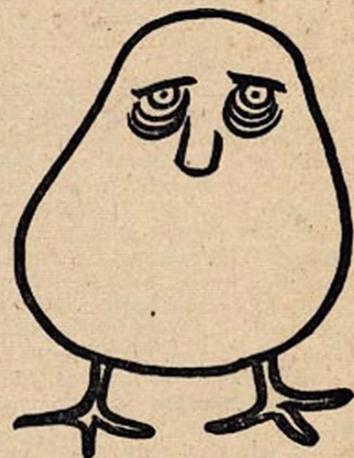


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



the magazine of
applied paranoia

February, 1962

35 Cents

No. 31

**the f.b.i.
in peace
and cold war**
by William Worthy

On December 28, 1961, an obscure Harlem resident, Miss Estelle Williams, of 352 West 117th Street, passed away.

Had she not been the aunt of exiled civil rights leader Robert F. Williams, the cops and the government could not have cared less about her death.

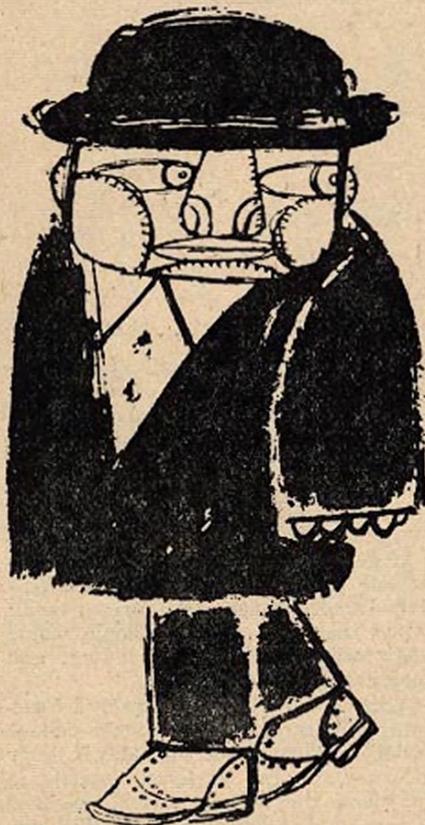
Routinely, St. Luke's Hospital on 113th Street sent a telegram of notification to the next of kin: a sister of Miss Williams in Monroe, N. C.

It was last August's racial violence in that town that led to Williams' flight to Cuba. He and others, including fellow residents of Monroe and non-violent Freedom Riders from the North, had been charged with kidnaping a white couple.

Before even New York-area members of the family arrived to view the body at Trumbo Funeral Chapel on Manhattan's St. Nicholas Avenue, F.B.I. agents popped in to query the mortician. Apparently the tip had come from Monroe, in violation of the secrecy of telecommunications guaranteed by a 1934 federal statute.

"Is Williams expected for the funeral?" the agents wanted to know.

When they proceeded to ask that they be notified just in case Williams did show up for the funeral, the indignant undertaker, unwilling to be an



"Whenever there is somebody on a window ledge ready to commit suicide, I have these lapel buttons for sale that say 'Jump' and 'Don't Jump.'"

informer, told the agents: "You'd better get out of here."

As soon as word of the episode reached Williams in Havana, he fired off a heated cablegram to President

(Continued on Page 2)

**how to help
a bopping gang
go social**
by Paul Krassner

Twice a day in New York City, 1,554 people go to the Rivoli Theatre and see *West Side Story*. It is our contemporary version of watching Christians being thrown to the lions.

Well, I'm going to tell you a little Lower East Side story. Non-fiction. No Natalie Wood moving her mouth while some anonymous broad sings her disembodied heart out to the accompaniment of an unseen orchestra. No young hoods who beat each other to death with their ballet slippers.

In short, no exploitation in the guise of compassion.

Last month I got a call from a young lady named Aggie Dodd. She wanted to know if I would be interested in doing something in the *Realist* on the Neighborhood Pilot Project. They needed help. They deserved help. They were getting no publicity. And they weren't afraid that an article in the *Realist* would hurt them through nonrespectability by association.

Aggie makes her living as a secretary for a plumbing firm. All the college courses she's taken have been on a non-matriculated basis—she may never get a degree—because she failed Geometry in high school. But people

(Continued on Page 11)

THE F.B.I.

(Continued from Cover)

Kennedy. He particularly objected to having his "wanted" photograph placed "on the casket of my deceased aunt." By "this ghoulish conduct," he charged, "the F.B.I. meant to humiliate and scare my relatives."

A month before Miss Williams died, her niece in Jersey City, Mrs. Jessie E. Link, attended a meeting of the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants in Union City, N. J. Even the national office of the NAACP, which bears no love for the militant program of Robert Williams and his supporters around the world, wrote on January 19, 1962 to Joseph Manderville of the Newark, N. J., NAACP branch, affirming that it had "no evidence whatever that the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants is Communist-inspired."

Nevertheless, shortly after the Union City meeting, Mrs. Link received a call from an F.B.I. agent who advised her to "stop going to those meetings and signing those petitions." The would-be intimidation went in one ear and out the other. "They don't frighten me," Mrs. Link told this reporter.

It scarcely needs to be added that even if the C.A.M.D. were totally controlled by Communists, it would have been no business of the federal agents to "advise" a citizen to boycott its meetings. After all, the F.B.I. itself blandly denies being a political police and swears repeatedly (especially to Negroes in imminent danger of white violence) that it is merely a fact-collecting, investigatory agency.

Last November's report on "Justice" by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights cites chapter and verse, as far back as 1946, to demonstrate that the F.B.I. in its anxiety to play footsie with all the sadistic police departments North and South, has continually resisted the handling of complaints of civil rights violations. Long before Monroe's easily predictable racial explosion on August 26 and 27 the Bureau's files bulged with Robert Williams' appeals for protection of Monroe's colored community against Klan and cops.

In effect, the federal agents in North Carolina and their nominal boss Robert Kennedy in Washington laughed in his face. But within hours after the state of North Carolina indicted Williams on the kidnapping charge the F.B.I. threw hundreds of agents into the search for him. A virtual "shoot-on-sight" F.B.I. flier was circulated all over the U.S., Canada and Mexico. The flier contained the wholly fabricated claim that Williams had been "diagnosed as schizophrenic." Friends of his whose home in Toronto was raided were told: "That man hasn't got a chance. We'll send him back to the States in a pinebox."

The Bureau, as its right-wing supporters warmly refer to it, still hasn't

recovered from the shock to its professional pride when this reporter flashed word from Havana last September that Williams had successfully eluded its net and had arrived in Cuba via a new Underground Railway. "We don't have proof that he is in Cuba," two F.B.I. agents told his sister in Jersey City as recently as January. Even if they are unwilling to accept as factual an exclusive dispatch in the largest Negro weekly in the United States, the Bureau must know of subsequent interviews with Williams in Havana by reputable reporters from numerous countries.

On December 4th the *Toronto Globe and Mail* prominently reported a scathing sermon by the Reverend John Morgan of that city's First Unitarian Congregation, who said that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had been "innocently trapped" into searching for Williams because of "misinformation originating in Monroe and passed on by the F.B.I." The minister, friendly with Williams and aware that he had been an active Unitarian while in Mon-



J. Edgar Hoover: "... that s.o.b."

roe, declared that the civil rights leader had been "the object of a very intense hunt under the mistaken impression that he was armed, wild and insane with homicidal tendencies."

While Williams was still in flight to Cuba, the Mounties visited Reverend Morgan twice. They informed him that a large sum of money was available to anyone providing information on Williams' whereabouts. He informed them: "Only the most trusted people would know where Williams is hiding, and they are not for sale."

When the Freedom Riders and Freedom Fighters go on make-believe "trial" in Monroe starting May 7, their attorney, Conrad J. Lynn, intends to subpoena the largely unacknowledged letters and telegrams that Williams over a period of years sent to the F.B.I. and the Department of Justice. Utilizing the potent technique of international embarrassment that Williams effectively developed in the 1958 "kissing case," the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants hopes, funds permitting, to transport to Monroe busloads of Africans studying at our schools and colleges, in order that they may see for

themselves U.S. justice at work in a not untypical southern courtroom.

The menace of the F.B.I. will grow until its almost total immunity from criticism ends. Since the death of Stalin and Beria in 1953 I know of no other country except ours that glorifies its secret police. Around the late 'thirties, when President Franklin Roosevelt appointed Frank Murphy to be U.S. Attorney General, the former governor of Michigan confided to his secretary: "The first thing I'm going to do when I get to Washington is to fire that s.o.b., J. Edgar Hoover."

As Mayor of Detroit, and later as governor during the rash of sit-down strikes in the auto plants, Murphy had displayed, under fire, his passionate devotion to civil rights and civil liberties. The freedom-defending record of this devout Catholic, even in Supreme Court cases involving the anti-Catholic-Jehovah's Witnesses, shone far and above that of his Quaker successor, Francis Biddle.

Several months after assuming the duties of his new job as Attorney General, Murphy returned home to Michigan for a visit. His secretary accosted him:

"Frank, what happened? You haven't fired Hoover," she declared.

"You don't understand," he apologized. "That man can't be touched. He has something on everybody."

Editor's note: About 3 P.M., on Wednesday, February 21st, while Bill Worthy was writing this piece on the F.B.I., a tall, blond, fact-collecting agent in his mid-thirties was busy calling on Bill's neighbors.

"Has Mr. Worthy been out of town recently?" he wanted to know. "Did he go to Cuba last summer? Who takes care of his mail while he's away?"

One neighbor replied: "I just passed Bill's door and heard music on his radio, so I know he's at home right now. The thing for you to do is to go over and ask him. He's the best one to answer your questions."

"No, I don't want to talk to him. And don't tell him I was around," the agent requested, invoking his rights to secrecy under an upside-down combination of the First and Fifth Amendments.

The fact-collectors occupy themselves even on the level of the city dump. Not long ago the former mayor of a well-known metropolis—a right-wing Socialist and bitter anti-Communist—was dismayed to notice that each week the trash collectors were segregating his household trash into a special bag, instead of dumping it onto the top of the truck along with all his neighbors' trash.

editorial type stuff

Realist-of-the-Month Award

A survey conducted by *Modern Office Procedures* magazine reveals that, out of 103 executives questioned as to whether a strictly honest policy would enable a man to rise to the top of the business world, only two answered yes—and one of those two said he knew he was being naive.

Other interviewees said that a "knife-in-the-back" or "pulling the rug out from under the boss" is a faster way to get to the top than hard work and honesty.

"People who don't get dirty don't make it," said one executive. "I'm not defending the practice, I'm simply stating a fact."

Stated another: "In 30 years I've known of only three men who've reached executive positions cleanly and I admit I'm not one of them."

The higher the executive is in the management ladder, the more likely he is to do some dirty work, according to the survey.

Businessmen felt many companies encourage double-dealing; others tolerate it, the magazine reported, because "men with the nerve and ability to climb roughshod over others are valuable assets to their companies."

Impolite Interviews

In upcoming *Realists*, impolite interviewees include, in alphabetical order: a practicing bum; S. I. Hayakawa; Interlandi; Murray Kempton; Alexander King; Martin Luther King; nudist publisher June Lange; Norman Mailer; Mort Sahl; abortionist Dr. X.

My book, *Impolite Interviews* (with Lenny Bruce, Dr. Albert Ellis, Henry Morgan, Alan Watts, Jules Feiffer, Richard Kern, Jean Shepherd, Hugh Hefner), is available from the *Realist* for \$4, but all the interviews in the book are available in a set of ten back issues (including two interviews—George Lincoln Rockwell and Dick Gregory—not in the book) for only \$2, so please don't do anything foolish.

(If you do buy the book, you may have as a bonus the two issues with Rockwell and Gregory, if you request them. As for back issues, there are 25 available—#1 thru #30, except #2 thru #6—at the rate of 25¢ each, or five for \$1. All 25 cost \$5.)

Oh, yes—I thought you might be interested in a quote from the *Dallas Morning News'* review of the book: "... The editor and interviewer, Paul Krassner, is slightly obtrusive, but his cynicism will seem pristine to anyone unacquainted with the Book of Ecclesiastes."

Or, as Ralph J. Gleason puts it in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "A magazine that's against as many things as the *Realist* is, can't be all bad."

Is There a Doctor in the Church?

Chicago disc jockey Dan Sorokin observes that every time a graduate of medical school takes the Hippocratic oath, he is violating the First Commandment.

Life Among the Reactionaries

The Christian Anti-Communist Crusade is headed by physician and Protestant lay evangelist Fred C. Schwarz. In its September 1st issue, *Life* magazine charged that Schwarz "preached doomsday by communism in 1973 unless every American starts distrusting his neighbor."

However, at a Crusade rally in Hollywood Bowl on October 16th, *Life* publisher C. D. Jackson not only apologized ("I believe we were wrong and I'm profoundly sorry") but also joined 'em ("It's a great privilege to be here tonight to align *Life* magazine with Sen. Dodd, Rep. Judd, Dr. Schwarz and the rest of these implacable fighters").

Frontier, a West Coast magazine, stated: "Reports were current that protest mail flooded *Life's* office after its pre-conversion evaluation of Schwarz & Co. There was speculation, unverified, that advertisers threatened cancellation of big contracts unless *Life* took a kinder attitude toward the 'crusade.'"

Time magazine ignored the whole bloody switch.

The Hollywood rally was telecast in New York over WPIX. The N. Y. *Journal-American* reported that "Edmund Burke of the station" had said, "All that is necessary for the forces of evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing"—a statement which was made by 18th Century philosopher Edmund Burke, and which has been quoted all over the place ever since, by liberals and conservatives alike.

CBS news analyst Charles Collingwood called up WPIX and asked to speak to Edmund Burke. He was told: "We have nobody here by that name. Why don't you try WNEW?"

And a Little Soft-Shoe Encore

An editorial in the *San Fernando Sun* described a private party at which "George Murphy, celebrated song and dance man, and organizer of the recent Hollywood anti-communist rally... told with relish how he made Henry Luce come crawling to him on his hands and knees. Mr. Murphy was referring to C. D. Jackson's apology, at the Hollywood rally, for *Life's* criticism of Dr. Fred Schwarz..."

"Mr. Murphy said he had persuaded three large *Life* advertisers either to threaten or actually withdraw their advertising from *Life*. We are not sure whether it was just a threat or an accomplished fact, and Mr. Murphy didn't clarify this point. And strange to say, two of the three advertisers were the Richfield Oil Co. and the Schick razor blade company, both of whom sponsored the Schwarz rally."

(The third advertiser was believed to be Technicolor, a company controlled by Pat Frawley, who also controls Schick.)

Burt Wolfe, editor of *The Californian*, queried the *Sun's* publisher about the editorial. Came the reply:

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

PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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Subscription rates:

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

Ten copies of one issue: \$1

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"George Murphy called me last week and denied that he had ever made any remarks such as attributed to him. I offered him space in the paper if he wanted to write a letter and he said he would take advantage of it, but he hasn't up to now."

Inspirational Doublethink

The "new" *Saturday Evening Post* has a special "Speaking Out" section, subtitled "The Voice of Dissent." In the February 17th issue, Billy Graham dissented with an article titled "Our Right to Require Belief."

To prove his thesis, Graham said: "I'm not sure that atheists and agnostics would be quite so zealous to preserve the Bill of Rights . . ."

A Realist Reader Survey

You are cordially invited to participate in a special *Realist* questionnaire. It is a departure from the usual magazine survey in that (1) materialistic values are deliberately ignored; and (2) the answers will have absolutely no effect on our editorial policy. They will, however, be published in some future issue.

1. Name (if you wish); age; gender; marital status.
2. What organizations are you a member of?
3. What lost causes do you identify with?
4. What are your main status symbols?
5. What are your prejudices?
6. What are your favorite books?
7. What persons (living or dead) do you most admire?
8. What kind of work do you do? What form of corruption exists in your industry? Do you prostitute yourself in any way on the job?
9. In what way do you cheat your employer/employees?
10. In what way do you waste your time when you're not working?
11. What part does politics play in your life?
12. What part does religion play in your life?
13. What part does sex play in your life?
14. What gap exists between your philosophy and the way you live?
15. How many children do you have, or intend to have? In what ways do you plan to bring them up that are different from the way you were brought up?
16. How do you feel about your education?
17. What has been your greatest disillusionment in life?
18. What's the most important thing you've learned in life?
19. If your life were to flash past you at this moment, what would be the highlight?
20. What's the funniest incident you've ever been involved in?
21. What are you most ashamed of?
22. What are you most proud of?
23. Do you believe in any form of censorship?
24. Has the *Realist* changed you in any way?
25. Would you change the *Realist* in any way?
26. What's your favorite of everything that has ever appeared in the *Realist*?
27. What's your least favorite of everything that has ever appeared in the *Realist*?
28. How many people read your copy of the *Realist*?
29. What interesting fact would you like to share with other readers of the *Realist*?
30. What interesting opinion would you like to share with other readers of the *Realist*?
31. What is your own particular field of expertise? Within that context, what do you predict for the future?
32. In what way are you most irrational?
33. In what way are you most masochistic?
34. In what way are you most sadistic?

35. In what way are you most behind the times?
36. In what way are you most avant garde?
37. What is your greatest hypocrisy?
38. What is your greatest source of happiness?
39. What is your greatest source of unhappiness?
40. How do you get away from it all?
41. What personal Godot are you waiting for?
42. What question(s) would you like to ask the editor of the *Realist*?

Space On My Hands (Continued)

There is a phrase—"packaging the biologic payload"—which sounds like technical terminology for a girlie magazine, but which actually refers to the problem, faced by spaceologists intent on landing a man on the moon, of enabling him to survive the impact when he gets there.

As the *Medical Tribune* expresses it, ". . . A good deal of s, or room for deceleration, has to be built into the machine, what with bumpers, springs, harness, and thoughtful seating arrangements, so that it can be flown into solid rock without dismaying the biologic sub-assembly, or what we used to call the man. That is important, for if he were mashed like a caterpillar there would be complaints. It is wonderful to know the arithmetic has been worked out. . . ."

Meanwhile, back on earth, in this country alone, there are some 40,000 deaths a year resulting from automobile accidents. Radio-man Jean Shepherd has pointed out that "Nobody ever publishes a statistical breakdown of which makes of cars these accidents happen in."

Regardless of brand name, the moral is evident: *One good astronaut is worth 40,000 caterpillars.*

A Star Is Aborted (Continued)

On December 30th I came out of retirement as a sort of comedian in order to put on a benefit performance for the *Realist* at The Village Gate in New York. It was called "An Afternoon With a Self-Styled Phony." Similar occasions are now being planned for Spring in Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. If you wish to receive an announcement, send a stamped return envelope to the *Realist*, and we'll forward them to the individuals who will be in charge of arrangements in those three cities.



Photo by Mike Policastro

The *Realist*

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

Welcome to Sneaky Vistas

Lawrence Barth recounts in this issue an incident wherein a telegram protesting a statement by Secretary of State Dean Rusk—sent in Eleanor Roosevelt's name—was reprinted in papers across the country. Names, as the cliché goes, make news.

Which opens up a wonderful new avenue of communication for the nameless among us who wish our protests to be heard. This suggestion comes to you as a public service of the *Realist*. We receive no kickback from Western Union.

Sample action: since Aramco Oil respects Saudi-Arabian anti-Semitism by not hiring Jewish employees to work there, then they ought to respect our monogamous system; therefore a telegram might have been sent—in the name of an Aramco executive (preferably a member of B'nai B'rith)—protesting to the Boston morals squad about King Saud staying at the Sheraton Plaza with all those wives and concubines.

The Anatomy of a Gag

It was Louis Kronenberger who called this "The Age of Publicity"; pity the poor author who stammers.

I have now been on *PM East* three times. Once past the embarrassing ritual of having Mike Wallace hold up my book to the TV camera for a close-up shot, I could pull the plug out and let my own colicky charm go down the coaxial drain, along with people like Ilka Chase, who travels and writes books and smiles nicely; Lillian Briggs, who gave up truck-driving to become a girl-singer-trombone-player; Ed Love, who was once down and out, wrote *Subways Are for Sleeping*, now lives in a beautiful penthouse; Kay Armen, a movie-Italian-mother type who is also a vocalist; Dolores Hart, an actress who is Joan Caulfield and Peggy Cummins and Carroll Baker and Lee Remick and Tuesday Weld all rolled into one, plus her father owns a restaurant in Los Angeles.

The program is compulsively spontaneous, and we happen to be in the midst of discussing bums.

