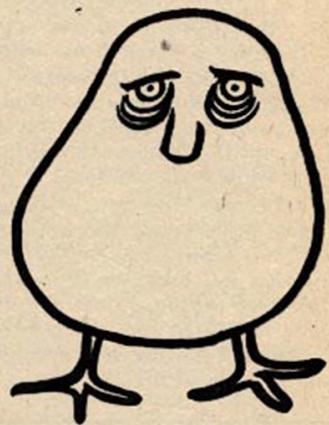


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist

No. 33

35 Cents



*the magazine of
summer re-runs*

Monologue By a Miss Rheingold Loser

as told to Paul Krassner

I think it all started when I was maybe ten years old. The teacher was asking us what we wanted to be when we grew up. I remember one girl said she wanted to be a nurse, and another girl said she wanted to be an airline stewardess. I don't know why—it just popped into my head—but I said I wanted to be a Miss Rheingold.

Soon after, I started in training for the job. I set the record in my elementary school for smiling—four hours without stopping. I practiced playing tennis without watching the ball—because one of the rules for being Miss Rheingold is, "Always look directly into the camera no matter what you're doing." I even learned to say "My-beer-is-Rheingold-the-dry-beer" — while drinking it.

Later on, I began to enter beauty contests. I was almost Miss Pickle of 1954, but I had to withdraw from the finals when I developed a severe case of warts. However, I was chosen as Miss Neurotic at the annual convention of the American Psychiatric Association. I mean I wasn't really neurotic or anything—it was purely an honorary title.

But my goal always remained the same. True, I did think of possibly becoming Miss America, but unfortunately they include talent as a requirement. Besides which, you have to be intelligent. I saw the Miss America pageant on television, with Douglas Edwards keeping the audience informed and all—I think they're trying to get Edward R. Murrow for next year—and the

girl who won said something very intelligent about how people should have "communication and understanding" and like that.

(Editor's note: Miss America was not merely indulging in platitudes, either. In the talent contest, she had communicated by performing a modified striptease. And the judges understood.)

Anyway, this was the big year. I was one of the six lovely girls chosen in the primaries as candidates for Miss Rheingold 1959. We all had to wear the same blue dresses and shoes, with white pocketbooks and gloves, so that none of us could take unfair advantage of individuality.

The campaign itself was on the up-and-up. One girl almost got disqualified because she tried to get an endorsement by Jinx Falkenburg. See, they're very strict in the Miss Rheingold competition.

They allow you to get married if you want, but we had to sign this paper promising that we wouldn't have a baby all next year. They certainly don't have to worry about me. I don't know about the other girls, but I don't even go in for light lovemaking any more. It messes up my hair-do.

So they held the election, and let me tell you, there the corruption was unbelievable. In the 38th election district in New York, there were only 71 registered voters, but there was a total of 105 votes. Talk about ballot-stuffing! And it was like that all over the country.

There's this bartender that I know—he helped to get permanent registration in all Chicago bars—anyhow, he made an informal count of 42 votes for me, but in the final report, it had been changed by somebody to 12.

Far be it from me to get catty about the winner, but I heard that Boss Liebmann had decided on her at the original caucus.

Well, that's spilt milk under the bridge. It's all over

(Continued on Page 2)

MISS RHEINGOLD LOSER

(Continued from Cover)

now, I was heartbroken, there's no denying that. When you've planned and sacrificed the way I did, losing isn't easy. But then I discovered something. I began looking at the ads—I guess I was just torturing myself—and I noticed that while Schaefer is "real beer," Rheingold only has "real-beer taste." And all of a sudden I didn't care about the \$50,000 contract and the all-expense-paid trips and the fame and everything—it's not worth it if you have to sell your soul!

Of course, I've gotten some terrific offers since. All I have to do is say the word, and I can be the girl in the Miss Clairol ad. But this girl-friend of mine, she had that job, and now everybody keeps making cracks; they keep saying, "Does she or doesn't she?" And besides, that little kid who posed in the picture with her, he keeps following her around all the time now. She can't get rid of him.

But to tell you the truth, all the glamour has gone out of modeling for me. I'd prefer to do something where I can put my social concern to constructive use.

I was reading in the paper about the fighting in Lebanon between the loyalists and the rebels. This article said that while they were shooting, an attractive blonde in a tight skirt came walking up the street, and they stopped firing until she passed. Some sniper even gave her a wolf whistle. The paper didn't say which side he was on. And then the bullets started again.

Now if that's all it takes to stop guys from killing each other, then that's what I want to do. I'd pack sandwiches and just keep walking back and forth until they declared a truce or something.

Not just me—I'd get other Miss Rheingold losers, and Miss America losers, and Miss Universe losers. We could form a human chain, with girls from all different countries, wherever trouble broke out. Yes, my fellow losers, at last, for all of us, a place in the sun.

Some Leftover Crap from the Files of Bob Abel

Time Magazine revealed to an anxious nation that in Washington, D. C., it has greater circulation than *U.S. News*, *Newsweek*, *Fortune* and *Business Week* combined. Sounds like dirty in-fighting, since *Fortune* is a Time, Inc. publication.

* * *

Rep. Charles Halleck of Indiana, Republican leader of the House, maintains that the conservative voting coalition of Southern Democrats and just plain Republicans is a fiction created by the press, but Sen. Karl Mundt of South Dakota recently lamented that the coalition no longer functions as effectively as in the classic epoch between 1940 and 1960. In order to judge just how effective this fiction is, merely check the progress of any liberal legislation this year. Mr. Halleck, unfortunately, is not a character right out of fiction.

* * *

The Chicago *Tribune* has decided not to publicize the names of best-selling books which, in the opinion of the *Tribune*, were "sewer-written by dirty-fingered authors for dirty-minded readers." The *Tribune* will review them, but if they become best-sellers, it won't include them on its "Among the Best Sellers" listings. *Tropic of Cancer* was the first victim of the *Trib*'s spiritual revival. Would that the paper were as moral about the non-literary world.

Rev. Billy James Hargis, a kind of John Birch Billy Graham, can be heard over Mutual Broadcasting System these days, exhorting us to drive all the Communists and liberals out of the government in order to create a new utopia, complete with no Berlin crisis and no truck with international Communism. Hargis was able to raise the money for his program (which enjoys the 37% discount granted to "religious programs") during a prayer auction meeting held at his Christian Crusade Convention in Tulsa in August. The following is from a newspaper report on how he brought about this particular act of God:

"The 36-year-old Mr. Hargis spoke beneath a banner that read 'For Christ! Against Communism!' He cried out:

"I pray to God for one man to sponsor this program for six months. I know that man exists in this audience. Will he stand up?"

"No one stood."

"All right, then, we will divide the burden. I need four men who will accept God's challenge and give \$10,000 each to sponsor this program."

"Two men stood up."

"Give us four. Oh, God, who would give \$5,000 each. Quickly! . . . \$2,000?"

"One man stood."

"One thousand dollars?"

"Three men stood up."

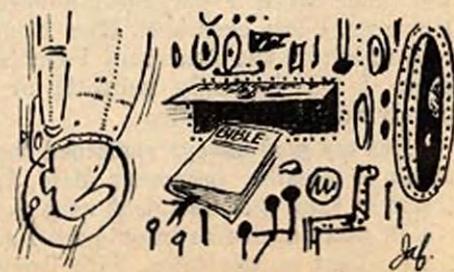
"And so it went, down from \$500 through \$100. At end seventy-nine men and women had pledged a total of \$38,870—the exact amount needed."

Of course it doesn't hurt any that the president of Mutual is Robert C. Hurleigh, a former associate of Fulton Lewis, Jr. Nor is having the Wrath of God and several oil men as your sponsors a hindrance.

Sherman Adams does not tell all in his "Firsthand Report" on the years with Ike, but we can be grateful to him for at least one telling recollection about his ex-employer. When it was indicated to President Eisenhower that the trade restrictions sought by business in our trade pacts with the Japanese might actually drive them into deals with Red China, the President asked George Humphrey if American business might not "make some sacrifices in such a situation in the interests of world peace." "No," Humphrey replied, "the American businessman believes in getting as much as he can while the getting is good." Mr. Eisenhower pondered this judgment for a bit and then retorted—quite seriously, we are told—"Maybe that's the trouble with businessmen, George."

* * *

Seldom has journalistic irresponsibility been so evident as in a feature article on "missile power" provided to subscribing newspapers recently by the Newspaper Enterprise Association. Citing "all information known to the United States and the Western powers," the piece goes on to describe our "big margin" in destructive potential, boldly concluding that "A surprise Russian missile attack on the United States would open the Soviet Union to destruction." Meanwhile, back on the moon . . .



editorial type stuff

Apologia

A great many readers have asked that we reprint the highlights of our unavailable back issues. In response to those requests—also, to give me a chance to recuperate from a slight case of overwork, complicated by severe inefficiency; and to satisfy the post office's requirement that the *Realist* maintain its stated frequency of publication—we're publishing two 16-page issues (#33 and #34: April and May) during the first two weeks of July.

Since most of the material in these two issues (including editorials and modest proposals by our first columnist, John Francis Putnam) appeared in issues #2 thru #6, any subscriber who has been with us from the beginning and feels cheated may have his or her subscription extended for two issues simply by sending us a postcard to that effect.

The June issue, a regular 24-pager—scheduled to include the results of last month's Kennedy item, an impolite interview with an abortionist, some *Realist* coloring books, an article by Lenny Bruce, and a plan that could change the face of social work in America—will be published in early August.

We'll catch up yet.

