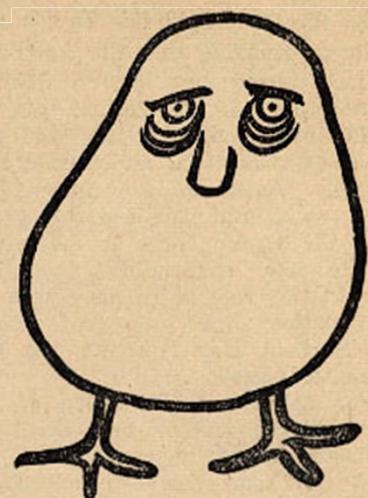


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



December-January

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HELP PUT COMMERCE
BACK IN CHRISTMAS

From a Study of Salinger: Controversy in the Catcher

by Donald M. Fiene

Censorship is such an abhorrent and illogical thing that it is often possible to ridicule it by merely letting it sit there with its bare face hanging out . . . the futility of censorship couldn't be better illustrated than by the constant attempts over the last ten years to keep young people from reading "The Catcher in the Rye." . . . Banning it from reading lists and then arguing over it has helped immeasurably to keep it going as one of the best-selling novels of the postwar years.

—Jerome Beatty in *The Saturday Review*

There have undoubtedly been many attempts to keep young people from reading *Catcher* in the last decade, but I should say that few of these attempts have taken the form of deliberate censorship or banning—at least not before 1960. Edward P. J. Corbett began an article in *America* ("Raise High the Barriers, Censors," January 1961) by mentioning that a "West Coast college" had fired a man in 1955 or so for requiring his freshman students to read *The Catcher in the Rye*.

At about the same time a problem involving *Catcher* arose at Michigan State University in East Lansing: when it was found that English instructors, in exercising a newly granted option to make up their own required reading lists, frequently included *The Catcher in the Rye*, the new system was abandoned.

But it is only since 1960 that controversies involving *Catcher* have made the newspapers, and the number of documented, publicized bannings probably doesn't amount to over a dozen. Publicity involving *Catcher* will probably continue to increase, however, as more and more young people who were deeply impressed by the

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How I Fortified My Family Fallout Shelter

by Marvin Kitman

Civilian-defense bulletins are mum on the subject of small arms as a tool of survival.

—from *The Nation*
November 4, 1961

Ex-President Dwight D. Eisenhower said the other day that Americans will have to live in perpetual fear of atomic attacks, as our forefathers lived in fear of Indian attacks. A little tension is good for people, he also said. "It keeps people on their toes."

I have been on my toes ever since I decided to arm my fallout shelter, and I'm getting tired. The reason I'm so tense is that I live in fear my neighbors will pre-empt my fallout shelter because it is inadequately fortified.

I think I have a good reason to fear my neighbors in Leonia, N. J. They are mostly nice people, but intellectuals—college professors, artists, scenic designers—none of whom are planning to build fallout shelters. In theory, I guess, they would rather be dead than Red. But in practice they all are planning to use my shelter. I was sure of that the very first day I started digging.

"What are you digging?" one of my neighbors asked as I lifted the first shovelful of earth from my greensward.

"A chicken house," I said, as neighborly as I could be under the circumstances.

Actually, I was digging a pit for the machine gun I hoped to buy to cover a sector of the front opposite

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The Musical Comedy—A Voice of America?

by Alan Casty

The theatre critics this season are again propounding that the American musical comedy has been a distinct contribution to the culture of the world; has been, like jazz and abstract expressionism, an original and uniquely American art form. Yet none has as yet examined this genre with the thoroughness it deserves—despite the challenging possibility that in this Age of Ideology such an examination might even prove useful in the Cold War fight for the Uncommitted Peoples.

For here is a distillation of the American experience and spirit—activated in folk images that all peoples can comprehend—that captures as well, it seems to me, the very essence of our foreign policy, the image we seem to be striving to impress upon the world. Here, then, is a true Voice of America—a mixture of sentiment and realism, of humor and sadness, of idealism and practicality. As Shakespeare's drama was to Elizabethan England, so is the musical comedy to the United States today. There is something here that speaks to us and for us.

I cannot hope in this article to do more than suggest the need for this kind of study and certain directions it might take. The bare summary of forthcoming productions that follows should, I believe, in itself provide—for other, more gifted, analysts—a clue to the current trends and tendencies of this folk art, and to those qualities of American life that it so forcefully captures.

To begin, I would point out that, as has become a distinctive *modus operandi* within this genre, all of these prospective hit shows are adaptations of other works in varied fields of art. Note, then, again that typical American "melting pot" stance, that sense of the value of the mixture, of the synthesis of apparently incompatible elements.

This latter point is easily demonstrable in the first play I might mention, *My Old Lady*, which is, of course, based on the old Greek tragedy *Oedipus Rex*. Even the sternest Sophocles devotees would have to admit that despite a few plot changes this brew of sophistication and sentiment still maintains the feel of the original.

In the musical version, Rex, as the king is called, is a headstrong, sharp-tongued leader who knows his duty and will let nothing, even love, deter him from its accomplishment, cf. his recitative, "The Plebes in Thebes Fall Mainly from the Plague." Yet, as is

made clear in his soliloquy, "Why Can't a Mother Be Just Like a Friend," he is a man of heart as well.

Probably the most moving number in the show, and a mark, too, of the musical comedy's steady maturation, is the duet, "I've Grown Accustomed to Your Eyes," in which the heroine vows her lasting love to Rex as she leads him, blood streaming from his eyes, off into the distance. I might point out that the ending has been changed slightly, since the heroine turns out not to be his mother after all, but an orphaned servant girl. (She and the real queen, I believe it's explained, had been switched as children.)

Similarly instructive for the way its adaptation nonetheless maintains the integrity of the original is *The Most Joyous Bastard*, adapted from J.B., Archibald MacLeish's adaptation of *The Book of Job*. This has been given a strikingly American setting: an orange grove on the outskirts of Los Angeles, where Job, obsessed with orange growing, is fighting the attempts of the real estate developers to sub-divide his land into a housing tract called Happy Valley.

One misfortune after another befalls poor Job, and yet the ending is uplifting, eliciting a sigh of acceptance and relief from the audience, for Job finally realizes that God hasn't been unfair to him at all. Actually, being a real bastard, he deserves everything he's got. Thus, in the finale, Job, now sentenced forever to lying flat in an iron lung, is wheeled about the brick barbecue patio of his own new tract house by his loving wife, while he sings, "I'm the Most Joyous Bastard in the Whole Happy Valley."

A significant musical interpretation of an American classic is the expensive, handsomely mounted production of Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*, based on the John Huston movie and called, simply, *Moby*. This version takes place in the whaling town of Nantucket, where Captain Ahab is torn between his yearning to catch the great white whale and his love for the Polish immigrant girl, Ishmael.

His torment is plaintively echoed in the long lyrical lines of the title song, "Moby, Moby, Moby." This torment is dissolved during a wonderful folk ballet, which depicts the extraction of blubber from the carcass of a whale, when Ahab realizes the immaturity of his ceaseless wandering and recog-

nizes his responsibility to the townspeople, to the woman he loves, whose husband has just died, and to his strange halfbreed daughter Queequeg.

A production which uses modern ballet in an even more integral fashion is *The West Side of Calvary Story*, which has, as well, a powerful jazz score. Typical is one dance routine in which the two rival gangs, brandishing spears and crosses, rush repeatedly at each other; here is caught the raw, tortured emotions of today's teenagers without any loss of the timeless sentiments of the original.

And as an innovation, I can remember no moment in our theatre to equal the finale when the hero Jessie soars up from his tormenters, out over the audience and high up into the second balcony.

I have space for only the briefest mention of *The ex-King and I*, from, of course, Shakespeare's *King Lear*, with its poignant, bittersweet ending: the old king dying, while his family, reunited around him, accepts as the new king his young son born during a last and beautiful love affair with Cordelia, daughter of his most devoted lord.

Finally, the very flexibility of the genre is effectively pointed out by the way in which our Off-Broadway theatre can place its own particular stamp on a musical production without, somehow, destroying that quality which we immediately recognize as the essence of the American musical comedy. I use as an example an experimental Off-Broadway "musicodrama" called *Waiting for the Iceman*, which blends works by Samuel Beckett, Eugene O'Neill and Clifford Odets.

Done entirely to the accompaniment of a consort of recorders and one cembalo, it tells the sometimes shocking story of a mother and three daughters who wait, seemingly in vain, for the return of the iceman, their husband and father, respectively. The mother's touching aria, "It's a Long, Long Route," is a symbolic leitmotif woven intricately throughout the drama. One by one the daughters leave, one to prostitution, one to dope addiction, one to lesbianism; but still the mother waits. All of this action is summarized in atonal recitatives, such as "Maybe He'll Be Here Tomorrow," "I Need the Fix Right Now," and "Look, Ma, No Man."

Finally, as the mother waits alone in the hot railroad flat, the iceman does return. "We've been on strike," he reports, bringing in his last cake of ice, which has now melted down to an ice cube. Arms about each other in a communion of haunting implications, the husband and wife

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editorial type stuff

Ah Sordid Announcements

● Just in case you didn't notice, the *Realist* wasn't published in October and November. Your subscription is figured by number rather than date, so don't feel cheated.

● Whereas ten copies of one issue ordinarily cost \$1, this is a 32-pager, thereby making it seven copies for \$1.

● Including this one, there are now 25 back issues of the *Realist* (all but #2 thru #6) available at 25¢ each, or 5 for \$1.

● Rates for gift subscriptions to the *Realist* are \$3 for the first, and \$2 for each additional one; five gift subs: \$10.

● *Impolite Interviews* (with Lenny Bruce, Dr. Albert Ellis, Henry Morgan, Alan Watts, Jean Shepherd, Richard Kern, Jules Feiffer, Hugh Hefner) is \$4 a copy, and \$3 for each additional one; five copies: \$15.

● As a natural outcome of Howard Shoemaker's piece on the orgasm bomb in the September *Realist*, he has supplied us with lapel badges reading "Oh Drop the 'O' Bomb"—free, from the *Realist*, for a stamped return envelope marked "Please Hand Stamp."

● *Realist* regular Bob Abel is editing a new humor magazine, *Ad Lib*, currently available at your finky neighborhood newsstand.

● Fred P. Wortman, whose articles appear from time to time in the *Realist*, has been in very poor health lately—his left arm is rendered useless by a pinched spinal cord—and if you would care to send him a note, his address is 526 2nd Ave., Albany, Georgia.

● A headline from the June issue of the *Realist*—"Signs Along the Cynic Route"—has become, with permission, the title of a satirical off-Broadway review, opening December 14th at Actors' Playhouse.

● I once read a book called *The Problem Family* by A. S. Neill. It was ahead of its time. Now there is *Summerhill* by the same author. Read it. The Summerhill Society (74 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 11) is taking steps to found an accredited Summerhill-type school in this country. Meantime, there is a small group of teachers and parents interested in the immediate application of Neill's principles in the context of a nursery school; contact Margaret Homan, 61 Horatio St., N. Y. 14, OR 5-9308.

To the Memory of James Thurber

From the New York Times:

"The Supreme Court upheld as constitutional today a Florida law making jury duty voluntary for women while it is compulsory for men. The court held that the states were free to treat the two sexes differently in regard to jury service.

"Mrs. Gwendolyn Hoyt, a Florida woman convicted of killing her husband with a baseball bat, had complained about the statute. She said that it tended to reduce the number of women jurors, who might have been more understanding in her case . . ."

About the Author, for Chrissake

I happened to be at the office one Sunday afternoon when there was a long distance call from Louisville, Kentucky. A writer-researcher was tracking down one of 700 bibliographical entries in connection with his book, *J. D. Salinger: A Study*, to be published by View Associates Press next year. Out of that telephone conversation emerged the idea of publishing in the *Realist* a portion of Chapter II, "The Controversy."

Don Fiene describes himself, in a letter to me:

"I am 31, I love my wife Judy, possibly love my 4-year-old daughter Karen even more. This good fortune leaves me with more than enough energy, freely available, to love at any given time 200 students, and the entire profession of teaching which I hopefully view as an unbroken sequence of father-son, guru-student relationships beginning with Adam to Moses to Socrates to Plato to Jesus to Tinker to Evers to Chance, etc. I more or less love everybody. But am, unfortunately, ruthlessly ambitious—in the sense that

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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I refuse to take any crap from spiritually dead people. I am occasionally too rash in judging half-alive people to be already dead. I do not seriously think about achieving satori until I am eighty or so, except wistfully now and then. My chief fault is writing long paragraphs like this. My wife shudders every time she reads one of my letters. Nevertheless, it is through the 1000-odd letters I have written that my book on Salinger has come to exist. I am a professional letter writer. . . ."

The motivation of would-be suppressors of J. D. Salinger's novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*, extends in paranoically logical fashion, from the Upper Peninsula father who was irate because he thought a reading list included a book called *Catch Her in the Rye*, to the Houston father who got the correct title but complained:

"By assigning this book, the University of Texas is corrupting the moral fibers of our youth. This book contains not one, but many, many damnings of the Almighty God as well as the use of filthy and vile terms. While the book is not a hard-core Communist-type book, it encourages a lessening of spiritual values which in turn leads to Communism. . . ."

Salinger himself wrote to Don Fiene:

". . . I know, of course, that the book in question doesn't invariably make a big hit with school boards. I know, too, that a few teachers have been rigorously cautioned about recommending it to their pupils—even fired for doing so, in some cases. [Editor's note: Fiene was one.] It distresses me very much, and I often wonder if there isn't something I can do about it. I don't think there is, though. Past a certain point, if he's bent on getting any new work done, a writer has to come to some sort of decision as to where his

responsibilities—especially his responsibility to past, already published work—begin and end. I'm saying nothing here, I realize, that can be of any remote help to you personally. I can only assure you, for what very little it's worth, that your good-will is valued here, and that I hope the year holds better things for you. I suppose the sad truth is that you've come down with a case of personal principles, and I don't honestly wish you a cure."

With Equal Time for All

Charles J. Schulz sometimes says more in one *Peanuts* strip than Max Lerner does in a whole column. Last month, Lucy said to Linus: "Are you sending those greedy letters to Santa Claus again?" "I'm not greedy," he replied—"all I want is what I have coming to me! All I want is my fair share!" Said Lucy: "Santa Claus doesn't owe you anything." Replied Linus: "He does if I've been good. That's the agreement! Any tenth-grade student of Commercial Law could tell you that. . . ."

If those who say that Christ should be put back in Christmas are really serious, the way to go about it is by achieving proper image-projection of the holiday in the mass media. A fine start would be never to show Santa Claus without a little cross hanging around his neck.

As for Jews, they now have—according to *The Scribe* (a weekly bulletin published by Temple Beth El in Brooklyn)—"a roly-poly and highly jolly Uncle Simon. . . ."

No, Virginia, There Isn't a Sanity Clause

A man has a moral right to use violence to keep his unprepared neighbor from entering the family fallout shelter after a nuclear attack, a Roman Catholic priest declared in . . . the Jesuit magazine "America."

—The New York Times

"I'm sort of glad they've got the atomic bomb invented. If there's ever another war, I'm going to sit right the hell on top of it. I'll volunteer for it, I swear to God I will."

—Holden Caulfield

With its usual sterling display of objectivity, *Time* magazine says, in regard to the ethics of shooting your unprepared neighbor if he tries to get into your fallout shelter, "Most Christians would probably recall the Biblical parallel of the wise and foolish virgins—and draw their own inference."

Actually, when you come right down to it, neighbor-shooting is a totally reasonable conclusion to reach, once you accept the premise of building a family fallout shelter . . . and the premise for building one can be as theologically-oriented as the rationale for killing thy neighbor. Louisiana politician Frank B. Ellis puts it this way: "It is just as much a sin to commit suicide my indirection as it is to put a gun up to your head and pull the trigger." Therefore, building a family fallout shelter is "just the same as not committing suicide."

The man, then, who wrote to the *N. Y. Daily News*, "I am trying grimly to bring up a family of five decently on \$90 a week, supplemented by any weekend work I can get," would obviously be classified by *Time* as a "foolish virgin."

On the other hand, a gag in the guise of a classified ad in *The Californian* announced: "Protect

Your Social Status—Dummy vents and trapdoor in lawn look like real fallout shelter. . . ."

In Boston, a real ad hawked a "shelter" for only \$4.50; it was a crowbar, to be used for opening a manhole cover in case of nuclear attack.

And in Denver, a free-enterpriser came out with a large plastic bag which, he claimed, would provide complete protection against fallout; all you'd have to do would be to crawl inside and pull the zipper. But when the local Better Business Bureau man asked him how the bag's occupant would be able to breathe, the promoter admitted that this was something he hadn't worked out yet.

If he's a smart businessman, he'll set up a deal and sell his entire inventory to a certain company which currently has on the market a "burial suit"—a \$50 plastic wrapper for anyone who dies in a shelter; it contains chemicals "to keep odors down" and can be used as a sleeping bag by the living.

The psychological ramifications of sleeping in what may turn out to be one's very own shroud, have yet to be determined. The psychological ramifications of sleeping in a fallout shelter in the first place, have already been determined by at least one company. Shelters for Living, Inc. has a custom-built fallout shelter on display at Grand Central Terminal. Dr. Frank Caprio, psychiatric consultant to the designer, says the shelter was built "in such a manner as to assure privacy for adults—so that children aren't exposed to influences detrimental to their sexual development."

Which is quite a valid point. Think how it'll be in all those other shelters—the ones without psychiatric consultants. . . .

"Mommy! Daddy! All those bombs bursting out there! All those people screaming! I'm afraid!"

"Shut up and stop watching us."

It's bad enough you'll have to explain nuclear warfare to the kid; you don't want him developing any voyeuristic tendencies too.

Apparently, sex in the shelter is an officially approved activity; after all, it was the N. Y. Civil Defense director himself, Major General Robert E. Condon, who formally opened the shelter on display at Grand Central Terminal. But did you ever notice that there is one particular item which nobody ever mentions for inclusion in your family fallout shelter? Not a contraceptive in a carload.

Time magazine lists "toothache pills, tranquilizers, deodorants" and, for the woman of the house, "sanitary napkins which can double as bandages"—but nary a word about milady's diaphragm. In like manner, Major General Condon studiously ignores the condom.

Perhaps it's just a matter of maintaining peacetime hypocrisy . . . and all shelters will have to be stamped with this legend: "For the prevention of fallout only."

It certainly does give you a warm feeling inside to be able to identify with our National Purpose.

As an indication of how the fallout shelter really brings to the individual a sense of personal involvement in the international crisis, merely consider this statement by Salt Lake City's Civil Defense director: "Some get right to the point; others hem and haw,

The Final Strains of Human Dignity

A circular sent out by the R. Sheldon Corporation of White Plains, N. Y., advertises the MUSTKIT combination food and water survival kit, complete right down to:

"A personalized toilet with screening. This we feel is almost worth the cost of the entire pack itself. The toilet is as high off the floor as your home facilities and comes complete with 14 bags for disposal purposes, toilet paper and with a deodorant and disinfectant to insure health and cleanliness. The screen will hide the user, extremely important in the closed and cramped quarters that you may be subjected to."

but they all want to know—what do we do when we want to get to the toilet?"