"Here we sit, just talking about them," Dolores Hart says, "but can't anybody do anything for them?"

My mind starts swimming. (The back-stroke, to be exact.) I think of the snowstorm when it was four o'clock in the morning and there was a bum standing in the underground passageway between the 34th St. station and the main post office, and a policeman asks him what he's doing there, and he says, "Uh—I'm waiting for my brother," and the cop tells him to wait outside. I think of the time I heard Orson Bean—who, coincidentally, is in the stage version of Mr. Love's book—talk on the radio about how bums somehow always manage to obtain food and shelter; and of another time, on The Jack Paar Show, Orson Bean talks about how pussycats don't always manage to obtain food and shelter. I think of a meeting that was held to decide what to do about the bum problem, and it was suggested that the flophouses where many of them sleep be demolished so that at least they would be out of this neighborhood. I think of the bum who called out, "Just give me one of your dreams." I think of Dolores Hart, this lovely girl sitting across from me, knowing full well that the only reason she's there is because she's on a promotional tour for her soon-to-be-released

film, *Sail a Crooked Ship*—her escort, in fact, is a publicity man from the studio—knowing full well, too, that she is totally sincere in what she is saying about helping bums, but knowing full well that in ten minutes she'll forget all about it, this was just another show, and she certainly projected an appealing image.

Either I am going to get up and kiss her from coast to coast, or I am going to say: "Well, there is something being done for bums—I understand the Salvation Army is going to have the first theatre party in its history at *Subways Are for Sleeping*."

I do the latter. Out of frustration, is humor born.

Advertising Acceptability

The New York *Times* last month refused to print a \$5700 full-page ad submitted by Judith Malina and Julian Beck, co-chairmen of the New York Committee for the General Strike for Peace—at first, because the listing of activities planned for strike week and the calling for public participation "raises a serious question of public safety"; and later, when it was made clear that all activities had been cleared with the Police Department and that the strike call emphasized non-violent action, the reason given by the *Times* was that they "could not print anything that is a call to action."

The same ad was rejected by the N. Y. *Herald Tribune* and the N. Y. *Post*. The *Herald Tribune* gave no reason; the *Post* demanded deletion of the words "strike," "work-stoppage" and "boycott"—and required that the ad not announce picketing at the U.S. Army recruiting station in Times Square or at the New York Stock Exchange (the *Post* has recently initiated a stock-market report section).

The information in the above two paragraphs comes from the *Village Voice*, a weekly tabloid whose name came from novelist Norman Mailer, one of its founders. The other partners, wrote Mailer in *Advertisements for Myself*, "wanted it to be successful; I wanted it to be outrageous. They wanted a newspaper which could satisfy the conservative community—church news, meetings of political organizations, so fourth. Before the paper could be provocative, went their argument, it must be established. I believed we could grow only if we tried to reach an audience in which no newspaper had yet been interested."

To the extent that the *Village Voice* provides occasional bits of reporting like the above on advertising acceptability, Mailer's hope for provocation was not in vain; to the extent that the *Voice* insults its readers with its own fear of the outrageous, the founders' hope for successful establishment was not in vain, either.

A case in point: the *Voice* would not permit the inclusion of a certain cartoon in a full-page ad placed by the *Realist*. The cartoon originally appeared last February in the *Realist*. It had been drawn by syndicated cartoonist Interlandi, and was later unofficially nominated for the Pulitzer Prize at an editorial cartoonists' convention in Los Angeles.

The cartoon showed a man walking along. He passed a poster which depicted a large mushroom cloud, superimposed on which was the question: "What Would You Do If a Bomb Falls?" The man continued walking along, thinking about what he would do. And then he said: "I'd shit."

The *Village Voice* explained that they didn't want to jeopardize their second class mailing privileges. I

explained that the cartoon had appeared in the *Realist* while our second class permit was still pending. But it was also, according to the publisher, "a question of taste."

The *Voice* has issued a handsome brochure to advertisers and potential advertisers, entitled *Profile of a Trendmaker*. It is the result of a reader survey conducted by the Mark Clements Co., market research consultants. The average *Voice* reader is 29.4 years old; he has money—median family income is \$9,416 annually (higher than that for the *New Yorker*, *Esquire*, *Playboy*, and the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*); 32.2% drink imported beer (30% listed "Drinking" under "Hobbies and Activities"); of the 59.0 who own cars, 33.2% own foreign cars; during the three months previous to the survey, 87.6% bought a paper back book (less than 2% read the *Realist*), 67.2% bought an LP or stereo record, and 61.3% had dinner in a Village restaurant; and, unlike Celia in Jonathan Swift's sonnet of the same name, not a blessed one of them ever takes a good healthy shit.

Postscript: To its credit, the *Village Voice* has since—albeit completely out of the context in which I said it—quoted me as saying that "the *Voice* has become a very commercial publication." Their report misquoted me as saying the *Realist* might fold. Not a chance.

Meanwhile, the *Evergreen Review* (published by Grove Press, of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Tropic of Cancer* infamy) has also refused to include the bomb cartoon in an ad. They have—as of this writing—61 obscenity cases to fight, and regret that at this point the cartoon "would not be worth defending." Issue #23 of the *Realist* (in which Interlandi's classic appeared) is available for 25c, or ten for \$1.

Good Will Toward Men

"On Christmas day," according to a wire service dispatch, Adolf Eichmann—sitting there alone in his death cell—"partook of a special dinner with turkey prepared for a number of other non-Jewish prisoners. His mail from abroad included a number of Christmas cards."

Let us now flash back to the moment when one such gesture of Christian charity took place . . .

"Maxine, how come you're sending a Christmas card to Adolf Eichmann?"

"We have to—he sent one to us."

Launching Hoaxnik IV

All right, now I'm mad.

It's okay to accuse good old Dwight Eisenhower of being "a dedicated conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." It's also okay to call for the impeachment of Chief Justice Earl Warren. It's even okay to teach that "the worst of all forms of government is a democracy."

But when you begin to practice non-democracy through the suppression of ideas—one reactionary group got Plato's writings off the shelves (in order to prevent the development of "sex maniacs"); others succeeded in having the Board of Education remove George Orwell's "1984" from a high school required reading list ("We're patriotic people, but not John Birchers")—then it's time for me to crouch behind a

deserted fire plug; change into my editor's costume; utter the magic phrase, "Nemesis of All Shmuckiness"; and launch another *Realist* hoax.

The target of our first hoaxnik was the fear-of-alienating-customers on the part of TV producers and sponsors, which has resulted in hundreds of square inches of half-hourly mediocrity. We deliberately chose a blatantly bland show, *Masquerade Party*, and readers wrote in complaining about a non-specific bit of offensiveness. The results were hilarious (see issue #18) and the tale, I'm told, has already become a classic in the industry.

The target of our second hoaxnik was the similar-to-TV-fear-of-alienating-voters on the part of politicians and their campaign managers. Readers wrote to both the Nixon and Kennedy forces, protesting the awful rumors being spread in a whispering campaign about the opponent of each candidate (see issue #24).

Our third hoaxnik was of a more altruistic nature. Readers wrote to the Texaco corporation, belittling their soft-sell advertising, but promising to buy their gasoline if a donation were made to CARE and announced in lieu of a TV commercial. There was an unexpected factor, however (details will be published in a future issue), but in any event, we soon got a call from Texaco's ad agency . . . the hoax had been found out.

The *Realist* now has a paid circulation of over 7,000 (and a readership several times that amount)—so the only thing left is to pull a hoax on the general public. True, there are many subscribers in the field of communications, but with Hoaxnik IV, it's like that old joke about the girl who joined the Army—somehow she faked her way through the physical—but she would have to take showers with the men, and then they'd know. "Sure they'll know," she said, "but who's gonna tell?"

(Actually, newspapermen and broadcasters can help make this particular hoax more widespread, and therefore more effective.)

In the just-published *First National Directory of Rightist Groups* (including "Anti-Internationalist groups," "Religious groups" and "Negro back-to-Africa groups"), there are some two thousand listings, representing over ten million Americans.

Well, I'm pleased to announce the birth of another new, nationwide, non-existent group: The Nathaniel Dight Society. It is neither right- nor left-wing. Rather, we are middle-of-the-road extremists. Moreover, The Nathaniel Dight Society is neither Republican nor Democratic. Rather, we are independent dupes.

Now it just so happens, according to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, that the word *dight* means (1) "to put in order"—thereby summarizing the Society's basic *raison detre*; (2) "to dress or put on" [italics ours]—thereby summarizing the Society's pragmatic methodology; (3) "to have sexual intercourse with" [obsoleto]—thereby summarizing the Society's immediate goals.

Nathaniel Dight was a G.I. in the Korean conflict. He was subjected to severe brainwashing—it will never be made quite clear as to whose severe brainwashing he was subjected to—and as a result, once back in civilian life, he became (and consequently The Nathaniel Dight Society is) thoroughly opposed to propaganda. No adjective, notice. Just *propaganda*—period.

Specifically, we are opposed to **propaganda in action**—from Dr. Seuss to *The Catcher in the Rye*; propaganda in non-fiction—from Dr. Spock to *The Prophet*; propaganda in the newsweeklies—from the *National Enquirer* to *Time* magazine; propaganda on television—from The Bob Newhart Show to The Huntley-Brinkley Report; and propaganda in movies—from *Splendor in the Grass* to *King of Kings*.

And propaganda in all foreign films—except *From a Roman Balcony*, which was the worst picture I saw last year, save for the ending, where the protagonist, in order to get capital for an honest job (i.e., his own little business), steals an expensive ring from the finger of a dead man lying in state; and the beginning, where—in response to his uncle, who says, “All you young people want to do is make love”—he replies, “What should we do instead—make war?”

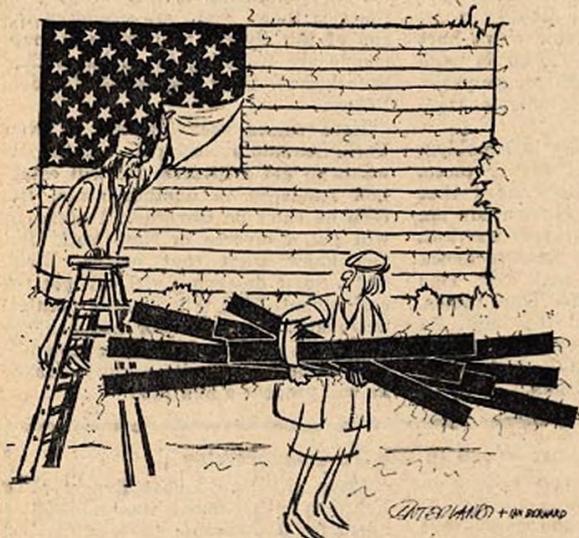
For therein lies the crux of The Nathaniel Dight Society's psychological premise and philosophical purpose, both of which shall remain forever unstated.

Suffice it to say that the word *dight* is a transitive verb, and *transitive* means “expressing an action that is thought of as passing over and taking effect on some person or thing; taking a direct object to complete the meaning.”

Hence, our slogans: “Dight Makes Right”; “Better Dight Than Blight”; and, for our fight against propaganda, “In Dight We Indict.” (It is, of course, illegal to deface public property with such motto-scrawling or stickers, so we certainly won't suggest that here.)

Now. There's a problem: because The Nathaniel Dight Society is such a secret organization, we will have a great deal of difficulty in getting our fundamental program for peace across to non-members; this difficulty is compounded by the anti-pleasure propaganda inherent in contemporary literature.

The most insidious technique, incidentally, is the publication of books which are ostensibly pro-pleasure, but by keeping people busy *reading* about pleasure—e.g., Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*—the enemy succeeds in keeping those people from *experiencing* pleasure.



“As long as we're taking the Red out of the Red-White-and-Blue, let's get rid of the blue and make our country completely white . . .”

Rumors of the Month

☐ Senator Strom Thurmond has revealed that the individual who has been muzzling generals is the very same person who promoted Peress.

☐ Actually, Jayne Mansfield tried to drown herself, but found it to be an impossible feat.

☐ Joseph Carlino has challenged Mark Lane to prove his non-Communism by filling out the questionnaire that was given to those 36 marines.

☐ The parents of Juliet Prowse have sent a cablegram to Frank Sinatra, warning him that if Sammy Davis Jr. is invited to the wedding, they'll remain home in South Africa.

☐ New York's Mayor Robert Wagner has resigned his membership in the Catholic War Veterans because they discriminate against Protestants and Jews.

☐ As a result of his appearance on The Jack Paar Show, Richard M. Nixon was invited to be the Mystery Guest on What's My Line?—but even after the panelists took their blindfolds off and saw who it was, they were still unable to guess his line.

☐ The world ended on Monday, February 5th.

(You can always tell an enemy agent by his sincerity.)

Even more insidious is the *partial* pleasure-experience which rips away at the moral fiber of our citizens by placing them in a state of what can only be called “animated suspension.” A case in point: the Twist.

The answer to this whole problem is Instant Ecstasy—on a mass scale . . . in the form of an O-Bomb.

As you may recall (issue #29), “O” designates—and detonates—orgasm. Lapel buttons bearing the legend “Oh Drop the O-Bomb” are available, free, from the *Realist*; simply send us a stamped return envelope marked “Please Hand Stamp.” If a non-member should ask you what the O-Bomb is, tell him. That way, even *strangers* will spread the word.

Explain how it's the ultimate weapon (“surrender without destruction”) developed as a special scientific free enterprise project, by researchers in the chemical branch of The Nathaniel Dight Society, which is a new organization that's opposed to all propaganda—“especially the *subtle* kind, you know what I mean?”

(The most subtle propaganda of all is that which is practiced by Robert Welch, who is unintentionally—we'll give him the benefit of the doubt—aiding the Communist cause by making such utterly ridiculous charges that suspicion is then cast upon the *valid* charges of others.)

If you would like to increase the number of participants in our hoaxnik, extra copies of this issue are available at the rate of 8 for \$1 (we'll send them all to you, or mail them out individually, whichever you prefer). If you would like to increase the number of *hoaxees*, here's what you can do.

- Mention The Nathaniel Dight Society in all your correspondence and telephone calls.
- Talk about it at work and at parties.
- Form college chapters—and make a big fuss if the administration won't grant you a charter.
- Write a letter to your local newspaper or newscaster, asking for information about The Nathaniel Dight Society.
- Accuse your congressman of being a member—or

insist that the organization be labelled as subversive (executive stationery never fails to impress, by the way).

- Put out a mimeographed circular which vaguely promotes—or smears—The Nathaniel Dight Society.
- Use your imagination—and keep us informed—but, whatever you do, remember the ABC of successful creative hoaxing: Always Be Credible.

For instance, if we were to say that The Nathaniel Dight Society has organized a Committee to Impeach Senator Eastland, it would be too obvious a parody of the famous John Birch bitch.

On the other hand, the Birchers' actually-proposed Committee to Investigate Communist Influences at

Vassar College—where the girls all wear boys' shirts and really have no rapport with political indoctrination—sounds like a parody of The Nathaniel Dight Society's *spurious* Committee to Investigate Unitarian Infiltration of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade.

The Nathaniel Dight Society is, after all, deeply rooted in religious tradition—in the most patriotic sense of the word. It is no accident that the Christian name of our founder, Nathaniel, means "God-given." And The Nathaniel Dight Society's official marching song is *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. The divine inspiration for our cause may be found in the opening line: "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord . . ."

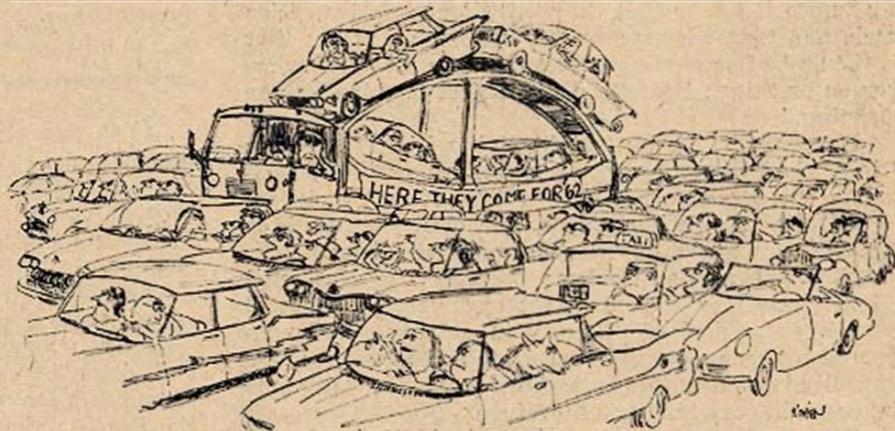
REALIST FIRST READER: *A Child's Primer on Divorce*

Oh, look. Mommy and Daddy are having another fight. Is it just an attention-getting device this time? Listen. They are having an adult discussion. They are agreeing on a separation. That means you will come from a broken home. What a shame. Even if they fight all the time they should stay together for your sake. Now you will be insecure.

Mommy and Daddy are modern people. They drink Pepsi-Cola. They also have a modern marriage. They left the word "obey" out of the ceremony. Wasn't that modern? They didn't leave out the words "love" and "honor." Mommy and Daddy are only modern, not avant garde. They left "till death do us part" in the ceremony, too. But they are going to get a divorce anyway. They don't have to obey their marriage vows. Lucky thing they left out that word.

What is to be done to keep Mommy and Daddy together? *The Ladies' Home Journal* will help. They have a regular feature in their magazine. It is called "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" Readers send in Betty Crocker boxtops and try to guess the correct answer.

Maybe Mommy and Daddy will go on television. There is a program all about "Divorce Court." Dr. Paul Popenoe is the master of ceremonies. He wears glasses. Sometimes while the commercial is on, the actors have a reconciliation. It is a real fun show.

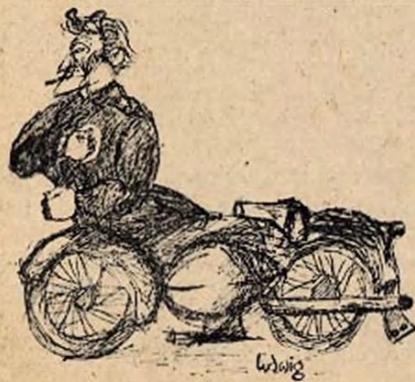


Mommy and Daddy live in New York State. To get a divorce there one of them has to commit adultery. Daddy has a tryst with a girl. Mommy raids the joint. She brings along a photographer. Mommy has secretly been having an affair with the photographer. What Daddy doesn't know won't hurt him. He always wanted to be on page three of the Daily Mirror anyhow. Mommy made sure his shorts were ironed.

Benjamin Brenner lives in Brooklyn. He is a Supreme Court Justice there. He makes decisions. He decided that raiding the joint is illegal from now on. Unless you have a search warrant. Then it's legal but you have to knock first and say "Benny sent me." This new rule doesn't count for hotel rooms. Then it's okay to raid the joint. So Daddy better get his own apartment. Judge Brenner is really under the thumb of real-estate agents.

There is another way. Mommy can go to Reno. She lives there for six weeks. That is called "establishing residence." Reno is Keno but Alabama is Quicker. Same-day service. The Chamber of Commerce invites lawyers to practice there. They are promised the run of the divorce mill. More married people are traveling to Alabama than ever before. They are called Freedom Riders.

Here comes the Governor of New York. See him eat the potato-knish. He wants to get a divorce. He will establish residence in another state. But then he can't be Governor. Instead he will get a divorce in New York. But you know what that means. Dirty, dirty. Some deserving girl will get the assignment. This is known as political patronage. The Governor has a horny dilemma, though. Either he commits scandal or he commits perjury. Maybe he will propose a new law.



The Last Word in Castro Convertibles

From Lee Mortimer's column in the N. Y. Daily Mirror, February 17:
"I wonder if anyone cares that American babes (blonde preferred) are still being shipped to Castro . . ."

From the Dan Smoot Report of February 5th [Smoot was an FBI agent for 9½ years]:
"Castro and many of the men around him are believed to be homosexuals . . ."

BUT ASK HIM MORE . . .

by Roy Bongartz



Imposter—He calls himself a manager. And he can back his claim with the title on the door and his M.B.A. diploma on the wall. Ask him about mark-ups, inventories or profits, and he'll fire back facts and figures fast. But ask him more. Question him about sit-ins, disarmament, corporations' responsibilities to society, the wide and rapidly-moving world in which he lives. He'll argue, "That's not in my job description." But isn't it, really? Mustn't a business manager, worthy of the title, possess more than good business skills? Can he forget the fact that he and his firm are, after all, only in business to satisfy human needs? If so, isn't a manager who forgets man an impostor?