Delusion and Hypocrisy

Some day in the far-distant future, an archeologist is going to dig up a kinescope of a TV show called ESP, and he will have discovered a twentieth century relic that is a humiliating travesty performed in the name of progress.

ESP stands for extra-sensory perception. It also stands for exceedingly-stultifying program.

"The objective," explains carefully-chosen emcee Vincent Price, "is to add to the mass of evidence . . . proving that ESP does exist and is demonstrable."

After some embarrassing prepared dialogue, two competing "sensitives" enter separate isolation booths to the accompaniment of some embarrassing music-to-march-by. Then they sit down on adjustable contour couches.

"Tilt your chairs into test position, please," says Mr. Price. They can hear him only when he presses a special button for each booth—an ESPecially amusing touch of unintentional irony.

Mr. Price takes a deck of 13 cards (Ace thru King, no suits). They are in—the phrase makes you itch—"scientific random order." Nevertheless, he cuts the deck.

There are five such decks for each contest. Five times, each contestant is called upon to name the three cards Price turns over. Even if contestant A correctly names only one out of fifteen, if contestant B names none, then contestant A is the winner.

And, while an embarrassing fanfare fills the air, he is declared a "super-sensitive!" He retains that title "until a more sensitive rival comes along."

As opposed as we are to dogmatism, in this case we do not hesitate to be dogmatic: they are guessing. And

that's where the travesty is: they don't think they're guessing. In the words of an unusually literate popular song, they are indulging in "the self-deception that believes the lie." One woman, for example, warmed up for her audition by standing on her head.

The format of the show has been changed, though. It now features dramatized versions of "actual" ESP experiences. Those whose hunches and dreams and fears have remained unfulfilled are expected to demand equal time.

* * *

Last month, the editor of the *Realist* was a guest on an all-night (midnight to 5:30) radio program called The Party Line. It is devoted to panel discussions of "off-beat" topics, and is moderated by a former carnival pitchman who calls himself Long John.

The guests have often been men who claim to have been to other planets. Again dogmatically, we say that they are either liars or mentally ill. One such guest is Howard Menger, who says he can disappear at will, start a fire by snapping his fingers, and converse telepathically with his friends. His wife claims that she was originally from Venus.

He has been a guest on The Party Line some twenty odd times. Long John told us that Menger recently separated from his wife, who thereupon took their children and went into business for herself. Her job: teaching housewives how to prepare food for the Venutians, at the rate of \$25 a day. Or, bargain rate, \$50 for 3 days.

The night we were on the show, we were told a few minutes before air-time that there wasn't to be "anything about religion" in the discussion. This, we learned, is standard procedure for that program. However, the rule made any discussion about the *Realist* seem quite nebulous, since this magazine deals largely with religious controversy.

(For the background of the *Realist*'s evolution from this limited ken, see editorial in issue #29.)

Much of the discussion was about ESP. It was our contention that what passes for ESP is actually coincidence, and that among the so-called scientific tests conducted at various universities, there are none which rise above the probability of coincidence . . .

* * *

Back in 1937, Dr. J. B. Rhine began publishing a magazine at Duke University called the *Journal of Parapsychology*. He asked for criticism from subscribers. Joseph F. Rinn, who was Harry Houdini's closest associates, and who for years had offered a \$10,000 reward for proof of genuine psychic phenomena, wrote a letter, saying in part:

"As one of the oldest members of the Society for Psychical Research, and one who has for the past fifty years cooperated with the leading investigators in the world in examining the evidence in support of telepathy and clairvoyance, I wish to take issue with Dr. Rhine . . . from the beginning my position has been that the ESP card tests are unscientific . . . that the results obtained under the method used do not warrant us in believing that they indicate any extra-sensory perception."

"It is my belief that this is so because the operators [testees], knowing in advance what symbols are to be used [on the cards], give answers that are pure guessing and have no relation to telepathy or clairvoyance . . .

"But if the operators did not know what the symbols were that were being used, and if they called them off

correctly far beyond the normal or chance ratio, we would then have scientific grounds for believing that extra-sensory perception was involved.

"If, for instance, the operators began a test with the ESP cards and without their knowledge 25 cards with similar backs but with blank fronts were substituted, and the operators continued to call off ESP symbols, your mathematical ratio of good scores would be a laugh, for it would prove that no extra-sensory perception was involved at all. But if the operators, after the substitution, began to call off blank cards instead of the ESP symbols, we would have a scientific basis for believing that extra-sensory perception was involved . . ."

Dr. Rhine refused to publish the letter. And now, more than two decades later, he still refuses to substitute blank cards for the ones with symbols.

* * *

In 5½ hours, we were unable to prove that ESP doesn't exist. We wouldn't be able to prove its non-existence in 5½ years, either. To each his own belief, was all that we could conclude.

But there is more significance to ESP than just a bunch of jokers taking pride in their delusions while they play guessing games with a deck of cards. The very concept of God is involved.

The person who believes in the existence of a conscious God automatically believes also in extra-sensory perception, even if he has never heard of the term. For it is essentially thru extra-sensory perception that he must communicate with God, just as it is essentially thru extra-sensory perception that God must be aware, simultaneously, of billions of human events.

And, no ESP would mean no God.

As with ESP, it is impossible to prove the non-existence of a conscious God. It is simply something a man must ponder and decide for himself. And that's where the story should end—as with ESP—to each his own belief. But the story doesn't end there. For instance, a young mother, Mrs. Rona Kicklighter of North Brunswick, New Jersey, wrote to us:

" . . . I never had any religious affiliations. There are many feelings that I have as a result of this lack of religious training, but the most important of all is a complete lack of prejudice. It matters not to me whether a man or woman be Hindustani or Hottentot. I don't even care to ask. Many people insist on knowing and then say 'Oh, I don't care about a person's belief, I am just curious.' This is a lot of hooey. If you don't care, don't ask. . . . "

"But my husband and I will probably join a local church when the children are old enough to know what it is all about, because out here in the country the social activities revolve around the church and our kids will be left out of quite a lot if we belong to no church. This is as bad for a child as any improper scriptural brainwashing. It may even be worse since the latter does wear off with age and the proper guidance. . . . "

More often, though, this act by parents who have rejected the concept of a conscious God, joining a church or synagogue—an act of socially acceptable hypocrisy—is based upon the fear that their children will be asked by other children: "I'm Protestant or Catholic or Jewish—what are you?"

It is a quiet, gnawing problem of our time.

Birth Control & Man's Inhumanity

Man is the only animal that is aware of the relationship between the sex act and reproduction. Man, therefore, is the only one capable of rising above the other animals by planning his family in advance.

Nevertheless, there are laws which prohibit the sale or use of birth control devices or drugs, and forbid doctors from giving advice on birth control, in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

In the latter state, five suits have been filed in New Haven Superior Court, challenging the constitutionality of the 79-year-old laws.

Among the plaintiffs is a married couple who want to prevent conception until they are "economically able to support children." Another said that four previous pregnancies had resulted in the death of all the children within 48 hours of birth, and that further pregnancy "may result in permanent emotional unbalance." Two others cited almost certain damage to and possible death of parents and children if conception were to occur.

The fifth plaintiff is Dr. C. Lee Buxton, Chairman of Yale Medical School's Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology. He contends that requirements of the laws are in conflict with his duties as a doctor. Yet if he fulfills his professional obligation to his patients by giving them advice on birth control, he faces the loss of his medical license under the law.

* * *

In New York, the law is of the unwritten variety. Thus, Commissioner of Hospitals Dr. Morris A. Jacobs found it necessary last month to prevent a doctor at Kings County Hospital from fitting a contraceptive for a Protestant mother of three children. She is seriously ill with diabetes, and another pregnancy might endanger her life.

It goes almost without saying that Catholic groups have been exerting pressure. For instance, the Pasteur Guild—which represents Roman Catholic employees of the Department of Hospitals—wrote to Commissioner Jacobs, saying that a birth control program in city hospitals "would create intolerable working conditions for the Roman Catholic employees."

In April, Commissioner Jacobs had set forth his policy to the Academy of Medicine: "There shall be no interference in proper and accepted therapeutic practices nor intervention in ethical relationships between patient and physician." Now he says he will make a final policy decision after the Board of Hospitals meeting on September 17th.

Meanwhile, there are two points we wish to make:

1. Despite the blatant inhumanity involved, the incident is in effect a healthy one, for it has catapulted the whole conflict out into the open. All along, doctors in city hospitals have had to go on, sneakily ignoring

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the regulation and dispensing contraceptive devices which they had to obtain free (as did the doctor in this case)—from pharmaceutical houses or organizations supporting birth control—so that the taxpayer objection is unfounded in fact, let alone theory (we all pay taxes for some things we disapprove of).

2. There has been a degree of hysteria among some church-state separationists in regard to having Catholics as either elected or appointed officials. But Commissioner Jacobs is Jewish. Moreover, there are individual Catholics who strongly disapprove of his action. It would behoove those concerned with "religious interference" to question candidates about their positions on specific issues—regardless of their labels, religious or otherwise.

Postscript: Commissioner Jacobs was taken off the hook by an order of his Board of Hospitals repealing the long-established ban on birth control therapy in city-controlled hospitals.

Jehovah's Witnesses & Darwin's Theory

As everyone knows, especially the American Legion, Jehovah's Witnesses held their Divine Will International Assembly last month. Whether Mickey Spillane was in attendance is not known. (The author of several violence-filled mysteries is a devout minister, although he leaves his sect's life out of his writings.)

