prisoner-trading business couldn't be a bad business to go into. And the potential market appeared enormous.

Sen. Thomas J. Dodd (D-Conn.) estimated that Communist prisons alone "now bulged with one billion hostages." A market-research firm told S&H that Western prisons also were crowded. The French have Algerian nationalists, the Thais have prisoners left over from Field Marshall Sarit Thanarat's coup; the British have African nationalists, plus a handful of Egyptians from the Suez Campaign; the Spaniards have Loyalists; the Guatemalans have Jacobo Arbenz Guzman's people; the Israelis have

Arabs; the Italians have some Somalilanders; the Japanese have survivors from the attack on the Panay; the Belgians have one or two Germans left over from their 1923 occupation of the Ruhr; Turkey has Serbs, Bulgarians and Montenegrans who revolted in 1912. And I wouldn't be surprised if the U. S. is still holding hostages from the Marine invasions of Lebanon, Nicaragua, and Haiti.

The immediate problem facing S&H before it actu-

ally opens shop is how to finance the stocking of its redemption centers. Any day now we will urge all Americans to contribute what they can to help our group rescue prisoners from totalitarian jails.

It will take months for most Americans to realize S&H is not a non-profit organization. In the meantime, they will have had the satisfaction of helping both prisoners and S&H at the same time.

Being a private enterprise, we expect the government to help us also. Fast write-offs on prisoner depreciation, depletion allowances, and tax losses are the least we expect. We may be eligible for even more direct public aid, since S&H can help end depressions.

All the merchandise in our redemption centers will be purchased in the U. S. That's only natural, since we make most of the things desired by under-developed nations anyway. But we will play up in our gift book the products of depressed areas, such as rocking chairs.

The other major problem facing S&H is what to do with all its redeemed prisoners. Our thinking thus far is this:

They should be released immediately in the U. S., the home of the free. They could then be sent directly to training camps where the C.I.A. will organize them into volunteer armies. Should a prisoner be recaptured while invading his homeland, S&H, of course, will redeem him again.

And again and again and again.

How the C.I.A. Originally Planned 'Cuban' Attacks on Florida and Guantanamo Base

While in Washington to attend a conference of the Fund for the Republic, I picked up an item about the April invasion of Cuba, through a C.I.A. source who maintains liaison with the U.S.-subsidized counter-revolutionaries in Miami.

Originally, the C.I.A. agents in charge of the invasion planned to dress up several Cuban exiles in the uniform of Fidel Castro's tiny air force, put them in a small bomber, and have them drop one small bomb on both Florida and the Guantanamo Naval Base.

The two sites that had been pinpointed for hits were insignificant insofar as the expected bomb damage was concerned. Nothing of value would be destroyed. But to the American people the "parallel" with Japanese behavior at Pearl Harbor would be instantaneous. The righteous indignation would be equal in intensity and violence.

My source was not certain whether the volunteer Cuban airmen knew that they were marked as candidates for "suicide." But the C.I.A. plan called for them to be "disposed" of after successful completion of their mission. Dead bombardiers tell no tales to the United Nations or to Congressional investigating committees.

Just before the April 17th invasion date the bombing plan was scrapped, possibly as a result of President Kennedy's public pledge that no U.S. military forces would be used to support the counter-revolutionary invaders.

Fidel Castro has repeatedly warned that a Yankee-directed "Cuban" attack on Guantanamo could be used as a pretext for the dispatch of marines to "counter-attack" and invade the island. I could not ascertain if the bombing plan has been permanently vetoed, or if it remains in the "active" file, for reconsideration in the next, more dangerous Caribbean crisis.

—William Worthy



An Impolite Interview With Lincoln Rockwell

Q. As head of the American Nazi Party—incidentally, you're aware that the Realist is not in sympathy with your views—

A. Well, my national secretary is familiar with your paper and he says that whereas it is a very scummy liberal paper, you probably will print every word I say. (Aside: Duty officer, don't let the troopers monopolize that visitor, keep them down to about 15 minutes of her time.)

Q. What would you say is the purpose of your Party?

A. The basic purpose—well, the 7 principles that I have extracted and boiled down like vitamin pills from *Mein Kampf* and the works of Adolf Hitler are the basic idealistic aims of the Party, but the direct immediate aims of the Party are (1) and most important, to preserve the white race, and (2) to preserve order in society and bring men the maximum amount of happiness that is possible without creating a tyranny.

Q. There was a novel written by Sinclair Lewis called "Kingsblood Royal," where the main character was supposedly a Caucasian, but he suddenly discovered that one of his ancestors was a Negro. What would you do in such a case?

A. If I discovered that one of my ancestors was a Negro, it would depend on how far back he was—if it was 6-700 years, it'd be all right—if it was real close, I'd go over to Africa and become the Nazi leader of Africa. I'd be the head nigger.

Q. By the way, you don't identify with Abraham Lincoln, do you?

A. No, except that I think he was a great man.

Q. How did you feel about the 1954 Supreme Court school integration decision?

A. I think this was strictly the product of the Communist conspiracy plus liberal dupes who went along with the thing.

Q. Now you expect to be in the Presidency in 1972—

A. In '73; I'll be elected in '72.

Q. Do you really, actually, sincerely believe this?

A. With all my heart, sir. I've given up everything in my whole life, everything that's worth while, for this single goal.

Q. How does the Kennedy administration fit into your plans?

A. It's a setback for America, but it's a gain for us, because the Kennedy administration will bring what was a chronic disease in America to an acute point. In other words, Communism, Marxism, Jewism and Niggerism was slowly growing on this country and the people were hardly able to see it. Now Kennedy is in and he will let Jews and niggers and Commies in on everybody until they can't stand it any more—which will put us in power. It's a painful gain.

Q. How do you differentiate between your brand of national socialism and Marxian socialism?

A. We believe above all in race and heredity; Marxism denies race and heredity and puts all emphasis on environment, as you know, with Lysenko. And the other

thing is we believe in private property and free enterprise as the foundation of all activity and human affairs. (Aside: Will you guys hold it down! In fact, will everybody go back to work!) This gal is real good-looking, and the whole Party has stopped work. If the Jews knew what they were about, they'd send a couple of good-looking girls and that'd be the end of it, there would be nothing done around here.

Q. According to your literature, you plan to "ruthlessly suppress all forms of vice, such as prostitution, dope addiction, homosexuality—"

A. I won't—I just threw out last week—I caught one of 'em at this Party, I threw him right quick out the first minute I found him. (Aside: Not upstairs, she's only 17 years old, let her stay where she is in the hallway there.)

Q. Why do you look upon dope addiction as a vice rather than as a disease?

A. The only answer I can give you, sir, is a disease is something you catch and you have no choice about it, whereas dope addiction is something which you voluntarily in most cases submit to. I would say dope addiction which is palmed off on somebody in a hospital—there's some moral excuse for that—but a man who takes dope consciously until he becomes so-called "hooked"—smokes marijuana, or "pot" as the niggers call it—a man who does this is to my mind immoral. This is a vice, not a disease.

Q. Well, do you blame this on the Jews, too, or on organized crime?

A. Understand, I don't blame everything on the Jews. I will say this: most of the leaders of the international narcotic rings have been Jewish, just as Murder Inc. was run by Louis Lepke—his real name was Buchalter—and the leaders of the international vice rings have been guys like Mickey Cohen, mostly of Jewish extraction.

Q. Isn't it ironic that when the American Civil Liberties Union fought for your right to speak in Union Square Park—

A. Not at all, sir. They had no choice. The American Civil Liberties Union has openly and notoriously championed the free speech of many, many Communists—this is well-known to everybody—Communists who advocate the violent overthrow of this government. They do this on the pretense that they champion anybody's free speech. Now I purposely and carefully and consciously forced them to the point where it was publicly known that I asked them to defend my free speech. If they thereupon refused to do so, they would have been convicted in the public eye—and there is no appeal from it—as a strictly Communist-aiding society.

Q. I started to ask you if it wasn't ironic that the

What, No Unitarian Test Tubes?

The following item appeared in the October, 1958 issue of the Realist:

The Soviet Union was criticized by classical Western scientists at the International Congress of Genetics in Montreal last month, because Russian representatives were all followers of the Lysenko line that, in some cases, environmentally-acquired characteristics can be passed on to future generations. Nevertheless, classical Western scientists are vying for the Distinguished Inconsistency Award by including religion as a factor when selecting semen-donors in artificial insemination cases.

ACLU attorney in your case happened to be Jewish?

A. It isn't ironic, sir. It is part of the precise planning that we have done which will eventually land us in the White House.

Q. Getting back to Lysenko's theories, I gather you disagree—

A. Violently disagree. I think Lysenko was either a madman or a total villain.

Q. But don't Lysenko's views apply to what you say about Jews?

A. No. I am ignorant of the cause—I have a Jewish member here, and he has given me the greatest insight into what causes a Jew—what I would call the evil parts of most of the Jews. The best information I can get so far seems to show that the Jews are not natural born villains, they become so from a pathological paranoia which develops from their belief they're chosen people. Now if this is true, it has nothing to do with transmitted, it comes from a belief in the Jewish principles of arrogance and superiority. However, it could be that it's transmitted directly as a biological, racial factor. As the niggers are inferior, it may be that the Jews are full of arrogance that are born that way. I don't think so, however.

Q. Doesn't that conflict with Hitler's theory about the Jews being a race?

A. Well, I think Jews are a race. The problem is—I'm not against any race for being a race—I'm against anybody who does certain things. If you come up and punch me in the nose, I don't care who you are, I'm against you. I don't like people to punch me in the nose. If a group of people, whether they're a race or a religion or what, seeks to destroy me and seems to be accomplishing that end, then I'm against them. Now it seems to me that the evidence shows that the Jewish people for some reason—either because they're a race or a religion—the Jewish people are actually engaged in a conspiracy to destroy us. Now I have not yet been able to determine why they do this; that they are doing it is a fact I can prove. But I would not say that this proves or disproves either Hitler or Lysenko.

Q. You said you have a Jewish member—

A. One of the most intelligent, cleverest men here—I don't know whether I should give his name because the poor kid would be bitterly persecuted—

Q. The name doesn't make any difference.

A. He has a very Jewish name. And just yesterday he requested membership. And also, the head of my Party in Los Angeles—who was just arrested, and put on a wonderful demonstration in behalf of Eichmann—is named Leonard Holstein, a Jew.

Q. How do you know that these guys aren't spies?

A. I do not know, and there's a possibility they would be, and I've told every one of them that they will be under suspicion for quite a few years and the first time I catch any of 'em pulling any shenanigans, I will make it very, very clear that that stuff doesn't pay. I believe in the Nazi methods of discipline.