P.S. At our soon-to-be opened Management Center, Nationwide executives will sharpen their professional administrative abilities and take part in "mind-stretching" seminars on social, political and ethical topics. Through this program we hope to help our managers grow toward a blend of outstanding business performance plus an increased awareness of human and social values.

—Nationwide Mutual Insurance Company advertisement in Harper's Magazine

SCENE: An office of the Nationwide Mutual Insurance Company. A crotchety, sharp-eyed old man with a Voltairean beak comes in to take out a policy. A secretary ushers him through a door with the sign *General Manager* on it. The manager, a long-skulled, nervous young man, looks up over the top of eyeglasses that have two-toned rims—black on top and translucent below. His composure, uneasy at best, is not calmed by this wizened old fellow popping in on him unexpectedly. Still, insurance selling is insurance selling. Placing his long, slender fingers together prayerfully on the desk before him, he begins his spiel.

Manager: Well, sir, I presume you're here because you want to prepare for that rainy day, make sure

your loved ones will never know the heartrending pain of wanting for . . .

Old Man: Imposter!

Manager: . . . the good things of life, never know the tribulations that the untimely death of a husband and father. . . . What did you say, sir?

Old Man: Fake! Fraud!

Manager: Now, just a minute there.

Old Man: (Sneering) You call yourself a *manager!* Ha!

Manager: What do you mean, I call myself a manager? I can back up that claim. You saw the title on the door, didn't you? And take a look at that. (He points to his M.B.A. diploma on the wall.)

Old Man: (He steps up to the diploma and squints at it.) Hmm, National Correspondence Schools, Class of 1950. Looks genuine enough. All right, young fellow, I'll give you a chance to prove yourself.

Manager: (He relaxes again into his saletalk drone.) Much as we all—you, I, every one of us here on this earth—dislike thinking about the unpleasant facts of life, there comes a time when every man must think of the future of his widow, and college for his children.

Old Man: Wait a minute, Buster. What about mark-ups, inventories, profits?

Manager: (He is sure of his ground here, and answers snappily.) Thirty, forty, fifty per cent? It doesn't work quite that way in insurance. Profits? It's you, the customer, who profits. Of course we make an allowance for expenses, naturally enough. But mark-ups? No indeed. Inventories and profits—hardly a question for an insurance man. To be sure, I have a stock of blank policies here, but I wouldn't call that an inventory, actually.

Old Man: I'm not impressed, Sonny. I was expecting facts and figures fired back fast. But (he grins devilishly) let me ask you this. What do you know about the sit-ins?

Manager: Sit-ins? Look here, that's not in my job description.

Old Man: But isn't it, really?

Manager: No, it isn't. What are you, anyway—a Communist?

Old Man: (Cool) Don't get rattled, Bud. Take your time. What is your view on disarmament?

Manager: Well, I don't feel qualified to say. I suppose everyone should love his neighbor and all that, but, well, a lot of people are employed manufacturing arms, you know. (He stands, distraught.) I just don't know! Can't you understand that all this simply is not in my job description?

Old Man: But mustn't a business manager, worthy of the title, possess more than good business skills?

Manager: I don't see why. (He sits down and neatens the papers on his desk.) Look, mister, if you want some insurance, I can help you. Otherwise . . .

Old Man: Kiddo, you've got a lot to learn. Tell me this—what about corporations' responsibilities to society?

Manager: (He jumps up again, frightened this time, and pushes a button to call his secretary.) I knew it. You are a Red, aren't you? You get on out of here!

Old Man: Do you realize what an absolute social, political and ethical illiterate you are, Sam? Have you altogether forgotten the fact that you and your firm

Department of Double Entendre

The St. Paul Dispatch headlined a news story about the amount of cigarette taxes paid by Minnesota smokers: "Fag Taxes Top 4 Million."

The New York Telephone Company stressed in a commercial on NBC-TV's weather report: "Remember, all it takes is the urge and your index finger."

are, after all, only in business to satisfy human needs?

Manager: (To his secretary, who has come in.) Show the gentleman out. Him and his human needs I can do without.

Old Man: Just a minute—I'm not finished with you, fella. What's your feeling about the wide and rapidly-moving world in which you live?

Manager: (Sobs in an excess of frustration.) I don't know, I tell you!

Secretary: (She is fascinated with the Old Man.) I just love the rapidly-moving world, sir. It's the very end.

Old Man: (Cold to them both.) Maybe so, Miss—at least you have some feeling in the matter. As for your so-called boss, isn't a manager who forgets man an impostor?

Secretary: Gee, when you put it like that—I guess he really is. (She eyes the manager balefully.)

Old Man: (To the manager) Damn phony! You know what you need? You need to get your mind stretched. (He turns disgustedly on his heel and walks out of the office.)

SCENE: Two months later. The Old Man and the manager are sitting across from each other in the same office.

Old Man: All right, Jim, you must have had some reason for calling me in here. What is it? I had a bellyful of you the last time I was here.

Manager: So you did, and you were right, sir, absolutely right. Of course I needed more than just good business skills, like any business manager, worthy of the title. And it's true that I had forgotten the fact that I and my firm are, after all, only in business to satisfy human needs. But you'll be proud of me now. I've just come back from our Management Center, where I took part in "mind-stretching" seminars on social, political, and ethical topics. Naturally I sharpened my professional administrative abilities as well.

Old Man: (He is no longer interested.) How nice for you. Well, as you've got me back here anyway, I might as well take out that policy, I suppose.

Manager: But what about the sit-ins? Though—in my position—I can hardly take sides, they certainly testify to a new awakening in the South. And, caution aside, a man certainly has to admire the courage of our Negro youth.

Old Man: All right, I've read the papers. On this policy, now, I've got about five grand a year I'd like to place.

Manager: (He lights his pipe and points reflectively at the ceiling with it.) Disarmament is, for some people—I'm naming no names—a dirty word. That's axiomatic. Of course I'm not situated where I can back

any cause like unilateral disarmament—you can understand that easily enough, being in business yourself, as I imagine you are—but certainly it is clear that the world's gross national product, international product, would more directly benefit man were not so much of it channeled to armaments. Not to mention fallout.

Old Man: I didn't mention fallout. How about that policy?

Manager: (He points his pipe-stem at the Old Man.) It's not just the individual who's concerned. The corporation has a responsibility to society as well!

Old Man: What did you say you learned at that school?

Manager: We learned to grow toward a blend of outstanding business performance plus an increased awareness of human and social values.

Old Man: Well, let's see a little of that outstanding business performance.

Manager: Business be damned! What about the wide and rapidly-moving world in which we live?

Old Man: (He stands, ready to go.) Are you going to write my policy or not?

Manager: Well, if you're in that much of a hurry—if you want to forget man—all right. (He opens drawers, hunting for a blank policy, but fails to find any.) That's funny—I was sure I had some blanks in here. (He shrugs, smiles, and picks up a copy of *Foreign Affairs* and begins to study it.) It looks as if I won't be able to help you, after all.

Old Man: (He turns on his heel disgustedly and walks out; as he goes, he mutters to himself.) Impostor—he calls himself a manager!

Quoted Without Comment

From an article in the January-February 1962 issue of *The Journal of Insurance Information*:

"The insurance industry is intimately entwined with almost every segment of the American economy. Indeed, we seem to encounter every form of dishonesty—routine and bizarre—but we cannot conclude that a relatively few cheaters set the pattern for the whole of our economic system or that there is anything basically wrong with that system. . . .

"American business, rather than being the adversary of the common good, is the only system in the world under which so many millions could achieve so high a degree of physical wealth, reasonably well distributed. In total, it stands as the principal barrier against engulfment by communism. . . .

"It is America's good fortune that businessmen have fortitude and enterprise. The Small Business Administration has all sorts of statistics which demonstrate the risk of going into business: retailers, for example, have about one chance in three of lasting more than two and a half years. But for every one of those retailers and manufacturers who does succeed, we are all a little richer and stronger and safer in an uncertain and changing world. . . .

"When a nationwide survey of 6,000 high school students reveals that one third of the boys and a quarter of the girls favor government ownership of all private business, we are falling down in the schools. When a majority of employees questioned in a survey of banking and financial institutions believe all prices could be reduced 10% without jeopardizing profits, then we are failing to achieve adult understanding. . . ."

HOW TO HELP

(Continued from Cover)

are more important to Aggie than rectangles. One day she saw a bunch of kids standing around a vacant store in her neighborhood.

"They just looked happier than they ever did before," is the only way she can explain what brought about her involvement with the N.P.P.

Iris Bruel—who teaches schizophrenic children by day and works with the N.P.P. at night—expressed Aggie's observation in a poem which concludes:

*With their guns and wary virtue
and young quick enormous eyes
they are more about love
than I will ever know.*

This is the way it came about. . . .

At P.S. 61 on East 12th Street, the student body is about 25 per cent Caucasian, from the Stuyvesant Town development; and 75 per cent from the rest of the neighborhood, mostly Spanish-speaking. The B'nai B'rith Award was presented to the school for promoting integration.

The classes are segregated.

Ostensibly they're segregated by the use of I.Q. and reading-ability tests. But for a child who has been in this country for maybe 6 months it's impossible to score very high. The teachers know the tests are invalid, but they bestow on them all the deification of a TV rating service.

The PTA is segregated.

Local Puerto Ricans refer to the organization as "the mainland PTA." Even outside of the PTA, Spanish-speaking parents have been unable to get help from the school in coping with problems concerning their children. They have been unable to secure appointments to see teachers or the principal. Their children have been ignored, threatened, mistreated.

One day a man brought 40 Puerto Rican parents to a PTA meeting. He was accused of being an agitator. As, indeed, are the Freedom Riders.

His name is John Davis. He is 31 and looks like J. D. Salinger. He is a teacher. No, not a teacher; a Teacher.

It is quite common in elementary education today for a teacher's main function to be that of merely keeping the kids from causing any trouble. "Don't worry about teaching," he is told in so many words—"just keep 'em quiet."

There was such a difficult fifth grade class at P.S. 61. It had driven away four teachers—one of whom had a nervous breakdown; two others left the school system entirely.

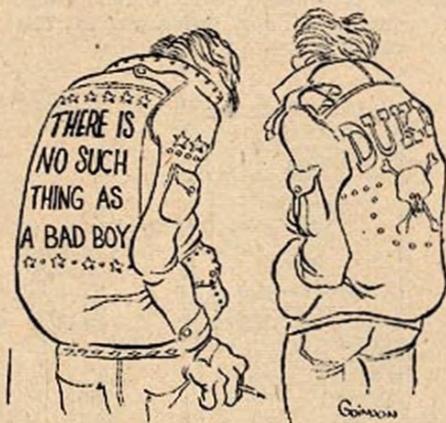
It would go like this: Some of the kids would start a fight in one corner

of the room. The teacher would run to break it up, and other kids would steal money out of her pocketbook. Every day, all year long, that's the way it went. Once, when the teacher was absent, the kids had a vote on whether they were going to continue to be bad, or be good.

One kid voted to be good.

And this was the class John Davis took over.

"Mr. Davis took this class," states a special report of neighborhood parents, "and he molded them into respecting and self-respecting children. Can you imagine a class of fifth grade children doing first grade reading who, in less than a year, can be told that if anyone in the class acts unruly he will not receive his daily



two hours of homework? Two hours of homework each day—to children who insist on receiving homework. This is teaching. This is the sign of real education."

How did it happen?

Davis explains:

"I would never bother a kid in teaching him something. He doesn't want to learn at this point—well, I want to know why he doesn't want to learn—I won't force it down his throat, because the only thing I know I'm teaching him is might makes right. I'm not teaching him one damn thing about social science or democracy or government or English—I'm teaching him that might makes right—right in his kisser.

"And when I say I want to know why, I mean visit the home—which, of course, you know, is terrible, I've gotta go home at 3 o'clock—but I mean visiting the kid's home, seeing him in the street. It may take me sometimes three weeks, sometimes six months, before I begin to understand fully that there may be good reasons why he doesn't want to learn."

Davis was fired.

Although he taught a full schedule, he was a substitute teacher, and a substitute can be let go at any time. Davis had been going to kids' homes—many of which were 'night calls'—

and he was frequently 15 or 20 minutes late for school the next morning. But the previously-mentioned "agitation" was the real cause for his dismissal.

The principal, said Davis, "told me to ask to be relieved. If I did, he said he would give me a good recommendation mentioning my good work, and would say the only reason he's letting me go is because of my lateness. If I refused to put in a request to leave, he said he would be forced to give me a very bad recommendation, that I am an agitator."

The philosophical question would seem to be: Where does responsibility end and agitation begin if you are not to remain just a cog in a machine which you know is wrong?

No one ever called Adolf Eichmann an agitator.

More than 300 parents signed petitions protesting the principal's action on Davis. Children scrawled signs in the school corridors: "We want Mr. Davis back."

But the educational system is just one facet of an overall oligarchy. March to Albany to protest a fallout shelter bill and you are ignored. Go to Washington to protest nuclear testing and settle for a cup of coffee. The dairy people already got their Presidential Plug for milk; now give the coffee people a break.

So John Davis wasn't re-hired.

He continued to conduct remedial reading classes without charge in his apartment four nights a week. A few other teachers were doing likewise. Parents and community leaders planned card parties and dances to finance a Remedial Reading Center. A vacant store was rented.

And the Neighborhood Pilot Project was born.

Reading retardation has been called the greatest problem facing the school system today. Board of Education figures show that one out of every four students in the New York schools is badly retarded in reading, or a non-reader altogether. But the executive secretary of the United Parents Assn. has chastized the Board of Education for not putting into force "the crash program necessary to do this generation of children any good."

What happens when these children become adults?

According to Paul Hendrick of the Adult Education Council, these "functionally illiterate" persons are "embittered, ineffective and frustrated people who are inclined to crime as a solution to their problems."

And yet, when the Board of Education released its findings—25 per cent, 250,000 youngsters, who can't read properly—a spokesman found it necessary to point out that "we were

brave to even come out with this report."

It's enough to make you split an infinitive.

From *Interim Report No. XIV, Juvenile Delinquency Evaluation Project of the City of New York*:

"Gangs draw their members from the immediate area, with the result that they generally represent the ethnic and racial composition of the neighborhood. Thus many gangs in New York City, like the neighborhoods to which they belong, are dominated by a single ethnic or racial group, such as the Negro, Puerto Rican, Irish, or Italian, although it is not uncommon to have some mixing.

"There have been fights between gangs because of racial and ethnic animosities but differences in racial and ethnic backgrounds generally are not at the heart of gang strife. Rather, such tensions are usually symptoms of underlying maladjustments from which gang fighting is another outgrowth.

"The arrival of a new ethnic or racial group in an area is often the signal for unrest among the more unruly youth of the older groups. As a result, the boys of the new group are forced to take defensive measures and a cycle of gang warfare is touched off.

"This proved to be the case in the Lower East Side in 1953, when the movement of Puerto Ricans into the area resulted in gang warfare between them and the established Irish and Italian gangs. The defensive groups may then continue to exist long after the original reason for their formation has been forgotten. . . .

"The gang offers these boys an opportunity to act out their repressed feelings and serves as a release for their pent-up frustrations. Even more important, membership in a gang offers them a shield for their own insecurities and guilt feelings and nourishes an open hostility to society.

"All forms of authority are scorned and reviled. The police, both as a symbol of authority and as a law-enforcement agency, are hated and feared. School officials, recreation leaders, and settlement house workers are similarly rejected.

"In place of commonly accepted values a different code is substituted, some of whose features—wanton destructiveness, personal violence, and a disregard for society—at times cause serious trouble. For many of its more disturbed members, affiliation with a conflict group compensates for their own sense of inadequacy in studies and sports and for their inability to get along in normal social activities.

"Membership . . . not only develops

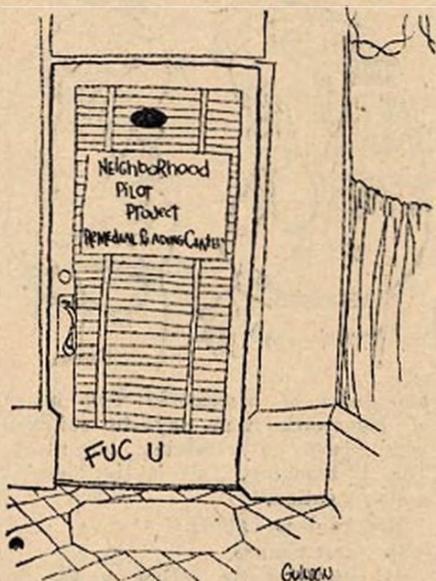
an ego-building 'rep' but also provides protection against rival gangs. Behind the mask of swagger—this bragging of insecure youth—lies a gnawing feeling of nothingness.

"While the conflict gang is primarily a phenomenon of male adolescence, teenage girls often associate with gangs. . . .

"Typically leadership rests in the hands of three or four boys who are the acknowledged heads of the gang. They are generally the older boys and reach their positions by dint of aggressiveness, physical prowess, and daring. . . ."

On the Lower East Side, The Untouchables was just such a gang.

I use the word "gang." In *Social Problems*, Lewis Yablonsky prefers the phrase "near-group." I don't think it ever made any difference to The



Untouchables whether they were a gang or a near-group. And you can take your copies of *The Shook-Up Generation*, *Who Are the Guilty?*, *Growing Up Absurd*, and you can shove 'em all up your near-ass.

The only thing that matters is that The Untouchables were exactly that: untouchable. But the theorists often seem to find it easier to touch their typewriter keys.

Now, the Neighborhood Pilot Project was getting along very nicely. The 10¢ fee paid by each child for his daily session was used to take the group on field trips each week. Many of the children—who had been considered "unteachable," "rebellious," "hostile" and "completely disinterested"—made striking progress through the relationships with the teachers as well as the specialized remedial reading techniques.

Word got around.

Some of The Untouchables began making the scene.

Now here was a "bopping" gang—fighting was the only thing they had to look forward to, even if they were afraid—and they were asking for help in "going social."

They had come to the right place.

In the New York subways last month, the Bible Society's poster quoted Psalm 34:8—"O, taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trusts in Him." And on the "I Got My Job Through the New York Times" poster, the job-getter was a Youth Board Counselor.

The Untouchables could trust neither the Lord nor the Youth Board. They could trust the Neighborhood Pilot Project.

Said John Davis:

"I had told them, 'Eventually you're going to have to answer a question. I want to know where I stand. If I'm going to fight to keep this place open, what can I say you're going to do? And the one thing I want to know: If there is any kind of trouble, and you have a chance to come and talk to me before you act on it, will you do it? That's the only thing I'm asking. Can I have your word on this?'"

"After the dance each week we talked about the things that happened—why this wasn't good, particularly now, in the Reading Center—and each week it became a little bit better and they became a little bit more able to police themselves. I worked with the leaders of the group, who are hardhanded with them, and they're learning to—what they call 'lead in peace.'"

"And they came to me now, the three leaders—one is 18, one is 19, one is 20—and said: 'Look, we're trusting you with information that we've never trusted anyone else with. We've tried trusting people in the centers, in the Youth Board, and we've always been hurt. Please don't hurt us.'"

"They're not changing 15 years of living, but the point was that they would ask—these tough kids who ask no quarter—that they would ask, 'Don't hurt us' . . . how can I close this place and let the people with dirty hands take over?"

Dirty hands that betray kids' trust.

The Untouchables made their own rules. No cursing. No weapons. No fighting. No drinking. Kids under 16 not allowed in the Center until 3 o'clock.

They play cards. The police come in and accuse them of gambling, threatening one of the leaders, Monk, with violence if he doesn't tell them where the money is hidden.

And there is Monk, who has grown to the point where he won't swing at the cop; instead he tells him: "You can't hit me, I got my rights." Nine-

teen years old, and he never knew he had rights before. Now he says about the Neighborhood Pilot Project: "I've never been in anything like this before. If I had been treated this way a couple of years ago, I'd never have gotten into trouble. I would still be in school."

There is 16-year-old Pepsi. ("Why do they call you Pepsi?" "Because I'm sociable.") She wants to help people in the neighborhood now, because she knows what it's like to be helped herself.

Another of the leaders, Diablo, sums it up; "All we want is the chance to become good citizens."

The Boys Club of New York is just two short blocks away. When you read the impolite interview in this issue, you'll get some insight into why they have failed, and why the people I've written about here are succeeding. But they have no money. And they're \$875 behind in rent. It's more than a full-time job for John Davis; he should get a salary equivalent to what he got as a teacher.