Especially gratifying is the way famous Hollywood stars (who constitute, of course, an exception to the above worry) are really getting into the spirit of things. Jane Powell, for example. As Sheila Graham writes:

Next to television, the biggest project in the life of Miss Powell is the bomb shelter she and her husband built. "Everyone laughed when we decided to build it, but, as my husband says, 'What is more important, life or money?'" The bomb shelter that can be entered only from inside the house—"to avoid overcrowding"—has room for from ten to fourteen people.

Just to be sure of survival in the nuclear age, Jane says, "We have a second bomb shelter, our boat. We have food and water stocked in both for a year. Our children are so excited by it all they can't wait." I searched for a smile on Janie's face, but she was deadly serious.

Those of you who don't wish a peace scare to deprive your children of the happiness that only devastation can bring, will be pleased to learn that the latest Sears Roebuck catalog includes a doll house with a fallout shelter.

Department of Satirical Prophecy

The September *Realist* included a cartoon in which the short-order chef in a diner was saying to a young colored man seated at the counter: "Oh, an exchange student from Ghana—that's different—at first I thought you was a nigger."

On December 4th, the Institute of International Education made public the results of its survey of African students in the United States. Excerpt from the report:

"When one student entered a church in a Northern state, a white family moved away from him to another part of the church. Later, when the family found out he was an African, it invited him to Sunday dinner. . . . An African at a large Eastern university said that when he entered a restaurant in American dress, he was not served. But the next day, when he was wearing his native dress, he was immediately given a menu. . . ."

The September *Realist* featured an article on "The Bomb Shelter Key Club Plan."

On October 24th, the Chicago *Sun-Times* contained this news item:

"City Manager Bert W. Johnson told the Evanston City Council Monday night that Evanston wants no part of bomb shelters run like key clubs. He referred to letters sent to Evanstonians by a private firm, which offered them access to concrete underground shelters

for a membership fee. The offer . . . seeks to enlist members for an initial charge of \$300 a person and subsequent dues of \$2 or \$3 a month. Instead of a key, a member would get a card of admittance to a shelter. The firm proposes to build a series of massive shelters, one of which would be within one minute from the home of any member. Definite locations are not specified. Each shelter would have facilities for living a month underground. Persons without cards would be kept out by force if necessary, the letters assert. . . ."

Funny You Should Ask That

I thought I would share with you a few reactions to the *Realist*.

It is being used in a "Freedom of the Press" course at the University of Michigan.

As the magazine's editor and ringleader, I have been honored with an invitation to speak, the week after Martin Luther King, at the College of Social Studies of Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn.

At Adelphi, the dean has forbidden sale of the *Realist* in the college bookstore.

At NYU, the board of trustees has decided likewise.

Capitol News Agency in Chicago writes: "At the present time we are sorry to say that we would not be interested in distributing the *Realist*. We were much disturbed to find the frequent use of a four letter word."

Our West Coast distributor has increased his order from 800 copies to 1200, although he writes: "The September issue is giving me nothing but a headache. Just had a call from Hamilton Air Force Base to take *Realist* off the list—because of the [space rocket] cartoon."

Well, I guess we have to protect our flying men, don't we?

Realist-of-the-Year Award

There is a company which manufactures kits which the U.S. Army buys at the rate of \$200 each. A kit contains 18 parts: a complete chest and abdomen with a large gash and intestines hanging out; a head with the jaw half blown away and a few remaining teeth protruding; frostbitten trenchfeet, with toes completely black, then yellowish, then very deep red; an amputated knee with torn muscles showing and bleeding water color. Things like that.

They are strapped on soldiers who lie about in fields during practice maneuvers, war games and demonstration films, in order to prepare their colleagues for the real thing.

The company also makes dummies that inhale and exhale, actually have a pulse, and move around on tracks. And, a perfect gift for the man who has everything: a lifelike monkey with plastic veins, for \$5000.

Action, Si . . . Label, No

I suppose, since the *Realist* has editorially supported the Cuban revolution, that I ought to make some statement about Castro's public embrace of the Commies, Marx and Lenin.

My criterion is simple. I don't give a good ripe fig about what a man calls himself; but I am opposed to all forms of tyranny—whether practiced by Communists, Fascists, freedom-loving peoples, teach-

ers, parents, policemen, anarchists, Christians, agnostics, white supremacists, black supremacists, list-makers, beatniks, supermarket clerks, unions, executives—you name it. And if Castro does tyrannical things, then for whatever it's worth, I'm against him.

What really bugs me, though, is the polarity of thought (unless maybe somebody is subtly *satirizing* polarity of thought) as evidenced by stickers now publicly embracing New York subway walls. They say: "Fulgencio Batista—Another Victim of Communism."

The Good-Bad Guy

More than a decade ago, in a book titled *Movies: A Psychological Study*, Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites described the image of The Good-Bad Girl—"a good girl who appears to be bad . . . uncertainty about her character may persist through the greater part of the film"—and her partner, who "is frequently suspected of crimes which he did not commit."

Nowadays, there is a new style hero developing in motion pictures, as depicted by Marlon Brando in *One-Eyed Jacks* and Paul Newman in *The Hustler*. He may well be a bad guy, but there is always somebody worse (Karl Malden or George C. Scott) who arranges to have his thumbs broken, thereby giving him a sympathetic aura of relative goodness as well as a goal in life and a girl to boot.

I'm thinking of writing a screenplay for a picture, *The One-Eyed Hustler*. It's about a guy named Jack Ambivalent who makes a living by breaking other people's thumbs. He doesn't really like the work, though, and finally a modern social worker with contact lenses discovers that he was actually the victim of an evil IBM machine when he took a vocational aptitude test. They live happily ever after, except for a certain inevitable sexual incompatibility: while she is a Daughter of the American Revolution, he is a Minute Man.

General Strike vs. Private Concern

The trouble with slogans like "Better Red Than Dead" is the implication that you actually have a choice.

Nonetheless, there is a world-wide movement for a general strike, set to begin on January 29th. The strike—taking the form of work stoppages and the boycotting of stores, theatres, places of business and all forms of transportation and public utilities—is designed as a call for peace. It will last thru February 4th. Bertrand Russell (whom Max Ascoli of *The Reporter* has the audacity to call a "tired liberal") is an international sponsor of the movement. Groups have been formed in cities and towns around the world, although the striking will be done on an individualized basis. Many plan to strike *only* on January 29th.

Personally, I'm skeptical. I feel that people will be anxious over the possibility that, if they get fired for participating in the general strike, they will not receive unemployment benefits. But Bob (Negative Thinking) Wilson—who has 4 children and *needs* his job—has asked me to print these positive paragraphs:

I will strike, and I believe that millions of others will too—all over the world. I believe this because I know of no period of history in which the masses did not show themselves capable of organized protest against oppression. It happened even in Rome, even in the darkest ages of feudalism.

To say it can't happen here and now is to abdicate reason and wallow in a cheap and muddy-minded despair. All the world is aware and angry. There is no country that hasn't had ten, twenty or a hundred massive protests in the last decade. This strike can snowball into the biggest event in human history. Those who stand by sneering are, by default, casting a vote for World War III.

Two Facts and a Rumor

"Please answer this question," writes new subscriber Kent Mastores. "Are your tongue-in-cheek comments such as 'Bob Abel's Third Quarterly Report on Some of the Crap in Orbit' based on facts?" The answer is yes. The confusion is understandable. Thus, the following differentiation. . . .

FACT: A guy I know went to Washington and asked recently-ousted undersecretary of State Chester Bowles about our militaristic way of life, and Bowles confessed—off the record—that we have passed the point of no return; Bowles then held a press conference at which he said exactly the opposite.

FACT: When Norman Vincent Peale began his column of advice in *Look* magazine seven years ago, the press release said he would answer "questions . . . on social and moral problems"; the column has been ghost-written by Chandler Brossard, former editor of *Commentary* and novelist (the title of his best-known book has a touch of poetic commentary on his *Look* stint: *The Bold Saboteur*).

RUMOR: Norman Vincent Peale is Chester Bowles' ghost-writer.

The Lawsuit Bit

M. S. Arnoni, editor of *The Minority of One*, has filed a complaint alleging that the May, 1961 issue of the *Realist* "published a false, exaggerated and sensational article and the same was wrongfully, wickedly and maliciously printed and extensively circulated"—that, as a result, Mr. Arnoni "has been injured, prejudiced and damaged in his good name, business reputation and social standing in his community"—and that the editorial "caused plaintiff to lose the esteem and respect of his friends, his acquaintances and the public generally . . . and caused [him] to suffer great pain and mental anguish."

He is suing for half a million dollars.

A Star Is Aborted

I am coming out of retirement as a sort of comedian in order to put on a benefit performance for the *Realist*. I've rented The Village Gate (Thompson St., just off Bleecker) for Saturday, December 30th, from 2:30 to 5:30. I will say funny things into a microphone from about 3 to 4 o'clock, after which members of the audience—consisting entirely of *Realist* readers—are invited to embarrass me with all kinds of impolite questions.

The (tax-deductible) price of admission to "An Afternoon With a Self-Styled Phony"—not counting optional refreshments—is \$3, or two for \$5. Tickets may be secured only in advance from The Realist Association, Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Please enclose a stamped return envelope with your remittance.

The next issue of the *Realist* will be out late in January, so I would like to take this opportunity to wish you all a new year.

The Unfabulous Civil War

by Hiag Akmakjian

"I go back to Africa to make an open path for Commerce and Christianity."

—David Livingstone

"I would lynch Earl Warren."

—Fulton Lewis, Jr.

When I was a child in grammar school, in the early 1930s, some of the older teachers spoke with reverence of the American Civil War, referring to it often as The War Between the States and speaking of the barbarity of "brother fighting against brother." Indeed, being victorious Northerners, they spoke almost lovingly of it, and as an eight-year-old—and coming from a family of brothers who were quite close to one another—I was affected by this (what must, I suppose, be called) instruction: I shared the teachers' infectious pleasure in the knowledge that the war, which was one of the bloodiest in modern history, was not fought in vain, and that its objectives were attained, and that the South and the North made peace with each other.

These teachers, I see now with an adult's perspective, were the products of the post-Civil War era, many of them having been born in the 1880s and some of them even around 1870, or five years after the final volley of cannon-shot tore off the arms and legs of the last few casualties of the war. This more adult perspective, however, also tells me that the war's moral objective was not at all attained, that the many who volunteered for moral reasons ingloriously died for nothing.

The issue of the moral war, a war which was totally lost, was to establish and enforce the equality of all races—and, of course, that so *natural* a condition needs to be "established" or "enforced" is the appalling and incredible, the *excruciating*, crux of the matter, then and now. What impertinence on the part of whites to grant by law an equality which naturally exists!

We are now marking the one hundredth anniversary of that war, with books and maps pouring off our presses, with commissions and committees set up to memorialize and celebrate our close brush with national suicide, and with experts on those four years appearing weekly and probably even daily at lecterns and on panels and in discussion groups across the country.

I for one am spectacularly unimpressed by any of it.

I am unimpressed first by the anguished result of our Civil War, a result directly attributable to the vicious and vindictive sabotage of the peace by so august a body as the thirty-eighth and -ninth United States Congresses. But I am unimpressed even more by the spate of literature and just plain verbiage today about that botched-up episode in our national development.

I do not feel a patriotic stirring, nor do I feel exalted or proud, when people talk of Gettysburg, the Monitor and the Merrimac, or about Appomattox when I remind myself that after the fighting was done, all that changed was a presidential proclamation and three unenforced and scoffed-at amendments, that we were still a union of states, that the Negroes are as much chattel as before, though hypocritically and cynically now, and that their inhuman misery was not then alleviated by so much as a jot, nor is it now being willingly alleviated even one hundred long years after the war; and worse—bitter irony of ironies—in 1961 the House of Representatives, in voting funds for the Civil War Centennial Commission, flatly *rejects* an amendment to the bill which would stipulate that the funds be used only in racially desegregated programs!

I grieve the death of the more freedom-loving men who slew each other in the Civil War for such empty results.

I by now resent the tiresome nationalistic bleatings of yea-saying pseudo-Whitman poets and Virginia-style gentlemen-authors who make a cult of iterating and reiterating sentiments which they ask

The Day Eisenhower Lived . . .

The main difference between real life and fictionalized life is the embarrassing rumble of an intestinalized digestive process versus the mood-creating sound track of a romanticized film feature.

Rarely, then—if ever—is a man given the opportunity to experience *the background music of his very own life*. But, ex-President Ike, here is *your* chance. In November, 1956, when you were ill, a television network planned the "Eisenhower Obituary Show."

And this was the running order, melody-wise, of your premature evacuation:

Elegy
For Valour
Crusaders of Freedom
Great Assembly March
Soul of France
State Ceremony
Spirit of Drake
Freedom of America
Heritage of Glory
Religious Theme #2

Heritage
Way Out East
Sea Power
State Drive
Hail to the Chief
With Pomp and Pride
Crown of Laurel
Engagement Ring
Big Moments LP (Anniversary Waltz)

Spring Cruise
Quiet Countryside
Celebration
Royal Progress
Spirit of Peace
Air Crew on Parade March
Ruffles and Flourishes
Sports Arena March
Here and There
News Reel
Winged Messenger
Sentenced
Arctic Wastes
Journey's End
Mountain Grandeur
Homecoming
Royal Procession
Marche Triomphal
March of Progress
Dramatic Incident
Solemn Moment
Tragic Incident
Solemn Occasion

me to believe are the accepted, hallowed ones when those sentiments have only the force of putting me on my guard—I resent them actively, rather than disagree with them passively, because although these persons of reputation place themselves in the position of speaking for all Americans, they nonetheless do not speak for me.

There is a need now for writers who speak differently, who think differently: this is the century which sorely needs political wisdom on the part of everyone—political wisdom, that rarest of human qualities and not always to be found in so-called political figures—and most especially in its writers. I do not want the Civil War that is being reported to me, that *Life*-magazine war, that unreal, safe, almost comfortable war, a reassuring war with whole sections of four-color plates and more and more Brady group portraits around campfires.

That was *not* the war.

As a white human being—and I abhor the adjective that makes a distinction—I find it impossible to be an American of the twentieth century and not feel a profound sense of shame (though without the pathological opiate of self-mortification)—providing, that is, that I'm still allowed to feel shame, because we have of late begun to exhort one another to criticize ourselves less and, for the sake of our political "safety," to dwell more on the evils of the Soviet Union, or on whatever external phenomenon, practice or event we think of as unjust.

The putative purpose of this diversionary tactic is to concentrate all our aggressive instincts on a system which is inimical to the one in which we live; its inevitable effect, however, is to prepare the grounds for jingoist smears on any legitimate criticism of our system which we by right, predilection and revolutionary heritage may, indeed *should*, make.

We are living at a time when most of the states of the world are moving increasingly in the direction of totalitarianism—totalitarianism being defined as the tendency to suppress or restrict opposing opinion and to limit, if not openly curtail, civil rights.

Even by this dictionary definition it is clear that the United States too, a country formed out of the desire for "liberty and justice for all," threatens soon to move to that position (in the case of Negroes, it has always *been* in that position), as witness the statements of congressional committee members in retaliation against some students' opinions, to say nothing of ever-appealing, ever more frequently recurring popular movements like the Birch Society, which may be scorned by a *few* government officials (though condoned and even praised by some senators) but which nevertheless thrive apace among those great numbers of people who vote all officials into office.

The suppression or restriction of civil rights—a matter that must affect all American Negroes as well as those whites who do not set themselves apart from them nor from their legitimate fight—is bad enough: a concomitant evil is our occasional inability to be honest. Honesty, which begins with self-honesty, is nearly dead: it has suffered in recent years from a continuous assault on it by fear, anxiety and that peculiar bitterness that comes from long-unfulfilled political hope.

Does one dare agree with the critics of the United

States that the Supreme Court decision on desegregation has been made a mockery of in hundreds of counties in this country?

One *must* dare—indeed, it is not daring, it is a natural-felt necessity for honesty. But apparently not all of us feel that necessity.

Of what *use* is it to have civil rights if one ceases to make honest statements? Indeed, the word honest seems almost old-fashioned, somehow almost wrong—"square." Expediency is the more contemporary word; honesty belongs to a world before world wars.

In free and democratic America I can condemn the mass murders and the administrative assassinations of the Soviet Union and get universal domestic applause, but I wonder how much support I could expect to find among *non-extreme* independent thinkers in America if I equally condemn the West's forever unpardonable let-down of the Hungarian freedom-fighters, which was in no small part incontestably structured by Dulles' double-talking, war-like diplomacy.

If I can openly abhor the restriction of civil rights in the Soviet Union and in Castro's Cuba, can I as openly abhor the restriction of civil rights in American-supported Franco Spain?

[*Editor's cold-war note: Many Spaniards listen secretly to Communist radio broadcasts because it is the only way they can hear criticism of General Franco, the Voice of America notwithstanding.*]

If we really felt that the Soviet Union is governed by a totalitarian dictatorship, for example, then we would also feel that Spain is governed by a totalitarian dictatorship, and if we abhor the former we must abhor the latter. We don't. We choose instead to place ourselves in an untenable political position: in allying ourselves with Spain against Russia, we ally ourselves with a totalitarian state against a totalitarian state *because we dislike totalitarian states!*

If our alliance is dishonest, it is also inexpedient: our gain from it is minuscule, when it is not theoretical, while Franco, with his detestable, undemocratic government, fattens on his despotism for nearly a quarter of a century. Franco wins, with—I have no doubt—a private smirk at both sides; we, however, lose: we daily lose the friendship of nations because of our alliance.

Nothing could be plainer than that, and yet the eternal mushrooming of phenomena like the Birch-niks convinces me that things are *never* plain. Societies of that kind are still with us, societies of watchdogs who, however, behave more like frightened puppies that yap nervously in the dark at a rustling leaf. Some men, in a perversion of patriotism—that least loving and most easily perverted emotion of all—paste communism, Negro supremacy (!), and yellow perils on their eye-glasses and see them everywhere.

Like McCarthy, an adopted son of the Birchites, these men comfort and amuse the enemies of honesty by sowing domestic discontent and distrust in our own house so that the atmosphere becomes foully suffocating to the truth.

And as with the late and serenely unlamented McCarthy, we will again have the tiresome but necessary chore of diverting some of our much-needed energy, better used elsewhere, to checking one more senseless demagogic advance as it rises in the unthinking esteem of scapegoat-seeking public

opinion, recognizing a few trigger-happy self-styled patriots for what they *really* are, a threat to world peace, the peace of all of us, yours, mine, even theirs, and the next several not-to-be-envied generations, about whom we talk so much and do so little.

None of this, however, makes me pessimistic: my patience is perpetual, limitless and hard-trained. The more dogs that howl, the more patient I teach myself to be. I have learned to be this way from watching the dignified resistance of the American Negroes. I will fight in my own way as long as there is a need for me to fight at all. I espouse only one cause—freedom of self-expression and the *unqualified* equality of every person who lives or will live.

Besides, I've noticed that demagogues, America-Firsters, Coughlinites, bund groups, racists, native fascists and Birch Societies come and go with frequency, like twenty-four-hour viruses on the social body, and if any of these organizations had anything constructive to say I would listen, but they don't: their prattle is ludicrous to me, and lacks all substance. They do not love the mankind they profess to wish to save.

They mostly hate, and when they don't hate but love, it is only their wallets that they love or the sensation of power that they love, and so they have no use for me, and I have no use for them. I prefer the stolid truth of the man who boldly proclaims that "we should be men first and Americans only at a late and convenient hour."