Q. Which, in this specific case, would be what?

A. Well, all I could do is take legal measures at this point, but in 1972 I will have the courts at my disposal and I shall see that examples are made. Nobody is going to trifle with us.

Q. Now if a Jewish member of your Party turned out to be very reliable—let me give you the old cliché—would you want your sister to marry him?

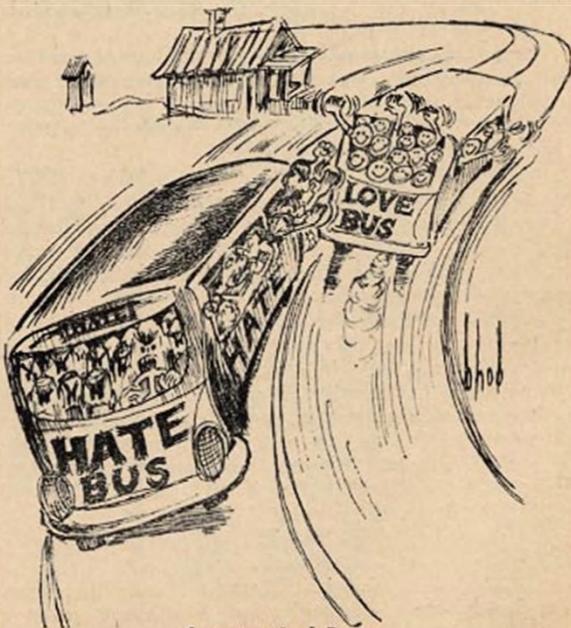
A. If he turned out to be very reliable, I would allow him to rise to the highest level in the Party; I would not want my sister to marry him—for racial reasons.

Q. What thoughts do you have on the Eichmann trial?

A. I think they knew exactly where Eichmann was for a very long time. His name was known, and his identity and everything about him, and he was in an American concentration camp at the end of the war, and he was voluntarily released, and I think that he thereupon just disappeared into obscurity and he has been dredged up and revived as a direct result of the wave of anti-Semitism and Nazism which I think we have a large part in having gotten started. I think that he is the Jewish answer to the American Nazi Party and to the other Nazi parties throughout the world. They don't want to mention us because they know publicity helps us, so what they're trying to do is smear Nazism *per se*. First of all, they went over and kidnapped Eichmann, which I don't think they would've done unless the circumstances got very desperate and merited that much of a calculated risk because that exposed them to a lot of international ill will. Then I believe they spent 10 months to a year consciously and purposely brainwashing him by Pavlovian and Soviet techniques just like the Soviet purge trial boys.

Q. Of course, this is only your opinion—

A. Well, the only proof I have is the irrationality of the events that are proceeding, and of what he says, by any other hypothesis. I think he has been brainwashed with the specific purpose of standing up and saying, "Yes, I'm guilty, I massacred not 6 but 9 million, and I hung several of them twice and tortured them all." Now they've got him in a glass cage that's soundproof—so that in case the brainwashing didn't work and he tries to shout out "I've been brainwashed and this is all lies," or tries to say a single word they don't want out to the world, they pull the switch that shuts off the microphone.



Segregated Buses

Q. In full public view?

A. Certainly. How could they lose? Suppose he begins to say, "Citizens of the world, I've been brainwashed—this is lies." He'd maybe get 3 words of that out, and they'd pull the switch, so what could he do? Otherwise, how do you explain the microphone? Why don't they simply have a bullet-proof shield from the audience and let the side that faces the judges be open? The only reason for the sound-proof glass booth is so that he cannot get any words out except through that microphone.

Q. The December issue of Police Gazette had an article claiming that Hitler is still alive in Argentina. Do you believe that?

A. No, I do not. I know how I feel right now, I could not myself survive. If my Party were crushed so that it were impossible for it to survive—and I'm prepared to go down to the bottom, to the gutter, by myself, lose all my troopers and all money, and start again—but if I were reduced to the point where I could see obviously I never could succeed the rest of my life with being a Nazi, I would not want to live, and I'm sure Hitler did not want to survive The Third Reich.

Q. What do you think of William L. Shirer's book, "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich"?

A. I think it is a typically brilliant Jewish piece of smear. In fact, it is a super-brilliant smear, it is not the usual clumsy job, because it's done so subtly. It is about 7/8 fact and 1/8—I'm very tempted to use a dirty word here, I don't know whether it's an interstate violation, but I think I'm willing to go to jail for it—it's horse-shit.

Q. Shirer recently stated that there are more Nazis in West Germany's foreign office today than there ever were in the 13 years of Hitler's government—

A. He did! Did he say that? Well, God bless his little Jewish ass, that's great. I think he's right! I think there are more Nazis—you have no idea—unless you were sitting in my seat you could not imagine how many people are Nazis. I have businessmen by the hundreds every day, they come sneaking up to me and say, "Why do you use that awful sign, boy, I'm all for ya, you're right, but you mustn't let the Jews know."

Q. How many members does your Party have?

A. Here, we have over a hundred that are active members in this area [Virginia] and then in addition to that, we have—since some of the recent publicity—about 7 or 800 active members throughout the U.S. Then we have between 3 and 4,000 supporters and people who correspond with us and people who are interested in vari-

ous degrees, plus I would say 10 or 11 million people who are in sympathy with us that we never hear from.

Q. How do you know it's that many, then?

A. Well, for one thing, when McCarthy was operating, 10 million people signed the petition for McCarthy, and I've found out that all the McCarthy supporters—almost without exception, pretty much—support me.

Q. Do you think Senator McCarthy would've approved of the American Nazi Party?

A. Well, I knew McCarthy, and what he was trying to do was the same thing I'm trying to do, only he tried to do it sneaky.

Q. Is Fulton Lewis III a member of your Party?

A. Well, I wouldn't care to comment on that.

Q. What would you say is the average age of the members of your Party?

A. The average age is about 22-23—almost all male.

Q. The membership is co-ed?

A. Oh, certainly, I've got quite a lot of women.

Q. Do you have any knowledge as to what the average education of the membership is?

A. Right now, it's quite low. It's rising rapidly, however. I have just established a unit at Harvard, a unit at the University of Arkansas, at the University—I forget the name of it—it's in Miami. Quite a few universities we're beginning to get units established at—and here the intellectual level is high. The highest intellectual level in this party, outside myself, I would say—most of the guys in the party have a very high I.Q. but their educational level is low.

Q. What was your own education?

A. Hebron Academy in Maine and Brown University, 3 years.

Q. Do you have any trouble establishing these units in colleges?

A. I'm finding that not only is there no trouble, they are springing up. During the recent Spring vacation, I had many visits from students from all over the country, most of whom live in Arlington and they had heard of me for a long time through having lived and gone to high school here. And they have carried the seed out to the universities to which they go, and they are spreading it there.

Q. Don't the school administrations give them any problem in granting a charter?

A. Well, I don't allow them to set up Nazi—several of them wanted to set up open Nazi organizations—I've instructed all of them to set up front-type organizations because they would simply perish. They couldn't survive as Nazis.

Q. You're scheduled to go to Harvard in May—

A. I don't know yet. Everything I do depends on money—and a lot of people think we're doing this for money, and very wealthy—but we're extremely poor.

Q. Do you make a living from the Party?

A. Well, it depends on what you call a living, sir. I exist off the Party. I have to go from penny to penny. If I get the funds which I've been promised, I will go to Harvard and speak [Editor's note: he didn't] and we'll be backed by our unit up there, which is of course not in the open.

Q. Now that you've said that, don't you think there'll be some suspicion about whatever unit does invite you?

A. Well, I'll take care of my own tactical affairs here, this will be no problem.

Q. Do you have any predictions about what will happen at Harvard?

A. I think that Harvard is so liberal—here's what I've discovered—the Jews have created a Frankenstein when they've created the liberals. They have made the liberals into sincere people—perhaps you're one of them yourself, I don't know—but I have found that the liberals sincerely believe that everybody ought to have a chance—even conspirators, like Communists—and I have found that all I have to do is be sufficiently radical and it hypnotizes liberals: a real radical man who says, "I'm going to gas you, now I demand free speech to advocate gassing you"—and liberals every time say, "Oh, good, fine, please come and give this speech." I've found it never to fail.

Q. Do you have any fun like that with the right wing?

A. Oh, indeed. I'll tell you the fun I have most of all. There's no pleasure I enjoy more in the world than deflating windbags, and the right wing is alive and crawling with windbags—great big cellar patriots—people who get together in cellars and blow about how brave and terrible and how they hate the Jews and how they're gonna fight. And when you give them any opportunity to fight, they disappear. Well, I take the greatest delight in calling their bluff in public.

Q. What do you think of the John Birch Society?

A. I think the John Birch Society is exactly like a bunch—the kind of little boys that you see running after combat soldiers in a parade.

Q. In this analogy, are you the combat soldiers?

A. Indeed we are.

Q. What about National Review, the magazine?

A. Well, I know Bill Buckley, and I worked for him to help establish National Review. Bill Buckley's father

at one time was thoroughly and violently anti-Semitic, but he got heavily interested in Israeli oil—and Bill Buckley also has money in Israeli oil—and now Bill Buckley pretends that Jews are the most charming creatures on earth and that there's no connection between Judaism and Communism. But my own opinion is that when the chips are down and when it's shown that it's safe to do so, he too will step forth.

Q. How did you help establish National Review?

A. I was up there to talk to Bill Buckley several times and did a few things in the way of helping to spread the magazine around on campuses here.

Q. What do you think of Barry Goldwater?

A. I think he is the Judas goat. I think that it's very peculiar that, out of all the millions of people in America that are so-called conservative, the only one that's available to lead the conservative movement—just as they lead the liberal movement—happens to be a Jew. I think that, along with George Sokolsky, he's a phony.

Q. How about the House Un-American Activities Committee?

A. You mean the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The Communists call it the House Un-American Committee, and that shortening in transposition is very dangerous to it. I think the House Committee on Un-American Activities—its history may show that it was the one agency which made it possible—that gave us the time to arise and save the country.

Q. Are you an admirer of Francis E. Walter?

A. I think he is one of the finest Americans that ever lived.

Q. And Senator Eastland?

A. I think he is also a great American, except for one thing, and that is that he is pro-Zionist. In other words, Eastland is strictly anti-nigger, and Walter is pro-American and he is therefore to that extent anti-Jewish.

Q. How about American Mercury magazine?

A. I think it's like the Boy Scout Journal. It's published by Russell McGuire, whom I worked for, and who is a thoroughgoing sissy; his opinions are just as strong as mine—and he has the money to back them up and make them come true—and yet he won't do anything. In fact, when they accused him of being anti-Semitic, he ran away and said he wasn't. That's not true. He is anti-Semitic. He's twice as anti-Semitic as I am.