"The whole business," said an editorial about the Witnesses in the (Catholic) *Boston Pilot*, "has the air of something out of the past, quite incompatible with the realities of the twentieth century."

Like Catholics, the Witnesses believe—rather, they know—they have The Truth. Unlike Catholics, they don't try to impose it on others. They have the good sense, for example, not to insist that non-Witnesses be forbidden blood transfusions. (Their own refusal is based on a single line in Leviticus: "... ye shall eat no manner of blood...." Although they interpret the Bible literally, they see no difference between being fed blood thru the mouth or intravenously.)

The book *Separated Brethren* lists them in opposition also to "business, Catholics, Christmas trees, communism, civic enterprises, the doctrines of hell and immortality, evolution, flag saluting, higher education, liquor, lodges, Protestants, priests, the pope, public office, military service, movies, Mother's Day, religion, Sunday schools, the trinity, tobacco, the United Nations, voting, the YMCA, Wall Street, women's rights and zoos."

* * *

It was slightly ironic, then, that the Witnesses' record-breaking convention should be held during the same month which marked the 100th anniversary of the announcement of Charles Darwin's theory of evolution.

(But we are not at all sarcastic when we say that such a study in anachronistic contrast is heartening evidence of freedom in action.)

It was even more ironic that during this same month, Dr. Bernard C. Wexler, of the May Institute for Medical Research in Cincinnati, pointed out that "Man, in the end, is nothing but a highly-evolved fish, and his fast-living pace makes him no more intelligent than the salmon, which fights to reach its spawning ground."

(After spawning, salmon seem to lose their inter-

est in life, drifting downstream with the current, and dying exhausted. Their teeth fall out, their spines become fused and their organs shrink.)

What was perhaps most ironic, however, was the announcement this same month by Dr. Blaine Levenson, zoologist from the University of California, that scientists would have to speed up enormously the process of evolution, in order to breed a special type of "man" who could breathe water or gas instead of air, so that he would be physically equipped for space travel. In place of lungs he might have gills like a fish.

(Evolutionary theory holds that all life started in the water and that the forerunners of all air-breathers had gills. It took many millions of years for them to develop lungs and move to dry land. So the production of a water-breathing man would be equivalent to turning the evolutionary time clock forward until it completed a full circle.)

* * *

While "sophisticated" religionists view Jehovah's Witnesses with condescension, convention chairman Milton G. Henschel was able to point with pride at their lack of nationalistic or racial barriers. "Others may claim to be Christians," he said, "but actions speak louder than words."

Some students of religion and history regard the movement as an absolute reaction against the confusion of modern times, which have been compared to the declining years of the Roman Empire. A variety of cults and "miracle gods" flourished at that time, and there were various predictions that the end of the world would soon come.

Only the difference is, we have the means to actually accomplish it, all by our little ol' selves.

Baseball: the Decline of an American Religion

The high school I went to didn't have a baseball team of its own, but the local American Legion post, in conjunction with a local automobile dealer, sponsored a team. About 100 boys tried out, but I made it anyway.

And what a change it was from the sandlot teams I was used to. No longer, for example, did a game have to stop if three balls were lost at the same time. The coach had a couple of dozen—all brand new.

It is ten years later now, and I still have the uniform. On the back, it says:

UNIVERSAL CARS
SALES & SERVICE

I can still see myself in it, delivering the Sunday morning paper before the game each week, with my glove and spiked shoes hanging on the handlebars of my bike.

Anticipation. Fulfillment. Reflection. And then anticipation again. There was a feeling about that time that one just can't communicate. You either know it or you don't.

Baseball was my religion . . . though I could never remember the score.

Actually, baseball did have its origins in ancient religious ceremonies. Egyptians were swinging bats some 4,000 years ago as part of a religious rite in which the congregation opposed the priests.

An image of the sun-god Osiris, resembling a ball,

was placed on a cart. Swinging their clubs or bats, the worshipers of Osiris would try to rush this image into the temple. A team of priests, armed with clubs the shape of a modern-day Louisville Slugger, defended the entrance.

A dramatic battle followed. The deeper the conviction, the harder the worshiper would strike. Though many a head would be split and bones bruised or broken in the effort, Osiris—god of agriculture and fertility—was always hailed as victor.

Sometimes, female virgins would join in the battles. If any of the maidens died of wounds suffered during the struggle, they were called false virgins. They were too dead to care, however. Carved into the tomb of Beni Hasan, which was built 2,000 B.C., are pictures of semi-nude women playing ball. (Last month, incidentally, semi-nude actress Gwen Verdon sought to replace the President as the one who throws out the first ball of the season.)

Religious ball games spread from the Egyptians to the Arabs and into the southern part of Europe by way of the invading Moors. Apostate Christians adopted the pagan ball practice in their Easter ceremony.

Historian Robert W. Henderson, in his book, *Ball, Bat and Bishop*, says that "the association of the pagan fertility ball-rite with the Easter festivals was deliberately fostered by the (Roman Catholic) Church, for its usual policy was to adapt to, or incorporate into its own ceremonies those pagan customs which it found too firmly established to be uprooted, or to be susceptible for adaptation."

* * *

There were no spitballs in those days. But as the game developed, so also did techniques—along with general technological progress. So that now it has been suggested that umpires carry a special solution which could chemically prove if a ball had saliva applied to it.

Now we are in a civilization that is in a hurry to get nowhere fast. So that it has been suggested that a tube be built underground which would run from home plate to the pitching mound, and thru which balls would be returned—à la bowling alley—to the pitcher, who would already be in the windup of his next pitch with a different ball.

Now we are gradually eliminating human judgment from the scene. So that it has been suggested that fielders wear a certain type of spikes and runners another, with the bases electrically wired with bells; the contact of each set of spikes would set off a different sound, and there would be no doubt of whether a player was safe or out.

All we need now is an adjustable rectangular electric eye to call balls and strikes, and the umpires can then be relegated to doing handstands and somersaults between each half-inning so that the crowd won't be bored while the players are busy changing their shoes—unless some smart inventor comes up with alternating retractable spikes; that would please the time-savers, too.

The season is now upon us. Sentimental disc jockeys are playing *Autumn Leaves*, kids are back in school (with the kind permission of their respective Governors), the winter-replacement television programs are returning, the fall atom bomb tests are underway, and the World Series is a topic of conversation among bar-

bers, bookies, and bored businessmen.

Baseball in this country has followed the course of the religious heritage from which it sprang. It has become Big Business.

Contestants on TV quiz shows of the future will not only have to know the lineups of such-and-such a team. They'll also have to reel off the members of the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department. Not only the statistics of a particular pennant race, but also a blow-by-blow description of the battle over whether broadcasts into minor league "territory" should be permitted to be forbidden.

Kids who stay indoors and play Monopoly will no longer be jeered at as non-athletes. For they might well be deep in preparation for a career in the sports field.

It was all summed up rather neatly recently in a comic strip called *Junior Grade*. A little boy was standing around with his baseball and glove. He had posted a sign on a tree, reading:

CATCH PLAYED
5c HALF HOUR

In what was perhaps an anti-climactic statement, another little boy (wearing that eternal symbol of the egghead—a pair of glasses) walked by and commented, "The world is getting too commercial."

* * *

So there I was, reminiscing about my old baseball-playing days. (The advertising on the back of my uniform seems now to have been an omen of sorts.) It had been the dream of some of my teammates to play major league ball. Writing in *American Scholar*, Roger Kahn (sports editor of *Newsweek*) had this to say about that dream:

"... the tragedy (of major league baseball) ... is the tragedy of fulfillment ... life remains distressingly short of ideal. A bad knee still throbs before a rainstorm. Too much beer still makes for an unpleasant fullness. Girls still insist on tiresome preliminaries. And now there is a wife who gets headaches or a baby who has colic.

"No, despite the autograph hunters, things are a very long way from ideal. In retrospect, they may have been better years ago, when the dream was happily simple and vague. Among the twenty-five youngish men of a ball club who individually shared a common dream which now has come to be fulfilled, cynicism and disillusion are common as grass ...

"For most men the business of shifting and reworking dreams comes late in life, when there are older children upon whose unwilling shoulders the tired dreams may be deposited. It is a harsh, jarring thing to have to shift dreams at thirty ... (Major league baseball) cost four hundred men their dreams."

But there are still kids who have the dream. Only now, during telecasts of big league games, the dream is actually being peddled to them, when once it would have somehow seemed sacrilegious to do so. Says the announcer—and methinks the gentleman doth protest too much—"It's fun with a future!"

I am waiting for the day when there will be Released Time from the public schools, so that pupils—rather than remaining in class as the only alternative—will don their gray-flannel baseball uniforms and attend Little League practice rituals each Wednesday afternoon.

Modest Proposal No. 2

Kids of fifteen are calling the 1939-45 War the "first" war . . . the late war they played soldier for and read about in *Front Line Combat Comics* was the Korean War. That other war, the one against Hitler and Hirohito, is as remote to them as John J. Pershing and Camp Yaphank are to us. As it is, all those definitive 40-volume official histories of the war are nearing completion, the veterans have bald spots and paunches, and all is forgiven. *Almost* all, that is.

A "scholarly" German of the Von Clausewitz tradition now commands the ground forces for NATO. Ex-Kamikaze pilots now sell fine Japanese cameras to Peerless and Willoughby's, then sit back to watch the price war. Rehabilitation is final.