Although the House Un-American Activities Committee may think that statement sounds unwholesome or seditious, it was not spoken by a subversive agent, nor by a young "misguided" American unwittingly playing into the hands of a foreign power, nor yet by someone with a self-defeating tendency which left him apathetic to his country's future.

The words are by Henry David Thoreau, an anti-totalitarian if there ever was one, anti-demagogue, anti-racist, and so opposed to Southern white supremacists that he chose to go to jail rather than pay tax to a Northern state which indirectly sanctioned

slavery by being a member of a union of states that did not abolish it. The ripples sent round the world by Thoreau's token night in Concord jail have not yet subsided. Possibly they never will.

Civil Disobedience, which he wrote as an evaluative description of his experience, so forcefully gripped Gandhi, halfway round the world and fifty years later, that the latter slept with the essay under his pillow. The non-violent resistance Gandhi led against the British colonists and the fruit which that resistance now bears in India and Pakistan are well known, but perhaps less well known among the whites of the world is that the ripples have come full circle: Gandhi's invincible weapon of peaceful resistance, which he said he learned from Thoreau, is now being taught in America to Negro college students—the recent successful sit-ins are only one early manifestation of that training.

There is something politically poetic in this: a free American unknowingly influences an Indian in his fight to make the latter's country free, and the Indian in turn unwittingly influences Americans in their fight to make their country freer.

The timing of today's event in the Negroes' great first bid for *actual* freedom as opposed to *theoretical* freedom has a dismaying irony: the centennial celebrations of the Civil War have been held, and although the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution are a century old, they have yet to be complied with. *Before* the Civil War there was not one Negro in this country who was as free as I am; *since* the Civil War there is not one Negro in this country who is as free as I am!

I live among people who profess to love freedom and equality, and yet I am compelled to acknowledge that Martin Luther King, who is more intelligent than his adversaries—it would be impossible to be as intelligent as he is and be his adversary—and who is more humane than most of the human beings I have so far met (including—definitely—in the North), is infinitely less free not only than me, but less free than any white Bowery bum who is picked up out of his own vomit in the gutter and flung protectively into jail during the cold winter months.

King is a hero, and a hero of the rarest kind—alone among enemies, whom he means to defeat. *He* is the Civil War. As long as there are Kings, that war will finally be won. Our current celebrations are meaningless—are mere sentimentality.

There are many enemies of Negroes: the whites of the Union of South Africa who agree with Verwoerd, and the great majority of them suicidally do, will never be our friends. We will love the Negroes and not the anti-Negro whites of South Africa, that unfortunate nation whose "leaders" already guess with trembling fear how soon their peace will be shattered in bloody revolution and whose children will suffer horribly for their parents' illaudable, obdurate and abominable error of *apartheid*.

Try as we might the "Negro problem" will not be a comfortable one anywhere, will never be, so to speak, a *decent American* problem (as things used to be decent and British, with what results we are only too keenly aware): it is a tortuous problem because we have, with a crass and unreasoned defiance, chosen

(Continued on Page 26)



"Mea culpa . . . mea culpa . . . mea culpa . . ."

Games for Existentialist Kids

by Martin Berman

In the good old days, a youngster could get by if he knew how to play the old-time favorites: Checkers, Parchesi, Going-To-India, and the other games on the Junior Combination Board. About the only new game he had to learn to maintain his standing in the community was that great game of social consciousness that swept the country years ago—Monopoly.

Today it's all different. Jimmy has Tactics, Easy Money, Management, Lie Detector, U-Boat, Verdict, Risk, D-Day, and Air Empire, to mention a few. Also, because this is the centennial of the Civil War, there's a plethora of topical games such as Civil War, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and The American Heritage Game of the Civil War.

Billed as a family/social game on the cover of the box, Civil War tells Jimmy that now he can change the course of history, as Blue meets Gray, with him in command. Unfortunately, Jimmy is never made to understand how *drastically* history would have changed, had the South won.

Actually, this reference to history is mere window dressing, for once past the cover and into the box, the player quickly finds that Civil War has little to do with the Civil War except that it starts on time, April 1861, and ends on time.

As a matter of fact, as blue is pitted against gray in this 2-player game, the rules call for the Union player to head the Blue Army, but the Confederate player is instructed to command the Red Army! Union pawns are colored blue; Confederates, red. (Shades of Southern charges against the NAACP coming home to roost.)

The American Heritage Game of the Civil War, however, plays a strictly blue-and-gray war. Jimmy is enticed into playing by being told that he can compare his game with the real Civil War described in an enclosed booklet prepared by the editors of American Heritage, The Magazine of History.

However, the rules almost immediately point out that approximate locations of Civil War battles indicated on the playing boards are there for "historical interest only" and play "no part" in the game.

In pretentiously-titled "The Game of Life," players start out "on Life's Highway, just out of high school, with \$2000 and a car." As they travel along they meet with "success, failure, and revenge." ("You may get revenge on the player who may be a sure winner.")

Along the way they get married. They know "what it is to handle really big money." The Banker has \$7,500,000. Players wind up either "as millionaires and live in luxury or go to the Poor Farm."

Another game with a misleading title, "A Game About The United Nations," has as little to do with the UN as "The Game of Life" has to do with living. The foreword to the rules makes this quite clear: "The procedure in this game is constructed in such a manner as to make its playing of interest to all, young and mature alike, and does not attempt to follow the parliamentary or organizational procedure of the UN."

"Careers," on the other hand, can almost be considered a critique of our times, albeit unintentional.

Object of this game is "to 'succeed' by earning fame, happiness, and money points." A total of sixty such points wins. Typical careers include Hollywood, politics, big business, and expedition to the moon.

For example, if a player goes to Hollywood and wins an Oscar, he scores 12 fame points. If involved in a scandal, he loses all his accumulated happiness points but nevertheless scores 10 fame points, only two fewer than the Oscar brings. Marrying a foreign princess scores three times as many fame as happiness points.

In the Career of politics, an appointment to the Supreme Court wins 2 fame and 4 happiness points, but opposing crime scores 4 fame and conducting an investigation 8 fame points. Judging a beauty contest (politics makes strange bedfellows) wins 2 happiness points. Being "caught with mink" (this is precisely how it reads, brief and to the point) results only in the loss of one-half the player's accumulated fame points; apparently the politician remains as happy as ever.

In college, where the player prepares for a career, having a sweetheart with a rich uncle is equivalent to graduating with honors. Either achievement wins two opportunity cards which are used to gain advantageous positions on the playing board. Similarly, leading the junior prom, or election to the honor society, wins 2 happiness points; but top happiness in college, 4 points, is scored for falling in love.

Summit, "the top-level game of global strategy," takes a less naïve but somewhat grimmer view of the world. According to this game, warfare is rejected as a means of obtaining world domination because "all thinking people are opposed to a total war which would probably mean the annihilation of the human race." Rather, the "World Powers use 'threats' of military strength as weapons for domination or retaliation to other 'threats.' This element of Military Threat is represented by Air Bases and Red Power chips."

A game intended to simulate real life should simulate it right down to the little pips on the dice. When Civil War is played, the South has to lose *every time*. When U-Boat or D-Day is played, the Nazis must lose *every time*.

A game that purports to deal with history must *ipso facto* be factual. Should we invent a game of, let us say, Publishing, *Colliers* then *must* fold.

Any historical game we invent *must* simulate the real thing. For example, Edward Payson Allen, Republican member of the 50th and 51st Congresses, *must* be defeated for re-election to the 52nd Congress in 1890. Princess Margaret *must* marry Antony Armstrong-Jones before conceiving.

To encourage playing-history-as-it-really-is, we propose a new game. Its title continually changes—from "Presidential Campaign" to "Cuban Invasion" to "African Revolution"—in order to keep up with the swift march of history.

The game is played with loaded dice. The decks are stacked. And the players, representing the public, continually get shafted.

Object of the game: to *avoid* getting shafted.

Precise outcome of the game will necessarily depend upon the players' ingenuity. *What moves should be made to avoid getting shafted?* The game itself is big and so are the stakes. Any number can play—the more the merrier.

HOW I FORTIFIED

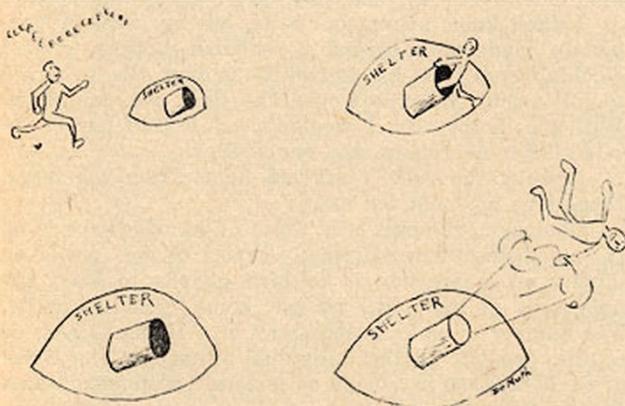
(Continued from Cover)

my house that would include his house. I couldn't tell him that. His kids play with my kids.

Before the Berlin Crisis, I was the most candid person on my block when it came to talking about home improvements. But so rapidly did my concept of community relations change after Berlin, I was in the vanguard of those Americans building fortifications for the shelter *before* they started on the shelter itself.

A clergyman helped me realize that I wasn't cut out to be my brother's keeper. "If you are secure in your shelter, and others try to break in," the Rev. L. C. McHugh told me and other readers of the Jesuit weekly, *America*, "they may be treated as unjust aggressors and repelled with whatever means will effectively deter their assault. Does prudence also dictate that you have some 'protective device' in your survival kits, e.g. a revolver for breaking up the traffic jams at your shelter door? That's for you to decide."

I decided to cast my lot with God's army in the coming war for survival, but I'd be damned if I'd follow Father McHugh's advice on "protective devices," judging by his offhand remark about those "e.g. revolvers."



With an e.g. revolver—or any other calibre revolver, for that matter—a man would be more likely to hit the side of his neighbor's barn than his neighbor. I have nothing against my neighbor's barn. So I decided to go to the proper secular authorities for advice before I actually began fortifying my proposed fallout shelter.

"Can I help you?" asked a very competent grey-haired lady—she looked like she had already survived two wars—at the reception desk of the Office of Civil Defense on Lexington Avenue in New York City.

"Yes," I said. "I would like to have a manual of arms for my fallout shelter. I want to know what kind of arms Civil Defense recommends."

She started to laugh, and I joined in as disarmingly as I could to convince her I wasn't a Communist or an FBI agent. In embarrassment, I pretended to study the stockpiles of Wheeling garbage cans, Scot's toweling, and other tools of survival that filled the Office of Civil Defense.

She gathered together a packet of already published bulletins on all the tools of survival OCD recognized, from hand-crank air blowers to chemical toilets, and told me not to worry about my neighbors. "He who lasts, laughs," I grumbled on the way out.

That's how I discovered the arms information lag

in the Office of Civil Defense. As I rode back to New Jersey on the bus—my town is only a mile-and-a-half from the George Washington Bridge, or just about where a bomb would land if the Russians aimed at Columbus Circle—it occurred to me thousands of other Americans were probably leaving their OCDs just as empty-handed.

There is a vital need for a manual of arms for the fallout shelter. To help plug this information gap until Hanson Baldwin tackles the job, I think my experiences may be of assistance.

The first thing I did before arming my projected fallout shelter without the advice of the OCD was to go home and take a long hard look at my block through field glasses. The idea was to study the land to see if it offered any-natural defense advantages. There is no sense building a Maginot Line if your split-level is on a peninsula like Corregidor. I saw one woman undressing in her bedroom, so the time I spent with the glasses wasn't a total loss, even though I know my block like the back of my hand. It is hilly and curved like a crescent.

I then estimated the size of the traffic jam expected at my shelter door, and how much firepower would be needed to keep it clear.

The best way to keep the crowd down, I decided, was to seed the front lawn with anti-personnel mines. A machine gun dug in near the shelter doorway would take care of strays and parents who sent other kids ahead to test the minefield.

But I was worried about the people five houses down, on the far side of our curved street, out of the machine gun's trajectory. Their six-year-old girl is always beating up my four-year-old son, and I recognize concealed hostility when I see it. Since the best defense is an offense, I would need a mortar to cover that flank.

And, finally, it seemed mandatory that I have an anti-tank weapon of some sort to stop the rush of station wagons which I feared would really cause a traffic jam in front of my house as soon as Conelrad told everybody to go to my shelter.

With the advanced planning completed (G-2), arming the fallout shelter next became a job of logistics and supply (G-3). Here is where the Office of Civil Defense could have saved me a lot of unnecessary digging.

"Do you have any machine guns in stock?" I asked a gun dealer in Manhattan whose name I found by looking in the yellow pages of my telephone book. The way he hung up on me, I felt like the purchasing agent for some 26th of August Movement on the Attorney General's List, instead of a man who was only following the advice of a priest.

The Office of Civil Defense could have told me that "machine guns" are dirty words in the business of selling arms to the public. The Federal government tries to inhibit the sale of automatic weapons to its citizens, in line with its traditional vigilance against the violent overthrow of the Republic.

Before anyone can buy a machine gun in the U.S., he has to submit an application to—of all places—the Alcoholic Tax Unit of the Department of Treasury, and buy a \$200 tax stamp. Even if the T-men allow you to buy a tax stamp, many states—New York is one—specifically prohibit the sale of machine guns.

In New Jersey, though, you can buy a machine gun if you have a legitimate reason, like being a chief of police. As of this writing, arming the fallout shelter

does not qualify you.

A way out of the *cul de sac*, according to a lawyer who once worked in the U.S. Attorney's office, is to start a gun museum in your fallout shelter.

That seemed like wasted effort to me, particularly since the Federal government doesn't seem to be worried by a *coup* backed up with so-called big-bore weapons. I was offered enough mortars, anti-tank guns and howitzers the first afternoon I went shopping to overthrow the entire state of Delaware.

For the reader who likes the convenience of one-stop shopping, I call to his attention the Service Armament Company at 689 Bergen Boulevard in Ridgefield, N.J. (Phone: Whitney 5-2500). They don't ridicule the man who fortifies his fallout shelter. The salesman who took my shopping list was as grim as an appliance salesman.

He led me into the company's armory. "Here is a Russian 120 mm. mortar, colossal and devastating," he said. "It was used in the Suez campaign but is in almost new condition because it belonged to the Egyptian Army. Only \$125.00."

I shook my head.

"I understand," he said. "Many of our customers don't like to buy Commie equipment. Here's a U.S. 60 mm. mortar, complete with bipod and base plate. An ideal item for your den or front lawn. It can easily be packed into the trunk of any automobile. This is the perfect tool for demolishing houses or plinking on a Sunday afternoon. We offer these hard-shooting mortars at the popular price of \$125.00 each. Shells are only \$1.50 each."

I told him that was too dear.

"Well, here's a Finnish 50 mm. mortar for only \$29.95."

"Wrap it up," I said.

The next item on my list was an anti-tank weapon. "How about a 3.5 bazooka?" he asked. "These are original German bazookas used in World War II against the Allies. They are only \$19.95 the piece, and an ideal weapon for protecting life and property against enemy tanks."

He misinterpreted the thoughtful look on my face—I was only thinking whether my wife could lift it—and he turned on the hard sell.

"They hit hard," he said. "These bazookas hit hard enough to stop any vehicle up to a medium tank. The 3.5-inch rocket it uses functions on the heat principle, which is a melting process designed to burn a hole through armor plate and spray the interior of the vehicle with a shower of molten steel, thereby causing the occupants great discomfort."

"I don't doubt it," I said. "But don't you have anything on wheels?"

"Certainly," he said, propelling me to the rear of the armory. "Here is a German Rheinmetall anti-tank cannon of the latest design, chambered for the 3.7 cm. PAK hyper-velocity round. These powerful guns were made in Sweden for the German Army during World War II and until recently were the standard light artillery weapon of many European countries. This cannon will stop any vehicle or light tank within a mile."

"Don't you have anything I can attach to the back of my station wagon?"

"Here is a Swedish anti-tank cannon made by Bofors for the armies of Scandinavian countries. It is

chambered for the 37 mm. Bofors round which we have in large quantities. It comes complete with shield and gunner accessories. Price: \$300.00 The rubber tires are in good condition."

"Wrap it up," I said.

Having purchased the bare minimum for survival, I next faced several problems common to all who would try to protect the family fallout shelter.

A minor problem was how to camouflage the stuff, since there is no point to flaunting your equipment. I found sandbags to be less offensive if they are made by filling empty garden fertilizer bags with sand. A mortar broken down to its component parts looks like plumbing, and an anti-tank gun imaginatively treated with tarpaulin can pass for a piece of lawn furniture.

But the real problem for the man who has fortified his suburban fallout shelter and must go to work every day in a large metropolitan area is this:

The first time the boss gives the okay to go home early because an atom bomb will either be dropped or already has fallen—how will he ever get home in time to man his guns?

In my case, I will have to get over the George Washington Bridge. I suspect there will be a considerable delay. Who will man my fortifications? My wife?

I don't know about your wife, but my wife is completely inadequate behind a Swedish Bofors gun. I wouldn't even trust her to run the mortar. She is afraid to kill a bug. What is worse, she likes our neighbors. With me in the city, I wouldn't put it past her to invite all her neighbors into our shelter.

And by the time I arrived home from the office, there'd be no room for me.

Obviously, the only way those of us who have built fallout shelters can reasonably expect to get into them during an emergency is to hire guards to keep the neighbors at bay until we get home from the office. The number of guards necessary in a Home Guard, of course, depends on the individual situation. The Office of Civil Defense has made no general recommendations on the subject.

Hiring guards, of course, will help eliminate unemployment, particularly in depressed areas. But it could lead to a return to a feudalistic state when most landowners maintained private armies.

Status-seekers would undoubtedly hire more guards than they actually needed, just to be one-up on their neighbors. And families without fallout shelters may even feel pressure to hire guards, because their kids will ask how come we don't have guards, like the Joneses down the street?

Then the whole block would live in fear that your guards don't accidentally open fire on somebody else's guards. With tensions running so high, this could trigger the kind of blood bath that would decimate a whole town.

I have a sneaking suspicion that Father McHugh is really a Communist dupe.



"But, Daddy, shouldn't you be shooting at them?"

negative thinking

by Robert Anton Wilson

Letter to a Man in Washington

Dear President Kennedy:

Recently *Life* magazine featured an article informing us that 97% of the American population might survive a nuclear war. This was very good news to me, because previously I had believed that a nuclear war might be a very nasty business, and, frankly, I was afraid of it. Being, like myself, a father of small children, you can imagine how deep my fear used to be, and how great my relief is now that I know that only 3% of the population—a mere 6,000,000 people—will perish when the war comes. Since this is such a ridiculously small number of people (just about the number done away with by Herr Eichmann in his heyday) I am now able to support the War Effort without any lingering fears or doubts.

Nevertheless, since the number is so small, I can't help wondering if it is really necessary to have a full-scale nuclear war just to accomplish such a minor pruning of the population. Instead, I have an alternative proposal to offer, a proposal which might be a great boon to all the peoples of the world.

Now, before going further, let me hasten to add that mine is not a sentimental or typically pacifist idea at all. I am not asking you to consider something subversive, Gandhian or Christian. This is a hard-headed, practical and unsentimental idea, and not even Barry Goldwater could accuse it of being soft or appeasing.

