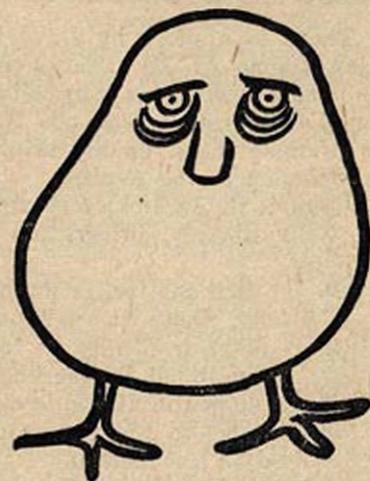


*freethought criticism and satire*

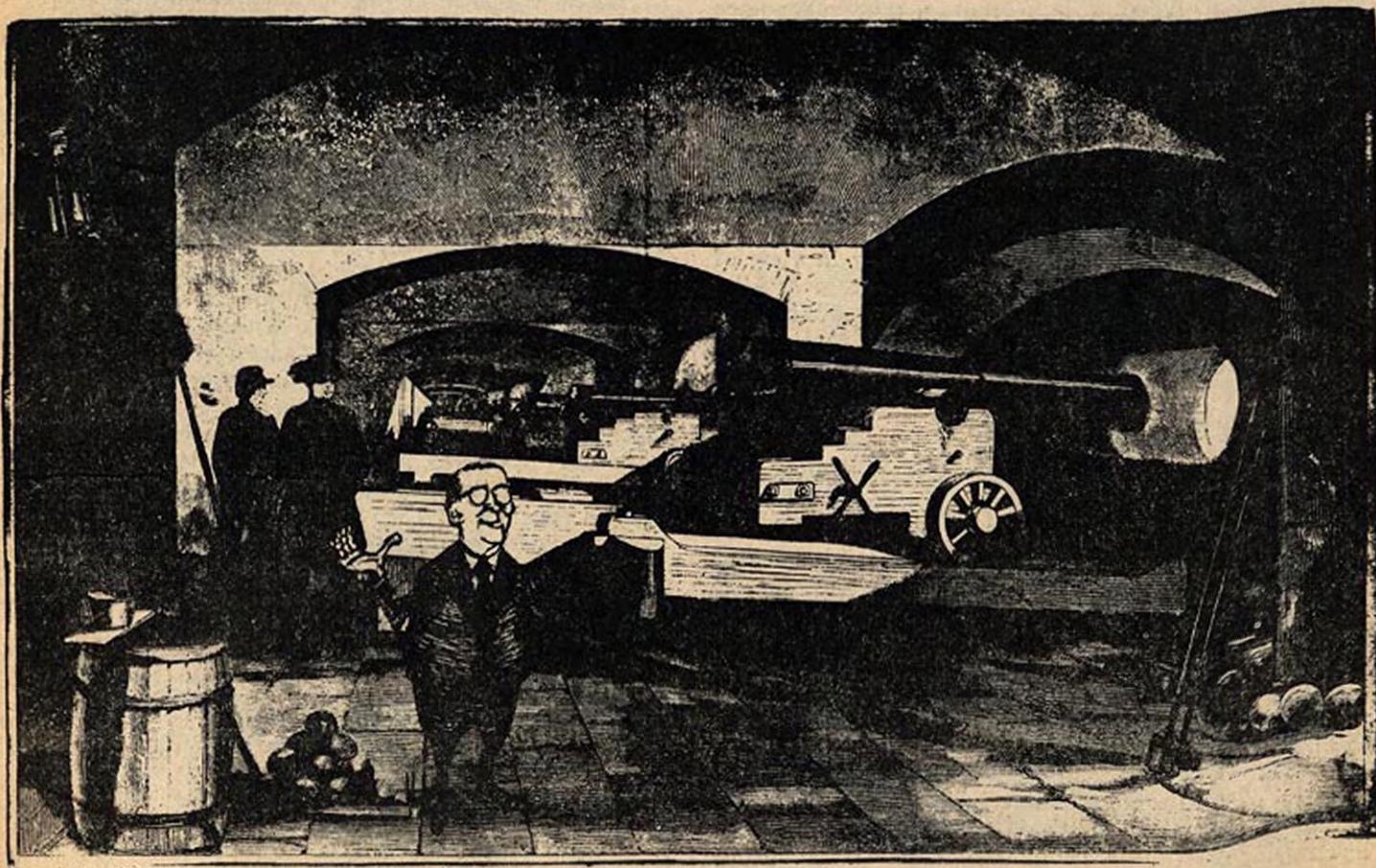
# The Realist



No. 37

35 Cents

*the magazine of  
unconscious hostility*



"As Guhvnor, Ah take a puhsonal pride in ouah campus facilities heah at Ole Miss."

## editorial type stuff

### Conscious Crow Jimism

There is a piece by Dave Berkman in this issue titled "Some of My Best Friends Are Liberals." I don't agree with his conclusion—that white liberals should deliberately seek out Negroes as friends—but his premise shook up my thinking enough to qualify its inclusion in the *Realist*.

Implicit in Berkman's theme is the contention that for many liberals, integration is merely an abstract principle.

So, for that matter, is unionism.

Ironically, these two abstractions often clash in actuality. More ironically, it took the executive board of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters—whose President, James R. Hoffa, is definitely not the darling of the liberals—to adopt unanimously an anti-segregation resolution last month.

Previously, the socially-acceptable AFL-CIO had censured their own A. Philip Randolph, head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, for bearing the major responsibility for the "gap that has developed between organized labor and the Negro community."

(Actually, Randolph had formed the Negro American Labor Council to fight discrimination still flagrant, particularly in AFL craft unions.)

But now the Teamsters climbed into Randolph's berth and retaliated:

"This motion of censure is a gross injustice to a labor leader who has done more than anyone else in the labor movement to maintain its integrity and unity in the fight for the complete integration of Negro and white workers in the house of labor, and who has struggled tirelessly, courageously and consistently for this goal.

"This injustice is particularly shocking in view of the fact that no measure of equal force has ever been adopted by the AFL-CIO Executive Council against any leaders of AFL-CIO affiliates which continue to maintain Jim Crowism in their organizations."

### Changing THINK to DO

John Wilcock climbed up desponds in the *Village Voice* recently and once again justified his existence.

"Reading the small-circulation liberal magazines," he wrote, "one is struck repeatedly by the plethora of good causes, the difficulty of projecting one's arguments to anyone but the already-converted and, more importantly, the lack of any positive action."

And he proceeded to present a Plan.

It would utilize organized pressure such as boycotts or letter-writing campaigns. "There is nothing unethical about this type of action," he said. "Boycotts of race-baiting white merchants and segregated bus lines have proved effective in the South and even, to a lesser extent, in South Africa; letter-writing campaigns are constantly being conducted by right-wing and religious groups.

"But somehow, it seems the liberals rarely are able to cooperate, possibly because so many of them are willing to sympathize but so few are willing to take action. And there is another reason: most groups, organizations and magazines are so jealous of their own cliques that they see more to lose than to gain by cooperation with others. But suppose all liberal groups and magazines could be persuaded to cooperate over only one thing . . ."

And Wilcock sent his idea to a number of magazines which have a liberal orientation, inviting them to pass it on to their readers.

The idea is to build up a mailing list of volunteers who would receive a mimeographed sheet of seven or eight possible projects each month, to be chosen by a committee of sponsors who would meet solely for the purpose of choosing the projects, based on the news and from suggestions sent in. The recipient would act only on those projects he himself believed in.

