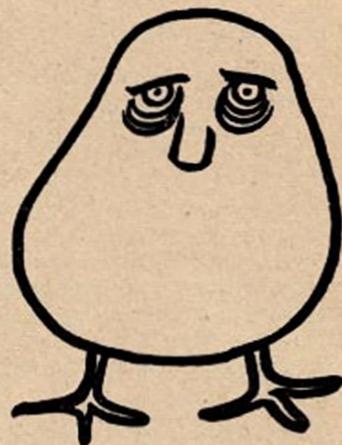


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist

No. 32

35 Cents



the magazine of
weightlessness

should violence be met with violence?

by John C. Lowry

This is a true story. I experienced part of it. It is about a little town called Monroe, just twenty miles south of Charlotte, in the state of North Carolina, one of the original thirteen colonies.

Recently I visited Bill Mahoney, one of the Monroe Freedom Riders, to read through the extensive notes he kept on the activities there. We talked for many hours about our experiences and I was strongly reminded of the town's mood by a phrase of Bill's: "A railroad slices through Monroe, cleaving the town in two, and the pieces fall back into place; one black, one white." That's the way Monroe is; sharp, precise, brutal. Racial tension is the commonplace, harmony the rare.

This story doesn't belong only to the Freedom Riders; we didn't make the town, it's been there for a long time.

Monroe first began to be a thorn in the side of North Carolina's 'liberal' reputation in 1958 with the advent of the "kissing case." Two little boys, both colored, seven and nine years old,

(Continued on Page 6)

The Story Behind The Rumor About President Kennedy's First Marriage . . .

The following is extracted from *The Blauvelt Family Genealogy—A Comprehensive Compilation of the Descendants of Gerrit Hendrickson (Blauvelt) 1620 to 1687*, who came to America in 1638. The Library of Congress lists the publisher as the Association of Blauvelt Descendants. The book was compiled by Louis L. Blauvelt, and was published in Hillsdale, New Jersey in 1957. On page 884, listed under Eleventh Generation, there appears:

"(12,427) DURIE (Kerr), MALCOM (Isabel O. Cooper, 11,394). We have no birth date. She was born Kerr, but took the name of her stepfather. She first married Firmin Desloge, IV. They were divorced. Durie then married F. John Bersbach. They were divorced, and she married, third, John F. Kennedy, son of Joseph P. Kennedy, one time Ambassador to England. There were no children of the second or third marriages."

(Continued on Page 3)

is there sex life in outer space?

by Bob Abel

*Space Flights Pose Old Query:
Just How Much Can a Man Take?*
—headline

New York Post
March 15, 1962

The calm, proficient performances of Col. John Glenn both in outer space and back home again in Cape Canaveral, Washington, D.C., New York and points west have been a veritable *Battle Hymn of the Republic* at a time when the nation's space effort was more swan song than ballad.

If nothing else, Col. Glenn is a magnificent testimonial to the stability of the great American Midwest. Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson notwithstanding. He is solid stuff. In complete command of his faculties. Good sense of humor, too. Still, the question—as posed by the *Post's* headline above—persists. Just how much can a man be expected to take?

Certainly the problems of outer space are not confined to the *New York Post*. On March 23rd, the serenely objective columns of the *New York Times* contained information that

(Continued on page 12)

editorial type stuff

Till Death Do Us Part

"Don't eat jam or onions before blowing up air mattresses."

—from Bed Manners
Hopton & Balljoli

I have now made the literary cocktail party scene. I was the only guy without a tie.

A writer for *Horizon* was there and a writer for *Esquire* was there, and they both propositioned the girl I had brought with me.

Character-actor Lou Gilbert was there. He had defied the McCarthy committee and been blacklisted, only



to be asked by Clifford Odets: "What's the matter with you—you got principles?"

Look senior editor Chandler Brossard was there. When we were introduced to each other, he said, "So you're the one." He was referring to my little exposé in the *Realist* (issue #30) that he had ghostwritten Norman Vincent Peale's column in *Look*. Brossard threatened to sue, but since truth is the best defense against libel—my source had been most reliable—I stood my ground and he admitted that he had written not only Peale's answers, but also the questions.

(*Look* has denied this in response to the query of a *Realist* reader.)

Joseph Heller, author of *Catch 22*, was there. When he asked me if I'd read his book, I lied: "I'm in the middle of it." Nevertheless, I won a bet with him about what one of the reviews had said.

Nelson Algren—author of *The Man With the Golden*

Rumor of the Month

President John F. Kennedy has decided to institute divorce proceedings against Jacqueline because she was indiscreet enough to ride an elephant in Pakistan instead of a donkey.

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

SALLY BALDWIN, Scapegoat

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Arm, A Walk on the Wild Side, and currently putting the finishing touches on *Who Lost an American?*—was there. We talked about *Catch 22*. Algren has not only read it, but he thinks it's one of the greatest novels of our time; that beneath the satire, there is this little-boy-saying-the-emperor-is-naked approach to the utter insanity of the military: those who really run the country.

When I said that I indict President Kennedy for kowtowing to the insane, Algren replied that I couldn't expect Kennedy to overthrow the whole profit system just in order to stop nuclear bomb tests.

All I know is what this friend of mine, who was on her way to the protest demonstration in Times Square, said: "I don't want to have any two-headed children."

I won't describe the police brutality.

I won't describe the night court idiocy.

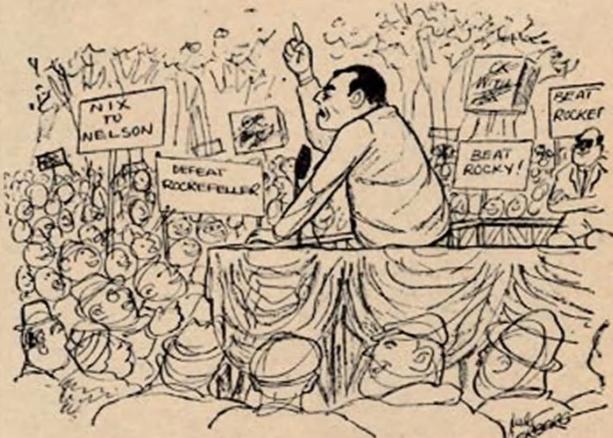
Suffice it to give one example. A woman—as a gesture in the face of police brutality—asked to be arrested. She was charged with resisting arrest.

"If ever the United States should reach a point," John F. Kennedy has stated, "where everybody agrees with everybody else on everything, then we are finished as a nation—and the ideal of freedom . . . perishes."

But, according to a report in the *Sunday Times* on March 4th:

In Washington, Pierre Salinger, the President's press secretary, said about 1,000 telegrams had been received by noon yesterday commenting on the President's address Friday night.

Half of the messages, Mr. Salinger said, expressed disapproval of Mr. Kennedy's announcement that the U. S. would be forced to resume nuclear tests in the atmosphere unless the Soviet Union agreed to an inspection ban on all tests.



"And what's more, my opponent is mentally cruel . . ."

The *Realist*

<http://www.ep.tc/realist>

THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

Story Behind the Rumor About President Kennedy's First Marriage

(Continued from Cover)

The truth of what would seem to be documentary evidence is officially denied—"not for publication, but for guidance"—with a statement that "She never was married to the President; they have the two husbands in the wrong order; and, since 1947, she's been married to a Mr. Thomas Shevlin. She's been living in Palm Beach and Long Island."

The Kennedy-Durle marriage is supposed to have taken place in Oyster Bay in March, 1947. Mrs. Shevlin will not admit to it. Nor will compilers of the genealogy speak to reporters. It is virtually impossible to track down records. Newspapers and magazines have researched the story, but this is the first time it has appeared in print.



A top Washington correspondent asserts, off the record, that Barry Goldwater has been "systematically spreading" the rumor around the country. However, a spokesman for Senator Goldwater questioned whether there is any accuracy involved in the genealogical report. "If the White House denies it," he added, "what the hell are you going to do?"

In the last analysis, if the documentation is true after all, then the Kennedy administration is as guilty of falsifying history as the Soviet Union. Putting aside the question of fact or fiction, though, if all it will take to keep Kennedy from being re-elected in 1964 is the widespread knowledge of his alleged previous marriage, then this country deserves to get Barry Goldwater.

Official sources indicated that the President was not disturbed by the disapproval, particularly since the White House mail in recent weeks also has been largely opposed to the resumption of tests.

And that's what I thought about when I decided to publish the item about Kennedy on the front cover of this issue.

Besides, the *Realist* is a form of very personal journalism—everything in it is something we want to share with our readers—something we would say in a living room or write in a letter, tempered only by professional and public responsibility.

The rumor had already been making the rounds. In recent weeks, it has been the most frequently-asked question at the Daily News Information Bureau.

Although the available documentation-and-denial has been something of a sacred political cow, it will be picked up by the general press now that the *Realist* has broken the ice and thawed the udder. We'll probably be accused of scandal-sheetism, but actually the report has a basis in the *Realist's* satirical orientation.

You see, in the past month, I've talked to a number of people—all of whom are deeply concerned about the international crisis—but all of whom have been even more hung up on their own *personal* problems. And I came to the conclusion that maybe if the world leaders were bugged by *their* personal problems, they wouldn't find it so necessary to ruin things for the rest of us.

My only regret is that I have nothing on that bastard Khrushchev.

See You in the Funny Papers

Although comic-strip character Mary Worth started out in depression days as Apple Mary, she never succumbed to any left-wing propaganda. Not that she became a staunch reactionary like Little Orphan Annie—perpetual puberty makes strange politics—but Mary

can be described as pleasingly conservative.

Widowed, she has a middle-aged son, Slim, who was currently infatuated with a girl who could easily pass for his daughter. "I understand," says Mother Worth, "even if I do not necessarily approve!" The reason for Mary's doubts about the young lady's character: "I have only a stranger's rather harsh report to judge by!" Slim reacts by screaming, "You heard *lies!* . . . *lies!* . . . *lies!*" And he bangs his shoe on the bureau.

Exclaims Mary Worth: "In this country, my son, that is not considered a civilized form of protest!"

The White House Follies of '62

The *Realist's* Washington correspondent reports that plans for a TV special are currently being finalized. Following is a rundown of some prominent personalities who will appear as guests on the show.

- Jacqueline Kennedy—modeling the Elizabeth Taylor look.
- Richard Nixon—playing Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu" on the piano.
- Robert Kennedy—giving a demonstration of international rope-jumping.
- Herbie, Harry and Ike—singing "Three Ex-Presidents Are We" in barber-shop harmony.
- John F. Kennedy—doing his famous impersonation of Walter Brennan.

Space On My Hands (Continued)

On the day that our astronaut hero was to be given a ticker tape parade in New York City last month, I sat in the subway, writing down the spiel of a man walking through the train selling John Glenn lapel buttons:

"This is the button they showed on television. . . . It's American history in the making. . . . This event will go down in history as a tremendous achievement. . . . It's very important to have one of these buttons. . . . Wear it to school. . . . Only 35¢. . . . It has a tremendous value as the years go by. . . . The Roosevelt button is worth \$4 today. . . ."

March 1962

Lenny Bruce on The Jack Paar Show

... filled with Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade sincerity ... balloons replete with Alexander King, the junkie Mark Twain ... Zsa Zsa Gabor, the lady next door who did a drunken jig with your father and reeked with garlic toast and scotch ... Charlie Weaver, an old lunatic who always has his pants open and playfully walked the wire touching your 9-year-old sister—"gonna tickle-ickle-lickle you." ... @\$★#&¼:~?★# Hugh Downs, brilliant master of disguise—few share the secret that he and Tony Marvin are one—"isn't that right, Arthur?" ... Dody Goodman, the line-up broad that always has come on the front of her snowsuit ... providing a proper balance for a clandestine Christine, former Danish seaman Phyllis Diller ... who looks soulfully at hermaphrodite Jose Melis ...

A Farewell to Paar

A couple of years ago I wrote a three-part critical analysis of The Jack Paar Show. I would now like to indulge in a little mollification of my previous point of view.

In the first place, anybody who ever watched the program did so voluntarily. Let me modify that to quasi-voluntarily; many a marital relation has been consummated during the Paar show, and the more fortunate viewers even achieved a simultaneous climax with the lady in the commercial who discovers the new wash-day miracle.

But in the last analysis, now that this nightly phenomenon will be leaving the air, I wish to praise Paar for having exposed a mass audience to criticism of the press. It's been a worthy TV-first.

Positive Non-Thinking

In a sermon at Marble Collegiate Church last month, Norman Vincent Peale revealed his attitude toward religious freedom:

"If you aren't going to church as a regular member, I tell you what you you are doing—you are playing into the hands of the Russians. If you aren't having family prayer in your home and a family altar—you are playing into the hands of the Russians. If you don't say grace before meals and have God as a factor in your home—you are playing into the hands of the Russians. If you do not put your money and your life and your prayers into the kingdom of God—you are playing into the hands of the Russians."

This is the kind of garbage which has been filmed and shown to television executives in many parts of the country. "All agree," states a bulletin from Dr. Peale's Foundation for Christian Living, "that local stations would gladly present the films at no cost for the time. We have reason to believe that at least 100 local stations would quickly take these films for such weekly 'sustaining' showings; our goal would be 200 stations carrying them regularly."

Dear Newton Minow, when you talk about public service programming next time, would you mind defining your terms?

Take Me to Your Dictionary

The following item appeared in the *New York Times* on April 10, 1962:

A problem of semantics that has baffled the United Nations almost since its founding proved today to be no closer to solution.

A special committee, which is attempting to define "aggression" as used in international affairs, voted to adjourn for three years. It met this month for the first time since 1959.

The Soviet Union has favored defining the term, which it says is used too loosely. The United States has opposed a definition, stating that no matter how many clauses such a definition contained it would be sure to have loopholes that an army could march through.

An army of words, no doubt. It would be led by General Semantics. He would be assisted by Major Crisis. On a lower echelon there would be Corporal Punishment. And, finally, Private Parts.

Catholischizophrenia

Doesn't it make you feel glad all over to know that the MacMillan Company has published a book called *A Catholic Case Against Segregation*, edited by Rev. Joseph P. O'Neill, with a forward by Archbishop Cushing? It's a collection of essays on prejudice, written by six priests and a lady psychologist.

(If the book is ever made into a movie, look for Doris Day to be given the starring role—Louella Parsons' latest menopausal hot flash.)

Priest #1 attacks compulsory segregation as theologically unsound; it is sinful, a violation of justice and charity. However, he also provides a statement of conditions under which segregation may be tolerated for a time.

Commented a reviewer for *The Tablet*, a Catholic weekly: "It answers those who demand more precipitate action on the part of the Church."

And on down the line, ending with the lady psychologist, who shows that segregation according to race affects adversely the personality of Negro children.

So much for theory.

In practice, things ain't quite so disgustingly idealistic.

