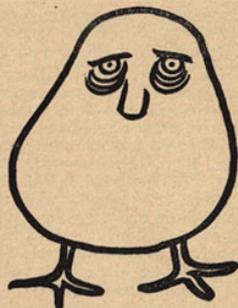


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



No. 35

35 Cents

the magazine of
criminal negligence

*... beginning our fifth year
of publication ... Special
Offensive Issue ... featuring
"An Impolite Interview with
an Abortionist" ... Lenny Bruce
on "The Great Hotel Robbery"
... William Worthy on "Mass
Media Irresponsibility" ...
a report on what happened
when this little magazine
rattled a possible skeleton
in President Kennedy's closet
... a plan for a Humanist
Social Work Organization
... a new game—"Who Would
You Kick Out of Bed?" ...
futile fun with farmers,
Adolf Eichmann, God and
"The Realmate of the Month"*

**THE
U.S. SAILORS
RENDERED
IMPOTENT
BY A 6 MONTHS
CRUISE ON A
NUCLEAR SUB
COLORING BOOK**

*... and some Realist
Coloring Books for
Colorless People Who
Have Lost Their
Crayons, bla bla bla ...*

editorial type stuff

... and God Bless the Supreme Court

The *Realist's* editorial position on the Supreme Court's controversial prayer decision is so obvious I'm not even going to bother taking it. However, in all the fuss, not a single publication in the entire country saw fit to get a statement from the one party most involved in the dispute—God. The *Realist* is pleased to correct this historical omission with the following:

"Well, if you really want to know the truth—but don't believe that nonsense about it making you free—I'm more than a little embarrassed over all this sycophancy. Even the *Wall Street Journal*, for Christ's sake—oops, excuse Me. I don't know what stand the New York *Herald Tribune* took; somebody must've cancelled My subscription. And Colonel Glenn in the *Reader's Digest*—why the hell doesn't he get off My back? Of course, I must admit I've been getting a bad press too, lately. Indirectly, I mean. Who's this Dr. Rynearson to pass the buck to Me at that AMA symposium on professional ethics—can you imagine that? This crazy doc ups and says that I should 'take over' incurable cancer cases. He says, 'I'm not trying to play God. It's the others who would prolong the inevitable who are playing God.' That's a pretty heavy responsibility for Me to bear, you know. It's bad enough all those legal contracts have to include their 'Act of God' clauses. You think I like being blamed for everything? And now there's this big mess with all those deformed babies—and how about that character in England who wants Parliament to legalize euthanasia for them?—then the *Daily Sketch* goes and writes an editorial directed at him, and they tell him, 'You're not God.' So now it's My decision. Hmmmph! Next thing you know, they'll be saying I had it in My power to prevent all those

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personal tragedies. That's no good. Develops all kinds of unconscious hostilities. I tell you, it's no cinch being God. I didn't ask for the job. Listen, all I want to do is mind My own business and maybe watch Telstar once in a while. As for this whole public school prayer business, I will agree that it's extremely important for kids to grow up acknowledging their dependence on Me, because it has such an important influence on their behavior. And if you don't think it gave Me a warm feeling inside when whatzisname, Adolf Eichmann, said, 'I have lived believing in God and I die believing in God'—then you don't understand the first thing about religion."

I Like Eich (Continued)

Did you notice how all the Caryl Chessman fans finked out on Adolf Eichmann?

And the only reason that a lot of people were *against* the execution of Eichmann had nothing to do with any principle such as being opposed to capital punishment, say. Rather, it was only because, they said, "Killing him once isn't enough, you gotta hang 'im six million times!"

Or take Martin Buber, the historian-philosopher—whose wife calls him Bubie, by the way—he said that killing Eichman wouldn't be good enough, it would never compensate for what he did; what we should do is let him live and show him how Israel is growing.

I think that's kind of humane. Lock him up so as to be sure he doesn't do it again, and then in ten years: "Time for your tour, Mr. Eichmann." And they come with the Cadillac—or, better still, the Volkswagen—and they drive him around Israel. "Yeah, he says, 'it's growing. . . I'm glad you didn't kill me. . . I wanna ask you something—you won't tell anybody?—I'd like to buy a tree.'"

The hypocrisy over capital punishment was somewhat exceeded by the hypocrisy over boxing. Actually, Benny Paret was the *seventh* man to die from prize-fighting this year, but he got better publicity than the others.

There was a great deal of let's-abolish-the-sport shouting then. Suppose boxing were outlawed? Would that mean boxeasies would begin to sprout up around the nation? After all, people do have their needs. But those needs don't necessarily have to be gratified through one and only one outlet. The following is an ad which appeared in the *Long Island Daily Press*:

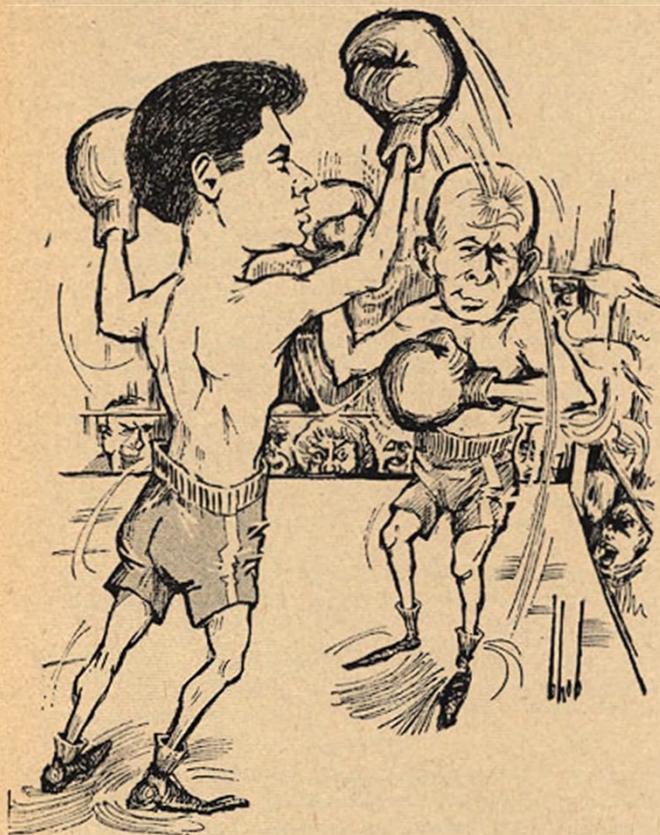
Scared to Death?

"Certainly, I'm scared to death," says Gene Gache. "But I have the guts to go through with it and I could use the \$500. I'll wreck every car I can and I plan to demolish any car that drives within striking distance. I'm driving a 1954 Pontiac and figure I have as good a chance as the rest."

Over 100 cars and drivers will compete in the wild-



"Thanks . . ."



est, most unusual show ever witnessed. There will be four 25-car demolitions. Almost anything goes and the cars and drivers will crash, smash and wreck each other, until only one car is running in each group.

The 4 winners and the driver who puts on the best show in each of the 4 demolitions will be supplied with 8 fresh cars—and no holds barred! The last man running will receive \$500 CASH. The other 7 will receive \$50 CASH each.

How would you feel if you were to drive head on into other cars and be hit from all directions under speed?—Scared to Death!!!

Islip Speedway, Islip, N. Y.
Wed. Night Aug. 1, 8:30 P.M.
In Case of Rain—Following Nite
Adults \$2.00 Kids 50c

Now there is Sonny Nunez, who died as a result of his first fight—in Phoenix, Arizona, where this foolish Mrs. Finkbine has been parading her problem. If she wants to get a legal abortion so badly, why doesn't she just sign up in the featherweight class . . . one good punch in her solar plexus ought to do the trick.

As a matter of fact, therein lies a wonderful commercial possibility of combining the need to punish with the need for violence. Put every condemned-to-

The Credo of a Liberal

I do not blush in shocked surprise
When Adlai Stevenson tells lies.
His word is still as good as gold;
He has to do as he is told.
Of course, when Eichmann made that claim,
My only answer was: "For shame!"

—Felix Munso

Tropic of Schizophrenia

In June, 1961, Donovan Bess reviewed Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "Is it," he asked, "worth the fuss?" He answered his own question with an assertion that *Tropic* "has none of the artistic unity that, through hard work and high talent, created works such as *The Old Man and the Sea*, a novel that will arouse and inspire readers for generations after Miller's death." He concluded: "It does not merit the inches of newsprint spent on it here. It gets the space because it is like a shady lady who has just moved into Main Street. The neighbors are talking."

In June, 1962, Donovan Bess speaks with high praise of *Tropic of Cancer* in the longest article *Evergreen Review* has ever published.

death convict into the boxing ring with some superior prizefighter. This could even have been done with Eichmann. What poetic justice it would've been to match him up with a virile American Jew. Eddie Fisher—the perfect choice—he had all that pent-up aggression to displace anyway, in a fight to the finish.

Of Pigs and Prudes

When a Soviet Embassy official in Tokyo noticed a certain resemblance between the pig in a *Pogo* strip and Nikita Khrushchev, a representative of the *Asahi Evening News* (actual translation: the *Morning Evening News*); he in turn brought the matter to the paper's board of directors, which decided "to discontinue use of the pig while the resemblance exists," adding that the Japanese are very sensitive about the Emperor, will not condone his being lampooned and feel the same way about other heads of state.

Several Canadian papers suspended *Pogo* temporarily, and the *Vancouver Sun* cancelled it entirely, claiming that the strips were in "bad taste." Angry readers clipped the *Sun's* front page, which showed disrobing Doukhover ladies protesting a political measure. The women of Western Canada were reverting to their traditional means of protest in the midst of an election campaign. The clips were sent to artist Walt Kelly, and he was asked which—the ladies or the pig—was in worse taste.

Kelly's comment: "Except that I do not think pigs are intentionally nude and never in bad taste, I have no comment." He is wrong on both counts.

In the first place, there is a Society for Indecency to Naked Animals. That is to say, they're *against* it. SINA is dedicated to putting clothes on all "animals that are higher than 4 inches or longer than 6 inches": dogs and cats, race horses, zoo animals—"When parents take their children to a zoo," contends a SINA spokesman, "they might just as well take them to a burlesque theatre"—mules, sheep, cows—"I'd hate to estimate," continues the spokesman, "how many auto accidents are caused by drivers whose attention was distracted by a naked cow or horse grazing in a meadow by the side of the road."

Animals—pigs included—are *indeed* "intentionally nude," then, judging by SINA's assertion that, when it comes to dressing them, "they might fight it a little at first . . . but they always come around to our way of thinking and end up much more well-adjusted than they were to start with."

In the second place, pigs are *definitely* "in bad

taste" in Israel; on July 23rd, that theocracy's parliament ruled pig-raising unlawful by a vote of 42 to 15. Israeli law now prohibits "raising, keeping or slaughtering swine" except in Nazareth and six other localities in Galilee, where a large proportion of the population is Christian. Elsewhere, pig farmers are being given one year to dispose of their animals. Anyone caught raising pigs thereafter, except for scientific or zoo-display purposes, is liable to a fine of \$333; the renting of premises for a pig sty is punishable by a fine of \$167.

If Billie Sol Estes is really smart, he'll follow the lead of Robert Soblen by converting to Judaism so that he can flee to Israel and seek asylum as a Jewish criminal. He could start right out in business there—renting premises to pig farmers who would then proceed to not use their property for pig sties in order to not raise pigs with maximum integrity. He could become the king of kosher parity.

You Gotta Him 'Em Where It Hurts

I was invited to join a picket line protesting the trial of Milovan Djilas. Instead, I went to a party, partly because I'm a victim of infectious inertia, and partly because I'm becoming increasingly ambivalent about the pragmatic value of certain varieties of protest.

Take the case of Don Martin. He saw in Polaris submarines the means by which the destructive capability of nuclear missiles could only be more efficiently and more quickly unleashed. So he swam out to where the *Ethan Allen* was being launched into its awesome voyage, in order to approach the military personnel and appeal to them not to carry out their intended plans.

No admiral responded, "By God, you're right," and called out to his crew, "Cut the engines!"

Not only did Don Martin fail in his attempt; he was also arrested. For his act of civil disobedience, he is now in his second year of a jail sentence that may last as long as six years. My editorial heart goes out to him—little comfort though that be—but my editorial mind says that maybe this isn't quite the way to get things accomplished.

Nor might peace walks be the answer. Did you know that there is a slight split in the pacifist movement now over the "celibacy oath"? . . . as if the absence of scandal is going to swell their ranks . . . and so what if they swell their ranks? It's not enough.

Communist infiltration has also been rearing its ugly head, and consequently the peace movement is weakened by association. If Party members really want to aid the cause, they should just screen *themselves* out:

"Comrade, what have you done for peace today?"

"Well, I didn't join SANE, and I didn't join the War Resisters League, and I'm seriously considering not joining the Student Peace Union, although I may be too old not to join that—but I know somebody on the executive committee who's promised to put in a bad word for me."

Last month in Philadelphia everybody *wasn't* reading *The Bulletin*.

Out of its 720,000-or-so subscribers, an estimated 25,000-to-50,000 had cancelled their subs. Virtually all Negroes, they were exercising their "non-buying power" in a campaign of "selective patronage"—a delicious

euphemism for boycott—of Philadelphia's largest employers, in an effort to get them to hire qualified Negroes for prestige as well as menial jobs.

They went from the banking industry to soft drinks to Sun Oil—the switchboards were jammed with contract cancellations—and they were effective.

On a Sunday morning, 400 cooperating ministers urged their congregations to stop buying *The Bulletin*. There was hardly any publicity, except that, according to the *New Republic*, "a local radio-TV station began broadcasting—over the violent protests of *The Bulletin*, including a threat to sue—news of the selective patronage program."

What the *New Republic* didn't mention was that the radio-TV station is owned by the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, a staunch competitor of *The Bulletin*.

"Our aim," explained one minister, "isn't to wreck a business. We simply want to prove that it no longer pays to discriminate against us." The program is spreading to New York this month, as well as Philadelphia. The target: Sealtest Foods, Negroes and Puerto Ricans will be working together—a step forward in itself, in view of the fact that in the South, there are now lavatories for Whites, Colored, and Puerto Ricans.

Publicity will probably be sparse. One Negro leader even warned: "Don't count on the Negro and Puerto Rican press—they take ads, too."

One of the largest drug firms in the U.S., Johnson & Johnson, recently withdrew its advertisements for contraceptives from *Family Circle* and *Prescription Health* magazines because of a threatened boycott spearheaded by the Jesuit magazine *America*.

There is, however, a sharp distinction between the ethics of a boycott the purpose of which is to narrow the marketplace of conflicting moralities, and the ethics of a boycott the purpose of which is to widen the possibilities of human dignity.

"To be a Negro," wrote Murray Kempton last month, "is almost always to occupy a station beneath your attainments. There were far more high school graduates among the Negro hospital strikers than among the white ones."

The N. Y. Selective Patronage Coordinating Committee (318 E. 4th St., N. Y. 9; UN 6-2000) is sponsoring a form of protest, then, that bears the seeds of its own fulfillment.

I am bored silly with anti-war propaganda. Let the Committee for Non-Violent Action and all the other similar groups use their mailing lists for something that is going to get *results*.

I don't know if I'm suggesting a boycott—and, if a boycott, a boycott of *what*?—all I know is that the time has come for the peaceniks to stop functioning in a vacuum.

There *must* be more to a peace rally than just a cheap date.

Case History of the Kennedy Caper

I had been hearing many amusing rumors about President John F. Kennedy—ranging from the story of a Newport socialite who illegitimately bore twin sons by him, to the story of a blonde showgirl who landed in a helicopter on the White House lawn.

When I heard a rumor that JFK had been married

once before, I discounted it with all the others. But then a reader tipped me off to a genealogy which listed the alleged previous marriage.

I decided to check it out. This is routine procedure. For instance, when a reader tipped me off that "The editors of *Aviation Week* and a number of other technical editors at McGraw-Hill always fly 'non-jet' to their frequent out-of-town meetings; they consider the Boeing 707 aerodynamically unsound," I wrote to *Aviation Week and Space Technology* for comment, and received the following reply from William H. Gregory, managing editor:

I cannot speak for other McGraw-Hill editors, but as far as AVIATION WEEK is concerned we have no compunction about flying the Boeing 707. Jet service is not always available to places that we visit, but there is certainly no effort to avoid any particular type of aircraft.

That was as far as I could go with that one.

Upon checking out the genealogy (*The Blauvelt Family Genealogy*, published in 1957), I discovered the following listing on page 884, under *Eleventh Generation*:

(12,427 DURIE (Kerr) MALCOLM (Isabel O. Cooper [her mother] 11,304). We have no birth date. She was born Kerr, but took the name of her stepfather. She first married Firmin Desloge, IV. They were divorced. Durie then married F. John Bersbach. They were divorced, and she married, third, John F. Kennedy, son of Joseph P. Kennedy, one time Ambassador to England. There were no children of the second or third marriages.

Then came the decision: to publish or not to publish?

I decided in the affirmative. The *Realist*, I explained (issue #32), "is a form of very personal journalism—everything in it is something we want to share with our readers—something we would say in a living room or write in a letter, tempered only by professional and public responsibility."

By public responsibility, I meant that if I had come upon the genealogy during the heat of an election campaign, I would not have published anything then because it might have unjustly influenced the outcome of the vote.

By professional responsibility, I meant that I had to check also with the parties involved.

First, I would call John F. Kennedy.

I asked the operator for the White House.

She said, "Where is that, sir?" I suppose she thought it was either a neighborhood florist or a Greenwich Village bar.

"That's in Washington, D. C.," I said.

"Do you have the number?"

"No, but I'm sure they're listed."

They were listed. The operator placed the call. A voice at the other end of the line said, "The White House."

"May I speak to President Kennedy, please?"

"Who's calling the President?"

All of a sudden, I forgot whether I was Holden Caulfield or Richard Burton.

"Uh—Paul Krassner of the *Realist* magazine in New York City."

"The President is in conference right now."

Implying that if he *weren't* in conference, he would speak to me. Or would she then say, "The President just stepped out of the office for a moment." Or, "Jack has gone to the john." No, that couldn't be—presidents

never go to the *john*—everybody knows that. Besides, they don't *have* any johns in the White House. At least, Jackie didn't show them off on her televised tour.