Q. How about J. Edgar Hoover?

A. I think he is the same kind of guy that we are. The only thing is if he were to come out and say, "Yeah,

those Jews are rotten," he wouldn't be in there 10 minutes. He had somebody named Finkelstein as director of the FBI, so he has very prudently and carefully said how great the Jews are, but at the same time he has rooted 'em out by the thousands and sent two of 'em to the electric chair.

Q. Your program calls for a "white Christian American republic"—do you consider yourself a Christian?

A. I am not a Christian. I am an agnostic myself. I got Catholics here, Holy Rollers, about anything you wanna name, I got 'em here, but this is not a specifically Christian movement. I believe in religious freedom and I also believe the traditions of our country are Christian.

Q. By "agnostic" you mean—

A. I believe in total humility before nature. I believe there's only one thing man can say, philosophically, and that is: "I do not know—anything."

Q. Well, now, Hitler was a Catholic, though—

A. I am "agnostic" in that I believe in the existence of an unknown quality; Adolf Hitler—born a Catholic—nevertheless had a belief in something similar, which he called "destiny."

Q. How do you feel about censorship?

A. I think the liberals go too far when they permit free speech for conspirators. But not only do I believe in free speech, but we're going to set up a network of TV, magazines and newspapers in which any group of a thousand Americans—no matter who they are—can petition and appear on the national network provided by the government and present their opinions and ideas as a sort of a—what's the word?—the word Ex-Lax uses—not a purge—

Q. Catharsis?

A. A political catharsis. I believe that if this is in effect you're gonna hear a lot of idiocy—but nobody will breed revolution because there will be a safety valve. Anytime a thousand people get mad enough at me when we're in power, I will let 'em get on the radio, TV, movies, and blast—and if they've got any sense to 'em, they'll run me out. But I'm not gonna permit anybody to get together in dark cellars and form cells and organize and put secret operatives into our government, and then allow them to have free speech to put ideas in the minds of little children.

Q. You mean undercover methods like yours?

A. I'm absolutely operating in the wide open!

Q. What about the front groups you mentioned before?

A. The only reason I'm using front

groups is because of un-American persecution. If the law were enforced, totally, I would never use front groups. I would say, "Go out and wear swastikas and march in the street!" But I just got a long distance call from Rochester, New York—one of my young men tried to thumb a ride down to New York City for a demonstration, the police found out about it, and he was picked up and given 10 days in solitary confinement. Now what's this got to do with the law?

Q. Your literature states that if Negroes remained in America instead of going to Africa, they would be "rigidly segregated non-citizens." So you believe in free speech but not civil liberties?

A. Well, nobody has the civil liberty to destroy the white race. The white race has the right to protect itself, and must, and when you allow Negroes to mix around, there's inevitably going to be half-wits who will have dates with niggers and inevitably there's gonna be drunken white men who will go out and "change their luck," shall we say. This is simply not going to be tolerated.

Q. Why do you consider the white man superior?

A. Because of his record—what he's been able to do. The white man has created Western Civilization, which everybody else wants to horn in on now.

Q. You don't think the Negro has been held down?

A. Sir, who do you think held the Negro down in Africa for all those thousands and thousands of years that a white man never even showed up. Nobody held them down over there. They simply held themselves down. They're eating each other over there.

Q. Let's take individual Negroes who have—

A. Look, sir, you cannot go by individuals. In this world, things go by groups. There are such things as desmelled skunks, but if you bring a skunk in a room I'm gonna get the hell out till I find out, because most skunks stink. Now when you find a nigger you're gonna usually find an inferior, low order of human being—very low order—just a little above the monkey. And if he's got white blood in him, he'll be a little higher, and the more white blood, the higher he gets. Now you will find many coons who are smarter than many white men, but the average white man is smarter and more evolutionarily superior to the average coon, especially African coons who are pure—I mean real pygmies, cannibals.

Q. And who have no education—

A. Well, listen, who came and gave your ancestors Point Four and built their schools for 'em? If you talk

about education you don't forget our people built their own education. Why didn't the niggers build one? Our guys came and did it by themselves, they crawled out of the dark ages and they developed their own educational system and they discovered Galileo and reached for the heavens. Our people *naturally* are explorers, inventors and thinkers. Niggers are just simply sitters and doers and screwers. All they do is have kids.

Q. Oh, I thought they had natural rhythm—getting back to censorship, how do you feel about pornography?

A. I think pornography is vile and despicable, and in every case that I've tracked down—without exception—it is always the production of a gang of Jewish businessmen. You go down to the drug store or the magazine rack and look at all these erotic, foul magazines. It started with—what was it called—the guy that broke off with *Esquire*—

Q. Hugh Hefner; you mean Playboy?

A. Yeah, it started with *Playboy*, now there are about 20 of them, and they are vile. And you look at the names of the editors and you will see Epstein, Greenberg, Feinberg—

Q. I don't know whether Hefner is Jewish—

A. Well, *Playboy* has a little bit more art to it than the filthy ones.

Q. The Anti-Defamation League seems to feel that you engage in your Nazi activities for personal publicity—

A. The personal publicity is one of the most painful things that can happen to a man. I can't go anyplace, I can't have a date, I can't do anything, I can't get in touch with women, I've lost my family. The personal publicity is murderous, terrible. I despise it. But equally as much do I treasure the publicity as far as politics goes—because without the publicity it's impossible to reach the masses of people. In modern industrialized society, the day of the pamphleteer like Thomas Paine is over. It's impossible to go out and reach a significant section of the public by passing out pamphlets; you must reach the mass, and the only way you can reach the mass is with mass media—and the mass media are dominated by Jews, and they will not permit my opinions to be disseminated. Therefore, I have to use dramatic methods—the swastika and the like—in order to be able to get that publicity.

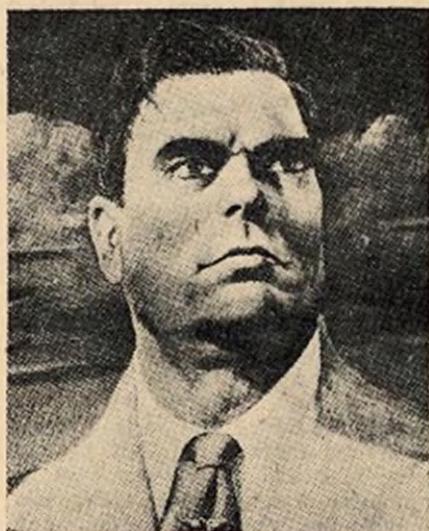
Q. You were under mental observation recently—

A. They sent me to the bughouse for 30 days observation on the phoniest possible rig-up, and I got a *habeas corpus* proceeding started. My own lawyer—who at first thought I was crazy when I told him there was such a thing as a Jewish conspiracy—said

this thing is so phony and such a frame-up, he told me, "For God's sake, don't say a word, refuse to speak, use the Fifth Amendment." Instead of that, I talked to everybody. I worked and helped the Negroes in the ward. And I converted most of the psychiatrists to Nazism. There was one Jew there, and I completely converted him to the sanity of myself and the cogency of my views. And those 3 psychiatrists had me released the day before my *habeas corpus* hearing—in 10 days, not in 30, which is unheard of.

Q. How do you know the psychiatrists weren't just humoring you?

A. Do you think that they would humor me, sir, when I was ordered in



The Dream
Portrait of Lincoln Rockwell

there by the court? It doesn't seem very likely, especially with all the prejudices on the other side. There was no question of humoring me, sir! I am sane. If somebody can show me that my facts are wrong or that the conclusions that I draw from those facts are wrong—in other words, that my logic is wrong—I will quit and go to work full time for the Anti-Defamation League to stop guys like me. But nobody will ever attempt that.

Q. What about the simple humanity—

A. I don't believe in humanity, sir. There is no such thing as humanity—in the long run—you go into business and you try to plead humanity. You go down to Abie's clothing store, you tell him you're cold and you want some shoes and tell him humanity demands that you have warm things. Abie won't pay any attention to you.

Q. Is that how you justify your program to "put hundreds of thousands of Jews into the gas chambers"?

A. No, no, that's a legal affair. The

Rosenbergs were executed by the U.S. government not because they were Jews but because they were convicted as Communist traitors. Now I believe—and the FBI has given me plenty of evidence to believe—that there are thousands and perhaps millions of traitors—right now!—with the evidence to convict them and send them to the gas chambers. And this is exactly what I mean. When we come to power we will release those FBI dossiers. We will bring them before juries. And if they're convicted, we'll gas 'em.

Q. Now do you deny the atrocities that were committed in Nazi Germany?

A. My evidence in this thing is very meager, but what evidence I have indicates that the real atrocity is the lie that these things have been committed. Let me give you an example. One of the things I did as research to find out whether these things are true or not, was, I wrote an article for a big New York magazine—*Sir Magazine*, I guess it was around 1957—on the worst kind of Nazi atrocities. I reversed my name and made it into Lew Cor, which is Rockwell spelled backwards, and I submitted the article on the horrors of these Nazi medical experimentation camps. It was called—something about human guinea pigs—"When the Nazis Tried Human Vivisection," was the name of the article, by Master Sgt. Lew Cor. It was printed as the truth, as a terrible exposé of the vileness of Hitler, and they put a lot of pictures in it (that purported to be illustrations of my own article) which I never saw in my life before. I have the check to prove it. The whole thing is a phony.

Q. You don't accept any evidence—the ovens—

A. Time after time, when I have found pictures of the supposed gas chambers, I have discovered that there is very competent evidence that they were built after the war—by Jews, as usual—just like they put on their Hollywood movies. The Jews are the greatest showmen in the world. They own all our TV networks. It seems to me very questionable whether we should believe these people, who might possibly be a little prejudiced.

Q. Unlike you . . .

A. I wasn't before. Don't forget, I started from scratch, from zero. I was just as dumb as you probably are. I went to school in Atlantic City for a while with niggers and Jews—and I thought they were just people—I didn't know they were anything different. So I'm prejudiced against them and so will you be when you find out what they are.

Q. With all the mass media so opposed to you, how can you really be-

lieve that you could become President?

A. By the things that are happening right now! Why are you interviewing me? Because I'm a dramatic, interesting figure. And I'm gonna become more and more dramatic, and more and more interesting, in spite of the efforts of the Jews to make me nothing. And the more dramatic and interesting I become, more people will say, "Well, what about these kikes and niggers?" People have had enough niggers, they've had all the niggers they can stand in many places—the Marine corps, the South, our reserve officers are hotbeds of Nazism. And you're gonna find out that the only thing that keeps these things from becoming overt is fear. And as I become more and more—well, the word we use here is "ballsy"—as I march into Union Square and begin to spit in the eye of these people, then these little guys are gonna come out from under their beds. The sentiment is already there!