Father Philip Berrigan tells in *The Catholic Worker* of a young priest who was sent to a "white" parish in New Orleans to offer two masses on a Sunday. He came prepared with a sermon against segrega-

I Got My Job Through The White Citizens Council

"Hello, Leander? ... Yeah, it's me, Adam Clayton ... Hey, good going on this Boyd thing ... Yeah, I'm sending some more of them down to Louisiana as soon as I can ... How's the New Orleans press? ... They think it's on the up and up, huh? ... No, nobody knows about you and that family, it's just our little secret, Lea baby ... You just keep getting that Council to pick up the tab, and we'll have this unemployment thing up here licked ... Yeah, I know ... Looks like hell around primaries ... No, I told you, nobody knows about you ... Okay, Lea baby, I gotta hang now ... Sorry the Archbishop had to go and spoil your Easter ..."

—Laurence S. Cole

tion. Suddenly a member of the congregation got on his feet and shouted toward the pulpit: "Hey! I didn't come here to listen to this junk, I came to hear mass!" Another man yelled out that he wouldn't endure this "crap" and that he would leave the church if the priest didn't return to the altar.

The priest didn't.

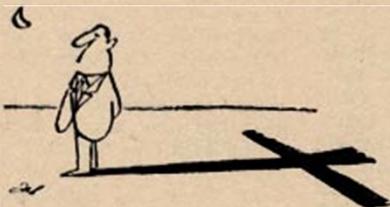
The two men, followed by about fifty others, left the church—the first one admonishing the priest: "If I miss mass today, you're responsible."

The story is not apocryphal; the particular priest, though, is an anomaly, as indicated by a few questions Father Berrigan poses:

"Why would a Southern bishop forbid his priests to preach on racial justice, and threaten them with removal if they dared?"

"Why would a Southern pastor shrink from burying a colored woman, a daily communicant in his church, and, when he had no choice, keep the body in the church and say a private mass for the repose, rather than risk the displeasure of his parishioners?"

"Why would Catholic bishops forbid participation of priests in Freedom Rides?"



The Right to Travel

Reporter William Worthy voluntarily surrendered to the U.S. Marshall in New York City on April 26th. A warrant for his arrest had been issued in Miami, where a federal grand jury indicted him for entering the U.S. from Cuba on October 10th "without a valid United States passport." If convicted, Worthy faces a sentence of 5 years imprisonment or \$5,000 fine.

This is the first time a U.S. citizen has ever been indicted under the 1952 McCarran Immigration and Nationality Act for having returned "illegally" to his own country without a passport. Attorneys in the field regard the indictment as "utterly fantastic" and contend that it is obviously designed to punish him for his reporting of the Cuban revolution.

The indictment, coming six months after Worthy returned home, is attributed directly to articles he wrote in issues #30 and #31 of the *Realist*, the latter piece being particularly critical of J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI. Worthy is out on \$5,000 bail.

It is expected that the U.S. Attorney in Miami will vigorously oppose a motion for change of venue, which is Worthy's only hope of acquittal. Since Attorney General Robert Kennedy has full authority to overrule the local U.S. Attorney, readers are urged to write to him.

A fair trial is unlikely in Miami due to race prejudice (Worthy is a Negro) and anti-Cuba hysteria.

Assorted Announcements

• John Lowry, who wrote this month's lead story, is twenty years old. He went on a Freedom Ride to Jackson in June, 1961. He spent twenty-one days in the Mississippi State Penitentiary for breach of the peace. He went to Monroe, North Carolina in August, 1961

and participated in integration activity there until his arrest for "kidnapping." He spent sixty-four days in the Union County jail, and was released on \$4,000 bond. If he, along with the others, is convicted, he must receive a sentence of twenty years; he may get life. Legal funds are needed by the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants, Suite 1117, 141 Broadway, New York 6.

• The primary cause of infant deaths in a certain locality is malnutrition. The children of migrant workers are trapped in an abyss of disease, hunger, poverty and filth. A Center, open from 4 in the morning till 10 at night, is now in operation, providing these children—for the first time in their lives—with good food, cleanliness, medical care, safe housing and the supervision of willing, competent adults. Without this Center, many of these children will die. Money is needed by the Lincoln Park Child Care Center, P. O. Box 1118, Fort Pierce, Florida.

• *Realist* columnist George ("How to Walk on Water") von Hilsheimer is on the Board of Directors of the above-described Center. He is also running a summer camp based on the principles of Neill's freedom-loving Summerhill in England. The fees: \$525 for 8 weeks; \$275 for 4 weeks. Sky Top Camp is in North Carolina. The mailing address for registration is P.O. Box 1118, Fort Pierce, Florida. Ages 6 thru 16.

• *Realist* columnist Robert ("Negative Thinking") Anton Wilson is now the editor of *Balanced Living*, whose main preoccupations are intentional communities, de-centralization, anarchism, Reichian psychology, nutrition and, in general, practical ideas for self-directed ways to 'beat the system' by getting out of it. Forthcoming issues will deal with Zen, Ezra Pound, natural childbirth, the 19th Century anarchists, Reich's weather control experiments. Subscriptions are \$3 a year (\$2 for students). Address is c/o School of Living, Lane's End Homestead, Brookville, Ohio. Free sample.

• So here it is the beginning of May, and we're just getting out the March *Realist*; extra copies of this issue (#32) are available at the special rate of 12 for \$1. Back issues cost 25¢ each, or 5 for \$1. All available back issues (#1 thru #31, except #2 thru #6) cost \$5. The April issue (#33) will contain highlights of missing back issues #2 thru #6; it will not be available on newsstands.

• I will be speaking in Washington, D.C. on Tuesday evening, May 22nd, 8:45, at the Community Center, 16th and Q St. NW; admission free.

• If you know of any bookstore or newsstand interested in carrying the *Realist*, please let us know.

The Anatomy of a Gag (Continued)

They censored my fourth appearance on the Mike Wallace show. There I was, just sitting around with the other guests—Bud Collyer, who, previous to being master of ceremonies on such television programs as *Beat the Clock* and *To Tell the Truth*, was the voice of Superman on radio, and who was now promoting a book of his collected sermons-in-poetry (Collyer is a lay preacher) which was originally titled *What Price Resurrection?* and later changed to *Thou Shalt Not Fear*; vocalist Mindy Carson; Peter Donald of *Can You Top This?* fame; Port and Sherry, the California Wine Twins—and all I said was: "I'm very glad to meet Bud Collyer, and I'm looking forward to his next TV game show, *What Price Resurrection?*"

THE MONROE STORY

(Continued from Cover)

were picked up off the street and put into the county jail; held there at the mercy of vicious, racist jailers. Finally, six days later and on thirty-minute notice, the boys' parents were summoned to court where they saw their children for the first time since the incarceration.

In children's court, behind closed doors, Judge J. Hampton Price told the 'prisoners' and their parents why the arrest had been made. A white woman had told him that her daughter had been forced to kiss one of the boys as the 'price' for leaving a game they were playing. Judge Price didn't bother to listen the boys' side but, instead, committed them to an indefinite term at the state reformatory for Negro boys saying: "You might get out when you're twenty-one."

An international committee was formed to protest this atrocity, a travesty even of Southern Justice. After many months of public pressure, generated by the committee, the boys were released. In January of this year, North Carolina officials finally dropped the charges (attempted assault with intent to sexually molest, I believe).

This committee was headed by Robert F. Williams. Rob returned to his native Monroe an 'angry young man.' In the military, he had been expected to give his life for his country, and yet his country saw fit to segregate him, to humiliate him, to degrade him. Rob thought service to his country could best be done in the form of protesting injustice and reviving the revolutionary spirit that once made us great.

When he returned, Rob accepted the 'gift' of the Union County branch of NAACP. The branch had long since ceased to be active, and being the only man interested in its welfare, he shouldered the task of rejuvenating civil rights action in Monroe. It was turned over to him by the tiny middle-class of the town who had abandoned it, so he sought out his recruits primarily from other social strata.

One day, Rob walked into a pool hall and interrupted a game by laying his NAACP literature on the table and proceeding to make his membership pitch. He recruited six new members, and the Union County branch was on its way.

Dr. Albert E. Perry, a young physician from Texas with militant feelings about civil rights, became Vice President. Perry, together with Rob and the tiny rank and file of the branch, made a resounding success of their first action project: desegregating the city's library. The librarian, a

perfect specimen of Southern White Womanhood, was completely flustered and confused when NAACP members came to her counter with books. She checked them out. It was as simple as that.

In fact, the project was such a resounding success that Dr. Perry's house began to be attacked by armed and hooded Klansmen shortly afterward. After all, such a bold action could not possibly have been planned by a dumb machinist like Rob Williams, so Perry must be the brains behind the outfit—or so the Klan thought.

The highly insulted Southern Gentlemen attacked with regular night-riding and cross-burning.

During a night-ride, the brothers of the Ku Klux Klan, swathed in their Sunday best white robes, ride through Negro neighborhoods on a mild spring night, or a warm summer night, or a cold winter night, hollering, throwing empty liquor bottles, shooting at 'niggers' who happen to be in their way or in their gunights, and occasionally, if a pretty colored girl takes their fancy, dragging her off into the woods where a good old Southern Gentleman's style gang-bang takes place. Among even slightly civilized people, this act is called brutal, mass rape. From time to time, if one of the Klansmen has a grudge against the world, or has swilled too much liquor, a black man is chosen to be the 'dummy' on whom the Klansman will vent his anger. When this happens, the victim is captured, beaten, castrated and invariably hung—even if he is already dead.

The first Klan attack on Perry's house got no farther than a brief exchange of shots. You see, Doc surprised them. He had a gun too, and was willing to shoot any white bastard who set foot on his property without permission.

The surprise of having been shot at by a 'nigger' soon turned to anger, so on a second try the Klan came calling in a motorcade of sixty cars and armed to the teeth. But ah, those 'dumb coons' weren't so dumb after all; this time the Klan found a veritable military fortress waiting to greet them.

Foxholes had been dug; defense guards were supplied with .30 caliber rifles, steel helmets and plenty of ammunition. A steel chain with six-inch links was stretched across the road to 'deter' traffic. Practically overnight, Monroe had been transformed from a quiet little town, living in the finest "Southern tradition," into a battleground of hate and a homeland of courage.

Although the Klan did an about face that night, night-rides continued. But their main point of interest now shifted to 410 N. Boyte Street, the

home of Robert F. Williams. The defense guard was extended to the whole community, with its headquarters at Rob's.

In this county it's quite legal for people to carry rifles, but just to play it safe, Rob got a charter from the National Rifle Association and listed the home-guard as members. They even set up a practice range and had regular matches. (There is a rumor that they used ghost-like, white silhouettes for targets, but it's not confirmed—except by a smile.)

When Monroe had settled into the routine of constant race war, with everybody in the habit of packing a gun, Rob took a little stroll down to the courthouse, made himself comfy on a bench and watched the court proceedings for the day—honestly hoping to find some justice left in this land.

An assault case was one of the first to be argued. Plaintiff: black woman—defendant: white man. The woman was a chambermaid in Monroe's hotel and while making beds from room to room she had knocked at a door. The man in the room (the defendant) had failed to put out the Do Not Disturb sign. When the chambermaid knocked, she disturbed the man's sleep, and, reacting with true Southern Chivalry, he bodily threw her from the doorsill and down the stairs. Humiliated, angered, bruised and shaken, she dared to press charges; her courage came from the knowledge of her people's recent self-assertion.

After hearing the case, the 'impartial' judge released the assailant and charged the woman court costs.

Not wanting to pass hasty judgment on the dignified, robed gentleman sitting in the presence of a blindfolded maid holding a golden scale before whom all come for justice, Rob stayed to hear another case.

The charge was attempted rape and, again, plaintiff: black—defendant: white. The woman positively identified the defendant as having assaulted her with intent to rape and her lawyer could even produce a white woman as witness. The defense attorney had no evidence to offer in behalf of the unsuccessful rapist; he could only praise his client's virtues. With the defendant and his wife sitting together in the prisoner's docket, the attorney pointed first to the white woman and then to the black woman saying to the jurors: "Would he desert this flower of white womanhood, for that!"

The jury deliberated its verdict for some time—five minutes—and found the man not guilty.

Leaving the courtroom, Rob spoke to a Charlotte reporter and said for all the world to hear: "We cannot expect justice from this court; we must meet violence with violence."

And indeed, the world did hear.

The Realist

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

Jesus Christ, you've never seen such a fuss as the one everybody made about a man simply saying he's going to defend his rights.

The very next day, for instance, Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP, suspended Rob from his post as president of the Union County branch. Wilkins soon discovered that he didn't have the power to do that, so Rob was tried by the National Committee Of Branches and was suspended for six months, this decision being upheld on appeal to a National Convention. Practically every civil rights leader in the country was down on Rob for his 'meet violence with violence' statement.

The whole country knew there "was niggas with guns" and few were happy about it.

All his enemies (white and black) were afraid of Rob and they all condemned him. The funny thing is, though, that no white man was ever hurt in Monroe. You see, Rob had given a standing order to fire over heads—you know: just scare them.

By this time the city fathers were pretty annoyed at the antics of the NAACP and decided to put a stop to them once and for all. Still sure that Perry was the brains, they arrested him on a charge of abortion.

He was convicted on the sole evidence of the woman's testimony. No medical evidence was entered into the record, although one of his white colleagues testified that Perry had previously refused to perform even a legal sterilization due to his religious beliefs. This had no effect on the jury's verdict of guilty.

Finally, some of the commotion from Rob's 'violence' challenge quieted down. The colored people only had to defend themselves against the local racists instead of damn near the whole country. And the NAACP went into quiet action again.

The NAACP negotiated with the city council to desegregate the city's swimming pool. They failed miserably, as might have been expected. The city aldermen even went so far as to refuse the request to use the pool one day a week—they said it would be too expensive; the city would have to change the water every time the Negroes used it.

The one place where colored people could swim was a natural pool in a river that was very dangerous; every year, children had drowned there. Rob felt that his people had a right to use the city's pool since it had been built with federal funds and maintained by municipal taxes. And so. . .

One morning last summer, eight young boys from Monroe, complete with trunks and towel, went to the pool, located on the grounds of a lily-white country club. Refused admit-

tance, they stood-in. Spectators gathered and soon were heckling and even shooting over the boys' heads. When Rob arrived, they turned their malicious attention to him and at the point of a gun, he stopped them from becoming a mob.

Soon after this, the pool was closed; no Negroes could swim, no whites could swim. It has remained closed ever since.

Such is the climate in which Monroe's Afro-Americans live. In constant fear for their lives, and thought of in pre-Civil War terms—3/5ths of a man—these people go on from



Robert F. Williams

day to day, eking out their meager existence from the occasional labor they can find, or from the \$15 a week the women earn for being full-time domestics.

The children go to segregated schools and learn about America, land of the free and home of the brave. But they soon discover what that phrase really means: free, if you're white, Protestant and politically content or rich; brave, if you're naïve enough to be angry because you've been lied to all your life.