As a popular cultural instance of this moral "rebirth" of the ex-enemy, any one looking at the paperback racks in drugstores will notice that they are bright with swastika flags . . . U-boats, Messerschmidt fighter planes and Tiger tanks move across the covers with appropriate smoke effects from burning villages in the background. It is the flood-tide of Nazi war memoirs. Chaste dedications appear on the title pages with inscriptions that say things like:

"We do not ask you for forgiveness . . .
we simply appeal to your sportsmanship."

And there are always obliging British Air Vice Marshals of the R.A.F. to write introductions to these books (all cluttered up with sports afield terms and comrade-in-armsmanship).

Some of these Nazi apologetics take on an almost lyric tone. One ex-pilot recalls how he hummed the dominant theme from a late Beethoven string quartet as he flew on his way to dive-bomb Crete. By the middle of the book he reaches euphoric altitudes with prose periods worthy of Rilke, while all Hellas is exploding about his ears.

Nazis, we learn from these books, were pretty fine chaps after all. From genial Panzer Generals to venerable Landwehr snipers, the German soldier emerges from the literary rehabilitation mill shriven and purged with enough military virtue left to qualify for the cast of the next M.G.M. production of *Soldiers Three*.

But not all is forgiven, apparently.

One group remains obscured in the Wagnerian darkness and doom. Since this group was essentially a silent service, never particularly distinguished for literacy, it is assumed that no articulate champion may emerge. Fear of arrest by the present-day West German government is another deterrent, which probably accounts as much for their reluctance to form an active veterans' organization as for their silence in the matter of published reminiscence.

Come on put boys . . . it's safe now. There are any number of White Citizens Council, KKK and South African Apartheid chapters who would welcome affiliation with a Gestapo Vet group.

Of course, an "I-wasn't-such-a-bad-guy" memoir might start the ball rolling so that you "honest police officers" may be returned to your respectable place in society (and history). So, as an initial push towards this goal, we propose this trial run which should wind up on the Pocket Book lists under the title:

MAKING FRIENDS

or,

Golden Days and Jolly Times With the Lusty Lads of the Gestapo

We approached several responsible men on the executive level in various Mafia groups, Heroin rings and the National Society for Organized Vice, but no one would commit himself so we have to do *without* an introduction to this memoir, and get right into the book itself.

Part I: The Exalted Dream—1939

I shall never forget the night when we happy lads of the shock troop swore our blood and plasma oath around a ceremonial fire. It was during the first month of active service and we had all been on a wild gypsy hunt in the Verdunkelung forest. Tired but stimulated from the chase (we had a splendid bag of six bearded, male *zigeuner*) we encamped for the night. I remember the cool, lofty beauty of the *galgen* trees overhead and the murmurous poem of the Autumn wind as we sat around the fire on that mystic night. The flames, like bright thoughts, lept up gladly as I threw in another volume of Heine . . .

Part II: Our Boys—1940

We called ourselves the "Jolly Stompers." Where are they now! Only "Quetschi" Unrat and I survive to this day. "Quetschi" was the youngest in our group, a child-like peasant boy from Wurstig an der Oder, with enormous hands. How we all envied him! He was the only one of our *abteilung* who could reach for his revolver before the word culture was mentioned! Today, he is slipping almost imperceptibly into dignified middle age as the chief disciplinary officer for the State Music and Art Institute of the East German People's Democratic Republic.

The others are all gone. They sleep, wrapped in heroic warrior's cloaks and quicklime. But I can see them now in comradeship:

Laughing Fehl with his collection of dissecting knives (he would keep up a witty repartee with those he dissected . . . it was some time before he learned that such impersonal and scientific activity was usually done upon *cadavers*) . . .

Then I recall with affection "Baker" Favn, who was unjustly flayed alive by a horde of his malodorous and ungrateful charges at the Buchenwald Sports and Enlightenment Center in the late Spring of 1945 . . .

And of course Lothar, the albino son of SS General Walpurgis—he who organized the friendly Blackjack and Truncheon obstacle gauntlet races with visiting members of the Japanese Thought Police. An artist, Lothar was, the head of the research and development section of the Shock-and-Trauma Persuasion Institute of Folter-bei-Angst. Such superiority lost to our world!

Those lads, every one of them were *Mordskerl* . . . an untranslatable word that best describes the typical SS Gestapo chum of those sun-drenched health-giving days. Tanned, clear-eyed, immaculate in chaste service uniforms, those dedicated boys made their boots heard all over Europe . . .

Part III: Hard Times—1944

Sunbathing, gymnastics and *coup de grace* . . . our life at Ravensbruck Sports and Enlightenment Camp was a monotonous round of duty, given deep meaning

only by the dynamism of our program. We endured bravely the slow lapse of time with the hum of electric fences making a pleasant sound in our ears as we implemented our selfless and dedicated program for the potentialization of human personality.

There was always stimulating and creative work in the disposal chutes and recreation pits. But we were overwhelmed by statistics. Our beautiful big dogs grew morose and treacherous. Ingratitude was our daily cross and the supreme horror of all was when a technological failure drove us nearly out of our minds because the record player of the camp loudspeaker system got stuck on the same repeated phrase from the "Acceleration Waltz." There are limits to which a human being may be pushed . . .

Part IV: Today

And what was left to me after six years of loyal devotion! A fresh skin graft under my arm to eliminate the tattooed series number, 40 kilos of wedding rings and a laboriously acquired expertise.

Colonel-General de Policia is a rank to which I may never have previously aspired, but I am quite satisfied since I am in command of the present situation and my Spanish is by now faultless. In fact I feel completely at home since I redesigned the local service uniform to conform to my personal traditions and ideas. And what is more, the climate of Madrid agrees with me . . .

—J.F.P.

I Am a Nazi

by Jack K.

(Editor's note: This is the second time these pages have been opened to the thoughts of a teen-ager. The first time, in issue No. 2, was an account of a petition by teen-agers to halt nuclear bomb tests. The writer of the present article called it "pacifist rot." He was also somewhat indignant about the "Modest Proposal" in that same issue, satirizing the Nazi war memoir.

(Seventeen-year-old Jack K. had hoped to expound on his Fascist philosophy in the Realist. We turned him down, explaining that for this, readers could refer to any of the sick hate-sheets which are currently published in this country, if not to the original "Mein Kampf." Yet, we still thought that there was something of ugly interest in his story.

(What follows, then, is that compromise. Its crude prejudices have been left uncensored; its psychological motivations are hinted at, unintentionally.)

At the age of ten or thereabouts, I saw a television documentary, *Victory At Sea*. The emotional impact of Rodgers' music was something I'd never experienced before, or since. Though the designed purpose of the program was the defamation of the Axis cause, I could see thru the poor quality and oftentimes grainy German film—the soul, the very spirit of men who would calmly offer up their lives for a cause which no amount of propagandistic narration could defame.

I have been asking myself, why did Germany lose? The answer is very simple: the Allies had a superior military force (not superior soldiers). Thus, by going to war in the first place, the Allies proved Hitler's first

law of national socialism—Only Force Will Rule—and by winning, they put the period on the end of the sentence.

In school, my natural assumption about teachers was that here were people who, by virtue of their better-than-average education, possessed the ability to evaluate fact from fiction, reason from emotion, that they were sure to see the righteousness of the German cause, and at the same time, see the injustices done by the victorious Allies. Needless to say, I was sadly mistaken.

In 7th grade, the English teacher told the class to hand in compositions "on anything you please." The result was 34 two-page, hand-written compositions on how Tony and Rocco enjoyed their summer vacations doing things their probation officer evidently hadn't found out about.

However, in glancing at the 35th composition, a certain amount of dismay must have been experienced on the part of our beloved teacher (a Jew) when his eyes fell upon the title, "The Life of Adolf Hitler." It was twelve pages long, every page typewritten, and single-spaced at that.

The teacher made it as slow and agonizing for me as possible, by having 5-to-10 compositions read each week. When half the class had read theirs, I began to have doubts, but when three-quarters had finished, my doubts merged into certainty. And sure enough, the certainty came to pass. He had saved mine for last.

And then, like the first four notes of the Beethoven Fifth, his voice echoed thru my psyche, and as I strode up and took my composition and made myself ready to speak, I realized that this was the moment of truth, that no matter what the outcome of the verbal battle to follow, I would forever alienate the friendship and security of the crowd, and forever be an outcast. And yet somehow I didn't care, I really didn't care.

And then the words, "The Life of Adolf Hitler." I was committed. There was silence for one second or two, and then laughter—coarse, rude, loud, vulgar, hideous laughter that seemed to continue for an eternity. And then, while the laughter was subsiding, the teacher—as a sort of noble gesture—ordered the class to stop, and with a look of smugness he ordered me to continue, which I did for the better part of six pages without interruption.

However, just before the period's end, a minor argument developed on some trivial point, and before we could get down to the important points, the bell rang. Class dismissed.

The next day, as I stepped in front of the class, I knew it was either do or die. So I did. I just barely got out the first sentence when the teacher began. It started with personal remarks and sarcasm. Then he began to attack the composition. A quicker transformation I have never seen. All of a sudden his arguments didn't hold water, he flustered and stumbled and became entangled in the web of his self-contradictions.

As a final admission of defeat, he sputtered out, "It's Christmas time, the class doesn't want to hear of such things." And so I sat down, firm in the belief that I was right, and no matter how hard they tried, the task of defeating me was an impossible one.

This was but one of many incidents in which I collided head-on with blind conformity, and since self-expression was impossible, I failed subject after sub-

ject. Black mark after black mark was given me, the sole purpose being to break my will. It got to the point where each time I spoke out, I got a zero. It could go no further. I was forced to quit school at 16.