Briefly, this is my thinking:

Even in the best type of nuclear war, with maximum 97% survival as assured by the scientists of *Life* magazine, a great many industrial installations, banks, natural resources, etc., might be damaged or destroyed. To worry about people is, of course, sentimental and subversive, but to consider these economically important installations is only practicality and good sense. We should try to find a way to save them.

What I propose is that we take six million people off our unemployment roles—the number that we would lose in a nuclear war, according to *Life*—and confine them to a prison camp in a desert somewhere, under UN auspices. The Russian government can do the same with six million of their own undesirables.

Now, this is the idea: when you can't get what you want out of Khrushchev, start killing people in the Russian sector of the camp. Kill a hundred a day. Keep it up until Khrushchev gives in. Meanwhile, when he can't get what he wants out of you, he can start killing a hundred of the American prisoners a day.

The essence of this proposal is that, henceforth, only the people in the camp will be hostages in the power struggle between the Russian and American governments. Under the present untidy state of affairs, the entire populations of both countries are such hostages, as well as much of the rest of the world's population. That my system is much more moral should be immediately obvious.

December 1961

Other advantages of my plan are:

1. Only people are subject to violence, not important property. This is limited war in its purest, most idealistic form.

2. Somebody might chicken out before all 12 million hostages are eliminated. The results could be even more sparing of human life than the happy picture of nuclear war given by *Life*.

3. As a side-effect, this plan will cut down on over-population in a way that has never been considered immoral or unnatural by the prelates of your church.

I am sure you will agree that this plan is more moral and, perhaps, even more merciful than nuclear war.

A final suggestion: may I suggest a candidate for administrator of this camp? My nomination goes, of course, to Adolf Eichmann, who has the experience necessary for a good workmanlike job in this field. Furthermore, it will give him the chance to redeem himself somewhat from the cloud that now hangs over him because of his error in being on the losing side last time. Doing this kind of socially constructive work in his last years, he might go down in history as being as much a hero as the man who ordered the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima.

Sincerely yours,
Robert Anton Wilson

Of Guards and Guts

There was this congressman—James B. Utt (R.-Calif.)—who wrote a letter to President Kennedy, complaining that the So. Calif. School of Anti-Communism had asked for a Marine Corps color guard to open a youth rally in the Los Angeles Arena, and that the request had been denied. Uttered Utt:

"This is appalling—and indicates that the Pentagon . . . is helping the Kremlin implement its memo of Dec. 5, 1960, which is a complete blueprint to destroy every anti-Communist organization in the world."

Utt got his color-guard—and there was restless sleep in the Kremlin that night. No request for equal time has yet been forthcoming from the California Labor School.

General Curtis Le May—who has gained fame not only for smoking outsize cigars while piloting a B-57 bomber, but also for being Arthur Godfrey's oft-mentioned very good friend—wants the Pentagon's ninety-one Air Force generals to unbutt off their swivel chairs and get cracking on a regimen of "squash, lift weights or exercise in some other way." He expressed "very, very great concern" that generals doing staff work keep in top shape.

In the days of Sparta, hard physical conditioning of the military was a necessity. Spears and manos-a-manos combat were the rule. You could look your enemy in the eye, grapple head-on and draw blood without even resorting to your lance. But now, in an era of the ultimate weapon where generals can push buttons and burn alive whole cities, Le May's muscle-bound directive seems rather superfluous. One good, strong finger is all he needs.

—Sidney Bernard

Letter from a Soldier's Wife

by Lenny Bruce

Who remembers? Who can I pester—God? Of course, He had a kid of His own. He spent a lot of time at the wailing post, as the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, but still, He was never a mother. Only a mother knows what it is to lose a son in the service. And only a wife knows what it is to lose her husband.

It's getting near the time that will introduce the most dreaded aspect of *The Emily Post Guide to Etiquette*—the chapter on "Proper Garments for Funerals." How does one dress? Who will zip me up? Kiss my back after I'm snapped? It's not too late, God; there is still time to save him from being stilled. Time to save the most truthful—the strongest—man in the world.

You don't believe? Just ask my children. He was a soldier that stood quiet and obedient, not as spectacular as the one that dropped his bomb over Hiroshima, that burned the lids away from the skillion almond eyes that will never know the blessing the Japanese sandman has to offer.

Don't take away those arms that soothe me as a poultice. How obsolete the other pillow becomes, except to hug, and smother Your convulsive beckoning to the dead. What can I tell you? How can I single out one good deed, so that You will enforce the Fifth Commandment? Thou Shalt Not Kill! Please, Jehovah, just get to the masses with one little miracle, one carnival-like trick—sky-write, spell it out in lightning: THOU SHALT NOT KILL. Punctuate it with thunder claps. Show me strength, show me the sky is Yours. Please, dear God, save my man's life. I'm sure your Son would approve.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Adolf Eichmann

The Sullivan Brothers. The telegram. The State Department regrets to inform you that we lost a destroyer and your five sons were aboard it.

Remember five times, five christenings. The cigars were handed out five times. The State Department regrets. Five winter coats and favorite sweaters and recipes that have lost their meaning.

As the general alarm sounded, no one executed the command "All men man your battle stations" because they were no longer men. They were small frightened boys with dirty chapped knees that showed through ripped corduroy knickers. The Sullivan Brothers screamed at the ocean whose very name was a lie—Pacific—they screamed the words that all boys scream as they reach for their rosary beads. *Ma! Ma!*

President Kennedy is a truthful man. He promised he would not bring religion to the White House. He has kept his promise. But he is going to protect Berlin. Protect Berlin, that supported the killing of the Sullivan Brothers. Protect Berlin—under what premise? Surely not the premise that we give full protection to our employees: Powers is still in jail. President Kennedy is setting up for the slaughter of the Sullivan Brothers' sons.

There's your response, Mrs. Eichmann.

the daily lie

by James Higgins

The most amazing fact to me about the press in the United States is the dogged optimism of its honorable critics—Robert Hutchins and A. J. Liebling, to give two good examples.

For the past fourteen years, ever since publication of the study "A Free and Responsible Press" made by a committee headed by Hutchins, the man who reformed the University of Chicago has been completely unsuccessful in getting any reform, that had been suggested by the study, even discussed seriously, let alone adopted.

When I say "discussed seriously," I mean, of course, by people in a position to do something about reform. The only discussion the press ever devoted to the Hutchins report was to denounce it as an impertinence.

For a while now, Hutchins has been on the West Coast, directing the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, a wing of the Ford Fund for the Republic. The Center continues to issue well-written and precise monographs on the press as well as on other divisions of the communications industry.

Harry Ashmore, owner of the *Little Rock Gazette* and lately of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, was at The Center for a year or two, attempting to devise, I am told, ways of "implementing" the major recommendation of the 1947 Hutchins Committee, which was to establish a permanent "watchdog commission" to keep an eye on the press and scold it when necessary.

No doubt a replacement was found for Ashmore after he went to the Encyclopedia, where, by the way, he is as safe from the American Newspaper Guild as he was at The Center. Ashmore's public reputation as a man of liberal principle is based mostly, I guess, on his editorials in support of the 1954 Supreme Court decision against segregated schools. But the Newspaper Guild, which once struck the *Little Rock Gazette*, maintains that there is another side to the Ashmore story.

In any case, The Center is still plugging for press reform, and Hutchins continues to make speeches about the progress toward a "watchdog commission." The press itself, more concentrated in its ownership and more devoted to untruth and insignificance than it was in 1947, goes its absolute, irresponsible, profitable way, buying up magazines like *Newsweek* (by the *Washington Post*) and the Conde-Nast publications (by the newest of the press lords, S. I. Newhouse), and consolidating and expanding its hold on local radio and TV stations.

By the time a watchdog commission gets going, if it ever does, it will have almost no means of letting the public know what it thinks. Every avenue of communication will have been pre-empted by the power elite of the press.

There is one interesting point at which the concerns of Hutchins and Liebling cross. Liebling has several hopes, one of which is for privately endowed newspapers. The most obvious and most well-heeled source for private endowment is in such outfits as the Ford Foundation. Hutchins, one would think, has a certain standing with this Foundation, which saw fit to

appoint him chief of one of its Funds. But so far as I know, neither the Ford nor any other foundation has entertained the idea of endowing a newspaper and giving charge of it to a group of competent, scrupulous professionals. Such as Liebling, for instance. Or I. F. Stone.

The sheer ridiculousness of imagining a foundation board, composed of big businessmen and other high-ranking dignitaries of The American Establishment, allowing fellows like Liebling or Stone to operate a daily newspaper ought to be proof enough of the basic fallacy in Liebling's hope.

It is only fair to say in this regard that Liebling himself, in his latest book, *The Press* (a Ballantine paperback), seems to view this hope and others he once had, as a little forlorn. As a footnote to a paragraph he wrote in 1947 which begins, "I believe that labor unions, citizens' organizations, and possibly political parties yet unborn are going back to daily papers . . ." he writes in 1961: "To reread this paragraph makes me glum."

His belief in the rebirth of institutionally-sponsored papers rested, as he indicated in the remainder of the paragraph from which I quote, upon the situation in England, where, he said, such a newspaper as the "Labor Party's *Daily Herald* . . . has been of inestimable value in checking the blather of the Beaverbrook-Kemsley-Rothmere newspapers of huge circulation."

Alas for poor Liebling's built-in blather-check. "Mergerism," he writes in the above-mentioned 1961 footnote, "has hit Britain with a sudden rush; the *News-Chronicle* is gone and the *Herald* looks to be for it." I assume that "for it" is British for "nearly gone."

At any rate, if Liebling were penning a footnote today he would have to record that his fears for the *Herald* were founded on firmer logic than his hopes for reform of the commercial press. The *Herald* "went" not long ago. That is, although the paper still appears, it "went" from the Labor Party when control of Odham's Press, Ltd., publisher of the *Herald*, passed into the hands of Cecil Harmsworth King, who, if his record as lord of the *Mirror* empire is used for measure-

ment, can be counted on to increase rather than check the blather of the British press.

King promised the Labor Party (or, more accurately, the Trades Union Congress, whose newspaper the *Herald* was supposed to be) and Odham's that he would keep the *Herald* alive for seven years—perhaps more of a promise than any American press free-booter might be willing to make. But the chances are that what he means by "alive" is exactly what somebody like Newhouse would mean: a paper which makes money no matter how.

The trouble with Liebling's theory, anyway, is that it presumes a pluralistic society, one in which there are any number of well-organized conflicting interests. If he had studied the *Herald* carefully over the past five or six years he would have found that its approach to matters like disarmament and nationalization reflected the Conservative as well as the Labor Party.

That is to say, on the really important things there was a drawing together of all the traditional institutions of England, a process which to me suggests that the existence of a great number of organized interests does not necessarily prove that all these interests are in conflict. When crisis comes, or seems to be coming, all interests with a stake—a money stake—in things-as-they-are, find they have common ground. As of course they do, the way I look at it.

In the United States, on the question of the resumption of nuclear tests this fall by the Soviet Union, would there have been any difference whatsoever in the treatment of news or the expression of editorial opinion between papers published by the Democratic or Republican Parties or by the AFL-CIO or the NAM? No more difference, essentially, than there was in the present press.

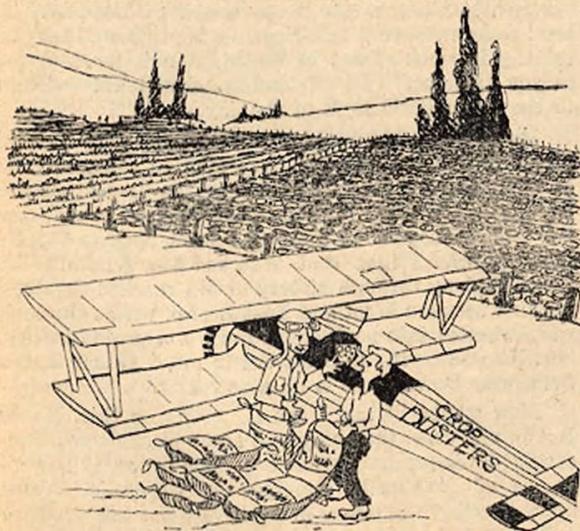
And I should note that nothing so relieves the domestic opposition press, say the *New York Post*, as to find an issue by which it can identify itself with other newspapers and, indeed, *Unanimous Opinion*. You can almost hear the happy sighs of the outsiders at such moments: "Basically, I'm not different at all, thank God!" These are certainly moments of truth.

[Editor's self-conscious note: For that matter, the *Realist* would be right in there with the AFL-CIO and the NAM and the *New York Post* and the *National Review*; I would suggest that a better test of the unanimity principle might be the editorial positions taken by the insiders on whether Khrushchev's act of cosmic shmuckiness should be followed by Kennedy's ditto.]

Two experiences I have had as an editor of a morning daily stand out in my mind as extremely helpful in understanding the problem of the press.

About five years ago the newspaper for which I work needed a young reporter. I telephoned the head of the journalism school of a large Pennsylvania university. I wanted to speak with this man because he had written a good book about O.K. Bovard, one-time managing editor of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

Bovard was undoubtedly the most uncompromising, thoughtful, truth-demanding managing editor any U.S. paper has ever had. In the long run his views on what was wrong with American society—he thought it was murderously selfish because of the profit motive—and his growing suspicion that the only cure was socialism, were too much for Pulitzer. This, I am sure, was what



THAT'LL BE THE DAY:
 "Say, do you think this stuff we're spraying on the lettuce might poison the people who eat it?"

led to their so-called personality clash.

I told the journalism school man over the phone that what I wanted was a reporter whom O.K. Bovard would have liked. That is, a reporter who really believed that the public should get the news regardless of how the economic, social or political powers-that-be felt about the propriety of printing whatever the news was.

The journalism school man said, with, I think, amusement at my innocence, that there were very few such young men around any more but he would see what he could do. (I never heard from him.) Then he went on to say that all the newspapers with which he was familiar didn't have a need for that kind of reporter.

"Newspapers now," he said, "want reporters that won't upset things and disturb the newspaper's relationship with the community."

I asked him what he meant by community.

"Oh, you know," he said. "Business."

This conversation taught me that the cost of starting or buying a newspaper in a medium-sized city—estimates vary from one-and-a-half to two-and-a-quarter million—is not the only obstacle. Even if the money, or much of it, could be borrowed, a new newspaper or one with new ownership could not exist if it failed to cherish and defend the business interests . . . and to keep out of sight any news that might reflect on these interests or their reason for being. Apparently the Bovard-Pulitzer parting of the ways was an early episode proving the point.

The other educational experience I had was more recent. The idea came to me that a magazine which regularly reviewed books, movies, theatre and radio-TV might also want to review the press in similar fashion. So I talked the idea over with a friend of mine, who is one of the editors of a national magazine which prints such reviews—mostly first-rate ones—and which also prints articles that are often worth reading, since they deal with what's going on—Negro nationalism, for example—long before the other large magazines catch wise.

My friend was as discreetly amused as the head of the journalism school. He told me the magazine publisher was a courageous man in many ways but not a nut. My friend explained to me that while magazines and newspapers felt obliged, as a public service, to criticize radio and television, they saw no obligation to criticize periodical printed material.

"It's just one of those things that's not done in the club," my friend said. "I thought you knew."

Where does all this leave the press? Well, if you have a press that is the same everywhere in its respect for business interests; a press that is itself more and more unashamedly a business interest; and a press that won't indulge in any self-criticism while its leaders deplore criticism from elsewhere, it seems to me you have an institution that has passed the point of any return by way of reform or rehabilitation.

The press is going going gone and nothing will save it, is my guess. So I take the point of view that the only reasonable thing to do when someone or other has given unmistakable signs of intending to go to hell is to help him along. I will try to do that in the months to come in these pages.

Meanwhile, let me leave with you a suggestion on how to read "The Daily Lie" and still beat the game.

Change things around. Where it says Cuba, for example, read Guatemala. For peace, read war. Sometimes

when I'm going over an account of a hostile witness testifying before the House Un-American Activities Committee, I give this witness the name of Hoover, alias J. Edgar. Or I will fill in Cardinal Spellman where the text reads Chairman Khrushchev.

This device works well on those phrases which have become so habitual to our environmental vocabulary that hardly anyone thinks of reality in any other terms. Juvenile Delinquency. Any number of alternatives are available. Young Married Delinquency. White Collar Delinquency. Senior Citizen Delinquency. Middle Income Delinquency. And so forth.

Or take Civil Defense, as I did once, drop Defense and replace with Attack.

It was this particular transformation which helped me to understand fallout shelters. At first I thought they were nonsense. The trouble was that, like most people, I was associating them with Defense. The minute I put them in the context of Civil Attack and thereby linked them with a couple of words I picked up from the brassiest of the brass in Washington—the words "First Strike"—the whole thing made sense.

Suppose you are a military man who believes there are only two possible futures, *your* "First Strike" or *his*. Therefore you base your thinking on a "First Strike" that will knock out most but not all of the other guy's "Second Strike" warning system well ahead of your "First Strike." So by the time the crippled enemy second-strikes, just about the whole population is in the shelters.

The people won't even know, as a matter of fact, who started things. The shelters are for defense, the buzzers sound, the people obey. What more natural than for them to assume that the other guy threw the first punch? If a buzzer buzzes in a civil defense system it has to be defense, doesn't it? Of course. That is one of the functions of the free press' constant reiteration of such phrases—to make anything that happens real and true not by actual fact but by preconception. There is just no other way for things to happen. Absolutely.

I had a chance, not long after I had developed this theory of Civil Attack, to test it out on a friend who is "extremely close to the Department of Defense." At least so he says. And I think he is. He told me that "the thinking in some circles in Washington is more or less as you describe." (This friend is a journalist and talks in the journalistic style of the day.)

He said that if I would add to my theory the transfer last July of Civil Defense from civilian control (Office of Civil Defense Mobilization) to the Department of Defense (Attack?), it would have even more plausibility. And perhaps even more if I went back to the U-2 incident—the Flight that Wrecked the Summit—and traveled along through history until I reached the dividing line between West and East Berlin, where the tanks were wheeled into position on the western side in October. He was trying to point out to me, I gathered, that Somebody Down Here is on a war kick.

Now maybe he and I are all wrong on this. Maybe. But in any case, the above will serve to show the interesting developments which are possible by the simple device of drastically altering the words in a news story. I call it the power of positively not taking things—like fallout shelters—for granite. Short of not reading the press at all, it seems to me to be the best way to deal with "The Daily Lie."

Under The Counter Intelligence

by Jack Magarrell

Editor's note: The following two items were actual news reports.

MOSCOW, (AP)—A new show is going on the road in the Soviet Union—a spy thriller.

Gadgets galore make up the exhibit, devices purportedly used by foreign agents on spying expeditions.

Goggle-eyed youngsters made up most of the audience at the Wednesday opening in Moscow before the display goes on tour as a part of the campaign to put everyone on the lookout for spies.

The advertising poster shows Allen W. Dulles, head of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, wearing a black mask across his eyes.

The display includes spy gadgets listed as:

A pistol hidden in a cut-out section of a book, a number of canes with concealed blades, field glasses, assorted sub-machine guns, map dated 1950, various types of fountain-pen pistols, a fancy French pistol designed for concealment in the palm of the hand, and a carrying case used to drop pamphlets.

Perhaps the most curious "spy gadget" is a pair of shoes on which lifts in the form of three round plugs had been attached. These are described as used by foreign agents to disguise footprints in crossing a frontier.