Just a few weeks ago, for example, a young man from Monroe was sentenced to 20-25 years in the penitentiary on a charge of assaulting a local girl with intent to commit rape. Friends of the defendant say that he and this girl had been intimate for over a year. Undoubtedly the relationship scandalized local gentlefolk so it follows that when the girl was mysteriously beaten up, deputy sheriff Dalton arrested her Negro friend.

In court, the girl testified that he did not assault her, and she refused to name the person who had. Also, a

doctor testified that he had examined her immediately after the attack and found no evidence of rape. Nevertheless, the young man was convicted. (The case is being appealed.)

This is the town to which Rob Williams invited Freedom Riders.

Last summer there was a pilgrimage of over 300 young men and women to Jackson, Mississippi. The whole world was aware of the Freedom Ride, and the spotlight of public attention was focused on Jackson. Rob wanted this to happen to Monroe too, so that the story of his city could break through the press blackout and be heard around the world in all its ugliness.

Rob had taken on the responsibility of leading his people to liberation. They looked up to him, they trusted him, they expected results from him. He knew that alone, the task was impossible. He wasn't just fighting the life pattern of a small Southern town; he was fighting the herculean power bloc of a corrupt political machine that embraced local, state and federal governments.

At that time, we Freedom Riders wouldn't tolerate violence, whether it was aggressive, retaliative, or defensive. Rob knew that our attitude possibly meant serious danger for his people. And yet he invited us; he agreed to our conditions; he even gave us his friendship.

We arrived in Monroe late in August, 1961. We had come against the advice of many of our comrades to give Rob the help he asked for. We joined with the local people and began demonstrating under the name of the Monroe Non-Violent Action Committee. Our demonstration was at the local courthouse and our banners protested economic, legal and social segregation and discrimination.

Rob and the other Monroe people promised us that the line would be protected only by police; they would leave their guns at home. The Committee notified the police of every move it made; all demonstrators were well trained in the theory and practice of non-violence; and we walked in protest not with hate, but with the hope for a peaceful change. In other words, we were non-violent to the nth degree.

For the first few days it was not an unusual picket line. It was similar to one you could find anywhere in the country, having its due share of hecklers, jeerers and occasional fights.

On the fourth day there was counter-picketing, but of a distinctly Southern nature. While we walked around the block of the courthouse, cars from the surrounding area and a few from South Carolina bearing signs like "It's Open Season On

Coons" and "Birds don't mix, why block, we!" drove around the same block, their passengers heckling us constantly.

The next day, Friday, one of the Freedom Riders, Ed Bromberg, was shot in the stomach. Luckily, he wasn't seriously injured. He was shot with a pellet rifle that had not been pumped to a fatal pressure. A band-aid, some antiseptic, and he was back on the line in 20 minutes—placard, battle-scar and all.

By the end of the day, all of us had been roughed up. A 6'-6" giant picked on me. A policeman who dragged him off me later identified him as the dragon of the local Klan.

By now it was pretty clear the local whites were angry. I overheard comments that they were going to "get" us, but it was difficult to tell if they were actually planning something or just bragging.

On Saturday, things were really hot. Everyone was off work so we had a large line, and a large audience. We arrived at the courthouse square at about eleven in the morning. Many of the local townfolk were already there, shopping or just standing around.

The size of our 'audience' and its anger kept pace with the rapidly rising temperature. By five in the afternoon, it was so hot you could, as the saying goes, have fried an egg on the sidewalk. We had far too many on the line to evacuate by car as usual, so we decided to march in parade fashion back to Newtown, the Negro district of Monroe.

Realizing what could easily happen with the whites in their present mood, our picket captain, James Forman, asked for a police escort for the march. Police chief A. A. Mauney said he had already assigned two cars to protect us. The two police cars did start out with us but so did the whole damn town and, somehow, the cops got lost in the crowd.

We were a little frightened at this loss of companionship, so to keep our spirits up we sang Freedom songs all the way home. The whites following us (not to be outdone) shouted obscenities, so between us we made quite a din.

As we passed one house in a white section a woman came running out, yelling at us and brandishing a small kitchen knife. Young and agile, we managed to get out of her way, but she came pretty close to slashing some of us. The gentleman of the house joined her and started throwing soda bottles at us. He aimed for our feet, so when the bottles broke, we were spattered with the glass.

As we entered the Negro district, fights broke out all along the line. Some people got out of cars and

dragged pickets off the line and beat them. Two MNVAC members broke line discipline and dragged one guy, who had been particularly obscene, out of his car and roughed him up a little. I felt this was wrong but when they let him go and I saw him running like hell for the safety of his car, I was a little glad—there was one guy who would have a little more respect for us from now on, even if it was the wrong kind.

One of the men in the neighborhood fired a few shots in the air and everything quieted down. A little while later, a lone white man came walking up to Rob's house. We all just sat there and watched—this was indeed a brave thing to do, especially since the man was unarmed. He was the one who had just attacked us with soda bottles, and now he said that what he and his wife had done was wrong and he hoped we would forgive him. He seemed relieved when we assured him we held no bad feelings and he invited us to attend his church the next day—the man was a Baptist minister.

Sunday, August 27th turned out to be a beautiful day—weather-wise, that is. In the morning, MNVAC members split into integrated delegations as planned and went to the all-white churches. We were supposed to attend the services and if not allowed entrance, kneel-in.

As it turned out, however, we didn't have to kneel-in anywhere, which surprised the hell out of us. In fact, we were received rather warmly everywhere. In most churches, the minister greeted us personally after the service and invited us to return the following week.

Back in Newtown, after we had a chance to exchange stories, we were pretty pleased with ourselves at this apparent victory, and set out for the courthouse and our picketing, not fully understanding the situation.



Amesbury

"Madam, y'all can go to Hell!"

When we arrived for our afternoon stroll, thousands of people were already there—apparently waiting for us. The line was set up smoothly but it was easy to tell we were sitting on a powder keg. There was almost no heckling; people just milling around, mumbling to themselves. Things were too quiet, but soon it all began to add up.

There were no fights that afternoon, not even anything close to it. At five o'clock there were about five thousand people in the area. The crowd was so thick that it was impossible for our evacuation team to get through with cars. One local Negro man, who happened to be driving through, got stuck in traffic and was enlisted to assist the evacuation. Constance Lever, a white British student who came to Monroe for the summer, got into the car. A policeman stopped her—he wouldn't allow a white woman to enter a car alone with a Negro man.

The policeman took her from the car and confiscated a shotgun that was in the back seat. He arrested the driver for carrying a concealed weapon and handed the gun over to one of the local boys. *This started the riot.* It had been threatening all afternoon, but this sparked it. The man who got the gun hit the picket captain over the head with it, seriously wounding him. At the sight of blood, the crowd turned into a mob—a beating, molesting, destroying mob.

It went on like that for about 20 minutes. Everyone was beaten up, although no one was killed. Basically, these racists are cowards; even the sense of power and the anonymity of being part of a mob were not enough to change the basic nature of these creatures. The Freedom Riders and local people made no move to defend themselves. Completely confused, those in the mob could not deal with something so totally out of their element: non-violence in action.

The actual fighting was confined to the area of the car, where it continued right under the eye of the police. Finally, after they had taken a thorough beating, a policeman told the pickets to go to the station for protection.

Chief Mauney greeted them with open arms, assuring safety from the mob. A little later, Connie, the British girl, overheard Mauney say to a known Klansman: "It'll take about half an hour to arrange." Thirty minutes later they were all arrested and charged with inciting to riot. It wasn't only the demonstrators who were arrested. Freedom Riders and anyone black were arrested indiscriminately. People who had come into town to investigate were arrested.

The Realist

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

Three people who had come to bail somebody out were arrested!

The prisoners were brought to the county jail in small groups. Richard Griswold, a Freedom Rider, was in the first group and was put into a cell with a local white man. The police knew Dick because he had previously been arrested for taking pictures. He was almost killed in that cell. He was only taken out before he was killed because another Freedom Rider passed by, saw what was happening and demanded that Dick be rescued.

A few weeks later, the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants received the following statement (spelling and punctuation as in the original):

On or about 4th Sunday of aug 1961. I was in the union county jail on 5 charges of worthless checks and 2 assaults charges. The Monroe police and deputy forces of the city of Monroe put to me a proposition if I would by force assault one of the freedom riders Griswold they would see I went free of my charges. This beating I did in the bottom cell in the union county jail I went free for 2 weeks and was picked back up and sentenced for the crimes which was supposed to be dropped for the beating I did for them. they turned their backs on me is why I confess to this.

/s/ Howard Stack

Conrad Lynn, counsel for the CAMD, sent the original, handwritten copy of this confession to Attorney General Robert Kennedy along with a letter demanding a federal investigation and prosecution of those police officers guilty of violating prisoners' civil rights.

An FBI investigation took place, the result of which is that Stack has been declared insane. (I understand that this was done without benefit of psychiatric opinion.) The Justice Department's file on this case has been closed.

Meanwhile, back at the proverbial ranch: word had spread through the outlying rural areas that there had been a riot in Monroe and the Klan might ride that night. Black people from miles around flocked into Newtown for protection. Rob, too, expected the Klan to ride. They had come the day before but weren't really prepared to attack, so he armed the people and set up a perimeter guard.

Things were pretty tense in Newtown. The people were angry; their friends and relatives had been beaten up and unjustly arrested. It was feared the jailed people would not live out the night. Some wanted to go into town, storm the jailhouse and free their people. Soon, this got around and many agreed—if the po-

lice could disregard the law, why couldn't they?

Rob had a difficult time controlling them. I was there, and I didn't envy him his position as their leader. They had endured a week of constant harassment, not to mention the lifetime of humiliation and degradation of being black in this country.

Within the confines of Newtown, the time was ripe for a revolution: this life meant nothing; living in a society that rejected without knowing, that condemned without judging, that killed without reason, had no value; it was not really living—in short, they had nothing to lose.

Rob stood on his front porch, facing the western horizon and said that when the sun dropped behind the trees the Klan would ride. "They'll come in here burning your homes,

ammunition supplies were made ready. Then somebody yelled, "Here they come!"

A lone black car drove slowly up the block. Someone said it was the one that had "It's Open Season On Coons" pasted on its door a few days ago. The driver was reputed to be one of the leaders of the Klan, and the damn fool had his wife with him.

The car was stopped and the people were taken to Rob's front yard. Someone in the background yelled "Kill them!"; someone else yelled "Shut up." The car was sitting in the middle of the road, empty, so I parked it. Then I went to Rob's yard where he was talking to the people, a Mr. & Mrs. Stegall. Their conversation was quiet, everything seemed under control. I walked away. I do not know what happened next.

I did not see the Stegalls again until two days later, when I was arrested and charged with their kidnapping.

They had been in the neighborhood for two hours and left under their own power, of their own free will, unharmed, unmolested. I know this because Mrs. Stegall said so. She even said to a reporter: "Williams, he made out like he wanted to protect us."

The state of North Carolina has arrested four people, charging the willful, unlawful and what amounts to premeditated kidnapping of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bruce Stegall on Sunday, August 27, 1961.

Williams was indicted but fled to Cuba when told by Police Chief Mauney over the phone: "You'll be hanging from the courthouse steps in thirty minutes." On the advice of his constituents who felt Mauney meant it, Rob left.

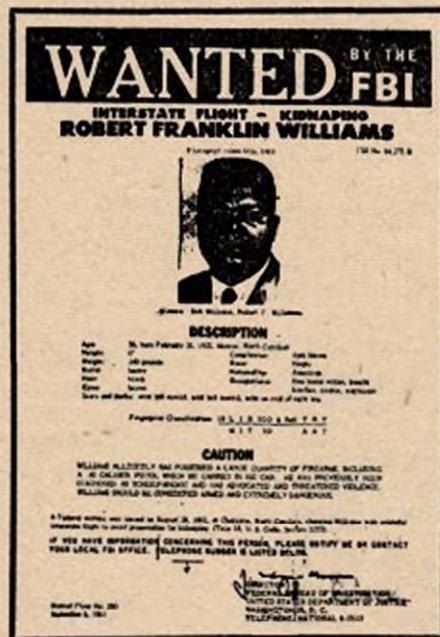
That is the story of Monroe thus far; a little town of 12,000 just twenty miles south of Charlotte, North Carolina.

Only a small part of this story is mine, most of it belongs to the people who live there all year long. The blacks, suspended in the limbo of anarchy; the whites, entrenched up to their ears in the shit of their own impulses.

These people are not untypical of the rest of the south.

On March 21, 1962, the *New York Post* quoted a Louisiana District Attorney's assistant. He was talking to the chairman of Baton Rouge CORE: "You talk about fairness because you're winning. But I'm losing like a dog. Fairness goes out the window when you're losing."

It could have been said in Monroe, Atlanta, Birmingham, Jackson, Miami or any other southern city.



raping your women and killing your children. The weapons you have are not to kill people with—killing is wrong. Your guns are to protect your families—to stop them from being killed. Let the Klan ride, but if they try to do wrong against you—stop them. If we're ever going to win this fight, we've got to have a clean record. Stay, my friends, you're needed most here, stay and protect your homes."

I stood there, about twenty feet from Rob, amazed at the greatness of this man, at his calm assuredness. Rob Williams is a leader, one of the few I've ever known.

Things quieted down after Rob spoke; much of the tension was gone from the air and I could almost relax. It was nearing dusk; people were walking about, laughing, joking. Weapons were checked and rechecked,



"I'm afraid that we'll have to refuse to leave;
we're staging a shit-in."

modest proposals

by John Francis Putnam

Sooner or later the Soviet Union is going to attempt a very delicate bit of historico-political surgery in "rehabilitating" one Lev Bronstein, otherwise known as Leon Trotsky. They have a job cut out for them, as, for almost forty years, "The Old Man" has all but disappeared from the Russian and satellite scenes. The Party hacks whose job it will be to "bring 'im back alive" have a wide open field. Anything goes.

Take, for example, the way Valerian Zorin might introduce the subject to a Party Congress:

"At no time was recognition withdrawn from Lev

A Visit From the FBI

by William Worthy

On February 15, this reporter spoke in New York City at a public rally sponsored by the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants.

The meeting was held in order to bring the facts about Monroe, N. C., before the public and to raise funds to defend the persons soon to be tried.

The defendants, including Freedom Riders, are accused of having "kidnapped" a white couple in Monroe last August 27 at the time of a race riot directed against the Freedom Riders.

Among other speakers at the well-attended rally were novelist Norman Mailer, author of *The Naked and the Dead*, and civil rights attorney Conrad J. Lynn.

Today (Tuesday, March 20), a little over a month later, I received a mid-morning visit from two FBI agents. They said they wished to question me about something I had said at the rally. Their interrogation took less than a minute. Since there is no legal obligation even to talk to the FBI, I barely let them come in the door and didn't invite them to sit down, because I knew they were wasting their time and mine. On matters of this kind, I never give information to investigators. I always refer them to my attorney.