I then asked to speak to Pierre Salinger, the White House Press Secretary.

"I'm sorry, he's tied up right now."

I then asked for Salinger's assistant, Andrew Hatcher.

"Mr. Hatcher isn't here right now. Is there anybody else who could help you?"

I finally had to settle for a young lady who shall remain nameless.

I asked about the genealogy.

"Well, it's completely untrue."

"Could you elaborate on that at all?"

"You want a real statement, don't you?"

"I suppose so."

"Hold on, all right?"

Somehow I was conditioned to expect a commercial at this point.

She returned to the phone and said: "This is not for publication, but for guidance. There are three mistakes in that. One is that she never was married to the President; the second is that they have the two husbands in the wrong order; and the third is that since 1947 she's been married to a Mr. Thomas Shevlin. She's been living in Palm Beach and Long Island."

"Is there a reason that it's not for publication? Because, you know, the rumor has been going around terribly—it's the most frequently-asked question at the *Daily News* Information Bureau—"

"You just can't say 'Mr. Salinger said,' or you can't say 'The White House said,' either—but you can go on and quote what I just gave you. You could say 'A reliable source said.'"

I saw no reason to accept her self-evaluation of reliability, so I wrote instead: "The truth of what would seem to be documentary evidence is officially denied . . ."—and I proceeded to quote the statement.

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

Goldwater sent me the following letter, with a carbon copy going to Pierre Salinger:

In your issue carrying the number 32 you infer that I have been "systematically spreading" the rumor that President Kennedy has been previously married. This, Sir, is a damned lie. I have never seen the book you refer to and have made it a point not even to respond to correspondence sent to me on this subject.

This was not the first time that Goldwater had "made it a point not even to respond to correspondence . . ." In the early '50s, he asserted on the Senate floor that more than 95% of all comic book publishers were Communists. Lyle Stuart of *The Independent* wrote and asked Goldwater for the names of these Communist comic book publishers. No answer. Stuart tried again. More silence.

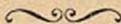
At any rate, I checked with my Washington-correspondent source, whereupon I sent the following response to Senator Goldwater:

Thank you for your note of May 24th. Unfortunately, what should have read "supporters of Barry Goldwater have

been systematically spreading the rumor" came out "Barry Goldwater has been . . ." For this, I apologize to you personally, and will do so publicly in a forthcoming issue of the *Realist*. A copy of this note is being sent to Pierre Salinger at the White House.

Whether or not Goldwater has ever actually *seen* the genealogy is just plain technical hair-splitting. When I asked his press secretary, Tony Smith, about it, he replied, "Oh, I've heard about the genealogy—everyone knows that."

And Goldwater himself told someone at a cocktail party that he believes the Democrats are behind the spreading of the rumor in order to discredit the Republicans.



The JFK item had been researched for many months by publications across the country and abroad. When word got out that the *Realist* was going to publish it, we were contacted by the following (only a partial list).

New York dailies: the *Times*, the *Herald-Tribune*, the *Post*, the *World-Telegram & Sun*, the *Journal-American*. National magazines: *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Life*, *American Legion*. Wire services: Reuters, NANA. Foreign newspapers: *Daily Express* (London), *Messaggero* (Rome), *Corriere della Sera* (Milan). Miscellaneous: CBS News, American Heritage, Fulton Lewis Jr.

The contacts ranged from the N.Y. *Times* merely sending a man over to our office to make sure that the issue had gotten into the mails and onto the newsstands, to *Newsweek* sending over an editor and his assistant to interview me for 2½ hours.

One *Newsweek* researcher had said to me: "We've been waiting for somebody to break this story." When I asked her why they didn't, the answer was one word: "Fear." A *Time* researcher said to me: "If anybody picks up this story from the *Realist*, then *Time* will jump in with both feet." It was no accident that this particular issue of the *Realist* was called "the magazine of weightlessness."

Durie Malcolm was wed to Thomas Shevlin on July 11, 1947. On their certificate of marriage, where it calls for the number of times previously married, she said *one*, and listed Firmin Desloge.

Only the fact that every periodical has been unable to come up with a record of her alleged marriage to Kennedy—or a record of annulment or divorce—has held them back from publishing anything.

With a few exceptions:

- Walter Winchell—who has recently been feuding with the President in a flurry of paranoid senility—apparently referred to the *Realist* when he wrote that a "private newsletter" with "a downtown NYC address" published the JFK item as "fact," thereby giving Winchell a convenient opportunity to deny the truth of the thing with his usual wrongeous indignation.

- *The Thunderbolt*—a jimcrow, anti-Semitic hate-sheet published by the National States Rights Party in Alabama—had a banner headline, "Kennedy's Divorce Exposed!" And then they asked the burning question: "Were Blauvelts Jewish?"

- *American Capsule News* ("We Call a Spade By Its Right Name")—whose editor is a proud member of the John Birch Society—blames Rockefeller for "holding the lid down" on the story—until 1964.

- The *Jacksonville Chronicle*—a rightwing-oriented weekly—quoted the rumor about a "disappearing issue" of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

- In Baton Rouge, on a live "sound-off" radio program, a lady listener said the President was married more than once; Pierre Salinger called the station to refute the claim; UPI picked up on it; the *Houston Press* ran the story.

Inasmuch as the *Realist* was the first publication to print the JFK item, reactions were mixed.

Some thought it was just another *Realist* hoax. Other hoaxes, though, have always been clearly identified as such.

Others thought it was a courageous thing to do. It wasn't, really. Courage is a much-misused term these days. A man hunches up in a space capsule and is orbited around the earth and we call him courageous as he plunges into celebrityhood. What would take *real* courage would be for an astronaut to *change his mind* about making a scheduled space flight.

A third reaction was that such an item didn't belong in the *Realist*. I think I should mention that I have never given a good sweet damn whether or not President Kennedy was ever married before. I simply felt, especially in view of the snowballing rumor, that the story *behind* the rumor—the genealogy and the denial—constituted a valid news story, and nobody else was printing it.

Drew Pearson was ready to run it a year-and-a-half ago; instead, his assistant, Jack Anderson, sent a confidential memo to all editors who run the column. But, he told me, "I thought it might be wise for the White House to acknowledge the rumor and to squelch it at this point."

So, if anything, I've done the President a service.

However, I've been informed that Kennedy was very annoyed by the *Realist* story. One reporter asked me if he had called me about it yet. I said no. "What will you do," he asked, "if he does call you?"

"I don't know. I guess I'll accept it—as long as he doesn't call collect."

Ah Sordid Announcements

- We have finally christened our cover mascot. Namely, Saint Realist. Plastic models, attached by springs to a flat base, are being manufactured exclusively for the *Realist* by Zinn Originals. Saint Realist is an ideal accessory for the dashboard of automobiles whose owners have lost faith in Saint Christopher; it's also a dandy desk ornament. Cost: \$1.

- I will be emceeding a jazz concert on an as yet undated Monday night in September at the Village Gate—a benefit for the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants (see issue #32). For information, send a postcard to CAMD, 168 W. 23 St., N.Y. 11; or phone CH3-8245.

A Matter of Taste

I'm writing this on Saturday night, July 28th, at 1:30 A.M., having just returned from the movies. It was a choice between seeing one of my favorite films again—*Aren't We Wonderful?*—or one I had missed—*Never on Sunday*. I went to the latter, and I sat there and laughed and cried, and also decided that I'd kick Elizabeth Taylor out of bed for Melina Mercouri without the slightest hesitation.

Melina plays a happy whore in *Never on Sunday*; Liz has always been moral enough to marry all her clients, but she's still miserable.

There's a game in this issue called "Who Would You Kick Out of Bed?" Sally Baldwin wrote it. I had wanted her to include certain choices—such as, for example: Jackie Kennedy or Durie Malcolm?—but it was Sally's article and she thought my suggestions were tasteless.

The biggest thing I've learned in four years of editing the *Realist* is the utter subjectivity of reaction to each and every item in its pages. There are absolutely no absolute standards of taste. Some of the things we've printed—the impolite interview with Dr. Albert Ellis; cartoons by Interlandi, Jaf and Shoemaker; medical reports on fracture of the penis and the caloric content of semen; John Francis Putnam's "New Wives' Tales"; Lenny Bruce's free association on the contraceptive industry—are like pure projective tests, revealing only the bias of the beholder.

Recently I was with some friends who were discussing the fact that *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* is going to be a TV series. We speculated as to who might sponsor it. One girl suggested Ivory Soap. This I found funny. On the other hand, there is a real ad in *The Stormtrooper*, official publication of the American Nazi Party, for Anne Frank Soap Wrappers ("Put it on regular cakes and delight your friends"). This I found unfunny.

The difference in reactions was determined instinctively by my subjective awareness of the attitudes of the sources. So, then—and this will undoubtedly shock some people—there are things I find in bad taste:

- An ad shows a drug addict going through contortions. The accompanying text reads, "Withdrawal Symptoms? Bank at. . ."
- When Ernie Kovacs dies in an auto crash, a wire service finds it necessary to go out and get statements on the accident from all Ernie's friends and loved ones.
- The proprietor of an employment agency gives Plaid Stamps with each Negro domestic worker hired through his agency.
- Ultra-modern buildings are constructed without a

A Navel Travels On Its Reputation

Film director David Swift complained in Hollywood this month—having just returned from shooting "The Grand Duke and Mr. Pimm" in France—that he had to rent 500 American bathing suits rather than photograph 500 girls on the Riviera in bikinis, because the Production Code Administration prohibits the showing of bellybuttons.

Section VII of the Code, headed Costumes, states: "Nudity can never be permitted as being necessary for the plot. Semi-nudity must not result in undue or indecent exposures." Code Administrator Geoffrey Shurlock had advised Swift in a letter, before approving the script, that he could not show a woman's navel on the screen—and the fact that 500 were to be exposed was all the more reason for objection.

Said Swift, referring to the French: ". . . the people I was working with thought I was crazy, some kind of a sex nut."

An Army Travels On Its Armpits

A cartoon in the August issue of "Cartoons and Gags" magazine depicts two servicemen looking into a barracks window where a third man can be seen using an underarm spray deodorant. The caption: "Get that man's name, Sergeant. He's officer material."

If anything, the cartoon is an understatement. In Washington, D. C., the Council on Human Relations has issued a booklet titled "Handbook for Careerists" which advises boys to see that "unwanted hair is removed from under the arms."

thirteenth floor as a tribute to our spiritual heritage.

- In Ulster County, N. Y., 83 buildings are designated Emergency Fallout Shelters and stocked with food, water and medicine for 12,000 persons.
- It costs a nickel to go to the john in most subway stations.
- United Artists arranges for disc jockeys to be locked up in jail cells built in theatre lobbies to promote the movie and record, *Birdman of Alcatraz*.
- The August 4th issue of the *National Enquirer* headlines its front page, "Exclusive—First Photos—5,000 Babies Born With 'Seal Flippers.'" On the inside, it's explained, "They Were Poisoned in the Womb by Tranquilizers the Makers Swore Were Safe." The pictures of deformed babies — heartbreaking, helpless little freaks—are rendered totally obscene by the addition of black squares in order to censor out their genitals. For readers of the weekly *Enquirer* whose appetites have been whetted by those photos, there is this ad on page 6:

Atrocity Photos!

Gruesome but historic. Thirty 6x6 size photos of Nazi atrocities in France, two dollars; combined set six 5x7 of Belsen Horrors and six post card size of Dachau all for \$1.50; Nine 4x5 remains of Mussolini, girl friend, etc., for a dollar; twenty 4x5 Chinese beheadings, two dollars. . . .

That ad, and the *National Enquirer* in which it appears, are but the logical extension of our daily journalism fare. An editor spoke out about this in the June bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. He wrote:

"A bugaboo of mine has to do with the printing of pictures which serve no earthly use other than to capitalize on someone's grief. I can understand the printing of an auto accident picture as an object lesson. What I can't understand is the printing of pictures of sobbing wives, mothers, children.

"The accident to the [circus trapeze family] Walendas, yes; that's a newsworthy picture. But the scenes at the coffin, I think, are a terrible invasion of privacy. It goes to the heart of an entire problem wherein I don't think the press can be very proud. What is the value of showing a mother who has just lost her child in the fire? Is this supposed to have a restraining effect on arsonists? . . ."

And so, not only do I not consider it in bad taste for the *Realist*—I consider it the very essence of this magazine—to ask: "Who would you kick out of bed, the Holy Ghost or the Marquis de Sade?"

The Anniversary Twist

One of the first letters the *Realist* ever received was from Tom Lehrer. He wrote: "I anticipate, things being the way they are, that the magazine will expire before my subscription does, but I'll take my chances."

We're entering our fifth year of publication now, and the only reason the *Realist* is still in existence is because the basic view of life which is lurking there between every line is shared by the likes of:

- A housewife—who will "only answer the phone when I feel like it. This drives my friends nuts, but it's my phone and my privilege. For instance, it rang eight times this afternoon. Could it be one people calling eight times or eight different peoples, and who cares?"
- A physicist—who "was almost expelled from the University of Chicago for witchcraft."
- A waiter—who is most proud of "having the courage to write love letters in this age of Hallmark Cards and Western Union packaged greetings."
- A 16-year-old—who predicts that "Herbert Hoover will die very soon and we will be subjected to dull eulogies and obits by people who never liked him."
- An electronics technician—who is masochistic "by submitting to conversations I have no interest in, because I feel guilt when I cut off some well-meaning but boring people I know."
- An advertising copywriter—whose greatest source of unhappiness is "the inexorable stumbling toward atomic war."
- A secretary—whose most important thing learned in life is "not to sweat."
- A printer—whose life politics plays a part in, because "My mistress is a freedom rider."
- A public relations man—the highlight of whose life was "quitting a job where I was told I would not be promoted if I continued to support Governor Stevenson for President."
- A religious leader—who states that "Some of us in the business of organized religion need to be kept honest and humble and your newspaper does a good job of that."
- A baseball player — Cincinnati Reds pitcher Jim Brosnan, who writes in *Pennant Race*: "Elio [Chacon] hit a home run, walked three times, and started a

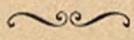
double play, all of which made it easy for me to sit back in the bullpen and read the *Realist* . . ."

● College students—the University of Connecticut Bookstore stops selling the *Realist* because they "do not carry this type of material"—and a week later we receive a subscription from the University of Connecticut Library.

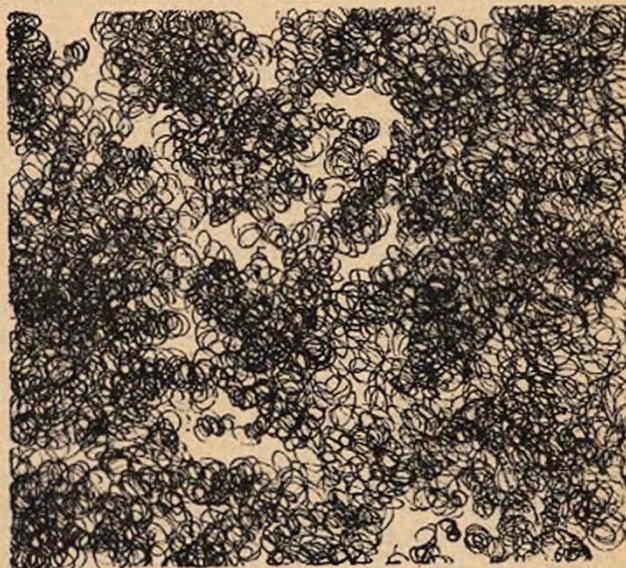
● A pharmacist—who is avant garde in that "I wear a beret when my wife lets me."

● A clerk—whose greatest disillusionment was "observing the leaders of our government award important jobs in NATO to Nazi war criminals."

● A novelist—Joseph Heller, who (in response to my public confession that I hadn't read his book) sends a note saying, "If you haven't read it yet, there's no hurry—you practically write *Catch-22* with every issue of the *Realist*."



Once upon a time, I had a lunch appointment with a man named Jean Shepherd. I was supposed to meet him at the radio station where he works. He was late. While I was waiting for him, the receptionist questioned me about the *Realist*. She asked if I make a living from it. I said no. And then she said: "You mean all you get out of it is satisfaction?"



REALMATE OF THE MONTH

Here is a delightful close-up of our Miss August in all her natural beauty. Natalie August is a sprightly fashion model who works part-time as a pert supermarket checkout-counter clerk. Since we didn't have enough trading stamps for a camera, this pin-up picture is actually a composite of castoff material gathered for the *Realist* by photo retouchers from *Playboy*, *Escapade*, *Rogue*, *Nugget*, *Gent*, *Swank*, *Dude*, and *Life Magazine*.

Natalie, who majored in Bicycle-Riding at Bennington, considers herself to be a philosophical rationalist. "I used to believe in reincarnation," she remarked to us, "but that was in my other life." She is just wild about jazz, sports cars, onanism, skiing, and over-charging customers. She admits, however, to having a morbid fear of men, psychoanalysis, shopping-carts, snow, and air-brushes.

Her rousing ambition: to win circulation and influence fantasies.

The Realist, Dept. 35
225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, N. Y.

Enclosed please find:

- \$1 for 12 copies of issue #35
- \$3 for a 10-issue subscription
- \$5 for a 20-issue subscription
- \$2 for your ten wildest issues
- \$6 for all available back issues
- \$1 for a dashboard Saint Realist

Name

Address

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

WHAT PRICE FREE ENTERPRISE?

some reflections by Dave Berkman
on John Henry Faulk, who's \$3,500,000
richer but still not back on radio

John Henry Faulk's successful libel suit against the blacklists Aware, Inc., and the late Laurence Johnson, was, of course, well-deserved vindication.

But it was *not*, as many civil libertarians and liberals within the industry seem to feel, anything more than a personal triumph.

Most certainly it cannot be regarded as any sort of guarantee that those entertainers holding unpopular political views will have any greater opportunity to display their apolitical artistic abilities on the networks. Indeed, the very success of Faulk's case rested on acceptance of the harsh reality that an entertainer who does hold unpopular views does not get hired to perform on radio or TV, and that Faulk was wronged only because it was *falsely* alleged that he held such.

His victory, therefore, does nothing to affirm the democratic principle that in a free land a man should not be barred—as he would be in the totalitarian countries to which we are opposed—from his livelihood simply because he exercises his Constitutionally-guaranteed right to disagree.