BERLIN, (AP)—One of the top brains of the East German aircraft industry, Manfred Gerlach, has confessed to betraying secrets of Communist jet aircraft production to West Germany, East German authorities said Thursday. . . .

Neues Deutschland [the Communist Party newspaper] said Gerlach was equipped with special American cameras, special paper for his spy reports and an innocent-looking Teddy bear rigged to conceal his films.

Matt Smith checked his reflection in the German bookstore window. His continental-cut, natural-shoulder suit was handsomely conservative; his natural-lip smile was insipid. The narrow-brimmed hat with the "I Back Jack" button in the band distracted attention from the penetrating eyes that were set just a little too close together, from the chin a little too round and the nose a trifle too long.

"Yeah," he told himself, "play it cool." He was an ugly American in disguise.

Beyond the plate glass reflection, unaware of Smith's surveillance, a dark figure in the bookstore ran his finger along a shelf of the encyclopedia to Vol. W. From a cut-out section under "Wesson, Smith &" he extracted a .38 caliber revolver and slipped it into his coat pocket.

Matt signalled his partner, Tom Andrews, and together they slipped into the shadows across the street to plan their next move.

"Vell, vass ist der next moof?" asked Tom, who was an interpreter as well as an American counter-espionage agent.

"Our working hypothesis works every time," said Matt. "You see, the Communists with their vast propaganda machine always try to cover up their dirty work by accusing us, the freedom-loving peoples of the West, of doing exactly what the Communists themselves are doing.

"We scored a major breakthrough on the counter-espionage front last Wednesday when a Russian display of devices, purportedly used by foreign agents on spying missions, opened in Moscow.

"Unknown to the Russians, one of the goggle-eyed youngsters who made up most of the opening day audience was a counter-espionage agent for the West. I can't tell you his real name, but he operates under the cover-name of Tiny. Though small, he's a good man; nothing escapes his goggle-eyes.

"Tiny completely outsmarted the Russians, getting his report through to us in the form of an Associated Press dispatch wadded inside an innocent-looking Teddy bear."

"Wow!" said Tom.

"One of the fundamental rules in the counter-espionage games, Tom, is never to show any emotion," Matt admonished.

"I just couldn't help thinking back to the lovable, raggedy old Teddy I had as a toddler in What Cheer, Iowa," Tom said sheepishly.

"It's the shrewd and powerful Russian bear we're up against now, Tom," Matt said. His narrow eyes narrowed further. "There's reason to believe that our man in there may be the most dangerous of them all, the Soviet master-spy, Vladimir Frumpkin."

Tom dropped the suicide tablets he had been clicking together nervously in his hand. There wasn't an agent in all the freedom-loving West who wouldn't give his best fountain-pen pistol for a crack at Vladimir Frumpkin.

"How can we be sure?" asked Tom. "Here he comes now." The dark figure emerged from the bookstore. The Americans, still hidden in the shadows, watched his every move. Matt made several entries in his counter-spy notebook.

"Carries carrying case in right hand, awkwardly. Walks with cane, haltingly."

Tom, obviously new on the job, was puzzled. The dark figure disappeared around the corner but Matt made no move to follow.

"No need to let him know we're on his trail," the senior agent said. "Thanks to Tiny, we can take our time in springing the trap. Meanwhile, I suppose you're puzzled about these notes I've made."

"Yes," said Tom with professional terseness. He was learning.

"The reason our subject carried the case so awkwardly is quite evident. Did you every try, Tom, to carry a heavy, pamphlet-laden case while concealing a fancy French pistol in your palm?"

Tom gawked in obvious admiration. "The halting gait," Matt went on, "is not aided by the use of the cane. Indeed, the cane is the cause. A concealed blade in the cane is sticking into the soft asphalt pavement."

"We could follow him by looking for the blade marks," suggested Tom.

"We could," the senior agent said, "if we wanted to do it the hard way. Our master-spy has left a much more obvious trail—these pamphlets on the street."

"They must have dropped out of his carrying case," Tom theorized.

"Of course," Matt said knowingly. "That's what the case is for."

For a dozen blocks or more, the American agents strolled along, spearing the pamphlets with the concealed blades of their own counter-canes, stashing the papers in litter-bags for evidence to be presented at the next U.N. meeting.

Suddenly, Matt stopped to examine more closely one of the documents from the Russian's leaky carrying case.

"This clinches it," he said. "This is no mere missile blueprint—it's a map dated 1950."

"Then it is Frumpkin!"

"None other. And by now he is probably heading toward the frontier."

The pamphlets had run out. Tom found the empty case which Frumpkin had discarded, undoubtedly to speed his flight, perhaps suspecting he was being followed.

"He's lost his grip," said Tom, with the simple humor he had acquired in What Cheer, Iowa, "but I'm afraid we've lost Frumpkin."

"See here," said Matt. "Frumpkin

has resorted to one of the most curious espionage gadgets known, thanks to Tiny's Teddy bear report."

What Matt had discovered was the imprint of three round plugs, pressed into the soft earth near the frontier with each step of the fleeing Frumpkin. The master-spy had changed to a pair of shoes to which had been attached lifts in the form of three round plugs—the very lifts used to disguise footprints in crossing a frontier.

There were many footprints in the frontier area but, luckily, only one set of plugprints. Matt and Tom, knowing Frumpkin would keep plugging away, followed swiftly to a beer garden where a bunch of the boys were

forgetting the Cold War for a night.

The plug trail was lost there in the sawdust beneath the flying feet of carefree Polka dancers.

"Frumpkin must be here, all right," said Tom, "but which one is he?"

In the dimly-lighted beer garden, everyone looked like a dark figure. Matt Smith lifted his field glasses to his narrow eyes and surveyed the crowded beer garden. He whispered to Tom to follow and, in one swift sidle, they sidled up to a corner table.

"This is the end, Vladimir Frumpkin," said Matt. "Snap the cuffs on him, Tom."

For there sat a man wearing a black mask across his eyes.

there is such a magazine and, apparently, some people are paying money for it. The issue I have is numbered No. 29, meaning, I suppose, there have been 28 others.

And it is true too that the magazine does—probably because of stupidity rather than design—aid Communist thinking by making a dirty joke out of everything up to and including the Creator.

What should we do about such a thing? A sure cure is for nobody to buy it.

In keeping with my policy of not publicizing such bilge, I'd like NOT to name it. However, so you'll know what magazine not to buy, the name of this junk is *The Realist*.

[Editor's note: Although columnist John Justin Smith and I obviously function on different wave lengths, I can only praise him for suggesting self-censorship rather than suppression. At any rate, on November 20th, he wrote in his column as follows.]

Last week I named a thoroughly obscene periodical and suggested that the sure cure for this was for nobody to buy it. I also mentioned that I knew of only one store in Chicago where it was available.

So what happened? Two men called me to ask me the name of the store. Bah!

So what else happened? A morning disk jockey on radio read parts of my column, described me as a "stuffy young man" and read excerpts from the magazine.

I'll guarantee that he didn't read ALL of it. If he had, he'd be in jail by now. The reason: While there are some magazines you wouldn't want your children to read, this particular magazine is so filthy you wouldn't want your father to see it.

It is truly obscene by almost anybody's standards.

I would ask: How can you help but be stuffy in the face of such junk—unless you're a phony?

[Editor's note: Meanwhile, back on the wild side, the following letter from novelist Nelson Algren appeared in the Chicago Daily News.]

I am one of the people who pay money for the *Realist*, a periodical to which nothing is sacred, according to the Nov. 14 column of Mr. John Justin Smith.

I buy it because I fail to share Mr. Smith's belief that the Rev. Billy Graham, spacemen, or the trade in fallout shelters are sacred subjects.

It is not "sick humor" to which Mr. Smith is objecting, but, simply, humor. Mr. Smith's affliction is one no doctor can cure.

The Power of Kinky Thinking

The following column by John Justin Smith appeared in the *Chicago Daily News* on November 14th under the headline, "A Magazine the Reds Would Like."

If the Communists wanted to put out some effective propaganda in the United States they couldn't do better than to print a magazine filled with sick humor—one spoofing American institutions.

They could stick a spear clear through the Peace Corps with a cartoon showing a Corps member leaning on a customs counter in an Asian country and saying to the native inspector:

"Come on, slant-eyes, hurry up."

They could print another cartoon showing U.S. spacemen as being frightened.

The Communists could—in such a magazine—get beatniks to laugh wildly at religion by printing a picture of a sad-faced goblin over a caption saying:

"Pray for War."

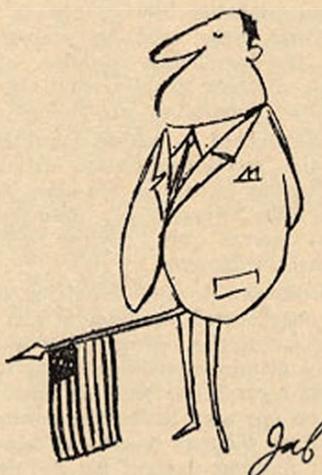
For good measure they could lampoon Billy Graham and maybe toss in an anti-Catholic cartoon for good measure.

The Communists, as far as I know, have never printed such a magazine. But some people who say they're good Americans have.

Copies of this journal flooded desks in *The Daily News* newsroom the other day. I have no idea who sent them or why.

[Editor's note: Barbara Siegel of Chicago had "flooded" the newsroom with 4 or 5 copies of *The Realist* addressed to *Daily News* columnists.]

All of the things I cited above are in the magazine—and a lot more.



With this pulp-paper periodical nothing is sacred.

Articles go into such things as homosexuality (the editor says he's not prejudiced against it), sex in the White House, the use of a coffin as a fallout shelter, spacemen making passes at other spacemen's wives while the husbands are in orbit. One article is sicker than the last—all the way to the back page.

A devastating feature of the magazine is that it is done in terribly clever language and the cartoon art is as good as the *New Yorker's*.

Just how kinky the thinking, though, is well illustrated in a lead editorial. The editor said he had received a letter complaining that the magazine was anti-Semitic and added: "I won't even dignify the Jew blanket-blank's remark." Only the blanks weren't blank.

Luckily, although I've looked, I have not seen copies for sale on newsstands around town, although I'm told it can be bought in one store on the Near North Side.

But the nasty fact remains that

Stopover in Miami

. . . by William Worthy

In a powerful essay, "The Ethics of Living Jim Crow," the late Richard Wright told of the box he had found himself in when his Memphis factory bosses discovered that he was moving to Chicago.

They questioned him harshly about his true purpose in leaving the South (they already knew why). They asked about his possible interest in white girls up North. They wanted to know if he "appreciated" southern whites and recognized them as his "only true friends." The questions, of course, were none of their business.

If he were to get out of Memphis alive, Wright's sole "choice" was to give the "proper" answers. He did. His bosses knew he was of necessity less than candid. His essay communicates the terror implicit in the grilling.

In answering questions under duress at Miami International Airport recently, I felt very much as Wright felt. I was asked if I had left the U.S. with the intention of going to Cuba. Did I believe in God? Did I have Communist affiliations? Did I know the Miami president of the NAACP? Had I been Fidel Castro's guest in Cuba?

It was not by free choice that I re-entered the U.S. in Miami. From Cubans residing in Florida I knew that the Immigration officials there have been bought and sold by wealthy Cuban counter-revolutionaries. I knew that Miami cops double as bodyguards for the most notorious of the Cuban murderers and torturers who fled to Florida as "refugees" when Fidel Castro overthrew Fulgencio Batista.

I knew that recently a Cuban family—man, wife and children—came close to being lynched by counter-revolutionary thugs at that same airport. The couple's only crime was that they favor Fidel Castro and were endeavoring to return to their homeland, as 7,000 other Cubans in the United States have done over the past year.

Never a believer in mock heroics, I sought another re-entry point. Starting three days earlier, I had tried to fly to Toronto from Havana. When that proved unsuccessful, I felt compelled to take the only other available flight out of Havana because of a lecture engagement in Springfield, Missouri. Cuban friends urged me to wait 24 hours for a weekly Delta Airlines flight to Jamaica. From there I could fly to safer New York. To the Latin temperament appointments and engagements mean little.

From Baltimore, *Afro-American* editor Cliff Mackay alerted the White House and the Attorney General to

my Miami arrival. The *Afro* insisted that protection against mob violence be provided. As a result, three plainclothesmen from the Dade County sheriff's office were on hand at the airport. Initially polite, they later showed their true colors. By the time they saw me off on the midnight plane to St. Louis, I would have preferred to do without them and to take my chances with the jeering airport counter-revolutionaries.

In my briefcase I had a copy of my birth certificate and a certificate of smallpox vaccination. Nothing more is required of a U.S. citizen returning home. Had I not been under pressure to reach Missouri by 9 o'clock the next morning, I would have refused to answer any of the questions put to me by the Immigration inspectors and their three Florida police buddies. But a refusal to answer their hostile, irrelevant and trickily phrased questions would have meant forcible detention for days. Eventually—too late for several consecutive speaking engagements—a lawyer could have "sprung" me from a Jim Crow cell through a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Thus I faced the same type of "choice" that Richard Wright had faced in Memphis. Thus I, too, arrived at the decision to give answers that would enable me to make a speedy departure.

The harassment was petty and mean. From my luggage, Customs inspectors removed all my private papers and correspondence to a distant office. There, out of my presence, they read and undoubtedly copied the papers for the next two hours. At 7 P.M. I sent word to them that, not having had time in Havana for breakfast or lunch, I'd like to get something to eat. Back came a negative response.

When I went to the toilet, an inspector followed and watched from a side angle. From the Western Union desk in the airport I sent a cablegram to two American friends, Lou and Lenna Jones. They had asked me to wire them if I emerged unscathed at Miami.

A few minutes later the sheriff's men asked me who Lou and Lenna Jones were. No doubt the lawless cops also read my simultaneous telegrams to the *Afro-American* and to the York (Pa.) *Gazette and Daily*. The 1934 Federal Communications Act prohibits the divulging of telecommunications to anyone. I am not so naive as to expect the U.S. Department of Justice to prosecute.

During our conversations in Havana, Robert F. Williams, former NAACP president in Monroe, North

Carolina, had discussed the increasingly blatant teamwork he had witnessed between openly racist southern cops and federal agents. The episode at Miami Airport was a classic example. Questions put to me were neatly divided up into those with concealed venom by the Immigration inspectors and openly nasty ones by the sheriff's deputies.

Solely on the strength of my recent *Esquire* article on the Muslims, I was asked if I belonged to that sect. The answer was "no." But I was telling myself that maybe Elijah Muhammad is right in wanting racial separateness. If integration will mean living in close association with that John Birch type of law enforcer, who needs it? Specimens of "two-legged rattlesnakes" indeed!

But, despite the bad taste in my mouth that night, I now am glad I returned via Miami. It cleared my vision. After an absence of 11 weeks I can sense the heightened power of the extreme right wing. It hit me in the face when the Immigration inspectors sat me down for the grilling.

During those six hours at the airport I learned a great deal. I saw that my stay in Cuba without State Department permission was not in itself the real issue angering our government. At bottom, the official questioners were objecting to my *Afro* dispatches, which in no way followed the U.S. party line. They were objecting, for example, to my first-hand reports that Fidel Castro had bypassed the hypocrisy of "gradualism" and wiped out Cuba's color line in a matter of weeks.

Back in July, a newly free African government offered me a diplomatic passport. If, to continue reporting at home and abroad, I need the protection and the immunity it confers, I will accept it. I will never beg my servants in Washington for permission to travel. If they tangle with me again, I will embarrass them endlessly, just as I did for three years over their untenable ban on travel to China.

MUSICAL COMEDY

(Continued from Page 2)

watch the small cube melt away into nothingness.

Such trenchant realism is the unmistakable mark of the maturity of a genre, and of a people, and it is heartening to see it in the American musical comedy, especially at a time when, in the world around us, we see the dangers arising from a people's inability to face up to what they are and what they have done. The Russians and, yes, the Germans might well take note.

the realist's society page

by Eileen Brand

Sometimes I try to get over having a mass mind. This has led to an obsessive need to preserve my garbage (literally, not figuratively) for posterity.

Actually I got hung up on the compost bit in a violent argument on cremation versus the tidy little cemetery plot. Wherein a mature and mellow doctor of my acquaintance allowed he'd like to go to rest in a compost heap. Dust thou art, to earthworms returneth, etc.

Then composting lay fallow in the back of my mind until I read a murder mystery in which the bodies were buried, ingeniously enough, in a compost pile. This is possibly a less constructive application. At the very least, composting is a fertility rite and therefore sacred.

For benefit of the ill-informed, compost is do-it-yourself fertilizer. Not what you're thinking, though. Not usually, anyway. The thing is, you get a lot of leaves and worms and dump in your garbage and add more leaves and water and garbage. In time this produces lovely fine black humus. Great for the flora and fauna. All the wondrous processes of Creation become renescent. Truly the composter has a Mission.

Unfortunately there was so much I didn't know. How many earthworms? Any old leaves—poison ivy and all? Lawful to lay away loved ones in the compost if homicide not at issue? An ordinary run-of-the-mill fanatic would have given up when the going got rough but I was fighting my mass-mind syndrome and determined to be a composter.

I got so muddled in my thinking I clean forget that beautiful thing President Kennedy said about don't ask what your country can do for you ask what you can do for your country. Reckless and impetuous, I thought to call on my government for guidance.

Sure enough, the U.S. Government, Agriculture Dept. of, had a Soil Conservation Service, State Office, as near as my own phone. Who, I reasoned, should know better than the Soil Conservation Service about composting? I might as well have called the NSR&D Facility C & T Div. NSC.

The first person I talked to never heard of a compost. The second person never either, but kindly offered to consult a Higher Authority if I would care to hold on. This Authority said they didn't have any compost data for taxpayers but try the Experiment Station.

Well, there again, I have only myself to blame as once more I contacted the wrong people. I found a station with experimentally-minded persons who were terribly interested in fertility rites. But they didn't know the first thing about composts and, in truth, weren't even with the government.

Hence, I turn to you, O Gentle Reader. For each compost recipe accompanied by a carload of leaves and barrel of earthworms (prepaid) shipped to me care of the *Realist*, I will send an exquisite plaque suitable for mounting atop your compost heap, made of genuine imported corrugated-cardboard-like paper, tastefully hand-lettered (no two exactly alike) with the finest Magic-Marker inks in your choice of Nature's own primary colors, bearing the inspirational message: "What hath God rot!?"

east of the south

by Dave Berkman

Petal, Mississippi, a 'suburb' of Hattiesburg, is located on U. S. 11, about 20 miles north of Poplarville (where two years ago a group of public spirited citizens, motivated only by a dedicated sense of civic duty, lynched Mack Parker).

Hattiesburg is the home of Mississippi Southern College where, as readers of the March-April *Realist* may recall, I had the misfortune to teach last year. Hattiesburg is also the home of P. D. East, Editor and Publisher of *The Petal Paper*.

He has been called by some, "The Harry Golden of Mississippi." This is inaccurate. Unlike Golden, who is the product of a liberal Jewish, Lower East Side New York City upbringing, P. D. is a native Mississippi-born, -bred, and -educated White Anglo-Saxon Protestant.

Whereas Golden publishes his *Carolina Israelite* in the relatively free atmosphere of North Carolina, a state which has also given us Frank Graham, East publishes his one-man journal in a fetid Mississippi, which can—and does—boast of having spawned and nurtured Bilbo, Eastland and Ross Barnett. (True, it has also given us Hodding Carter, but he is merely arguing for implementation of *Plessy vs. Ferguson*—separate but equal—and 70 years too late, at that.)