It's been a year now, and in looking for a job, I've found the recession quite real. But six months ago, I came to the realization that the *only* thing for me to do was find a job, make the money to enable me to go to Germany, and join the West German Army.

Meanwhile, to pass the time, I watch the Jack Paar show. TV in general, but the late night variety show in particular, follows a self-destroying cycle which the capitalist system makes inevitable. The show appears at the beginning practically sponsorless, it meets with public approval, and as a result, Madison Avenue saturates the 11:15-1:00 time segment until the average viewer is ready to vote a straight Socialist Labor ticket at the next election.

So while the commercials drone on, I sit back and recall that day in school . . . There I was, amongst the scum of humanity—they would make the characters in the *Blackboard Jungle* look like Little Lord Fauntleroys—pointing at me and saying, "Aay, dis guy's a Nazi!"

It was indeed an ironic sight to see yours truly on the floor with 4 or 5 Guineas pounding away, saying, "You dirty Nazi, I don't believe in your theory of force."

DIABOLIC DIALOGUES:

President Eisenhower And Governor Faubus

Faubus: . . . of course, Mr. President, I'll be the first one to admit that the Supreme Court has made some wrong decisions. But when it comes to the matter of issuing passports, I think they're in the right. You ought to leave well enough alone.

Eisenhower: I gather, Governor, that you are referring to my recommendations to Congress—

Faubus: That's right, Sir. There was a particular phrase in that message which disturbed me. You said that it's essential for the Government to have the power to restrict the travel of Americans to areas "where their presence would conflict with our foreign policy objectives." Don't you realize that this could apply to me?

Eisenhower: Well, that isn't exactly what I had in mind. The way I see it, the Secretary of State—

Faubus: Yes, it could apply to him too!

Eisenhower: No, no, I was going to say that it should be within his power to—

Faubus: I'll tell you who you *should've* kept from going out of this country. Ezra Pound, that damned Fascist, that's who. Do you think for one moment that his presence abroad does our foreign policy objectives any good? Him and his goose-step salute. And calling America an insane asylum. Anybody who says a thing like that must have little rocks in his head. What's more, he insulted *you*, Dwight.

Eisenhower: But Orval, people don't take him seriously. After all, he was just released from a mental institution.

Faubus: And I say that steps could have been taken to see to it that such an occurrence never took place. An ounce of prevention is worth a cure of Pound.

Eisenhower: Gosh-a-rootie, I wish I could say funny things like that. Intentionally, I mean. I want to be remembered. The way Abe Lincoln is. For his home-spun witticisms.

Faubus: Certainly not for his stupid Emancipation Proclamation—

Eisenhower: I'll tell you what. I'll make a deal with you. I'll agree to stop pushing this passport thing if you'll agree to call out the National Guard again to prevent Negro children from entering Central High School.

Faubus: Why, Ike, what a pleasant surprise. You know, when you refused to tell those reporters how you felt about integration, I said to myself, "Hey, maybe he's really on *my* side." I figured you couldn't actually come out and say it, though—at least, not until Congress passed the pension bill for ex-Presidents.

Eisenhower: I'm afraid you misunderstand me, Orv. You know that old saying, "History repeats itself." Well, if you start trouble the way you did last time, it'll give me a perfect excuse to get our troops out of the Middle East . . .

baTtLE oF tHe upPer anD loWeR caSe leTteRS

BY reGinaLd dUnsaNy

In the short and breathless intervals between the fulminations for and against the atom bomb, the Marine landings in Lebanon, and the vicuna coat of Sherman Adams, members of the Congress that recently adjourned also had to fight a running battle against Godless Communism on what might seem to some a minor front. They had to overcome a subversive plot to exclude God from the Star Spangled Banner.

The plot was to change from a capital letter to one of the lower case, the initial "P" in the word "Power." This word appears in the line which reads "Praise the Power that has made and preserved us a nation." The change would have suggested that the power or Power referred to was human and not divine.

Manipulation of the alphabet is an old Communist or communist tactic. A few months ago, officials of Czechoslovakia decreed that names of religious organizations and holidays should be spelled with lower case initial letters. From now on, then, in that proud nation, it must be the "christian religion, the protestant churches, the roman catholic church, christmas, easter, yom kippur," etc.

There has been no official guidance yet as to how the comrades shall refer to the people's republic of czechoslovakia or to its president, antonin novotny.

The A(a)theist politicians in the Iron Curtain countries have not yet decreed the decapitation of Christians but they have carried their drive for the de-capitalization of religious words to our very shores. It was in 1957 that Congressman Joel T. Broyhill of Virginia first introduced his bill to "adopt a specific ver-

sion of the Star Spangled Banner as the national anthem of the United States of America." Broylehill may or may not have been conscious of the fact that he was acting as a Communist agent . . .

Friends of the innocent-sounding bill, including leaders of the musical profession, said that our anthem might be all right if people could only sing it. They urged the lowering of some notes so that men could sing them even after their voices had changed. And they suggested the raising of other notes so that the ladies and children could join in the chorus. The bill also would have provided a single standard version of a song for which no less than 171 musical arrangement copyrights have been issued.

The bill did not come up for hearing until this summer. The testimony before the House Judiciary subcommittee was more sprightly than what is usually heard in those solemn precincts. This was partly because of the musical interpolations. Several recordings of various versions of the tune were played. Some singers appeared in person to perform the "number." At one point the chairman suggested that the session be adjourned "to the river or to some auditorium where we wouldn't make a circus out of this hearing." Finally he agreed to proceed with the show but cautioned, "The gentleman will please tone it down."

Lucy Monroe, the lark of the Democratic National Convention, said that "I specialize in singing the Star Spangled Banner, having done so five thousand [repeat, five thousand] times at baseball games, public events, government functions, in every state of the Union, all over Canada, and all around the world including Korea, Formosa, Okinawa and Japan.

"In my opinion," continued Miss Monroe in dulcet tones, "to alter the poem would be unthinkable since it is a part of our tradition and history. But there can be no denying that the melody of the old English tune is difficult for an untrained voice." Since the constituencies of the Congressmen are made up largely of people whose voices are, to put it mildly, untrained, it seemed suitable that they, like home industry, should receive some federal aid.

Shifting Allies

But suspicion reared its head when it was found that the Broylehill version omitted the third verse, which hardly anyone ever sings. This is the one that refers to the Redcoats and tells how "their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution. No refuge can save the hireling and slave from the terror of flight and the gloom of the grave." These "hirelings and slaves," or the descendants of their survivors, are now counted amongst our most valued allies. It seems a little unkind to sing of them in such terms.

But to the Irish, who never forget, and even more so to Irish-Americans, the communists are only slightly less perfidious than Perfidious Albion. Some priests and nuns of Celtic ancestry urged their children in history classes to come to the defense of the original libelous version. Pudgy little hands became active inditing letters to the Committee.

But the main objection was to the "p" in the Maryland Congressman's version. For some reason, the communications on this subject were not reproduced in the printed transcript. One of the *Realist's* Washington representatives managed to get access to them, however, but only upon condition that the names of the writers

not be published. The "inside information" supplied below complies with this commitment.

When Congressman Broylehill introduced his bill, he may or may not have noticed that he had spelled the disputed word in the obnoxious way. But he was soon to be told—and very emphatically. One representative of a patriotic organization wrote that "This plot is recognized to be the work of malicious subversives to whom nothing in the United States of America is sacred, and who seek to destroy all American traditions. We respectfully demand that this plot be nipped in the bud and never permitted to materialize."

Never Underestimate The power

Another patriotic group—of women—opposed the bill because "The entire meaning of the lines [is] altered by the use of the small 'p' for 'Power' instead of a capital 'P' as now and traditionally used. We oppose eliminating our Creator and Preserver from our National Anthem."

A constituent from the Northeast urged, "Let there be no approval of this bill in any dilution of the meaning or intent of composer Francis (sic) Scott Key by substitution of the lower case 'p' for capital 'P' in the word, 'Power.' It was not physical force of arms that separated us from the tax pressure of England and set us up as a free and independent nation; but the spiritual power of God-fearing integrity directing the use of that force."

The female leader of a "Catholic Action" group wrote that "I telephoned Mr. Hughes [representative of the National Music Council]. In our conversation he said that 'the committee decided "power" did not refer to the Almighty.' For countless American citizens it has meant the Almighty since our national anthem was first sung. We hold 'Nero fiddled while Rome burned' is surely applicable to our Congressmen in these crucial days."

On this point, the lady was in error. It has been shown rather conclusively that there was no musical instrument in the time of Nero that could be called a fiddle or could be fairly compared to it. Perhaps what Nero played on was a lyre. Or perhaps it is a liar to whom the entire story can be attributed.

Finally, someone threw the musical hearings into complete disharmony by exhibiting a photostatic copy of Francis Scott Key's original poem. Consternation ensued when it was discovered that he had written the word "power" with a lower case "p." The politicians were then faced with some awful alternatives. Either they must change the poem, which to Miss Monroe was "unthinkable" or they would be accused of "eliminating our Creator and Preserver from our National Anthem."

They also had to face the issue between Anglophiles and Anglophobes with respect to the "foul footsteps" of the alleged "hirelings and slaves."

And then somebody administered the *coup de grace*—so far as temperance-minded Southern Protestants were concerned—by disclosing that the music of the Star Spangled Banner was originally a drinking song!

This was too much for the statesmen of the Lower House. Figuratively, they broke and ran as fast as the red-coated invaders of "the land of the brave."

It seemed that "no refuge could save" them "from the terror of flight and the gloom of the [political] grave"—except some kind of equivocation. So they resorted to it. They decided to table the bill.