Paul Robeson has affirmed that right.

I am told that Paul Robeson was one of the great voices of our time. I am told that Paul Robeson's *Othello* was one of the great dramatic portrayals of the contemporary theatre. Yet, although I am 28 and have had a television set since I was 13, I cannot vouch for this from personal experience.

(Living in New York, I could have, on a number of occasions, heard Paul Robeson deliver political speeches. But I don't want to hear Paul Robeson speak politically—although I would defend to the death, etc. I do, however, want to see him in his apolitical artistic roles of actor and singer. But since others, who dislike his politics, have non-sequiturously decreed that my exposure to his singing or acting would corrupt me, I cannot.)

Newsweek recently noted that the hottest and most acclaimed name on Broadway right now is Zero Mostel. But Mostel is known to have held views which are similar to Robeson's. And so Zero Mostel has yet to appear on a network TV program this season. Meanwhile, many lesser lights on the Broadway boards can pick and choose from among numerous offers.

In my personal opinion, the most excitingly dynamic performer in any of the performing arts today is folk-singer Pete Seeger. And I *have* seen Seeger on network TV—when I lived within range of a Canadian broadcasting Corporation station in one of the border states, that is.

In the early '50s you could hardly open the *Daily Worker* or the fellow-travelling press without finding an ad announcing Seeger's appearance at a hootenanny (folk-song jamboree) which some front group was sponsoring. Therefore, this outstanding American artist's network TV appearances on this continent are lim-

(Continued on Page 23)

a blackout sketch by James E. Butler
from Digging For Apples, which opens
in August at the Wash. Sq. Theatre

Reporter: Now, sir, as you know, there has been considerable criticism in some circles of our government's decision to sell jet fighters to Yugoslavia, since that is a Communist nation. Now that your aircraft company is manufacturing most of these planes, I would like to know how you personally feel about the morality of such a program.

Industrialist: There's nothing wrong with it! Don't pay any attention to those Super-Patriot maniacs! I defy the witch-hunters to consider *me* a Commie! I'm a businessman; I hate that Godless Communism even more than they do! Robert Welch is sore because Tito doesn't want to buy any chocolates!

Reporter: No, sir, I don't suppose anyone could accuse you of not believing in the Capitalist system—

Industrialist:—Believe in it? Hell, boy, I'm a walking monument to the system! You see this office? That's a *Rembrandt* on that wall over there! (And, by God, that man could *draw*!) Just look over your head . . . that's a *telephone* in the roof! Anywhere I go I can talk on the telephone! Here . . . in my car . . . in my boat . . . in my *bathroom* . . . boy, I got a *toilet* cost me \$10,000! Now . . . would you believe that I was once a humble junk-dealer?

Reporter: A junk-dealer, sir? Really?

Industrialist: Goddam right! My first big breakthrough didn't come until 1939 . . . that's when I started selling scrap metal to Japan.

modest proposals

by John Francis Putnam

Publishing is a business which is referred to as a "game" by those who are involved in it because they don't want people to find out that it is just as vicious and degrading as any other free enterprise.

And, too, it is a "game" in that one never publishes a book without risk. The winners seem to be the one or two publishers with taste, imagination and originality who put out books which, when successful, are promptly imitated by the rest of the publishing industry, which is completely lacking in taste, imagination and originality.

(This is an "in" fable, of course, because NO publisher ever had taste, imagination and originality; these qualities belong, as always, to the \$75-a-week bastards who sit around the outer office all day, "thinking" when they ought to be doing some real work.)

A perfect illustration is what happens when an "imaginative" publishing venture like *The Executive Coloring Book*—originally stolen from *Mad* magazine, October 1960—zooms up to dizzy levels of success. Immediately, every schlock publisher and his nephew rush in with cheap offset Coloring Books of their own.

The Realist, in an attempt to hold back this regressive tide by extending the trend so as to defy bad taste, generously offers on the following page a poison-the-well selection of Coloring Books that should finally put an end to this kind of crap. . . .

MODEST PROPOSALS

**BLACK MUSLIM
KILL ALL THE
WHITE
MUTHAFUKKAS
COLORING
BOOK**



WOP
COLORING BOOK

**JAP
ATROCITIES
AGAINST
AMERICAN
ARMY
NURSES!
COLORING BOOK**

**THE
SEXY
CATHOLIC
NUNS
IN
black lace
underwear
COLORING BOOK**

**The
JEW
COLORING BOOK
FOR USE WITH
FINGER PAINT**

George Lincoln Rockwell's
**JEW
BASTARD
COLORING
BOOK**


**AUSCHWITZ
COOKING
AND
COLORING
BOOK**

**THE
SPASTIC
COLORING BOOK**

**THE
POLICE
KICKING
SHIT OUT OF
NON-VIOLENT
BAN the BOMB
DEMONSTRATORS
COLORING BOOK**

The Irresponsibility Of the Mass Media

by William Worthy

Editor's note: What follows is the text of a speech Bill Worthy was to have given on Saturday morning, June 23rd, at the annual conference of the Negro Newspapers Publishers Association in Baltimore. He had been invited to discuss his recent indictment for re-entering the United States (his native country) on October 10, 1961 "without a valid passport," and also to suggest ways of improving African news coverage.

The man responsible for Worthy's indictment, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, addressed the conference on the previous evening. A picket line had protested Kennedy's refusal to drop the indictment, or even to authorize a change of venue.

The Association appeared to be rushing through its program for lack of time, and Worthy didn't deliver his speech. Instead, he handed out copies of it. Only a few papers throughout the country—not including the N. Y. Times—picked up on the abbreviated AP dispatch. Worthy's remarks were to have been delivered against the background of a platform display of parts of a U.S.-supplied napalm bomb and photographs from Angola.

In the October, 1961 issue of *Nieman Reports*, published at Harvard University, Robert Sollen, wire editor on a California daily, wrote a devastating critique entitled "Wire Service Nationalism and Its Consequences." He amply documented his thesis of a sadly misled, misguided American public by quoting misleading and distorted wire-service dispatches from all areas of the globe.

Until the nationalism and the quasi-official party line disappear from the daily output of the mass media—and all signs indicate the distortions get more blatant rather than diminish—the American people will remain out of touch with the realities of life in Africa, Asia, and, above all, Latin America.

In a column 13 months ago Walter Lippmann referred to the distressingly low level of American thinking on world affairs. Needless to say, his criticism is an indictment not only of the U.S. press, but also of leadership in our government, leadership in our educational system and leadership in the pulpit. Writing in the *Boston Globe* on May 18, 1961, Lippmann declared:

"Our moral and intellectual unpreparedness for the reality of things is causing widespread demoralization among us . . ."

To illustrate my point, and the point Lippmann seems to be making, let me use the current Portuguese war of extermination in Angola as an example. There have been passing references in the press to Portugal's use of U.S. arms and planes to wipe out villages and to slaughter women and children, in a cruel and of course futile effort to crush the Angolese fight for freedom. The State Department, amidst denials, has nevertheless virtually admitted that such arms, supplied to Portugal through the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO), are being so used.

But neither our double-talking government spokesmen nor the pious lovers of freedom who write the daily editorials about "the free world" have found the moral courage to place the blame where it belongs: first and foremost on the Kennedy administration and the government of the United States. After all, the issue is not really very important. It is only black freedom fighters—"semi-savages, you know"—who are dying from these Portuguese-NATO-United States aerial attacks. Tears are shed for freedom fighters only if it is Hungarians or East German Nordics who are being shot down. Indeed, usually our mass media refer to the Angolans and the Moslems in Algeria not as freedom fighters but as "terrorists."

Twenty-seven years ago there was a wave of revulsion around the world when the Italians were slaughtering Ethiopians from the air in that barbarous imperialistic war of conquest. Our press reported that wave of revulsion and our editorial writers weren't tonguetied then because in 1935 the Italians weren't on our side. But in 1962, if you read the U.S. press from day to day—from the *New York Times* on down to the worst of the Hearst publications—you would never learn or dream that we appear to mankind to be just as barbarous, just as cruel, more cynically and hypocritically imperialistic for our help to the French in Algeria and Indo-China and our help to the Portuguese in Angola.

Naturally, the mass media have a convenient rationalization: "We can't risk antagonizing or losing France and Portugal as NATO allies." Africans denounce this as the thinking of imperialists. To Africans still living under the European whip the word "imperialist" is a harsh reality and not just a Moscow propaganda term. To Africans, this is thinking to be expected of the leader of NATO, which Colonel Nasser has branded "an alliance of enslavement."

Among the photographs that George Houser of the American Committee on Africa brought back from Angola this year is one here in my folder that shows Angolan kids in a village receiving first aid medical treatment after one of those terrifying Portuguese air raids. From the standpoint of neglected news stories maybe I can show you how intellectually unprepared this country is to understand anti-colonial movements by quoting from a 1939 book by Pierre van Paassen, *Days of Our Years*. You should get the book out of the library and read pages 340 to 343 before the rapidly growing strength of the anti-colonial world overwhelms the West.



"Gentlemen, it's time for Phase Two—
shipping them C.O.D. . . ."

On the 30th of January (1936), the town of Kobbo (Ethiopia) . . . was subjected to an aerial bombardment . . . Chunks of human flesh were quivering on the branches of the trees . . . Mules and horses were pawing in their own entrails . . . The whitewashed church was bespattered with blood and brains . . . Men were running about howling with insanity, their eyes protruding from their sockets . . . One woman was sitting against a wall trying to push her bleeding intestines back into her abdomen . . . A man lay near by, digging his teeth and his fingers into the ground . . . A child sat on a doorstep whimpering holding up the bleeding stumps of its arms to a dead woman whose face was missing . . .

. . . Count Ciano, I learned later, was handing out medals to the flyers of the Disparata squadron in the salon of the military club of Asmara. It was one of the bombs Mussolini's son hurled that day on an Ethiopian cavalry squad that was later described in the boy's book as having had the effect of a "sudden blossoming of red roses."

Before I quote further from van Paassen's book, let me again prod your conscience by reminding you that today, June 23, 1962, our United States arms are enabling the fascist Salazar dictatorship in Portugal to carry out in Angola a repeat performance of events in Ethiopia in 1935 and 1936. Tens of thousands of Angolans have been killed since March, 1961.

That unforgettable passage about chunks of black human flesh quivering on tree branches helped to convert a man named Malcolm Little into a Black Muslim. A decade ago he was serving a term for burglary in a Massachusetts prison. He once told me that when he read about that chapter in the prison library, his eyes were opened for the first time to the full dimensions of white Western "Christian" atrocities. Today that man is world famous as Minister Malcolm X.

Further on van Paassen wrote:

We found Korissa in an incredible state of confusion. The Italians had bombed it into ruins, and the victims of those raids lay in piles along the main streets. At every step I was surrounded by women and children who knelt and stretched out their hands imploringly for help. They took me for a foreign medical man or missionary. That they did not kill me—a white brother of the poison-spreading Italians—showed the innate goodness of these people. Had I been an Ethiopian, I think I would have smashed in the head of the first white man to have come within my reach . . .

As a white man, I was filled with shame and for the first time I understood what Julian meant that day when, seeing the Christian mob attack with axes and then defoul the priceless statues of Praxiteles in the streets of Antioch, he remarked to a companion: "Does it not fill you with loathing to know yourself of the same blood as these barbarians?"

Basically, our coverage of news from Angola, from the stirring interior of Mozambique, from the dirty war in South Vietnam, from the invasion site on the coast of Cuba, from all of the colonial areas—is not going to improve until non-ambitious, human-minded reporters with the discernment and the empathy of a Pierre van Paassen are sent out on the important assignments. And the ultimate necessity for improving news coverage is for you, the publishers, to have the guts to resist the pressures we all know about and to print what is really going on.

Again I must say: Our daily papers, our giant weekly news magazines, our radio and television net-

works, with noble exceptions, are not going to report the anguish of an Africa struggling to rid itself of American-supported colonialism, American-supported neo-colonialism, American-supported colonial wars. An exception worth noting is the excellent and revealing dispatches from South Vietnam that have been appearing in the *New York Times*.

Either the Negro press will rise to the great historic need and will report the struggle for African, Asian and Latin American freedom — perceptively, sympathetically, courageously—or the American people will go down the drain of history after dwelling a little while longer in ignorance, in fictitious bliss, in a cauldron of daily lies and misinterpretation unequalled in the history of the printed word.

One reason that the U.S. mass media will not, and psychologically cannot, report the hard facts, the bitter truth from Africa is that the owners of the mass media have too much of a stake in the status quo, emotionally, financially, socially. Tragically, the emotional stake trickles down to their not well paid employees. For their own good and for the good of the public, white reporters, in Washington and in foreign capitals, are much too close to our officials and to American ambassadors.

The First Amendment does not say that the press is supposed to be an instrument of national policy. A famous Washington correspondent told my class of Nieman Fellows at Harvard that the private background dinner has a pervasively pernicious influence, particularly on news of foreign affairs. He told us that the average Washington correspondent will almost sell his soul just to be able to boast: "I dined with the Secretary of State last night."

I suppose that dining en masse with the Attorney General at a public banquet is not necessarily harmful or corrupting, provided the intimacy goes no further than that. But let's keep in mind that if U.S. support of colonialism is to be brought to an end, we must relentlessly keep the news spotlight on the crucial decisions of the policymakers, and that includes the President's brother.

In a poorly reported speech at the Overseas Press Club at the time of Lumumba's death, Edward Kennedy admitted that genuine African leaders regarded Tshombe, Mobutu and Kasavubu as "creatures of the American Central Intelligence Agency." In other words, the same old Uncle Tom diplomacy that the mass media never properly interprets. On January 12, 1961, on page 8, the respected *Manchester Guardian Weekly* stated that today the world regards not England nor the Soviet Union as the arch imperialist, but rather the United States of America.

In a personal vein, may I add that our best efforts to put the American people in touch with reality can be thwarted at any moment by the imposition of arbitrary State Department travel bans. Very soon, all of the southern belt of Africa will explode into one giant "disturbed area." The fact that African nationalists are not racists, as Pierre van Paassen found out in those bombed-out villages, will not deter this government of ours from declaring that area out of bounds, on the specious grounds of "safety" and "not in the best interests of the United States."

The State Department and the Justice Department have disarmed the people and the press by having gotten away with their bans on travel to China, Cuba and

other countries they don't like. The precedent for flimsy justification of travel controls has been fairly well established by the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations. In the future, it will be distressingly simple for our officials to tell all reporters, or just Negro reporters, or just any reporter uninterested in protecting the huge American investments in southern Africa, to stay out of that area.

Travel control is thought control and intellectual control, and no one knows and appreciates that more than do the policymakers who, without precedent in America's peacetime history, are now routinely telling citizens where they can and cannot go. Travel control is also a mighty weapon for depriving a newsman of a living.

It may interest you to know that the very concept of the right to travel got its first strong impetus on the medieval feudal estates. The feudal barons kept their serfs on the estates at all times. In times of drought or of other adverse conditions, the serfs were not permitted to travel elsewhere to seek work and

Rumor of the Month

So-called "flying saucers" are actually diaphragms being dropped by nuns on their way to Heaven.

means of survival. The concept of the right to travel sprang from the necessity of earning a living. As someone said to me yesterday, it is important to dispel the superficial notion that the right to travel is nothing more than the right to go away on a pleasant vacation.

In this light, I have welcomed the moral support and the front-page coverage that the Negro press has given to my recent indictment. It has put the daily press to shame. The dailies realize that the Justice Department has made a monumental blunder and, for the most part, they seem to be trying to cover up for the government. But the mass media will be compelled, by the type of campaign we have planned, to pay attention to my case. Before this fight is over, domestic and worldwide publicity is going to wither the legal morons who dreamed up the idea of silencing me by instituting a criminal prosecution so absurd that even shoeshine boys, I have found, clearly see through it.

At the appropriate time I will welcome your legal support in the form of *amicus curiae* (friend of the court) briefs. Freedom of the press is at stake, and this makes my fight your fight in a direct and immediate sense. Another close-to-your-heart issue is the bold, brazen racial discrimination on the part of the federal government in prosecuting me and only me, while doing nothing to any of the white citizens who have committed the very same "crime" of coming home without a passport.

I am more than grateful, I was delighted to receive the invitation to speak to you today, following last night's appearance here by the Attorney General of the United States, my adversary in court. I got the message. Mr. Kennedy, you may be certain, got the message. And what is so important, when this conference is reported in the press of Africa together with Mr. Kennedy's insistence this week that I stand trial in Miami at the risk of physical violence, our brothers in Africa will also get the message. They will applaud and bless you.

Dept. of Satirical Potential or, How to Avoid the Maternity Habit

Editor's note: The following news report appeared in the London Observer on Sunday, May 13, 1962, datelined Rome.

When Nuns May Use Birth Control

Three Roman Catholic theologians have expressed the opinion that in times of revolution and violence it is lawful for women, particularly for nuns, to take contraceptive pills and precautions against the danger of becoming pregnant through rape.

Cases in Roman Catholic missions in Africa gave rise to the query, which is answered by Msgr. Pietro Palazzini, Secretary to the Sacred Congregation of the Council, Father Francesco Hürth, S.J., of the Pontifical Gregorian University, and Msgr. Ferdinando Lambruschini, Professor of Moral Theology at the Lateran University.

Their replies appear in a recent issue of *Studi Cattolici*, published under the auspices of the Opus Dei, a powerful Catholic association operating mainly in Spain.

Their defense of the use of contraceptives where there is a danger of rape is a corollary to the well-known Catholic doctrine that it is lawful to resist personal violence. It implies no modification of the Roman Catholic Church's traditional attitude against the use of contraceptives in normal sexual relations.

Father Hürth thinks that it is not "evidently or absolutely unlawful" for nuns to take contraceptive pills as a "preparatory defense" against the consequences of rape, and he thinks the same ruling must apply to other women in a similar position, but not to wives who submit unwillingly to their husbands.

Msgr. Lambruschini recalls Pius XII's ruling that the use of contraceptive pills is legitimate for the treatment of infection but not to prevent the possible or probable ill effects of pregnancy.

The Church's view is documented in Pius XI's encyclical *Casti connubi* and in two decrees of the Holy Office (March 21, 1931, February 24, 1940) and in Pius XII's homily to midwives.