P. D. East has often been described as a "pro-integrationist." I would think this description, at best, has become completely accurate only within the last year or so; for one of the many qualities that marks the man is *growth*.

That growth began after the 1954 Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in the public schools when, as he later wrote in an autobiographical piece in *Harper's*, he suddenly "reached the startling conclusion: that Negroes were people too. Needless to say, I was more than a little surprised to learn not everybody shared my views."

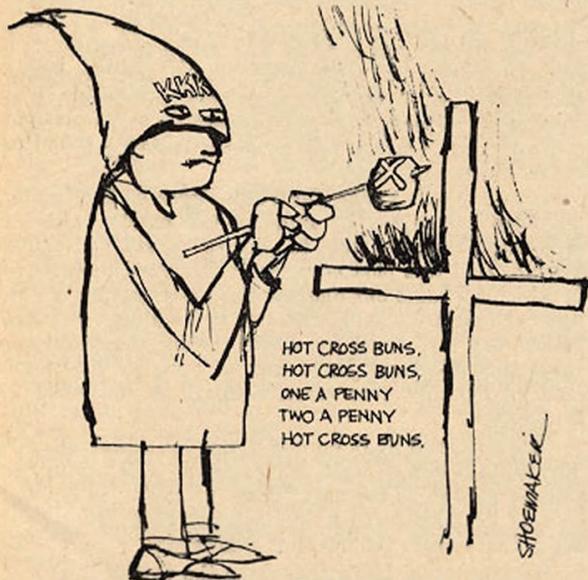
Still, as late as 1955, he could write in his paper, "I would deny the Negro social equality, as such. And here I admit my own Southern prejudices." Only last year, when I was in Mississippi, I am sure that, of his few social acquaintances (which he claimed numbered four at the time), none were colored. But two months ago, in an interview on the Mike Wallace TV show, he stated that Negroes were included among the six locally he could now call his friends.

Just what kind of person is this man who has just about reached the point of financial bankruptcy, and has caused his wife, his daughter—it was P. D. East's fate to have fathered a daughter, which only begs the inevitable question—and himself to become virtual outcasts, merely to fight for the rights of people whom, six years ago, he didn't even consider "social equals"?

Physically, he is impressive. The first thing which strikes you when you meet him is that he looks every inch the gadfly that he is. At 39, his powerful 6'4", 230-pound frame is topped by a head of prematurely gray hair, and an aged face of a rugged—almost beautiful—Lincolnesque-like homeliness, of the type borne by so many in the iconoclastic tradition. His manner is

soft-spoken and contemplative—a complete contradiction of his writing style which is often bitterly, even vitriolically, satirical. The effect is an *ethos* that immediately wins over that man-of-our-times, The Moderate, whose pre-conception has led him to expect he would be meeting a raving radical.

East did not purchase *The Petal Paper* as part of a carefully preconceived plan to lose his life's savings and achieve the beatified state of martyrdom (a word, by the way, whose malignment has led to the popular debasement of one of the few noble traditions religion has bequeathed us). He purchased and intended to publish it just as any small town journalist would: on the basis of its prospects of becoming a highly remunerative enterprise, which would serve the need for such an institution in a small town by reporting the local



news and social gossip, but principally as a vehicle for advertising by local merchants. Indeed, within a short time, it was just that: a successful and respected institution with a healthy 2,300 subscribers (which, in the thriving metropolis of Petal—"America's Largest Unincorporated Community"—meant just about everybody).

But then came conscience, contemplation and growth; and away went subscribers, advertisers and revenue.

In March 1956, P. D. East reached his local nadir and achieved his national reputation.

The first organizational meeting of the Hattiesburg chapter of the White Citizens Council had been scheduled for the 22nd. In *The Petal Paper* of the 15th there appeared a full-page ad, featuring a large illustration of a braying donkey, which invited local folk to join what East called "The Citizens Clan." In it, he asked: "What? Worried about being socially acceptable?"

Then, "Join the Citizens Clan and be safe from social worries."

Ten freedoms were listed as an inducement, including, "Freedom to hunt 'Blackbirds' with no bag limit . . . (To date no member of the Clan has been convicted for killing a nigger)"; "Freedom to yell 'nigger' as much as you please without your conscience bothering you!"; "Freedom to wonder who is pocketing the

five dollars you paid to join!"; "Freedom to take a profitable part in the South's fastest growing business: Bigotry!"

The ad closed with the admonition, "Remember: Not to join could mean you're a nigger lover!"

(In stressing the 'sociable' aspect, East pointed up—as all effective satire should—the essence of the real danger presented by the Council movement; for, unlike the old KKK, whose membership consisted mainly of ignorant redneck, galluses-snapping, po' white trash—and which was thus wide open to ridicule—the Councils include many of the often highly-educated, 'other-directed' pseudo-urbane, gray-flanneled JayCee element who look, act, talk and think no differently from any of the successful-young-businessmen-going-places who can be found anywhere.)

For printing such material as the "Citizens Clan" ad, P. D. East can now boast he is the publisher of the only hometown paper in the country without a hometown subscriber.

He also takes pride in his proprietorship of the only paper in the country without a listed phone.

This was necessitated by the constant harassments that crackpots began to subject his wife, Billie, and himself to at all hours of the day and night. Because of this, it was almost two months after I had decided I wanted to meet P. D., that I finally got to see him.

An initial call to the one faculty member who I was told had his private number, elicited the rebuff that if East wanted to talk to me, I wouldn't have to call him. Thereafter, I simply let it be known to those I hoped were the 'right people' that I wanted to speak to him. Then one day, I received a call asking why, followed by one from East saying he'd meet me that evening at a coffee shop near the college.

In reading P. D.'s autobiography *The Magnolia Jungle* (\$3.95, Simon & Schuster) after I'd left Mississippi, I was startled by the parallel between the advice he wrote he was given before meeting William Faulkner, and the almost exact same advice given me before my meeting with him—such admonitions as: let him do most of the talking; be careful of what you say; don't become personal, etc. So when I drove over to see him, I didn't know quite what to expect.

Yet, as soon as I arrived, it immediately struck me here was no bitter misanthrope, as I'd been led to believe; rather, here was that most friendly of all people: a person genuinely interested in what his fellow man had to say. Still, I wasn't sure if this was what he really was, or just a projection of what I'd hoped he'd be.

Somewhat prior to this time, my wife, Gloria, and I had isolated ourselves socially (except for three trusted confidantes) from the rest of the faculty and community because of my situation at the college. But, as much as I wanted to ask P. D. and his wife to our place, especially since my wife was most anxious to meet him, I never made such an overture during this, or our few subsequent meetings, for fear he'd consider it an impertinence.

It was only after I'd arrived back in New York and read his *Harper's* piece that I learned he relished social isolation no more than we did. In it, he wrote that he didn't wish to "embarrass" even the few persons with whom he was still on speaking terms, by asking them to his house. It was, of course, this very real concern over the 'harm' he might cause others should he 'impose himself' on them, that had come to be mis-

taken for distance and aloofness. I realized then that it was quite possible he too may have wished to invite my wife and me to his place but, like me, he was afraid to tender such an invitation.

Recently, after reading about his meeting with Faulkner in *The Magnolia Jungle*, I wrote him pretty much what I've just said here, in case he might have misinterpreted any reticence on my part. In his reply, he noted it "Took that damn Faulkner 60 years to build his reputation, and mine is moulded already!" This is only one of the many prices he is paying.

Yet, considering this 'heavy cost,' East could be 'getting more for his money.' Unfortunately, *The Petal Paper* is now read mainly by a small coterie of Northern liberals who, of course, can do little more than shake their head and say, "See, he agrees with us." But, according to estimates I'd heard from other faculty members (who'd been around long enough to accurately make such judgments), perhaps a third of the Mississippi Southern students were against segregation. However, as soon as they return to their home towns after graduation and enter business and community life, almost none will ever dare to give any expression to these beliefs, once they 'learn the score.'

Less than a fifth of the students in my classes—many of whom were from the immediate area—were even aware that a white man, in apparent possession of his faculties, was publishing an anti-segregation paper right in the town. Now, if P. D. were to see that copies somehow got to these students—to let them know there is someone in the state who feels as they do and has the guts to state his views openly—perhaps a few would take heart from his example, and become imbued with the courage to maintain their convictions publicly when they return home.

P. D. is all too aware of this; and, therefore, aware that he is not doing as effective a job as he might otherwise do. In discussing this with him—and he told me I was not the first to have pointed it out—his only explanation was that the treatment accorded him locally the past few years has created ambivalent feelings which, on the one hand, have only intensified his determination to carry on his one-man battle, but, on the other hand, make it emotionally impossible for him to become personally involved with the community in any form, even to the extent of distributing some papers on campus.

This, let me stress, is in no way intended to detract from the extremely valuable functions he is presently performing. P. D. serves as a symbol of liberalism and hope in Mississippi, not only for Northerners and Negroes, but for those whites in the state—and they number more than most would suspect—who silently share his beliefs. These people are more than aware of his presence, and the mere knowledge that there is at least one man willing to take the risks that go with publicly stating his convictions, is a painful prick in the conscience of many a white Mississippian.

As he once put it to me, "I will never be able to understand how a man can be happy even with a million dollars, if he has to be afraid to speak his mind in his own house without first drawing the curtains."

But even if not a single copy of *The Petal Paper* were read in the state—and more than a few still are—P. D., as a native WASP publishing such a journal, would perform his most valuable function merely by continuing to remain the state's lone symbol of un-

compromising honesty, principle and courage. For, if finally even P. D. East goes under, what hope then is there left in Mississippi?

Yet, there is a very real danger P. D. East will go under: home, undrawn curtains, *Petal Paper* and all.

I recently received a letter from a group at the University of Michigan calling themselves "The Friends of P. D. East," stating he had been reduced to living on a \$500 loan and is in desperate need of help.

You who read the *Realist*, and thereby, I think, indicate your admiration for this type of man fighting this kind of battle, can provide some of that help: You can subscribe to *The Petal Paper* (Box 349, Hattiesburg, Mississippi) at \$3.00 for six months, or \$5.00 for a year; or, you can obtain a real bargain by ordering the 64-page magazine-sized booklet, "Reprints from *The Petal Paper*," which contains East's best writings of the past six years, by sending \$1.00 to the same address. You can purchase a copy of *The Magnolia Jungle* ("a critical success, but a financial flop"), from your local bookstore; or, if you are connected with any group sponsoring lectures, you can suggest P. D. be included as a speaker. (Lecture fees now constitute a major part of his limited income.)

It is important that *The Petal Paper* be kept going, not only a lone ray of light in the murky medieval Mississippi abyss, but to insure East's continued growth. Just this past summer P. D. wrote an editorial in which he came out *against* the sit-in movement. He was convinced, he said, that it was nothing but a diabolical plot conceived by white racists to poison unsuspecting Negroes. Have any of you, he asked his readers, actually ever eaten a Southern lunchcounter hamburger?

When I asked P. D. once if it was his powerful build that enabled him to walk the streets of Hattiesburg in relative safety, he replied: "Dave, promise you'll never let this get any further, but beneath this hulking exterior there beats the heart of a coward!"

Nothing could be farther from the truth.

I've heard Paul Krassner use the word "balls" in describing someone who has shown a little extra courage. If "balls" and "courage" are really synonymous, then P. D. East must have just about the most advanced case of elephantiasis around.



CONTROVERSY IN THE CATCHER

(Continued from Cover)

book when they first read it in their early twenties find themselves in positions where they can take a chance on teaching it.

With the book more frequently in the news, it is to be expected that greater numbers of the people who object instinctively to American realism will hear of *Catcher* and join those who have tried to suppress it.

William Peden wrote me on July 31, 1961 that several people had written him objecting strongly to his inclusion of *Catcher* in the *Literary Cavalcade* recommended reading list. Only a few such people writing letters—to a school superintendent, say—can change the curriculum of an entire city school system. The problem is potentially a serious one—but fortunately it is not being ignored.

During the week of February 26, 1961 the Wisconsin Free Library Commission's Eighth Institute on Public Management was held in Madison. This institute dealt with Public Library-Public School Relationship. One session was devoted to criteria for selection of significant, yet controversial books, and *The Catcher in the Rye* was chosen for special study.

A number of general standards for evaluating a novel were established, plus specific standards, which caution the evaluator to remember that controversial social problems and unorthodox ideas are certainly a part of modern society, that sex and obscenity are *not* synonyms, and that a novel should be judged as a whole, not by parts, excerpts or individual passages.

Mrs. Orilla Blackshear, who led the discussion, performed a good deal of research on Mr. Salinger and *The Catcher* and presented her summary concisely and intelligently. She concluded that Holden Caulfield's profanity "is so habitual, almost unconscious, that it seems to take on a quality of innocence." She found all of the scenes relating to sexual matters to be written in good taste.

She closes her report as follows:

When I began this appraisal of "The Catcher in the Rye" I was not interested in the book as one I wanted to reread. I looked upon the rereading (I had read it when it was first published and could not recall it except in a very sketchy way) as a chore. This latest reading has brought a completely new feeling about Holden Caulfield and his story . . . I tell you this because I believe that it illustrates—perhaps more than anything else I have said about "The Catcher in the Rye"—how very important it is to give a book and its author a fair hearing—and a fair reading. . . . Robertson Davies in his "Voice from the Attic" expresses a point of view which we should all consider: "For the majority of readers, the touchstone is one of taste: if an author offends you, do not read him. But it will not occur to any true book lover, I think, to take another man's book away from him."

Four months later Mr. Lawrence Clark Powell, Dean of the School of Library Service, Los Angeles, wrote in a letter to the *A. L. A. Bulletin* that *The Catcher in the Rye* needed to be defended more strongly. He recommended that school library associations reprint Edward Corbett's article, referred to earlier, and distribute it among their members as a good thing to give disturbed parents and self-appointed censors.

He mentioned that he had recently spoken to a seminar of resident doctors in psychiatry on the subject of reading as therapy—and he learned that *The*

Catcher in the Rye was being used as a textbook for the study of adolescent problems. Alluding to Holden Caulfield's vocabulary, he wrote: "I'm always going back to Emerson for courage and refreshment. 'The short Saxon words with which the people help themselves,' he wrote, 'are better than Latin. The language of the street is always strong.'"

A footnote added by the editors of the *A. L. A. Bulletin* quotes a note by Mr. Powell in the *U. C. L. A. Librarian*, April 7, 1961: "During a recent discussion . . . on the key books of the present generation, the consensus was that *The Catcher in the Rye* opens the most doors."

However true the foregoing may be, the Andrew Hill High School, obeying parental protests, removed *Catcher* from its library (and four others, too—*The Sun Also Rises*, *Look Homeward Angel*, *The Human Comedy* and *Brave New World*). The *San Jose Evening News* commented: "Involved here is culture, genius, literature and American pride that is being muffled out for no reason at all and by people who apparently have never read a hardcover book since their adolescent years."

For those who worry about the American image abroad, I must report that the San Jose banning was publicized in the Soviet Union. In her review of the Russian translation of *The Catcher in the Rye*, Vera Panova wrote in *Inostrannaya Literatura*: "It is no accident that Salinger's novel has been banned in the high school library in San Jose, California, along with Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* and Saroyan's *The Human Comedy*." It is apparently Miss Panova's belief that *The Catcher* was banned because of its criticism of the decadent American society. As moralistic as the Russians are, it is probably difficult for them to realize that the Americans would suppress a book solely because of the vulgar language of one of its characters.

Mrs. Vibeke Schram Cerri, translator of *The Catcher in the Rye* into Danish, shows a little more insight when she writes, in a letter to me, June 21, 1961: "I am very pleased to be able to tell you that in my country the frank language in *The Catcher in the Rye* has caused no controversies. . . . But I do believe that fits of moral rectitude occur more often in the States, even if you find hypocrites all over the world, don't you? . . . I find that people who are scandalized at other people's conduct only label themselves." Mrs. Cerri adds that she translated all of the taboo words as accurately as she could.

It has been my experience that really only one word has been responsible for the removal of *Catcher* from so many libraries. The blasphemy and the prostitute scene are often cited as contributing elements—but what seems to shock the conservatives into paralysis is the phrase which Holden Caulfield himself is shocked by: "Fuck you." ("Somebody'd written 'Fuck you' on the wall.") It is the *word itself* which librarians and teachers—and parents—object to.

No amount of logic, no careful pointing out that Holden *himself* does not use the word, can ever persuade the shocked ones from their loathing and disgust.

The future success of *Catcher* in the school systems will always be dependent, in individual cases, on whether or not the administrator or department head who gets stuck with the final decision is the type of man who can read "Fuck" in a book without losing control of his reason. (Or who won't say as one said to me that it was

all right with *him*—but he wouldn't want his daughter to read it . . .)

The possible future use of *Catcher* (in translation) in European schools may not be dependent on the same factors—not necessarily because European educators are more broad minded, but quite simply because the translations vary in accuracy. For purposes of comparison, I list the following translations of the phrase cited above:

Norwegian: "Noen haddle rablet '— — — —' pa veggen."

Swedish: "Nan hade skrivit 'Kuk' pa vaggen."

Danish: "Der var nogen der havde skrevet 'Ska' vi kneppe?' pa muren."

German: "Jemand hatte '— — —' and die Wand geschrieben."

Dutch: "Iemand hat iets smerigs op de mur geschreven."

French: "Quel qu'un avait écrit: 'Enculé' sur le mur."

Finnish: "Joku oli kirjottanu seinään VITTU."

Czech: "Nekdo napsal na zed 'KURVO!'"

Polish: "Ktos nagryzmolit na scianie Pies ciz . . ."

Kiepenheuer und Witsch publishers, Cologne, plan to bring out a revised edition of the German translation which will correct the above hypocrisy. The Dutch translation might remain decent forever. The Japanese don't even have a good equivalent phrase for the expression. Their parenthetical comment, explaining the Anglo-Saxon phrase in the midst of Japanese characters, says: "Its meaning is 'let us have intercourse.'"—which of course is a faulty translation for the imperative English [which actually means only a strong "go to hell"]. A useful Japanese expression which might have been substituted here is [phonetically]: *kusotare*=bullshit.

Some of the capitalized words in the above list appear to be extremely vile—but I am told that the Czech word *kurvo*—though dirty enough—merely means *whore*, applied indiscriminately without regard to gender. I am further told that a better word would be *mrdat*, but that the word which really is seen on the walls of Praha and Brno is *pica*, especially accompanied by a sketch of the section of the female anatomy designated.

I don't know if a revised translation would result in the book's being banned in Czechoslovakia or not. America, incidentally, is not the only country to have banned English-language editions of *Catcher*.

Australian customs officials held up distribution of the book in 1957 until such a storm of criticism was raised that the Minister for Customs, Senator Henty, finally consulted with the Commonwealth literature censorship board. On October 9, 1957, he announced that the ban had been lifted. Two weeks later he announced that in the future no book would be banned in Australia without a recommendation of the board.

On May 3, 1958, Hamish Hamilton, J. D. Salinger's publisher in England, wrote the following letter to the *London Times*:

In January of this year we were informed that J. D. Salinger's novel "The Catcher in the Rye" had been banned in South Africa, after having been sold there freely for the past six years. We immediately wrote to the Minister of the Interior, saying that this belated decision seemed to us inexplicable, and drawing his attention to the success and influence of the book in this country and in the United States and the high praise it had received from leading critics in both countries. We asked the Minister to reconsider his decision, or at

least to let us have some explanation of the banning. We received a formal acknowledgment saying that the matter would be investigated and that we should hear further. Since then we have written three times to the minister without getting any reply. Your readers may be interested, if not surprised, by this evidence of the South African Government's high-handed and oppressive attitude towards literature.