John Wilcock has gone to the minor expense of establishing an address—Liberal Action, Box 1707, N. Y. 1—to which mail can be sent. The name and address of each listee should be accompanied by \$1 to pay for one year's mailings.

*This, as Steve Allen's lyric goes, could be the start of something big.* On the other hand, your money will be returned if lack of cooperation by liberal magazines kills the idea.

Postscript: Please ignore the above editorial. Not a single liberal publication—and Wilcock wrote to them all—has given his idea any coverage.

### Statistics for Swinging Candy-Lovers

Recently a member of The John Birch Society proposed "a movement to deport Cardinal Spellman as an undesirable alien for voting in a foreign election and thereby forfeiting his U.S. citizenship . . ."

Responded the Society's founder, Robert Welch:

" . . . Since about forty per cent of our members throughout the country, fifty per cent of our field staff, and sixty per cent of our office staff are Catholic, and since most of our very strongest and most courageous support in our total fight against the Communists comes from high-ranking, patriotic, and very wonderful members of the Catholic hierarchy, we cannot agree with your letter or your contentions in the slightest degree.

"Under all of the circumstances, therefore, we do not believe that you would be happy as a member of The John Birch Society. Consequently we are cancelling your membership as of today, and are enclosing herewith our check for eighteen dollars as a refund of the proportionate part of your dues which now stand paid in advance. And we are also returning, of course, your check for one dollar, which was attached to your last letter, with the notation 'Deport Spellman!' written on it. . . ."

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

PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

SALLY BALDWIN, Scapegoat

Publication office is at 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. 12, N. Y.

Subscription rates:

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

Ten copies of one issue: \$1

Copyright 1962 by The Realist Association, Inc.

Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

## Solving The Negro-White Problem

by Saul Heller

The usual attempted solutions of the Negro-white problem have been chiefly legal. We pass a law, it proves hard to enforce, so we pass another law. Getting new laws passed takes so much time and effort, it effectively distracts attention away from the fact that there are perfectly good old laws which aren't being enforced. Nothing much is achieved, but an illusion of progress is generated, which satisfies one side; the lack of achievement satisfies the other, so it would be unfair to say that the proceedings are a total loss.

Education has been considered a possible solution, but the evidence doesn't encourage optimism along this line. A study made by Dr. Charles H. Stember, a sociology professor at Rutgers, indicates that better educated people are even more likely than less educated ones to reject other than casual contacts with members of minority groups. This is so even though the better educated people are less apt to believe the usual stereotyped nonsense about minorities. Which goes to show that the more clearly Americans recognize that their prejudices have no basis, the more firmly they cling to them.

Every so often, an anthropologist or sociologist presents new data intended to disprove Southern assertions of white superiority, but nothing comes of it. Americans in general, and Southern whites in particular, don't take much stock in scientific facts that run counter to racist fictions.

Remedies less conventional and more promising than the dreary and ineffectual ones we have referred to are possible, however, and they should be looked into. Dr. Terry C. Rogers, a Southern psychoanalyst, provides data on which one possible solution of the South's Negro-white problem may be based. He says there is a general unfounded feeling among Southern white people that the Negro is happy and unrepressed. Southerners whose own upbringing has been rigid and repressive feel an envy of the Negro which is converted into scorn and hate. The hate, says Dr. Rogers, is really a projection of the Southern white's hatred for his own father.

We can understand the Southern white's feelings. Here he is, thoroughly miserable, and anxious to surround himself with the kind of company misery loves, and the Negro maintains his good spirits. Outraged, the Southern white devotes his best efforts to making the Negro unhappy, without much visible success. It is certainly an embittering experience for the Southern white to feel that the Negro has not been embittered. A good deal of the Southern white's dislike of the Negro might conceivably evaporate if the Negro only had the decency to feel as wretched as his white oppressor. In line with this thinking, perhaps a campaign could be initiated, to induce Southern Negroes to look as miserable as they feel.

Another possible solution, designed to treat the problem at its source, would be an educational campaign in the South to stimulate hatred of fathers. If the Southerner hated his father more openly he might

possibly hate the Negro less. In the case of the Southerner who didn't really hate his father, a mother or favorite uncle could serve as a substitute.

Still another unconventional approach to the Negro-white problem is suggested by the recent synthesis of a hormone that darkens the skin of animals and humans. Why not inject the hormone into racists and make them colored? This should solve the Negro-white problem overnight. Of course, the possibility cannot be overlooked that the originally white racists would, after being turned black, start oppressing the whites. Such activities would be so novel and refreshing, however, and their objectives so worth-while, that the possibility of their taking place cannot really be considered a drawback.

Perhaps the most practical remedy of all lies in importing a few hundred Congo Negroes, or several dozen Mau Mau tribesmen, and letting them infiltrate below the Mason-Dixon line. An immediate change in the situation would be certain. It's a little more difficult to oppress a man who is eager to cut your throat, than it is to victimize one who is used to turning the other cheek.

Northerners tired of hearing about the courageous beating of one or two non-resisting Negroes by a mob of one hundred white Southerners will find it more interesting to read how one Mau Mau surrounded and terrorized one hundred white Southerners, whom he trapped as they were courageously trying to cross the state line.

Certainly the idea is worth a try. Maybe the Mau Mau, impressed by U.S. plans to train and export guerrillas to foreign countries where democracy needs saving, may train a few of their own public-spirited people and send them in to save democracy in the United States. It would certainly be a good way to repay the unselfish and never-ending efforts the United States makes to export democracy, even though it is in such short supply at home.



September, 1962

## GREY FLANNEL BLUES

by Jerry DeMuth

"I'm working on the chain gaing!" the voice sings. It is a soft, weak voice and it sings without melody and without feeling. But people are "impressed" by it and suddenly 34-year-old Oscar Brown, Jr. is a big success. Whites, and even some Negroes, hail him, buy his records, flock to see him in person, and invest \$400,000 in a banal musical he wrote.

Who is this writer of original blues and work songs? He's a middle-class Negro with a background as an advertising copywriter, a public relations man, a real estate salesman, and an actor in a network radio soap opera. The slick songs he writes contain none of the power and protest of actual blues and work songs. They couldn't—and if they did, Brown would not have achieved such great popularity.

Through his songs and his singing style, Brown doesn't remind his pseudo-liberal white followers of the meaning and feeling of conditions Negroes have experienced—and still are experiencing. It's all nice and slick and shallow and it makes Negro-suffering a part of our quaint past institution of slavery, and not anything which still exists. For Oscar Brown, Jr. is *safe*. Whites can go and hear him without being reminded of current Negro suffering which they, if not helping, are doing nothing to alleviate.

See that happy Negro on the stage. How pleasant is the way he's singing about slavery and chain gangs and hate and persecution.

And they'll leave feeling nice and comfortable, standing on the bus (a Negro is sitting on the only half-empty seat), not looking up at the slums but looking down at a newspaper, reading about loveable Moise Tshombe, going home to where they can watch Louis Armstrong smiling away on television, one arm around his trumpet, the other arm around Dave Gar-roway.

("Isn't Louis wonderful? I almost wouldn't mind having him live next door to me.")

Brown is also safe for many Negroes. He has not cut off their roots but, by weakening and slickening those roots, he has helped Negroes to be able to blend safely and comfortably in with the upper-middle class.

For, besides emasculating blues and work songs, Brown is a symbol of the comfortable mediocrity of the white upper-middle class. Whatever strength there may appear to be in his lyrics, melodies, and singing, that strength is hollow.