These documents forbid sterilization for eugenic purposes in marriage. Msgr. Lambruschini considers that they must be extended to sexual relations outside marriage but not to cases of rape.

The time factor troubles him slightly because the pills must be taken before the rape occurs.

Calories Don't Count, But Quakers Do

The controversial book "Calories Don't Count" was included on the San Francisco Chronicle's best-seller list recently as "Carlo Don't Count." And Johnny can't read, neither. If he could, he would read on the Quaker Puffed Wheat package this designation: "The Weight-Watcher's Cereal."

Upon watching the weight of the cereal—"3½ oz. net"—he might be inclined to peel off that little gummed label, in which case the weight-watcher would read "4 oz. net."

The Quaker Oats Company this month spent \$250,000 in TV advertising alone.

An Impolite Interview With an Abortionist

"There is no such thing as a 'good' abortionist. All of them are in business strictly for money."

—Look magazine
August 14, 1962

Q. Okay, now, just for the sake of definition, what exactly is an abortion?

A. An abortion is the removal of an undeveloped child.

Q. By what process?

A. By the use of some drug or mechanical force to empty the contents of the uterus before it's developed.

Q. How dangerous is the operation?

A. If done within certain limits of time, it is practically without danger.

Q. What would the limits of time be, into a pregnancy?

A. Well, I would call three months the upper limit, although I know if one has all the hospital facilities, it can be done even up to five months.

Q. Under proper conditions, to what extent does death of the mother result from an abortion?

A. I'd say it's practically nil. Even in—a few years ago, I was in Russia, and I had letters from Dr. — in Missouri to two famous abortionists in Moscow, but when I got there I found that Stalin had stopped abortions two or three months before I arrived, so I didn't see anything; but they were doing at least 50,000 a year in Moscow, and only had one or two per cent mortality, and that was before the days of sulphur. But they drew the line up to the third month.

Q. Under what circumstances are abortions illegal?

A. I'd say they're illegal in practically every phase you look at it, the way our country is at the present time.

Q. Under what circumstances are they legal?

A. Well, of course, I realize it's legal now in Russia, Japan, China, India, Sweden, Switzerland, and I guess there's a few other countries that I don't know anything about. This western hemisphere is the only one that seems to be a little bit late in following the experience of the other countries.

Q. What are the prices generally charged for an abortion?

A. I'd say, in this country, they generally run around \$300 or more.

Q. What should they cost?

A. Well, it could range—it generally costs in medicine alone about \$20 to do it—so one can put the extra amount on that as he sees fit. I understand in Japan they only charge \$5 or \$10, something of that kind; over there I don't know what medication they use, but I know here the medicine to put them to sleep, and the anti-biotics and things like that, runs about \$20.

Q. Because of the circumstances under which abortions are often performed, isn't the use of an anesthetic sometimes bypassed?

A. Well, I'd never undertake it without an anesthetic.

I've had people tell me they've had it without an anesthetic, and I'd imagine that'd be an extremely painful proposition, and rather dangerous to the patient, because I don't see how they'd be able to keep still, and you'd run a chance of perforating the uterus.

Q. You're a physician yourself, is that correct?

A. Oh, I'm an M.D., yes.

Q. How long have you been performing abortions?

A. Oh, maybe thirty to forty years.

Q. Do you have any idea of about how many actual abortions you've performed during those years?

A. To be accurate, it's twenty-seven thousand and six.

Q. Have you ever had any interference from the authorities?

A. Just last year, I had a brush with the federal authorities. They started to open my mail. And they even had women write me letters, and then when I answered them, they had proof that I was using the mails for crime-inciting matter. I never knew the law existed until I found it out in that manner.

Q. Crime-inciting matter?

A. (Reading) "Mailing Obscene Or Crime-Inciting Matter: Every obscene, lewd, lascivious, or filthy book, pamphlet, picture, paper, letter, writing, print, or other publication of an indecent character, and every article or thing designed, adapted, or intended for preventing conception or producing abortion, or for any indecent or immoral use. . . ."

Q. And so what happened as a result of that?

A. Well, that was finally squelched before it got before the court. I had to go down to the federal district attorney in —.

Q. What about the local AMA?

A. Well, of course, I resigned from the medical organization, because I knew that the local medical authorities—if I wouldn't have resigned, I would've been fired out of the organization.

Q. That's always optional anyway, isn't it?

A. That's right, a doctor does not in the first place have to belong to the organization. Most of them do, but—I'm in a very Catholic neighborhood, and so I could see that what I was doing was opposed to the majority of physicians.

Q. Being in a Catholic neighborhood, do you find any particular pressures from that source?

A. Oh, I haven't any doubt that I have my enemies in this region, because there's a lot of Catholics that are just narrow-minded on problems of that kind. Unless it's in their house. For instance, I've had two priests that I've helped out here; they had their housekeepers in trouble, and they brought them here. That was in the very early phase of when I was just starting upon this.

And I've had quite a few Catholics that I've been able to help—some of them have been pretty good friends of mine—but there's others; in fact, I had one just recently—just two or three weeks ago—a girl from Chicago. She came here—she'd been here before—and I helped her. And then she goes from here to —, and tells the police down there all about it. So I don't know what the gratitude is I can expect on a proposition like that. And there wasn't anything the matter with her, she was in the best of health, in A-1 shape. The only thing that I know was that she was having a fight with the boyfriend that had her here. But I didn't know that until they were leaving. And possibly

that was what terminated it.

Q. Do you find that this double standard which exists among the clergy—as you say, when it's in their house, they have a different attitude—do you have people from the authorities coming to you for help?

A. Oh, yes. You'll have all walks of life. You realize you're in a world of hypocrisy. I have had girls in here that told me that the judge of this court was responsible for their condition—and named the individual. Whether that's the truth or not, I don't know, but the mere fact that they came to me when I was arrested made me believe that there was a world of truth in the thing; that this girl had been impregnated by one of the judges of our court, and I'd helped her out, and then when she found the attitude that was going on, she came to me and wanted to know whether she could be of any value to me.

They come from all walks—I even had a justice of the peace—this was an interesting case. The husband died, and they named the woman the justice of the peace. And then she had a little affair and became pregnant, and she was very much up the creek. And I was able to help her.

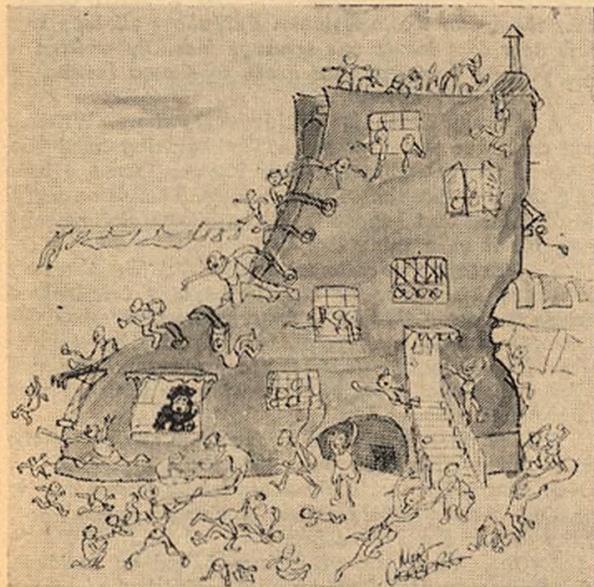
Q. Have medical people come to you, who would otherwise shun you?

A. Oh, yes, I've had medical people who bring me their wives, and I've had quite a few medical people send me patients.

Q. But they wouldn't perform the operation themselves?

A. No, they'd never perform it, and just exactly what their attitude would be, I don't really know; some of them, I presume, were absolutely against it, because I've had ministers and things like that, and they'd bring me their daughters or their nieces, and then they'd be very much interested.

Q. What are some of the reasons women give for wanting an abortion?



"Dr. Burnhill?—uh—you don't know me, but—uh—I've been told that you could—uh—perform a certain—uh—operation—"

June 1962

A. Well, a good many of them, they're not married, and they find that the fellow that they've been going with is married, and he won't do anything to help them out, so rather than have that make it so it's almost impossible to get married, they want something done.

Then, others have had eight or ten children, and it's almost an impossibility to keep them going—this region's hard-hit, financially. And to have eight or ten children to feed, and have another one coming along, and when the man's not working, it's a problem.

And then there are some people that've been raped.

Q. How far, geographically, do you find patients coming to you from?

A. Well, I've had them from California. I had one—of course, some of these that came from long distances, I knew they didn't come just to see me; I think they were connected with some of the agencies in Washington, D. C.—I even had one from where they're having all the fighting over there: Laos. I had a very tall Negro woman come in here one time—my goodness, I never heard a person of the Negro class talk such good English—and she was from Trinidad, the island down there.

Q. Do you find that most of your patients are Caucasian?

A. Well, by far, the majority of them are, but I've had a few Orientals here recently.

Q. Do your patients run the gamut in terms of education and social class?

A. Yes, you'll find some people that're pretty well educated are in that position. And, of course, then there's a lot of them who might be prostitutes—and a lot of people will say, "Well, why don't you just let them suffer instead of taking any risk of doing anything to help them?" And I say, "You don't think very far; how would you like to be the son of a prostitute, or something of that kind, and know that you're liable to be brought into the world and put into an orphanage and never know who your parents are or anything else?" About the only one I've ever heard of that amounted to anything was Smithsonian, who made the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C.—and he had a wealthy father that gave him a lot of money.

Q. Of the women who come to you for abortions, are there those who say they took contraceptive precautions but they became pregnant nevertheless?

A. Oh, yes, there's a lot of them that have told me, they followed birth control as described by the church, and of course they got pregnant. And then others have been using the diaphragm and jelly.

Q. What goes wrong there?

A. Well, I don't know whether they ran out of jelly, or what. They've got to have ammunition or else they're out of luck. As far as the contraceptive pill, I don't know of any that I've had on that. And they asked me about it years ago, and of course the pill costs 50c, and I know women forget—you forget to take one pill when you're doing it, why, you're licked, that's all there is to it. I know the memory of women—you can't rely on them on a thing like that.

Q. Of those who didn't take contraceptive precautions, do they give any reasons for their lack of foresight?

A. Well, I think the circumstances came on suddenly to some of them, and they didn't have a chance to get to the ammunition. That's about the way that it happened.

Q. Do you find that there are many repeaters—who

come back for a second or third time?

A. Yes. I had one girl repeat thirteen times. She's married now and has three or four children, and they're all fine, they're all in good health.

Q. Do you go along with the theory that, in most cases, if a girl becomes pregnant, it's usually because she wants to, perhaps unconsciously?

A. Well, you know, when you bring that problem up, you bring up the topic of love. To me, the topic of love is about as hard to describe as God. To me, the whole thing is: Love is blind and desire doesn't give a damn. Now there it is in a nutshell. That's what I think a good many of these problems come from.

Q. What's your reaction to the position held not only by the Catholic Church, but by a lot of non-Catholics alike, that abortion is equivalent to murder?

A. I don't believe in that at all. You don't call an acorn an oak tree. And you don't call an embryo a human being. It's a few cells that are developing in the muscle called the uterus, and if you let the thing go, it may materialize—you can't say it's going to, because sometimes they don't—it's just a possibility.

You know, when you look at it, the earth is pregnant. By that I mean whatever is the start of life—which, to my mind, is evolution—you could've been a cockroach or you could've been something else, and that's the way life started. It all started from a single cell, and it has evolved, that's all there is to it.

Q. The American Law Institute has drafted a law which would justify abortion when there is a substantial risk that pregnancy would gravely impair the physical or mental health of the mother or would result in the birth of a defective child, and whenever the pregnancy resulted from rape or incest. But a Chicago attorney, Eugene Quay, says that such a statute would be a denial of the traditional concern which civilized societies have always shown for the protection of the unborn child. How do you feel about that point of view?

A. I don't agree with him. I believe that if a person is in that condition, they know more about whether they want to carry through with it than anybody else. Now when we look at "the protection of the unborn child," you go down to our courthouse and see how they come in there—the illegitimate children have to come in there and file some sort of thing every month, or something of that kind—I've been down there, and I've seen a number of them coming in that way, and there's no doubt that makes a mental anxiety in the child as well as his mother. There's a big field there, to develop a psychosis in the youngster.

Q. Well, assuming that we were able to make it so that illegitimate children didn't have to register, then what about this lawyer's point about the protection of the unborn child?

A. If a person wants to go through with the problem, and have it, then I say all right for her, we'll do everything to protect her. If, on the other hand, a person is in a position where they do not desire to go through with it, I don't think that we've got to compel them to go through with it.

You see, I look on it—way back in the Roman days, the women there had the power to say whether anything like that was done or not. It was their viscera—their gizzards—and they ought to be able to do with it what they desire. Now, when you look at it, the way man has evolved, there was a time when they had babies that they didn't have any state; but when they got so

many, those babies made the state—the organization that dictates to them what to do and what not to do. But if it wouldn't be for them having the number—the population—there'd be no state. So it's a peculiar way, one ratio as to the other.

Q. What did you think of that TV program, *The Defenders*—did you see that one called "The Benefactor"—about the trial of an abortionist?

A. No, I didn't see that. I heard people talk about that. A lot of them said they thought of me.

Q. Incidentally, I had asked the producers if I could see a copy of the script when I was doing research for this interview, and Reginald Rose said, "No, we've already done our part." It was just another show. . . . Do you have any thoughts about the recent *Lothringer* case? Here, let me read—this is from an editorial in the June 8th New York World-Telegram & Sun:

"A 19-year-old girl is the victim in one of the most grisly abortion cases. She vanished after her parents are said to have arranged for a Queens doctor to perform the illegal operation. Parts of her dismembered body were found three days later in a sewer pipe at the doctor's home."

A. Well, of course, he might have been in mortal fear when he did that. . . .

Q. He took her at a very late stage in her pregnancy—I think five or six months—

A. I'd never undertake a thing like that myself, because I know there's too much risk connected with it. But if we had laws that made those things legal, I think a thing like that could go through, and a person would live and have no trouble at all, because he wouldn't have to be doing it under cover, he would have blood to give if she needed a blood transfusion, he'd have all the things to work with which would undoubtedly make the operation quite a success.

Q. That editorial goes on: "Unquestionably, her killer deserves the highest penalty. One can hope, too, that this tragedy will mean the breakup of a citywide abortion ring of which Queens DA Frank O'Connor says the doctor was a member. But, above all, let's hope this ugly case leaves one message indelibly written in the public's memory: that death is always lurking in an abortionist's office."

A. I'd say death is lurking everywhere. Whether you cross the street or eat a Thanksgiving meal—because if you get a foreign body in your throat, a bone or something like that, it can happen. There's an awful lot of deaths that happen in the bathroom. So one can't pinpoint it on a thing like that.

Q. Anyway, the editorial concludes: "By the very nature of his work, the abortionist is a criminal. It stands to reason that he is unscrupulous, irresponsible and often wholly incompetent. His clandestine work is often done in makeshift, unsanitary quarters. The surprise is not that some of his customers die, but that any of them survive."

A. Well, that, I think, is wrong from one end to the other. He doesn't know what he's talking about.

Q. Your office certainly doesn't look unsanitary to me. Out of the 27,006 abortions you've performed, how many deaths have there been?

A. One. About two years ago, I had an accident, where a person died from an anesthetic. And of course they did an autopsy—the person died after my operation was finished—it was most peculiar, because I had

written to the — authorities and tried to find out if they had any suggestion what had happened; because I had given that same amount of anesthetic to a good many people before, and I should have had a graveyard full of people if that amount killed them. But at any rate, that came before the authorities. And, after a long procedure, why, I was acquitted.

Q. None of the papers had this, but I know for a fact that Dr. Lothringer was being blackmailed by a couple of college students; have you ever been faced with that problem?

A. I had a girl in here, she was 20 years of age, and was the mother of five children, and she was that way and wanted to know if I could do anything to help her. And I did. And a short time after she was here, I understood that she went down to the — Hospital,



because she was having some fever—she had been up to see me once or twice, but I found nothing the matter with her, she didn't have any fever when she was here to see me—but she got into the hospital, the intern down there examined her, and he found out that she had had an abortion. And so he reported it, over the heads of the hospital, to the police. And I was arrested.

And my lawyer kept that case from coming up for over a year. And in the meantime, the husband—he had another lawyer in this region—and they tried to, you might say, blackmail me, or at least tried to get some money from me . . . and they'd squelch the case. So I gave that information to my lawyer, and I think it put the other lawyer on the hot spot. Well, when the case finally came up—and, of course, the husband in the meantime had been to my lawyer in —, and he admitted that he was trying to get money out of me, that was the main proposition—well, when the case came up, it was more than a year afterwards; in the meantime she had another child, and so that proved there was no harm done in the operation. And she evi-

dently had a falling-out with her husband, and they had a divorce some time after the thing took place. And I was acquitted on that.

Q. Do you find that many patients, after an abortion, have feelings of guilt or regret?

A. Yes, I generally find that the Catholics are the ones who run highest in that, because their minds are so brainwashed on a thing like that, they are, you might say, just victims of what they've been taught when they were young. They can't think for themselves.

Q. Have you found that the guilt varies according to how much a person has been brainwashed?

A. Well, I think a whole lot depends on how much religion has been drilled into them. I know I had one woman in here—this was a funny case, some years ago—she was the mother of ten children, and she was going through the menopause; she was about 45.

And she wanted to know whether she was pregnant or not. And I examined her, and I told her, "No, you're not pregnant—but you do have fibroid tumors." And she says, "Can you do anything to help me?" And I said, "Yes, they're of such a size, I think if I put radium in, that'll solve the problem; of course, that'll stop you menstruating, but you're starting to do that right at the present time, so that won't make much difference."

So a year later she came in here—she was passing through; she lived in — and she said, "Can I just have a word with you?" I said, "Sure, what is it?" She says, "Does radium make you passionate?" I said, "I never heard of it being an article that made a person passionate, but I can see why it made you passionate—because you realized you had ten children; every time you entered the act, you thought, 'Well, there, I'm going to have one more.' And so you had a fear of pregnancy. When that fear was removed, then that mental brake that was on your mind all the time was removed, and that's what made the difference."

The radium treatment had sterilized her so she couldn't have any more children—and it did get rid of the fibroids, too.