What finally happened in South Africa is succinctly described to me by D. H. Varley, Chief Librarian, South African Public Library, Capetown, in a letter dated August 10, 1961:

J. D. Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye" was banned in terms of the Customs Act in 1955 in list No. 16, published under Government Notice No. 1942, dated 30 November 1957, as "objectionable literature." It was "unbanned" in Government Notice No. 914 of 12 August, 1958, which amended List No. 16 by the deletion of this item. The work is therefore no longer banned.

In what I consider to be a vain attempt to educate such people as the South African Minister of the Interior to the fact that the subject of great literature is often sex, Mr. H. Mewhinney, writing for the *Houston Post* (May 21, 1961), has provided for us all: "A Reader's Guide to Smut."

He lists numerous interesting references in the *History of Herodotus*, Bullfinch's *The Age of Fable*, and the Old Testament. Some of his citations from the latter are: Genesis 19:31-38; Joshua 6:15-21; I Samuel 25:22; II Samuel 11 and 13; Judges 11:34-39 and II Kings 3:27. (He missed H. L. Mencken's favorite one, Isaiah 36:12.)

But when you tell book banners that the Bible has dirty words in it, too, they merely stare at you impassively, assuming, probably correctly, that you are not a Baptist.

Mr. Mewhinney noted in the introduction to his Guide that a woman in Pasadena, Texas had objected to the school library's possession of Plato's *Republic* because she disagreed with Plato's plans for the perfect commonwealth. One can only pray that she did not succeed in getting the book banned. But other citizens have been quite successful in talking school boards into prohibiting the following books and magazines (in addition to those already mentioned for San Jose):

The Nation and The New Republic (Los Angeles high schools)

The Saturday Review (a suburban Wisconsin high school)

Albert Camus' "The Stranger" (Thompson Township, Michigan)

"Brave New World" and "1984" (Dade County, Florida)

"The Big Sky" by A. B. Guthrie (Dayton, Ohio)

Time discusses the Thompson County, Michigan case in some detail in a story titled "Stranger in Town," September 12, 1960. School teacher Franklyn Olson, 23, had assigned five of his students (sixth grade) *The Stranger* to try to interest them in reading. A mother discovered what she thought were obscene passages. The result was not only a book banning, however: Olson was illegally fined and jailed for twelve days. While he was in jail the local police searched his cottage without a warrant, found and burned *Crime and Punishment* by Dostoyevsky and *One, Two, Three Infinity*, a treatise on numbers by George Gamow.

At the beginning of the Spring 1961 semester two instructors at the University of Kentucky ordered *Lolita* for their freshman English sections. The books were summarily returned to the publisher by order of the Head of Freshman English.

Other schools at which *The Catcher in the Rye* has been banned include the following: Grayslake High School, Wildwood, Illinois; St. Paul's school in Concord, New Hampshire; and Edison High School, Tulsa, Oklahoma. The Tulsa story was covered by *Time* magazine, May 9, 1960, under the heading, "Rye on the Rocks."

Teacher Beatrice Levin had assigned *Catcher* to her sixteen-year-old students, and eight parents protested, arguing that "one four-letter word in particular" made the book not fit to read. Tulsa School Superintendent Charles C. Mason and Edison High School Principal Hiram Alexander acquiesced to this pressure at once, removed *Catcher in the Rye* from the required reading list and reprimanded Mrs. Levin.

On May 30, 1960, *Time* published several letters from readers who reacted rather strongly to the Tulsa *Catcher* controversy. One letter was from Elva McAl-



laster, Professor of English at Greenville College, Greenville, Illinois. She wrote, "... at the instigation of student protest against the stench of its vocabulary, *Catcher* has recently been removed from circulation by our library."

Another letter was from Donald M. Fiene, teacher of English and chemistry at Louisville Male High School. I had quite a lot to say in that letter, but *Time* abbreviated it this way:

Re your May 9 story wherein you wrote that Teacher Levin nearly got the ax for teaching "The Catcher in the Rye": I am one up on her. I got fired. This means that my contract will not be renewed in June. The crime, as cited: attempting to teach "The Catcher in the Rye." But before I had a chance to teach the book even one day, Principal W. S. Milburn, also president of the Louisville board of aldermen and a member of Citizens for Decent Literature, banned the book—without reading it. I protested in vain. Indeed, it was the unheard-of defiance in protesting such a dictum that led to my dismissal.

The Louisville controversy had already been made public in local newspapers. Four months earlier a *Courier-Journal* reporter had recognized a potential story in the following comment made by Lewis Nichols in his column "In and Out of Books," *The New York Times Book Review*, January 24, 1960: "At the moment, *Catcher in the Rye* is on the required or suggested reading list of 103 schools its publishers have heard about, probably a great many more. The range—Yale, Alabama, Wabash, Minnesota, Purdue and Louisville High."

New American Library in its report to Mr. Nichols must have had Louisville in the front of its mind—because only a few weeks before, Mr. Richard Block, another teacher at Male, and I, had phoned in a rush order of 90 copies of *Catcher*. Mr. Block had two English classes and one history class, was teaching only part time. I was teaching full time with a load of four chemistry classes and one sophomore English class. Mr. Block distributed his books one day before I had planned to.

One of his students got "caught" in study hall with the book, was sent to the principal—or the book was, and the banning went into effect immediately. Mr. Block and I demanded and got a hearing before representatives A. J. Beeler and E. W. Belcher of the Louisville Board of Education, but we lost our case. By the time Lewis Nichols' comment appeared I was already well along in *Huckleberry Finn* with my students.

I had not exactly deserted Holden, but I'm still not sure whether I'd have gone to the papers with the story, of my own accord. In any event, the sharp-eyed reporter called Mr. Milburn about the Nichols item and the following story resulted in the *Courier-Journal*, January 28, 1960:

"*Catcher in the Rye*," a controversial book by J. D. Salinger, got onto the suggested reading list at Louisville Male High for two days. But students complained that it was indecent, so off the list it went, according to W. S. Milburn, Male principal. . . . "I examined the book and agreed with the students it was not the book to use in high school," Milburn explained. "It may be good literature. I'm not an English teacher." . . . Milburn said the book is not on the approved list for any Louisville high school.

The story irritated Mr. Block and me because it contained several errors. In the first place, none of my students, and only one of Mr. Block's students, had ever actually complained. The father of the girl who complained had written Mr. Block a note stating, "I don't want my girl studying this crap." As for *The Catcher* not being on an approved list—I had made up a list of some 300 books for outside reading, dated November 9, 1959, and turned in mimeographed copies of it to the English department. Mr. Milburn himself had recommended that the list be adopted, and it was. *The Catcher in the Rye* was on the list.

Prior to that I had asked the head of the English Department if it would be all right if I substituted a modern novel for either of those recommended for class study by sophomores (*Silas Marner* and *A Tale of Two Cities*). He said it would be all right, but that I would have to order the books with my own money and that I could only suggest to the students that they pay me back, could not require them to do so. I told him I thought I might like to try *The Catcher in the Rye*. He said he had never heard of the book. I didn't bother to tell him what it was about.

The day after the first stories appeared, the *Courier-Journal* artfully squeezed in an unsolicited letter to the editor by Herbert Gunnison of Prospect, Kentucky. Mr. Gunnison expressed gentle incredulity that students had actually objected to *The Catcher in the Rye*.

"To those who condemned the book as indecent," he wrote, "I have a friendly suggestion: look again, and keep on looking until you can recognize the humor, the pathos and the nobility in the book. Perhaps then you will understand more of the humor, pathos and nobility of life itself, and in the process grow closer to an awareness of the true purpose of good literature."

Music to Phantasize By

San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist Ralph J. Gleason describes how orchestra leader Lester Lanin is "engrossed in a scheme for preserving American folklore. He has recorded a Long Playing album for Epic Records of 58 commercial TV and radio advertising jingles. It is called 'The Madison Avenue Beat.'"

Lanin himself explained:

"Some of these melodies are beautiful. Beautiful. Take the Doublemint song. . . . Oh, they still ask for 'Night and Day' but we're getting requests now for 'Mr. Clean.' This is America, you know. These songs are America. I love these ads, you know. It's America. It's fun, I have to admit it. But we are selling America, selling advertising.

"The kids love the album, you know. I myself can't tell you more than 20 of the commercials' products. I don't know what the hell they are. But a lot of big companies—I won't tell you their names—have written that they're sorry they can't get in on it.

"There was no thought when I started—oh, maybe in the back of my mind—of sponsors ordering it. But they are. You know, I've got 58 people—all the sponsors working for me. Buying the albums for employees. Sending them out as presents. Not to mention 44 or 46 advertising agencies. The greatest thing, though, is the kids. They're thrilled. After all, it's their life, you know. . . ."

On another track, Lanin continued:

"My music is tailor made. I have musicians of all nationalities. For a Greek dance, I send a Greek clarinetist. I don't know what the hell he's playing but the Greeks love it. I send an accordion for an Italian wedding. That's America.

"I have an office in Virginia Beach that lets me take care of 18 states. I love to please people and, you know, the society people I play for are wonderful people. Once at a party—I won't tell you the man's name but he is one of the richest in the country—15 minutes before the party started he was telling me, 'Lester, the trouble with the world is over-production and poor distribution.' They're wonderful people. There he was concerned about all the people in the world. . . ."

In a later column, Gleason quoted 11-year-old Bridget, who asked: "How long will we have to stay in the shelters?"

Now, as if in answer to that little girl, Howard Plummer and D. Robinson have come up with a folk song titled "Let Me Die With My Head Held High—Not Alive in a Grave in the Ground."

We are informed that The Limelights "may make this a smasher on records." One half of the net proceeds will go to the Committee for Non-Violent Action, the American Friends Service Committee, the United World Federalists and for advertising costs. Copies of the song are available free from the publisher (send a stamped return envelope to Hap Music Inc., 200 W. 57 St., N. Y. 19).

The lyrics, incidentally, may be slanted either toward religious believers or toward non-believers, inasmuch as the line, "Oh, let me die when it's time to die / With the world that I love all around," has an alternate wording: ". . . With the works of the Lord all around."

UNFABULOUS CIVIL WAR

(Continued from Page 9)

to make it tortuous. And it is no longer merely the shame of this country: it is becoming the international test of this country.

Indeed, the "Negro problem" is rapidly becoming a misnomer, revealing itself for what it has always been—a "white problem."

We who have on paper "abolished" slavery through four terrible years of Civil War and after four thousand years of civilization: how uncomfortable, self-defensive and guilt-ridden we must feel when we deal with the new Africa, and we will be lucky if that's the worst we are made to feel. How much happier we would be if we were to be friends with her and love her as a sister whose presence we miss and whom we look forward to knowing better in an enrichment of all our lives—Africa, who is now mightily shaking off her colonial sleep and flexing her young limbs, a fresh Eve in a green and lush new Eden.

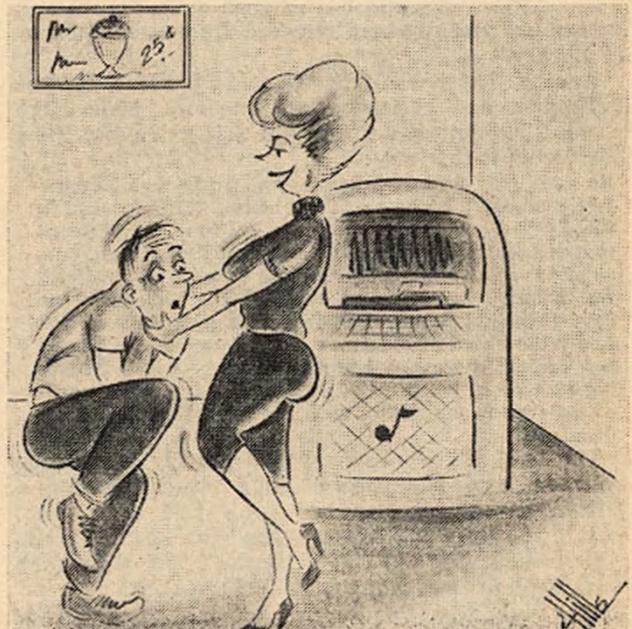
I've Got the Authentic Identity Blues

Here I sit with my old guitar

Singing labor songs
(Ain't never labored)
Singing old Wobbly songs
(Never wobbled)
Singing songs of the Spanish Civil War
(Never Spanish) (never civil)
Singing songs of the mountain folk
(Never mounted) (never folked)
Singing songs of Zionism
(Don't wanna farm) (ain't a Jew)

Oh lift up your voices in this great land of ours!
Oh sing, America, sing!

—Sylvia Dees



"Unless you straighten up, silly, I can't finish teaching you how to dance the Twist. . . ."

how to walk on water

by George von Milsheimer

*"I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me."*

The red schoolhouse filled with the sound of childish voices singing simple songs of faith. The scrubbed face of the sweet little Interfaith Lady wreathed in treacherous smiles. "I am so glad." "Jesus loves the little children." "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so." The Interfaith Lady beamed and beamed. She told about Jesus, about the Bible, about God's love. About how we all sin. She told about Pierre. How he found Jesus. How, through him, his Daddy found Jesus. And how, a few months later, Pierre was so happy telling the evangelist his Daddy was in Heaven.

The little singers are children of migrant farm workers. The schoolhouse shelters a Day Care Program. The Interfaith Lady comes for an hour during the mornings of one week of the Summer to tell the tots about Jesus. That most of the children come from Puerto Rican families, and that the Interfaith Lady's Jesus is eminently Protestant, no one seems to notice.

I viewed this show while traveling with teenagers from Brooklyn. Mostly Jewish, the kids had little background from which to assess the performance. Their shepherd was well qualified. Our discussion sharpened my awareness of the naïveté with which most liberals regard Christians. "How can they believe that?" "It's so ridiculous!" "Hell, I gave that crap up when I was 6."

Most freethinkers look at Christians as though the only problem were a lack of clear thinking. As if rationality were involved. You convince someone, through logic and evidence, and *Lo*. The Postilion Is Struck By Lightning. But the remarkable and touching faith of the middle class in education and intelligence has little relevance to the reality of faith.

The first thing most freethinkers don't realize is that God does exist. Friend, you disbelieve in Him at your peril. God exists, and has an overwhelming impact in men's lives. He cures cancer, asthma, common colds, and knits bones. He inflicts cancer, asthma, common colds, and breaks bones. He raises kings, destroys empires, and removes warts.

God exists. And any lusty human who treasures his health, sanity and freedom must fight Him, fang and claw. His impact is often more total in the life of atheists than in those of devout Christians. And some Christians are as free of Him as any man.

Who is God? He is That Which Makes Life Valid. I don't say that which *supposedly* makes life valid. And I'm not betraying the attitude of this Angry Young Magazine. I, with its psychokinetic editor, believe that my life doesn't need justification. If I am forced by some pompous philosophic ass (the intangible ones are the worst) to make a general statement, I affirm that Life has no Purpose, needs no validation, is its own joy, delight, revelation, miracle, transformation, redemption and validity. For me. Most of the time.

As e. e. cummings neatly put it, youandi are not

mostpeople. For mostpeople "Jesus loves *even* me." From the moment of conception they are bombarded with the message, "You are not enough, you are shit, you stink, you are filthy, you know nothing, you can know nothing, and I or He or Them will tell you what is right about you."

Most of this has little or nothing to do with the exclusive formulas of religions. It is once this attitude has been assumed as the meat of one's life that the formulas of religion are meaningful as symptoms of inner death. Even when the symbols of a religion are rejected, the reality of God persists.

God's blood is the sense and conviction of unworthiness. Job expresses for Christian and Jew the *necessary* attitude of religion.

"What is man, that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous? Behold, he putteth no trust in his saints; yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight. How much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh iniquity like water?" "How then can man be justified with God? or how can he be clean that is born of a woman? Behold not even to the moon and it shineth not; yea the stars are not pure in his sight. How much less man, that is a worm? and the son of man, which is a worm?" "Behold, I am vile."

The point of Job and of subsequent Judeo-Christianity is that man is base, irrelevant and totally ineffective. "If thou sinnest, what doest thou against Him? or if thy transgressions be multiplied, what doest thou unto Him? If thou be righteous, what givest thou Him? or what receiveth He of thine hand?"

Man exists on the sufferance of God.

The logical inconsistencies of this view have nothing to do with the issue. Guilt-convicted men, lusting for punishment, seek any abasement in which to wallow. Christianity carries this Judaic 'insight' another step in generalizing guilt for Christ's crucifixion to all men. God died for you. You killed God. You drove the nails. You jammed on the crown of thorns. You spit on, reviled, cursed Him. You thrust in the spear. And you do it again and again and again. You must do it, because you are man, and vile.

Freethinkers who avoided a religious childhood entirely miss the point when they criticize religion logically. *Credo quia absurdum* (I believe because it is absurd).

My guilt, my abasement, my hatred of my flesh, is absurd. The only way out of the absurdity is by absurdity compounded. No amount of logical destruction of Christian doctrine will kill God. It is edifying to observe that freethinkers who most vehemently engage in rational battle with Christianity are precisely those in whom God is most vital. Their lack of humor, of perspective, of the milk of human kindness is legendary.

This is, as Catholics correctly point out, because they are the Apes of God. In a wonderfully Augustinian fashion, they, wilfully agents of Satan, serve as the Left Hand of God. They are tragically condemned to failure by the very nature of their struggle. They are trapped into the endless horror of fruitless repetition of the very worship they claim to detest.

Such critics are fond of pointing out the logical inconsistency involved in the central Christian formula: God (Perfection) created Man (Corruption); because of Corruption (Man), God's Perfect Creation is condemned (Perfectly?); because of Perfection

(God's Perfect Love), Man is Redeemed through Perfect Sacrifice (Undyable God dies).

One needs only write the thing out to see its utter absurdity. But . . .

It is not God who condemns. I condemn myself because I *know* I am vile. I *am* a worm. I *am* corruption. I know this with every fiber of my being. The etiology of my corruption is irrelevant. Like Aphrodite I sprang full blown into being—corrupt, base, lustful.

The undead, which is to say, most people, have little awareness of themselves as communicating entities. They cannot sense themselves in time, in society, or in space. Existing in a state of cortical semi-isolation, the body-soul dichotomy becomes for them reality. The body intrudes. Their history intrudes.

Their bare existence, the thinnest possible slice of consciousness, tightly bound up by their past, but utterly, almost irrevocably, ignorant of it, cannot comprehend any state other than guilt rooted in their sense of themselves as wilful base corruption. To escape this sense almost any behavior is justified—nay, sanctified.

To the freethinker, the evangelist is perhaps the *ne plus ultra* of hypocritical exploitation. Precisely this bias makes most freethought criticism of the ministry, and particularly of the evangelical ministry, irrelevant and ineffective. After hearing that I was a boy evangelist, most liberals popeye at me and ask, "How on earth did you ever get out of it? How did you get your present values?"

Their unspoken assumption is, of course, that my present values are antipodal to those of evangelism. And particularly persistent is the attitude that no honest man could be an evangelist. Nothing could be more wrong. In my first column I wrote that "professionals are hungry self-serving sons of bitches who above all things hate the sucker in their ranks." But, dearly beloved, not one of them is aware of it.