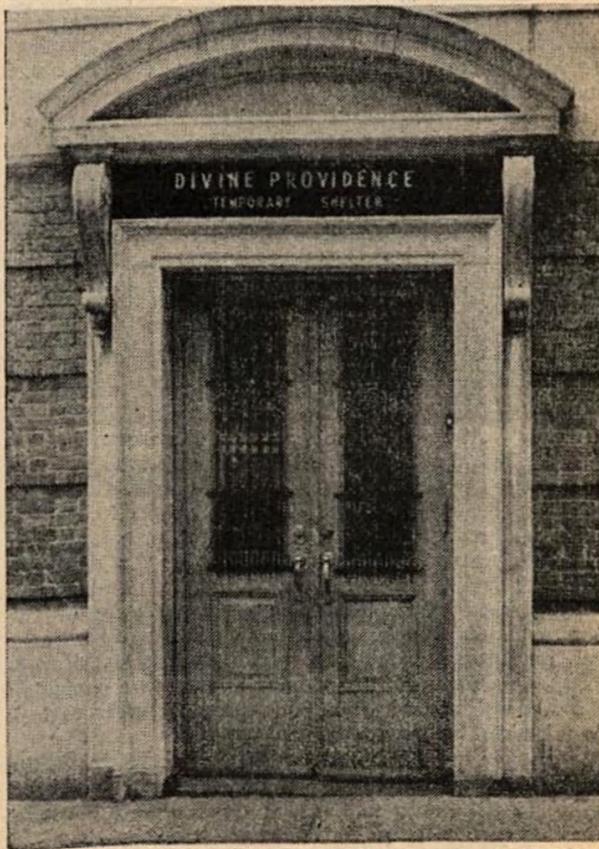
His greatest triumph of this mediocrity was his \$400,000 musical *Kicks and Co*. He didn't have any trouble getting that much money from backers for this interracial show. In fact, a second appearance on the *Today* show (the first resulted in 1,750 letters of praise) brought him enough money to put *Kicks and Co*. \$100,000 over the top. If only those people would that easily part with that much money for CORE, SNCC, the Southern Conference Educational Fund, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants, or any of many other organizations. But that would be stirring things

up too much—and humanity, not an individual, would profit.

Brown's banal story concerned the attempts of the white villain (Will Wenchin, no less) to get a first Negro pin-up for his man's magazine, *Orgy*. Will is aided by the "devil's emissary" Mr. Kicks, who is also attempting to get the Negro hero (Ernest Black, of course), a music student (who is writing the great American jazz opera), to switch from classics to rock and roll. Kicks fails, however—thanks to an ex-stripper, heart-of-gold variety (who really loves Ernest). This hack plot has tacked onto it such American banalities as superficial college life, phony respect for classical music, integration that includes only light-skinned Negroes (the Negro pin-up, e.g., is played by Vi Velasco, a light-skinned Negro, perhaps better described as a cocoa-brown white), and so on.

In a sit-in sequence, the harassing segregationists (in leather jackets with comic books stuck in their Levi pockets) are so crude that Brown's white worshippers could never connect themselves with discrimination.

*Kicks and Company* was supposed to play for two weeks in Chicago and then open in New York. But it bombed so badly that it closed after four performances. Perhaps Brown's white followers could only take so much of having their own mediocrity thrown back at themselves and someday they'll give up on Brown as they did on his show. Then, I hope, we'll all be able to get down to some serious work.



The Realist

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

## Way Out on a Colored Limb

by Peter Edler

Nikita says he doesn't understand Soviet jazzmen. And because it comes from UPI we must believe this to be a correct quotation. Nikita says (in defiance of Lester Young) that he dances well but still doesn't like jazz. The point is that there is really no jazz in Russia. Nikita is suffering from advanced musical arteriosclerosis. By saying that he doesn't like what Russian jazzmen are doing, he is implying that there are Russian jazz musicians. That's callous. That's cynical. That's a Khrushchev lie. There are neither jazz musicians nor jazz fans in Russia.

The last jazz fan (if I remember correctly) was sent to Siberia in the summer of 1960, after listening to The Voice of America and accidentally leaving his window open. The crowd gathering in front of his room at 2 A.M. (Central Asiatic Time [CAT]—it happened in Tiflis, I think) attracted the attention of a party functionary who was on his way to a secret meeting. In order to get more evidence he joined the crowd. He even pretended to like the music. When the American voice signed off, he called the Reds. The Reds arrived in plain night clothes. They made a study of the problem. After three months it was decided to send the man to Siberia. He is still there, instructing natives in outlying communities how to use a radio for purposes other than generating heat.

And the jazz musicians were taken away a long, long time ago. The free press hasn't reported on this because they are conscientious. They take their jobs seriously. They didn't write anything that might aggravate the cold war. Negative comments, such as reports of violence in Russia would have been, were withheld for five years. The free press was satisfied with saying: There Is No Jazz In Russia, and let it go at that. Then the State Department men, those wizards with double vision of the future, forced the Russians to accept a jazz band in a cultural exchange program. They really forced them. I mean, they really made them take Benny.

The Russians said, Look here, we haven't had jazz in this country for such a long time (confusing in an unnecessary reference Walt Whitman with Paul Whiteman) that people might get hysterical. We can't risk it. Things, as you know, are pretty bad internally, and if this happens now we might have to add another party like you were forced to, to make it look good. So we can't do it at this time. Sorry. Basically, I mean personally, my own wife and children, like, we dig it. In fact, my wife, but never mind. Officially we can't do it. So while we. . . .

At this point the State Department said, Okay, either you take jazz or another art show with a woman's torso as conceived by one of our top artists so that Nikita has something to write home about.

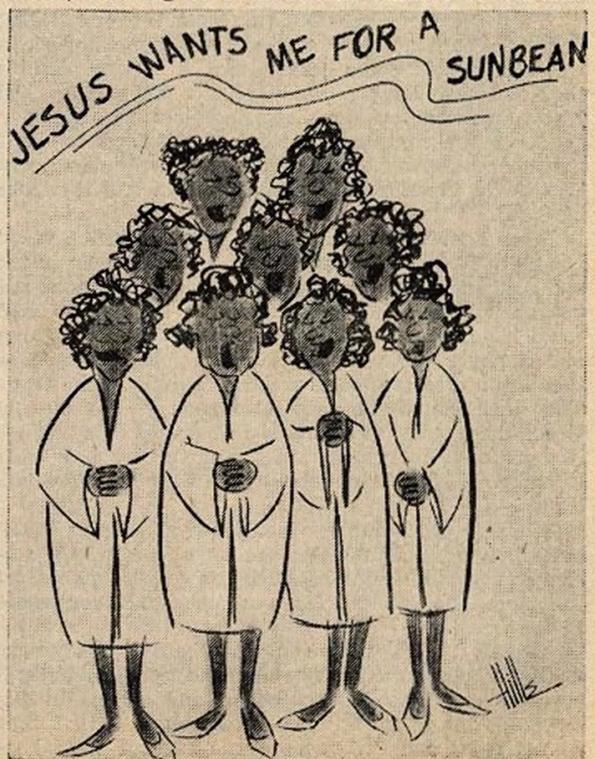
That did it. They took Benny. And Joya. And Newman—Joe, not Paul, although Paul offered to do a little personal hustling, too, over there. Benny had first hand contact with Russians during and after his concerts, so it's interesting to listen to him.