Q. Then why was Kennedy elected?

A. There was no choice, sir, but between 2 miserable tools of the kikes.

Q. Nixon was an anti-Communist, certainly—

A. Yeah, and the Jews hated him with a passion. But Nixon was falling all over himself trying to kiss the feet of the Jews—and if he'd gotten in, he would've kissed their feet.

Q. And yet you paraded with signs reading "Nazis for Nixon"—

A. Nixon was the lesser of two evils. He got Hiss and therefore received our support.

Q. What do you think of sick jokes?

A. Well, they've had me in *Sick Magazine* already on the back page as a cut-out doll, with an Eva Braun bathing suit and little swastikas all over my drawers—"So You Want to Lead a Bund," was the headline. I think that this is a typical symptom of the sickness of our society. I think the whole atmosphere in our nation now is in a vacuum. This is why we can't help but succeed. No matter how many times I go to jail or get beaten up, or what they do to me—or somebody else, because maybe they'll kill me—somebody like me has got to succeed. Everywhere you go—there were just 3 gentlemen from the South here, saying over and over to me that "What we need is a leader!" Everybody is looking for a leader—they're looking for some strong, manly, masculine leadership—there is none in this country. And the sick jokes are a symptom of this sort of thing.

Q. What's your relationship with Jimmy Hoffa?

A. I've gone to see him in his office 2 or 3 times. He was very cordial. He's never made any deal or any ar-

rangements with me, but I have a great deal of respect for Jimmy Hoffa. I think he gets smeared like I do. His words to me, he says, "They'll get you, they'll frame you."

Q. I want to get into your personal history now—some of the factors that influenced you, shaped your present way of thinking . . .

A. Well, first of all, I have always instinctively hated Communism with a purple passion. Communists, just to look at 'em, irritated me to no end.

Q. How can you tell that they're Communists by just looking at them?

A. Well, I've watched them demonstrate. When I went to Art school in New York, for instance, in 1947—I went to Pratt Institute—I remember seeing them demonstrating, and they were screaming and gesticulating, and I hated their brash, arrogant tactics. Of course, they were Jews. I didn't know it at the time; I didn't even know what Jews were. But I watched these wild people and the way they were attacking things, and their whole approach just repulsed me. And then, of course, I discovered that the reason was that they were Jewish and were acting like Jews. But at that time I thought they were just Communists. Then, the next thing that happened, I heard Joe McCarthy, and I began to study what he referred to as the record—the things that he held in his hand—and I found out that he was being mild and gentle, and that he was being a sissy; he should've said 4 times as much as he did. And there's a long story I could give you on Joe McCarthy, but I don't think this is the time or the place to do it. I'd known Douglas MacArthur, and I wanted him for President, and I tried to help a lady—when I was a Naval Commander in San Diego—to get an auditorium, and she said, "They won't let us get one," and I said, "Whattaya mean, they?" And she said, "the Jews," and I laughed at her and said, "That's ridiculous; why, there might be some Jews that wouldn't want you to have MacArthur, but I'm sure that other Jews would." So she showed me the California *Jewish Voice*, the B'nai Brith *Messenger* and a whole bunch of Jew-papers, and they were without exception universally hysterical with hate for MacArthur. And from there I began to study the problem of Jews and their connection with Communism, and when I discovered that as a matter of actual fact the connection was unmistakable, that it was tremendous, then I began to really dig into the thing. I remember I bought a copy of *Mein Kampf* in a San Diego book store, and that was the end of one me and the beginning of a new one.

Q. How old were you then?

A. Well, let's see, that was in 1950—this is 1961 and I'm 43—I was 32, I reckon.

Q. I'd like to hear that story about Joe McCarthy.

A. Well, it's a harrowing tale, and I will tell it to you on one condition, that it's understood from the beginning that some of it is material that I am not going to reveal my sources for.

Q. Okay, go 'head.

A. Well, what happened was, in 1948, around then, they were digging out Jewish spies by the ton—the Rosenbergs, the Greenglasses, Moskowitz, Sobel—all the dramatic spy incidents were Jewish. And people by the millions in America were saying, "My God, it looks like Communism is Jewish!" And the Jews, being the brilliant propagandists they are, could not afford to let this go, and neither could they afford to openly say, "Don't believe it, Jews are not Communists," because they have learned, as I have, that in propaganda a denial reinforces the idea that's already been developing. So what they did was come up with a much more brilliant gambit—the kind of thing they're doing with Eichmann and me and the John Birch Society right now. Bernard Baruch called Joe McCarthy up to his New York apartment—these are all matters of fact that I'm giving you now—and he told McCarthy it was lamentable that so many Jews were being dredged up as Communists and that it was giving a false impression. And he, apparently all in good faith—which McCarthy didn't believe—he told McCarthy that the only counter to it would be to dredge up some Gentile spies, and that they knew that McCarthy was a great man and a Catholic and a good American, very anti-Communist, and they would give him information and they would give him great publicity and a lot of help and a big build-up in his political career—if he'd go out and start dredging up Gentile spies.

This is the kind of thing I can't prove—what he thought at the time—but I feel, from what I knew of him, that he figured that he was going to double-cross Mr. Baruch at the time, and that as soon as he had the chance, he would bring out Communists—whatever they were—and let the chips fall where they may. Be that as it may, he went about what Mr. Baruch suggested, went back down to Washington, and the first thing that happened was George Sokolsky called him up. Here was a Jew setting McCarthy up, and he says, "Listen, Joe, I'm the big conservative on your side—a big anti-Communist, as you know—now if you start chasing Communists, they're gonna say your'e anti-Jewish, because quite a

few Communists are Jews." And Joe says, "Yeah," just like a big dumb bear. And Sokolsky says, "Well, now, the answer to this thing is for you to take on a Jewish chief of staff; then they can't say that you're anti-Jewish." And McCarthy says, "Yeah, yeah, that's very clever." So Sokolsky says, "Listen, I have a friend named Roy Cohn, who's a very good anti-Communist, and he'll help you." So McCarthy takes on Roy Cohn.

Next, along comes Roy Cohn and says, "Listen, we need money, and you know this anti-Jewish bit is gonna get pretty rough—you need another Jew in here." So here's McCarthy now, he's already set up by Baruch, advised by Sokolsky, his chief of staff is another Jew named Cohn, and now Cohn gets in Schine. So here's 4 Jews now running Joe McCarthy in his big anti-Communist fight. So remember, the first big Communist—first he gave all these numbers: 517 State Dept. queers, coons, Communists and all those people—and the first guy he yanked out for his big blast was Latimore!—and nobody'd heard of him before or since—Latimore was the big Communist balloon the Jews blew up so people wouldn't notice the Rosenbergs and the Greenglasses. And so Joe McCarthy duly performed with all his little Jewish entourage there and began dragging out Gentile Communists. He figured in the back of his mind that when the election came along he would get some Republican elected, which would make him head of the Committee, and then he would be able to really bring out all the Communists, no matter what they were.

And he backed Eisenhower and got made the head of the Committee and went over to Fort Monmouth and he dug out 41 Communist spies out of the radar laboratories—and of the 41, 39 were Jews. And the Jews set up a horrible howl—"You can't do this!"—so the first thing that happened was the 2 kikes on his staff, Cohn and Schine, went over to Europe to investigate the USIA library. I was over in Europe at the time, and those people were absolute idiots. They conducted themselves like fools, they ran around tearing books out of shelves, throwing them on the floor, jumping on tables, acting like maniacs—and the people of Europe, not realizing they were Jews, thought this was McCarthyism, and it naturally got us a lot of bad publicity—and the Jews thought this would tone McCarthy down.

Nevertheless he went right straight ahead and he found a Jew-dentist by the name of Peress, who was a captain, and he discovered that Peress had signed an affidavit that he was not a Communist, and also had taken

the Fifth Amendment at the same time saying that he was a Communist. So McCarthy phoned the Dept. of Defense and said, "Hold this officer, I want to investigate him." That night he was promoted to Major and he was given an honorable discharge in less than 12 hours, despite the direct orders of a Senator of the U.S. to hold him for an investigation. When McCarthy tried to find out who did this—of course, it was Anna Rosenberg—then they really had to get Joe McCarthy, and that is when they had the Army-McCarthy hearings. And how did they do it? They had Schine drafted and then Cohn called up and tried to get special favors for him in McCarthy's name. So here you have McCarthy—set up by a Jew, advised by a Jew, 2 Jews on his staff, and finally when they have to get him, it's one Jew trying to get



The Reality
Lincoln Rockwell in Action

favors for the other Jew, that they imply is McCarthy's doing. And that is what they get McCarthy on before the U.S. Senate.

Now this is the kind of eye-opening analysis and understanding that we in this Party here have finally discovered behind all of the public events you hear, like Castro, and so forth—what's going on with Castro, I could explain in the same Jewish terms; I'm not gonna take time now because I'll get too worn out.

Q. Well, just briefly?

A. The Castro affair is exactly the same thing. Castro is simply an idealistic Communist who really believed it, and when he got in there he started throwing Jews out—which he wasn't supposed to do; the Jews put him in—and then instead of favoring Jews and letting them be capitalists while everybody else had to be Communists—he threw 'em all out—so now they're gonna get Castro. Once you understand this principle, it's

very easy to understand world events.

Q. Do you plan to run for any political position before you try for the Presidency itself?

A. I will run for the Governorship of Virginia as soon as possible, and will make it in 1964.

Q. You mentioned earlier that publicity increases Party membership. In the case of Police Gazette—

A. When *Police Gazette* called me up, I refused to talk to them because they had printed a thing that Hitler was a Jew. They did an article about me anyway, then, and they printed the phone number and the address in it—and of course recruits are pouring in as a result of that article. I have a suspicion that the *Police Gazette* is pro-Nazi. They're calling up from all over the country. The last call I just got was from Canada. We do better overseas than here. We expect our first Nazi government in Iceland within 4 to 5 years.

Q. Why there?

A. For one thing, my wife is in Iceland, and I speak Icelandic, and Iceland is in utter chaos—full of national socialists—crawling with them—and our best information is that there are only two Jews in Iceland.

Q. Isn't it ironic that one of the biggest criticisms of Communists and left wingers—and liberals—is their internationalism?

A. Oh, yes, I think this is very ironic. In fact, I think that we are the only guys on the right wing who are openly internationalists—and I've had to suffer something terrible—for 2 years now I have heard nothing but curses and suspicions that I myself am a Communist.

Q. You said before that you have a logical thing going for you—and yet you appeal to people's emotions—

A. In order to—the business of a politician is first to think his way coolly and rationally to the goals that are necessary. After that he must abandon reason and get down in the gutter of emotion because *nobody* ever accomplished anything in this world by talking and reasoning. I'm going to eventually establish a situation in which Nazism will be nice.