Caesar On The Hudson

by Sidney Bernard

Last November the New York State Legislature overwhelmingly passed Gov. Rockefeller's pet school fallout-shelter bill. Prime movers were the Governor and Assembly Speaker Joseph Carlino. Opposing was Assemblyman Mark Lane, who called the bill "a cruel hoax."

Lane later added the charge of "tainted legislation." He revealed that Carlino was a director of Lancer Industries, a shelter manufacturing company. Lane asserted that the company had traded on Carlino's position and boasted of having him in their "hip pocket."

Carlino admitted having received several hundred dollars in personal fees; that his law firm had received \$5,000 for representing Lancer Industries; and that he resigned from the Lancer board November 15th, six days after the bill was passed.

Despite opposition from both Democrats and Republicans, Mark Lane forced open hearings on the charges. He and the state SANE committee then called for a march to Albany on Lincoln's birthday. They hoped to have the shelter law repealed and for a tightening of the state's "Ethics" rules.

Postscript: Lancer Industries has gone out of the fallout shelter business due to lack of customers.

An Open Letter to Mark Lane

Dear Assemblyman Lane:

First, my applause for the way you unhooked the Albany fallout shelter maneuver. A legislative shotgun was used by the Governor in getting his \$100-million shelter bill and you were one of the few who did not flinch.

Fact is, you finally provoked the Albany chief, what with the December 22 *Herald-Tribune* screaming in a headline: "Rocky Lashes Back At Carlino's Accuser."

I want to point out one part of the *Trib* story that allows for a cogent rebuttal. The story says that "Mr. Carlino suggested that his accuser was seeking to promote a bid for higher public office, such as Representative in Congress." On the face of it that statement is a non sequitur worthy of a political hillbilly. Coming from a grade-A selfseeker like Carlino, the remark is full of arrant hypocrisy.

But more to the point is the fact that Rocky, by his fallout belligerence one day, and his hot air proposals for 30-story housing projects the next, proves himself to be one of the most qualified politicians in years on whom the charge can be hung that "(he) was seeking to promote a bid for higher public office, such as (President of the United States)."

Another point about Rocky, albeit a personal one: He captured headlines around the world when he went to the New Guinea jungles to help the search operations for his lost son. A worthy and human act, on its face. But he took along a press secretary and other members of a private party. He spent out of pocket an estimated half-million dollars. Okay, he was looking for his son—actually, he was looking at those who were looking for his son—but he was also using a private tragedy, it seems to me, as an opportunity "to promote a bid for higher office."

Final personality note: When JFK took the New Frontier image below the border and offered it, much in the manner of a Papal benediction, to thousands of lucky *amigos* and *campesinos*, Rockefeller sent him a short and fulsome note of praise. It made barely six inches in the *Times* and, poetically, it appeared in the same issue that carried Kennedy's warning to wealthy Venezuelans that they'd have to let the *campesinos* have a little more of the land, of the riches, or the country—and South America generally—would be lost to Castro-type upheavals. Now, Rocky owns probably the largest ranch in Venezuela. From all accounts it's a beauty, rich as it is vast. So naturally Rockefeller cheers the New Frontier's first salesman in the cause of the verbal revolution. But let's make sure the *campesinos* get no hopped-up ideas about my property.

The patrician mind is always thus: Loud cheers for the good life for all, in theory; while I swim in the good life, in practice.

That Carlino got himself into a conflict-of-interest wringer—and no official washing will erase that fact—contains its own small irony. He too wants the good life, and he pursues it with the tools at hand. His salesmanship. His availability as a front. Of the three or four hundred dollars he received from Lancer Industries, it can be argued that he needed the dough. That imperative is a little distant for the Albany chief executive, to put it mildly. The rule can be stated so: Posture comes easy to them that have.

If Carlino, the Long Beach toonerville, has beaten the charge and returned to the State Legislature track, you have at least called attention to a condition of neo-Caesarism in Albany.

Sincerely yours,

Sidney Bernard

Two Rumors: Of Teeth and Trains

The International Business Machines Corporation, whose employees sometimes seem as standardized as the products they sell, has denied to the Realist a rumor to the effect that all personnel are now having their teeth capped by a company dentist.

Wrote Dr. J. C. Duffy, Medical Director: "We do not maintain dental service nor do we provide remedial dental care."

At the bottom of the stationery, in raised letters, was the famed IBM directive, THINK. Little did Thomas Watson dream, when he first coined the motto, that it would be heeded by machines instead of people.

Perhaps the most traditional Xmas gift for children is a set of electric trains. However, a new switch has been added to the Lionel Corporation's advertising campaign.

The theme, provided by child psychologists, holds that today's parents attach great importance to the word "control," as it pertains to a child's physical and mental coordination.

The basic selling idea in ads built around photographs is: "If he controls a Lionel train today—he'll control his life tomorrow."

There is no truth to the rumor that the Lionel Corporation has included high-voltage third rails on their toy tracks in order to add a touch of realism to the self-control concept.

this is not satire th

Background music: Connie Francis singing her rock 'n roll version of *God Bless America*. Ready now? You are about to read an actual two-page ad from the October, 1961 issue of *Salesman's Opportunity* magazine.

It is an ad for fallout shelters—"CD Approved. Fabricated to rigid specifications by the leading steel and concrete financing. Now, you write orders right now!"

There follows a montage of headlines: "K Threatens to Crush U.S. with Mass Nuclear Attack," "Atom Survival Up to Citizen," "CD Urges Building Fallout Shelters," etc.

Then, a heading: "Nobody Is Safe—Prospects Are Everywhere!" And below that a map of the U.S. showing "where the wind would have carried the fallout from the assumed attack on a given day. On another day, the wind could swing in any other direction and turn safe areas on this map into areas of extreme fallout danger. Even on the extreme limits of the drift the fallout remains a menace to life and health for some time."

On the facing page, there are four utterly grotesque illustrations of nuclear war and its victims. "One mighty hydrogen bomb," says the copy, "will suddenly turn a teeming metropolis into a vast, poisonous crater. Amid the outer wreckage will be found tens of thousands of mutilated bodies—too far away to be vaporized, too near to live! This horrible devastation, *now being planned.*"

And then, the big pitch itself:

The Direct Selling Opportunity of This Generation

Fallout Shelters are here to stay, and but very definitely! Fallout Shelters now are and will be into the foreseeable future *a focal point* in the American Way of Life!

You see man's inhumanity to man reaching for its cruellest proportions in terms of our enemies' fanatically warped theory, "The Favorable Civilian Survival Ratio" (*Forbes* magazine 8/15/61); this diabolical formula puts the percentages in *their favor!* If they hit?

They are deluded, of course! Their calculations, which are cockeyed as usual, left out "A vital member of our nation's economy" (Pres. John Kennedy, *Salesman's Opportunity*, 2/61) — the direct salesmen and women of this country; The Enterprising American Mobilized (The TEAM) will rise to this challenge, "as an example of our free enterprise system, they will prove themselves" and quickly with dispatch reverse "The Favorable Civilian Survival Ratio" percentages to where they rightfully belong, The United States of America!

You Got the Message! Naturally, direct salesmen and women, your chosen profession is the only one capable of undertaking the national distribution of Fallout Shelters. This is your deal, made to order for you, lock, stock and barrel.

You never had a deal *pre-sold* like this one! Your Government, starting with the Commander-in-Chief, Our President, is going directly to every citizen of this country with every method, media and means of com-

munication at his disposal, and he has them all; to tell and tell and tell and tell and tell (sell and sell and sell and sell and sell) of the absolute vital need now to prepare for any eventuality which is the *absolute vital need of fallout protection by adequate shelter!*

This very moment you join venture with Uncle Sam's multi-million dollar fallout shelter program! You act!

Pick up the phone: call ten of your customer friends! Tell them now you are in the Fallout Shelter business. Secure a verbal promise from these people that they will not buy a Fallout Shelter until you can get by to see them. They will agree to do this for you when you tell them they can earn many times the purchase price of their own Fallout Shelter by calling ten of their friends and inviting them to be at their home on a specific day or evening at a specific time. Your customer friends are, of course, to be sure to tell their friends also not to buy until they have been apprised by you of what you have to offer! The *best* Fallout Shelter to be had on the market, in steel or concrete at *a price!*

\$10,000 cash and more (bonuses) is what this simple procedure can net you right now. A mean piece of business you say? Your rich uncle is at it again, and this time *he really means business!*

Why stop with *ten* calls? 46,000,000 home owners will be protected by Fallout Shelters! 20,000,000 home owners will purchase Fallout Shelters within the next 12 to 18 months! *Distributors* who sell cookware, silverware, chinaware, household necessities, cosmetics, food and food supplements, vitamins, items for the baby, also all those who sell goods and services—including, most naturally, you insurance people, can double, triple and quadruple \$10,000.

Enroll as many distributors, crew managers, sales managers in the above category as you can because this is pure cream! (Sponsoring bonuses!)

Selling Fallout Shelters positively will not violate any agreement you have with your present affiliation. On the contrary, as you accept and fulfill your Civilian Defense obligation, your country, your firm (a powerful door opener) and last but by no means least *you* will benefit immeasurably.

Now the whipped cream! Fund raising. National Fallout Shelter Sales Corporation's plan will outsell any plan ever devised by anyone, anywhere, ever before—and very probably, ever again!