Well, says Benny, we arrived and those cats were really wild. In Ustrut, for example, a group of young men got up from their inexpensive barter-economy seats and started yelling for Zoot. Sounded strange, boys. Made me proud to be an American, I must admit. But now that I'm safely home I might as well tell the whole story. After the show one of them came over and said in perfect American, "Well, Benny, how'd it go?" So I asked him where he learned his English and he started laughing and wouldn't stop. Finally he told me that he was from the State Department. They were the guys accompanying us and they'd just changed into ordinary Russian shirts, curled their hair (two wore wigs, I think) blackened a few teeth, taken off their ties and hats and started spreading a little cheer. So then I *knew* that there were really no jazz fans in Russia. Incidentally, all the State Department guys came backstage afterwards and we had a few drinks together and they said that they disliked prostituting themselves in this way, because they really didn't like jazz, but they felt that there was some justification of what they were doing because the State Department had mentioned it would be for the greater glory of America and because some of my tunes sounded almost like pop tunes anyway.

Incidentally, continues Benny, did you know that Joe Newman almost gagged at one of the concerts? But this is a tough story and I know you guys, you'll print anything for a laugh. So I won't tell it.

So far so good. Benny found out the hard way. But what about the Russians who've been suppressed since the Stalin era? There is a confidential report (I dare not divulge the source because she still has relatives in Sharon, Pennsylvania).

After one of the concerts a Russian by the name of Kutsk, claiming to be a distant relative of Vladimir



Nabokov, introduced his daughter to one of our bandmen, I think the French horn player, and she told him that she had been moved in wonderful ways by his horny French playing. The interpreter happened to be from the Politburo, in disgrace now—a sub-quota spy, really—and passed on the information. Later that evening the girl was summoned and questioned by the local commissar. She did not return to her family till the wee hours of the morning with a tale of such depravity (she had been subjected to humiliation and torture) that her father, the aforementioned Kutsk, was outraged enough to form the first picket line in the history of the Soviet Union. He was arrested, of course, questioned in turn and then called before a sub-committee of the Supreme Soviet because of Un-Russian activities. He had to register. He had to deny his friends. He was forced to sing a folk song and accompany himself on the balalaika to see if he had twist tendencies. Finally he was ordered to desist. This harsh ruling was arrived at on the basis of a previous Supreme Soviet decision that anyone aiming at the peaceful overthrow of government in Russia must be considered the agent of a foreign power.

Now, about the crowds that were attracted. Once you have the inside dope, which the band didn't have, but I certainly do, it's no longer paradoxical. Weeks before Benny arrived, pamphlets were circulated by student volunteers in most Russian cities, but particularly throughout Georgia. The pamphlets said that there would be one or two Negroes in the band. People just couldn't believe it. They didn't think the Americans would have the guts, being in enemy territory and all. So they turned out by the thousands, sat through the music and stared in disbelief. Sure enough, there were two Negroes in the band, and at least four other musicians were trying hard to bring it out.

Then the traditional Russian mistrust (so evident in international affairs) started spreading. Maybe this was a gimmick. Some remembered Al Jolson pictures they had seen during the Warthaw. Maybe they had just painted their faces. Several women rushed up to the bandstand, to touch Joe's and Joya's faces to see if the color was real. And everybody in the band was crushed by emotion. Joe cried and Joya had to stroke his head.

Then somebody (a gagster from Tashkent) yelled Elizabeth Arden and immediately all the women in the audience knew that the color was fake on the faces, but put on so beautifully that not even a Russian child could have told the difference. They started laughing and clapping their hands, like the children we know they are at heart. In Georgia, where Stalin came from. They appreciated the satirical aspect. It was moving to see them, once the distrust had melted away. Much like our own Georgians, really. Simple people. Willing to smile. Willing to understand. Willing to appreciate a joke.

The only other dubious incident that remains is the one where a young Russian sat down in a private session and started drumming with a few of the guys from the band. Easy enough. There are show-offs everywhere in the world.

So, all in all, everything we knew already was merely confirmed. They're still enslaved. They're still suppressed. Khrushchev is callous and cynical in disliking Soviet jazzmen, when he knows well that they do not exist and furthermore is aware of what hap-

pened to them because he himself signed the necessary papers. Benny's tour was a success because of State Department foresight and efforts and because of well-known racial prejudice in Russia. We went way out on a colored limb. It worked once. But it may never work again. The Negro novelty will have worn off next time. Let's not take any more chances. Let's send them more art. We've proved our point. And for god's sake, let's not send them Dizzy.

### Muslim Report of Whole Cloth

*On the facing page, there is reprinted a secret 'report' on the Black Muslims which was circulated to Los Angeles police. It appeared in the September 10th issue of The Militant, a socialist weekly, along with the following editorial:*

... We have no doubt about the document's genuineness. It has already been printed in *Correspondence*, a monthly publication, whose editors assure us of its *bona fide* character though, naturally, they do not want their source publicized. In addition, the internal evidence of its genuineness is overwhelming for anyone, familiar with the police mind, who has followed events in Los Angeles.

There, a steadily increasing wave of police brutality against Negroes culminated April 27 in a murderous shooting spree against unarmed Black Muslim members. One man, Ronald T. X. Stokes, was killed and six others wounded. A photo next day in the *Los Angeles Times* showed wounded Muslims, their hands shackled behind their backs, lying all over the street. An accompanying story likened it to "a modern-day street-scene in Algiers." Black Muslim spokesman Malcolm X has given additional details about acts of police brutality to the wounded.

Since that bloody day, the Los Angeles police department has engaged in a propaganda campaign to "justify" its lawless attack on the Muslims, to intensify the persecution of them locally and nationally. Negro-hating congressmen from the South have responded to the bid and an "investigation" of the Black Muslims by the House Un-American Activities Committee is underway.

The wild fabrications in the Los Angeles police document are preparations for further attacks on the persecuted Muslim sect. Let the "clean-cut" Negro on the streets of Los Angeles beware—cops, already filled with anti-Negro prejudice, will be all the more trigger-happy now that they have been officially told that Black Muslims are out to kill cops.

As for the recommended reading put into the police document to give it a verisimilitude of research and scholarlyness, both of these articles were exposed in *The Militant* of Sept. 7, 1959. Suffice it to note the following here. *U.S. News & World Report* is the most blatantly anti-Negro of any major national publication. The type of journalistic hatchet-job done by *Time* magazine may be well illustrated by one item. It listed as part of the police record of the Black Muslims' top leader, Elijah Muhammed, a charge of "contributing to the delinquency of a minor" (a journalistic euphemism which if not further explained is interpreted by readers as sexual abuse of a child) without any mention of the fact that the charge was based on his refusal to send his grandchild to a public school of which he disapproved. . . .

## "... they will kill any police officer ..."

Editor's note: A few months ago, the Los Angeles Superintendent of Police issued the following confidential memorandum regarding the Black Muslim movement. The misspellings, grammatical errors and boldface lies are all as in the original.

### THE MUSLUM-ISLAM SECT

The intent of this memorandum is to provide confidential information to departmental field personnel for their guidance and safety should situations occur wherein the circumstances indicate a contact may have been made with possible members of this sect. A brief summary of this organization, its development and aims, is herein set forth:

Since about 700 A.D. there has existed in the Middle East a religion known variously as Mohammedanism, Moslemism (also spelled Muslumism) or Islam; all of which are recognized religious organizations. There exists in the United States (and has existed since 1931) a pseudo-religious organization which has used the name "THE MOSLEMS"; in and around Los Angeles, this sect calls itself the Muslum-Islam sect: The organization is NOT a legitimate member of the Moslem religion and its existence is decried by the leaders of the true Moslem Church in the United States.