What the federal men wanted to probe was a reference in my speech to an FBI flyer on Robert F. Williams, exiled president of the Union County NAACP. After a Monroe grand jury indicted Williams on August 28 for "kidnapping," the FBI on the same day swore out an interstate fugitive warrant in Charlotte, N. C., and launched a mammoth continent-wide search for him.

Tens of thousands of the "wanted" flyers were circulated over the United States, Canada and Mexico. Hundreds of FBI agents fanned out in all directions to track Williams down. In less than a month the hunt proved unsuccessful. The fugitive from

North Carolina reached the safety of Cuba. A copyrighted story in the *Baltimore Afro-American* revealed his arrival in Havana.

In my February 15 speech, I quoted from Canadian newspaper stories that were sharply critical of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for having been "innocently trapped" into cooperating with the FBI because of "misinformation originating in Monroe and passed on by the FBI." The tradition of political asylum has remained strong in Canada ever since the days of the Underground Railway.

Holding up before the audience a copy of the flyer, I pointed out the erroneous FBI claim that Williams had been "diagnosed as schizophrenic"—a modern, euphemistic variation, in this case, of the familiar southern theme of "the crazy nigger."

The flyer also invented a couple of razor-type scars on Williams' body. This reporter knows they were invented, and so cabled the *Afro* from Havana last September, because I carefully examined the sites of the alleged scars on Williams' face and leg after he arrived in Cuba.

I went on to tell the audience how the flyer indirectly came into my possession. A Midwest supporter of Williams had spotted it hanging in his local Post Office. Outraged at the "schizophrenic" claim and angry to see the photograph of a civil rights leader alongside pictures of bank robbers and murderers, this person had simply ripped it off the wall. I have heard that others across the country have done the same thing.

The FBI visitors this morning suggested that since the flyer was government property, the Midwesterner may have violated the law.

"See my lawyer," I repeated, and they went about their business.

[Editor's note: The flyer on the previous page—also apparently ripped off a Post Office wall—was sent to the *Realist* by an anonymous reader. It has been destroyed, of course, since we do not wish to harbor stolen property in our office.]

Bronstein, and such surface vituperation and pseudo-defamation, such as appeared to unsophisticated and reactionary observers, as down-grading his role in the October Revolution and in the formation of the Red Army, were, in fact, as should be obvious to any enlightened student of Marxist historiography, the careful 'placement' of his status and personality into an 'iconographic limbo' where, unsullied by sectarian divisiveness and slander, we could re-introduce his image into the mainstream of Socialist thought and action, after a 30-year period of 'dynamic incubation.' Lev Bronstein re-emerges with new strength as an inspiration to Soviet youth, mindful as ever of his savage anti-Zionist convictions and his life-long repudiation of the grubby superstitions of Jewish culture."

Then, of course, Party strategists might try the "cautious" approach, with a feeler, to see how people react. This can work two ways, inasmuch as it allows for a painless About-Face Policy; or it can smoke out any die-hard Trotskyists who may come up for air:

"The reckless and ill-considered depredations of the Stalinist idolators during their period of administrative control over the priceless documents and records of the Soviet People's heroic self-assertion of 1917-18, have resulted in the misplacement of certain items of relative importance to any thoughtful student seeking a dispassionate view of the earth-shaking events of that time. Among these misplaced documents are those relating to a minor functionary and amateur theoretician named Leo Tutz. When the papers have been filed in proper order, a committee of historians will investigate the file on Tutz (due to the fading of the ill-cared-for-documents, this individual's name is almost illegible; the spelling given here is merely speculative) and if, in their opinion, the aforesaid Tutz played any minor role in the formation of the Socialist State, his place (albeit a modest one) will be assigned to him in full accordance with his historical merits. Under no circumstances, however, will he be featured on any of the forthcoming commemorative postage stamps."

Naturally, the surviving Stalinists would cheerfully "rehabilitate" him as follows:

"N. P. Laderga, W. Z. Ostchotzube and V. I. Zimik have confessed to the crime of Obscuration of Soviet Ideals and have been shot. The brutish Laderga, a photo-retoucher in the Soviet Academy of History's Pictorial Archive section confessed freely to having obliterated the image of Comrade Trotsky wherever he was shown standing next to or near V. I. Lenin. The low opportunist Ostchotzube, Reference Consultant in the People's Press Archives, freely confessed to having cut out, with razor blades, over 70,000 references to Comrade Trotsky in the back issues of *Pravda* alone. This impulsive action has irreparably damaged the entire journalistic record of the years 1917-1923. The repulsive deviationist, V. I. Zimik, film editor at the Mosfilm and Sovfoto agencies, freely confessed to having cut out and burned over 600 pounds of moving-picture film depicting Leo Trotsky, thus reducing the priceless heritage of contemporary newsreels by over 90%."

And we have, too, Nikita Khrushchev's 'secret' speech to the assembled Soviet, where that essential

characteristic of contemporary dialectic is displayed, the ancient quality of 'chutzpah':

"For more than 30 years a campaign of personal vilification, character assassination, lies, concealment of fact and distortion of demonstrable historical truth has been perpetrated by the corrupt, war-mongering police states of the West in an attempt to obliterate the shining revolutionary achievement and positive Socialist stature of Lev Trotsky, architect of the magnificent Red Army and implementer of the Foundations of Leninism. The bestial attacks of the paid prostitute-hacks of the Capitalist Press have characterized Marshal Trotsky as a counter-revolutionary, an opportunist and a traitor. Fearing that their diseased lies would be exposed, a hired murderer, in the pay of the United Fruit World Banana Monopoly and Slave Cartel, savagely struck down the Friend of Lenin during a sabbatical residence in Mexico. The People of the Soviet Union, with one voice, proclaim the grandeur and nobility of Comrade Lev Trotsky, Pillar of Socialism, and refute the unworthy wall of silence and contempt which the Western lackeys have unsuccessfully attempted to build around a Hero of The Soviet Union."

Loyal Satellite Countries will want to get in on the act:

"Never one to be ashamed of his Polish origins, nevertheless Comrade Leon concealed it for reasons of socialist expediency. . . ."

Cultural rehabilitation would be handled with memoranda from the People's League of Revolutionary Art:

"What with over 60,000 stone and concrete statues of the traitor Djugashvili still remaining in State warehouses since 1951, significant economies might result if templates and jigs were used on these effigies to undercut and rework the features, which, with the addition of bronze *pince-nez* and a stucco goatee, could result in acceptable likenesses of Comrade Trotsky."

Cuba, wanting to be noticed and accepted, could modestly offer:

"A new 'ultimo' in cigar size designations—the Panetela Trotsquista."

Once having tasted the heady wine of adulation and the cult of personality dying hard, the Soviet Union itself will extend posthumous laurels on various levels:

Geographic—with place names like Trotskino, Trotskiansk, Trotskialishev; *Numismatic*—the 7½ kopek coin, for instance, will henceforth be called a Trot, but will remain un-negotiable outside of Volunteer Siberian Camp Commissary stores.

And finally, from their own foggy limbo, the American Communist Party could offer . . . nostalgia (what else?):

"Tired working stiffs knew and loved him. Hearst goons glared at him from street corners. Girl organizers from the Needlepoint Laborers Union squinted adoringly at him through work-strained eyes. Debs held his hand in fraternal firmness and warmth while the red banners flapped in the May breeze. Yes, the American Left took him to its big yearning heart—that lovable little 'movie extra' with his *pince-nez* glittering in the New York sunlight of 1912."

SEX IN SPACE?

(Continued from Cover)

our scientists and our Congress are pondering the question of life in outer space. Always deep in reportage, the *Times* further noted that a serious discussion of this life-in-other-worlds business would have caused "laughter and ridicule a few years ago," and that the subject is still one that scientists "prefer to talk about only in private to avoid public scorn."

Well, if Congress is willing to be serious, so are we. What else can a responsible citizen do? After all, if Congress prefers to ponder outer space instead of civil rights or aid to education, that is surely a Congressional privilege. Simply because we elect them is no reason to expect them to think about the same things we do. However, we digress. Away from outer space, at that.

From these Olympian Heights of reason and freethought provided at minimal charge by the *Realist* to its partisans, we can see where there might very well be life in outer space. But you can't convince us that there is life out there in the wild blue yonder unless there is that concomitant—sex—out there as well. Therefore we are anxious to learn if a healthy sex life is indeed possible in outer realms.

First of all, since it takes two to tangle, we must determine if women are interested in having their equality extended out into outer space. Happily, they are for a single standard in space.

Over a year ago, a young lady named Adele Nathanson wrote to the White House, requesting the following:

"I sincerely wish to accompany the first astronaut on his initial flight into outer space. I believe my presence will greatly boost his morale and alleviate his lonesomeness during the long, hazardous journey. . . ."

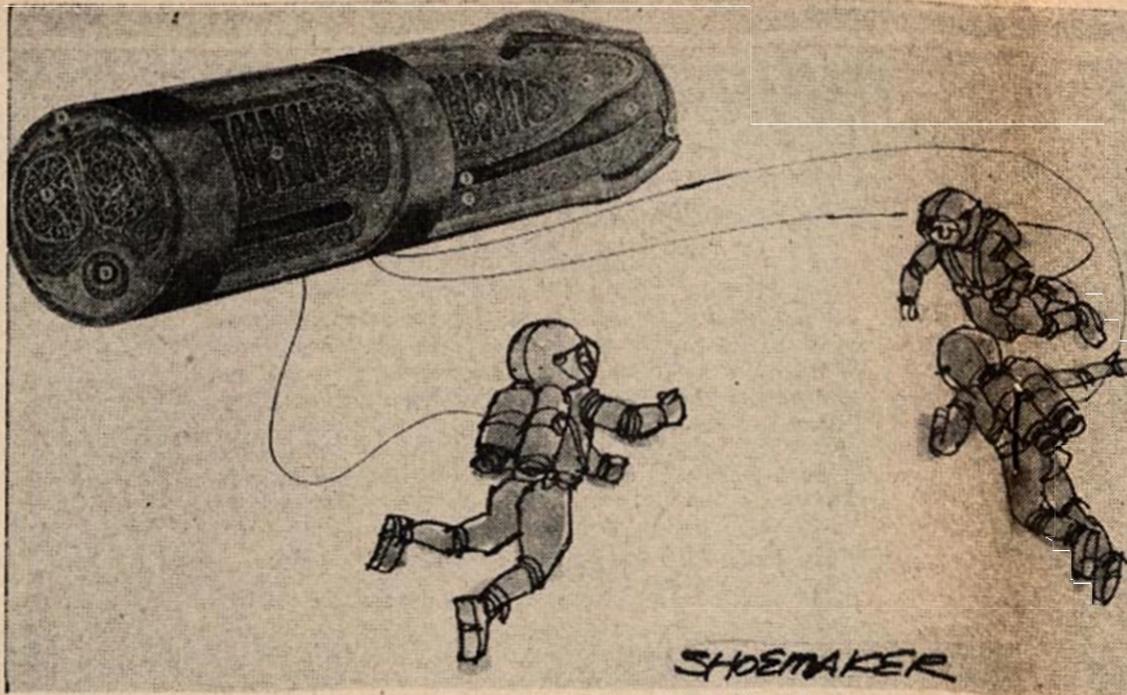
Now we have never met Miss Nathanson—she described herself as 27, unmarried, in good physical and mental health, with red hair and green eyes—but she *sounds* like a likely candidate to us. She has the desire. Moreover, she speaks out for her constitutional birthright in an unequivocal voice:

"And if they send men, and even animals, into space, why can't a girl go?"

She is practical-minded:

"If a man and a girl went together they could boost each other's morale [you will note the concern with her own morale as well as the astronaut's]. I mean they could talk to each other along the way."

Miss Nathanson, clearly, is primed to orbit for her country.



More recently we have learned of another young woman who is actually in training to become the first woman in space. Miss Jerrie Cobb has repeatedly called our official bluff by offering herself as a kind of one-woman vanguard.

"It's our only chance," she told reporters, "of doing something in the space race before they [they are the Russians] do."

As you well know, the women of this country are well nigh irreplaceable, and if neither the Misses Nathanson nor Cobb get into outer space, some wench will come along to finish their unrequited space effort. Without wishing to seem cavalier, however, we would like to take issue—albeit small issue—with both ladies.

In regard to Miss Nathanson's allusions to "talking to each other along the way," we must point out that this is possibly not the *best* way to boost an astronaut's morale. The chemistry that propels rockets also has its way with human beings. And we see nothing wrong with that. If John Glenn is thrilled by the sight of the American flag passing by, we are equally sure that he is not immune to the sight of a *Miss America* or some other example of our natural resources whose cleavage bodes felicitous comparison to the Grand Canyon itself.

Given this premise, we must also take exception to Miss Cobb's xenophobic anxiety over which nation may lay claim to the first female of the species in space. Our real goal should be the creation of conditions compatible to a sane sex life in outer space. It's a long way between planets, and if we expect our astronauts to subscribe to the theory that "Getting

there is half the fun," we had better burden ourselves with the dilemma of just *how* they are going to occupy themselves.

The widely-respected Brookings Institution has been engaged by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to think—with more precision than might be expected of Congress, perhaps—about life in outer space. Brookings officials have surmised that if superior beings were ever encountered by our space representatives, the results would be "quite unpredictable." If these denizens of other worlds were sufficiently superior, they might "choose to have little if any contact with us."

So we don't think it ultra-chauvinistic of us to insist on our boys' having some of their own kind along so that contact is both possible and permissible. Since our present band of astronauts is investing some of their money in a nice little motel venture near Cape Canaveral, we're confident that *they* wouldn't look askance at the idea of adding some spice to their space fuel.

Now then, what are the prospects?

Certainly there are important technical considerations, foremost among which is the problem of *thrust*. Since the absence of gravitational pull creates a situation comparable to riding on a cloud, we must calculate the payload it will take to get our astronaut off his launching pad and into the

—from the letterhead
of a West Coast firm

ORBIT MANUFACTURING Co.
Automatic Screw Machine Products

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same orbit as his traveling companion.

These are delicate matters, and we would like to think that the operation can be completed without resorting to chains or scotch tape or other binding materials.

Although we cannot really object to *coitus interruptus* on purely scientific grounds, we feel that in this instance it would sorely inhibit the performance of both male and female astronauts to have their partners hovering overhead—or underneath, as the case may be—so near and yet so far. A miss would take a great many miles to remedy.

Add to this general chaos the possibility of biological byproducts—also subject to weightlessness—and one readily concedes the danger to operational efficiency and general visibility inherent in this situation. Merely recall Col. Glenn and his floating cookie crumbs.