Q. So, psychologically, it did make her more passionate—

A. Absolutely. In other words, she didn't have any brakes to be putting on herself all the time. You see, a lot of women just look on themselves as a breeding animal; they don't have any regard for their health, their vitality—they have one child right after the other.

And if the woman doesn't give in to the man all the time—and that happens around here—then the husband beats the devil out of her. That's all there is to it. It makes me think that they're in a phase of slavery, and they can't get away from it.

And I find that some girls—they're brought in here with boys—are in the same predicament, because the boy won't marry them, they won't let them out of their sight, and, by golly, they're in a predicament. And you might say, "Well, why don't you let them have it?"—but I can't see that, even under these conditions, because I realize that no one's giving any thought to the person that's coming into the world. And I think that person ought to be considered.

And the world's overpopulated—I can't see why people want to have the human life at the expense of all others, because every time we keep expanding and building up between town and town, it means other forms of life are being pushed off the planet. And a

biologist feels that. I've always been interested in studying wildlife, and things of that kind; it gives you the wonder of the world—not a wonder of God—but a wonder of evolution and how everything goes.

And everything's electricity. Everything that you see or you don't see—because matter is something that occupies space, and when we analyze that matter, we break it down into electrons or some other microelectrical phase of the atom. Then, your radio and your television and all those things in interstellar space are a phase of electricity. And you take sunlight, when you use your photographic light meter—why, you convert that sunlight into electricity. So it's nothing more than a peculiar, evolutionary, electronic phenomenon.

Q. Except that human beings have made a value-judgment that human beings are more important than other forms of life—

A. Yes. In other words, we are animals—there's no doubt of it—we fit in with all the classifications that any zoologist has ever given for a mammal; we do have a big jump over some of the others—we can read, and we can write—but it took a long time for us even to speak, because we had grunts and things like that, and some savages still do. And that's been a long, drawn-out phenomenon, the development of vocabulary and speech.

And don't for one moment think that bees don't have it, but we're just getting to understand their language. And some of these others—possibly the giraffe has been one freak; they say he's not got a larynx, so he can't talk or make noise, but I've heard that sometimes, under certain conditions, they did make noise, when their life was at stake; whether there was any truth in it or not, I don't know.

Q. You mentioned before that religion made women feel guilty about having an abortion; what about the maternal instinct—isn't there regret because of that?

A. There's some that might feel that way, and then there's some that don't. There's no doubt that the maternal instinct is great, because when you put them to sleep, when they get awake, that's possibly the first thing they talk about, is the children they have. They want to know where Johnny is, or Ellie, or someone else, because they're thinking about them, that's on their mind all the time—their family.

Q. What amazes me is, you've been performing abortions 30 to 40 years, 27,006 abortions—each one of which is, in effect, illegal—you've violated the law 27,006 times. . . .

A. Yes, and in the beginning, I even charged \$5.

And, of course, I didn't have down when some of my patients got into hospitals, and had to have blood transfusions, and things like that—I had some close shaves—but I'm surprised to know a good many of those patients, they never mentioned where they were or anything else.

Q. But now—aside from the fact that each one of these was illegal, plus the fact that you live in a Catholic community—how have you gotten away with it?

A. Well, I don't know how. . . .

Q. I mean you're not in jail—

A. No, that's true. And I haven't any doubt the country's known about me, because, heavens, I've had people from practically every state in the union.

Q. You mean you can't explain it yourself, why you're free?

A. No, I don't know exactly why that is at all.

Q. Incidentally, I've heard that you're retiring—is that true?

A. I'm stopping. This gets on my blood pressure, and it makes my wife nervous.

Q. To your knowledge, what's the extent of collusion between abortionists and the authorities? In terms of payoffs to the police—

A. Well, I have had nothing of that kind. The only thing I have is sometimes the police come around here with their annual journal or something like that, and I help them out on it—the businessmen in the region all do that—it's their yearly report, and many of the businessmen use it as an advertising medium.

Q. Have police come to you for professional services?

A. Oh, yes, I've had police in here, too. I've helped them out. I've helped a hell of a lot of police out. I've helped a lot of FBI men out. They would be here, and they had me a little bit scared—I didn't know whether they were just in to get me or not.

Q. Do you think that maybe that's why you're still in business?

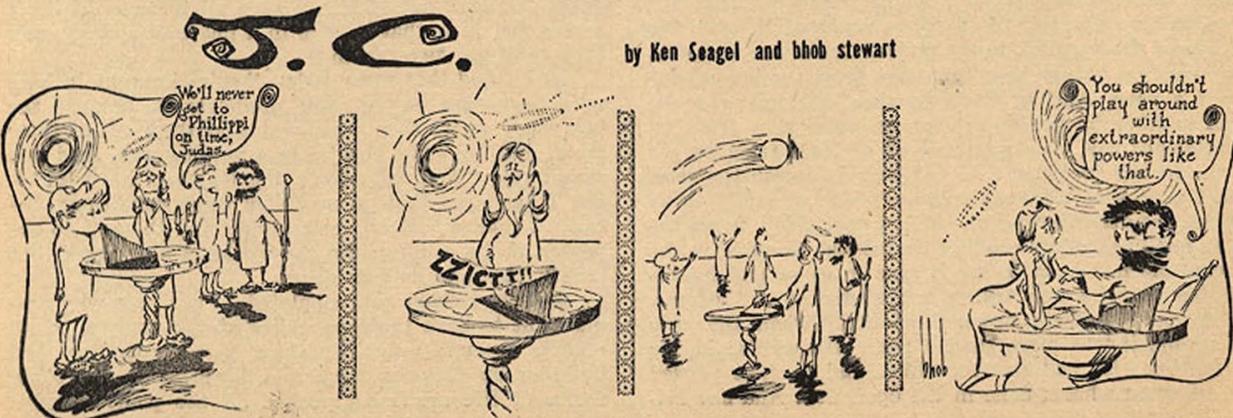
A. Well, I don't whether that's it or not.

Q. You mentioned before that you started out charging only \$5. With inflation, what has it gone to now?

A. I charge now \$100. And the reason I did that—they took ten thousand out of me on that darned thing last year in the federal court.

Q. That's still quite low, though. Often it's as high as \$500 or \$600.

A. Well, I saw in one of my scientific journals that if a person living in New York wants an abortion, consider Japan; you can go over there and have a nice



What Columnist Do You Read?

James Wechsler—on the Arizona abortion case, in the New York Post on July 31, 1962:

"There is apparently reason to believe that no prosecution will be initiated if the abortion occurs."



Max Lerner—on the Arizona abortion case, in the New York Post on July 31, 1962:

"The parents must now decide whether to risk an almost certain prosecution . . ."

Ode to Progress

artificial
flowers
stink

—Janet F. Newton

Which Ax Do You Grind?

From a form letter sent out by the Greater New York School of Anti-Communism, dated July 19th, and signed by Fred C. Schwarz:

"The Greater New York Anti-Communism Rally is now history. The impossible was achieved as more than 8000 gathered in Madison Square Garden to affirm their determination that the plans of the Communists to conquer all mankind must and will be defeated.

"This victory was achieved in the face of enormous difficulties. The attention of the news media has now been gripped. The favorable coverage of the rally by the New York press was remarkable. The opposition is writhing in frenzy. The bilious slander of the Communist, Neo-Nazi and Anti-Semitic press overflows.

"We must now press forward to the Anti-Communism School to be held in Carnegie Hall, August 27-31, 1962. Every session must overflow with students. . . . The news of a successful School of Anti-Communism in New York City will reverberate around the world, encouraging free men everywhere and striking terror in the hearts of tyrants. Help make this the greatest Anti-Communism School ever held."

From an article in the July 27th issue of New America, official publication of the Socialist Party/Social Democratic Federation, by Michael Harrington:

"At the end of last month, New York City gave Fred Schwarz' Christian Anti-Communism Crusade a stunning rejection. Schwarz had been working for weeks in preparation for the Madison Square Garden rally. He had held numerous smaller meetings to whip up support. In the period immediately before the big event, there were daily ads in the New York Times.

"In developing his attack, the Australian anti-Communist huckster toned down the fervid, evangelical Christianity which traditionally marks much of the Crusade's activities. . . .

"When the show went on, there were 8000 people present, i.e., the Garden was more than half empty. . . . Schwarz' failure to fill the Garden bodes ill for his forthcoming anti-Communism school. . . . In the original, grandiose days of talk of the New York operation, it was supposed to be held at the Garden itself. . . . Now, the school has been scheduled at Carnegie Hall, which is already an admission of defeat."

vacation for the amount of what you'd pay in New York, and have it done under ideal conditions—have your problem solved and have your vacation at the same time.

Q. *They used to do that in Cuba.*

A. In Cuba, it was never legal—I don't even think it was sanctioned—I knew people down there who were doing it, but then the medical authorities down there started to do just like when I was down in Puerto Rico in March of this year, and I saw a doctor down there that was doing a lot of work, and he told me the medical group down there is now putting pressure on him, and so he didn't want me to send down any more patients, because he was afraid they were going to fire him, even though it's sanctioned down there.

I admire the people putting the governor in, with all the religious opposition that he had. I wrote him a letter of congratulation, and I got a nice letter back from him.

Q. *Some people claim that a liberalization of the abortion laws would lead to promiscuity. Do you agree?*

A. Well, there's enough of that going on at the present time—I don't think it'd make much difference.

Q. *They also claim that liberalization of the abortion laws would lead to more abortions. What's your reaction to that?*

A. I think it would go along just about on the same grounds it is now.

Q. *They found that out in Sweden—although there were more legal abortions, there were less criminal abortions, but the total amount of abortions stayed*

pretty much the same. . . . What are some of the methods by which women try to induce abortion themselves?

A. Well, I had one interesting one—this woman came to me several years ago—she was 45 years of age. She came in here highly excited, and I asked her, "What is your chief complaint?" She said, "I want an examination." So I put her on the table. When she got off, she said, "Am I pregnant?" I said, "No, you're not pregnant." "Did you find anything the matter?" I said, "Yes, I found something the matter, it's got me thinking." "Well, let me know, what'd you find?" "Well, I found something, as if you had a pencil in your abdomen." She was very thin—I could pick her abdomen up like rubber and you could move her all around inside.

She said, "I've got a confession to make." And she told me how when she was over at one of the beer gardens around —; she said, "Last week, I was one month pregnant, and I was in this tavern, so I took a cocktail stirrer, and I pushed it up my uterus—but something pulled it out of my hand, and I've been unable to find it. What are you going to do?"

"Why," I said, "you ought to go to the hospital and have it cut out—that's in your abdomen, it's around your intestines." She says, "I can't go to the hospital with that." Well, I thought, a week's passed, and she's got a normal temperature, and her pulse is all right—so I moved that thing over to the region where her appendix was, made a little nick like you would do for an appendectomy, and I got down to some nice white membrane, and I could see something blue on the other side of it. So I gave one little nick with my scalpel, and

out pops a cocktail stirrer with "Three Feathers" on it.

Another time, I had a woman that came in here, and she wasn't in my room very long till I smelled her. She was very odoriferous. And she told me that she tried to commit an abortion by using a catheter—that's a rubber tube—but she got it in the wrong place; she got it in her bladder, and she had cystitis, she passed urine and it was very odoriferous. So I put a cystoscope in her so I could see the catheter, and I got a hold of that and pulled it right out, so that solved that.

Q. Would you say that most of your patients are married or unmarried?

A. Oh, I'd say roughly it runs 50-50.

Q. Do you have women coming to you in their later years?

A. Yes, there's a lot of people get in here in their menopause—and they're worried, because they don't know whether they're going through the menopause or whether they're pregnant. And very frequently you find that some of them are pregnant. And some of them are widows. And they've had eight or ten children. And so there's all sorts of problems that come up with a woman like that.

Q. How young have your patients been?

A. I've even had girls in here that were brought by their parents that were fourteen—just about the time they started to menstruate.

Q. How did you come to start doing abortions?

A. Well, I'll never forget the case that first came to my mind—this was when I was going to high school—my father was the district attorney of——, and he had an interesting case brought to him by one of the leading ministers of ——, in which this minister said, "Look at these letters that my daughter's getting—I can't make any sense out of them, they're all sorts of, well, sometimes threatening letters, and they're so bizarre that I can't make anything out of them."

So, my father says, "Suppose you get some of her handwriting"—and then when they compared, they find that she's written these letters to herself. And when the investigation came on, by golly, she's illegitimately pregnant—she's just gambling around trying to find something, I guess, to help her out, and when the father knew that, darned if he didn't blow his brains out. The minister killed himself.

And I thought, "Good gracious, to think a person being that way, and a few little cells removed at a time like that, look what that could've saved"—it could've saved, certainly, the life of the father; whatever became of the girl after that, I don't know. Whether she became a hysterical wreck or not, I don't know. It just shows how those things go—and you go to work, and you just think, "Well, here's our country, why they wouldn't even permit a thing like that if it was rape."

Q. Now, if you're retiring, and you still have people coming to you, do you refer them elsewhere?

A. I haven't got a soul to refer them to; my friends are all arrested—there seems to be just lately more clamping-down on this since that Lothringer case than any time since I've been here.

Q. I'm waiting for a courageous doctor and a courageous woman to go all the way up to the Supreme Court, because I really believe the abortion laws are unconstitutional. I think it would be the Scopes Trial of our time.

A. When you think what went on there, and then you think what's going on with a thing like this, people ought to get their eyes opened. I've had a lot of Catholics that came in here—they said, "If I'm ever on a court case again, and that comes up, I'll hang the jury, because I see things differently." It's slowly getting through to some of them, there's no question about it.

That brings up something I read the other day. This is what Herbert Spencer said: "There is a principle, which is a bar against all information, which is proof against all argument, and which cannot fail to keep a man in everlasting ignorance. That principle is condemnation before investigation." And, by golly, that's what we need.

Q. I think the trouble is, partly, that in the public's mind, when they think of an abortionist, they think of the shady operator who's doing it only for money, and doing it under very unsafe conditions—and, unfortunately, they do exist; it's a racket.

A. I think they exist as a result of something that is required. People demand that, and they're liable to take in anybody that'll make a profession of doing it.

Q. Do you feel that the legalization of abortion would do away with this exploitation and the risks?

A. I certainly do, because I don't see why any doctor, if he had the law with him, would go to work and charge that much. I know I never do—I don't believe in wringing money out of people—they've got one misery in their head when they come to see you; why add a few others?

Q. What would you say is the most significant lesson you've learned in all your years as a practicing abortionist?

A. You've got to be careful. That's the most important thing. And you've got to be cocksure that everything's removed. And even the uterus speaks to you and tells you. I could be blind. You see, this is an operation no eye sees. You go by the sense of feel and touch. And hearing. The voice of the uterus. Then, when you get them off the table, there's practically no pain. Well, I've gotten quite a lot of fan mail. Stacks of letters. But the only thing I can see is hypocrisy, hypocrisy. Everywhere I look is hypocrisy. Because the politicians—and I've had politicians in here—they still keep those laws in existence, but yet, if some friend of theirs is in trouble. . . .

Q. What would you say was your most unusual case?

A. I had one peculiar case—I helped a girl out—and she came in some months later, and she was pregnant again. I found out that she left here the day it was done and went to confession and told the whole thing. It got the priest so excited, he raped her there, and then she came back and wanted me to help her again.

Q. Now, you have my word that you'll remain anonymous in this interview—but, just as a hypothetical question, what would happen if I were to reveal your name?

A. Well, I haven't any doubt there'd be a smash-up. You see, I have a friend, just recently he wrote a book on abortion "by Dr. X"—well, he's in jail. His name wasn't revealed, but they got him. He was going to dedicate the book to me—I said, "Don't put my name in that book or I'll be prosecuted quicker than a flash."

TWO WOMEN IN SEARCH OF EMPLOYMENT

Sylvia E. Anderson

So here's what happened. . . .

I have been working for the past year and four months as a secretary at The Point-of-Purchase Advertising Institute. From all indications they are completely satisfied with my work. I received a raise just two weeks ago.

This organization is a trade association representing about 230 manufacturers of point-of-purchase advertising signs and displays throughout the country. We have an office staff of nine people. The "members," who pay dues, from which our salaries come, occasionally drop into the office for committee meetings, etc., and a few of them (maybe two or three) know me as "Miss Anderson."

On Monday, May 28th, I told my boss that I am pregnant. He asked if I intend to get married. I said, "No." The probable date of delivery of my baby is November 1st. He said that because I am so valuable to him, he would like to have me continue working through the end of September—one month before the baby is due. This, of course, was contingent upon the approval of his boss, the president.

He discussed the situation with the president on Tuesday morning, and told me that the president, in turn, felt he would have to talk it over with the chairman of the Board of Directors. This little conference was held Thursday morning.

Thursday afternoon the president told me that I would be allowed to work through the end of June since I am "a big girl and will probably carry well." After that time, however, I will probably "start to bloom."

He said, "Now, I want you to understand, Sylvia, that if this was *my own personal* business, things would be different—but in the association business we have to think of our members and what they would say. You don't plan to get married and, after all, what you are doing is rather out of the ordinary. I understand—but we have to think of our members. . . ."

(Sounds rather familiar, doesn't it? "I'm not prejudiced myself—I just don't hire Negroes or Jews because some of my customers wouldn't like it. . . .")

I was told by my boss—who, by the way, expressed sincere disappointment in the decision—that if I had come in with a wedding ring on and a story that I was secretly married four months ago, I would have been able to stay through September as he had requested.

There is apparently no question here about my ability to do the job. There is not even a question about pregnancy, per se. I am being fired because I am illegitimately pregnant and refuse to compromise with my own personal standards and lie about it.

Incidentally, Blue Cross does *not* cover unmarried maternity.

Moreover, the following is a conversation I had with an "expert" on unemployment insurance at the New York State Department of Labor, Division of Employment.

(Continued on Page 23)

Madalyn E. Murray

My son Bill and I are both atheists, as you know [see "Malice in Maryland"—issues #23 and #24], and we have been in a frantic battle for thirty months now to have Bible-reading and prayer-recitation thrown out of the public schools in Maryland and every other state.