Until recently, the sect (referred to hereafter as the MUSLUM-ISLAMIS) has been a secret organization with only shadowy information known about it. It has now been determined that the sect is nation-wide, organized and financed well, militant and growing. Known membership in New York is over 3,000, in Indianapolis over 500 and in Los Angeles over 600. It should be stressed that these are known members.

The sect is of concern to law enforcement officers for several reasons. They are as follows:

1. It is a "hate" organization; that is, its dogma and doctrine are based upon the pitting of one group against another. History has shown that to maintain itself, any "hate" group must take aggressive action to satisfy members.

2. The organization is composed of non-caucasians, chiefly Negroes of African ancestry, and the hate campaigns are directed against all caucasians and many non-conformist non-whites. It is not merely a campaign of vilification, but one or organized efforts at murder, chief victims are and have been police officers.

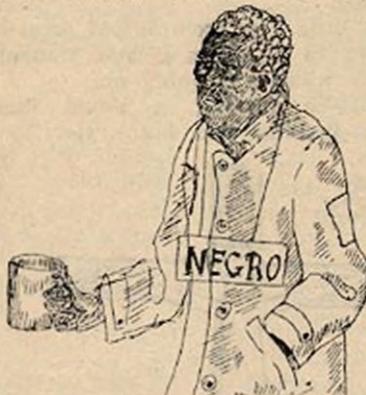
3. The elite of the organization are the 20 to 40 year old men who are selected for physical prowess and trained in weaponless aggressive tactics. The members of the whole organization and these "Fruit of Islam" (as

the men are called) particularly, have stated that they will kill any police officer when the opportunity presents itself, no matter what the circumstances.

4. There is presently no way to combat the organization as a whole, as it has not violated any of the various sedition laws.

5. The great danger to law enforcement personnel will come, not from large riots, but from small (three to five) groups of members, well-trained, leading police units into isolated areas and attacking the officers.

6. It is believed that in the City of Los Angeles proper, and in several of the surrounding communities, the sect



can muster over 100 members at a given time and in a very brief interval.

7. When mass action is taken by the sect, it is not at the most likely places such as labor dispute areas, etc. but at routine warrant or subpoena services and court order evictions.

8. Any publicity given the sect tends to increase its membership, AND ANY SPECIAL EMPHASIS ON THE PROBLEM WHICH THE SECT MIGHT POSE FOR LAW ENFORCEMENT WILL ONLY TEND TO MAKE THEM MORE BOLD.

9. The men of this group are extremely dangerous; further, they are a type of fanatic, and are willing to die for their cause, content if they can take a caucasian, preferably a police officer (and this includes Negro police officers too), with them when they are killed.

The Muslum-Islams in the Los Angeles area, like their brethren elsewhere, are highly disciplined. The "clean-cut" Negro, well dressed and groomed, is the most likely member of the organization; many are well educated, all are well trained. In addition to the good clothing, members may be distinguished by a lapel pin or signet ring which they wear which is composed of a five-pointed star surmounting a crescent moon (this is also the insignia of the legitimate Islamic movements.)

Only slender hope can be extended insofar as the cult's reaching vast numbers. The secondary tenet of the

Muslum-Islams is anti-Christ and anti-Semitism. Because many (if not most) American Negroes embrace Christianity in one form or another, they will be opposed to the actions of the sect on religious grounds. Well-informed members of the Negro race will unquestionably apprehend the damage done to the improving conditions current in race relations by the efforts of such a fanatic group.

In field contacts, it must be borne in mind that, even if the total membership in the Los Angeles area totals 2,000, it is but a small fraction of the total Negro population. No different treatment should be accorded the average citizen because of the hazards presented by a few fanatics; however, no unnecessary chances should be taken.

Members of this organization may be identified in some instances by the following:

1. A lapel pin or identification card.
2. In some instances, members have shaven heads.
3. Members use the regular handshake, but in addition place the left hand on the other person's forearm.
4. They are immaculate dressers.
5. Female members are forbidden to wear cosmetics; however, this rule is not strictly adhered to.

This organization has temples at the following locations:

Long Beach, 1345 1/2 California Street (Howard's Hall).

Los Angeles, 1106 1/2 East Vernon St., and 1480 West Jefferson Blvd.

Oakland, 1653 Seventh Street.

San Diego, 526 So. 36th St.

For additional information relative to this sect, recent magazine articles have been published. One article appears in U.S. NEWS AND WORLD REPORT, August 3, 1959, issue, entitled "IS NEW YORK SITTING ON A POWDER KEG?" Another appears in TIME MAGAZINE, August 10, 1959, entitled "THE BLACK SUPREMACIST."

Because of the complexity of our society, situations arise whereby only through knowledge of the circumstances may the officer be alerted to the possibility of a potential danger. This memorandum has been prepared by the Department in an attempt to better inform its field personnel so as to enable them to cope with the ever present hazards of law enforcement.

TO: ALL DISTRICT AND FIELD CAPTAINS AND DISTRICT LIEUTENANTS  
FROM: WILLIAM H. MORRIS, SUPERINTENDENT  
SUBJECT: BLACK MUSLUM (MUSLUM-ISLAM SECT)

The above is for your information and should be brought to the attention of all personnel under your command.  
W.H.M.

WHM:HAB-whs  
cc: All District Five Personnel  
May 11, 1962.

## Report From a Young Exurbanite...and a Middle-Aged Urbanite

The following bit of prose appeared this summer in a children's camp newspaper exactly as printed here . . .

I live in a town called Princeton [W. Va.]. I found out that Big City Living like New York is much different than small town living. It has its advantages and disadvantages. To go to school I walk a mile. But in New York when you want to go to a baseball park to play ball you have to walk but to go to a baseball park to play ball to me all I do is go in my own back yard. To visit a relative for me is traveling 600 miles to New York where my relatives live.

Getting back to school did you ever hear of a school with paddles or did you ever hear of the paddle system. If you do something bad in school you will be hit very hard with a paddle not like the way they paddle you on your birthday here at camp but harder. If you would like to know I have never been paddled but some of my friends tell me what it feels like. And you may ask why the kids parents don't do anything about it because they say if I could go through it my children can do it. That's why only three more states have a worse school system.

Getting to segregation or the way they treat the Negroes to my opinion is terrible. They live in the hottest place in town and they are not allowed to go swimming in the town swimming pool. Their part of town is like a horror picture. I once wanted to take a bike ride and I went up to the Negro section. There houses were barely standing; the roofs were falling in. I had gotten into a lot of fights there at recess. Usually a bunch of boys would come over to my friend and I and would say you are dirty Yankees and sometimes it would be only word fights but sometimes it might become a fist fight.

I am eleven. I have lived in New York City 10 years of my life and it was a big surprise to me the way that the Southerners are so segregated. The newspapers don't even tell how bad it is down South. And everywhere you go you will always see the Confederate flag waving. A year is a long time and it is surprising how fast you learn things that are bad in West Virginia or any state. But in West Virginia you can also have fun. Here's one of my biggest problems, friends. In New York you don't have to go far for a friend. Where I live I have to go half a mile to my closest friend, two miles to my second closest friend and five miles

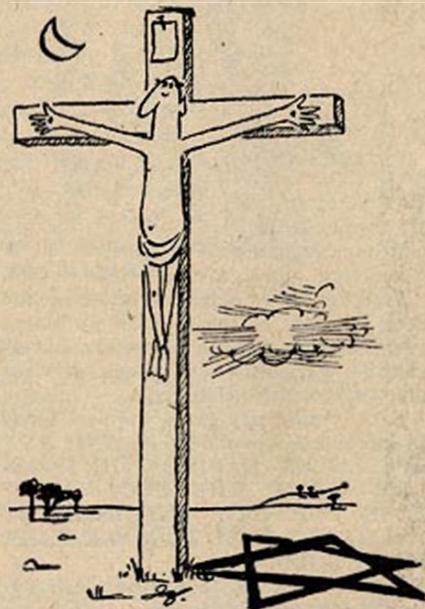
The following bit of prose is going to appear in Nelson Algren's forthcoming book, "Who Lost an American?" . . .