He gets nothing now.

The N.P.P. is anxious to expand:

They should have a \$30,000-a-year budget. I would like 3,000 *Realist* readers who can afford \$10 to send it to the Neighborhood Pilot Project, Inc., 203 Avenue A, New York 9, N.Y. If you can spare \$1,000, send that. They need a bus for trips; if you have a bus, send that. Whatever your line of business, you can help with equipment. They can also use personnel. And the kids can use jobs.

Last week The Untouchables held a meeting to change their name along with their reputation. There were several suggestions, including The Untouchable Reading Center. They finally chose The Guardians. You can help them live up to their new name.

And help other gangs go social too. They've already asked the N.P.P.



"Oh Froggy went a-courtin' and he did go 'Uh huh' . . ."

Teacher, May I Please Leave the Room?

"What," asked Sunday Times columnist Dorothy Barclay on December 31st, "is living in this Era of Tension doing to children? How can families control its destructive effects and at the same time help youngsters both to face reality and cope with difficulty?"

"The question is put [to me] in many different guises. 'My 8-year-old is having nightmares about being bombed. Should we build a shelter to give him a sense of security?' 'Do you think it is right for teachers to talk about a possible World War III to sixth-grade children?' 'I do not want my child to take part in school shelter drills. Have I a right to make a stand on this or will fighting with the school authorities have a worse effect on him than just permitting him to do as the others do?'"

"Less obvious but prompted by the same kind of concern are questions such as [this]: 'Is all this loving the experts recommend going to harden children sufficiently for the trials they may face in the years ahead?' . . ."

"In essence, the question is: How can I assure my child's future? The answer, of course, is—sadly—you cannot. The physical presence of a family shelter will do little to reassure a child unless his parents are genuinely convinced of its efficacy. Cutting off classroom discussion of the possibilities of war could—if it were done in certain ways—puzzle and frighten children more than a frank acceptance of their concern."

This month, a New York City school teacher gave her class an unusual assignment. "You have to write what you would do if you knew the alert was real. You don't know how much time you have. You can choose the place you are when it occurs."

Chaos reigned more than usual. They couldn't restrain themselves even though they had a specific task. Their writing was considerably shorter than usual; their penmanship and spelling were considerably worse. Following are their compositions.

Girl, 12: I was walking along the street one day, when suddenly there was a loud siren. I knew that sound it was the air raid siren, was it for real or was it just a drill. I didn't know. Then someone ran up to me and yelled in my ear "run for your life air raid, air raid!" I ran, tried to find a bomb shelter. There was none. A wild chill ran up my spine, what would happen to me? Would I die? I didn't know. I had to think, think what could I do. I had to remember those posters. The ones in school, the ones in the subway! I was supposed to be calm, how, how could I be calm at a time like this.

Then I saw it, the bomb it was falling fast. Other people saw it too. Everybody was watching it. And there we stood till it fell.

* * *

Boy, 11: First I would strip Marilyn Monroe, then I would strip Jane Mansfield, then I would strip Bridgette Bardot and say to her, "Let's do it baby." Then I would go around with a sledge hammer.

* * *

Girl, 11½: I would kill myself with a kitchen knife.

* * *

Girl, 11: I would run to my elevator man and tell him to let my mother, me and my dog into the basement. Or if



there was a policeman near by I'd ask him! I would burn my notebook!!! My Mother would tell me what to do. I would live it up, as long as I knew I was going to be killed.

* * *

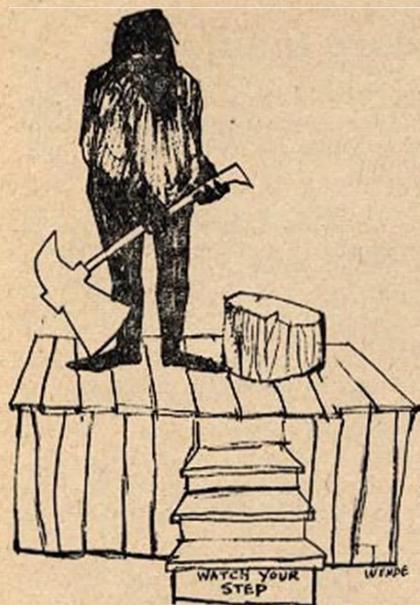
Boy, 10½: I don't know what I would do unless it really happened.

* * *

Girl, 11½: My last minutes. What could I do! Read? Write? It wouldn't make any difference what I did I'd be dead in a few minutes. I thought back in my life the dream I had when bombs were being dropped or the dream when there were balls of fire breaking windows. Now it was true. The day I got my bird or the day I met Marc at a square dance. I heard a scream I panicked I ran I cried I knew it was time. There there in the sky a plane! was something falling! I ran what could I do. It crashed I felt myself getting weaker weaker. I wouldn't get a coffin just some plaster on me. Wait, what happened I'm alive with only 3 hours to live. Two hours one hour. 3 minutes I'm dying dying I thought. Then I was dead.

* * *

Boy, 10½: If they dropped a bomb I would run to a 125 and in the record



shake I would go to the bomb shelter in the recored shake.

Girl, 10: All of the people in the building were down in the basement. We were all in terror not knowing if we would be killed right away or of radio-activity a few weeks later. Everybody would bring some food along. I would cling on to my father crying. The minutes would go ticking by. Then all of a sudden. . . .

CRASH!

And the basement wouldn't be there!

Boy, 11½: I would kill my self by cutting my neck or jumping out of the window, or take a pencil and stik it in my nerve center below my Waist, or stik a nife in my hart. This would all be if I did not have a bomb shelter but if I did I would go into it.

Girl, 11½: I wouldn't run in a public shelter because:

1. Where could you make
2. There's no light and darkness leads to dampness
3. A Nuclear bomb could just as well slip in the public shelter.

There are millions of proofs why the public shelter is not useful this is only a little.

I would try to prevent another one to come. only one answer PEACE.

Boy, 10: I take as much water as I could and I would hire a boat and I would take sleeping pills. Then I would take Marlin Monroe and Britte Bardot go up the Hudson river and have a lot of fun for two and a half hours. Then I would take sleeping pills.

Girl, 10: If a nuclear weapon was shot from a plane onto us I'd be so scared I would run into my house and go down to the basement. There I would stay

with my family, relatives and friends (who would bring some food along and there would be food down there because the Handyman kept their food down there) until we could come up and then we would move to a different country.

Boy, 12: I'd have a ball robbing stores to die rich then I'd walk up to a man and shoot him. Then ["walk up to a girl and say" is crossed out, followed by several illegible words] our tourment of pingpong. Then after all the excitement I'd go swimming and wait till I die.

Girl, 10½: I'd scream, "RUN! WE'RE GOING TO BE BOMBED," at the top of my lungs. Then I would phone every one I knew and tell them to do the same and have everyone I could alerted. Then I'd scream "RUN," again, "WE'LL ALL BE DESTROYED! WE'RE GONNA BE ATTACKED! RUN! SCREAM! ALERT EVERYONE YOU CAN!" And I'd scream and shout and panic everyone until my voice ran out. Then I'd take some cough syrup and start screaming at the top of my lungs, again. THE END (Pant Pant) RUN!

Boy, 11: I'd call everybody I know say good-by, and sit there and die [this was then crossed out].

I'd call washington to fire all the rockets and missiles towards russia [also crossed out].

I'd try to die by poison or from the explotion. So I wouldn't be killed by the radio activitie.

Girl, 12: I guess I'd go out of the house and I would look for it. here it comes I am in the twinles [Twilight] Zone.

Boy, 12: First I would take my radio and food and go to the nearest bomb shealter, go in and listen to the news [claims he didn't write what he'd really do].

Girl, 10: I would run to a police an ask him what to do. I say Good-by. P.S. I hide in a garbage can. My mother and father would take care of it. I make the best of it.

Boy, 10½: I would go into a bomb shelter and tuwne the radio to 116 [Civil Defense symbol] Bang Pop [then, covering the rest of the page] DROP DEAD.

Girl, 11: I'd scream we're being attacked my heart would be beating as fast as it could and brother would I be panicing as would I scam to the basement tell my mother before I did go down then my mother me and my dog go down. The nd P.S. What would you do?

Girl, 11½: It had happened. I was the only one who knew and I was sworn to secrecy. Sweat poured down my forehead. What should I do. I ran to my shelter [her family has none] suddenly I found my self outside looking up at the sky. Why? But if I lived through it I would not know what I'd do ever till I did it. And I hope I don't have to find out. THE END but I hope it won't be.

For Better or For Worse

From the Associated Press, December 27, 1961:

Anthropologist Margaret Mead urges bomb-proof shelters for the world's newlyweds—to assure continuance of the human race in the event of nuclear war. Dr. Mead . . . offered the suggestion in a talk to the 128th meeting of the American Assn. for the Advancement of Science yesterday. "Let the United States propose," she suggested, "that the United Nations be asked to debate the feasibility of an internationally financed shelter system in which a cross-section of the most productive and highly motivated members of every country on every continent could be saved. Let us propose a program in which each country is assisted to build a blast-proof shelter sufficient to accommodate all of the people married in that country during a two-week period [and that] during the first six months after marriage [they] spend two weeks in the shelter."

From the New York Times, December 28, 1961:

Information from the Population Reference Bureau in Washington links very early marriage with low economic status and with earlier childbearing, often resulting in large families. A startling proportion of teen-age marriages, the bureau says, end in separation or divorce. This last fact is interpreted by specialists to indicate the lack of maturity and other essential qualities for a stable marriage.

Dr. Margaret Mead, the noted anthropologist, has said that this trend of early marriages is wasteful, not only because of the high separation and divorce rates, but also because of the emotionally stunting effect on the young people. It is her belief that the youngsters, if they had not married early, might have developed into different kinds of mature human beings.

The Game of "Survival"

by Sally Baldwin

Earlier this year, a letter appeared in the syndicated column of a prominent child psychologist from a young mother who, with her husband, was building a fallout shelter for the protection of their family. She reported that her children, stimulated by the constant discussions of nuclear warfare, were spending much of their time playing "Shelter." However, the distraught woman continued, the game always seemed to include a fancied case of radiation sickness, and the children usually wound up playing "doctor." What could she do?

The prominent child psychologist (after advising the mother to help her children overcome their fear of doctors by easing the obvious sibling rivalry) commented that it would be an excellent idea for a toy company to manufacture a simple game which would satisfy a child's curiosity about bomb shelters without allowing too wide a latitude for his imagination, as obviously occurs in unsupervised play.

Within two months after publication of the letter and reply, three toy firms had shelter games on the market, two of which were touted as "Approved by Child Psychologists." The general directions for the best-selling one—"The Game of Survival"—run as follows . . .

Number of Players: Two to four.

Equipment: One Board, indicating fallout shelters for four families; Counters (coded by color)—4 sets of Counters representing Families, each consisting of a Mommy, a Daddy, three Children and a Dog, 4 Counters representing relatives and guests, 4 Counters representing total strangers; 50 Red, White, and Blue Cards; 50 Red Cards; 1 Indicator Card; 1 Bomb Card; 10 False Alarm Cards; 1 Warbling Alarm Blast; 1 Pair of Dice.

Purpose of Game: To maintain "Family members" and others in bomb shelter under healthy living conditions while reducing the radiation count to a tolerable level.

Method of Play: Prior to the start of the game, each player will spin the Indicator Card to discern the number of persons in his household. The Indicator sets up such possibilities as "Daddy at office," "Junior at Cub Scouts," "Mommy and two children remain for shelter," "Mommy at Laundromat, Daddy at home with three children, magazine salesgirl at door" or, "Entire family at home with two guests."

(Note: Player has the option of turning away any person who is not a member of the immediate family. In making his decision, he must remember that an extra person is one more to provide for; however, should he "lose" a man during subsequent play, a stranger is more expendable than a family member. Furthermore, if a player can bring non-members through alive, he is awarded bonus points for Strength of Character.)

Once the number of "men" has been established the player who has been elected Warden will blow the Warbling Alarm Blast, to indicate a fifteen-minute warning before nuclear attack. During these fifteen minutes (which the Warden will time by a clock), players will take turns rolling dice and moving their

"families" around the board, accumulating Red, White and Blue Cards, which represent supplies for the shelter: balanced meals, weapons, tranquilizers and potty liners for the flushless sanitary facilities.

The player must at the same time avoid landing on the penalty squares, because each one means a delay. ("Dog runs away, lose one turn"; "Child refuses to

Survival Is in Fashion

by Edward Koren

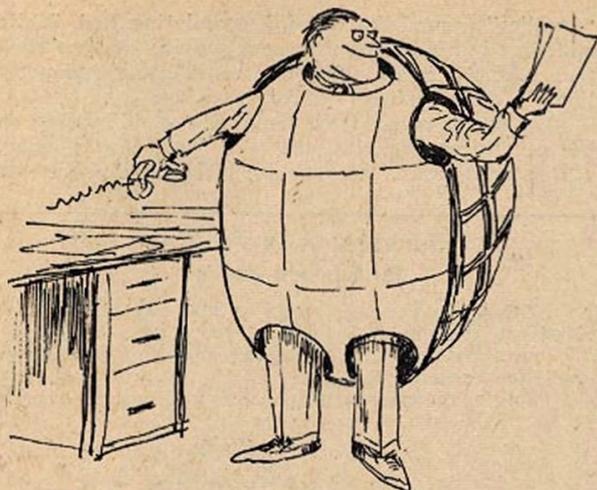
This year's theme in men's clothing is styled by the National Academy of Sciences:

"Adequate shielding is the only means of preventing radiation casualties."

Four of the more popular models are illustrated here.



1. The distinctive "diplomat" business suit. Superior protection is combined with "lithe-line" mobility in this steel-and-aluminum classic.



2. Nature's most invulnerable animal has provided this "executive retreat" with maximum self-contained safety, proven capabilities.

enter shelter without security blanket which cannot be located, forfeit four minutes," etc.) He must also try to deter neighbors in their attempts to enter his shelter by blocking them on the board whenever possible, by trying to force them to land on the penalty squares, and by amassing as many weapons as possible and using them whenever a neighbor appears to pose a threat.

Should a player find himself too low in provisions, he may bargain with other players. For example, "I'll give you 21 meals for a bottle of tranquilizers." Or, if more desperate, "I'll give you 42 meals for one potty liner." If a player has an abundance of provisions, he may want to make deals in order to win bonus points by taking in neighbors: "I'll trade you seven potty liners for a Daddy."

(Note: the player who bargained away the Daddy is still *morally* responsible. He will not lose points in scoring if the Daddy survives, but he must remember that the player who purchased the Daddy will be more inclined to sacrifice him than a member of his own family, should the player suffer a misfortune once inside the shelter.)

At the end of 14½ minutes, each player will take stock of his provisions and assemble as many complete "Survival Kits" as he is able. Each kit will consist of 42 meals, one weapon, two bottles of tranquilizers, and 14 potty liners. The number of complete kits a player can assemble determines the number of persons he may place in his shelter: six kits, six persons, and so on.

When all eligible "men" have entered the shelters, the Warden will give another blast on the alarm to indicate Nuclear Attack. Play continues in a clockwise direction, with players taking turns drawing Red Cards which represent events and the passage of time in the shelter. Examples:

"Poorly balanced potty overturns, lose ½ day"; "Canned tuna fish has spoiled, lose 1¼ days and 21 meals"; "Fuse blows, but Mommy has stocked extra fuses, gain three days"; "Leak in air filter, lose one week"; "Dog barks, warning family of leaky air filter,

gain one week"; "Baby eats tranquilizers, lose 2 days, ½ bottle of tranquilizers and 1 Baby" (Note: If player has no baby in shelter, he will replace the card in middle of pack and draw again).

When any player accumulates a total of fourteen days' worth of Red Cards, the Warden will sound the All Clear. From the remaining stockpile of provisions, each player will again assemble as many complete Survival Kits as he is able. The number of Kits now represents the number of persons he has managed to save from death by radiation, and his final score may be tallied.

(Note: In determining which "men" shall be saved, first consideration must be given to family members, second to neighbors, and third to strangers.)

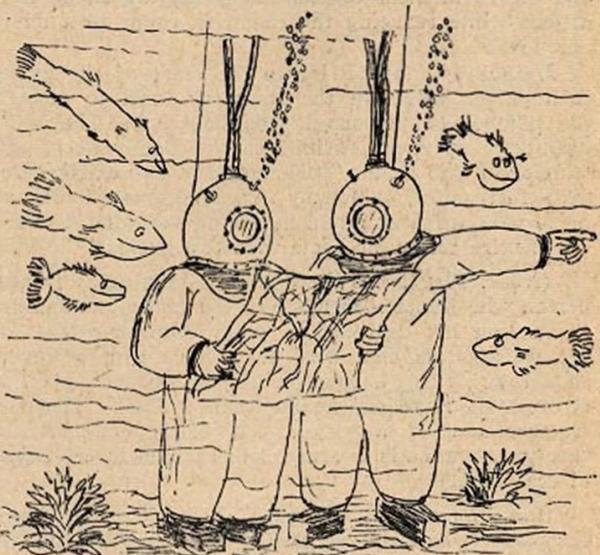
Scoring: Scores are totaled in *Roentgens*, a term used in measuring the level of radioactivity in a given area. The lower the roentgen count, the better the score. Due to the blast, a count of 1500 R is originally assigned to every player. To compute a player's score, first add 75 R for each family member the player is unable to provide shelter for before the attack. Then, subtract as follows:

For each family member alive subtract 200 roentgens; for each neighbor alive subtract 250 R; for each stranger alive subtract 300 R; for extra Survival Kits subtract 200 R; for being first to complete fourteen days subtract 250 R.

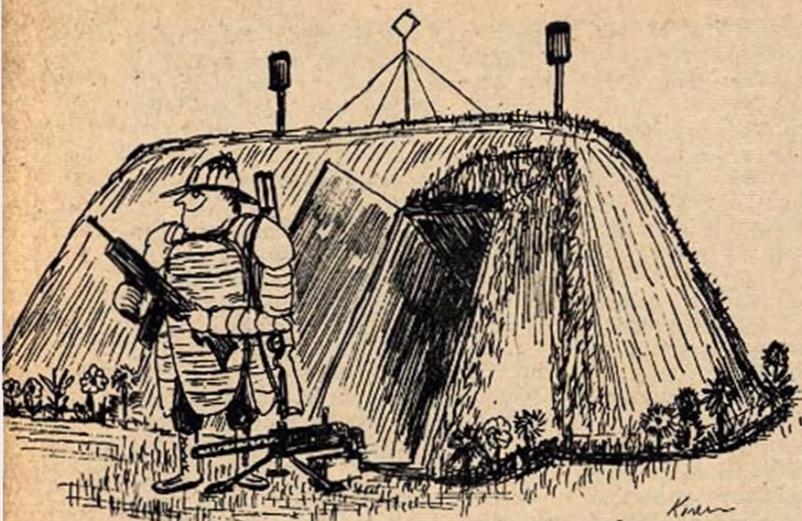
The player with the lowest Roentgen count wins the game.

Variations of Game: In one variation, players may make agreements to form Joint Shelters, if a rival appears to be exceptionally well prepared. In this case they may share provisions, but quarrels are apt to develop when it comes time to decide whose "men" have perished.

Another variation provides an element of doubt and suspense. Before the game begins, the Warden will shuffle the special Bomb Card and the ten False Alarm cards together, and will then draw three of the cards which will, sight unseen, be placed face down on the



3. Uncompromising protection for those who *must* travel. Attractive single-piece "down-under" suit available in a wide variety of patterns and colors.



This snugly-fitting outfit is designed for casual wear around the shelter. Entirely bullet-proof, zippered ammunition pockets, padded cap.

An Impolite Interview with Lenny Perlman

Q. Let me start off with the question that everybody will be asking when they see the headline. Who's Lenny Perlman?

A. A 31-year-old ex-wrestler who got pretty sick and tired of the hypocrisy of social work and became a comedian in order to tell audiences off.

Q. I'm going to forget about the wrestling and the comedy and concentrate on the social work. What exactly did you do in the field?

A. First of all, I started out with my own club in the Bronx. I got kids off the streets—gang kids. They had to be recommended.

Q. By whom?

A. Clergymen, principals of schools, candy store owners who were having trouble with the kids, and the police. The kids came in, and I taught them wrestling, I taught them what I call judo—it was defensive wrestling which they couldn't use unless the other guy was in on it—but it was a gimmick to get them in. I taught them weightlifting, body-building, I helped them with their school work. They had to pay dues for the club, which went back into the dances or whatever else they wanted to do. And the way they paid the dues was, I got them jobs.