Another technical problem is the space suit itself, which at present is not constituted for internal operations other than eating. Surely our capable space scientists, led by the highly adaptable Wernher von Braun, can construct some sort of space travel-wear which allows connections to be made—without undue friction—between suits.

We suggest that the principle of the plumber's joint might be explored to advantage, and ultimately we look forward to some snappy fly-front models which will facilitate successful junctures between the sexes. A collapsible wind tunnel arrangement has also been suggested, and, given the rather specialized equipment of each partner, this too has arresting possibilities.

Another important problem is that of re-entry.

We are of a mind that this phase need not be as crucial as has been implanted in the public mind. However, we recognize that re-entry is part of a complete space probe and are confident that matters of timing and safety can be worked out once the other technical hurdles are cleared. We earnestly hope that our astronauts will not burn themselves up in the interest of explorations which go too far out, or by attempting re-entry too soon.

In any case, the audio report to the world from our astronaut making it to the moon would be well worth the listening. Upon completion of the mission, we would expect to hear the familiar expletive: "Boy, what a ride!"

No less an authority than Max Lerner has examined the problems, confronting our astronauts as heroes of the day. According to Dr. Lerner, male heroes are "polarized" and a

typical male hero "tends to be associated only with the pole of power and virility, whether in war or exploration or sports."

Accordingly an astronaut of sufficient virility and power would display before the eyes of the world that we excel in the latter two categories; it is already well known that we have never lost a war.

Lerner further points out that our heroines are "associated only with the pole of beauty and sexual magnetism."

Therefore both sexes can speak for America in their outer space associations. They will be our standard bearers on this newest of frontiers. Lerner himself has espoused their cause:

"If we must have space science, we prefer the virtuoso technician who performs the solo over the scientists who have written the whole symphony."

Also reiterating this sentiment is President Kennedy, who declared a short time ago:

"Our boosters may not be as large as some others, but the men and women are."

Now that we have established the scientific and philosophic rationale for this venture, there are a few socio-cultural aspects which merit consideration.

Although our seven original astronauts have been forbidden to make further financial gain from their exploits, they are already \$500,000 to the good as a result of *Life* magazine's desire to publish their every thought. As noted earlier, they have invested this outer space money in

Double Entendre of the Month

From Earl Wilson's column of April 23, 1962:
"I've Got a Secret" should book Norman Mailer—he's got a big one."

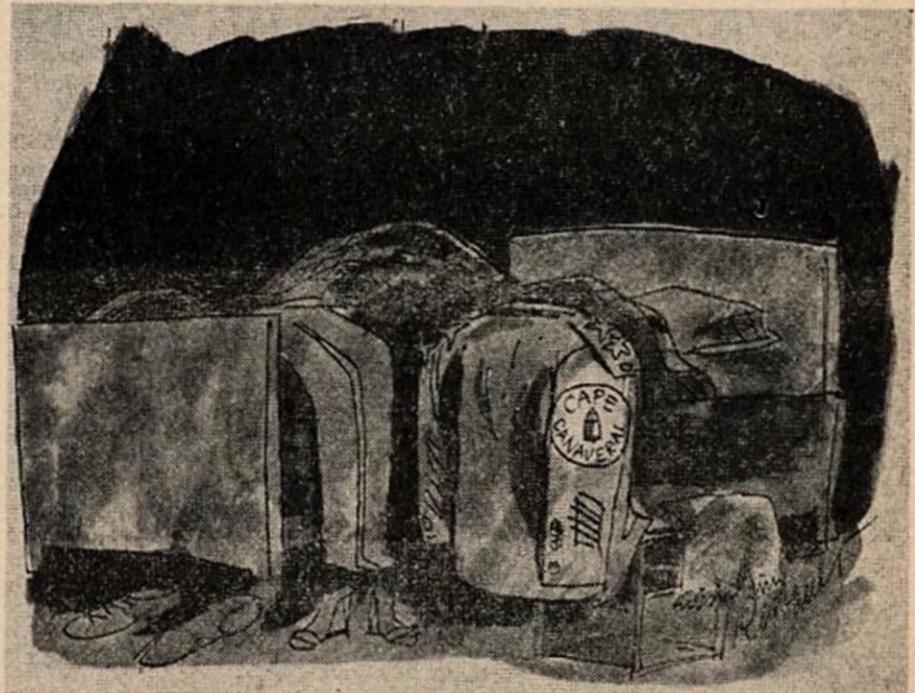
some *terra firma* enterprises—real estate in Washington, D.C. and the Grand Bahamas in addition to the Florida tracts.

As exponents of democratic procedure, we do not see how it will be possible to deny future astronauts of either sex the rights to first-person publication of their space adventures. If their tales are not fodder for the likes of *Look* or the *Ladies' Home Journal*, perhaps some of them will be sufficiently enterprising to produce a book. We envision the day when the best-seller list will be studded with titles such as these:

Love Without Gravity
How Green Was My Nose Cone
Around the World Around the World

Thus, unless weightlessness plays French pool with diaphragms and the like, we foresee a brilliant future for sexual exploration in outer space. There will, of course, be unpredictable human factors: an astronaut who adores sex but not *between* the sexes; a female astronaut whose religion forbids her to have non-marital relations; or an intemperate type who simply grows frigid the moment she leaves the warmth of the earth.

In which case, the astronaut can always ejaculate himself."



"... four ... three ... two ... one ..."

no war today

by Michael Valenti



With great fanfare, it was recently made public that we have arrived at the "Age of Hydrogen Plenty," which means that we have enough H-bombs to drop them willy-nilly on all and sundry. Mass killing is not going to be quite as prohibitively costly after all. And man, in perfecting his newest boom-toy, has at last devised a tactical weapon that wipes out tactics.

However, while the technicians have been meticulously calculating the effective range of destruction of the Thing, and an optimistic nation contemplates the possibility of slimming-down on fallout biscuits, one factor has been quietly shunted aside. That factor, it can now be revealed, is weather. Since Mark Twain's day, apparently no one has done anything about it, and consequently there's the devil to pay.

You may have observed that all notices of nuclear tests or space shots—thrilling though they may be—are always brought back to earth (in a manner of speaking) by the phrase "weather permitting." This party-pooping phrase, anticlimactically appended at the end of technical reports that otherwise read like science fiction, puts us in an embarrassing light. "How can it be," the world may very well ask, "that a nation with the technical know-how to spark off a blast equal to 20 million tons of TNT can be panicked by a few drops of rain or a snaky wind?"

But the prevailing winds, unfortunately, are not charter members of NATO. They follow their own perverse will and, like the stars, are irritatingly neutral. A nuclear strike delivered expertly against an enemy na-

tion might suddenly be caught up by a capricious wind and wafted homeward. No political party could survive such a blunder.

Dr. Norris Bradbury, laboratory director at Los Alamos (and presumably no relation to Ray Bradbury), tidily summed up this awkward contingency: "He (the enemy) may die faster sooner, and I may die slower later." You pays your money and you takes your choice.

And while we have always managed to stay one jump ahead of the Russians in bomb design, they have been studying the weather longer than we have. Since 1937 they have been conducting scientific polar expeditions, stomping around in the snowy wastes where weather is born. And while our technicians were filming "Nanook of

The Civil Defense Division of N.Y. State's Dept. of Education has sent a memo to all schools advising that "children aged 2 to 8 make at least weekly trips to the shelter."

In the case of children aged 5 thru 8, "this trip can be made part of dramatic play. . . . In the case of children 5 and under . . . each might be asked to bring a woolly toy from home. It would be very comforting for him to hold in his arm if he stays in the shelter for a time."

Dramatization, it was suggested, could take place "outdoors with 'airplane spotters' and 'air-raid warnings' and using boxes, barrels and play equipment as hiding places."

On a national level, the Defense Dept. is inserting commercials plugging fallout shelters during children's TV programs. The announcements are based on nursery stories, such as Chicken Little.

the North," theirs were busy taking temperature readings and plotting winds and currents. There must be a lesson here—probably that documentaries don't pay off as well as spec-taculars.

It is no surprise, therefore, to read that the Russians have mounted an "impressive effort" to control weather and climate. They are even thinking of building a massive dam across the Bering Straits between Siberia and Alaska as part of a plan to pump the warm waters of the Pacific into the Arctic Ocean, using hundreds of atomic-powered pumping stations.

This would radically change the climate of Siberia, Canada and, incidentally, the west coast of the U.S. There's only one snag: tampering with nature's circulation like this may just bring on another Ice Age. Pre-

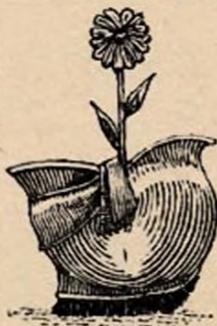
sumably they won't go ahead with this way-out plan until they work out this bug.

Furthermore the U.S., once the importance of weather control was realized, has not been laggard. Some U.S. scientists have even fingered weather control as the "ultimate weapon" in military affairs. Perhaps Captain Howard Orville, U.S. Navy (retired), who headed up President Eisenhower's Advisory Committee on Weather Control for four years, summed it up best: "If an unfriendly nation gets into a position to control large scale weather patterns before we can," he warned recently, "the results could be even more disastrous than nuclear warfare."

If you want to be picky, you might argue that there's not much to choose from there. However, it is entirely conceivable that things could be worse. While the Russians dream of warm-water dams and we dream of Instant Weather in aerosol cans, some fifth-rate power with a first-rate H-bomb and a 10th-rate meteorologist might terminate history by dropping it pell-mell in the teeth of a sudden squall. Before you scoff, remember that Archduke clippety-clopping dustily down that road in Serbia one fine morning in April, 1914.

But even if the little nations behave—if only to assure an uninterrupted flow of American aid—all this emphasis on weather lore is going to alter radically the course of future wars. Should, for instance, the United States and Russia decide that their differences can be settled only by resorting to the oldest traditional method of settling disputes in the civilized world, the course of the conflict may go something like this: Monday, war postponed: high winds; Tuesday, no war: light drizzle; Friday, no war: cloudy, with afternoon showers; Sunday, no war: double-header.

Meanwhile both countries will have nothing to do but sit on their bombs and wait for a clear, beautiful day, the kind of day perfect for a picnic or a family outing, the kind of day when sap runs in the trees and blood in the veins, the kind of day when it feels grand just to be alive.



The Trend Is Toward Dirty

by Peter Edler

We were all wrong. Colonel Glenn is not a hero. He is not approved. A couple of teenagers tried to beat him up the other day. He pinned their arms behind their backs, though. And a priest said they didn't know who Glenn was because it was dark and he was still wearing his space helmet. This is a very significant incident. Sonny Liston thinks so. He says that now the road is free for him to become heavyweight champion of the whole world. He says that if America's teenagers, the kids of this country, refuse to acknowledge Glenn as a hero, they probably prefer Gary Powers, and, by extension, himself.

The trend, says Liston, is toward dirty.

Liston says that he has a nice police record which would qualify him somewhat. Still, it would be better if he didn't have the excuse of belonging to an underprivileged minority of two-hundred-ten-pounders with size thirteen fists. The kids of America are fed up with the clean hero. They have formed an association officially registered as the Association For The Election of a Regular Modern Acceptable Teen Hero. It abbreviates AFTERMATH.

AFTERMATH is very active. It has published a points rating of potential heroes in its official organ, *The Aftermath Gazette*. Maximum number of points attainable is ten. It is interesting to read some of the ratings. . . .

Ingemar Johansson:

A basic white, clean hero type, and, as such, objectionable. Good, clean dresser. Civilized, articulate. Song-and-dance man. *Redeeming features*: travels in sin with what The American Press erroneously refers to as his "fiancee." Family knows about and encourages this. Johansson's brother also travels in sin. And his parents are said never to have canonized their relationship. Tried to cheat U.S. government out of one million dollars. Is known to have beaten up a remote cousin several years ago, outside the ring. Two points.

Floyd Patterson:

A disgrace to his race. Is married, has children, lives quietly and unobtrusively outside the ring. Detests watermelons, and shaves with electric razors. Donates money to charity. Supports Freedom Riders and NAACP. *Redeeming features*: has been known to use sleeping pills and employ the word "dig" around the garden. Three points.

Colonel John Glenn:

Utterly unacceptable. Clean smile, FBI-approved reading list, wash-out brain and a healthy, red-blooded approach to Congress. Highly objectionable. *Redeeming features*: none. No points. *Footnote*: a group of young members has been dispatched to rough him up a little.

Jockey Willie Shumacher:

Unusually sharp and meticulous dresser. Too clean. Changes shirts four times a day during the winter. Questionable associations with religious bookies. *Re-*

deeming features: nose and legs crooked. Weighs only 83 pounds when fully dressed and not supporting his mistress. Is known to have viciously assaulted horses on at least two occasions. Whips them frequently in fits of sadism and what he refers to as "the stretch." Once threw a race in which he was the only entry. Alleged to have squeezed fellow competitors off the track for as little as \$2.35 and a slap on the back. Five points.

Johnny Constipato:

A fairly acceptable candidate for the title, posthumously, if it weren't for his manicured hands, bracelets and other effeminate jewelry. *Redeeming features*: Has refused to wear ties and wedding rings. Hereditary digestive problems. Was surprised by a female agent in his Hollywood home while smoking marijuana and making love to a famous aging actress, while the actress' daughter read passages from *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. Managed, against considerable odds, to include female agent in a daisy chain. Is known to have been instrumental in initiating at least five female dupes. Connected with *The Untouchables* while alive. Accumulated more yellow on his teeth and elsewhere than any other parasite living in California at that time. Is still accumulating yellow. Consummated his career by being knifed accidentally by actress' daughter while trying to perform a complicated sexual maneuver. Seven points.

There appear in *The Aftermath Gazette* several entries in the "Foreign Hero" category. It is interesting to observe how the Association rated these. . . .

Yuri Gagarin:

Has offset some of the advantage of being small (5' 1", 102 lbs.) and bowlegged, by smiling pleasantly and going on good-will tours. *Redeeming features*: Probably homosexual. Is rumored to have kissed Molotov at a cocktail party. Recently revealed that he carried three revolutionary brands of prophylactic contraceptives along on his first historic space flight. Says they performed satisfactorily. Categorically denies the existence of God. Seven points.

Wernher von Braun:

Conservative German accent and attitude. Speaks well and plenty. Has designed satellites accumulating information concerning the weather. Is charming at



The Automobile As a Vehicle of Democracy

by T. D. C. Kuch

Readers of the *Realist* may like to know the status of the President's Used-Car Program, since the passage of the recent (August, 1967) series of amendments to the Used Car Act of 1965.

First, subsidies of cars are down from 90% of blue-book to 85%. This change was due to pressure from the Rightists in Congress, though it had tough sledding because of the opposition of the powerful House Committee on Consuming, which is chaired by the Hon. G. M. Ford (R-Mich). The effect of this amendment will be to lower the profits of most of the industry, and it may even drive some of the smaller manufacturers out of business.