Q. All right, I think I have a pretty good picture of your utopia now—

A. Utopia! Please, sir. I despise that word. The world is too full of people trying to make utopias. We shall have no utopias. I've told my people that no matter what we create it won't last long. It's impossible. People are people. No matter how wonderful we create something, there's always gonna be some scumbags to get in and ruin it.

Q. Okay—this'll be in the June issue.

A. The Jew issue!

Q. June, June.

modest proposals

by John Francis Putnam

As is well known, Communists have long since found that Folk Singing is an excellent and durable substitute for Sex (which is distracting from the imperatives of dialectical materialism and leaflet passing), and now comes the John Birch Society which, on its own admission, claims to use "communism's methods to fight back at communism."

We feel that no communist-style anti-communist movement could ever be successful or complete without some folk-and-marching songs of their own, and so to save the John Birch people the trouble of composing their own, and to give the left-wing goon squads of the Catholic War Veterans an excuse to break up the resultant song-fests and hoot-nannies to be held at Chase-Manhattan Plaza in downtown New York, herewith the:

JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY SONG BOOK

OR

The Right (kinda) People's Song Book

Don't Sell Short

(sung to the tune of Hold The Fort, For We Are Coming)

We meet to-day in right-eous cause and raise our voices high,

We'll shout our ac-cu-sations LOUD, de-nounce and cru-ci-fy!

Don't sell short, for we are coming, John Birch-men be strong!

Side by side we blunder onward, Vic-tory will come!

Look, my Birch-men, see the unions
Liberals and pinks,
All a-tremble at our fear-less
Company of finks!

See our numbers still in-creasing
And our outrage grow!
By our "chutz-pah" we shall triumph
Over every foe!

Signs Along the Cynic Route

Actually overheard in a serious conversation . . .
First Negro: "Oh, Harlem is just terrible." Second Negro: "Yes, ever since those Puerto Ricans moved to town and took over, the real estate values have been dropping."

* * *
A small religious publication called The Debater recently featured a debate on whether or not the use of individual cups in the Lord's Supper is scriptural.

* * *
The month of May was National Tavern Month. The last week of May was National Salvation Army Week.

* * *
Found in a Chinese fortune cookie: "Enjoy another oriental repast soon."

* * *
Headline in the Los Angeles Mirror: "British Pacifists Menace U.S. Sailors"

* * *
Rule #16 listed in The Pulaski Banner, official student publication of P.S. 8 in Passaic, N. J.: "We must follow directions, no matter what they are."

John Birch

(sung to the tune of Joe Hill)

I dreamed I saw John Birch last night, a-live as you and me.

Says I, "But John, you're ten years dead"—"I never died," says he.

"I never died," says he.

George C. Marshall killed you, John,

And Henry Wallace, too!

"Takes more than 'pinks' to kill a man"

Says John, "I didn't die," says he.

And standing there in Luce's LIFE

And smiling Pepsodent

John says "What they forgot to slay,

Went on to ostracize."

"John Birch ain't dead," he says to me,

"John Birch ain't never died,

When Y.A.F.'s tell 'Adlai' jokes,

From Hollywood to Boston Mass

Where freedom's in the lurch

Right-wingers rise off your ass,

That's where you'll find John Birch!

The Book Mangler and Ban-Er

(sung to the tune of that Commysymp Riot-Inciting song,

The Star-Spangled Banner)

Oh, say can you see—by the flame's yearning light,
What so proudly we burned, at the book fair's last gleaming.

Lionel Trilling's red glare,

Mailer bursting in air,

Press proofs through the night showed our flames were still there!

Oh, say does that heap of mangled boo-oo-oo-ooks still blaze—

O'er the land of the freak....and the home of de-praved?

Hinky-Dinky Garde A Vous!

(Sung to the tune of Hinky-Dinky Parlez Vous; in passing we might add that "Garde a vous" means "Be on the Watch!")

The D.A.R. has gone too far—

GARDE A VOUS!

The D.A.R. has gone too far—

GARDE A VOUS!

The D.A.R. has gone too far—

They're communists all (and so's Jack Paar!)

Hinky-Dinky Garde a Vous!

'Tristan and Isolde' for Moderns

Carole Tregoff, writing her story for the National Enquirer:

"... There we parked, looking over the city beneath us—and there Dr. Finch kissed me for the first time. It was a kiss such as I had never experienced before—a kiss of tenderness, a kiss of friendship, a kiss of respect, a kiss of love. I got home at 4:15 that morning. My husband, Jimmy, was upset and furious when I refused to tell him where I had been. He decided to humiliate me and in the morning had me call Dr. Finch to say I wasn't coming in to work. Then Jimmy took the phone from me and told Dr. Finch that I hadn't come in until 4:15 a.m. . . ."

"After six weeks of dating, the Doctor suggested that he rent an apartment near the hospital. . . . Although it may be unbelievable to the average person, the Doctor and I did not have sexual relations until one month after he rented the apartment. We loved each other so and were enjoying our relationship so much, that we both were afraid that consummating our love might end it. . . ."

Excerpts From the Diary of a Peace Walker... by Robert Wolf

April 26th, 10 P.M.

I left New York City at 8:45 last night, by Greyhound bus. At 8:30 this morning, after a change-over in Harrisburg, Pa., I alighted from the bus into a grey, drizzling morning, at the truck-stop restaurant of Robertsville, Ohio. The Walkers—according to the schedule in the CNVA Bulletin [the Committee for Non-Violent Action: sponsor of the "San Francisco to Moscow Walk for Peace"]—were to have arrived in Robertsville this morning.

I had no idea where to find them. . . . So I had breakfast, then went back out and stood along the roadside. I had with me a suitcase with a Day-Glo bumper-sticker pasted on the side, saying, in orange and black letters, "End the Missile Race—Let Mankind Live," and I had my laundry bag with my sleeping bag in it. I sat down on my suitcase and waited.

Soon, I saw a column of figures rounding the corner on the far side, several blocks up the street. When I stood up to get a better view, they saw the orange sticker outlined against my brown suitcase (even from so far off) and, recognizing what it was and comprehending that I must be the new volunteer, they waved till they came abreast of me. The follow-up car came up, my luggage was packed in, and I was now on my way as a member of the Peace Walk.

After you walk 20 miles one day, you don't have to wait till 'the morning after' to be sore. The soreness starts setting in from the moment you stop walking.

I'd like to make a note here about the exchange of ideas I notice among the people on the Walk. There's something about the loosely-formed ranks that is conducive to conversation, and from the selection of the subjects that these young people talk about, I can say without reservation that they're thinking people. I'm happy, I'll admit, to discover that.

I'm a pessimist about the future of this country, especially when I look around at all the immorality surrounding me. I'm reminded of Oliver Goldsmith's "Ill fares the land / To hastening ills a prey / Where wealth accumulates / And men decay." Wealth is accumulating in our land. And men are decaying. So I'm very pleased to see that the people I meet around CNVA and this—its project—are not interested in wealth. They're interested in trying to fulfill a part of their obligation to their fellow man.

When I joined the early-morning line of grey-shrouded plastic-rain-coated Walkers, I was quite clearly reminded of the progression of re-

ligious masochists in Ingmar Bergman's *Seventh Seal*. The sun wasn't shining (it was 10 A.M.) and it was drizzling rain from a dirty sky. There were about 18 of us, to start, from 18 years of age to 43. One-third of the Walkers were women, some of the girls being paired off with some of the bearded, long-haired boys.

Cars passed, slowed down to read our signs, or pulled over to ask questions and get our leaflets, and went on. People in homes and stores peered out from behind their protective windows, wondering at the audacity of this 'invading army.' Dogs barked and romped in the yards we passed, and of course the (non-partisan) children always waved. Some people we passed booed or hissed; others took our leaflets and looked askance after us.

At 2 P.M., we stopped by a roadside park, and the follow-up car pulled up and the girls who had been preparing the Team's lunch in it served the informal cafeteria-style lunch of potato-pea soup, carrots and celery, apple sauce, fruit jello, and hot chocolate. We poured a supplement on some of our foods—a soybean-wheatmeal product called MPF—Multi-Purpose Food. Then we sat and rested, while stoppers-by took photos and asked questions, and some of the Walkers soaked their feet in the adjacent stream.

Then, back to the road once more. Another rest stop at a gas station-grocery store—a "candy-bar break," really. And on, once again; plodding, plodding.

Finally at 5:30, we entered Lisbon, Ohio, where a Quaker meeting had prepared a sumptuous, scrumptious covered-dish supper for us. Each of us Walkers gave a short talk after the meal, telling how we came to be on the Walk, and why we thought it was an important way to witness.

Then the Quakers left the Meeting House, and we held a Team meeting, discussing tomorrow's agenda. Now to bed: sleeping bags in the aisles; boys upstairs, girls in the basement. Up at 7 A.M. tomorrow.

April 27th, 10:30 P.M.

Today was my second day on the Walk. I'm sore! I've never been so sore in so many places in my life! From the waist on down, there's hardly a spot I can put my finger on that won't turn up a sore muscle. I said to Brad Lytle [CNVA Secretary] today, "Boy, this being a pacifist is hard work." He said, "Yeah, that's why there's not many of them."

While walking this morning, one of the Walkers, a 35-year-old laborer named Bob Hogan, revealed to me

that he had been hitchhiking from St. Louis to Toledo when the Walk passed him. He walked with the Walkers for a way, to ask them what they were doing, and he liked what he heard, apparently, for he joined at that time, didn't leave at Toledo, and is still with us.

Later this afternoon, after we'd come through Westpoint, Ohio and were coming into East Liverpool—our day's destination—the owner of Huges Dining Room gave me a dollar to donate to the Walk fund, when I went in to use the restroom.

We're sleeping in the church basement tonight. 7 A.M. departure tomorrow. 21 miles yesterday, 26 today.

While walking today, I was thinking of what Justice Hugo Black said, when handing down his dissenting opinion in the *Braden-Wilkens* vs. the HUAC case: "This country was not built by men who were afraid and cannot be preserved by such men." These young people on the Walk represent a new segment of our population that is not afraid. One girl here has been disowned by her family for fear of "The Stigma"—a new social disease. The threat of having their names in the Federal Bureau of Intimidation's files cannot deter them from doing what they think is right. If any remnants of American life are to be saved from the turbulent events that are about to take place in the next 20 years, this is the class of our society that will save it.

April 28th, 7 P.M.

Third day on the Walk today. This morning, the generalized soreness had centered on the inside of my left knee and the back of my thigh. As I walked on and concentrated on my breathing (4 steps to an inhale, 4 to an exhale), it ceased to bother me so much. But once before lunch and again after, we walked through rain. Our pants, from the knees on down (where our ponchos don't reach) got soaked, and since the second rain was very cold, it was like having cold compresses on sore muscles. Oh, well, Gandhi said "suffer," and I am.