The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled as unconstitutional the New York Board of Regents' prayer. The decision was 6 to 1. This means that our case is a sure win. The New York case applied to that state alone and specifically, as the Regents' prayer is used only there. The Supreme Court decision in our case will apply to all fifty states, for it concerns itself with the Lord's Prayer and Bible-reading.

When we first started the battle, I was fired, but I fought to get—and did receive (after several hearings)—unemployment compensation of \$39 a week for 39 weeks, plus the extended benefits of 13 weeks. I also had child support of \$30 a week. Ordinarily, my income is about \$7600 to \$8200 a year.

In those first 14 months of enforced unemployment, whenever I got on the trail of a job, I was turned down as soon as it was discovered that I was that "vicious" atheist who was trying to deprive the nation's children of the Bible and the Lord's Prayer in the public schools.

Incidentally, I spent 4 years in undergraduate college and received my B.A. in History and Political Science. I spent 3 years in a graduate law school and received an LL.B. there. I spent 2 years in a graduate school of Social Work, studying psychiatric social work as a National Institute of Mental Health fellow on a scholarship from that Institute. I have 25 years' work experience (I am 43), including 3 years service as a commissioned officer in the U.S. Women's Army Corps, serving in Africa, Italy, France.

I mention this background so you may know just how untrained, ignorant and unworthy of employment *this* damned atheist is.

It is difficult to adjust to an approximate \$5000-a-year decrease in income. I sold my car, an Oldsmobile. I sold my grand piano. I sold my wrought-iron-and-glass outdoor dinette set. I sold my fur coat. I went to a V.A. hospital for free care and remained there for a 4-months' stay, having six operations. My aged mother (she is 71) cared for my two boys. An atheist friend and his wife from Long Island bought my sons their winter clothes last September.

And then a true atheist miracle occurred. I got a job, in my own specialty.

From September, 1941 to May 15, 1962, I worked as a supervisor of social workers in a social work agency, under my maiden name. The artifice was not good for it was soon found out who I was. But I worked steadily until that fateful day on which I filed the appeal of our case to the U.S. Supreme Court.

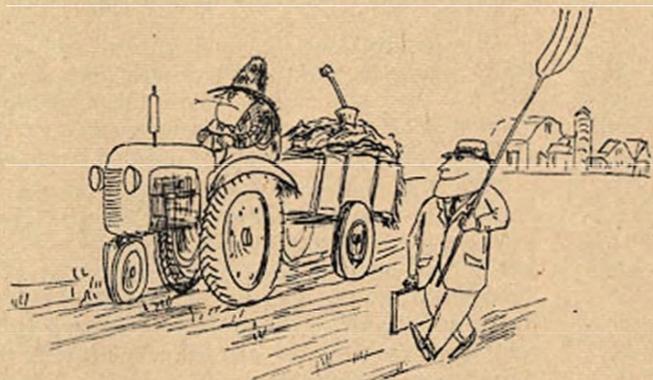
The economic squeeze is on. Last year it was the psychological squeeze. . . .

(Continued on Page 24)

U.S. SEEKS CHANGE IN FARMER IMAGE:

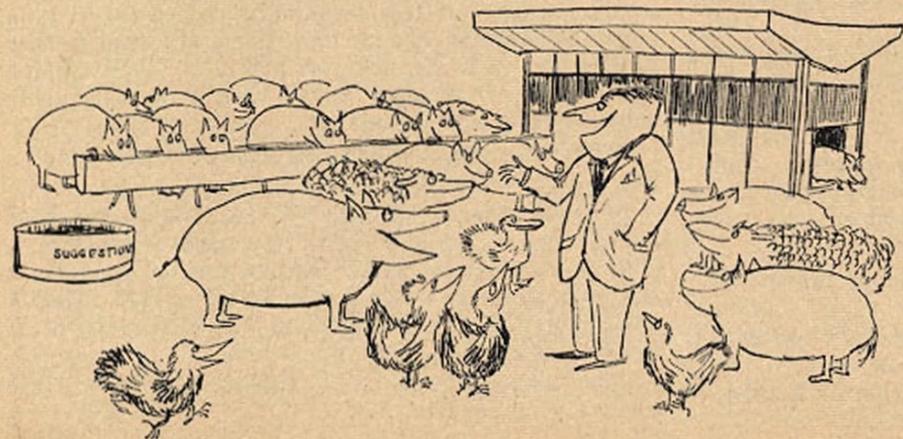
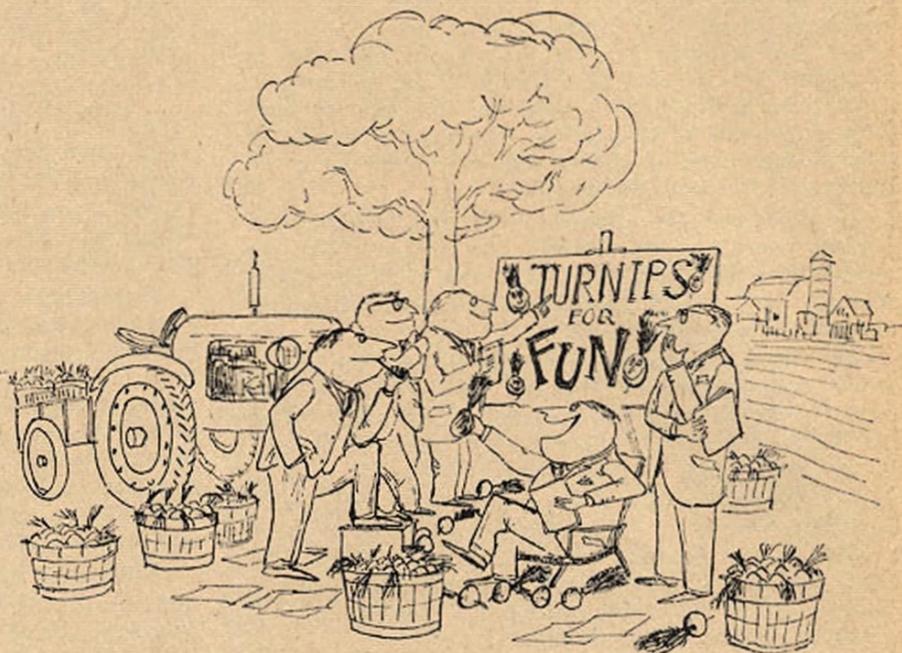
Administration in Campaign to Portray Growers As Heroes of Economy
—Headline in N.Y. Times

"Agriculture is the nation's Number One success story."
—Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman

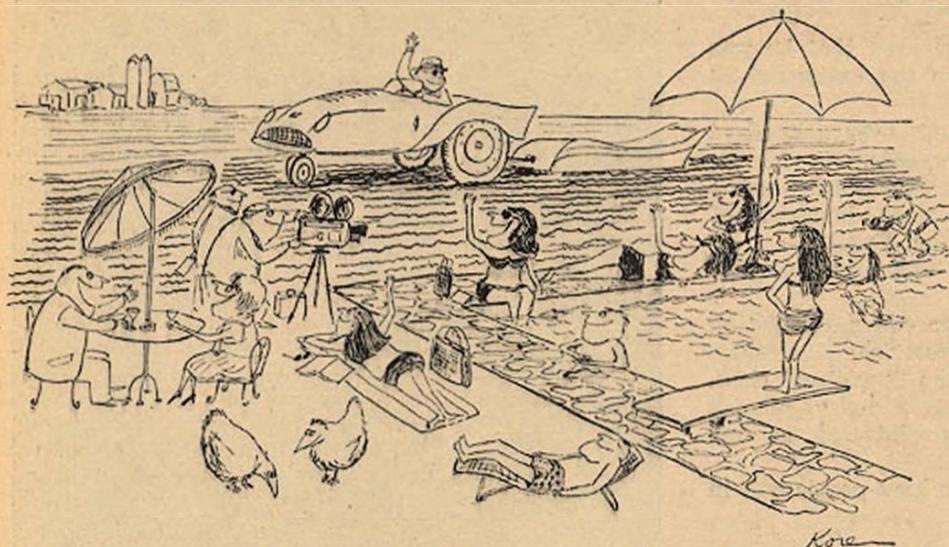


2. "Turnip-wise, we've got a market to create," barks dynamic, trend-setting farmer Poore to his distribution team. "For centuries, turnips have been considered food for hogs, but now, boys—and listen closely because I'm playing the theme—turnips are food for thought. The ball's in play. Run with it." The brainstorming begins. Aides hover about with memoes, sketches, charts. "Turnips are fun"—hazards a pipe-smoking idea man, but Poore tops him: "Turnips are a Fun Tuber!" Team techtonics pay off. The pitch is finalized: *Turnips—the food for thinking men.* "Parity, shmarity," cracks Poore. "We'll make a million."

3. Poore strives for good labor-management relations. These animals have a real "say" in the operation, and the hogs, for example, take an active part in the management of their pen. Employee inventions are encouraged. "Bessie" (left foreground), a prime breeder, is one typical ex-



ample of high-incentive programming for high-efficiency return. She devised a new feeding technique that allows nearly total snout-immersion in the trough at peak intake periods, for which she received both a lump-sum bonus of bran mash and a yearly increment of swill. The two grateful chickens in the picture have also made contributions to feeding procedure ("hunt and peck is a thing of the past," cackles one) and have been rewarded with an extra two-week vacation on full feed in the lovely days just before slaughtering time. In return, Poore demands practicality and devotion to duty. As he puts it, in a telling epigram: "A head in the trough is worth two in the clouds."



4. "Think big, work big, play big!" Hard-driving Rufus Poore turns homeward, plowing the back forty in his Fiametta 3.5. The cocktail hour is drawing nigh and farmers' wives begin to rise like mermaids from the old swimming hole, which adjoins the Poore homestead. In the background, a photographer from *Holiday* magazine scrambles to get enticing shots of this rural paradise. A network crew is busy shooting scenes for a documentary report, *The Farmer Lives the Life*. The film is being shot in Washington, Palm Beach, Venice, the Riviera and Rufus Poore's farm.

—Michael Goldman
and Edward Koren

Inside True Story

True Story magazine—which is now subtitled "A Woman's Guide to Love & Marriage"—publishes articles such as "I Never Knew I Was Ready for an Affair" ("His touch coursed like heat lightning through every nerve in my body as I stood on tip-toe, straining to get closer to this stranger"), ads for personal products such as tampons with pre-lubricated tips ("Of course, unmarried girls can use Pursettes"), and advice columns such as "Questions and Answers" ("Can you advise me on how to cook frankfurters without having them split?").

The August issue features an exclusive interview, in which, screams the cover, "Billy Graham Speaks Out on Love, Abortion, Illegitimacy."

Graham said not a word about love or illegitimacy (unless you consider his statement—"If too-tight sweaters and deep cleavage gowns were eliminated from the present day fashion picture, it would solve problems in every realm of life"—to be related to those subjects); his total speaking-out on the third subject consisted of: "I do not believe in any form of legalized abortion."

SYLVIA ANDERSON—Continued from Page 21

S.E.A.: Can a pregnant woman collect unemployment insurance benefits?

Expert: Oh, no! To be able to collect you have to prove to us that you are willing and able to work. And if you're pregnant, you're not able to work.

S.E.A.: But I *am* able to work. How can I prove it? Do you mean I should bring in a note from my doctor?

Expert: Oh, no! You have to prove it to *our* satisfaction.

S.E.A.: Fine. Tell me what you accept as proof.

Expert: Oh, I can't tell you that. You have to find that out for yourself. But if you're pregnant, you're *not* able to work.

S.E.A.: Well, then, how about unemployment *disability* insurance?

Expert: Oh, no! If you're pregnant, you're *not* disabled. . . .

Consistent, huh?

I shall be available for work after June 29th,

through October 31st and/or labor pains. I am having a very easy pregnancy and expect that it will continue to be easy. This is the job my body was built to do—and so far it's doing a damned good job of it. I am confident that I shall be able to put in a full, hard day's work up until I go to the hospital.

After the baby is born, I hope to be able to earn a living from my own apartment, taking in typing, proof-reading, etc., so that I can stay home with the baby. If I don't find summer employment, I will be trying to build up a typing, etc., service.

I like to think of myself as being too proud to beg, so I hope my tin cup isn't blinding you. I was casting about in my mind for possible sources of summer jobs, and was forced to admit that the fact I will be big of belly and bare of third-finger-left-hand will eliminate most possibilities.

My greatest hope lies in finding someone who would agree that I have a right to do what I am doing and would take delight in championing such a cause—in return, of course, for damned good office help—and what better place to find such a person than among *Realist* readers?

DAVE BERKMAN—Continued from Page 9

ited to those he makes on a Canadian government-operated chain.

As an old John Henry Faulk fan, I couldn't have been happier about *his* stunning victory. But it will not be *our* victory until openly-declared American Communists have the same access to U.S. television as do their Soviet counterparts—the Moiseyev Dancers, for example.

Midwest Side Story

Reporting on Billy Graham's June crusade, the Chicago Tribune stated that "the evangelist gave a hard-hitting talk Saturday to gang members in language they could understand."

The Tribune—which immodestly calls itself "The World's Greatest Newspaper"—wasn't specific. One can only speculate as to Graham's choice of words. . . .

"Awright, youse guys, anybody who don't declare hisself f' Jeez Christ is chicken!"

MADALYN MURRAY—Continued from Page 21

Bill was beaten up so badly so often that he was never without multiple bruises for the entire school term.

Our car was vandalized, for sums over a hundred dollars, and so was the car of my parents.

Bill was harassed with extra homework—and I mean 1,000 extra algebraic expressions, hundreds of pages of research on History, Biology, English.

All his tests were *lost*, and he was forced to take them over and over again.

He was isolated in a room alone, not participating in gym, in library, in recess, in cafeteria.

Although his I.Q. put him in the "enriched" class, he was graduated as the last person in a class of 500.

Our home was stoned and egg-splattered, as was our car.

We were stopped in the street to have people spit in our faces.

Our cat was stolen.

Our flowers were trampled.

My income was audited by the Treasury Department.

We received bushel baskets of opprobrious mail with many threats.

When I was in a very critical time in the hospital, word was sent to me that my father had dropped dead.

Our entire neighborhood ostracized us, and my little (then 6-year-old) son came often to the house weeping because the neighborhood children jeered at him as "atheist" and refused to play with him.

He begged me to explain "Hell" to him, where all the kids said he was going.

When the new Archbishop of our state was invested recently and he began to make speeches, I squirmed—for they were directed at me! No, I am not paranoid. I read speech after speech, watched the procession on TV as Archbishop Sheehan, Maryland's new mother in lacy finery, moved through his meaningless rituals, blabbering a tongue as dead as his ideas. But what he harped on for a theme disconcerted me: the moral rot of America is due to one primary thing—the taking-out of religion from the schools.

Later, my Catholic agent came to me and told me that Archbishop Sheehan's field of specialty was Education. He was not in office a week when he passed an order to every parish that there would be seminar or study groups on "education." My friend got her invitation-orders to attend so many evenings at such and such a time. This was mandatory for every Catholic in Maryland.

I went into a trance with my woman's intuition, some black raspberry wine, and a suppressed desire to race through the streets atop our largest dog, yelling, "The Catholics are coming!" The trance revealed to me that I was going to have trouble, and quickly. I waited for it to materialize.

Not being content to wait peacefully—since I am nothing but a trouble-maker, a dissident, and a little schizoid—I arranged for an appearance of Frank Wilkinson in Baltimore, and I co-chaired the meeting with him while he, in his soft-spoken and gentle way, chewed the House Un-American Activities Committee to pieces. Two agents from the Maryland Ober Com-



Mad Madalyn and sons: "We've held together . . ."

mittee (this is our own state's witch-hunting agency) took lengthy notes and emptied our literature table.

The same day that Frank was here, we filed our Maryland Bible-reading/prayer-saying case in the U.S. Supreme Court.

Feeling that this was not enough for one week's ordinary activity in the house of Mad Madalyn and sons, I also had a brawl with the American Association of University Women.

I had had a meeting at their rented hall a few weeks back and invited Negroes in. The Association now charged me with having a "black cloud" descend on their club house. They could see a well-dressed, educated, well-spoken Negro come in to a sophisticated meeting, but when I deliberately invited a swarm of Negroes they drew the line.

In addition, the AAUW president told me, I had been so blatant as to have as a speaker in their club the notorious Mrs. Murray, "that atheist" who was blighting the youth of the city and state with her persistent battle against "our schools."

As the president talked to me about this, it dawned on her that my name was Murray also, and she started to falter, then stutter, and finally said, "Are you acquainted with her? . . . Er, ah, are you related to her?" The silence became weighted, and I, sadistic ham I am, absolutely had to let her have that excruciatingly painful moment of silence before I declared: "I am she."

I began a lecture to her then on the reputation of the AAUW and deplored that a bigoted attitude toward the Negro or myself should exist among University Women. I wound up asking for an application to join. She pleaded with me not to join the organization, say-

ing that she knew over 50% of the club would walk out if I joined.

Needless to say, I plan to join.

Having set the stage thus, it was no surprise to me when I was called into my immediate supervisor's office and told that he had discovered, quite by accident—and overnight—that I was "incompetent." He gave me about 10 minutes notice that I would be discharged immediately. He had to go through the mechanics of writing up proof of my incompetency and submitting it to personnel and getting approval, and would I please clean out my desk?

I leave it to you, dear reader:

- 1) Was it my filing our case in Supreme Court?
- 2) Was it our new Archbishop of Maryland?
- 3) Was it my appearance with Frank Wilkinson against HUAC?
- 4) Was it my argument with the American Association of University Women?
- 5) Was it a concoction of all of them?

Please note that I am conceited enough to not accept that I became incompetent overnight one night.

Then I went out to look for a job. Well, you know perfectly well what has been going on in the newspapers everywhere about the New York decision, but do you know about the hysteria in Baltimore? For 5 days running, the headlines 6 inches deep across Page One screamed hatred and rage. One newspaper ran 5 full pages of gook.

For the first time since my case began I got nervous. The entire news media here—radio, television, newspapers—almost cried out to any religious nut: Go get her!

In this atmosphere, I still went looking for work, and was ordered out of two offices. "Well, bless me," I said, "you don't like me."

Since then, I have stayed at home.



SATERLAND:

"... and if I cop the final thrilly before I wake ..."