From evangelist to social worker to atheist luminary I have seen the same self-serving hypocrisy. But, never conscious, cynical, cold-blooded hypocrisy. Never the kind of self-conscious manipulation that might lead to agonizing wrestling with Jehovah. Scheming, lying, manipulation, contempt—all these. But always in expiation of the stench in the nostrils. Always, then, sanctified. Always an artifact of the Mission, the Cause, the Message. Even ballsy characters like Aimee Semple McPherson are still convicted Vessels of God carrying out the great Work while jazzing the radio announcer.

A case in point is the late Jack Coe. This was the swinish healer who crossed legal swords with Joseph Lewis in Miami. A more adroit cynical bastard you couldn't find. Shills, gimmicks, phony props, every tactic of the skilled mob leader, were brilliantly used by Brother Coe. His cohorts would have the tent steaming—literally.

(I watched one dear Pentecostal sister writhe in orgasmic joy for an hour, arms lifted, husky female musk perfuming the air, voice ecstatically crooning, "I can feel Him, I can feel Him." The Lord moves in mysterious ways—but, beloved, he was *moving* with that dear sister.)

They would give genuine Papermate-type pens for subscriptions to Brother Coe's rag. "Because Brother Coe *loves* you so much." The songs would mount in fervor and lo, suddenly on the stage appeared our be-

loved Brother Coe. The collection was a masterpiece of manipulation.

"Jesus, HallelujahLord, Jesus justolme Yes! Jesus just tol ME! for-ty sev EN dear CHRISTians are coming forward wth TENDOLLARBILLS! Yes! Hallelujah, LordJeeSUS! Heretheycome! Godbless! HalleLUjah! Jesus! If ya love the Lord RAISEyourhand! Yes JESUS! OH GOD! YES! JEE SUS! JESUS! Yes, Jesus jus tol me SEVENTY Yes SEVENTYEIGHT dear Christians are coming, yes, they are coming, yes, with FIVE DOLLAR BILLS FOR JESUS, ohGODYES! theretheyare, godloveyou, HALLELUJAH! sweetJE sus! OH Lord-yes! Do ya loveim? DOYALUVIM? YES! YES GOD! YESWELUVYAGOD! OHGLORY! OH GLORY! THERE! Therethey ARE Thankewjesus Thankyew Oh OOOH BE loved God! GOD! GOD JUSTOLME Yes-hatolme YES! One Hundred, YES ONEHUNDREDFORTYFIVE doyaluvim? ONEHUNDREDFORTY-

Department of HMMMM . . .

From an ad for the September issue of the Reader's Digest:

"Does God really answer your prayers? Read how a lonely, young American widow . . . learned the real answer to prayer from a desolate man in a dark London church."

FIVE wholuvthelord are coming, yes there they come, are coming, yes, with onedollarbills for JESUS! Heretheycome! GOD! YES! HALLELUJAH! GLORY-JOY! OH OOOH OH BELOVED! nowlord, yes lord, ohlordweluva, ohlord theyresome theyresome yeslord theyresome who dont wannamakeashow somewhoreshy buttheyluyva yes GOD theyluyva ohglory OHGLORY OYESLORDGLORDY DOYALUVIM?DOYA?DOYA?! YESGODWELUVYA theyluyvalord so weregonnalet yes weregonnalet these dear SWEet little girls, whoareworkinshardforyatonightlord, passamong yespassamongthebrethren for THEM to BRING their LOVE gifts toya. YES! LORD! HALLELUJAH! IFYALOVTHELORD-RAISEYOURHAND!"

In the court hearing which followed Coe's 'healing' of a polio-stricken boy it was disclosed that Coe's income ranged over a quarter of a million dollars. "Of course, I give most of it to 'charity.'" (Coe Evangelical Enterprises. Coe Gospel Publications. Jack Coe Orphanage. Brother Coe's, etc.)

[Editor's *ironical note*: Jack Coe himself died of polio at the age of 36; his widow, Sister Juanita Coe, is now minding the store.]

Most freethinkers were gleeful. "Now they'll see." And they seemed a bit puzzled by the fact that the tents were even fuller. Were the freethinkers right? Are people just too damned stupid? Is it just a case of one born every minute?

Is it, in fact, an intellectual question at all? I say no.

Jack Coe could no more understand the accusations of hypocrisy, dishonesty and blasphemy hurled at him by more respectable Christians than could Reinhold Niebuhr if he were the target of such invective. Jack Coe was an instrument of God. All his actions were justified, were based on God's intimate daily direction. If God rewarded him, it was only just. Praise Him!

Jack had had his hard times. He had struggled for his seven years (it's amazing how many times the hard struggle prattled about is seven years; maybe Revela-

tion is right). I do not know a minister about whom it is not said, "You know, if he was in business they'd pay him *much* more." Which is about as irrelevant as possible—if he's serious, and no matter whether minister, social worker or rabble rouser.

Yet, the attitude grows, twists, and flowers in remarkable forms. There is a freethinker who spent most of his early maturity struggling manfully to form a meaningful liberal movement; today that struggle justifies almost anything—disregard of democratic process, of common decencies, of truth; abuse of expense account, use of community property for private ease—you name it. But, cynical? Dishonest? Exploitative? Hell, no! He Sacrificed! He has a Mission! 'God' walks with him. "Yea though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

Every minister has a stock of personal experiences which liberally salt his sermons. Evangelists tend toward gruesome deathbed conversions. Almost none of them are 'true.' But no minister, no evangelist, thinks of himself as a liar when telling them. I doubt that a polygraph needle would tremble. Their lies flow as naturally and easily as their very breath. In time they become so mixed with 'real' experiences that the raconteur has difficulty distinguishing for himself.

To condemn the religious for dishonesty is not simply unfair; it is hopelessly irrelevant.

"But," I can hear the protests, "it was just this hypocrisy which drove me out of the church, and which sickens me now." Ain't that tender? All us holy freethinkers sanctified together. In subsequent offerings I propose to write a bit about freethinker organizations and how they grew. And about non-joiners too. Our saintly editor could spin you a few tales, as he already has, of hypocrisy in free places. But, that's another tale.

Friend, you left the church because it no longer satisfied you.

All the horseshit about hypocrisy, unreason, *und so weider*, camouflages the fact that your decision was glandular. Maybe you did lose the largest measure of your own sense of dreckliness. It's more probable that you became aware of the horrors inside you. Most of us simply exchange the naked face of God for another set of eviscerating symbols.

One need only fish about in freethought publications to see the hate, the fear, the self-loathing, the

frantic clinging to respectability that marks them as surely as Norman Vincent Peale. How many times have I heard it said: "We have to be even more careful of our morals than the clergy, since their first accusation is that you can't have morality without God."

Dear hearts, the Christians are right. Once you really give up God, once you align yourself against him, morality has to go.

The struggle humans have to survive in this undead world is not a rational one. We can win every verbal struggle from now to Armageddon. We can heap ridicule, excoriate asininity, analyze, predict, adjudicate, propagandize and prove. And, all the mouth flip isn't worth a fart. Nothing is. It takes ballsy, sweaty, swinging, sexy living. And, friend, this is dangerous. It isn't pussycat-hunting dangerous. It isn't rockpile-climbing dangerous. It is the danger of annihilation. Complete. Pure. And Simple.

The guiltladen, shitfleshed undead are threatened in their vitals by the living. The very ground of their existence is violated by sweet spontaneity. The source of their Redemption is cut off. The breath of their undeath is smothered. When the undead virgin begins to feel her vitals—when life begins lovingly to lick at her belly—her fear, her tightening, her grasping at rigid death, her dry gnawing closure, are the wild frantic struggles of the trapped beast lunging for survival. She will die if she lives. Her corrupt flesh will burn, and new flesh, new bones, new guts, new worlds will transpire.

The language of Christianity is not so absurd. It is the instrument of redemption that is the absurd obscenity—the rictus of Calvary's Corpse.

The Christian whose language most directly evokes the dialectic of new flesh is closer to life, even though their myth is further removed from 'reality' than many liberals. The Pentecostal Holiness woman writhing in clitoral joy is much closer to life than the Proper Unitarian, agnostic though she be, whose most recent approach to orgasm was guiltily enjoyed on her regular vacation at Uwannapee Stables.

There is more life in Holy Roller ecstasy than in all the learned "workshops" on The Sexual Nature of Modern Man that freethinkers so gleefully infest.

Nor will the grim realities of the rationalist ever convince an ecstatic Holiness of the irrelevance of her religion. She has *felt* Him. And she felt Him up real good. The converts from ecstatic Christianity I have known have overwhelmingly been the most grim, humorless, life-hating bitches and bastards I have known. The exceptions are those who got out, not through sweet pious reason, but through the divine agency of sweet lustful jazzing.

One is converted from a *feeling* only by a better one.

God lives, my sweet atheist love. He lives. He destroys. His Apocalypse is at hand. Leave, my lovely atheist, leave the grim ranks of Satan, who is, after all, naught but the Left Hand Of God Disguised. Join, beloved, join the army of Yourself Unjustified. Yes, dearly beloved, redemption is at hand. Sweet life. Sweet joy. Sweet incomparable jazz. Sweaty bloodpulsing skin-rubbing moist joy of love. Yes!

[Editor's footnote: The Reverend Mister George von Hulsheimer, newly appointed minister of The Indian River Unitarian Fellowship in Fort Pierce, Florida, has just married Miss Diane Dennis. Yes!]

J.C. First of a series
by Ken Seagel
& bhob stewart



The 1961 Epistle Prizes

... by Bob Abel

"I am one of the 16-year-old girls who sit and watch their world slipping into the void of death," began a letter to the *New York Times*.

"Every day I listen, hoping not to hear the pounding of men's feet in their movement toward the end of a world, a world I have just begun to touch, and hear and see.

"I know when the time comes there will be no escape, either from the bomb of merciful swiftness or from the slow agony of pitiless radiation. I know the fearful insect, landing a thousand miles away, can creep into the bones of my unknown children.

"I wait for the sign telling me that I will one day be able to breathe and see without the smog of fear filling my throat and stinging my eyes.

"I wait for the people who hold my world's fate to tell me that I have the right to grow up, to marry and to have children who will not live in such a place, who will not be afraid of losing even this nightmare world before they have known it..."

With that—"the pounding of men's feet"—as our theme, the Epistle Prize Committee had a difficult time making its annual awards this month because, as usual, there were so many distinguished entries.

After reading the 20,000-plus letters received by President Kennedy after his broadcast in July on the Berlin crisis — ranging from the gentleman who requested "secret training to get into Russia and assassinate Mr. Khrushchev or as many as I can that are responsible for all of this world tension," to the housewife who offered the following program for international peace: "start nuclear testing; stop talking about disarmament; keep Outer Mongolia out of the U.N.; invade Cuba; limit foreign aid to faithful allies; stop worrying about world opinion; pay more attention to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee; and cut spending and waste"—we decided to limit ourselves to epistles sent by readers of *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Look*, *Life* and other members of the mass media gang.

EPISTLE PRIZE FOR JINGOISTIC EXCELLENCE

"The thing that worries me is not the launching of an accidental war, but whether we, with all our mass of safeguards, can fire our missiles at Russia if we have to!"

EPISTLE PRIZE FOR ALICE-IN-WONDERLANDISM

"While my son was napping I came across the article with that horrid picture of that small, frightened boy staring up at me. Need I say it sickened me right down to my toes. Why, oh, why do you print such terrible, terrible pictures? I thank God every time I see one that my Jimmy is safe in his bed. I hope that this awful Eichmann business is soon over so the public need not be reminded of the horror he caused."

EPISTLE PRIZE FOR SURFACE TRAVELING

"I agree with Governor Patterson that the Federal government encourages these agitators and law violators by not keeping them [freedom riders] corralled and allowing them to ride loose, disturbing the peace and making ugly headlines which do us untold harm abroad."

EPISTLE PRIZE FOR BETTER-LATE-THAN-NEVERISM

"I have two profound tributes to pay: to the *Post* for publishing Dwight D. Eisenhower's article, 'Now That I Am a Private Citizen' and to that great, uniquely genuine patriot himself. This was the first time that I've become misty over any magazine article."

EPISTLE PRIZE FOR BETTER-NEVER-THAN-LATEISM

"At our house it was hasty incineration for your May 20 issue. [Editor's note: That issue began a three-part series in the *Saturday Evening Post* on "Abortion"—they're against it.] How fortunate that I, the mother, beat our teen-agers to the mailbox! (Our teeners devour the *Post* from Letters to the Coca-Cola ad on the back.) . . . Even Hazel must be ashamed."

EPISTLE PRIZE FOR MOTHER-FUMBLING

"You have no interest in or understanding of these picketing women or their worthy ambition to guard their offspring against the incurable leprosy of amalgamating the two races, and the horrors of schools bossed by judges bent upon establishing a totalitarian regime in imitation of the Russian Politburo. While slandering these courageous Southern women, you sought in every way to make a heroine of Mrs. Gabrielle, who obviously sought cheap publicity by breaking the boycott set by the vast majority of parents."

EPISTLE PRIZE FOR LOGICAL CONCLUSION-REACHING

"Kudos to Charles Davis from Austin for his stand on arming fallout shelters to keep the neighbors out. It is indeed wonderful to see that there are still some Americans around who are able to think for themselves without aid from the Federal Government. Guns are man's best friends."

Requiem For a Head-Hunter

From a UPI dispatch, November 20, 1961:

Dr. J. Boendermaker, Deputy Gov. General of Dutch New Guinea, said today that Michael Rockefeller was seeking head-hunter relics when he disappeared. "Michael wanted to buy carved shields, totem poles and human heads from the local population," [he] said. He planned to go down the island's river and cross the sea to the Agats village where 2,000 recently pacified members of a head-hunter tribe live. "Michael's presence there led to a tremendous increase in local trade, especially in beautifully carved and painted human heads. A few weeks ago it was reported to me that members of the head-hunter tribe approached the administrator for permission to go head-hunting 'for one evening only, please, sir.' This was because Michael was offering ten steel hatchets for one head. We had to warn him off as he was creating a demand which could not be met without bloodshed . . ."

From the N.Y. World-Telegram & Sun, Nov. 30, 1961:

Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller was home at his Pocantico Hills estate today, "hoping for a miracle"—that his son, Michael, will yet be found alive in the New Guinea jungle.

"Ever since he was little, Michael has been aware of people, feelings and thoughts," the Governor told a hushed assemblage. "He has always loved people and been loved by them. He had tremendous enthusiasm and drive and loved life and beauty in people, in arts, and in nature. He was never happier than he has been out there for the past seven or eight months," Gov. Rockefeller said, referring to the expedition of which his son was a part. "It was one of the most exciting experiences of his life. He combined in this trip his love of people and his interest in people with the beauty of the creative work they do . . ."

modest proposals

by John Francis Putnam

New Wives' Tales for Old

"I have heard of cases where, if an expectant mother goes strawberry picking, her baby is born with a strawberry birthmark somewhere on its body. Or if she's frightened by a mouse, her baby could be marked with a little furry patch.

"Well, we have a boy who will be three in September, and everyone tells us he is the image of Jack Paar. They say he looks like Jack Paar, smiles like him, and even acts like him. I can see it myself. My husband looks nothing like Jack Paar.

"When I was pregnant, I watched Jack Paar every night to help me fall asleep. Could this actually be the reason?"

—letter to Dear Abby.

There are no Old Wives' Tales kicking around any more. Science killed 'em. A ripe and gamey folk poetry has been irrevocably lost to us because people read the *Reader's Digest* instead of listening to witches as they ought to.

Those Old Wives' Tales were fun, too. So what if they weren't true, or if the remedies they suggested didn't work? At least they held the emotional line until the doctor came, or until the patient died, or both. They were mankind's last brave stand against The Enlightenment.

In this constipated age, a few *New Wives' Tales* put into circulation might brighten things up a bit by helping people discover some new things to worry about. It might be interesting to see what happens when you set a couple of juicy ones adrift upon the social tide—say, at the next party you go to—then wait and see how long it takes for these Tales to get back to you at a later date, encrusted with extra horrors and mysterious implications of personalized disaster.

With only raw instinct for your inspiration, it is possible to come up with several workable *New Wives' Tales* that will amaze and instill fears even in your most skeptical friends and associates. (By the way, just what is that swelling behind *your* left ear?)

Here, then, is a healthy sampling of *New Wives' Tales* . . .

¶ Day-Glo Fluorescent Toilet Tissue, used over a period of time, will cause hemorrhoids. However, Silly Putty in suppository form is an excellent cure.

¶ Excessive dependence on Miltown results in a re-growth of the prepuce. As a preventative measure, nervous tranquilizer-addicted Orthodox Jews recommend dipping the member in Schweppes Quinine Water. (If you are inordinately ticklish, allow effervescence to subside before dipping.)

¶ It is possible to become pregnant without having had intercourse, by partaking of oysters marinated in Royal Jelly. Nevertheless, an abortion can be induced during the third month by drinking Bardahl.

¶ Continued ingestion of the monosodium glutamate in Accent will bring on a severe case of syphilis. Any venereal disease can be cured, though, by consistent use of Ban Roll-On Deodorant.

Of course, not all *New Wives' Tales* have cures . . .

¶ If a woman wears Playtex Nylon Panties during pregnancy, the child will be a homosexual.

¶ Internal use of Vicks Vaporub creates an uncontrollable desire to indulge in fellatio.

¶ Should a virgin mistakenly happen to use Midol for saccharine between menstrual periods, her hymen will break of its own accord.

¶ Irreverently burning Airwick as incense in a Buddhist temple will cause you to go directly to hell, with no recourse to purgatory.

¶ Lovemaking during a Conelrad alert will result in permanent frigidity.

Finally, there is a category of *New Wives' Tales*—a whole set of psychological symptoms—which falls under the general heading of "Causes for Alarm" . . .

¶ Inability to ask for enough money when applying for a job;

¶ Practicing voyeurism while wearing bi-focals;

¶ Telling the same joke to a person every time you meet him;

¶ Inability to stare when a girl's skirt blows up or when she fixes her stocking (and, conversely, inability to appreciate a carelessly left-open fly);

¶ Undue remorse after one of those mistaken-identity encounters;

¶ Hysterical paralysis of a young man's hands while trying to unfasten a girl's bra strap;

¶ Compulsive wiping of a ball-point pen to prevent leakage onto clothing;

¶ Sudden sexual impotence due to an admonition by your partner that something said in the heat of passion was "in bad taste."

Nightmare Adlai

I had this dream all about Adlai Stevenson the other night. There he was, this Great Hope of the Bourgeois Liberal, standing in the UN—first lying about the bombing run on Cuban air fields, and then lying about the Cuban invasion. Suddenly I saw him, the Americans for Democratic Action's choice for President, touring Latin America, sounding out for backing of the United States' plans against Cuba. Then back in the UN, and this time he was defending French colonialism; and he was mumbling something about the right of a country to have military bases in other countries whether the bases were wanted or not.

Suddenly I could see nothing except Stevenson's face—there was his face right in front of me. His hand went to his chin as if he were going to scratch it but instead he began to pick on his chin. And he began to lift up his skin, to peel it back. I'll be damned if he wasn't wearing a mask, and he was taking it off right in front of my eyes. He simply lifted the entire mask back and stood before me, his true face revealed. And goddammit, I swear, it was Richard M. Nixon.

—Jerry DeMuth