I was thinking today that if a fellow became a pacifist in order to avoid the discomforts of Army life, he'd better not join the CNVA's action programs; a foot-sloggin' dog-face had nothing on me today. I only have one pair of shoes—an \$8 pair of suedes I got in Mexico—and my rubbers were in the advance-car, so twice I walked in soaking shoes.

In our ponchos, with the hoods up, we looked like a bunch of silent monks, treading wearily to morning Mass, with the lead-mean carrying an

"End the Arms Race" picket sign rather than a cross.

A slightly inebriated man, whom we'd passed before in his town, came out in his car and offered us a lift.

And a woman came out of her house by the side of the road to take pictures. Against policy, we stopped and posed for her.

We stopped at a diner where those of us who went inside got free coffee from the Greek owner, who loved us but couldn't understand "this other cheek business."

This is the first night that I haven't been too tired to shave. Maybe I'm getting used to it. We only did 19 miles today, though, so maybe not, too. We were housed (sleeping bags in aisles) at the Clinton Methodist Church. Clinton (Penn.) was named after a hound dog and it's just a cross-roads town, so this is probably the only church here. Pittsburgh tomorrow.

April 29th, 11:15 P.M.

The Walk was fairly uneventful today. The distance was 15 miles. The walkers went through five cold, windy rains and one snow.

About 10 miles out of Pittsburgh, ten students joined the Walk. We were pleased to see that 3 were colored. We had all of our picket signs up (including the foreign language ones) and the students had brought 6 home-made signs.

It was a formidable-looking group that trudged through town. Maybe that's why 4 out of 5 people wouldn't take one of our leaflets.

We were flagged down by a man in a black Buick. He was a photographer for KDKA-TV and asked us to carry our signs again. So eight of us "posed" by walking 50 feet.

A meat-loaf supper, with macaroni and cheese, vegetables, tomato juice, and pie.

Then to the Quaker meeting, where 40 people asked a panel of Walkers questions concerning our program for peace. A little boy, about 5, who had passed leaflets for us on the Walk into Pittsburgh, asked: "What would we do with all those weapons if we end war?" One suggestion was that we might make toys out of them. And, of course, plowshares.

April 30th, 11 P.M.

After a light breakfast at our host's, the Walk-crew was driven back down to the City-County Building in "Kharma" (a hearse that was donated to the Walkers in Los Angeles and has since been painted white) and started out about 8:30. Various people joined us throughout the day; we had as many as 30 Walkers once, and ended the day with 15.

We were joined by a teacher work-

ing on his Ph.D., and his wife, a medical technician; two boys, 14 and 16, whose father teaches Money and Banking at the University of Pittsburgh; 4 University of West Virginia students; a woman Philosophy teacher from Chatham; a Univ. of Pitts. History student and three friends (including 2 girls) he brought along; a medical engineer, and his wife, who works for the Chamber of Commerce and plans to do an article on the Walk for their monthly magazine; an ex-union vice-president and rubber worker who owns a restaurant on the outskirts of Akron.

At the edge of Pittsburgh, an "excursion" (special) streetcar stopped to let about ten people get out to take photos (some were movies) of us crossing the bridge.

At a rest stop a few miles out, we were accosted by three young and one middle-aged evangelist, who call themselves the McKeesport Christians. They felt that what we are doing is futile, because all that counts is "being saved for eternity"—the suffering that goes on while we are here on earth is immaterial.

At our lunch stop at Pleasant Hills, two cars stopped. One man, a real estate agent and buyer of highway property for the state's Highway Dept., explained how a 900-foot pile of slag happened to be piled near our lunch spot. He told us that U.S. Steel had been piling it there since 1903. Meanwhile, a process was developed to use slag in building highways, and now the dump heap's worth 10 million dollars. Some people can't lose.

At 10 P.M., we arrived outside Donora, and Wilmer was waiting by an ice cream stand to pick us up in the truck (which one of the Walkers has loaned the Walk to use for "advance" work) and take us to Rev. Ron Moseley's Methodist Church. But not before we bought some ice cream. The owner invited us to stop by tomorrow morning and have a free breakfast at his place.

Supper of salad, peanut-butter sandwiches, and "mixed" milk. Early start tomorrow. Made 26 miles today. Wilmer tells me Rev. Moseley had opposition from an American Legion member on his board, about housing us.

May 1st, 9:30 P.M.

One man in a truck pulled over and gave us a loaf of bread; and at a root-beer stand we were given free root-beer.

Later, I gave a heavy-set woman in a station-wagon a leaflet. On the windshield was a Navy decal. She said, "What's this all about?"—then glanced over the leaflet. Then: "I have a son in the Navy, and I think

anyone that's against our country should be put in jail."

"Well, we're not *against* any country," I said. "We're for *all* people."

"If you're not for our country, you're against it."

"No, not necessarily."

"Oh, yes! Do you believe in God, young man?"

"No. I don't, personally; but most of the people in our group do, though."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"You don't believe in God? I pity you! I'm going to pray for you." And, with that, she drove away.

At a rest stop 5 miles out of Uniontown (Pa.), a sports car emitted a newscaster of WMBS. He taped a 5-minute interview with David Rich, the only team-member who's walked all the way, and with the co-ordinator of the Walkers. Cars buzzing past formed the background.

The interviewer said that parts of the tape would be played on his 5 o'clock newscast and almost all of it on the 6 o'clock one. This was most interesting, because Uniontown's American Legion had organized a parade (scheduled for 7 P.M.) called "Americanism Day." It's supposed to be America's answer to the annual May Day celebrations and parades held in the Communist countries. Presumably, to show that Capitalism can offer the world bigger and better parades.

One of the questions was whether we'd try to enter, or maybe picket, the parade. Dave answered that we feel that these people have a right to express their feelings and that we wouldn't picket it, and, while it was obvious we couldn't join a parade of tanks and guns, we'd just walk through town as scheduled, and try to pass our leaflets on the way.

Later: On down the road, Janice went into a bar to use the restroom. The woman behind the bar said, "We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone," a man threw a glass of beer on Janice, and another one grabbed her by her scarf and called her a "Communist bastard" on her way out of the bar. People in cars passing by expressed hostilities, like "Get the fuck off the road."

At 6:15 we started into town. Many, many people were going to the parade; scouts in uniform, bands in buses, majorettes in cars with young boys in Army outfits.

What a Parade! I looked up several times as I made my way through the crowd and I saw Hitler's Youth Corps of 1938 smugly strutting to the sound of martial music. One float that came by had the legend "In God We Trust" waving highly on a banner. Beneath it, on the flat-bed of a truck, was an

What's My Corruption? . . . by Maynard Ostrow

(Editor's note: Ordinarily, this feature will be anonymous; however, Mr. Ostrow has been given a byline since he is writing about a friend's corruption and not his own.)

Only if one is acquainted with the Jewish religion can one realize the enormous commercialization of Passover.

All the old food on hand when this holiday begins is required to be disposed of and replaced by an entirely new supply. The new food is to be marked "Kosher for Passover." If no such stamp or label appears on the product, a religious Jew will not buy it.

These days of Passover are the closest thing to Heaven that the grocer with a Jewish trade will ever experience. Many times I have witnessed my

own parents spend an extra hundred dollars on food for this particular week. There are several large food companies that depend on this holiday for the bulk of their business.

My friend is a young Gentile fellow who works in a Brooklyn grocery that caters to a Jewish clientele. He described to me a little ceremony that takes place in the basement of the store in which he is employed.

Many of the foods that this store sold for the sacred days were the same items which were stocked on the shelves the rest of the year. The only difference was that these foods were taken to the basement where labels reading "Kosher for Passover" were applied.

The printed blessings for this holy rite are supplied by the companies that make the foodstuffs.

Is Life Without Prepuce Worth Living? (or, Hindsight is Keener than Foreskin)

"I am 24 years old and engaged to be married," began a letter from Mr. S. L. of Indiana to the Question and Answer section in the May issue of Sexology Magazine. "My problem is that I am upset over the fact that I was circumcised as a child. We are a member of one of the nation's largest Protestant denominations. I am the church organist, a Sunday school teacher and very active in church work. I find that the New Testament is against circumcision and no one in our church or especially on its basketball team is circumcised to the best of my knowledge. I feel inferior around team members in the shower room. The pastor frequently denounces circumcision from the pulpit.

"The basic question is, 'Can a cir-

cumcised person become uncircumcised by means of surgical operation?' According to a dictionary in our church library, it says: 'The process of restoring a circumcised person to his natural condition was sometimes undergone by surgery.'

"Now if such an operation is possible, what is the process? Could an ordinary medical doctor do it? Would the operation be painful? How much would it cost? Is there any chemical application available from a doctor that would cause the skin to grow over the head of the penis to such a length to just come to the tip of the penis? How long would this take and how long would I be laid up?"

This was the answer:

"It is too bad that you are so upset over the fact that you were circumcised as a baby. Actually, it is a hygienic measure that is advocated by a majority of modern day physicians."

[Editor's note: In a book titled "In the Name of Humanity" (1949, Eugenic Publishing Co., N.Y.) author Joseph Lewis wrote: "... contrary to the popular impression, the medical profession does not recommend (circumcision). In fact, many physicians now condemn the practice as mere mutilation. It has no value whatever in the field of medicine or as a hygienic measure. Even so conservative a physician as Dr. Morris Fishbein, former editor-in-chief of the American Medical Journal, states that 'most authorities think that circumcision should not be done.' Dr. Julius Weingart of the Department of Pathology, Iowa Lutheran Hospital, states: 'Circumcision as a routine procedure is to be condemned. There are no general grounds exclusive of ritualistic ones to justify it. Unless indicated by definite surgical considerations, it be-

orange-and-black dummy of a missile, with two grinning, waving Boy Scouts perched on it.

We hadn't taken nearly enough leaflets, and we all ran out of them long before we reached either end of the parade's spectators. (Wilmer estimates there were 15-20,000 people there.) Most of the people took our leaflets (thinking they were Civil Defense instructions, I suppose) and many dropped them as though they were something Red-hot when they saw what the leaflets were and realized that they weren't part of the (approved) program. As I passed 3 F.O.E. members ("Eagles") I heard them consulting one another as to whether there wasn't something they could do to get us "stopped." One said, regretfully, "Well, I guess they got a right. . . ."

(Continued on page 4)

HAPPY CIRCUM CISION



SPENCER

comes mere mutilation, as senseless as it is unworthy of a humane profession.' Dr. Miles Atkinson, eminent New York physician, condemns circumcision as a 'barbarous custom.'"]