You enroll organizations to raise money for children's homes, camps, hospitals, burn the mortgage on the church or temple; fraternal organizations, the Moose, Kiwanis, Masons, K of C, etc., and above all Veterans Service Organizations—the sponsoring bonus for which will quickly eliminate your own mortgage, put two new cars in your garage! And plus, yes, you read right, a six-figure account in your name in your bank all before Christmas!

Your rich uncle's nephew invited you! U.S. Sec. of Commerce Luther H. Hodges (*This Week* 6/17/61): "Everubody sell!" Everubody.

Dame Fortune at this very moment is in your lap;
will you put her in your pocket now!

Charlatans, Inc.

by Nathan Masor, M.D.

Medical science is oftentimes powerless in offering discernible relief to those who suffer from certain physical or emotional ailments, a situation that unhappily may contribute to the growth of cultism. Sometimes a word of encouragement, a smile, or even a white lie may be the few remaining therapeutic instruments for relief of suffering in a minority of cases. In such instances, the clergy may perhaps contribute to more beneficial results by administering to the human spirit.

It is quite understandable, therefore, that when conventional orthodox methods of care, with or without spiritual help, are insufficient to ease human suffering, some people will turn in despair to the army of modern voodoo practitioners, gadgeteers, faddists and medical con men for possible relief. What is less understandable is the fact that there is always a large segment of the so-called normal, intelligent population ready and willing to embrace the numerous charlatan methods extant.

Every culture and society since antiquity has witnessed its own brand of cultism as a protest against conventional methods in the healing arts. The shamus, witch doctor, crystal flayer and voodoo practitioner are perhaps more prevalent now than in days of old.

The techniques they use, the dress and double talk may differ in the various cults, but the common ingredient remains the same, namely the attempt on the part of the healer (or whatever name he may call himself) to dispense with natural law in favor of extrasensory perception, which can only be a function of the supernatural. Through such unique powers he believes he may clandestinely arrive at the ultimate truth of either past, present or future events.

In applying his remarkable talents to actual practice, various methods are used depending on the type of cult. Closest to enjoying respectability, through irresponsible references and identification with a deity, are the so-called depth psychologist and the faith healer. With both types, mysticism and unproven anachronisms (with liberal sprinklings of blessings from the Scriptures) are skillfully intermingled to support their own declared points of view.

Thus far, the faith healer has remained relatively free from criticism, due to the immunity of his sacrosanct cloth. Acting alone or in concert with the depth psychologist, the faith healer may promise aid where none is possible, for his is the ultimate knowledge of the laws of the mind and body. For a price he will share his priceless secrets. These secrets may be revealed in "healing clinics," on the pulpit and even intimated over the radio, not to mention bizarre spiritual carnivals sometimes conducted as "seminars on the high seas."

The only requirement for salvation at their hands is faith and money, preferably the latter.

The depth psychologist is not too distantly re-

moved from the crystal gazer, except that he is not a gadgeteer. His tools are intuition, insight and fantasy, which he uses to pry open the secrets that lie hidden in the depths of the psyche. In fact, one of their number has bluntly stated in a recent book that the deliberate use of fantasy is an important means of gaining new empirical knowledge.

Midst the ecstasy of learned ignorance, he then descends, along with the patient, into the lowest "tiers" of the mind by closing his eyes, and entering a dream state. This near trance method allows him to be creative by unearthing facts deeply recessed, he claims, and the emergent dreams (but not the snores —yet) are of value in understanding symptoms.

Although his language is mystical and is borrowed from the quacks of all times and all places, he operates in modern dress and setting and belongs to the new emergent charm school of modern charlatanism, wherein nothing that is said is really understood, yet sounds so captivating.

In reality, the depth psychologist and faith healer are psychological and spiritual voyeurs who rejoice in the nakedness of the human imagination.

It is interesting to note that many purveyors of cultist practices, whether through Yoga, Voodooism, Spiritualism, Depth Psychology, Telepathy, etc., all utilize hypnotism to some degree. This is resorted to not as a form of accepted therapy in common use by medical men who are familiar with its ancillary aid in treatment, but as a sinister modality to remove the obstacles for faith, misplaced though it may be.

A stern authoritarian voice, a darkened room, a monotonous repetition of sounds or voices, a series of colored lights playing upon a fixed object, the use of incense, etc., are some of the ruses of the quack. These are the persuasive props used in heightening suggestibility and reducing any resistance. Charlatans also claim to possess the power to regress an individual to a previous existence in another age—and, with all due compensation, to follow.

Probably the most inherent characteristic of those easily duped is sensitivity of makeup. This quality of emotional lability is charged with all sorts of feelings, both pro and con. The gullible are bored with

About the Writer

Dr. Nathan Masor is a practicing physician and surgeon. He is the author of *The New Psychiatry* (Philosophical Library, New York, 1959) and has contributed a number of scientific articles to such professional publications as the *Journal of Nervous & Mental Disease*, the *New York State Journal of Medicine* and the *Journal of the American Geriatrics Society*. He has lectured at the International Congress for Psychiatry (Zurich) as well as at hospitals, with predominant emphasis on nervous ailments, stressing the biochemical approach.

He received nationwide publicity last year as a result of his study of the relation of age and sex to telling lies, which concluded among other things that although in general the males lied more frequently (about their ages), the lies of the females were bigger.

their occupations, surroundings and associations, and actively crave vicarious outlets for their inner restlessness. Theirs is the constant search for the thrill of experiencing the unknown, the forbidden or the unreachable.

They are impatient and eager to speculate in search of so called truths and secrets, through methods that the pure physical sciences never dare embrace. To some, the thrill of the search is as great as the promise of an ultimate reward. Tales of the spirit world, ghosts, visits from outer space are often accepted with the same degree of validity as are stock market reports in the newspapers.

Such emotional bankruptcy among the gullible is generally completely compatible with otherwise normal mental functioning, so that they do not as a rule stand out as queer.

The cultists well understand this sensitive, restless nature among their victims and will use every psychologic ruse to play upon their hypersensitivity, namely, flattery, reassurance, sympathy, and, wherever necessary, even fear. Thus the gullible are swayed by appeals to emotion because somewhere along the line they have traded mature judgment for misinformed confusion.

Cultists will often claim to have the power to see their clients surrounded in different auras or colors in varying hues, sizes, shapes and intensity. These become telltale signs of the individual's past, present and future lives which they will hasten to interpret.

Some charlatans claim to be able to "tune in on wave lengths" of people, even though they reside at a distance. This unique power makes it most convenient for prospective clients to get a reading, though far removed from the mentalist, wherever travel is impossible.

Inanimate objects belonging to a client may also be sent for a reading by its owner, by virtue of mysterious waves imparted through close association with the owner. To this most pragmatic form of analysis, is given the name of Psychometry.

In any case, the underlying theme of each and every cult is the same, namely the authoritarian power of the high priest to elicit the aid of the supernatural through extrasensory perception, in uncovering the secrets of the body, mind or soul as the individual case may require. Modern dress, the couch, the telephone, tape recorder, etc., are merely 20th century substitutes for the witches' brew, voodoo dances and hex practices.

Numerous variations and gradations of alleged mystical power of cultists exist, depending on the timidity or audacity of the charlatan. When one considers that charlatanism breeds on the taste buds of those impatient people who hunger for quickie or miracle cure, one can understand how fertile is the media of public ignorance.

Enthusiasm for the incredulous may even run amuck in the mind of the genius; even in those who should have been most qualified to denounce cultism. Thus, Dr. Sigmund Freud created an imposing system of infantile sexuality to explain and treat all the tribulations of the disturbed mind.

His influence pervaded not only organized medicine but psychiatry, sociology and anthropology to the extreme, so that it will take many more years to

unshackle the chains of captive medical minds from the intellectual slavery he imposed upon them. Is it any wonder that lay minds, not scientifically oriented, should seek refuge for their difficulties in the darkened alleys of cultism?

Cultists will vigorously defend any slur or allegation that may cast doubt on the legitimacy of their trade or the efficacy of their purported cures. Thoroughly lacking in any degree of conscience, they will studiously sidetrack any discussion that may interfere with the logic of their own brand of gerdemain.

Their writings will utilize time worn clichés—such as "within this frame of reference"—and half truths to impart precise impressions, or background evidence for the rationale of their methods. They are masters of double talk, of meaningless though euphonious words and borrowed phrases from the medical dictionary.

They embrace the scientist as their strange, unwilling bedfellow, and all too often the latter is powerless by law to protest against this type of seduction. At times, the cultists are so fanatical in their makeup and so effective is their social camouflage that an observer may well suspect the charlatan to have effectively hypnotized even himself to a state of belief in his own inordinate powers.

There is little doubt that when this self-delusion occurs, the healer borders closely on the lunatic fringe of his profession and is then doubly dangerous. One must, therefore, not suppose that the haunted house, the witches' brew, visitations from outer space and reincarnation are subjects merely for fireside chats on rainy days, or to serve as fill in discussion whenever television programming is hopelessly dull.

Ghosts dwelling in Long Island homes, witches disguised as beautiful show girls, talking animals who were once people, and inhabitants of other planets posing as automotive mechanics in Pennsylvania are constantly near us, if one would believe these experts of occult practices.

Some time ago, an organization concerned with parapsychology circulated a questionnaire among physicians requesting information concerning any supernatural phenomena their patients may have displayed just prior to death.

In my own particular case histories I did not recall any phenomena not explainable by natural law and bluntly stated so in my reply. Nevertheless, I was further asked to explain certain hallucinatory tendencies of the dying as possibly related to supernaturalism. Here was a bold attempt to enlist and influence the medical profession in occult phenomena. More repugnant was their disregard of the sanctity and the true meaning of dying.