The original Act's provision for dumping surpluses on needy countries of the Afro-Asian bloc has not been changed. This part of the program has finally won acceptance from even its originally most hardened opponents. In fact, this has been called by many informed sources the most successful single piece of legislation of the past 26 years. It was the deciding factor, it is now believed, for India's joining NATO, and most of the Uncommitted Nations are gradually drawing closer to the U.S. now that they are receiving regular shipments of Used Cars.

A new change tightens up loopholes in the original Act which permitted widespread practice of barely-legal Dodges, such as undercover production of used cars in excess of government quotas, selling new cars

funerals. *Redeeming features*: Strong past history. Sold out to U.S. investigators in 1945 for as little as a do-it-yourself basement shop in the U.S. and the promise of a mild sedative while taking the citizenship oath. Utterly unreliable and exceedingly tight with money. Has been known to turn his coat inside out, rather than buy a new one. Cruel streak. Experimental monkeys are rumored to have been castrated by von Braun personally prior to being sent up. Eight points.

Fidel Castro:

Still smokes cigars, keeps appointments and appears on TV. *Redeeming features*: Hides a surgical china chin under his beard. Has personally executed three *muchachos* asking for mercy. Plays baseball. Strong suspicion of homosexuality. Eight points.

Here is what *The Aftermath Gazette* has to say about this poll's leader. . . .

Bashir Johnson:

Son of an obscure Pakistani camel driver and a destitute American mother working in vaudeville, from whom he derived his last name. Bashir was conceived 23 years ago when his father, a camel attendant in a traveling circus, visited the U.S. Is being hushed up by the Johnson family, although superficial relations are maintained. It still receiving silence checks from them. Has perfected a new and exciting version of the Pakistan Rope Trick: he decapitates his youthful

as used, underestimation of horsepower, and especially "loading" cars intended for an Uncommitted Nation with extras, while at the same time allowing some cars to be sold in this country without twelve-way seats, quintuple headlights, AromaMatic incense-burners, and all the other things Americans have a right to expect from a government-subsidized industry. Stiff penalties are now specified for violation of these and other infractions.

The latest amendments are also in effect a vote of confidence by Congress in the plan. This means that in all probability Detroit will go ahead with its announced intention to curtail drastically production of new cars, and step up production of factory-fresh Used Cars. Ford-Chev Corporation has already announced its tentative re-tooling schedule, and will soon start turning out 1951 and 1952 models of its "prestige" lines.

In a speech to the automotive industry last week, President Romney himself pointed with pride at the legislation. "It was," he was quoted as saying, "a big step toward winning the Cold War and showing the Russians the might of American industry, capitalism, free enterprise, God, and peace. I heartily applaud the senators and congressmen who supported this most vital plank in the platform of the New Clutch." He received a thunderous ovation.

In the wake of the optimism which this and other truly conservative legislation has brought forth recently, we cannot be seriously alarmed at the Soviets' bungling attempts to win Good Will in the world. Our progress in this direction completely overshadows such self-seeking and paltry Russian tricks as their last month's shipment of 25 cobalt-warhead missiles to the new government of Guatemala. Our government has wisely decided to avoid giving this trick the dignity of a reply by the U.S.

assistants *before* they ascend the rope. Prefers the two-humped camel to the one-humped one because of sexual frustration. Takes correspondence courses from Eichmann. Is bowlegged, short, with shifty eyes and an unhealthy, yellow complexion. Double hunchbacked and shows a preference for dromedaries of the opposite sex. Nine points.

In a bonus editorial entitled: CRAP ON TAP (the editors display an appropriately teenage mania for puns, TAP being the abbreviation for The American Press) the *Aftermath Gazette* devotes an entire paragraph to our journalists:

"While starting the year disastrously by giving extensive coverage to disarmament conferences, birth-control negotiations, test-bans and other objectionable, clean-cut activities, TAP is beginning to redeem itself with excitingly morbid accounts of the Paret-Griffith tragedy. TAP has contributed, in fact, to boost both fighters into Minor New Hero rating by reporting their uncivilized behavior at the weigh-in where Paret, according to TAP, 'questioned Griffith's manhood' and Griffith decided to retaliate by permanently eliminating Paret's. The trend is encouragingly dirty."

From all this it is clear that the old standards no longer apply. We might as well face it: once the teenagers who composed these ratings get to the voting age, there will be a new and different crop of American leaders.

The Realist Reader Survey

Editor's note: Last month, readers were invited to participate in a special Realist questionnaire. The results may continue to be published here occasionally, a few readers at a time. Since several readers have asked me to answer the questions myself—and since I'm a reader of the Realist as well as its editor—my answers appear below, along with the others, whose names of course have been withheld.

1. Name (if you wish); age; gender; marital status.

- Paul Krassner; 29; male; single.
- ; 31; female; married.
- ; 24; male; married.
- ; 18; female; almost married.
- ; 50; male; married.
- ; 21; female; single.

2. What organizations are you a member of?

a. American Civil Liberties Union; on Board of Directors of Neighborhood Pilot Project; founder of The Nathaniel Dight Society and United Nonjoiners for the Use of Creative Kinetic Energy to Resist the System.

b. ACLU; ISGS; CORE; Zoological Society; SANE; Peace Information Center (Coordinator); Sigma Delta Pi (I think that's the name—Spanish honorary).

c. Amer. Sociological Assn.; ARTORGA; Dialectic Society.

d. CORE.

e. American Rationalist Federation; CORE; Democracy, Unlimited; Knights of Reason; Peacemakers; War Resisters League.

f. CORE; SANE; no longer active but still on rolls of NCCJ, Ethical Society, YPSL, NAACP; never active but on rolls of my small white supremacist Southern College Alumni, WRL, Museum of Modern Art, CNVA.

3. What lost causes do you identify with?

a. Sanity—ranging from contraceptive education to nuclear test banning.

b. What's a lost cause? I've been told that my attempt to get Christmas out of the schools falls into that category, or my efforts to prevent World War III.

c. Nationalization of A. T. & T.; socialized medicine.

d. Racial integration; world peace (not lost—yet); Loyalists in Spanish Civil War; IRA; socialism; the Hellenes (vs. Rome); the Athenians (in the Peloponnesian Wars).

e. Libertarian socialism; pacifism.

f. Byzantine decadence; Paris communes; original Populist Party.

4. What are your main status symbols?

a. Being editor of the Realist—although I haven't quite totally accepted the role yet; just the other day I was walking past my friendly neighborhood shoe-maker-store, and there was this sign in the window that said "Shoe Shine Boy Wanted," and for one little fragment of a second, purely Pavlovian-like, I thought about applying for the job.

b. One foreign car; one U.S. car 9 years old (formerly a U.S. car 19 years old—lots more status); no TV; subscription to KPFK; architect-designed home filled with redwood furniture.

c. Books; an ulcer (hypothetical); publication.
d. A 40-year-old Martin guitar, and the skill to play it; knowledge enough to bluff a conversation about almost anything.

e.

f. Books; convertible (extension of my ego).

5. What are your prejudices?

a. Prejudiced for specific displays of motivating generalities such as freedom, compassion, honesty, consistency, humor. Prejudiced against general motivations displayed in specifics such as smoking, crossword puzzles, high heels, prudishness, pornography, sales talks, campaign promises, unnecessary violence, hair spray, social drinking, funeral services, seduction, true believers in any panacea.

b. Germans, Southerners, Hungarians, plumbers, Birchers, poseurs, bottle-feeders, doctors (especially OB's, except my OB), car salesmen, insurance salesmen, sports enthusiasts, military men.

c. Women; Left and Right authoritarians; Center authoritarians; Milton Rokeach.

d. I dislike all people who subscribe to anti-humanitarian philosophies (generally born out of greed), or those who attempt to force their opinions on others: warmongers, bigots, religious crusaders, self-righteous prudes.

e. I think that Negroes educated in Northern schools are smarter than Mountain Williams educated in Southern schools.

f. People who read your library titles and comment on them; people with dull problems (includes people with confused and promiscuous sex lives); people devoted to old ideas (Socialist Party); people who pontificate; punctuality; other people's analysts; Ruby Dee; country club intellectuals who talk about "conformity" and "identity"; their academic counterparts; Catholic intellectuals; the Hallmark® mentality of nuns and people who trust their kids with them; drama critics; all the 'intellectuals' in the Kennedy regime.

6. What are your favorite books?

a. *Johnny Got His Gun* by Dalton Trumbo (which I was responsible for having re-published recently—the pocket edition has since come out, but if you'd like the hard-cover edition, ordinarily \$3.95, it's available from the Realist for \$3); *Teacher, Listen: The Children Speak*; *The Catcher in the Rye* and short stories of J. D. Salinger; *Marjorie Morningstar* by Herman Wouk; *The Problem Family* by A. S. Neill; *Five A.M.* by Jean Dutourd; *The Guinness Book of World Records*; *The American Sexual Tragedy* by Dr. Albert Ellis; *Mark It and Strike It* by Steve Allen; *The Ecstasy of Owen Muir* by Ring Lardner, Jr.; *The Big Ball of Wax* by Shepherd Mead; *The Man Who Studied Yoga* by Norman Mailer (from *New Short Novels II*); *Man and Superman* by George Bernard Shaw; *Rock Wagram* by William Saroyan; *The Neurotic: His Inner and Outer Worlds* by Dr. Joseph Furst; cartoon collections of Abner Dean, Jules Feiffer, Charles Schulz; *The Disappearance* by Philip Wylie; *The Mysterious Stranger* by Mark Twain; *Is Sex Necessary?* by Thurber & White; stuff by Don Marquis, H. L. Mencken, Peter De Vries, Jean Kerr, Robert Paul Smith, Will Cuppy.

b. Detective novels. Or do you mean books which have most influenced me? Or books I'd take to a desert island? If so, forget the detective novels.

c. *The Devil's Dictionary* (Ambrose Bierce); H. L.

Mencken; *Dark Brown* (Michael McClure).

d. By author: most works of Dostoyevsky, Chaucer, Shakespeare, e. e. cummings, John Donne. Books: expensive, beautiful art books, beautifully bound paperbacks.

e. *The UnAmericans* by Donner, right now. *Science and Sanity* by Count Korzybski, all time.

f. *The Rebel: Adventures in the Skin Trade*; S. J. Perelman and Mary McCarthy in small doses; *Brave New World*; any and all Aubrey Menen; Isak Dinesen; *Tom Jones*; *My Life and Hard Times*; two Dorothy Parker stories; Orwell's pieces (including *Down and Out . . .*); some Plato; all Anatole France; Sybil Bedford; what Henry James I've read; *Beowulf*; *Dr. Faustus* (Marlowe's); what of *The Golden Bough* I've read; *Notes of a Native Son*; parts of *The Invisible Man*; all Dostoyevski (Goinet translations); Sartre's version of *The Crucible* (although have only seen it performed); more, but my standards are lowering.

7. *What persons (living or dead) do you most admire?*

a. Bertrand Russell and Beverly Aadland.

b. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Locke, Rousseau, Gandhi, Korzybski. A pretty conventional list including Lord Russell, Linus Pauling, etc. Or let's say there are three living people whose word I would take without question: my husband, Pauling and Hayakawa.

c. Gracsis (sp?) Babeuf; Lao Tzu; Emil Dirckheim.

d. Socrates, Euripides, David Hume, A. J. Muste, Norman Thomas, Edward Engelberg, Pablo Casals, Algernon Black, Picasso, Lorca, Camus, and a number of southern Negro students active in integration.

e. A. J. Muste; Mohandas K. Gandhi.

f. Mrs. Roosevelt (my model for my old age); Jomo Kenyatta; my 11th grade English teacher; Mr. Fowler of the dictionary; Albert Einstein; Natalia Trotsky; Lulu Farmer (though she's dull); Mae West; Frederick Douglas; Denmark Vessey; W. E. B. Du Bois; Howard Taubman; Harold Gibbons; brilliant teachers; militant workers (real ones—I know 5); 1 sod "golden person" (also a militant worker).

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?*

a. Writing, interviewing, editing. Corruption in industry: treating the truth like Silly Putty. As far as my personal prostitution is concerned, I've been fortunate enough to avoid it. *Life* magazine asked me to write for them at \$1000 an article, but I probably ruined that with the report on *Life's* publisher in last month's *Realist*. It wouldn't have been prostitution if I wrote what I believed for *Life*, but it would've been prostitution if, in order to do so, I had censored what went into the *Realist*.

b. Housewife. I hear all sorts of stories about housewifely corruption, but I'm sure you've heard them too. As for the third part of the question, you should have your mouth washed out with a high-suds detergent (immoral stuff, itself).

c. Sociological research. False reporting, plagiarism, egoism and the rest of the human characteristics apparent on the academic scene. No.

d. Student. Corruptions: intense competition; learning for grades' sake only; grading system; distribution requirements; education courses; fraternity exam files; university administration paternalism; academic

hierarchy. I prostitute myself by learning shallowly for the sake of the grade rather than for learning's sake.

e. Postal clerk. \$800 donation to political party buys promotion to supervisory post. Prostitute myself only when I abide by bureaucratic regulations.

e. Editor. Corruption: you're kidding! I'm a goddamn tower of strength, but I do little else, I think.

9. *In what way do you cheat your employer/employees?*

a. Employer: as an occasional contributor to *Playboy* (which is how I make my living), I show disloyalty by making fun of them in the *Realist* and by not getting haircuts regularly. Employees: I've just hired a part-time assistant at the *Realist* and pay her less than she's worth; ditto writers and cartoonists.

b. You mean my husband and children? I smoke away valuable community property.

c. I only give a 36-hr. week while being paid for 20 hrs.

d. I don't cheat my employers (my teachers). I do, however, cheat the university administration quite completely by breaking most of the rules they lay down. But who cares?

e. As a \$1,500 income-taxpayer, I feel I am part-owner of the post office, so don't cheat myself.

f. Steal supplies; waste time; fall asleep on job.

10. *In what way do you waste your time when you're not working?*

a. I go to dull parties or to dull movies about lively parties.

b. I fill out questionnaires. Or, how do you define "wasting" time?

c. Sleeping.

d. I waste my time at concerts, ballets, plays, art films, folksings, guitar-playing, art museums, sculpting, screwing, gabbing, drinking, sleeping, reading, taking showers, cutting my toenails, etc. And, oh yes—writing. And filling out *Realist* questionnaires.

e.

f. Sleep too much; read newspapers; talk on the phone with people I want to be rid of; small gossip; doing thorough work on useless projects.

11. *What part does politics play in your life?*

a. Less and less. I don't even know if I'm ever going to vote again. But this may merely be laziness masquerading as conviction.

b. Every so often, in spite of myself, I get involved in a political campaign. I registered to vote the day I turned 21, have never missed an election since then, although I've had to use an absentee ballot two or three times. I wish your questions were clearer. Someone's playing politics affects my life constantly, if that's what you mean.

c. An intense outsider's concern.

d. I ignore politics, in terms of action.

e. Major.

f. It pervades all—I'm a hard-core, unallied Socialist; I hope to god I can get my hands on a state before I have kids and get diverted.