This went along very well until the Youth Board and the P.A.L. decided that it wasn't right because it wasn't being run by them. The fact that I had 52 kids working through the thing didn't make any difference. So I said, "All right, then, why don't you take over?" And the Youth Board said, "We're not prepared yet." And the P.A.L. said, "We can't because if we take over then any kid can join for 15c." Then I said, "Well, I'll have to

operate it the way I want."

So they formed something with the mayor, and they came in under a cooperative basis and said, "We'll take over." I said, "Fine, so long as you assure me that this'll be done, that'll be done." And the club was closed. Nothing was done.

I came back and I organized about five cellar clubs under the supervision of volunteers in the neighborhood, where I split up my weights and the mats, and these people who were in charge got them jobs, etc. Also, I went down to organizational meetings—they wanted to know about the work, and they wanted to help me, and they wanted to do so much to help these kids, the work was so badly needed—and I said, "Fine, this is the way you can help me: I need money to fix up the place." As soon as I mentioned money, that was the end of it. Finished.

From there I got a job at a children's camp in the mountains. This was for rich kids, you know, and everything was a con job to get more money out of the parents. Then I called up Camp Clear Pool—one of these Fresh Air Fund camps, run by the Herald Tribune and the Madison Square Boys Club—and I told them I'd like to work with the kids there. The guy who was running it had heard of me—I had received a great deal of publicity when I was running my club—and so I worked at the camp, and from there they brought me into the Madison Square Boys Club.

Q. When you had your own club, did the Youth Board and the P.A.L. actually interfere with your work?

A. It wasn't an interference in the sense of "You can't do it, we wanna stop you." It was just that "We want

board. Game is played according to the general directions until the All Clear is sounded, and the number of survivors is then tallied. At this point the Warden will examine the four cards. If the Bomb Card appears among them, it signifies another Nuclear Attack. The Warden will then roll the dice to determine the number of minutes which remain for the survivors of the first attack to prepare more supplies.

In yet another variation, only one player "owns" a shelter, and the other players must try to fight their way in. Cheating is permitted under these circumstances.

A final—very final—variation enjoyed by many represents all-out war, and, with bombs dropping constantly, the two-week limit does not apply. Play simply continues as long as any player can maintain any life in any shelter. This last, lone holdout declares himself "winner" and gains one Moot Point.



Photo by Mike Policastro

to do it instead of you," but always with the idea that they couldn't do it. I was up around Gunhill Road in the Bronx—very rough neighborhood, big gangs—and the Youth Board had no center up there, they had no social workers up there, and yet they were trying to stop this. They couldn't work along with me because they would be losing prestige, and giving me false prestige at the same time. So what it actually worked out to was: "We don't recognize you; you're doing what we're supposing to be doing, which we're not doing; so stop." My idea was, "Let's work with the kids"—but their attitude was, "Forget it, this is a city project we're talking about."

Q. Did they put any pressure on you?

A. The only pressure was that two days later a guy came over from the Police Department, inspecting the building—I'd been there a year-and-a-half—they suddenly decided to inspect it, and they found many violations.

The P.A.L. wanted to subsidize the place, and I said, "Well, you're gonna

have trouble, they found about 50 violations."

"Oh, don't worry, we can get around that."

The next day Con Edison came down—they had inspected it once before—now they decided that the power—this used to be a machine shop; it had 220 power—too much power.

I said, "Well, wait a minute, I'm not using the 220, I also have a 120 over here."

"No, the 220 being there is dangerous."

"Well, I'll have it taken out."

"You can't do that, it has to be done officially."

It was just one bug after another. All of a sudden they got a few people in the neighborhood together. Somebody started to petition—a printed petition; these neighbors couldn't write, they couldn't afford pencils; now they had a printed petition—"We don't want hoodlums, you're attracting hoodlums in the neighborhood."

"These are your kids!"

So I got a rally going. Right there on the block. The kids were walking around with posters. I called the parents out of the houses. I said, "These are your kids. You wanna call them gangsters? They're yours. Now what do you wanna do with them? Do you want them playing out in the street? Do you want them running up in the el and trying to rob the coins from the guy? Do you want them in jail? Or do you want them in here?"

I had it open 7 days, 7 nights a week. It was costing me \$4,000 a year. The government finally declared it a hobby. They wouldn't accept the losses any more. That's when the Youth Board and the P.A.L. took over, and the club was closed.

Q. Now, at the Madison Square Boys Club, did they question your qualifications in terms of formal education?

A. Yes, they wanted me to go back to school and finish. "You're doing a great job. You're reaching kids we've never been able to reach. But . . ."

I was in charge of the Intermediate room. They had found that this group—14- to 16-year-olds—was the hardest group to work with. Nobody had ever been successful with these kids before. They had 2 ping pong tables, 2 pool tables. "Run a program." But I had a wonderful time with these kids.

I don't like to bully kids. I respect them for what they are. I'm a wrestler, a karate man, a boxer, a weight-lifter—220 pounds, I could kill these kids—so what does it prove? It proves they're right—if I hit them—they're right in hitting the little kids.

I taught them how to play chess, which worked out to be a big program after a while, much to the surprise of the executives. And I would discuss problems with the kids. And the director said to me, "Lenny, look, these kids

are not interested in this kind of talk. We've got 2 pool tables, cost us a lot of money, 2 ping pong tables—just work the schedule."

I couldn't do this. These are human beings. They're gonna grow up some way, some time. So then I started working with them on the outside, too. Helping them with their problems, getting them jobs, going to court with them.

In the Boys Club, I started teaching them weight-lifting. I took them up to the gym—they discovered there was a new room in the building. And they loved it. So I started working out contests with other Boys Clubs.

The executives told me, "Gee, we've got enough to do with these kids here in this center—don't introduce them to other neighborhoods—these are rough kids, they'll have trouble." I took them out; no trouble whatsoever. "But we want them here; we don't want them outside of the Club."

Because eventually they'll think of other things, like marriage, and they'll wanna go back to school—crazy ideas—we'll lose the membership.

Then I introduced them to the swimming pool. They found out what water was for. They had to go in the shower first, of course, and they started looking at each other in the nude—there's no swimming trunks in the pool there—and they found out you could be with another guy in the nude without getting crazy ideas.

But getting back to education—the other social workers wouldn't eat with me in the library where we had supper—"He doesn't have a degree, he won't know what we're talking about, we'll embarrass him . . . so you eat your salami sandwich over there, we'll eat over here."

Q. How far did you go in your education?

A. Well, I finished high school, and I went to two colleges, but I never finished in college. I got a little sick of it and quit. I used to fight with them. In Economics, for instance. We'd sit down and talk about how the system works, how we got into the system we have today, about recessions, booms and depressions. Somebody would say, "What kind of a system do we have where all of a sudden millions of people are out of work?" Then we start tearing down the system. But one guy has a role, he stands up and says, "It's worse in Russia." Finished—the depression is solved, we go back to the boom.

I had this trouble in high school, with the Marshall Plan. The teacher said, "All right, we're gonna have a very interesting way of studying the Marshall Plan. You three are going to be for it. You three are going to be against it. Go out and study." He got another idea—we could make this big—so he advertised it. The Board of Education was down, newspapers were down, the

mayor was down—we did this in the auditorium—and now, mind you, this was an assignment, we sent away for material, but the two kids who were supposed to be against the Marshall Plan with me bowed out. Their parents didn't feel it was nice to talk against it. So there I was.

And I started embarrassing the other kids because they weren't as well prepared as I was. I knew pro and con. The teacher finally decided, "You three sit down in the audience; Lenny and I . . ." And then I started embarrassing him. They created a monster. So Sam Levenson got up and he started telling jokes. It was a great cop-out. So from this he quit teaching; they liked his jokes.

Q. Okay, now we know about your education. Let's go back to your position at the Madison Square Boys Club.

A. Well, at that time, the Rockefeller Foundation decided to give a million dollars to work against delinquency. And the Club was in on it. So they had been hitting me with all this stuff—they don't want me to go to court with the kids—but now there's a chance to use it. But Lenny doesn't have a degree. So they went to Hunter College and they got some schoolgirl who just finished her courses to come in and officially be the caseworker, and I would help her, because I knew the neighborhood and the kids and everything.

I sat down and I talked to her. I said, "Look, why do you want to work with these kids?" She came from York, Pennsylvania, a nice, clean town. I said, "What do you know about these kids, what are you gonna do with them?"

She said, "Well, what do you mean? I went thorough school, and I've studied, and I know all about them."

I said, "But where you come from, you don't live the life, you don't speak the language." I started talking to her in the language they use. I said, "What would you do if a girl came over to you with a problem: 'I like this guy, Joey, I'm crazy about him, I love him, I can't live without him—but all he wants me to do is blow him. I know it's wrong, it's killing me, I can't tell anybody, what am I gonna do?'"

She says, "Well, what do you mean by 'blow'?" You know, she visualizes the guy sitting there, maybe with his shirt off, and this girl is blowing air onto his chest. So I described the act to her. [Editor's note: a "blow job" is slang for fellatio.] She says, "This is terrible."

I said, "Well, how do you know? Maybe it's good. Maybe the girl likes it—she just doesn't like the idea of it."

"Well, that is something to think about."

"Well, look it up in the book, maybe you'll find something."

"They never told us."

This is the kind of girl that they're bringing into the field. The do-gooders. They should just hire nuns and get it over with.

Q. Aren't you a do-gooder?

A. No, I'm not.

Q. Weren't you trying to do good?

A. I don't know. You see, I start evaluating—you hang around with social workers, you start picking up the word "evaluation"—and "group dynamics." I got them into a fight once. I asked them at a meeting, "What is group dynamics?" And by the time they finished arguing over the correct phraseology and the correct definition, they nearly killed each other.

Q. That's group dynamics.

A. Yes. I sat and watched it. In action.

But the do-gooder, to me, is the one who wants to go out and rehabilitate—to change. But rehabilitate from what to what? To change the child from what he is to what I would like him to be? This to me is a do-gooder. I'm not a do-gooder in that sense.

I think the kids need a break. A kid's walking around the street, his father's a drunkard, his mother's doing the best she can to hold the house together, they've got nine kids, nobody's paying the rent, the kid by now has learned to hate the whole world because nobody's helped him—I would like to help him a little bit. Not that the world is good—I mean why lie to the kid?—but you bring him into the sunshine and show him the club and let him go swimming for only 15c a year; well, this is tremendous—live here, enjoy yourself—but all of a sudden he grows up and he finds that he has to get a job. With what?

Where did you get your education? Madison Square Boys Club. What do you know how to do? I play pool. Well, what do you want to run an IBM machine for?

So why lie to them? Get them into a job, help them along, so that the Center doesn't become like a crutch. I try eventually to get them off that crutch. Teach them that this is life—it stinks, you gotta fight for what you want to get—you don't have to be vicious, but you have to know what the other guy is after. He's after your job. Fight for it. Learn what it's all about so you don't have to kill people for it. Leave that up to society. They do it on a legal basis.

In that sense, I don't think I'm really a do-gooder. I think I'm actually building my own ego, because this kid gets to depend on me. And if I do something good for him, I can sit there at home and watch television and say, "Gee, look what I did for one poor soul, you know, I must be great." So I'm getting myself up into Heaven slowly, rung by rung.

Q. But were you getting these kids

literally to depend on you, or to depend on themselves?

A. You get them to depend on you at first. And then you have to get them to depend on themselves. See, this is where I disagree with the social work field, this is where I disagree with the centers. They get you to depend on them, and they never get you off that kick.

So that YES [Youth Employment Service] will get you a job—if you qualify. "We don't want this kind of kid—you're a nice guy, you're doing good—we love children, don't get us wrong, but they're hoodlums." There's a garbage can outside, drop them in that.

We wanna help the kids, get the kids off the street; he can't go to school; all right, we'll give him a job; there



are no jobs—his Daddy is unemployed—what do you wanna give the kid a job as? Cleaning the floor somewhere? These kids are fighting like crazy for prestige. That's why they join gangs. How much prestige can you give a kid—the gang walks by, and he's sweeping the floor. He doesn't want that, he wants something bigger and better. But he's not qualified. Get him into school for it?

Do you know that there are certain youth centers—penitentiaries, you might call them, but in a nicer way—Children's Village, Lincoln Hall: they don't take certain kids unless they qualify; they have to have a certain reading ability. So where do you put them? The garbage can. Throw them in the street, condemn them, spit on them, step on them, there's always the Bowery when he grows up. They took down the el, he'll have to walk there, he can't take the subway any more.

So the do-gooder is actually the one that destroys. Because you get the kid to depend on you, and keep him there—for one good reason: if you lose him, you'll have to take his number off the sheet. Now you're no longer working with 80,000 kids. You're working with

nine. And with nine kids you can do so much more, but . . .

[Editor's note: This interview took place in the apartment of John Davis (see cover story) and at this point, Davis entered into the discussion.]

Davis: May I say something? It's very interesting to hear what Lenny has said—this whole business of your delineation of the social worker. Even the good ones—and there are some who start off with very genuine sensitivity—they seem to have been trained right out of their brains.

And this is what happens to American social workers so often: They learn all the answers in the books. And when they come across a problem, they open the draw, and they say, "This is the answer for this problem"—bing! They have no regard for the individual they're working with. Consequently, the centers that they work in—the various social agencies that are set up to service problem children—lose the very children that need the most help, the children from unskilled backgrounds who in turn feed back into the unskilled backgrounds. And you never can get this hard core—these are the ones that mostly form the gangs that last past 16; the gangs before 16 are another story, disorganized neighborhood; but the ones past 16, where you go into criminal activity—

Perlman: They not only lose them, they throw them out. It's a rule in all of these centers. If a kid gets out of hand, "You're out for two weeks." Well, if a kid gets out of hand, that's the time to get him into the center. You don't want him out there breaking windows. You don't want him out there hitting people.

And they always have this big theory. Everything counterbalances. When a kid does something wrong—for instance, we had a little gang at the Madison Square Boys Club who would occasionally throw a beer can through the window at the club. To me, the kid is doing wrong. Call him into the club, sit-him down and say, "Now, look, you did wrong."

Davis: But that takes time.

Perlman: Not only time. But, you see, the kid will retaliate. They're afraid of this. This has been told to me—"Well, the next time, they'll kick the door in." So what's their rationale? The kid is not wrong. When he throws the beer can through the window, he's sending you a message: "I need help." This kid threw nine messages one day through the window. He needs help, I need a new window—I'm freezing in the club.

Davis: What I think you're saying, then, is that instead of responding to a human being on a human level—you know, this is right and this is wrong; there are some things you just don't do to me or to what I'm doing—they go into a whole psychological gobble-

dygook trying to explain motivations and the inner conflicts of the child, instead of looking at the behavior as it exists and saying, "C'mon, you don't do that to me because I don't do it to you"—and we start from there, on a human level.

I think this is what happens to the trained people too often, they forget the human level. It's been my experience that I can work with people who are not trained, and slowly show them that there are techniques, there are skills you can learn—and it's too bad our schools don't do more about teaching these things—but you keep the human level. You keep this person-to-person response.

But it does take more time, and it does mean that you can work with forty instead of 4,000. And maybe you have to work with forty and get a lot more done—because they need more work—

Perlman: But according to the organizational set-up, you can't do that, because the Board of Directors wants to see how many . . . when I worked at Lenox Hill Neighborhood House—for an organization called Interfaith Neighbors—a group of people got together and they found that they had a mutual interest in saving the youngsters. Also, it was a good tax deduction. Because they never really cared—I found this out after a while—they never really gave a damn about the kids. And we had to get up and tell them about the kids.

I would get up and tell them stories about what the kids did, and what I did. On that level. But, as you said, the social worker can't do it. For a very good reason. He is trained not to work with human beings. He cannot. He has this in his studies, in his books. The social worker stays on the outside of the group.

I would take kids out for weekends—we'd live together; we'd eat together—I have a boat. I'd take them out to Jamaica Bay in Brooklyn, there's an island—we lived on that island for three days and three nights—I had friends come out there, and they'd live there with them, to get experience with other adults. And women. You could sleep with a woman in the same area without having to grab her. It happens sometimes.

And we worked there. I took the kids in a boat. "You're going to stay and clean up the island"—they were throwing beer cans around. Soda cans. All right, beer cans. They drank beer. I cannot stop them. They drank beer. They smoked. These are young kids, but that's it. I'm not interested in stopping them.

Q. Well, you're like me, aren't you—you don't drink or smoke yourself, right?

Perlman: No, I don't. That doesn't mean that they shouldn't. I'm not

against it; I just don't do it.

My supervisor asked me in an interview: "What do you think about kids screwing?"

I was thrown by the question, but I finally came back with the only answer I knew: "I like it. For me. If you like it, enjoy yourself."

He says, "Well, what about the moral issue?"

I said, "The only thing I can tell the kid is, 'If you knock her up, you can go to jail, you may have to marry her, depending on the age of the kid, if you wanna marry her—there are consequences in everything you do in life—I'll tell you certain consequences, from there on in you're on your own.' I'm not gonna supervise a screwing session in the neighborhood, but I enjoy it."

Q. What about the moral issue of how to avoid the consequences?

Perlman: There's no way of avoiding it. A kid's in a car with a girl, he's fooling around with her, they get beyond the point of reason, he's gonna screw her. You could say anything you want to him, you could put posters up in the car . . .

Q. When I was a kid, I used to carry around rubbers in my wallet. That's what I mean by "avoiding the consequences."

Perlman: Well, these kids do. But the rubbers break; they can't afford the rubbers—you know; they've used the rubbers in rainy days on their feet . . . he doesn't have it, he's fooling around with the girl and she's willing—that's it. Unfortunately, society is not made for people—they won't accept this. "You screwed the girl? How terrible! You didn't even have a penthouse."

Q. I think this ties in with what you were saying before about social workers being trained to stay outside of the group . . .

Perlman: Oh, yeah—they hired a girl, so I said to her, "All right, I'll take you up to a family that I've been working with, and we'll see what happens." Two o'clock in the afternoon, I take her there, up on the 5th floor. There was garbage in the hallway, there was a guy urinating in the corner, there was screaming and yelling, and the stench was terrible—her nose was twitching.

"This is not for me"—I could see it in her mind—"I wanna work in an office, let them come to me, I can't come to them"—she's walking up with the clipboard and the pencil, a beautiful little blonde, blue eyes, you know, great—I wanted to jump her on the 3rd floor, but I changed my mind; the guy was urinating, and I didn't want to embarrass him.

So we're walking up, the 5th floor, I knock on the door, the door swings open, and there is Mrs. So-and-so, getting screwed on the kitchen table.

Q. Literally?

A. Literally. Every day, on the kitchen table. This is why I took the girl up there. This is no lie, no prevarication, no exaggeration. Her husband is screwing her sister on the couch. And the older boy is screwing another girl in the bedroom, while another girl is sitting on the side, reading True Confessions.

I walk in with the girl, the mother looks up and says, "Oh, come in, bring your friend with you." Up goes the clipboard and pencil, she throws up and runs down the steps.

She quits her job. The Assistant Director calls me over. "Lenny, what'd you do—you knew damn well what goes on in that house."

I said, "Yeah, but she gotta work with them."

"But, Lenny, you could've taken her over to So-and-so's house. They do it only in the evening."

"But this is life. This is what the kid has to . . ."

"But she didn't learn it, Lenny, she doesn't know from this, she wasn't prepared. Why didn't you break her in slowly?"

Q. Let me ask you a question, John. You were shaking your head "Yes" before, agreeing, when Lenny said this thing about, "You don't get rid of a kid for a week." But now you just recently did this, right? How do you justify it?

Davis: Because of the strictures placed upon the way I have to work with the kids right now . . . Cano [the boy in question] has many conflicts I can't attempt to solve at this point; I know what most of his problems are because he's talked about them; he's been up on four felonies and they've been dismissed, but he's had a lot of problems in his home. The whole attitude of the Center at this point is giving the kids a lot of freedom. Well, freedom means that a lot of things start coming out—not necessarily what you understand; but you see a lot of hostility being directed in many ways—this is all right, but there are times when you have to handle it. This was one those times.