A certain man was once standing at the head of a long line of men and women, like the line that forms in front of the bleacher box-office the morning of the first game of a world's series. Only these people already had their tickets, and their tickets were stones. Each held one stone.

But the man at the head of the line had a housebrick in either hand and another on his hip. He was loaded.

A little Jew from out of town happened to be passing and wanted to know what was going on.

"We're stoning a broad today," First-In-Line told him. "Get to the



to my last friend and luckily I have a bike but now I am making more friend, lucky. But let's just say my friends were busy so I would go to my TV set like anybody would if they didn't have anything to do. I turn it on and I don't like what's on so I turn the channel. I don't like that either so I have to turn off the TV because there are only two channels three to be exact but two of them have the same thing on all the time.

Princeton is in the very southern part of West Virginia. West Virginia is surrounded by the following states: Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. West Virginia has very butiful views because of its mountains. It's got so many mountains that it is nicknamed the mountain state. It produces more cole than any other state in the United States.

end of the line."

"How come you have three tickets while the other sports have only one?" the little Jew, who was all for fair play, asked.

"Because I am a columnist and therefore have greater responsibility to my community than others," First-Every-Time explained.

"Why does a columnist such as yourself have more responsibility to his community than anyone else?" the Jew wanted to know.

"Because I have a home in the suburbs that isn't paid for," the other replied. "Who do you think worked up the idea of a stoning anyhow? Me," he answered himself, "in order to take people's minds off their troubles."

"It's no accident you're at the head of the line," the Jew realized. "Wait right here."

He went into the lumber yard across the street and returned, carrying two 2x4's nailed crosswise.

"Are you still at the head of the line?" he inquired courteously, holding his 2x4's behind his back.

"Nobody's getting ahead of me, bud," the columnist warned him. "I'm from Chicago."

"Sheer coincidence, I'm from Chicago, too," the Jew assured him, bringing his 2x4's down with great power upon the columnist's skull.

First-In-Line-Every-Time zonked out for the first time. He was lying cold in the middle of the street but he was still first in line. Although he was clutching bricks in both hands, he wouldn't do any stoning for some time.

Nobody was going to do any stoning for some time. That was fairly plain. But the small Jew made it even plainer.

"No rain checks," he announced to the waiting fans.

Some dropped their stones where they stood and turned for home. Others turned for home and threw them away on the way. One woman didn't. She came up to the Jew and asked him to autograph it. He signed it with an 'X' and then told her, "Now throw it away." She threw it away.

And those who dropped them where they stood, and those who threw them away on the way, threw or dropped them in the manner of people who had never wanted to stone anybody in the first place.

"We'll have to keep an eye on this fellow," the governor remarked when news of the incident was reported to him. "If he learns to write he'll be dangerous."

## LIVE AND LET LIVE

### Part Two

Editor's note: This is the second installment of WBAI's program of a discussion carried on by a group of homosexuals.

I've always felt that anybody claiming to be bisexual was trying to straddle the fence, and it has nothing to do with social convictions or freedom. He simply is trying to say that, you know, "I simply indulge in homosexual activities and also indulge in heterosexual activities, but here I stand as a man, you know, completely whole and normal." I mean, the normality that's used by psychologists. But I believe that you should be either one or the other—

Freudian psychology—

Freudian psychology.

This brings to mind something—and I'm gonna throw a ball of fire at this—at Jack. You mentioned to me the other night—you said, if I remember correctly: "I think anyone who's homosexual really wants to be passive and be—in other words, to be a woman, or to be at least passive in relationship to society" or something like that—didn't you, or did I misunderstand you?

I did not say that. I said I felt that to be homosexual there was a decided preference for being a passive personality at that particular moment in a sexual relationship. It could be either sexually or it could be emotionally, but I still maintain that a person who is bisexual still has the same drives and same desires, except he calls it by this name, and he's trying to—I don't know—expiate guilt or reconcile it with society, but he is—it's the same; there's no difference.

I find this to be rather silly. I, personally, if we're going to get involved in a little bit of—telling little secrets about myself and a certain amount of admitting what would be considered by most society to be guilt or—I can't explain really what it means to me, but I can explain how the relationship occurs, and a few of the things, and you'll have to draw your own conclusions as to the psychological reasons behind this. But I am at this point living with a boy. About a week-and-a-half ago I had a very satisfactory relationship with a girl. It was a one-night affair. It's a girl I've known for a long time. I've known her since college, as a matter of fact, and I find that I, in a period of years—and it's taken years—have preaked myself so that I don't play roles. I do not play the masculine role in a homosexual relationship, or the masculine role in a heterosexual relationship, or the feminine role in either relationship. I do what comes naturally at the time I'm doing it. And at that point—this has taken a lot of serious thinking on my part and a lot of trying *not* to think; throwing things that have been in my mind since childhood, that have been placed there by teachers, parents, society in general, throwing them out—in order to achieve a certain amount of freedom. And, therefore, I don't feel that I'm restricted. I don't feel that when I go with a girl I am necessarily proving my masculinity. I don't feel that I go with boys all

the time and then, every once in a while, I have this great urge to *prove I'm a man*. I am a man. I know I'm a man. This is the point. I'm a man, mentally and physically. I happen to like men. I happen to like men sexually. I also happen to like women sexually. I happen to be somewhat of a hedonist in sexual relationships. I think that one should be free enough to enjoy all relationships—

*Well, how do you feel about the casual homosexual?*

What do you mean by "casual"?

*The experimenter, the—one night stand, the fellow who thinks he wants to try this—how do all of you feel about this?*

I would say that he probably is someone who, by some sort of luck or some other reason, is slowly becoming able to realize himself and that this is one of the urges which he has, and I think everyone has them. I don't think that there are any exceptions among the entire human race, including—not only the human race but the animal kingdom, and, of course, animals are totally free about it. They do what they please because they don't think about it—

Well, I would be inclined to feel, because I feel very strongly about this bisexual thing, and I would think if you would take a poll among the few people here that—Peter is the dark horse, because generally homosexuals *are* homosexual because—well, in the Freudian concept there are many reasons why—usually the absence of the father, or, you know, being over-protected by the mother, and all this kind of jazz—but generally a homosexual seeks, actively and constantly, only male companionship and does try to have a workable relationship, even though he knows it's going to be destructive. It may last an hour, a week, ten years—but Peter is the only one whom I have ever spoken to who has had these convictions.

I'd like to say something. It was very funny. When I met Peter and I was telling him about the program, I told him about the Homosexual League of New York, which as we earlier talked about the Mattachine Society, there are six or seven groups. He said, "What is your program generally aimed at?" I said, "Aimed at social acceptance for homosexuals—a type of equality if you want to use clichés of the day." And he said, "Why, that's absolutely ridiculous and repulsive." And I almost fell back on the table—you know, I had had a few beers and here I was at a homosexual party, and to have this thrown at you was a little bit stunning. And I said, "Why do you say that?" And Peter said, "Because *bisexuality* is the only way of life." And its praises. And I do think, to this extent, though, that a bisexual runs into a great deal of hostility in the homosexual society because he doesn't really believe in any group, and I'd like to turn this back over to Peter with one question I've always been curious about. Most bisexuals, it's a very corny relationship—the ones I know—they have girlfriends that don't know about their homosexual life, and I know of cases where, with their boyfriends, they don't tell about their *girlfriends*. Now, you tell me you're pretty open with the girls you go with that, you make no bones about being bisexual, and I'd like to know their general reactions and the kind of things that happen and what they say.