The answer to Mr. S. L. of Indiana continued:

"You have to realize that the prepuce, or foreskin, that is cut off is lined on the inside with mucous membrane and on the outside with skin. To attempt to skin graft anything on the penis would be extremely complicated. There is no place on the body where one could get mucous membrane that would serve. The problem of getting skin enough would not be too difficult, but to do a skin graft on the penis in this fashion would be very difficult, if not almost impossible.

"You would certainly be laid up for several to many weeks, if you could get any physician to undertake such an operation. It would cost several hundred dollars because the hospital bill would amount to as much or more than the surgical fee.

"The operation would be extremely painful. It would mean, as we have said, cutting the skin around the penis and then whenever you tended to have an erection it would be very tender, sensitive, and painful. There is no chemical application that would make the skin grow."

Well, that's show business.



The Realist Goes To A Loyalty Day Parade

by Martin Berman

Webster's New World Dictionary defines May Day—i.e., May 1st—as an international labor holiday “of American origin,” observed in many countries by parades, demonstrations, etc.

But, whereas May Day is only 100 per cent American in origin, Loyalty Day is intended by definition to be 150 per cent American—chronologically stealing a march on May Day to boot (unless, of course, May 1st should happen to fall on a Saturday, in which case Loyalty Day and May Day would be celebrated simultaneously; otherwise the Saturday previous to May Day is designated as Loyalty Day).

At any rate, on April 29th, when I arrived at 92nd Street in New York City a half-hour before the Loyalty Day Parade was scheduled to start, the police barricades were already in place down both sides of Fifth Avenue. Sanitation Department men were present, as were police and, in the staging areas on the side streets, the paraders themselves. But few spectators. By one o'clock, the throngs had swollen: more sanitation men, more police, more paraders—but still few spectators.

The parade started on time. There were nurses, many marching bands, a group of mounted police, two large contingents of men and women from the Department of Welfare, various youth organizations, veterans' groups, two policemen in a motorcycle with a sidecar, firemen, and miscellaneous groups and motorized vehicles. The papers reported that ten thousand had marched.

Paraders marched past superfluous barricade after barricade, designed to hold back a crowd that never materialized. The parade ended. A short distance behind, came the Sanitation Department equipment. A few spectators lingered on to watch the rotary brushes sweep down Fifth Avenue. Policemen walked slowly toward 92nd Street where about a hundred police gathered, apparently awaiting further orders.

Some of the barricades were dismantled and, on the side streets, the Department of Encumbrances began to remove the temporary men's rooms. These primitive but useful devices consist of a roof, three walls, and a fourth hinged wall that serves as a door. A privy is put into service by placing it over an opened

manhole (presumably with suitable safety precautions) in the middle of the street.

The clean-up squads following along behind the parade had reached the lower eighties. In a little while the buses would start running and Fifth Avenue would be back to normal. But suddenly there was a hubbub, and out of 92nd Street there appeared a huge banner condemning colonialism and enslavement of small nations. Carrying the banner was a group of Latvians, followed in close order by Lithuanians, Hungarians, Serbians, and the Byelorussian American Association. As the Lithuanians entered Fifth Avenue, several waved at my camera. I told them the parade was over.

One of the marchers—I think he was with the Lithuanians—apparently mistook me for a parade official. He wanted to know where the Cubans were.

They started down the Avenue. After ten minutes or so had elapsed—the Byelorussians must have reached 80th Street—I thought I heard music. It was pentatonic, typically Chinese. Seconds later, from 92nd Street again, out marched a column representing the Chinese Community of New York City and the Transfiguration Catholic Chinese School. Small Chinese children toward the rear held aloft signs such as “Don't Be Fooled By Communist Smiles.” They paraded down Fifth Avenue and in a little while disappeared from view.

I decided to call it a day and walked east on 92nd Street to get a coke. On the corner at Madison Avenue a crowd was milling around. Emblems on the men's jackets identified them as Estonians. “Were you in the parade?” I asked. One of them shrugged his shoulders. “We're too late. The parade is over.” The Estonians, unlike the Chinese, apparently had no desire to start down Fifth Avenue on their own.

While paying for my drink, I thought I heard parade music again and went out to investigate. Then it became unmistakably clear: one block away on Madison



The Realist

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THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

Avenue, a new contingent of paraders was heading west on 91st Street. I raced toward them. As they reached Fifth Avenue, a police sergeant stepped out and stopped the procession.

Traffic had been resumed, and he said that it was against the law to walk in the middle of the street. They pleaded with him; cajoled. Some were from Bethpage, Long Island; forty had come all the way from Newburgh, New York. Friends were waiting in the reviewing stands to see them go by. The leaders showed the policemen their instructions to enter the parade at 2:30. They had an ambulance, and tried to convince the sergeant that if both their ambulance and a police car were to go down Fifth Avenue with their sirens on, the paraders would be safe enough.

The sergeant was polite but firm: no parades once traffic is resumed—"If you want to meet your friends at the reviewing stand, walk on the sidewalk." Several of the leaders huddled, after which they asked for per-



Later I spoke to one of the Cooties who had led the parade. He told me that the Cooties is an honorary degree of the VFW. There are two requirements for membership: dues and hospital work. Another member of the group who overheard our conversation said that it was *mostly* hospital work.

Five or six Cooties crowded around. They complained about how badly "loyal Americans" had been treated. "When the Un-Americans march on Monday, no one's going to stop them. Why stop us?"

I suggested that, perhaps the fault lay with the Parade Committee.

"Sure it's the Committee's fault. But the police should have done *something*."

They had all sacrificed to attend the parade. One worked for the Sanitation Department and had lost a day's pay. Another had to hire a substitute in his restaurant—"And this a \$35-day." A third had given up bowling and pulled an emblem out of his inside coat pocket as proof.

When I arrived home, I learned that Mayor Wagner had shaken hands with Carmine DeSapio before the parade, and with Governor Rockefeller at 1:35. I don't know what happened when the Latvians reached the rear echelons of the Sanitation Department trucks. I don't know if the Chinese ever caught up with the Byelorussian Society.

As for attendance at the parade, the papers reported that spokesmen declined to estimate the crowd.



mission to use Fifth Avenue just to get over to 90th Street. He again recommended the sidewalk. "How can we use the sidewalk?" After some further pleading, the sergeant finally agreed to let them march *one block* down the center of the street.

The parade started down Fifth Avenue led by the Military Order of Cooties, U.S.A., some with headgear reading "Broadway Lice." They were followed by the Imperials Drum and Bugle Corps of Poughkeepsie; St. Martin's Nautical Cadets of New York; and the Butte Horn Brothers Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps of Bethpage. Bringing up the rear were the Estonians, who apparently had heard the music on Madison Avenue, assumed the parade was on again, and fell in line behind the Butte Horn Brothers.

At 90th Street the Cooties led the parade east. Completely ignored by the police now, and with bands blaring, toy cannons shooting firecrackers, and an occasional scream of their ambulance siren to clear traffic, they paraded to Park Avenue, south to 88th Street, then east, and eventually north on First Avenue to Millrock Post 716 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at 1749 First Avenue, where they disbanded.

The Estonians, bewildered when they saw the parade turn off the prescribed route after only one block, started to enter 90th Street, then disbanded in confusion.



Caryl Chessman: On Religion

Shortly before his death in San Quentin's gas chamber, Caryl Chessman wrote to Rev. Herbert H. Richardson of Redondo Beach, California, who had been the convict's childhood Sunday School teacher and was the only clergyman invited to Chessman's cell in twelve years.

Rev. Richardson had pleaded with Chessman: "Where have I failed you?" The letter which follows was Chessman's response. Rev. Richardson released it to the Newport Harbor News Press, a small weekly newspaper, "in the hope we could find an answer to help other young people. . . ." The letter had been dated April 9th, 1960; it was postmarked April 12th.

Dear Rev. Richardson:

Prior to receiving your April 4 letter I had turned in for processing a request for approval of visiting and correspondence privileges with you. While I as yet have not been given formal notice of such approval, I assume it has been or will be granted and thus am taking this afternoon, during a period of relative quiet, to reply. As the date of my execution grows closer, I anticipate, such having been the case in the past, that the days increasingly will become more crowded and hectic.

I did enjoy our talk. However, I would be less than honest if I said my views toward spiritual things have altered. They have not. I remain an agnostic, and it is only fair that I state this to you frankly. You write: "I only wish that you had the measure of confidence in me that would enable you to trust my knowledge and my ability to understand these truths." In my judgment, it is not a question of trusting either your judgment or ability. Rather, each of us, if he is to retain and maintain his integrity as a person, must seek truth in his own way. Bitter experience has taught me to be wary of a sectarian truth, especially when it is capitalized and surrounded, if not rigidly imprisoned, by dogma.

Neither can I accept the Christian tenet, based upon an Aristotelian two-valued system of logic, that each of us must make an either/or decision; that, in sum, we must believe, and if we do not believe we are damned disbelievers. Having acquired some measure of historical awareness, I must seek truth rationally; I must keep in mind the terrible consequences to civilization and to human dignity—the Dark Ages, the Inquisition—when Augustinian "logic" and Tertullian's irrational dictum, *Certum est, quia impossibile est* ("I believe because it is impossible") prevailed at the point of a clerical sword.

Please understand: I am neither irreligious nor anti-religious. And that is my point. If a man has free will, then he must be allowed the freedom to exercise his will freely. He must not be told by another, "You

Syllogism For a Dull Day

Headline of an article in the April issue of *Coronet Magazine* by Rev. James Pike: "The Right To Be an Atheist."

First sentence of said article: "There is no such thing as an atheist."

Therefore: Everyone has the right not to exist—including *Coronet Magazine*, which is about to fold.

must trust my judgment and ability, and so you must believe," else this other will be destroying freedom in the name of "truth"—and the function of truth, if we deal with reality rather than Orwellian semantics, is to liberate the mind (or spirit, call it what you will), not put the mind in bondage.

Restated, categorical imperatives, Kantian or otherwise, derived not from observable or demonstrable phenomenon, are not the charitable servants of Christianity, in my considered opinion, but are its most insidious enemies.

Are you familiar with the Pelagian heresy, so-called? Actually, the historical evidence seems to show it was not Pelagius but his pupil, Julian of Eclanum, who largely authored and disseminated the "heretic" notion that, since the church (although grudgingly)

Inspirational Note of the Month

From the May 30th edition of *Christian Economics*:
"The drive to abolish capital punishment is a part of the humanistic socialist movement which already has abolished God and faith in an eternal justice. Christians should resist this attempt to remove another foundation stone from their civilization."

accepted the premise that man is free to choose between good and evil because of his free will, the idea, it followed, of inherited sin or inherited guilt was and is unthinkable. This won Pelagius exile and anathema; and it is Augustine who was credited mainly with refuting the "heresy"—and who, in the process, with his genius for dialectic, supplied Christianity with one of its most hopeless dualisms: predestination and free will.