12. *What part does religion play in your life?*

a. I don't consider myself a member of any organized superstition. God is a word used on money and in courtrooms. I like gospel music, though.

b. My life is governed by ethical (and cultural) Judaism. I do not belong to a synagogue, am an atheist by most definitions of god, and again do not really

understand the question.

- c. None.
- d. I have no religion—only a strict set of ethics, and a nasty superego when I depart from it.
- e. Roman Catholicism rampant in post office, constant threat on the job.
- f. A few hours a week listening to Religious Socialists—I never argue; who am I to take away a person's sugar tit? (I once taught Sunday school, myself.)

13. *What part does sex play in your life?*

- a. It's an affectionate pleasure I share more and more selectively with certain single female friends. Once, in Cuba, however, I went to a prostitute—but that was only to interview her about the revolution; I asked so many questions that later she stopped in the middle of fellatio to inquire as to whether I was a Communist.
- b. Like my Judaism, my femininity affects everything I do. The act of copulation has affected the family size considerably; this in turn has caused innumerable changes in my activities and attitudes. As for my libido, it's fine, thanks—if my husband were to become paralyzed from the waist down, I'd have all sorts of adjustments to make.
- c. Tension management and relaxation. Fun.
- d. Sex is for fun, relaxation, expression of love, renewing energy, and is a very enjoyable and important part of my life, and has been so since I was 16.
- e. Have had no sex for past dozen years; plays no part in my life.
- f. Hard to say—that's my sugar tit.

14. *What gap exists between your philosophy and the way you live?*

- a. Theoretically, time is my most precious commodity; in practice, I mis-use too much of it.
- b. I sometimes wear lipstick.
- c. None, having given up philosophy.
- d. I am not dedicated enough to the causes I support, and will work for them only where there's no risk. I attempt to live by Ahimsa—love and non-violence—but find love of those I hate very difficult; and I find non-violent behavior in trying personal situations even more difficult.
- e. Vast gap. I don't live; I merely vegetate.
- f. How the hell should I know? — they form each other, you know.

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?*

- a. Maybe four. Now, to suggest that I plan to bring them up differently from the way I was brought up is to imply falsely that I was brought up poorly. My parents have always imparted—but never imposed—their values on me. I'll bring my kids up the same. The values I impart may be different from my parents' values, but the kids' right to accept or reject them will be the same.
- b. Four. The second part of the question would require quite an answer; let's just say that largely they are being brought up as I was; my parents did the best they could for me with the knowledge they had, and I hope to do as much for my children. That my parents never heard of general semantics or Spock is hardly their fault. By the way, we already have the four, plan to quit now.
- c. One. I intend to teach him a healthy disrespect

for authority. [Editor's note: He probably won't pay any attention to you.]

d. I'd like to have two brats, and to bring them up without using physical violence or withdrawal of love. I would stress ethics rather than morality, and allow them greater freedom and individual decision. I'd start their intellectual education very early.

- e. One child. Like the way I was brought up.
- f. About five—maybe only two or three—no fast plans. Plan to keep them with me, not farmed out to relatives; no boring "lessons" they hate (tap dancing, piano); give them a father and we'll deal with what comes up.

16. *How do you feel about your education?*

- a. It's still in process. As for formal education, from elementary school through college, any robot with a good memory and steady attendance record could have gone in my place.
- b. I enjoyed the formal part of it; still enjoy learning.
- c. Sadly lacking.
- d. My education is progressing nicely, but I don't think I'll ever learn all I want to—I don't know if there's time enough in one life.
- e. My major grudge against the capitalist system. Feel lack of education is a national loss. In my case I was smart enough to get admitted to college without attending one minute of high school, but couldn't afford the college costs, which I estimate at \$25,000.
- f. My formal education was wholly dependent on teachers. They stabilized my life and taught me morals. Not too many pricks. College was a goddamned nightmare, except for two good men. I had to unlearn all my old textbooks when I grew up before life started to make sense (*The War Between the States*, etc.).

17. *What has been your greatest disillusionment in life?*

- a. Hypocrisy in the action of persons whose professed idealism I'd respected.
- b. I discovered that my mother washed my socks after she had allowed me to wash them.
- c. Having rejected optimism early, defeats were expected, and successes were pleasant surprises.
- d. My greatest disillusionment was when it occurred to me that there is a great difference between being very bright and being brilliant. The little disillusionments, adding to a great one, occur in every day's newspapers.
- e. Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*.
- f. A small remark one of my family made at my most successful moment, when I was 16—honest! All others I expected but was unhappy just the same.

18. *What's the most important thing you've learned in life?*

- a. The universe doesn't give a shit about me.
 - b. Love.
 - c. The race is not to the swift, and it's a damned shame.
 - d. The most important thing I've learned is love—all kinds of love—both in principle and practice.
 - e. That nothing is important until you're 50; so be tactful.
 - f. Goddamned stupid question. To appreciate the innate quality of each thing, I guess.
19. *If your life were to flash past you at this moment, what would be the highlight?*

a. That hot night a few summers ago when I sat nude in an office at 5 o'clock in the morning, having just typed the last bit of copy—a child's primer on telethons—for the first issue of the *Realist*.

b. Probably the moment of birth, but I don't remember that. But the four heads blooming out of me would probably make four equal highlights.

c. The first time I made love to a girl who later became my wife.

d. The highlight of my life was in moving from Brooklyn to Manhattan, and the resultant change in life-pattern.

e. Three-and-a-half years in American concentration camps as World War II C.O.

f.

20. *What's the funniest incident you've ever been involved in?*

a. My existence.

b. As a teenager, I was all dolled-up with first hat, dropped it on the streetcar, bent from the waist to retrieve it. Oh yes, the streetcar was crowded. My butt in the air doesn't sound funny to describe, but a streetcar full of people, including my cousins and me, just broke up. Go tell about something like that; it's never funny afterward.

c. Talking a county clerk out of blank copies of a marriage license.

d. My life tends to be, as a whole, one big funny incident.

e. When a Russian train pulled out of a station with all my documents and I ran after it, even though I couldn't possibly catch it.

f.

21. *What are you most ashamed of?*

a. The awful service I give *Realist* subscribers.

b. Staring at deformities.

c. The way I act when I'm drunk.

d. Not living up to my values.

e. Being subpoenaed by the Eastland committee investigating the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, and not being guilty of membership.

f. People's cruelty—my own I can overlook.

22. *What are you most proud of?*

a. My refusal to compromise the *Realist's* editorial principles.

b. The fact that my children are kind.

c. Proud of creations.

d. Attempting to live up to my values.

e. Long strike against the government by C.O.'s of 1946.

f. Myself (and the work I do).

23. *Do you believe in any form of censorship?*

a. Only if there is a clear and present—and unpreventable—danger; the burden of proof rests on the censor's shoulders.

b. Yes, parental (for small children only—i.e., young).

c. I believe that my enemies should censor the reading of their membership. Specifically, the index of the Roman Catholic Church is the finest invention of man to make man stupid.

e. No; which is pretty good for a Roman Catholic.

f. No.

24. *Has the *Realist* changed you in any way?*

a. It has tied me down in terms of time and space. On the other hand, it keeps introducing me to people

I otherwise might never have known.

b. Doesn't everything?

c. It has made me laugh once again at the foibles of man.

d. No.

e. Never thought I would wince at pornography in print, but now feel that it mitigates against the message of freethought criticism and satire.

f. It has taught me to accept—I used to hate it. Every time I'd start to concede you'd come up with one minuscule gem, and I'd give in.

25. *Would you change the *Realist* in any way?*

a. Better paper; better schedule.

b. Of course; it would have a larger budget, cost less to buy, be printed on slick paper, and I wouldn't be the last person in town to get it. Any other changes I might suggest would involve censorship; I disagree with what Lenny Bruce says (sometimes) but I would defend . . .

c. Nope.

d. No.

e. Would apply its special approach to more topical affairs; really cover the news of the month. For instance, would run an interview with that mother of four on home life with a priest as father and husband.

f. No. (Live and let live and let me think about it.) Sometimes I disagree with you, but it formulates an idea contrary to yours for me.

26. *What's your favorite of everything that has ever appeared in the *Realist*?*

a. Interlandi's bomb cartoon (issue #23)—not just because it was so meaningfully funny in and of itself, but also because it suddenly, unintentionally became a crystallization of the conflict between freethought and respectability.

b. You imply that I remember what I read, or that I go around picking favorites. Let's say that I'm still haunted by the vision of William Worthy in Miami (issue #30).

c. General tone of magazine.

d. Can't think of anything offhand.

e. Modest Proposals.

f. You're imperfect.

27. *What's your least favorite of everything that has ever appeared in the *Realist*?*

a. "Ezra Pound at 75" by Robert Anton Wilson (issue #19)—because I personally find Pound's poetry very obscure; ironically, my favorite poem—"On almost deciding that it's too bad prefrontal lobotomies are out of style especially for mothers" (issue #10)—was written by Wilson's wife.

b. Lenny Bruce's stream (flood?) of consciousness (issue #27)—but sometimes I think the guy is great, so what do you learn from that?

c. Long, tedious interviews with non-political people.

d. Can't think of anything offhand.

e. Practically all the cartoons.

f. The crude way you take off after religion; some of your snotty, self-conscious, self-righteous contributors.

28. *How many people read your copy of the *Realist*?*

a. Several thousand.

b. For all I know, hundreds. I do know that it gets mailed back to New York and passed around there.

c. About eight.

- d. Depends on who's around—from one to five.
e. Forward my copy to a college prof who is too Chicken to get one directly, and he passes it on to his students.
f. Two to five.

29. *What interesting fact would you like to share with other readers of the Realist?*

- a. Adolph Hitler was elected into power by a plurality rather than by a majority of German voters.
b. The pH of an oyster is 6.8.
c. Sixty per cent of the people of Oakland, California thought Adolf Eichmann was a Nazi, 5% thought he was a Communist—showing that we have not quite reached 1984.
d. The bouncing of hailstones off one's nose is highly deleterious to whatever dignity one may have.
e. Millions of men found, during World War II, that they got along very well for years without sex. By joining a Memorial Society for ten bucks you can save at least two hundred dollars on your own funeral; which is my idea of going out swinging.
f.

30. *What interesting opinion would you like to share with other readers of the Realist?*

- a. There really is free will (as opposed to compulsion); therefore, there really are Good Guys and Bad Guys.
b. It is perfectly all right to slap a nursing child who bites. [Editor's note: I'm not speaking from experience, naturally, but I've heard that pressure on the child's cheeks will do the trick.]
c. The road to hell is paved with Game Theory.
d. Hailstones should be abolished.
e. Intelligent life exists on other planets, even though the Russians may be in some space ships.
f. The Civil Rights movement is not doing enough, or moving fast enough.

31. *What is your own particular field of expertise? Within that context, what do you predict for the future?*

- a. Communication. The mass media will become ostensibly more courageous, but only to the commercially exploitable limits of supply and demand.
b. Spanish? Mothering? Budgeting? Sex? I predict for the future that fewer Spanish-speaking mothers will budget sex. (Why, oh why, can't I leave questionnaires alone?)
c. The social structure and its staff. Monolithicism.
d. I'm an English Lit major, a Manhattanite, and a human being, somewhat. Also, a traveler in the midwest. I predict that Manhattan will always remain; that the midwest will get worse; that human beings will either kill each other off entirely, or improve greatly; and that English literature will give birth to a neo-romantic, rather pastoral movement within 15 years, once the cults of wit and complication are past.
e. Amateur journalism. Subscribe to fifty periodicals and read to four o'clock in the morning. Higher postage rates will kill off many of my publications, but most of them will die from natural cause of lack of support. I predict that neither the *Realist*, nor any other pub, will introduce other worthy periodicals to its readers; its sins of omissions hurting both publishers, readers. [Editor's note: I'm surprised at you—the *Realist* has plugged other publications—six that I can think of, offhand.]
f.

32. *In what way are you most irrational?*

- a. Looking for the ideal girl.
b. I smoke.
c. I sometimes think people are O.K.
d. I'm very irrational in bed.
e. I'm honest and I know that honesty does not pay.
f. Can't deal with those nearest to me; keep trying and falling to pieces.

33. *In what way are you most masochistic?*

- a. Don't get enough sleep, fresh air or balanced diet.
b. I smoke.
c. Work.
d. I'm masochistic after an unethical act; also, in reminding myself of my inadequacies, in desiring things beyond reach.
e. I stay married.
f. Putting up with people I dislike, who depress me, who bore me, who drag—who try to corrupt me.

34. *In what way are you most sadistic?*

- a. Once I had a 15-hour conversation with someone, a girl in Chicago—we stopped only to eat twice and to go to the john twice, and even then we talked through the door—but when I have nothing to say, I remain silent, although I know that others take this personally, and that small talk would assuage their egos.
b. I smoke (my husband doesn't like it, and I'm sure it offends lots of people).
c. Engaging in witty conversations with witless people.
d. I'm sadistic when I can control a man too easily.
e. I think the American worker deserves the unions he's got.
f. Same as question #33.

35. *In what way are you most behind the times?*

- a. Clothing fashions.
b. I think the U.S. Constitution should be preserved. I even think the world should be preserved. I also shift gears and use powdered laundry starch. And cook.
c. I'm not up to my neck in consumer credit; I don't have (or want) a television set.
d. I'd like to return to Athens, 5th Century B.C. I'm quite sick of the 20th Century.
e. I am agin credit and have no charge accounts. When I bought income property I worked like a dog for three years to pay off my twenty year mortgage. Feel debts are a Sword of Damocles over your head. Can't fight the system unless free of debt. I have enough cash to buy a Rolls-Royce, but I have never bought a car, as I feel strongly that most drivers can't afford cars.
f. Can't tell.

36. *In what way are you most avant garde?*

- a. Lack of mysticism.
b. I don't iron anything if I can help it. I wear a pony tail (yep, I'm 31). I like my husband's beard. Also see answers to questions 4, 22, 30 and 35.
c. I worry about the application of the rationality of machines to human problems, which is sometimes detrimental to human values—though many "human values" go to program the machines to destroy others' "human values."
d. In the arts, I suppose, and in my political beliefs. Also, I was precociously decadent.
e. Enjoy foreign movies, Dixieland jazz (which is in revival). Among my 400 jazz records are some from behind Iron Curtain. Best record is by Australian combo.

f. I'm an idealist.