It's been rather odd. I, incidentally, am from Vermont, and in Vermont, which is a very puritanical state, although in some ways far freer than New York—New

York tends to have its own puritanism—I found up there, though, that the girls up there were very shocked. I found that the boys were far less shocked and it didn't bother them. I have many heterosexual friends in Vermont, because of course that's where I was raised, I went to school there, and it didn't bother them particularly. The type of homosexual that bothers a fairly well oriented heterosexual boy is the type who will drive around in a car or walk around and make very, very sneaky passes—who will not be open and honest—and of course this is very frightening. These people bother me. I don't particularly like to be hitchhiking on a road and be picked up by a man who will, you know, say, "Hello, how are ya? Bla bla bla. Come on in, let's go for a ride—" And as soon as you get going down a highway, here comes a hand sneaking across the seat. This sort of thing is repulsive to me. I think he should come out and say what he wants to do and be free about it.

He'd get slugged anyway. —

He certainly wouldn't be slugged by me and most of the boys that I know.

I rather maintain that you want somebody to walk up to you on the street and say, well, you know, "Let's go up to my place—"

This is something very—no, I'm not saying that you should walk down the street and as soon as you see someone who's attractive, whether it be a male or female, go right up and say, "Let's go to bed." But there is also a way to be subtle and not sneaky.

But if you are a practicing homosexual, you will know that there is a ritual. And really, it's truly magnificent, you know, in the art of cruising, because I've discussed this. And also the bit—you might be very tired, you've had a very pleasant evening, you might have been to the theatre, you might have been to the movies, you might have been walking. And you are going home. You're not interested in sex. You don't want a sexual partner. But you pass somebody. You know it's definitely wrong, but once this chain of events has been put into play, you've got to go through with it, and it's very elaborate and it's very humorous sometimes, too, and it's marvelous.

You know—I had an interesting experience. Now, most of the homosexuals here—I'm not sure about this; I know a few very well—are very dishonest in their heterosexual relationships. Peter is an exception insofar as he has heterosexual friends that know that he is bisexual. Now, since I've become active in this work [homosexual public relations], I've told a few of my heterosexual friends, and through my life there have been heterosexual friends who knew nothing of my sexual nature, and there were those that I told. And I've noticed that there was a great enriching of the relationship, a great deal of honesty coming to the relationship. There have been some relationships that have almost soured, people that—you think this guy is a hipster; you know, he has ideas. Someone gets up and talks about liberalism, and they're way out on every type of social and political idea, and they find out that you're homosexual, and all their own personal complexes—

They become a puritan, you mean?

They become a puritan.

I want to ask you something along these lines. Do you all observe the same kinds of taboos that hetero-

sexual society does in this sense, let's say along social lines? Is it common, for example, that homosexuals cross interracial lines? Do they cross religious lines? I suppose religious lines are much less stronger taboos than racial lines at this stage. What about economic lines? And all the various taboos. Anybody have anything to say about that?

Well, I think most homosexuals are snobs economically, except in bed. I think we'll go to bed with anyone who attracts us, no matter what they do. But socially, I think we're all snobs. I don't know why that is, but I think most of us are, unless we meet someone who is of a lower economic group, but who is quite intelligent. That's different. But, as a rule, I think, we're snobs. As far as the race thing goes, my relationship was with a Negro—the seven-and-a-half-year one—and we got along beautifully.

Throughout history it has been proven that—you know—in a homosexual relationship there are no social strata which aren't crossed. It's the only kind of relationship where you will find—you know—a prince with a commoner or a millionaire with a lackey.

Is this true in all cases?

It's true in all cases.

Are there, let's say, Upper East Side homosexuals and West Side homosexuals and—

All stratas.

But do they mix.

They don't mix—

Generally, they don't mix socially. They mix sexually.

They don't always mix sexually. I know a lot of homosexuals in this town that will turn around—you live in a certain type of homosexual community. I have friends who will say about somebody, "He's a dinge queen." Dinge meaning Negro, meaning he goes to bed with Negroes, and he's not acceptable—

Yes, but—

And they'll also say, "He's a Puerto Rican—"

Randy, but of course. That's only natural. That's hypocrisy. He's saying this to you. You know, under the stark light of day, or you're sitting down and you're dining, of course. I would say the same thing. But two o'clock in the morning, when you're walking home where there's nobody to see you—It's been proven.

These same people are so phony and so concerned with their social strata that they'll go to bed with a mess at 45 years old if he has a nice apartment and a Cadillac and he's a successful man—and they'll pass up someone twice as good-looking at 25 who is in a lower economic position. And that is a pattern they never deviate from.

Granted. But generally—if a homosexual is going home at two o'clock in the morning and he knows his smart East Side friends aren't going to see him, you would be shocked at what he drags home.

Well, what about this, then. In answer to an earlier question—what about the casual relationships? What's the term—"rough trade?"

No. Rough trade is something which, I think, most intelligent homosexuals avoid. And rough trade being, of course, the straight, so-called "normal" boy who is on the street and the homosexual approaches him and either gives him money; or because he's been sexually frustrated for a while he's willing to go anyway—

To submit to one act.

To submit to something so that he can feel a relief from his frustration. This is a very dangerous thing, for one thing, because of the social pressures—the psychological pressures coming from the social problem—and most intelligent homosexuals don't bother with this type of a boy.

It's very sick and very dull. And when I say that, that's an opinion, and I think it would be agreed with by almost all homosexual people—

This type of a boy will, in the first place, if he is a latent homosexual, which is usually the case, he will still be very rigid—

Vicious, vicious.

Sometimes very vicious, and the reason for his being vicious, of course, is because he doubts his own masculinity, and therefore this creates all kinds of torment inside him—emotional problems—so that he, even if he's not vicious, will be dull. He will not respond while in the sexual act; regardless of whether he's being masculine or feminine in the act, he will not respond. He will be a dull, boring person.

And filled with guilt—

Filled with guilt, which he will, as a rule, take out on the person by punching him in the nose—on the homosexual that has picked him up.

—or even killing him.

Or even killing him. This has happened, of course.

Is this, then, among homosexuals, largely an upper-class vice?

Oh, no!

It is a vice which goes from the lowest working class—or non-working at all, no-money class—right to the top.

I'm talking about homosexuals who indulge in so-called "rough trade"—if this isn't an upper-class vice. I'm thinking of the fact, for example, that in Manhattan there is a large incidence of felonious assault resulting from the fact that, whichever way the relationship begins, casual pick-ups develop into where the boy, to expiate his guilt out of a kind of revulsion, beats up his partner or robs him, or—

You say that's an incidence in a certain area of Manhattan—

I'm talking about Yorkville, for example, which we've done some programs on—

Yorkville?

Yorkville is one area, which is—well, it doesn't get in the papers very much because the real estate speculators don't like this—

I'd like to say something about that. This is a—it could be a lower class person or upper class homosexual. It's strictly psychological—like the Don Juan in heterosexual society, who have to seduce every woman—there is a type of homosexual who gets hung up on the idea that, boy, the more masculine, the more attractive. And he starts out chasing masculine homosexuals and then he gets completely fixated on this idea of what you call rough trade. And these people follow the gamut. Now they might all gather on 42nd Street or Third Avenue, but this is just simply an official meeting place. This doesn't mean that those people that pick them up on Third Avenue, live near Third Avenue. They might live in the Bowery or in Brooklyn.