There is yet no defense against these zealous eavesdroppers on human dignity other than the moral obligation to ignore them. Recently I was witness to a séance, wherein any attempt of the client to adhere to the irrational advice of the healer might have resulted in catastrophe. Against my advice, a female patient in her thirties had taken it upon herself to consult a mentalist in search of relief for a painful condition of her fingers, known as Raynaud's Disease.

Previous consultation with medical specialists in vascular diseases had left her passionately disillusioned with the medical profession. She read ex-

haustively articles put out by cultist magazines, which led her to the offices of Parastudy, Inc., in Newark, Delaware.

This organization has selected for its axiom, "The Invisible Bond is the Strongest." Its brochure lists its primary interests: "Extrasensory perception, philosophy, comparative religions, science and scientific theories, psychology and parapsychology, the occult, flying saucers, metaphysics, brotherhood, psychic phenomena, reincarnation and hypnosis."

I accompanied her on this trip, not merely as an observer of sorcery practice, but as a preventive measure against harm.

The cultist for Parastudy, Inc., a female, answered all the requirements of a biblical, medieval and modern Alladin. Among her publicized accomplishments were her alleged abilities while in a trance to "predict accurately newspaper headlines a week hence, describe the contents of sealed boxes to the owners of articles whom she didn't know specific things about themselves, their homes, etc."

She also was able to hypnotize herself to previous existences in Persia in 1200 A.D., and again to Vienna in the middle 1820s. While in her hypnotic trance she could converse fluently in the German language and play the piano, neither being possible while conscious. She could also read X-rays accurately while in hypnotic state, even though the plates may have been far removed. These powers were only a part of the wonders in the magic garb bag of the sorceress we visited.

The library was replete with books on mysticism and magic, supernaturalism and the like. A long table contained recently published periodicals on the healing powers of the mentalist, the parapsychologist, on religious mysticism, on journeys to distant planets and the like. Articles on wave transmission from person to person, and from person to objects, similarly were evident.

This mentalist had the attributes of a Yogi, swami, witch doctor and telepathist all rolled into one. She told me she was indeed proud of her powers, attested to by one of the finest Jungian depth psychologists of New York.

She then proceeded (for a fee of \$25 from her patient, henceforth referred to as the "body") to



attempt a "reading of the body" for the purpose of diagnosis and suggestion for treatment. She refused to offer proof (as she had promised she would on the phone) of her unique powers, such as relating to me the contents of a letter in my pocket. Her husband explained that "we are unwilling to offer proof of our scientific prowess because we have already done so hundreds of times."

The female mentalist, on a hocus-pocus type command by her husband to the effect that her soul may now leave her body, then proceeded to lie supine on the couch. She soon began jerking various muscles of her body spasmodically, a preliminary to entering her trance state. Meanwhile the odor of incense began to permeate the air. During this state she is supposed to be oblivious to all outside impressions save the verbal questioning of her husband seated at the head of the couch. It is he who relays the questions from the "body" to the mentalist for a reading.

It took approximately 15 minutes for the cultist to enter the state of "samadhi" invented by Yoga to mean her trance. During this interval I asked the assistant in the room whether he had ever gone through a similar reading. He replied that he had undergone two readings, once for treatment of an emotional disorder and another time for a reading of his future. (He briefly recounted his experiences with such satisfaction that I am sure he drooled several times in the process.)

The reading took about 30 minutes, and words were used that to my knowledge have not as yet found their way into standard dictionaries. Medical terms too were tossed about with reckless abandon. The only concrete gems of wisdom I could detect were (1) that the "body" was severely anemic, so much so that her white cells outnumbered the red and needed correction, and (2) that the remedy for the "body" resided in her exercising, especially by massage of her finger tips.

With regard to the first suggestion of anemia, a subsequent examination the following day proved her blood count to be perfectly normal. Apropos of the suggestion of finger massage, the pain fortunately made it impossible for the client to follow the mentalist's suggestion.

It took 15 minutes for the cultist to unwind from her state of "samadhi" on signal from her husband, but less than a minute for the "body" and I to draw a hasty retreat to the waiting automobile outside.

If the patient was confused in her judgment prior to this séance, she was utterly confounded during the return trip home. She was intelligent enough to recognize the unorthodox methods of approach of her problem. However, hope springs eternal in the human breast, and more strikingly so with the gullible. Just as there are good and bad physicians, she explained, there must also exist *bona fide* as well as fake mentalists. Her search for the supernatural, therefore, continues as it does with many thousands of misinformed people.

As the charlatan leads his blind patient over an obstacle course of ignorance, there is not even the sound of friendly voices to lead the way back to safety—unless society sees fit to recognize this menace to human health and dignity through effective legislation against it.

Modest Proposal No. 3

A Plan for Surrender

A request for funds was made to Congress recently to implement a study on how to go about a "possible surrender" of the United States to a foreign power.

Journalistic war horses immediately began to whinny and snort. The Hearst papers plated forty columns of vehemence and called in their Sports Cartoonists to lend a little extra color to the editorial page. (When you want to get across the idea to *Journal-American* readers that *Uncle Sam is no Quitter!*—it has to be done with a view from the bleachers.)

Congressmen went all out in a revel of true bipartisan indignation, and those Washington columnists who are largely syndicated in rural areas began dusting off such phrases as "irresponsible boondoggling" and "budgetary frills."

Since this dangerous idea has not gone beyond the proposal stage, no attempt has been made to blame and prosecute anybody and the project has been quietly dropped. It is distressing to think that we must abandon this serious investigation into the mechanics and protocol of a surrender. It is an adventurous and imaginative idea and quite in accord with any long view of history.

Therefore, in the interests of patriotism, history, and greater economy in government, the following Surrender Plan is offered, absolutely without cost, to the War Plans Division of the Department of Defense.

First there is the semantic problem: that word *surrender*. Like *masturbation* and *whiskey priest* it has to disappear from public utterance, and something quiet and eloquent must take its place. We suggest the word *adjustment*. Americans, as is well known, are constantly adjusting themselves to everything from environment to posture chairs—and besides, the word *adjustment* has comfortable chiropractic overtones. With our big, rich nation suddenly forced to throw in the sponge, it becomes a matter of "now or never" with that old backbone!

The "adjustment" ceremony and proceedings should be in good taste, even if it no longer is expected of us. We must maintain a Jeffersonian simplicity at all costs and see to it that it evolves as a strictly *civilian* affair. Everybody on our side will show up in slacks and sports shirts. (No ties.) We'll work to achieve that relaxed, back-yard-cook-out kind of informality that's never failed to win us friends. If we play our cards right, this can be the first surrender between two major powers to be conducted on a "first name basis."

Location of the Adjustment Meeting is very important. It should not only offer all possible amenities, but it also ought to be spacious enough to house a provisional U.S. Government once the ceremonies are over. White Sulphur Springs would be ideal. The supply of good Bourbon is ample, and the location is remote enough to establish the validity of an Administration which, due to the new imperatives, would be much less accountable to popular will than any previous ones.

A sword is usually offered up to the successful op-

ponent as a part of the ritual of surrender. In this case, an Honor Scout might give up his six-blade "official" knife on behalf of the United States of America. Show us the Field Marshal with kids of his own who would ever dream of keeping that knife. His impulsive return of the six-blader to the big-eyed boy scout would do more for reconciliation among nations than a mass repatriation of enemy-held prisoners.

As for the activation of the ceremony itself, a Joint Staging Committee from the major television networks would put through a crash program to "showcase" the event, complete with background choral group, ballet, and an augmented symphony orchestra. The actual event must be timed so that television coverage will reach the entire country at once, regardless of time-lapse: for, a repeat performance for the West Coast might well cause an exasperated enemy delegation to impose more stringent terms on the second go-round.

The production and artistic staff of the TV Spectacular—entitled *Make The Best Of It, U.S.A.!*—would be wise to forego the usual list of credits. Identification with this show is bound, in years to come, to land them in the files of some future equivalent of the Attorney General's List.

Practical thinking would of course present the entire event on a closed-circuit pay-TV basis with the proceeds contributed as a first installment on our War Reparations Bill.

The choice of suitable delegates to the Adjustment Meeting will be a delicate matter. They must be persons of real stature totally divorced from politics—persons who could later on survive the taint and stink of having been in on the "give up!" Figures identified with Sports but not necessarily athletes, like Dan Topping; men identified with the entertainment world but not necessarily actors, like Jerry Geisler; champions of religion without official clerical status, like Godfrey P. Schmidt. In short, *Celebrity*—as truly representing the New American Virtue—should confront (and perhaps even dazzle) our opponents across the green baize-covered table.

In any event, if our America is brought to this melancholy pass, we can always draw upon our cultural heritage for strength and wisdom, remembering that it is really *we* who are the good guys, cheerful even when the ammo runs out, and having faith that forever and ever, just over the rim of the hill, some epic troop of cavalry is waiting for the cue so we can say at the end, "Golly, fellows, we thought you'd never get here!"

—J.F.P.

The Organization Beer

Each month, we send copies of the Realist to the persons and organizations criticized and satirized, just so we won't feel as if we're talking behind anybody's back. In issue #3 J. Edgar Hoover was called a "Master of Deceit." So naturally we sent him a copy. A few days later, a man was assigned to find out all he could about the Realist and its personnel. But he wasn't from the FBI.

Rather, the 'investigator' was from Foote, Cone & Belding, an advertising agency. It seems that one of their accounts is Liebmann Breweries, Inc. The client wanted to know who was behind the article, "Monologue by a Miss Rheingold Loser."