Yet, granting theology its most essential postulate, this irrationally must be done or an equally hopeless paradox is posed, for how, if "free" will is truly free, can any man be eternally doomed to torment for failing to make the "right" choice, not because of perversity, but because of a lack of compelling evidence or experience? Logically, of course, he cannot.

You may reply: The complexities of doctrine and casuistry should not stand between man and his God. But this wholly overlooks that your conceptions, however personal and eclectically chosen, nevertheless are a synthesis of the doctrines of other men, and you have a high ethical obligation to explain, if you can, and certainly to try to resolve, their impossible illogic before you can ask another "to trust (your) knowledge and (your) ability to understand these truths."

If in fact you possess both such knowledge and ability, then the greatest contribution you can make to the whole of mankind is to communicate the components of this knowledge, not simply its emotional or spiritual total, and to define precisely what you mean by ability. Otherwise, you would be asking me to blind myself in order to see, and while my vision is now, in the figurative sense I employ the term, admittedly imperfect, I do not see how putting out my eyes can improve my ability to see and to evaluate my perceptions. Perhaps you would be willing to explain. I am certain you will concur that my request for an explanation is neither unfair nor unreasonable.

Kindly pass along my best regards to Mrs. Richardson and your family.

Sincerely,
CARYL

HENRY MORGAN

(Continued from page 1)

a heck of a lot longer in the days when North Africa was a cultural hothouse and the Germans were still living in the trees. One of the apparent aims of 'medicine' is to keep totterers tottering in vast enclosures built on Florida fill spattered with shuffleboard courts and morticians. The U.S. govnamun says a guy is entitled to quit at sixty-two. At that age they are ready to turn him over to the one-bedroom-jaloused-porch people and the poorer geriatricians.

South Sea Islanders paddle away into the sunset when they've had it. Eskimos wander off to freeze into their own monuments. Hindus set fire to their loved ones in huge ghats, sharing the cost of the charcoal with their friends and neighbors. These people do not have socialized medicine. They do not have special communities and housing developments with ramps for the wheel chairs. No trailer heavens filled with jolly companions in baseball caps and mouths full of fake choppers.

All that these ignorant native goofs have to look forward to is that ol' Mother iceberg in the sky (Esquimaux); that Holy Cow in Buddha land (Sikhs); or that 10 to the 23rd power billion cubic miles of galactic dust and thin helium (Captured German Scientists).

Well, we want more than that for our senior citizens. And, seriously, folks (since I intend to be one), there must be provision made for people who can't afford to take care of themselves. After spending all that dough on research to keep them alive there's no sense in allowing them to rheumatize to death. It's too bad that we live in a time when people still talk of the republic when they mean they want the State to be Daddy . . . it's a rough dichotomy, doc, but it's ours.

It's also rough that medical treatment *should* be available to those who can't afford it but that the worst thing that can happen to an American is God Forbid somebody should think he's poor.

It's too bad too that the moment you take a dime from Uncle you lose twenty cents worth of Freedom, but nobody can even define Freedom any more and I doubt that they'd care to. We live in a time when everybody has rights and nobody has any responsibilities. It's not my fault that sometimes Freedom means Freedom To Drop Dead because of lack of medical attention, such as it is.

The A.M.A. could have forestalled all this talk by being doctors. In the old days a doctor took care of the rich and the poor and grumbled about his unpaid bills and managed to live about as long as his patients. That was the old days. Now there are no docs . . . just specialists and politicians. They've managed among them to make two new dirty words. . . . Hippocratic (which was already an oath) and Socialist.

In solemn, soul-searching conventions they have finally reasoned that medicine is for those who pay for it and the dirty socialists can drop dead. This dignified conclusion has been gravely presented to the American people as the medical profession's contribution to the war against godless Communism.

When I was a kid, our family doctor (are they still around?) took care of 'his' poor folks for nothing. It didn't occur to him that they were the Red Menace. Today not one out of a hundred ever so much as pokes the emerald clasp of his alligator bag into a clinic.

Federal housing is socialist. Federal aid to schools

Quoted Without Comment

In Laguna Beach, Calif., the following "urgency ordinance required to preserve public peace, health and safety" has been added to the statutes:

§ 7053. LOITERING AND LEWD CONDUCT IN PUBLIC TOILETS PROHIBITED. Any person who loiters or fondles his private parts or masturbates or any person who manipulates or fondles the private parts of another, in or about any public toilet within the City, shall be guilty of disorderly conduct, and such disorderly conduct shall constitute a misdemeanor and shall be punishable by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than thirty (30) days nor more than six (6) months, or by a fine of not less than one hundred and fifty dollars (\$150.00) nor more than five hundred dollars (\$500.00), or by both such fine and imprisonment.

is socialist. Federal any damn thing is socialist. The Electric Light and Power companies scream their heads off at the Tennessee Valley Authority . . . well, why didn't they build the dam?

The whole sorry, miserable point is that we have a Federal Government to do what you can't or won't do for yourself. The doctors threw out the poor and the aged poor. All right. I hope the whole thing gets socialized up to hell and gone, and that we fight against becoming a socialist state by becoming a socialist state. That'll show 'em.

If this seems a bit muddled I would like to remind you that there was a time, very shortly in the past, when a man *did* have the right not to belong to a union, not to have two TVs and a barbecue pit, and the right to fall down in the street of starvation. It is not recorded that many did fall down . . . even in the Great Depression. I believe it was a better time and that many people knew who the hell they were, at least. It was called the good old days, and with plenty of reason.

Well, we've managed to improve everything now to the point where the average American family, given that the leader is thrown out of work for a month, is bankrupt. It's the richest country in the history of the world in which every family owns one eighteenth of its own home, half a dishwasher and has a five-month equity in a car.

In my little old home town the wives of ignorant Puerto Rican busboys buy frozen lobster tails fresh from the waters of South Africa. What the hell do I know?

The New Security: Junior Varsity

From an ad in Sports Illustrated by the Union Oil Company of California:

"The work-stained young man is Raymond Richmond of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He's a 9th grader at Andrew Mellon Junior High, a member of the school's track team, Life scout—and one of Union Oil's over 65,000 share-holders. He purchased a share of Union Oil stock out of money he earned from baby-sitting, washing cars, mowing lawns and clearing driveways of snow. Ray's maturity in investing his money rather than spending it for a new bike, shows unusual good sense. He is learning early in life to put his savings to work. His parents can be proud of him. We're proud that, of all the stocks he could have bought, he chose Union Oil. We are prouder still of the reason for his choice. He liked the fact . . . 'that Union Oil in its management, operations and outlook is American to the core.'"

the realist's society page

by Eileen Brand

Meditations on the moral implications of the use of artifices and artifacts. . . . Is artifice permissible, but artifact beyond the pale; is it nobler to wear a well-engineered bra than a false? Does exigency ever extenuate? Is lust's labor lost whether or not you can produce a medical certificate? Like, would Grace Kelly have been looking at Jack Kennedy like *that* if she'd known he was wearing a corset?

As one who has been in the limelight from time to time—once I was celebrated as somebody's paramour; wasn't exactly true, but a lovely thought—I know so well how yesterday's flames of glory can become today's ashpile. I can't help wondering how she will meet the test when oblivion comes to Jacqueline Kennedy? Grim fact is that today the accent's on youth and she isn't getting any younger. The *Realist's* exclusive fashion scoop this month is that the Jackie Kennedy look is out and the Caroline Kennedy look is in. Already the *New York Times* reports that black patent-leather bows for the hair are all the rage, though the *Times* churlishly denies Caroline credit. This fall, look for dresses at a fashionable mid-thigh length; leggings will be very big.

A.P.U.P.I.N.S. dispatch from 1984: One week behind schedule, Congress appropriated a hundred million billion dollars today to purify the atmosphere of Venus. Action on this measure was deferred because of Congress' inability to convene, due to severe smog conditions that have prevailed across the nation for the past week.

Ever wonder if some of the pious souls who talk about exporting democracy really just want to get it the hell out of this country?

Sometimes something comes up to make you reappraise old agony. Item in *The Independent* quoting a "nationally known radio and TV broadcaster" tells of the stranglehold on the news by the Pentagon . . . says the bells are tolling for the free press in America. Reminds me that a few years back there was this fellow McCarthy. Didn't shave very close. Always sweating. Uncouth. Made quite a name for himself worrying about the Communists. So did Nixon. Harry Truman. Et al. Lot of people began yelling about McCarthyism. Maybe because it seemed awfully brave and safe at the same time. Never stopped to notice that when McCarthy got caught in the wringer, he happened to be right and the issue was crucial. Main issue in the Peress affair wasn't Communism or McCarthyism or Disneylandism. Question was: Who promoted Peress? Issue was: Did a Committee of the U.S. Congress outrank the Pentagon? Pentagon won. Congress lost. So did we.

Moral: Darkness at noon worse than five o'clock shadow in anybody's bureaucracy.

Dear God:

Your secret is safe with Me, of course, but I think

You should know You were seen last week in the elevator at 225 Lafayette Street carrying a stack of *Realists*.

/s/ She Who Notes The Almighty's Fall
P.S. Have You ever tried just a dash of bluing in the rinse water for Your beard?

Advice to the Loveridden from Ann Panders: Never underestimate the power of the unconscious. If he kisses you with the same volcanic passion when he's asleep as when he's awake, then you can be sure he's Mr. Right.

It's become a sordid fashion to assail Our Way of Life. This is all very well for selling books, but it's a vicious injustice to a culture that has produced so much that's really fine and beautiful. Consider the exquisite packaging of sanitary napkins. Kotex, for instance, has a perfectly lovely box of Wedgwood blue with a corsage of a single white gardenia in the center. Perhaps you've already discovered that these boxes make marvelous gift packages for your friends and loved ones. Naturally, if you're a great one for gift-giving, you'll have quite a surplus of sanitary napkins after you've substituted the silver chafing dishes from Tiffany's. Actually, this can be quite a boon; they're absolutely perfect for plugging up leaky bomb shelters.

Except for an occasional new application like the bomb shelter thing, the problem of expanding sales for the Product must be pretty knotty. Certainly anyone with an emphatic bone in her body can't help brooding over the task of a sales strategy meeting. Like . . .

"How about a contribution to the Planned Parenthood crowd?"

"Too short-sighted. The stockholders won't stand still for it. The population explosion is bound to boost sales in the long run."

"Not necessarily. Suppose everyone was pregnant. Always."

"Why don't we put out a rumor that Tampax causes pregnancy?"

"What we need is some new thinking. . ."

"Okay, let's hire some M.D.s to invent a new pill to speed up the menstrual cycle from a month to every two weeks. We'd double our sales."

"What makes you think the American women would buy that?"

"Simple. Our medics will guarantee they get back their virginity with every period. . ."

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