Everyone else in the place was able to handle it because I was busy doing something. I don't often put any restrictions on them. This time I did. When he did what he did, by playing a role—he got himself into a position where he had to play a role—there was no backing down for him. I could have backed down, but I decided that with him at this particular time it was better that I didn't. You play it by ear—it was a feeling. I've walked away from kids. I've said something, and they say, "Go fuck yourself." Maybe I should. I don't know. I had a feeling that maybe I shouldn't press that. But at this point I felt I had to press this with Cano.

He said, "I don't need this place." I

said, "Okay, out for good, then." And then I went to the leader of the gang, and I said, "Look, about a week from now—give him a week out—I want you to start talking to him, get him to come in and talk to me, and we'll settle it." I'm not going out in the street after him. He'll see me in the street, but I want him to come in again and say he wants to talk to me.

And this will start setting up inner restrictions for Cano in future situations—that there are times when you just don't do certain things to certain people. And you've got to learn that this has to come from inside. You can't

"Go see Mr. Davis, huh?"

And when he comes in he's going to find out, you know—"That happened last week, it's all right now. You decided you're gonna come in, that's good, okay."

[Editor's note: A couple of days after this interview, Cano did indeed come back. He needed the Center—as much as the Center needed him.]

Perlman: You know, it's refreshing to be able to sit down and talk about these things like this—in the way I want to talk about them, in the way I've seen them—without having people look at you, like, "Gee, we agree with

top of the pool table, we didn't have the money. The next day, in honor of Herbert Hoover, they decided to build a new Center—just an office building—in honor of Herbert Hoover, near the UN building for prestige. Eight million dollars. Now what they found out was that eight million dollars is a bigger tax deduction than the 35c it would've cost us to sew a patch on top of the pool table.

Q. What about television?

Perlman: I've gone down for interviews, and I've talked about this—but always, "Subdue it a little bit, tell cute stories about the kids . . . the public doesn't wanna hear rough stuff." They don't wanna hear the truth—it hurts 'em.

Q. Besides the Boys Club, what other organizations have you worked within?

Perlman: I was with the P.A.L., which I think is a great organization. It needs help. The guys are gutsy. The cops are willing to go along with the worker, if they feel the worker knows what he's doing.

Q. Have you found this to be so, John?

Davis: I've only worked in P.A.L.s in 'nice' neighborhoods, where you dealt with kids with minor problems—none of the exaggerated conditions that exist in a slum area, so I don't know—there are no P.A.L.s around here, so I don't know.

Perlman: They can't get the workers into these neighborhoods.

Davis: This is part of it. From what I've seen, they do try to go into areas—not areas as difficult as this; I don't know why—and if they do, they're completely undermanned, they don't get the money or the facilities that they need. It seems Youth Board has much more—

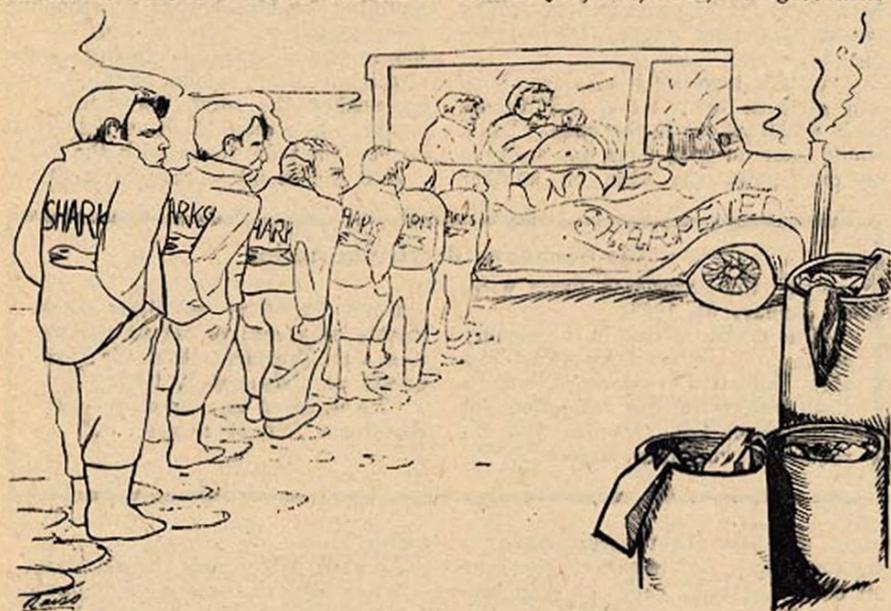
Perlman: That's why they don't let the P.A.L. in—it's an agreement. The Youth Board can't do the work, so why should the P.A.L.?

Davis: And Youth Board works on the street corner; the P.A.L. tries to get a Center going, some sort of storefront, anything, and they usually have—the workers I knew were well trained. Youth Board workers in my experience have not been as well trained as the P.A.L. directors in my experience. And I think this does make a difference, excluding the human beings that had no training, but they have the sensitivity of dealing with other human beings on a one-to-one level.

Perlman: The Youth Board is tied down with paper work, with red tape. As a matter of fact, a Youth Board worker has to call in every 20 minutes. You're merely a Princess telephone out in that area.

Q. What would you say, in effect, is the function of a Youth Board worker?

Perlman: To be in the area and see what's happening, and to be around



say, "Because it's a rule, you don't do this." But you've got to start building from within, and this is one of the ways. Now if I left him out in the street, you know, he's lost, there's nothing I can do with him. There's nothing he can do with or for us.

Q. Is that the difference between a club putting him out for a week and your putting him out for a week?

Davis: Yes, because he'd have to come in alone in the club. This way I've set it up so that Diablo [the leader of the gang] is going to talk to him in the next few days. You know—"What happened? What are you doing with Mr. Davis? Yeah, maybe he told you to take a walk, but you knew he was busy, and he talked to you four or five times, all the other kids weren't making any noise—what do you pull this shit with him for? He doesn't bother you most of the time. This time he asked you to keep quiet a little bit or he asked you to take a walk because you were making noise—why didn't you go outside for half an hour? You know, he doesn't run the Center for you." Now, Diablo will be able to get this to him. "You don't wanna go to the dance? Okay, then don't come in."

Cano will say, "Yeah, I'd like to come in."

you, but it's rough."

Q. Are you talking about with people from the press?

Perlman: I've had reporters interested. Two reporters from the N. Y. Post—Gael Greene and Al Hendricks—were very interested in this stuff. Al Hendricks went so far as to come into Brooklyn to see me at my convenience, which I didn't ask him to do. And we talked about these things—he knows it's true—they wrote stories about it; they will not be printed. Hope Johnson from the World-Telegram & Sun; it will not be printed.

First of all, it has to be printed at the right time, if it's gonna be printed. Like if another kid kills somebody, then let's talk about delinquency. Until that time, there's no such thing as delinquency.

Also, when you're talking about Madison Square Boys Club, you're talking about The Boys Clubs of America; you're talking about Herbert Hoover. There have been reporters who were fired for misspelling his name. [Editor's note: Herbert Shmoover is the honorary president of The Boys Clubs of America.]

As a matter of fact, when I worked for Madison Square Boys Club, and tried to get money to fix a rip in the

with the gang. Which means keep a lot of nickels and quarters with you because the kids consume a lot of Cokes and cigarettes. Any Youth Board worker can be replaced by a cigarette- and a Coke-machine. Let's put it in plain English.

If you know there's gonna be a rumble [a gang war] you have orders to call the cops. So you're a stoolie. The kids don't want you. The only way they'll accept you—"Well, look, let's have him hang around." First of all, for prestige, you know? "We got a Youth Board worker, you don't have one. You're out. Poor Puerto Rican club, they don't have a Youth Board worker. And also, ours is richer than yours. Like last week we got 19 Cokes, 9 packs of cigarettes."

Davis: You know they've started taking them to shows? And they went to Bear Mountain. The whole buying deal.

Perlman: There was this thing, it started one summer when I was working at the P.A.L. Center, that if a kid turns in a weapon, he's gonna get a free ticket to the Yankee ball game. So for two weeks I didn't see any of the kids around, the center. I called a kid—"Hey, Angelo, c'mere, what happened to the kids?"

"Oh, we went down to Petey's basement, making guns—didn't you hear about the tickets?"

Q. Do you think the kids are ever "used" by the social agencies in any way?

Perlman: There are a few gangs that are used by the Youth Board for exhibition. These kids are 35 years old already, they have no reason to go out and get a job. They get into all the plays free. Robert Kennedy came down, and sat in the park with his sleeves rolled up, with these kids—who have scripts. They tell him what he wants to hear. Then he comes back and he tells these other people who have already read the script what these kids told him. The whole thing is a play. Now they appropriate millions and millions of dollars, which somebody's gonna pocket. I don't know who—I don't think they've decided yet—

Davis: Five million is coming into this area, and the jockeying by the various social agencies now is not to be believed. It seems that only a few of us realize—nobody else wants to talk about this, nobody else wants to see what it is—we had a six-hour interview with Mobilization for Youth, that's who's handling it, and you just wouldn't believe what they don't know.

They're supposedly looking for new methods of working with delinquents, innovations in the field, and then they'll turn around at the same time and say, "We will work with the same schools and principles that have been handling these things for 20 years and haven't done anything about it. We're gonna work with the same kind of community

settlement houses and give them another social worker—that's who we'll pay for . . ."

The people handling this seem to be afraid to go out and try—they may lose 20 or 30 or 40 thousand dollars on experiments, it's quite possible—

Perlman: They don't have to lose a dollar. There are people who are working who know it. The people who know it are not to be listened to. You know what one guy said to me? He said, "Don't get too good, because then somebody on the board of directors is going to hear about it, he's going to go back to the director of the club who's been there for 25 years and say, 'Why wasn't this done before? It's so simple.'"

I got kids together to sit down, boys and girls in their teens, and discuss their problems out in the open. Then I would later on split them up, the boys on one night, the girls on another

Q. You mentioned the courts. What experience have you had on that level?

Perlman: I've gone to court over 30 times with kids, and I've never lost a kid to the court, for a very simple reason. Whenever I go to court, I always have a good reason why the kid shouldn't be sent away. A social worker goes to court with the kid, he gets up and he says, "Don't send the boy away, he's a good boy."

So the judge takes out a list, and he says, "Ever since he was three years old, he's been committing crimes. He's been in the center for ten years. Nobody's worked with him, nobody's done anything for him, he has no schooling—he doesn't go to school—he has no job, he has no trade, he's going around stealing, beating, raping, he takes dope, he pushes the stuff, he drinks, he smokes—he's only 11 years old—what do you want me to do with the kid?"

And the social worker says, "Have

The Language Barrier in Action

From the Associated Press wires on January 31, 1962:

"The dramatic vote in the plenary session of the inter-American foreign ministers conference was a close one, with the resolution for exclusion of Cuba winning just the required two-thirds majority."

From Secretary of State Dean Rusk's broadcast report to the nation (at President Kennedy's request) on February 2, 1962:

"We declared unanimously — except for a few, of course . . ."

night, and have them discuss more intimate things. But boys and girls can sit down and talk. They can plan programs. They can discuss things—they are human beings with feelings and understanding—and the social worker is not to tell them what is right and what is wrong.

The supervisor at Interfaith Neighbors, an organization set up to work with hostile youth in the Yorkville area—the whole Yorkville area, which was extended up into Manhattan, down into Brooklyn; we couldn't get enough of the area, but we had two people working it—he was fired after he hired me. An indirect action, since I didn't have the proper background, and I had unorthodox methods which worked but weren't supposed to.

It's embarrassing. "He's not supposed to be doing what he's doing. These kids are responding. He hasn't lost a kid to the courts in years. What's happening?" Now they don't know what to do with the kids. And the courts don't want them because they have no place to put 'em. So they suspend 'em. Even the Batman is off. He killed a kid, but they're getting him off now.

They even closed the P.A.L. Center in that neighborhood, because they didn't want any association of him with the center—he may have been going; he may have been a card-carrying member of the P.A.L.

mercy."

And the judge sends the kid away.

When I go to court with a kid—and I only go if I feel he shouldn't be sent away and I have a job for him; I've been working with him only for six months, but the kid has responded during that time, he has gone back to school, I have a letter from the teacher stating he's been going regularly and he's doing his work, he's no longer on the dope habit, or he's taking it in small quantities now (yes, he's taking dope, I won't fight it); but his problem is eased up, there's no sense in destroying everything now—and on this basis, the judges have gone along with me.

But the centers themselves don't bother with the kids. "He's taking dope, it'll give us a bad name." I had one supervisor call me up—they had fired this other supervisor, and they put it in a new supervisor who used to be with the Youth Board—so he gives me a phone call on a Thursday, "Lenny, I have to see you Friday morning, I have some new forms we're working on."

I said, "Look, Shelley, I can't see you Friday morning, I'll see you Friday late in the afternoon. I'm going to court with Billy, I've worked with him a long time, you know the case, I've written reports, I don't want him sent away at this point. There's no need for it."

"Lenny, look, you'll have to postpone going to court, these forms are very important."

This is no kidding around, this is the conversation.

"Shelley, you're out of your mind, I gotta go to court with this kid, he comes first."

"Look, Lenny, you've never had real schooling in this, and how are you going to accept supervision if you're not going to listen to me?"

"I'm going to court with the kid, so forget it."

All right, so I go to the court, and I get the kid off—I have very good reasons to get him off; the judge goes along with me, the probation officer backs me up—he's still working in school, he's still got himself a job.

(After I left the organization, they sent him away. "Properly placed," they called it.)

Anyway, in the afternoon, I go over to see Shelley. He says, "I wish you could've been here this morning and talked it over with Aaryea"—the other street worker, who worked for another organization, in the same office as me, but we weren't allowed to collaborate, because I was being sponsored by church people, he was being sponsored by people from industrial organizations, and they don't want the two to mix, because if people say that Interfaith Neighbors and Neighbors United work together, then this destroys the individual organization.

So Aaryea and I had to meet in a coffee shop on the other side of town to discuss what's happening. And the supervisor was being hired by both organizations.

Q. John, you've met with the same kind of resistance in school, haven't you—when it came to going to court with a kid?

Davis: If you worked with a kid as a teacher—I took the worst class in the school—if a kid gets in trouble while he's in my class, outside, then I'd say I have to go to court the next day; he has to come back to my classroom, presumably—they're 11-year-old kids; you don't send them away that easily—so I felt that I should be there and let him know: he's not alone. And then when he comes back he'll be much easier to work with.

Every time I did it—first of all, I lost my day's pay; second of all, I was called down the next day to the office, questioned about this, warned that it wasn't a policy of the school, that I had no right to make this policy. I would continually argue that these are human beings we are dealing with, it has nothing to do with rules and regulations. And that it did make my job, as a teacher, easier. And it made it much easier for a child to come back and not be a tough guy who'd just made the court scene.

They didn't understand this at all.

So I really do know what Lenny said—that the forms have to be filled out, you've got to cancel court today—no talk about the kid, no talk about 6 months of previous work with him, or 3 months, or 10 days.

Q. I don't want people to infer from what Lenny said before that it's always so easy to get a kid off, though . . .

Davis: In Children's Court, I find it very difficult. Because of the way the problems break down in this area particularly, Manhattan, and because of the ethnic groups that they have to work with at this time—"Puerto Rican home; delinquent kid; must be a bad home; send him away." Never that kids from good homes in this kind of garbage neighborhood can get into trouble. And that if you give the home a chance to work with him, and perhaps give some sort of help—and I have only lost a few times . . .

But we do have a great deal of trouble with the probation officers. He's overworked, he's underpaid, he's undertrained, and after 80-90 case loads—"Oh, this kid's a thug, send him away."

And of course if you intercede, and you don't play ball with him, right away his report goes down. They've investigated me. They wanted to find out who was this guy coming into court all the time. You know how they investigated me? The judge called up the principal that fired me. "This guy's no good—bad influence on the children."

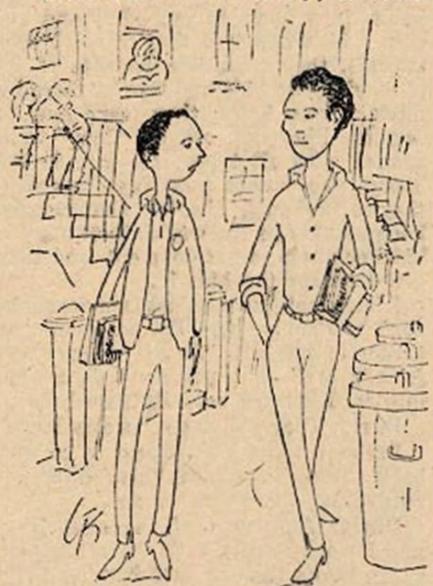
Q. What have these kids done, that they're in court for?

Perlman: Truancy, breaking open one of these parking meters . . .

Davis: Taking money from the teacher . . .

Perlman: Anything, so long as you report it—yelling at 2 o'clock in the morning—they'll bring you down . . .

Davis: Unlawful assembly; disorder-



"Man, Jose, these foreign languages are a real drag . . ."

ly conduct; anything they want . . .

Perlman: And then, as you said, it depends—a Puerto Rican kid, a colored kid—he's finished; he's in. If he's an Italian kid, the odds are very good they'll send him away; if it's a Jewish kid, there's always somebody down from the B'nai B'rith. The NAACP never intervenes—never says anything about the kids—it's only the adults; makes bigger headlines.

Davis: And they never, never censure the school. I have personally witnessed 5 incidents of a student hitting a teacher. In every case except one, I felt the child was justified; that he had been provoked beyond any point of reason. And I would not, in those cases, let the child be taken away. This is why I was a bad teacher—because I said: "That teacher provoked that child beyond any sense of reason." And in one case the teacher hit the child first, so I said automatically he's exonerated. But in the other cases . . . we are adults, we are masters of hypocrisy.

[Editor's note: About a week after this interview, a child was hit by a teacher, but, under the influence of Davis, he did not strike back; and, with the cooperation of the child's mother, the teacher has been suspended from that school. It is unlikely he will ever hit another child again.]

Perlman: And in court you're fighting the guards—right away they show disrespect to the kid, he's no longer a human being, he's a bundle of laundry that has to be pushed into the chute. And they show a great deal of disrespect to the parents. It's a rush job, it's a hurry job.

Davis: Agreed that some of the parents are recalcitrant parents—you have difficult parents and you have difficult children out of this group of 60 or 80 sitting in this big room—how the hell are you going to make it any better for them, or make them understand that they have more responsibility, by this whole court scene? They sit around there all day, they're pushed around, they go in, they don't know what's going on with the judge, the judge says, "Send him away" and "Do this" and "Don't you know what you did was wrong?"

The kid's standing with his hands in his pockets. If he's really smart, he plays it cool with head down; if he's not so smart, he plays it with the head up.

Did you ever stay till 4 o'clock, when they load them into the bus for Youth House? I only did this once. That is the most heartbreaking thing. I could never take it again. The scene of having kids—the bus backs up to the door, on the sidewalk, people are stopped from walking—these are children, 11 to 15—they're brought to the door of the court, and then two big guards are stationed outside, one on one side, one

on the other side, and they are herded through; each guard has to touch them as they go through, so that in case they jump . . .

When they got into the bus, and they were looking out the window—a few were fooling around, a few were sullen—but there were ones looking out of the bus, and do you know the only thing I could think of: in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, when she talked about the eyes of the gypsy children as they were being marched to their death; the only image I had were these eyes looking out of the bus; and condemning the society that allows this to happen to children.

Whatever they've done, I am sure—I know—they're not responsible. How can an 11-year-old kid be responsible?

Q. What about the judges . . .

Davis: They just don't know all the answers. And the probation officers that they have to depend on are such bums—it's the only term I can use—so often. One probation officer was Negro—the kid is dark Puerto Rican—and the first time we went to see the probation officer, the mother, who did not speak English, came out and she pointed to the back of her hand. She knew he had a color problem. He wasn't going to let this dark Puerto Rican be up on him. He hasn't solved his own problem about being Negro, and he wasn't going to let this dark Puerto Rican put him down. And this was the kind of guy that was going to give a recommendation. He gave a recommendation about this kid: "Don't treat him lightly."

Q. Are lawyers of any help?

Davis: Sometimes it's better to bring a lawyer, sometimes it isn't. These judges often will think that they know all the sociological aspects, all the psychological aspects—you can't fight a judge like this. The lawyer yesterday—every time he opened his mouth, the judge told him, "What are you doing in this case, anyway? This case is up for sentencing—he's gonna be sentenced—you have nothing to say about this."

Perlman: They hate lawyers anyway. There's a big thing between judges and lawyers.

Davis: In Children's Court, very much. Although, we're going to try to take it to the Court of Appeals, because this kid should not be sent away.