Now let me tell you what the New York decision means. As I said earlier, it applies to a state prayer, in one state, and nothing more. The chips are down and the battle comes when the prayer-recitation/Bible-reading cases come up.

The Lord's Prayer is not a state-composed prayer and the Bible isn't a 22-word rote.

So, let's look at what is coming up and what isn't. There are two cases on their way to the Supreme Court:

- 1) the one filed May 15, 1962—Bill's and mine.
- 2) the one filed May 25, 1962—Schempp's.

There are two others not yet filed in Supreme Court—Florida's and New Jersey's.

Of these four, only ours is brought by an atheist. Schempp's case was won in Pennsylvania, and the School Board—which alone can go on with the Supreme Court appeal—may strike their appeal to keep it from being expanded to a national level. The other two cases, Florida and New Jersey, are not even up to Supreme Court level yet, and have months to go.

This means that Bill and I may be standing alone in front of the U.S. Supreme Court. Now, the only way to keep this out of the Supreme Court, where we obviously have a sure win, is to make us drop the case. To keep it alive we must remain in Baltimore until it is heard. This will take from 6 months (optimistic) to 10 months (most probable).

The lower court battle in Maryland was bitter, protracted, and costly. The Maryland Court of Appeals demanded two hearings, one before 5 of the judges and a second before the full panel of 7 judges, the latter on the constitutional issues alone. Four attorneys worked on the case for me, 3 of them withdrawing somewhere along the line as pressures upon them became too great.

The Maryland Court of Appeals deliberately withheld the decision for 5 months after they had heard the case. Really, no one in Maryland expected us to appeal. But we believe that religion is insanity, and we had not learned in full the lesson of what all could be done to dissuade us.

We've held together, first because we believe in what we are doing, and secondly because we had our little income and could sell personal property. Now there is nothing else, really, to sell.

I spent weeks fighting my dismissal. I forced them to give me two weeks notice and to give me vacation pay, so that my last work day was June 15, 1962. Being a bright girl, and profiting from last year's experience, I know a new job will be impossible to find here in Baltimore. And, as the employer for whom I worked was not covered by unemployment insurance—which is the case with most social work agencies—I am not eligible for unemployment compensation.

The money hasn't been coming in for the legal costs that easy, but everything is paid in full to date on the suit. We have made out on a pay-as-you-go plan with the legal action.

But, brother, when this case is done, and it will be won, I am going to get so gawd-damned far away from Baltimore that I could not write back here for less than a \$15 stamp. And, in that connection, since I am divorced and the sole support of my two boys, Bill (now 16) and Garth (now 7), if you know where I can find employment this time next year, when the case is won and over, do let me know ... and thank you.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT THAT VOGUE WON'T ADMIT TO . . .

Editor's note: Every month, Vogue magazine presents an innocent-looking feature titled "People Are Talking About . . ."—the world-wide scuttlebutt, as gathered by a ubiquitous staff of researchers (one girl who rarely leaves the office and hasn't scuttled her butt in years).

Similarly, McCall's magazine has expressed its Philosophy of Glorified Trivia in advertisements emphasizing: "Maybe I won't ever wear a wig, but if wigs are becoming fashionable, I'd like to be told now. I want to talk about things that really count these days."

To help fill the conversational void left by the women's magazines, the Realist assigned John Wilcock to compile a column of "What Realist Readers Would Be Talking About If They Could Ever Get a Word in Edgewise." Of course, nobody can prove that this is what they'd talk about—but, then, nobody can disprove it either.

We cordially solicit items which you've been talking about so that we may continue this service for Realist readers who never know what to say when somebody asks, "What's new?"

FACTS TO MENTION:

- The new hit ballet in Sweden, *Abortion By an Unknown Doctor*, is accompanied only by flute and drum.
- San Remo, last of the big gambling casinos that will pay a bankrupt gambler's fare home, also maintains a Black Book for such people, as well as those caught cheating; it will also place into the Black Book anyone whose name is sent in by a relative, employer or other letter-writer who gives convincing reasons. No explanation is ever given to the person barred admission.
- Belgium has amended its Military Act so that young conscripts may substitute technical aid to underdeveloped countries for military service if they wish.
- A few minutes after BBC-TV signs off each night, a nuclear disarmament group signs on with one hour of propaganda from pirate transmitters. Authorities have searched all over London but can't track them down.
- There's actually a committee in Pisa whose job it is to sift unsolicited plans by well-wishers who want to straighten out the Leaning Tower.

TRENDS TO DISCUSS:

It all began long, long ago, but it really started to mushroom with the brief revival of *Valmouth* by Ronald Firbank. Valmouth was very campy, and Ronald Firbank was even campier, and since that time we've been faced with the gradual infiltration of campyness into almost every phase of our social life.

A camp is a sort of elaborate private joke, more particularly of the type shared by homosexuals, but if you were able to explain it to anybody who didn't know it was a camp in the first place, then it wouldn't be a camp any more.

Campyness still stems from many homosexual sources but is no longer the exclusive prerogative of the third sex. Those Third Avenue antique stores are campy—very campy—but lots of people who aren't homosexuals patronize them when they decorate their apartments. Lots of straight guys dig Bobby Short, that flat, faggotty-voiced singer. And all kinds of things

with no homosexual connotation at all are campy: Kenneth Koch's poetry, Edward Gorey's books, most surrealist paintings, *Last Year at Marienbad*.

Long cigarette holders are campy, as are knee-length strings of beads, baroque furnishings, velvet, ormolu and ostrich feathers. Player pianos are campy and so are pith helmets. Many of the British are campy, especially the ones who make fun of being British. Men who wear striped blazers and straw hats are campy, and so are girls who wear starched maternity dresses without being pregnant.

NAMES TO DROP:

Pietro Germi, Italian director, because his movie "Divorzio all'italiana" points out that wife-killing "for reasons of honor" can net a husband a mere three years in jail and is therefore cheaper than bigamy charges; the film has added piquancy in view of the bigamy charges against Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti in divorceless Italy.

William Golding, because his book "Lord of the Flies" is going to be "The Catcher in the Rye" of the '60s.

Tim Leary, a young Harvard professor who's been experimenting with non-addicting, consciousness-changing drugs, because the sensible and unsecretive way he's been handling his research might mean the first major breakthrough in the official wall of prejudice and therefore the possible availability in the future of such drugs for anyone who wants them.

Johnny Hart, because his comic strip "B.C." is the most intelligent one appearing in any daily paper, and if he'd named everything in the world in the first place they wouldn't have such stupid names today.

Roland Kirk, a blind, almost inarticulate Negro saxophonist, because although he'll earn a reputation for such eccentricities as playing two instruments at once, he's also a brilliant far-out musician and it won't be long before the jazz experts say so.

Shirley Clarke, because "The Cool World" which she's filming now will do for street gangs what "West Side Story" never tried to do.

Francis Bacon, self-taught artist whose work has been on view at London's Tate Museum, because his bitter portraits and macabre explanations ("I try to paint the track left by human beings, like the slime left by a snail") give you the opportunity to refer to him as the Bertolt Brecht of visual arts.

Terry Southern, because much of the stuff he writes in his column for Paris' English-language magazine "Olympia" is such convincing fiction (a toy shop, for example, which sells a doll that menstruates) it seems to be factual.

Sally Baldwin, because . . .

. . . But Enjoying It Less?

British comedian Spike Milligan—on cigarettes:

"I'd pass a law prohibiting everyone under the age of 21 from smoking. I'd penalize the parents. They say there's no proven connection between smoking and lung cancer; what there is a proven connection between is smoking and profits.

"I'd try to be as liberal as I could, but I could never allow a father of children to get lung cancer and die just for someone to be able to run a yacht in the Mediterranean.

"I used to smoke 70, 80, 90 a day. But I said, 'This is madness'—and stopped. If you can't stop, you should be punished. They send a chap to prison for being unable to give up cocaine or marijuana, and they don't give you lung cancer."

A Realist Game:

Who Would You Kick Out of Bed?

by Sally Baldwin*

*Contrary to rumor, Miss Baldwin was not "f" in the Realist Reader Survey in issue #32.

The game is simple. Supplied with a magical, no-strings-attached choice of two bedmates for one night, you must eliminate one in favor of the other.

Flexible enough to accommodate any number of participants, the game is at best played *a deux* in the intimacy of the bedroom, using mutual acquaintances for the choices. Not only do you get an insight into your partner's character structure, personal preferences and underlying logic, but you can also determine which of your friends to watch out for.

"Who would you kick out of bed, Alice or Fran?"

"Oh, Alice, of course—you remember that story about Fran and the banjo-picker. . . ."

"Okay, Fran or Stacey?"

"Stacey—I heard she's nothing."

"All right. Fran or Linda?"

"Hooboy, Linda? Hell, I'd shove Fran out—I mean those banjo-pickers are a weird lot, anyway. . . ."

It's important to remember (particularly if your partner seems to be enjoying the game too keenly) that all the pairs need not be pleasant.

"Who would you kick out of bed, Harry or Raymond?"

"Ummm. Harry, I suppose. At least with Raymond I'd get a good night's sleep."

"Robert or Gerald?"

"God, *Gerald*. I just couldn't bear hearing about the relationship of lovemaking to Aesthetic Realism all night long. . . ."

The time may come when you and your partner run out of mutual acquaintances to use as choices, or perhaps you had only a few to begin with. And, such anonymous possibilities as "the first person you ever slept with or the last" are obviously limited. In that case, you might try a modified rule of the game, which allows the use of public figures and fictional characters.

The following list can serve as a starter. Who would you kick out of bed:

Allen Ginsberg or Noel Coward?

Simone Signoret or Jeanne Moreau?

Barry Goldwater or Norman Vincent Peale?

Margaret Truman or Dorothy Kilgallen?

Hugh Hefner or Bertrand Russell?

Truman Capote or James Baldwin?

Ayn Rand or Jayne Mansfield?

Norman Mailer or Fidel Castro?

Beverly Aadland or Françoise Sagan?

Lenny Bruce or Santa Claus?

Grace Kelly or Suzy Parker?

Norman Rockwell or George Lincoln Rockwell?

George or Christine Jorgenson?

Rock Hudson or Doris Day?

Marjorie Morningstar or Lolita?

Holden Caulfield or Henry Miller?

Joyce Brothers or Chris Connor?

Walter Winchell or Lord Chatterley?

Lana Turner or Cheryl Crane?

Walt Whitman or Mr. Clean?

Tuesday Weld or Rosie the Riveter?

Jack Paar or Richard Nixon?

Dwight Eisenhower or Daddy Warbucks?

Sandy or Zero?

The Andrews Sisters or the Doublemint Twins?

Tab Hunter or Lord Buckley?

Greta Garbo or Mae West?

David Brinkley or Yves Montand?

Manners the Butler or the Green Giant?

Elsa Maxwell or Mary Worth?

Pope John or Nikita Khrushchev?

Margaret Mead or Ethel Merman?

Bobby Kennedy or Sammy Glick?

Paul Krassner or John Wilcock?

Superman or Plastic Man?

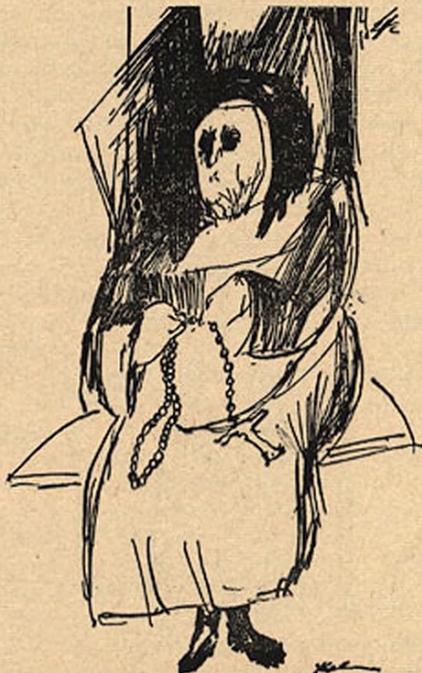
One final note of caution: Etiquette of the game requires that you never suggest yourself (or a fellow player, in a group situation) as one of the choices. Even if you get the response you want to hear, it's apt to be about as comforting as an affirmative reply to a tremulous "You really *do* love me, don't you?" There's always the sneaking suspicion that your colleague was merely being gallant.

However, one especially masochistic young lady has evolved a baroque variation of the game. It runs something like this:

"Who would you kick out of bed, Brigitte Bardot—seeing as how you can only have her that one night; or me—for a whole month?"

Assured that a month of her services were more valuable than BB's for a single night, she had to press her luck still further: ". . . or me—for a week?"

The answer to this query is unrecorded, but should you ever be caught in a similar trap, try fixing your friend with a stony stare and saying icily, "Your syntax is fuzzy, baby; it's 'Whom would you kick . . .?'"



"He loves me . . . He loves me not . . . He loves me . . ."

The Great Hotel Robbery

by Lenny Bruce

Editor's note: Recently I spent a week with Lenny Bruce work-vacationing in Wildwood, New Jersey. While driving to Atlantic City in order to indulge in girl-watching on the boardwalk, we would occasionally pass signs stating, "Criminals Must Register."

Said Bruce: "Somebody goes to jail, and after 15 years' incarceration, you make sure you get them back in as soon as you can by shaming anyone who would forgive them, accept them, give them employment—by shaming them on television—"The unions knowingly hired ex-convicts." Criminals Must Register. In the middle of the hold-up, you go to the County Court House and register. Or does it mean that you once committed a criminal act?"

It is this underlying quality of consistent compassion that gives an added dimension even to Lenny Bruce's occasional excursions—such as the following reaction to a news bulletin—into the world of abstract scatology.

At 12:05 A.M. a cat burglar broke into the fourth floor of the Hotel America in New York City. A suite rents there for \$36 a month, and is rented by the year by Wallace Brothers Circus in case a trained bear is pregnant—you know, an animal gets knocked up while working Madison Square Garden.

The Hotel America is the only one that will take a pregnant bear, because the maid only goes in once a year.

Actually, it wasn't a cat burglar, it was a tenant. Somebody in the Flanders Hotel across the street spotted the prowler. "I was looking at the stars through my binoculars," said R. Lendowski, Grand Central Station maintenance porter. "I just happened to be looking and I saw this guy."

When questioned, the suspect said that there was no toilet in his room, that he had recent surgery done on his little toe and walking to the bathroom in the hall was terribly painful, and his roommate caught him pissing in the sink; actually, he didn't catch him, he was just about to start, and he got out of it by saying that he was taking a sponge bath and had to continue bathing from the waist up, while his roommate kept interjecting: "I thought that you were trying to piss in the sink. . . . I once caught a guy doing that in Paris Island. . . . Can you imagine a guy doing



that in the sink? . . . The same type of dirty guy that pisses in the ocean. . . ."

So he waited until his friend fell asleep—mumbling about those guys sneak-pissing in the sink.

Then he decided to piss out the window, but felt guilty about it in case some guy that might be a bigger nut on ocean-pissers might be passing by.

What if you pissed on a guy like that?

"Don't move—I see which window that spray is coming from. You! With your hand on the sill, shaking it on the screen—stop! Okay, you're surrounded, we're behind you. Don't drop anything."

The suspect goes on with his confession:

So I searched out all the possibilities, and I went out on the ledge to make sure I wouldn't get it on anyone. It was 12:05 A.M., and I saw a whole bunch of binoculars from different windows watching me.

Before I knew it, this priest was on the ledge with me. He said, "Son, is this the only way?"

I said, "It's either this or pissing in the sink. The fire engines are here now and I have a choice of confessing as a cat burglar or a peeping tom, but to tell the truth, my roommate won't let me piss in the sink. . . ."



"I'll show you mine,
if you show me yours . . ."

Wishful Thought

from my window

I watch all
the
misplaced
people in the world
walking
across the street
tonight.

They
should
be
firemen,
like they wanted to be.

—Charles M. Olin

How Some Intelligent People Can Become Effective

by George von Hilsheimer

Last summer, shepherding thirteen young innocents through Pennsylvania, I dumped the group out in Kennett Square. Their instructions were to come back in forty minutes after asking at least five local gentry for directions to the nearby migrant farm labor camp. And no fair going to the police station. Granting that most of their time was spent at the drug store, in an hour or more none of the kids were successful. "No niggers around here." "What you talking about?" Etc., and lugubrious etc.

As we neared their rumored camp we stopped our camp bus at each farm house. A reluctant student was sent to each to inquire, "Migrant farm camp?" And to hear, "The colored people?" "Not sure." "Can't say." Etc., and. . . .

Only at the last farm, almost directly across from the dimmed dust road crossing a field, did we learn our final direction. Into the field, over a hill, through a winding road, behind a grove, into a hollow and into the migrant camp we go.

Thanks to the tender mercies of Pennsylvania's responsible citizens, the workers were removed last year from the 150-year-old frame house lurking behind. Its six rooms had sheltered eighty to a hundred or more workers. "They only had thirty kids." Neat little cinder block cells lined in two rows neatly framing a tin roof frame building. Nearly 10 feet by 12 for a family. Don't knock it, it's an *improvement*.

Out jumped, after dire threats, reluctant Howard. "Speak to the nice social worker, Howard, see if she won't show us around. She won't bite." That's the last time Howard believes anyone.

Comes a lean, brown framed girl. Grace pinched in lines of defense; loveliness buried in a grimace of control; style moribund with terminology. Who were we? Why? Where? When? With whom? How?

"Well, maybe its all right. But . . . You *will* disturb the children. Please, break up into small groups. And be very quiet. Try to be unobtrusive. Don't bring your cameras. *Please*. Don't ask these people questions. Don't ask to see into their rooms. They are very sensitive about their poverty. They know they don't have much, and, well, they are very hostile."

Indeed!

One look at the sullen black faces, stolidly staring in gathering suspicion, almost scared the nice little city brats out of their already reluctant skins.

"Yes, dear, by all means, let's hire a *Negro* social worker, she'll understand them better than we can. Of course! (They're all really alike, you know.)"

Do they get *black* certificates?

After other adventures I took the kids down another winding dirt road, behind another hill, this time to see hidden in dusty splendor twelve tar paper shacks the good people of Pennsylvania seemed to have forgotten.

"Crew chief here?"

"That's his woman yonder."

"Howdy, ma'am, I've got a bunch of city kids here.