37. What is your greatest hypocrisy?

a. Recently I was a (paying) guest at a Psycho-drama session, and when the director injected an imaginary dose of sodium pentothal (truth serum) into the protagonist, he responded: "You'd better leave now." I never have the guts to say this when I feel it.

b. Being polite to people I don't like.

c. I convince myself I'm smarter than I am.

d. Presenting a different personality to every person; also, hypocrisy in a dedication to the civil rights movement which extends only so far as I will not be arrested, beaten, etc.

e. Sir, if there is one thing I am Not, it is a hypocrite.

f. Avoiding doing what I am committed to do out of inertia—how's that for evasion?

38. What is your greatest source of happiness?

a. In whatever I do, the clash between my sense of involvement and my awareness of absurdity.

b. My family.

c. The unreal world of mathematics, because everything comes out all right in the end.

d. Intellectual achievement, artistic creativity, good personal relations.

e. Edward P. Morgan, the AFL-CIO radio commentator. Every once in a while he sees "through" the news and says so in beautiful prose.

f. Men; children; a great aunt of mine who really loves me; beautiful isolated moments with friends I love; knowing something I wrote is good (finding later it stands up); the tired feeling after having run into or experienced something great.

39. What is your greatest source of unhappiness?

a. My socio-political impotence.

b. The prospect of nuclear war.

c. That people are no damn good.

d. The state of the world, and my own inadequacies. Both summed up in "the limits of man."

e. My wife.

f. Telephone conversations with my mother; times of transition to better things; finding out someone didn't trust me; animals dying on me.

40. How do you get away from it all?

a. I rationalize large futilities out of consciousness by enmeshing myself in tiny futilities—like: if I ever learn how to water-ski, will I then become bored with it?

b. Get away from what all? You mean reading detective stories and playing word games and answering questionnaires? The kids are around most of the time, I feel no need for privacy, and the prospect of thermo-nuclear war isn't something you get away from. Of course, I do sleep every night.

c. Wine, women and repression.

d. Sex, literature, drink, sleep, creativity.

e. By reading my fifty publications late into the night.

f. Cutting out; firing broadsides; going to sleep; partying; crying; becoming very formal and precious.

41. What personal Godot are you waiting for?

a. The publication of my novel.

b. I don't even like Beckett. I'm not waiting for anything—the things that I want I do something about.

c. A Ph.D. And, like Godot, it never comes.

d. When man shall cease to behave like homo Ne-

anderthal and start to behave like homo sapiens.

e.

f. A sound understanding of the situation. ("Let us try to find the basic issues!") A man I can hang around with long enough to make it a family—"to marry" still has connotations of babysitters and television—want a man who will move the whole kaboodle off to Bonkak tomorrow to build schoolhouses—so it's squarie, it's my Godot, buddy!

42. What question(s) would you like to ask the editor of the Realist?

a. Does the Realist have a message? (Answer: Yes—that the world will end not with a bang, nor with a whimper, but with an argument over whether love is a simple thing or a many-splendored thing.)

b. I don't give a damn about the editor—am I supposed to wonder about your personal life? I assume you'll keep your readers informed on Arnoni's suit (which could conceivably affect the publication of the Realist); other than that, what's to ask? (Answer: Arnoni's suit, crumpled as hell, is still being pressed.)

c. I'll offer a short course in writing survey questions in exchange for a subscription to the Realist. Will the editor accept? (Answer: You'd better leave now.) Why can't I get the Realist at my tobacconist? (Answer: I don't know; maybe you should try rolling your own.) Have all the issues of the Realist between the one with the Rockywell interview (issue #27) and this last one (#31) been as good as these two? (Answer: There was mixed reaction to #28 and #30.)

d. None.

e. What ever happened to the impolite interview with the Fair Play for Cuba Committeeman? (Answer: Still pending.)

f. Why do you think most people can't find fulfillment? (Answer: Because they don't have much to look forward to; because they have unrealistic attitudes toward what they do look forward to; because they're too concerned with what others might think of their particular fulfillment; because what they want is frustrated by others and/or themselves; because they don't really know what they want.) What would you do to make an ideal society? (Answer: Dream.) What do you do to make people happy? (Answer: I suppose that by publishing the Realist I sort of make people happier. In my personal relations, I try never to hurt anyone, and to help anyone I can. But that sounds so pompous. I guess I just spread my own peculiar perspective for whatever contentment it provides. Why don't you give me a call and I'll let you in on the secret formula.)

CRAZY RHYTHM

From an advertisement that appeared in Glamour Incorporating Charm magazine:

"Married women by the thousands use and recommend PREG-NO-MATIC Rhythm Calendar — automatically points to those special days of the month when you are most likely fertile. . . . PREG-NO-MATIC simplifies Rhythm by eliminating most of the figuring. Helps avoid mistakes. Very easy to use. Purse size. Stop guessing—just set the PREG-NO-MATIC dial and KNOW your own probability. . . . Mailed in plain, sealed envelope marked 'Personal.' Money back within 90 days if not delighted. . . ."

Yes, but do they cheerfully refund your menses?

mass mediocrity

by Dave Berkman

The broadcast media have been bitching much of late that FCC Chairman Minow's demands for an improvement in the quality of programming constitutes a form of censorship. They would have us believe that no freer institutions exist than American radio and TV. The two items which follow are offered as not atypical instances upon which the industry's contentions may be judged.

The most surprising thing about NBC's last-minute barring of The Weavers from the [January 2nd] *Jack Paar Show*—Paar, incidentally, was on vacation that week—was that it happened at all. Either some staffer's blacklist had a page missing, or he'd better be prepared to do some tall explaining to account for having extended an invitation to a group which includes Fred Hellerman and Lee Hayes, both of whom took the Fifth when asked about their political activities by the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

For years now, a performer's teleavailability has depended over and above any other incidental considerations (such as talent) on his absence from the listings of those thought to hold, or to have associated with groups holding, unorthodox political views. ("Unorthodox," of course, translates to "left-wing"—the lists having been drawn up by the "right-wing.")

But the thing to be most thankful for is that some alert soul at NBC caught this error in time to prevent the safety of the American home from being endangered by the singing of this suspect foursome. After all, their repertoire consists in large part of ballads dealing with such subversive themes as freedom and brotherhood.

A spokesman for NBC—probably in between writing press releases attacking the FCC and Minow as censors—stated the network would continue to bar "the use of its facilities [to] performers identified with the Communist Party."

This is understandable.

How could NBC justify presenting artists alleged to be in sympathy with a Party which, if it got control, would penalize artists accused of entertaining unorthodox views by refusing to allow them to appear on TV?

The program was *The Defenders*, which is carried on CBS, Saturdays from 8:30 to 9:30 EST.

The story concerned a man who had been executed for murder. He had been convicted on circumstantial testimony. New evidence was fast accumulating which seemed to indicate that a man had paid with his life for a crime he did not commit.

The prosecutor was awakening to the sickening realization that it was he, not the defendant, who was guilty of murder. He had used every conceivable trick in playing what to him had amounted to no more than a game. But the prize he collected was the life of a helpful misfit whose testimony he ripped apart like a poolroom hustler tearing into a rube.

The judge admitted he doubted the defendant's guilt at the time he passed sentence. He stressed the incongruity of being forced to commit the barbarous act of condemning this pathetic individual to death while acting a role as the embodiment of civilized man.

The warden who carried out the sentence vividly described how this man, like most condemned prisoners, had died even before he was led passively, almost vegetable-like, into the execution chamber.

Two jury members admitted they thought the defendant innocent, but had agreed to condemn him solely because they could not withstand the psychological pressures to which they were subjected by another panelist. The shrewish woman who finally cowed these recalcitrants into voting Guilty, boasted that she had made up her mind midway through the trial, even before the defense entered its case.

The chief prosecution witness admitted he lied about the key points of his testimony in order to protect himself. The medical examiner admitted omission of a key fact which would have cast grave doubt as to whether the executed man could have even been at the scene of the crime when the murder took place, simply because it had not occurred to the defense to raise the point in his cross-examination.

Clearly, it seemed an all too rare instance of a commercially-sponsored program taking a strong and enlightened position on one of the most emotionally-laden and controversial issues of the day.

Clearly, this could not be tolerated.

At about 9:25 there was a visit to the executed man's wife. *Deus ex machina*, she suddenly admitted her husband had confessed to committing the murder just before he died.

The program was sponsored by Stripe Toothpaste. Proponents of capital punishment brush their teeth.

[Editor's postscript: More recently, *The Defenders* presented a drama in which an abortionist came across as a sympathetic character. Speidel (watchbands) took over sponsorship when the program's three regular sponsors dropped out. They were Lever Brothers, Brown and Williamson (Viceroy and Kools) and Kimberly-Clark (Kleenex). The last-named company also manufactures Kotex, and one would have thought that they should be most pleased to sponsor a show with such a theme, out of sheer business practicality.]

**The Realist, Dept. 32
225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, N. Y.**

Enclosed please find:

- \$1 for 12 copies of issue #32.
- \$3 for a 10-issue subscription.
- \$5 for a 20-issue subscription.
- \$5 for all available back issues.
- \$3 for a copy of Johnny Got His Gun.

Name.....

Address.....

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

March 1962

QUOTED WITHOUT COMMENT...

From an announcement by the Western Institute of Group Psychotherapy, Inc.:

"Therapeutic Techniques of Marital Fighting—Dr. George R. Bach from Beverly Hills, California, will conduct this workshop for professional colleagues interested in the fields of preventive mental and community health, psychotherapy and marriage counseling.

"This conference will take one full day and will serve as an introduction to the principles and techniques of Therapeutic Aggression, as applied in psychotherapy with married and pre-marital couples. . . .

"Dr. Bach will present his clinical technique of Therapeutic Fight Training for Married and Pre-Marital Couples in individual and group psychotherapy. This 'Fight Training' provides overly aggressive (hatefilled) and overly passive (fearful) partners with constructive ways of making and maintaining fight-contact with each other. . .

"The registration fee of \$20 will cover all costs of the program, including coffee, lunch, and one copy of Dr. Bach's 'Fight Training Manual' with bibliography of studies on aggression."

From the January, 1962 issue of The Thunderbolt, extreme right-wing monthly:

"Mr. Jerry Dutton . . . Decatur, Ga., is shown here with his well trained police dog. Negroes have a great fear of dogs and NSRP (National States Right Party) Youth Leader Jerry Dutton is going to start his own K-9 Corps in the Atlanta area. Mr. Dutton has led numerous picketings against school mixing recently."

From the Bulletin of the neo-Nazi National Renaissance Party:

"In order to properly expose the numerous front groups set up by Jewish finance to mislead the American public, we should like to briefly analyze the following Conservative organizations:

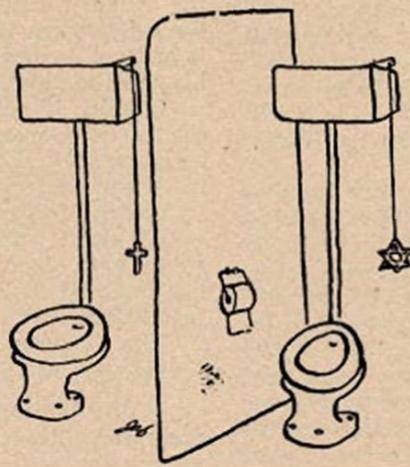
"1. The Christian Anti-Communist Crusade—This organization is directed by an Australian Jew, Dr. Fred Schwarz, who grosses over One Million Dollars per year by terrorizing gullible Gentile patriots concerning the horrors allegedly committed by Communist governments in Eastern Europe, Cuba, and China.

"Dr. Schwarz serves his co-racials admirably by stating as follows: 'There are a number of organizations that advance the theme that Communism is a Jewish conspiracy. They deceive many sincere people. We must repudiate this concept entirely. Communism is a conspiracy of dedicated atheists and recruits from all races and nationalities.'

"Obviously this foreign Jew would not be allowed to conduct his multi-million dollar campaign in America without the tacit support of the Federal Government and Jewish Finance, both of which desire to stir up hatred against Russia, China and Cuba while diverting our attention from pressing problems at home. Roosevelt solved his economic difficulties by permitting Jewish refugees to cry up a holy war against Hitler. . . ."

From a graffiti scrawled at the 86th Street subway station:

LUCKY LUCIANO WAS A FASCIST SUPREMACIST.



From a glass-encased notice in the Ladies' lavatory at Nathan's restaurant in Coney Island:

TO OUR PATRONS

This rest room is for your exclusive use. It is a small room, and we have been forced to charge a small sum in order to prevent non-patrons from crowding you out. All monies collected are donated to the following charities.

Damon Runyon Memorial Fund
for Cancer Research
March of Dimes
New York Heart Association

From the Permanent Record form for Atlanta, Ga. high schools:

"Pledge: I will not and have not after March 15 . . . while a student in a High School in Atlanta, Georgia, become a member of any organization except one which has been approved by the Board of Education."

From a press release sent out by National Airlines:

"A planeload of 86 Cuban refugees seeking resettlement in New Jersey will arrive in Newark on May 1. . . . The flight is being sponsored by the United Presbyterian Church of the

Synod of New Jersey, in cooperation with Church World Service. . . .

"The New Jersey Presbyterians have a unique kinship to the Cuban Presbyterians since the Cuban Presbyterian Church was established initially as a home mission under auspices of the New Jersey Presbyterian Senate. Cuba is, in effect, the ninth Presbytery of New Jersey.

"There are eight Presbyteries within New Jersey. They are Jersey City, Elizabeth, Monmouth, Morris and Orange, Newark, New Brunswick, Newton and West Jersey."

From the brochure of a Pennsylvania manufacturer:

"XLT homogeneity is assured by automatic equipment developed specially to produce reliable units. Any resistor deviating markedly from group performance is rejected, even though it performs better than the lot."

From *The Bomb* (original title: *Formula for Death*) by Fernand Gigon:

"[Albert] Einstein's secretary has told us how the scientist progressively lost his faith in mankind as his strength waned. During the war, when he wrote to the U.S. Government that his calculations were such as to make an atomic bomb a possibility, and that he visualized the uses to which such a bomb could be put, he made one stipulation when offering his help. Once the first bomb was made and ready for trial, he said, representatives of Germany and Japan, observers from neutral countries, and, of course, the chiefs of staff of the principal allied powers, should meet on a desert island in the Pacific. The atomic bomb would be exploded before this gathering of experts, and the explosion would be such that the immediate capitulation of the enemy would surely follow. Thus vast numbers of human lives would be saved and we would enter an era of peace.

"The Government gave Einstein this promise, voted credits of more than two thousand million dollars to the laboratories, and then President Roosevelt died. The Pentagon, anxious to see the war ended, neglected the promises made to the great scientist and looked for a target in the centre of Japan. Einstein felt extremely strongly about this betrayal. His peace of mind disappeared. This also affected Professor Oppenheimer, who refused to work on the hydrogen bomb. But the White House had its own reasons. Einstein grew increasingly apprehensive when he realized the use to which the Governments of the world were putting his discovery. One day, surveying his life's work, he said: 'If I had only known, I would have been a locksmith.'"

From an A. & P. advertisement:
"Your dreams come true with plaid stamps."