Q. What did he do?

Davis: Supposedly, he—another kid stole some money from a teacher—and he took the money away from the kid, perhaps using a knife. If he did do this—he's admitted to it under their particular pressure—if this is true, I know that this kid doesn't have that kind of aggression, and this is something I know, just because I know this kid—there are other things that he could do, and this would be working out some problems he has inside—but

if he did this it was a joke with some other kid. It's not a good joke, I agree, but I don't think sending him away for six months is going to help.

The home is as good a home as you can get in many cases—stable; they're trying very hard—this kid is bright . . . one of my first interviews with him, he said; "Yeah, why should I do any work? They don't care at school what I do anyway." But they don't care, he doesn't care. He's been given very little encouragement on the part of the school.

This is a depressed area, and these are depressed schools. The turnover is usually high; the teachers come running in over the garbage, and running out in the afternoon, they have no idea for the most part of who they're dealing with, they don't want to know, the whole problem is insoluble, they can't solve it so why worry about it . . . Paul, you heard what they tell the kids—"You're trash, get out of school, you're 16, get your working papers."

Now, in this particular case, we're going to try to get him out on some legal technicalities—I want our own psychiatrist to have a session with him, a whole testing session—because the court psychiatrist did—but I just don't hold with that, because I know what state workers are. I had one psychologist, he told the kid: "You're no fucking good, you never will be any good, get outa here." A penal institution psychologist. They get the bottom of the class, the ones who can't get anything else, most of the time.

We've been doing some work with this kid for quite a while, and, you know, we'll lose everything, I don't care how long—4 months—4 months'll kill him up there. And he's not ready for this kind of scene. He's going to be sent to Ossining.

Perlman: You take Riverside, where kids are sent—if they're on a dope habit, they learn to get off it and get onto a better one; if they're not homosexuals, they learn the benefits of it; if they're nice kids and they're there by mistake, you know, they learn how to become like the others. They walk around with all types; the guards are hoods who cannot pass high school—they're animals, they're the biggest homosexuals in the world, they use the kids' contacts to get dope out, and they get dope for the kids in.

I have nothing against homosexuals, don't get me wrong—I'm not gonna go through the bit: "Some of my best friends are"—but you don't force 'em into it. Kids are actually raped there.

Davis: They call them "pretty boys."

Perlman: And kids expect to be sent back there. They have this feeling already that there's no escape.

Davis: And none of the agencies—and I work closely with the school, because that's the one that handles them mostly, the one that should be doing the best job, because we do have them

5 hours a day, 5 days a week; and that this isn't where the money is being pushed is incredible to me, because it is the one agency that has the potential . . . but of course when you get a school that has, out of 40 teachers, 5 or 6 teachers leaving every year—there are teachers crying and begging to get out of the depressed area schools—you wonder what's going on in the schools . . .

How can the school ever help the few—and there are always in a neighborhood a few—people, either trained or untrained, either working for another agency or just doing it on their own—how can they ever help them? There are no lines of liaison open to them—the schools don't want to know anything—the principals around here, two minutes after 3, bingo, they're gone. And I mean that, two minutes after 3, they're gone.

Perlman: They got the car right outside, the blinders down; they don't wanna see the neighborhood.

Davis: And they talked about what I did—I'm an "agitator"—well, maybe I am, but I keep saying, these are human beings that live on these streets, and I've come to know them on a very personal level. And once you cross that line, you can no longer not be interested; you can no longer not be involved. And this is why I'm reacting so enthusiastically to Lenny. You don't need degrees to be involved with human beings on a human level.

Once you make this scene, of being involved with them, then you start to respond. You don't react any more to a "Fuck you" or to hostility or to inner problems. You respond. And, you know, you can learn a great deal about yourself, too. Your limitations, and how they can stretch. You'd be surprised at what you can do for yourself.

And there are decent teachers, who are frustrated and tormented by the system because the system tells them they've got to do these kinds of things, and they know the children need this kind of thing. And they've got everything down in the book. Everything—"Children need warmth to learn, so put your arm around the child."

But suppose you put your arm around a kid that doesn't want you to put your arm around him? Teachers do this because they need the warmth—they're using the kids to solve their own problems.

Q. In all the years I've worked at summer camps, I'd always find that the kids would somehow let you know . . . when they wanted a sign of warmth and affection.

Perlman: They will do it with you, they'll cuddle up, you'll just normally put your arm around him.

Davis: You know, there was a book written by probably one of the greatest teachers of this century, Hugh Mearns; it's called *Creative Power*, and he

worked in the Lincoln School [an experimental private school in New York City]. Most of the kids were from average middle-class homes, a cross-section like that, and he did such fantastic teaching with them, because he believed that in every child there is a tremendous amount of creative power that is never tapped. And you never tap it with rules and regulations.

He did this with these kids, who were of course verbal, and he produced poetry from them that has not been duplicated. Some of them have gone on to become minor poets in America.

But the book that he wrote—I have most of the teachers at the Center reading it now—it gives you such a feeling about working with kids, you know, there is hope, that people did do these things. And we've taken—many of the techniques that he uses can be employed with the language-learner, with the delinquent kids, with the kids who never had a chance before—with just a little bit more patience, because a lot of the garbage has to get out first.

Q. What do you think of the "600" schools?—first, maybe you'd better explain what a "600" school is.

Davis: Well, it's the stop in between a regular school and a penitentiary, because 7 out of 10 — those are the last figures—who go to a "600" school make it into a prison within five years. It's supposed to be a rehabilitation center. It is getting a little better—you know, give credit where credit's due—it is still not nearly good enough. But the one I worked in was the pilot "600" school.

And the acting principal . . . one day some kids were caught in a homosexual act, and it was a little violent. They shouldn't have been in the bathroom alone anyway, but they were, and the one kid was made to commit an act of oral sex, and the other one who wouldn't—he was made to climb up and hang onto a hot pipe by his hands. One of the kids was an absolute mental defective, no doubt about that; the other two were other things, I don't know, I'm not a psychologist.

But they were brought into the principal's office—and it just happened that I knew one of the kids a little bit; I had started to make a relationship—when I heard about it, I was on my way to the principal's office; just as I get outside the door, I hear her screaming inside: "You dirty, filthy animals!"

This was Miss Mittleman, screaming the wildest filth at these children. I just went in, I literally gathered the three of them up, put them outside the door. "Miss Mittleman, you're forgetting yourself. You can't judge them. You already sent for the police" — which I think is terrible . . . I went to court with them, and she was going to fire me that day.

The Board of Education removed her eventually, for six months. You

know where she is now? She's principal over here at P.S. 34, with depressed area children.

But the principle behind a "600" school is worth while. Children who are difficult to handle should be handled in a small situation. But it gets into the hands of these principals and teachers who pass exams and have no idea about human beings at all—and the ones who do just hold themselves tight and fight to get out and get themselves into better jobs—counseling or something—see, this counts for special experience, a "600" school.

Perlman: Ribicoff just came out with an interesting statement, that the social work field is being tied down by paper work and red tape. Where the hell did he get this from?

Q. He read it in a report somewhere.

Davis: You know, there's millions of dollars made from West Side Story—is any of it turned back into useful activities?—I think we owe something; we have a social responsibility to human beings as long as in this city—don't even talk about the rest of the country—in this city, in 1962, kids have to live under the conditions they do. Yet the authorities seem to be more concerned with truants than in how narcotics gets into the schools.

Perlman: I do this in one of my comic routines, where I talk about the hypocrites that contribute to the Boys Club. Like gangsters. Why do they contribute? To get the kids off the street—they get in the way of the getaway car.

Q. Lenny, you may be on your way to being a successful comedian, but I have a feeling that you're also going to end up working for the Center, somehow.

Perlman: That's where my love lies.

Davis: Here's Lenny with no, quotes, "training"—and yet, on the basis of this afternoon, he can walk into that Center anytime and do what he wants, because I have no worries about him. Now I don't think I can give that carte blanche to anybody with a piece of paper at this point, because I've met too many people with pieces of paper who don't know what they're doing.

But I'm wondering—I'd ask you this, Lenny . . . the more I try to understand—I feel I'm very one-sided in many ways, on the side of the kids—and because I am a reasonable human being, some of the time, I've tried to look at the other side of the coin: teachers, social workers, the system—what the system produces—and it seems to me, when I'm not fighting them, you know, if I'm not in front of them and have to fight about a kid, that I can say that in most cases, it is not real maliciousness on their part. It is either complete ignorance or a not-wanting-to-face-certain-facts. We all have this problem, of not wanting to face certain things, if they bother you enough.

Because for a long time, especially after they fired me, I really felt that it was some sort of scheme of evil people—you know, you get very paranoid about it—but I think on a long view, and I was wondering if you had looked at it this way and what you thought, my opinion is that it's not so much bad people — you know, we're the good guys, they're the bad guys—but it is some sort of sensitivity and some probable skills that we do have—people like us—that the majority of the people in the social agencies can't or don't want to get.

I don't think it's beyond the realm of most intelligent human beings, but it's not something that's just diabolical. It's something that seems to be produced by the system generally in values and attitudes, and I feel there is hope even for these people eventually.

Perlman: I don't think so. There isn't any hope for 'em.

Q. You don't think guys like you and John set examples for them—isn't that hope?

Perlman: No. Definitely not. I think they resent it. And they resent it openly. Let's say a guy goes into teaching or social work—what kind of a guy is this? A guy that is usually very sincere about something; it's not a big money-paying job. So who's gonna go into this?

I would say it's two kinds of people. The guy who really wants to go in and teach; and feels for other people. The other guy is the guy who goes into a position of authority; he may just as well become a policeman; he wants to be in a position where these kids are under him. Also, there are guys who feel that teaching is a pretty easy job.

Now, for these guys, forget about it. For the other, they break into two classes: the guy who can really teach—he's really dedicated—and the guy who can't teach; he can't teach.

Davis: My hope is that those who can teach will save themselves before they are destroyed.

Perlman: There is also hope in something like the Realist—and, Paul, if you can really bug Mike Wallace—it's not gonna start a movement, but maybe some reasoning. Jack Paar is not going to get too involved in this.

Q. Well, you've already been on the Paar show, haven't you?

Perlman: Yeah, Hugh Downs got me talking about delinquency; he wanted me back, but the producer decided: "It's too dry — unless he can tell dirty stories."

But if you can really bug Mike Wallace . . . [Editor's note: Bugging accomplished; there will be an appearance on PM (nee PM East) most likely some time during March.] Get on television and say: "Look, there are teachers who really wanna teach—give 'em a chance—what can you lose?"

Davis: They fired me.

core and surface

by Lawrence Barth

Filthy Is as Filthy Does

When you read this, it will be a while back that Mrs. Roosevelt was reported (incorrectly) to have sent a strongly worded telegram of protest to Secretary of State Dean Rusk about dear old Generalissimo Franco. It boots not, as they used to say in the days of Little Lord Fauntleroy (to whom Franco must bear a strong resemblance in the State Department's eyes), for the matter of our government's swarming love for this butcher is a matter of many years. Not once in the last decade or more has the government made a move to shuck off one of its deepest disgraces and repudiate Franco's government.

It's too bad that the man or woman who concocted and phoned in the protest falsely in Mrs. R.'s name took this irresponsible way of calling attention to our continuing close relations with the generalissimo's fascist regime, for the protest itself was forthright: it spoke of being "shocked and disturbed" at Rusk's then recent praise for Franco, it spoke of the regime as "so oppressive a state," and wound up: "That a member of this Administration could praise a Fascist tyrant who has violated every basic precept of freedom and decency is indefensible just as General Franco is indefensible."

Mrs. Roosevelt, happily, didn't chastise her unknown ghost writer, and she implied a semi-approval: "While the sentiments might not be far away from what I think, I would never send a telegram of this sort to the Secretary of State." This is the least she could have done, and she did this least, even under circumstances of being misrepresented. Mrs. R., though she sometimes says some flabby and unperceptive things, is way, way up high above the muddy bog of general opinion in the U.S. today, and I respect her as one of very few who point out some of the insanities of politics.

[Editor's note: But "never" in a telegram.]

Let's say it plain: we of the "great" and "free" U.S. have been living for years in a pigsty of hypocrisy. This is politics.

Every day till we're hammered flat with it, the government, the general press, the radio waves, din into our ears how much falseness, cruelty and danger there is in the Communist regimes. Well and good—these are all in them, and no realistic person can deny it. And do you tell us, with equal volume (if any at all), Big Daddy Government, Poppy Press, Father Teevee, how our government of the people (remember?), by the people (remember?), for the people (remember?) loves up to Franco, how it has been fondling ever so encouragingly the Nazis of West Germany, who are building themselves up into a new murder movement?

Nobody with his eyes really open can believe that our press keeps reporting and editorializing daily on the sadism and trickery of the Soviet regime because it hates sadism and trickery; Franco and the Bonn-Nazi axis louse up that illusion. Whatever real abhorrence of cruelty may inspire an individual columnist here and there, the newspaper-TV basic policy is sparked by one overriding specter: that of losing the

nice profitable old profit system. Heaven protect the working girl from wondering if there might be better ways of distributing goods!

Not long ago an extremely important book thoroughly documenting the revving-up Nazi movement came out: T. H. Tetens' *The New Germany and the Old Nazis*. Random House, its publisher, advertised it frankly as a book about the Germany of the 1960s that is "the Frankenstein monster created by the U.S.A." The face of the State Department went pale at such indelicate spade-is-a-spade-ism. The UN (or at least that part of it most dominated by Big Daddy) protested to Random House. What was the world coming to when the filth of politics was actually called filth?

The *New York Times* gave the book a bad review in its Sunday book section, and then, on a weekday, a highly favorable review by another reviewer. Noble, impartial *New York Times*! You think so? I've been told on solid authority that the favorable review got into the *Times*' pages only because the editorial powers were too busy to read everything the day that review came into the office. When they did finally get a look at it, already irrevocably printed and distributed to thousands and thousands of readers, they called the reviewer in and gave him hell.

This is politics.

And politics is not a pastime (in case you thought it was), and not, goddammighty knows, a science, but the slow, rotting sickness of a human race whose emotions have been deathly ill for century after century . . . so long that politics is accepted as "normal," even "natural."

It's no longer news to open-eyed people that thinking in terms of Democrats versus Republicans is essentially meaningless. And it isn't very much help today to use words like *conservative*, *reactionary*, *liberal*, *progressive*. We've seen too many liberals who grease themselves into smug rationalizations, too many progressives whose instrument of progress is the figurative and literal gun butt; conservatives and even reactionaries who, through chinks in their armor of grab-and-grind, have helped this starving artist or that group of starving kids. Inch by inch, we're growing up—yes, even in America!—and learning that life is a hell of a lot more subtle and complicated than we ever dreamed.

And those good old political concepts *left* and *right*



"When I wanna know what Kennedy drinks with his meals, I'll ask him . . ."

—what do they mean? Reich said it in *Listen, Little Man*: "And when the second big war came to an end you found yourself exactly where you were before it broke out. Perhaps a little more to the 'left' than the 'right,' but not one millimeter FORWARD!"

This shifting from foot to foot—this too is politics. In the last analysis (and what makes us think there's ever a last one?), we need to go down to roots—or as close to roots as we can get. Rational-versus-irrational is a helpful concept, but its limitations turn up very soon—unless we understand that it does grow and must grow organically out of something deeper: healthy, pleasurable, life-encouraging feelings versus sado-masochistic feelings. I see the struggle of the next one or two hundred years on this level. If a deeper level than this is revealed in the course of time, I hope we'll be a survived and relatively healthy human race to meet it.

But hoping isn't enough. Nor is turning away one's head. We're gradually outgrowing an old, stupid naïveté, but we've locked ourselves into a catalepsy meanwhile. We need a new kind of naïveté: the kind that's plain damned horrified at the mountain of filth, yells out loud and grabs a shovel.

diabolic dialogues

George Lincoln Rockwell
and Mayor Robert Wagner

Rockwell: Sir, I represent the American Nazi Party.

Wagner: Yeah, and I'll bet the bosses control that, too.

Rockwell: I've come to get my permit to speak in the park, sir. The Supreme Court has ruled in my favor—

Wagner: Those bosses sure do get around, boy. If I had my way, your right to free speech would never be protected by the Constitution . . . not as long as you incite good citizens to riot.

Rockwell: I'm only doing my duty, sir. I must warn people of the threat which Negroes and Jews represent to the American Way of Life.

Wagner: All right, here's your permit. Goddam bosses!

Rockwell: Thank you, sir.

Wagner: Oh, Rockwell, there's just one thing.

Rockwell: Yes, Mr. Mayor?

Wagner: No folk singing in the park.

Test-Your-Own-Morality Department

You are a pacifist. A thoughtless friend has given you a gift of stock in a company which manufactures guided missiles. What would you do?

1. Turn your stock over to the Quakers, no questions asked.
2. Sell the stock and proceed to buy U.N. bonds.
3. Punch your friend in the solar plexus for being such a wise guy.
4. Wait till missile stocks go up in value after President Kennedy's State of the Union speech and then tear up your certificates in a fit of righteous indignation.
5. Submit your philosophy to an agonizing reappraisal.

The Problem of Returning Veterans of the Peace Corps

by Marvin Kitman

In his Inaugural Address last year, President Kennedy asked Americans to stop asking what their country could do for them; instead, they should ask what they could do for their country? Many Americans have been doing something for their country by joining the Peace Corps. By 1963, when the Peace Corps veterans begin returning to the U.S. with their honorable discharges, the moratorium on asking will be over. For if the Peace Corps veterans are anything like other American vets, they will be asking for plenty.

I hope I'm not disturbing the Peace Corps mystique by raising the veterans' issue before the war, so to speak, is over, but it's about time the nation started thinking about this potential mess.

The only sign that the Peace Corps brain trust is even aware of a veterans' problem are these lines written by R. Sargent Shriver, Peace Corps director:

"A career planning board of distinguished Americans from government, business, labor, and the academic world will help him [the PC vet] find stateside employment. . . ."

The last thing this new generation of vets will need is help finding jobs. After all, Peace Corpsmen will have been working for two years at salaries ranging from \$60 a month in Nigeria to \$182 a month in Tanganyika. There are plenty of jobs in the United States in that pay range.

The kind of help the vets will need is in learning how to live like Americans again. To paraphrase another era's lament: "How are you going to keep them down on the farm after they've seen Sierra Leone, Sarawak, Somalia, and St. Lucia?"

The readjustment problem promises to be acute because every Peace Corpsman being rotated home on points will have spent the years 1961-1963 living like a native. "The volunteer who doesn't live like a native," Sargent Shriver warns, "will get bounced. The last thing we want is for Johnny to get money from home, buy himself an air-conditioned Cadillac and drive around Cambodia."

The PC vet will have been eating iguanas for breakfast, *lechons* (roast suckling pig) for lunch, and snakes for supper. He'll have been wearing native robes, and doctoring himself with jungle medicines. He'll have slept on straw mats, often with native women, who are said to grow on you. He'll have learned how to live without toilets and air-conditioning. By the time they come back to the states, nine out of ten PC vets will despise the flabby Americans they will find in their homes, schools and churches.

What is even worse, they will feel we don't understand them. If those Yale, Swarthmore, Stanford, Harvard and Chicago U. chaps in the Peace Corps are anything like their classmates who spend as little as four weeks in France, they'll talk nothing but Swahili, Tagalog, Urdu, and Twi when they get home. Twi and two

shillings will get anybody on a streetcar in Accra, Ghana. But it won't get much in the way of status in the U.S., particularly compared to the speaking of French. Americans don't envy anything they don't understand, so the PC vet will be as restless as any Congo native.

Clearly, the average Peace Corps veteran will be in poor frame of mind to be turned loose on the American public without an intensive rehabilitation program.

This, I feel, is no job for Washington, judging by the way they handled the rehabilitation of the Philippine Insurrection veterans. In order to make America safe from Peace Corps vets, I have been in the process of forming a non-profit organization of volunteers, called the Peace Corps Veterans Administration. Our



PCVA will help Peace Corps vets once again become useful and normal members of American society: self-serving, indulgent, loud-mouthed and avaricious.

Before I tell you a little about our PCVA's program, I would like to say that I have always believed the veteran's place is at home. In the 1950s, when I worked in many of the same countries Peace Corpsmen are stationed in today, I was a staff-writer for the United States First Committee. If you travelled abroad during the last decade, you might have seen one of my great lines: "YANKEE GO HOME." I still believe there is a job to be done at home.