They've never seen how farming folks live. Would you mind their looking around? Would you like to come down to the bus and say something to them?"

Big, gold-toothed smile. Diamonds. Big, full-breasted, handsome woman. Black. (Vagrant thought: ought to cast this babe in *The Blacks* instead of those white broads they've got—damn yankees don't even know what a nigger is.)

"Why, no, honey, ya'll just come and make yourself to home." . . . "Hello, younguns, we sure are glad to see you. Ya'll just look around any place you like. Talk to anybody. They all right."

Poor sensitive, hostile, ignorant woman. Trying to make the privileged children of the city feel at home. Tch tch.

"Why aren't those men up by the kitchen out picking with the rest of the men?"

"Honey, they's too old to work, but we don't want to leave them home. They'd feel too bad. We just bring them along and see that they have work to do with us. They pick up around the place and work in the kitchen. And we pay them a little something. Then they don't feel so bad about being old."

In the afternoon the bus finds another winding road, heads over the inevitable hill, down the hollow; another camp. Again no new housing. No social worker. And this time all the men are in camp. No work today.

"Crew chief? Yonder."

Big, black mountain of a man. Welcome. Come. Look. Be happy. Juke box moved from the kitchen (too hot for them kids) to a sub-basement. Dance. Let's have a game of ball. (Some of the young men want to play a game against our group. Pose. Tense. No. Bossman is real fast. Real quiet.) Shaggin' flies. Nice and easy.

"Well, what do you think about these sensitive, hostile, frightened people?"

"You mean"—responds the camper—"our group?"

One of the counselors asks the crew chief, "Chester, do you want your son to continue the same pro . . . uh . . . line of work [how's *that* for a middle class question?] or will you want him to go to college and get away from this life?"

Quietly. With Strength. And Unposed Dignity.

"If I live, he will."

Period.

SOME INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS

Item: I put on an "experiment in group dynamics" for a graduating class of social workers. They are totally unaware of such methods. They can't see their own involvements. Their emotions; their inability to cope. One sweet virgin (who left the next week for her new job heading the occupational rehabilitation program at a large hospital) ululates with horror as the subject turns to coitus.

Item: As Program Director of Camp Twin Link (ostensibly dedicated to democracy) I miss being fired by the fortuitous serious illness of the *Chief*. I am engaged in a genital-rending struggle because when I heeded the agonized plea of a teenager in the throes of deep self-reevaluation, and spoke at length with him at his request, I "violated the structure." I should have turned him over to the teen director (who was central in his turmoil) and *refused* to speak to him.

Item: This same kid is tongue-lashed by the Chairman of the Board and the *Chief* for two hours for associating with "bohemians and anarchists." Me! And these people want to "instill the dignity of labor, to

grow true responsibility in a really integrated society, to train for democracy." Unquote. "Certainly we stand for the right of others to hold differing opinions. But, in this case, we knew that we were right."

Item: Mama helps integrate a Brooklyn high school. Really! When daughter comes home with picture of new beau, "He doesn't look Jewish?" "He isn't, Mamela."

Gentle lib'ral close your eye,
What if she brings a black bird by?
Bye, bye, black bird . . .

Item: The director of a good program for slum kids tells you, "No, we didn't ask Paul Goodman to help. The agencies we're trying to get money from wouldn't buy him. His approach to people just won't wash with them. I kind of wanted to ask him down, but. . . Well, you now how it is."

Item: Same guy tells you, "No, we don't have any junkies—of course, there aren't many in this neighborhood [I lived there last year and know better—they scars don't come cheap, boy]; but, the kids won't tolerate them. They come in sometimes, but the kids won't look at them. They don't bother them, but they won't talk to them or anything."

Item: All the rest of the little liberal lights. . .

WHAT CORE DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW

A quarter of the nation (mostly Negro) lives on less than a subsistence income. *Look* mag has a nigger telling that lawyer they got, "You have to take care of the whole Negro, not just the students, the golfer, too." I swear it, honest. . .

Ten of the 30 in each thousand infants who die in America the Beautiful (Sweden the Profligate's rate is 13 per 1000) are due to 'irreducible' birth and genetic accident. The rest, 100,000 infants a year (mostly Negro), die primarily because they are starved. To be sure, children, the yearbook doesn't list starvation, does it? "Infant Mortality" has such a *medical* sound.

The diseases listed make nice masks for the fact that bodies weakened by not enough food die from almost anything—even their own flora. (The other night I watched a little niggerbaby dissected; died of *bacteroids meningitis*—Doctor told Mama that a bulging frontella wasn't important, gave it some aspirin—"Hell, it's only a nigger. Breed like flies.")

Ten miles from JFK's Palm Beach mansion Negro infants die at an average rate of 60 per 1000. The infants of migrant farm workers die at an average rate of 125 per 1000 or more. Enjoy your tomatoes this morning. What price beans? Hell, the Surplus is only 8 billion.

The President's Committee on Migratory Labor has a staff of three.

Oh, Bold New Frontier.

BUT YOU CAN'T REALLY DO NOTHIN NOHOW

In 1945 twenty men and women gathered from all over Holland to form a social work agency.

In 1962 nearly 20,000 men and women all over Holland are joined in a social work agency that demands labor, not just money, from its members; that helps anyone who comes to the door; that trusts people so well that volunteers are put immediately into direct work with people (pardon me, cases). For more than ten years, without training, they've used volunteers on case work. Successfully.

Its name is *Humanitas*. Humanity. *People*.

How does *human* social work differ from scientific social work? Not at all. Nobody was *practicing* scientific social work. And nobody but *Humanitas* practices

it today. How can agencies, creatures of society, tied to religion, to class, to "politics," to their own primary goal of existence for its own sake, practice social work? How can agencies governed by believers in guilt, retributive punishment, justification by faith, grace, the elect of God, monogamy, the primordial evil of sex, the divine right of Capital, the inexorable working of History, salvation through platitude, the Establishment, the Church, the Party, proprieties, decencies, respectabilities, success, discipline, structure and the sanctification of means through ends, help *human* beings needing in indecent, filthy, immoral, irresponsible, profligate, dissolute, lewd, lascivious, nasty, unwholesome, unorganized, incontinent, dogsucking, babyraping, motherfucking ways?

They can not. They do not. They will not.

And neither does anyone else (except in Holland and here and there). Which is more than a little evidence that maybe there isn't anyone else, for all of the protestation contrarywise.

In 1945 twenty men and women from all over Holland (population 11,000,000)—without angels, organizational history, or Leaders—gathered to form a social work agency. Today *Humanitas* has impressed itself into the consciousness of a nation.

There is an alternative to the nihilism of the disaffected.

Men can create, can work honestly, can change their history and the history of their people. And there is in every hospital a *human* counselor; in every prison a *human* counselor; in every labor camp; by every military base; etc.

In 1945, twenty. . .

BUT YOU CAN'T REALLY DO NOTHIN NOHOW— IN AMERICA!

In 1961 thirteen men and women—two white men and a white woman, four Negro men, and six Negro women—met. Three weeks later, on November 27th, they opened the only full-time child care center for migrant farm workers in the country.

The Negroes had been meeting, discussing the need with sundry other whites for eight years.

In six months the center proved that juvenile delinquents, emotionally disabled 'cases,' blind people, illiterates, proper white ladies, and ignorant Negro field hands can work well together to bring life to children. For less than 59¢ a child per day, three meals, clothing, and *eighteen hours* of care each day can be given to starving children.

If you drop the rules.

Pitifully ignorant parents—people who don't know that you get pregnant if you screw—can learn, without classes, without pauperization, without 'means tests,' without becoming suspicious and hostile.

The typical mother at the center had her first child when she was 13. The Negro population of 12,000 has at least a thousand juvenile unwed mothers (have your first at twelve and you're a JD a long time, baby). Thirty mothers registered to vote for the first time in their lives this March. One of the two white men was in charge of the registration drive. No, Lady, not an 'integrationists' drive, but sponsored, God Save the Mark, by the Jaycees, and called "Operation Democracy."

The same three whites, in a rural Southern town, helped end the Blue Laws, organized a campaign that shipped 30 tons of supplies to a disaster area; one of

them set up the first United Fund (an honest one) in the town's history; one set up nursing training for Negro mothers; one saw to it that the library was infiltrated with Henry Miller, Mailer, Goodman, and other goodies . . . as a start.

The only full time (4 A.M. to 10 P.M.) child care center for migrants (population 2,000,000) in the United States depended on the initiative and labor of three people.

**SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE REALIST,
 PAUL KRASSNER, AND RECENT HISTORY**

The *Realist* is a magazine.

For those who merely read it, it is more than a magazine.

"Kike-white," "I'd shit," etc., are not simply whimsies of the editor. They are whimsies to keep him honest. And the *Realist*. The slob doesn't really want anyone who's offended because this issue is six months late. Because of this the *Realist* means a hell of a lot more to some of us. And PK something more. I don't know about you, but it, and he, keep me going some Board of Directors-filled nights.

A week ago (today is Saturday, June 23rd) Paul sat in an upstairs Greek restaurant with my wife Dian and me and some lolly he'd conned into going (purely for journalistic reasons; in fact, I was kind of touched by Paul's innate horror at the idea) to a reported wife-swapping party (it wasn't—it was worse).

We had talked about some of the things above. I had just spent a week in Washington and two weeks in New York exploring public and private sources of support for a national expansion of the child care center (you like the subtle way I tell you I'm one of the three paragons above—actually, I did it all).

I said, "You know, with a year's time and a little capital, we could start something like *Humanitas*, only better." So Paul says, "How much can you live on for a year?" And I said, "Well, I've been doing it on fifty a week." And he said, "Okay, you're on for a year." And I said, "Are you serious?" And he said, "Yeah." Like that: "Yeah." And that was that.

[Editor's note: That \$50 a week will be coming out of my salary from Playboy magazine. Likewise, the rent I've been paying for the Neighborhood Pilot Project (see issue #31). Also . . . no, it's none of your goddam business. The only reason I mention what I've already mentioned is because the next shlump who puts me down for working for Playboy is asking for a non-violent knee in the old groin; I won't stoop to defending the magazine. Suffice it to stress the danger of oversimplification: you can practically count the tits on one hand now; and those who buy it for precisely that reason—well, ain't nobody forcing 'em. True democracy.]

A few years ago, the first time I talked to Paul, he said something like: "You know, it's ironic how guys like us who don't believe there's any purpose to the universe—I mean, who see the whole absurdity of existence—we're the ones who run our balls off trying to give it meaning.

Which is 'surdur than it sounds. I may die tomorrow. And that will be it. Period. Today, dear heart, I will live engaged, as alive as possible, committed. Since I'm not an artifact of the universe, I can try to grab a fist full of whatever life is around. Like I say when I buckle on the safety belt, "I really don't believe in immortality." It makes things crisper that way.

**AN INVITATION TO PEOPLE WHO WANT TO DO
 SOMETHING**

In 1962 the *Realist* is going to organize *People*.

As a start there will be a store front in Manhattan. (Maybe to do something like "The Body Snatcher" in *Subways Are For Sleeping*; maybe it will be like the Reading Clinic; maybe the center for a Goodmanesque school—see "An Educational Romance" in *The Empire City*; maybe all three and more. We must see.)

There is a nice big camp in North Carolina available as a school, a work camp, the center for brigades of volunteers to work with the backwoodsmen and poor whites, the Negroes, *à la* Highlander Folk School; or for a new kind of itinerate social worker following the migrants as they follow the crops, with medical care, with child care, with food and training—fitted to their needs and not our standards; and wouldn't it be nice to 'fail' at Black Mountain College again—look at the enrollment statistics (maybe we'd succeed, better not).

There was a lot of talk—just that—in Washington about "a domestic Peace Corps." Another instrument of the Establishment, it will be more interested in forms than people. But, what about a *People* Brigade? Or a Corps of *People*.

Isn't there some way the Hopi can be protected from the Baptists—helped to keep the best of what is theirs? Isn't there some way the migrant Negro can be helped to rebuild his rapidly decaying culture—we've found one folk singer in 20,000—and kept from turning White with 'affluence'? Can't somewhere there be nurtured a viable, dignified, *human* culture?

Anyway, there will be a Volunteer Brigade to do good, and risky, and worthwhile things.

Isn't it time the lessons of the *kibbutzim*, Oneida, Brooks Farm, Tanguy, and all the other successes and 'failures' at community be translated into a reality for urban Americans? Is it necessary for the handful of us who look for honesty in the *Realist's* terms to dribble our lives, our genitals, our emotions, our muscle, our dreams away—through schools, movements, agencies, neighborhoods, apartment houses, families, towns, trades, we do not even like?

We think not.

In 1962 there is gathering a community called *People*. An association of idealists to do good, and risky, and beautiful things.

Editorial postscript: Until now, the only project sponsored by our non-profit corporation, The *Realist* Association, Inc., has been the *Realist*. It seems only fitting that *People*—an organization apparently at paradoxical odds with a magazine whose point-missing critics decry its "negativistic" humor—should be our second project.

Contributing membership in *People* will be \$10 a year. Supporting membership will be \$100 a year. Lifetime membership will be \$1000. If you are hung up on such details as formal acknowledgment, membership cards, or tax deductibility, perhaps you'd better reexamine your own motives as well as ours.

The *Realist*, in all its disrespectful glory, will be *People's* official organ of progress. I hope some day to report that its first three employees are George von Hilsheimer, Madalyn Murray and Sylvia Anderson. Plus a part-time staff abortionist, whose main function will be preventive contraceptive therapy.

All correspondence should be addressed to *People*, c/o the *Realist*. And please be patient. Humanists of the world, unite—you have nothing to lose but your armchairs.

Excerpt From "An Afternoon With a Self-Styled Phony"

On December 30th, in a benefit performance for the Realist, editor Paul Krassner came out of retirement as a comedian and spent a couple of hours on stage at the Village Gate in New York City. What follows is a portion—particularly appropriate to this issue—of his taped stream-of-consciousness.

Did you see this thing in the papers about Margaret Mead? She should just rest on her laurels—*Coming of Age in Samoa* and *Growing Up in New Guinea*—do you know what they do there now, in Samoa and New Guinea? When the kids reach puberty, the chiefs of the tribes don't give them instructions any more. They just give the kids copies of her book. "Here, this is the way you're supposed to do it."

Anyway, Margaret Mead makes this statement that we should have special fallout shelters for newlyweds, in different countries around the world, so that we can propagate the race. Get newlyweds who will be pioneers all over again, and rebuild, and bring their children up in the ruins of a nuclear holocaust.

All these young couples. Can you imagine a scene like that? Did you ever have just a double date? One car—one couple in the front and one in the back? This would be like a whole busload.

Plus the fact that the plan is very discriminatory. Because it's limited to newlyweds. Now, I haven't found the right girl yet, but I consider myself of good stock—I mean I have good qualities—only they won't let me in without a marriage license. It also discriminates against people who are *already* married and who society obviously feels would make good parents. Like Jimmy Durante, for example.

Remember when Prime Minister Nehru came to this country to see President Kennedy? I have this theory on what they talked about. They're walking along there—Nehru has on his little airline stewardess cap—and he says, "President Kennedy, I'd like to ask you about something."

"Why, sure, Mr. Nehru, what can I do for you?"

"Well, you said in your campaign speeches that if a country came and asked you for birth control information, you would give it to them."

"Yes, I said if they *requested* it."

"I'm requesting it."

"Oh. Well, now, Mr. Nehru—"

"Call me Jawaharlal."

"Yes, of course. You are a neutralist, is that correct, Jawaharlal?"

"Call me Mr. Nehru. Yes, I'm a neutralist."

"Well, from a theological viewpoint, you are not being neutral when you take part in birth control. You must realize that once you interfere in any way with the ovum, you are not a neutral. Now, if you want to go ahead on that premise—if you can justify the morality of interfering with the ovum—okay."

Nehru thinks about it and agrees. The problem is that ovum happens to be the Indian word for Goa.

But can you imagine what would have happened on an international scale? First of all, did you read about this woman who was involved in some birth control pill experiment, and now she's suing because she's pregnant. I don't think she'll win the case because she agreed to participate, and the semantics of the word "test" implies a certain risk.

Now, suppose they start having babies all over the place in India? See, Kennedy had to tell Nehru, "We said we'd give you birth control information if you asked for it, but you put me on a funny spot with the Church—Spellman is already on my back for the federal-aid-to-education thing—so I can only recommend the rhythm system, okay?"

So they compromise on that. Fine. But all these women in India keep having babies anyway. And so you bring this birth control lawsuit up to an international scale, and India sues the United States for gross negligence. Because Kennedy supplied them with 1958 calendars. Under orders.

The real irony of this, by the way—and this is true—is that India has allocated 105 million dollars for birth control; but can you imagine the uproar there would be in *this* country? So don't tell me we're free from religious interference.

I won't be satisfied until you can find an abortionist in the Yellow Pages. Until it's as socially acceptable as a nose job. Until people can start sending studio cards saying, "Good luck on your abortion." Until it's really out in the open like that. Then I'll be satisfied.

And don't say, "Well, that's different from birth control, that's murder." Because, as long as you can talk about preventive war. . . . You know, when you talk about abortion being murder and birth control not being murder, what's your focal point? The moment of conception. Before—*si*. After—*no*.

But then this gets into all kinds of equivocal ramifications. Shouldn't a douche be ruled out? That's foul. It's a very tenuous thing. You're going to have these little rabble-rousers going around scrawling signs in the subway: "Zonite is a murderer."

Of course, this is all the way it is now. In the future, there won't be this problem. Remember, in the old days, in the movie scenes they'd have when the wife is going to have a baby, and she says to her husband when he comes home from work: "Dear, I saw Dr. Benson today."

"Oh, what happened, did you stub your toe?"

"No, darling, can't you see what I'm knitting?"

"Oh, you *did* stub your toe."

"No, no, no—that's a bootie!"

"You mean . . . we . . . you and I . . ."

He didn't even *know*. Obviously, he's been cuckolded.

So that's the way it was in the old days. But in the future—with these newlyweds from Margaret Mead's fallout shelters—you know how it's going to be? The guy comes home from the office, and his wife says, "Dear, I went to the sperm bank today."

"You mean? . . . But, honey, you shouldn't have done that, we can't afford a child now."

"Oh, it's all right, I put a prophylactic on the test tube."