The Peace Corps Veterans Administration is now trying to round up the best minds in psychology, anthropology, social work, and the other human engineering disciplines. Although we have none of these yet,

the broad outline of the PCVA's rehabilitation program for Peace Corps vets is already clear.

First, a series of camps, called Displaced Peace-corpsmen camps, will be established. To wean them away from the thatch hut-architecture which the veterans will have grown to love, the DP camps will all be composed of split-level ranches and Cape Cod houses located on gently curving streets.

The primary job of the DP camps will be re-education. The ex-Peace Corpsmen, for example, will have to be taught how to write post cards again. A great American tradition, the three-penny post card, fell into disuse in the Peace Corps in 1961 after the never-to-be-forgotten Margery Morningstar—or whatever her name was—Incident.

At the same time, it will be the PCVA's job to teach vets how to write and sell to *Life* magazine stories of their experiences without mentioning scandalous conditions. If Nigeria almost went to war with the U.S. over one post card mentioning unspecified scandalous conditions, one can only imagine what Upper Volta will do the first time some Peace Corps vet reveals the existence of a yaws problem in that country.

The PC vet will have to be taught that it is no longer socially-approved conduct to throw rocks at American embassies the way he had been doing overseas to show his host country that he was just one of the natives.

Peace Corps veterans will have been working 16 hours a day and week-ends for no other reason than that a job—like running electrical power lines into a native hospital—needed doing. They will have to be taught to cut that out in the United States, the land of the five-hour day. The whole lot of them will have to be put on tranquilizers, according to our PCVA's medical officer.

And most urgently, it will be the responsibility of the DP camps to teach the returning Peace Corpsmen how to use American money. Sargent Shriver said recently that Peace Corpsmen will receive a bonus payment when they return to the States, the amount depending upon the number of months overseas. In most cases, it will amount to \$1,800. If the vets get the money outright, some of them with their new penny-pinching *veldt* ideas would make it last eight years. That kind of spending could knock the hell out of the American economy.

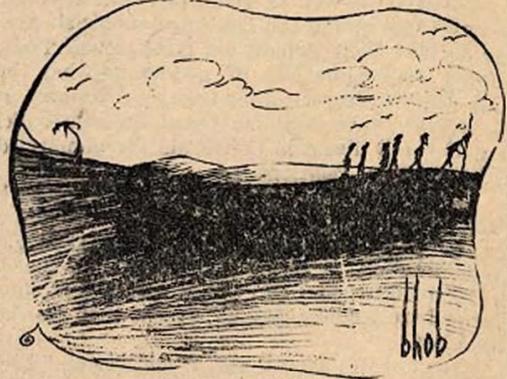
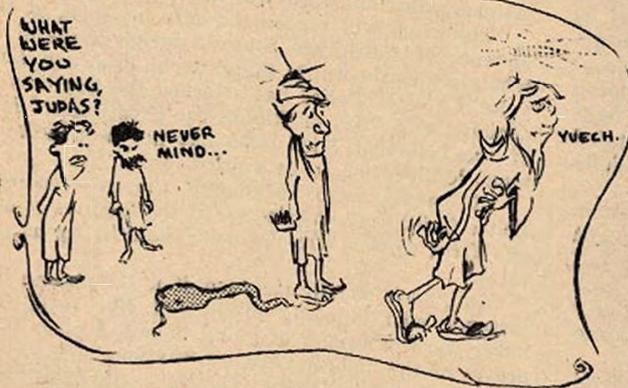
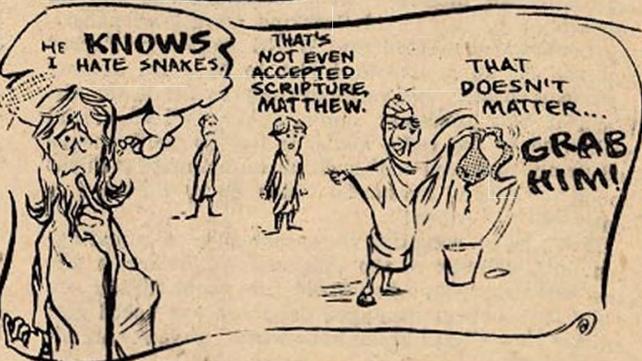
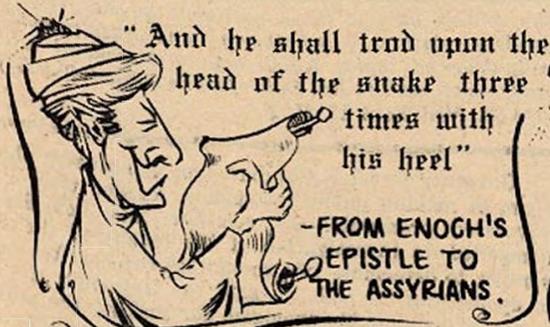
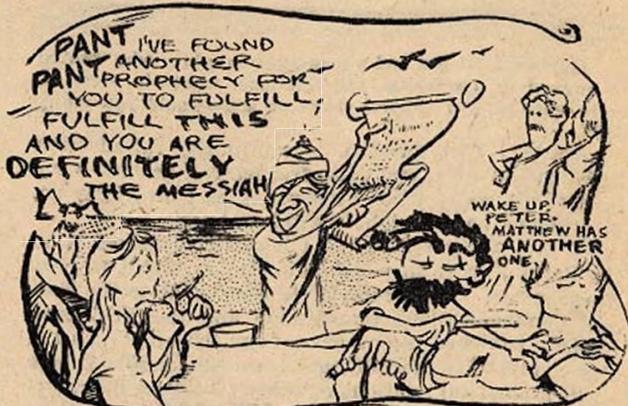
To avoid a depression, our Peace Corps Veterans Administration will recommend that vets not be given their bonus in cash. It should be deposited to their Diner's Club accounts. The branch that will handle PCVA funds will be called The 52-20 Club.

Obviously, our veterans of the Peace Corps will be faced with many other adjustment problems. What, for example, should be done about peace brides? And, since General Eisenhower has called the Peace Corps concept a "juvenile experiment," will the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars then limit the PC vets to junior memberships?

In any event, the traditions so firmly established by these already-existing veterans groups will be eagerly carried out by rehabilitated Peacecorpsmen—within their own particular frame of reference: picketing libraries that take the *National Geographic*, writing letters to sponsors of "The Late Show" whenever they present *King Solomon's Mines*, and boycotting concerts of pseudo-ethnic folk singers such as Miriam Makeba.



by Ken Seagle
and bhub stewart



if this be heresy . . .

by Albert Ellis, Ph.D.

Question: "If you had a teen-aged daughter who wanted to engage in premarital sex relations, what—in view of, or in spite of, your liberal views on sex—would you really do?"

Answer: This question is continually raised when I give public talks; and quite frequently I get into some kind of hot water when I answer it, as I invariably do, in a simple and straightforward manner.

A few weeks ago, when I honestly answered it on the Barry Farber show on radio station WINS in New York, several violent complaints were made to the Federal Communications Commission and the FCC temporarily banished the program from the air. When the station proved to the FCC that I had said similar things about premarital relations on other radio and TV shows (including an interview with Mike Wallace and an appearance on the David Susskind *Open End* panel), the Commission decided that WINS and Barry Farber had not set up a diabolical plot to have me destroy American chastity and restored the program to the air. When it was broadcast again, a high WINS official apologized to the radio audience for my performance and firmly promised that such an unfortunate incident would not happen again. To which Barry Farber fervently added: "Amen!"

Even more recently, in speaking to a standing-room-only audience at the University of Arkansas, the same question about what would I do about the sex life of my hypothetical teen-aged daughter was asked me; and this time all hell broke loose when I gave my standard answer.

Cops That Go Thump in the Night or, The Piece Corps in California

by Maria di Savio

Despite the charge by Los Angeles officials (all of whom are honorable men) that "fornication and adultery are outrages upon public decency," it is now legal to have premarital sex relations in California.

Before the current stampede to California increases qualitatively as well as quantitatively, however, let us be quick to add that the Los Angeles officials are not going to take their defeat, uh, lying down. These clean-minded representatives of god-knows-what, including L. A. Deputy City Attorney George T. Fancell, will fight the recent State Supreme Court decision which ruled that it is not illegal in California for unmarried adults to have sexual relations.

The ruling is the result of a battle waged by Miss Carol Lane, a Hollywood model, who decided to fight the L.A. "resorting" ordinance rather than go to jail for 30-60 days. It seems that Miss Lane wished, back in December, 1960, to go to bed with a man, an activity that is hardly earth-shaking, except that the cops were watching.

According to Miss Lane, when she and her friend were in bed, "the police put a 30-ft. ladder up against the building, climbed up and peeped in the window. I heard them—the ladder thumped against the house so

Editor's note: The implication of the report referred to on the back cover of this issue, concerning the banning of Tarzan books because he never legally married Jane, is extended to its logical conclusion in the implication of another report, on this page, concerning the arrest of a young lady for fornication.

The real motivation for censorship is, after all, not protection, but anti-pleasure.

This negative attitude is aided and unbedded by the likes of Dorothy Dix, Ann Landers, Mary Haworth and Dr. Rose Franzblau, all of whom justified themselves on David Susskind's Open End this month, along with Ashley Montagu, the purpose of whose presence presumably was to help substantiate his theory of the natural superiority of women.

As another aspect of our little monthly antidote to the mass media, then, the Realist is proud to introduce this new column by Dr. Albert Ellis. However, this will not be an advice-to-the-sexlorn feature; rather, since it is a violation of professional ethics—Dr. Joyce Brothers notwithstanding—for a psychologist publicly to answer personal questions, Dr. Ellis will respond in the column only to those pertinent queries regarding sex-love relations, psychotherapy and other psychologically-oriented topics which are of a general nature. Address all mail to Dr. Ellis c/o The Realist, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

Governor Orval E. Faubus, who is about as shy as I am at making public statements, learned that I had advocated premarital sex relations and immediately demanded an investigation of the faculty of the University, to determine who committed the horrible crime of sponsoring my talk. If, said the Governor, the culprits did not humbly apologize for making the serious mistake of inviting me, they would be summarily dis-

loud—it sounded like an explosion!"

After this delicate announcement of their arrival, the cops then broke down the front door, ran up the stairs (no doubt eager to see justice done), dashed into the bedroom, and promptly arrested Miss Lane and friend.

A few months later, the same tedious routine re-occurred. By this time, Miss Lane was getting tired of being interrupted, as well as arrested, and went to Attorney Burton Marks for help.

The court will rehear the case in April, at the insistence of California State Attorney General Mosk, who righteously wants things to be clear-cut. Los Angeles' Chief of Police has attacked the Supreme Court decision as a "Bill of Rights for Prostitutes," in spite of the fact that Miss Lane has not been accused of, much less proven, to be a prostitute.

(It would seem as though the generous-hearted Police Chief were worried about the future loss of pay-offs from women who do make their living as prostitutes.)

And, as is usually the case, it is the woman in this instance who is being prosecuted. Her male friends never were in danger of going to jail. Society still approves of the male having sex relations, and condemns the female to abstinence. There's a statistical miscalculation someplace there, despite all impotent protestations of L. A.'s honorable men.

missed from their teaching posts.

So it goes whenever I am suppositionally endowed with a teen-aged daughter with normal sex propensities. For, the awful truth which I tell my audiences that I would say to my hypothetical offspring is as follows:

"As you know, dear, I believe that sex is a good thing, and I see no reason why young (as well as older) and single (as well as married) people should not enjoy it. It does, however, have two distinct hazards, one of which is very real and the other of which is highly exaggerated.

"The over-emphasized danger in regard to having premarital sex relations is that of venereal disease. Yes, it is true that the incidence of gonorrhea and syphilis have increased among young people in recent years; but what the prissy social hygiene people forget to inform you in this respect is that these rates have mainly risen in two distinct groups: (a) among homosexuals and (b) among youths of the economically deprived, uneducated groups. Therefore, as long, dear, as you are not too promiscuous, choose your sex partners mainly among middle class intellectuals, and use reasonable prophylactic measures, you are most unlikely to catch some nasty venereal disease.

"Pregnancy, however, is another matter. Teen-agers of all classes fairly frequently become pregnant when they engage in premarital coitus; and, let's face it, in our society such pregnancies are likely to be highly inconvenient and hazardous. Consequently, you should wisely arrange to have your premarital affairs under conditions that will make pregnancy most unlikely.

"This means, if you want to be absolutely safe, that you should have no actual intercourse—but that you should, instead, freely and fully pet to orgasm. Heavy petting is a perfectly harmless pastime—as long as you and your boyfriend do not merely arouse yourself without orgasmic release. So read, dear, my book, *The Art and Science of Love*,* which will show you exactly how to bring yourself and your male companion to climax without intercourse. And, if you want to be on the thoroughly safe side as far as pregnancy is concerned, stick to this form of sex relations until you are old enough to take any further risks.

"If, however, you do not find petting to orgasm entirely satisfying and want to take the chance of going further and having actual intercourse, then you must be very careful to use proper contraceptive technique. This means, normally, that you should *not* rely on coitus interruptus, nor even on the male's using a condom. The best methods of birth control invented so far are the female's using a diaphragm or the new contraceptive pills that have recently been approved.

"So if you insist on having complete sexual intercourse, let's have no nonsense: let me take you to see a good gynecologist, and have you fitted for a diaphragm or given instructions in how to use the pills. It isn't your having premarital coitus which is wrong or stupid, but the way in which you may have it. So let's make sure that you are just as sane and intelligent about this kind of relationship, as you would be about your other affairs."

So, I answer my audiences, would I present the

**The Art and Science of Love* is available from the Realist for \$7.95. *The American Sexual Tragedy*, also by Dr. Ellis, is available for \$5. The Realist's Impolite Interview with Albert Ellis is available in pamphlet form for 25¢, or ten copies for \$1.

facts of life to my teen-aged daughter, if I had one. Whereupon, as noted above, various reactions, usually negative, begin to erupt. Most commonly, members of my audience simply disbelieve what I say, and mutter (to me or into their own beards): "Oh, you don't really mean that. If you really had a teen-age daughter, you wouldn't go through with what you say you would. No true parent would."

But they are wrong, dead wrong. I *do* really mean what I say. Moreover, I happen to know of an actual case where at least one fond parent, who gets along beautifully with his four children, did act in just the way I say I would when his older daughter reached the age of seventeen. "Look," he said to her at this time. "You know how I feel about sex; and you know that, as a physician, I'm very interested in the birth control movement. So if you want to have premarital sex relations, go right ahead. But first you'd better get fitted up for a diaphragm."

And, taking her to a colleague who specialized in gynecology, he did get her fitted. His second daughter, who decided to wait until marriage to have actual intercourse, did not avail herself of the same opportunity; but the identical offer was made to her.

So it can be done. Teen-age copulation can be honestly and courageously faced; and due safeguards can be arranged so that its main real disadvantages are removed. Not only young girls, but boys as well can be taught to limit their sex participation to petting to orgasm (as Dr. Alex Comfort, the well-known English novelist and scientist, has long advocated) or to use proper contraceptive precautions if they do insist on having coitus.

It seems odd, in view of the very real dangers of pregnancy, illegitimacy, and abortion that keep plaguing our society when we do not take such a rational approach to teen-age intercourse, that my publicly espousing such an obvious, and quite unoriginal, solution to this problem should almost invariably create such a furor.



"... while our half of the class used the rhythm method ..."

Who Put the Wiener In Mrs. K.'s Schnitzel?

by John Boardman

"Some of the citizens in Downey, Calif. want the Edgar Rice Burroughs books removed from their elementary school libraries because they suspect that Tarzan and Jane were never married and thus lived a life of sin. . . ."

—News item, December 28, 1961

Kakatuhorst, German Central Africa, January 4—Hot on the heels of the Tarzan marriage controversy comes the charge that a prominent local couple, Captain and Mrs. Katzenjammer, were never legally married, and have been living together out of wedlock for over forty years.

This accusation was made by Herr Sepp Mitchell, Governor General of the colony and chairman of the local Johann Birke Gesellschaft. Herr Mitchell, who has been campaigning against relief fraud, cited the Katzenjammers as an example of the alleged widespread abuses of the Home Relief and Aid to Dependent Children program.

"This couple has been living together for so long," said Herr Mitchell, "that only the oldest inhabitants know they are not married. No one even seems to know the Captain's real name. The woman and her two sons use the name 'Katzenjammer.' These boys are obviously the Captain's. They show the same vindictive disposition, and one of them, Fritz, has a head of hair that strongly resembles the Captain's beard.

"I greatly doubt that the Captain is entitled to the rank he claims. He wears an ancient naval uniform, but to the best of my knowledge has never held a sea command. He has no visible means of support, and seems to spend all his time playing Pinochle with an elderly remittance man identified only as 'The Inspector' and with a trouble-making native chief.

"Incidentally, the head of hair on the other Katzenjammer boy suspiciously resembles The Inspector's beard.

"The family lives in a grass-thatched house, and there are frequent brawls among them. The boys are completely undisciplined and are notorious in the neighborhood as juvenile delinquents. Miss Twiddle, a Welfare Department investigator, refuses to set foot in the house unless they can be restrained from attacking her."

This development is the latest in a series of contro-

Sick Columnist

Wrote Walter Winchell on January 8th, obviously alluding to Lenny Bruce:

"Chicago night clubbers plan boycotting joints using that alleged comic whose routine includes an insult to Sophie Tucker, who never harmed anyone in her life."

In keeping with the highest traditions of yellow journalism, the *Realist* hereby invites anyone who has ever been harmed by Sophie Tucker to speak out—your identity will be thoroughly protected.

("Lenny Bruce: American"—his latest l.p. album—is available, postpaid and insured, from the *Realist* for \$5.)

versies over the morals of this Central African colony. Charges have already been made that Tarzan, a member of the socially prominent British family of Greystoke, is not legally married to an American woman identified only as Jane, with whom he lives in the British sector of the colony.

Other local spokesmen, European and African, had comments on the illicit unions now being revealed in this region.

The Phantom: "I have never considered a common-law marriage—or any other kind."

Mowgli: "Women are all bitches anyway."

Sheena: "I'll have to admit that the longer I've been here, the whiter they look."

Rollo Rhubarb: "I always knew that those two were a couple of bastards."

Wilhelm Busch: "*Ich hatte gemeint, dass sie Max und Moritz hiessen.*"

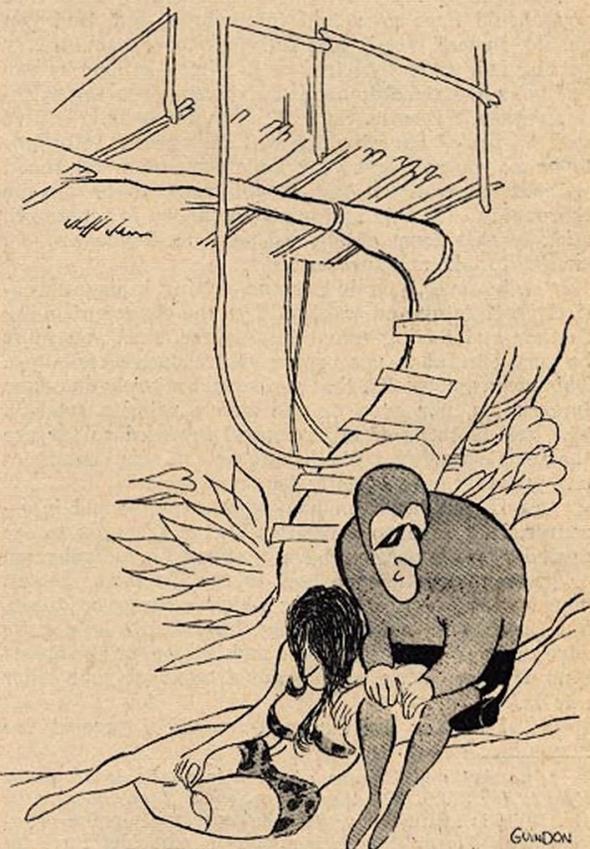
Local female: "Why am I on relief? That bum Enos knocked me up and skipped to America."

Dr. Albert Schweitzer: "Our birth rate has gone up 50% since the Peace Corps arrived."

Adolf H. Incognito: "*Es ist besser zu heiraten als zu brennen.*"

Moise Tshombe: "Lumumba tastes good like a prime minister should."

Rev. Paul Tarsier: "The local inhabitants became more receptive to our missionary efforts when they learned that Jesus was not the son of his mother's husband."



"Jane . . . I feel like the lowest . . . dirtiest . . . most rotten friend a guy ever had."