Bill, you had your hand up—

Well, of course, there's two types of homosexuals: the one who carries on a rather normal homosexual re-

lationship with various people, and the type who gets very bored with what they've been doing and they're always seeking something new and exciting because actually they're bored with themselves, and eventually they'll try just about anything, and I think the older they get, the more strange their desires are.

Well, doesn't this partially have to do with the fact that homosexuals, like anybody else, for example, are very conscious of physical appearance? What happens to the guy, for example, who can't find a partner for one reason or another—suppose he's ugly?

That's not so!

That's not so. There's always someone—

In New York City, if you're homosexual, you can always be satisfied. There is always somebody who'll go to bed with you. That's the problem—there's always sexuality in New York City.

Suppose he has the same kind of inclination, the same kind of tastes as anybody else, and he wants somebody very desirable to him—

That's unrealistic thinking. But what I'm trying to say at the moment is—you know, the average, if there is such a thing—homosexual in New York City . . .

I don't think you can talk about averages about human beings; I mean, this is where I disagree with you, Jack. I mean, I find this kind of thing—I'm just curious, I mean, we know for example certain things are attributed to homosexuals which probably have nothing to do with homosexuality itself. For example, the kind of thing I'm talking about, the incidence of felonious assault in certain areas; for example, pick-ups on the road, as you spoke about . . . Doesn't this frustration develop out of the kind of thing where a guy just can't find a partner. Obviously it must. Why else would he choose a partner otherwise who is not—

Because, I think, there is an attraction for the maleness, the very virility, and hence, I maintain my supposition that the homosexual is basically passive. He wants to be aggressed. He wants to be submissive. Hence he is looking for a male who is extremely virile, and that's when you get in this area.

No! No!

This is true of certain homosexuals. This is very true of the type of guy who will go out, walk around a New York neighborhood, and pick up a local boy who is obviously maybe in a gang or at least the normal sort of boy who goes out with girls and is attracted to girls, etc., etc., and who is rough and who will fight if necessary, etc. This is true of this type of a homosexual. He wants somebody—for some reason in his mind he finds that another homosexual is feminine, for some reason, regardless of how masculine that homosexual may be, he feels that anybody who'd be a homosexual obviously has some feminine tendencies; therefore, since he wants a man, for whatever psychological reason it is, he's going to find one. Okay, he finds a man, but he can find a man, actually, in a homosexual circle. With no problem. There are many people oriented in different ways. There are very masculine homosexuals; there are very feminine homosexuals; there are people in between—the entire spectrum. But this guy has, for some reason, associated masculinity with heterosexuality. And this is a drastic mistake but it warps his mind so that he will go out and put himself in the danger, etc., of being arrested, of being beaten, of being killed.

There's another element in this, and I'll bring out an almost lurid story in point. This is one thing of it, but in the seduction of the so-called "men"—in other words the heterosexual who is going to bed with a homosexual for kicks—there is an intrigue, and I remember a story that was related to me by a fellow who was an older person and he was more of a social adventurer than he was any type of sexual person. He talked about picking a sailor or something up in a bar, talking, they got up to the room, the sailor got completely naked and laid on the bed, and he said, "Well, now I've proved my point." And he says to the boy, "Oh, let's just go eat dinner." And because he said it at that point, sex was dull. Really, the whole thing was the intrigue, and to go through the sexual act was just simply an unnecessary bore, a complication. And this is something *very* basic in this ingredient also, along with this idea of masculinity.

Well, I still maintain that every homosexual is passive by nature and desires to be passive. My experience has been—not only my experience, you know, sexually, but my experience socially, you know, in the respect that we do exchange, you know, bits and pieces of gossip and information, and we're constantly polling each other, and I've spoken to a vast number of people, and also, you know, backed up by my own experiences—all homosexuals want to be aggressed.

No.

Oh, yes they do. Now, whether they do or not does not necessarily mean they don't *desire* it.

No, no.

It's just another way of acting out your guilt.

Don't pull Freudian verbiage on me.

I'm not pulling Freudian verbs. It's been proven.

How do you explain the homosexual, and I'll be daring—I'm one, and there are one or two others sitting here—who prefer the feminine, passive person; who are basically aggressive in every way, except that they prefer a male partner to a female partner. They don't want to be passive. They want to be the dominant member of a relationship. As a matter of fact, you even get into these things like father complexes, where people, whatever age they might be—they might be 22 or they might be 42—but they have this idea that they want to have a lover that they can "keep," that they can support, and usually they pick a passive member for this relationship. *These* people aren't passive.

Well, it seems to me that if there is a type of homosexual who does want to be the aggressor, who can have, you know, a sexual relationship of this type, who wants to have somebody that he can, you know, be affectionate toward, and whom he can watch as a child, why not get married, have the respect of society, which is so, you know, desirable, have a wife and a home and stability and love? Why seek, you know, being a Sodomite?

*Bill, you had your hand up. Why don't you answer that.*

Well, I think Jack is exaggerating a little when he says *every* homosexual wants to be passive, but I think we can agree that *most* homosexuals would rather be passive; would rather have a really masculine partner in bed.

Most people do, and this is something that I know I myself and friends of mine have run into. I tend to like a rather effeminate type of boy, and I would say

anywhere from 70 to 85 per cent of homosexuals prefer a masculine type—and you run into a prejudice: Do you know what you, and people like you, always say to me? "If you want a woman, why don't you go out and get one."

Precisely, because true homosexuality in the Grecian concept is a *boy*, not a boy-girl.

Oh, Greece has been dead for two thousand years—

Greece has been dead, yes, but it still gave a model to western society in all areas—

Why do people always have to dig up Greece with homosexuality?

'Cause they started it.

God started it. People started it.

*I want to ask another basic question at this point, and the passivity and the question of aggression comes down to it, and also the question of the casual relationship, the rough trade relationship. Of course, this is the standard question and I want to avoid this, because the standard question is "How did you know you were homosexual?" But this comes to a much more basic question, then: "How do you aggress?" I mean—if you're completely passive, obviously you would never become a homosexual because—*

Passive sexually.

*Yes, but if you're completely passive sexually, why would you have become a homosexual? Obviously, you would to seduce as well as be seduced.*

But I said: passive sexually. Aggressive socially.

*Now, I'm still not quite sure; therefore, I have to ask the inevitable question—*

I hope this tape isn't on the air—

—about your—

Tomorrow we're all gonna have heart attacks.

*—first sexual experiences, in effect. I mean, you are defined by your society, by having been born into a heterosexual society, as heterosexuals, until you decided by circumstances or by choosing, to be otherwise. Now, in this choice, whether it was a case of seduction or seducing, somehow you reached some kind of conclusion.*

You don't make a choice. It's not as easy as that. You do not sit down and say, "I'm going to be heterosexual" or "I'm going to be homosexual." It's not this simple.

It's just something that naturally happens within the—

It's just like you don't sit down and say, "I'm going to write the great American novel" or "I'm going to write a concerto." You simply sit down and you write it. Or you feel, you know, predisposed to writing it, but you do not make a choice to be heterosexual or homosexual.

I'd like to be broad enough to ask each person here to give a little bit of background insofar as when they first knew. For instance, I didn't—I knew what I was; in other words I knew I was attracted to other males, and the way I found out I was a "queer" was I heard two friends telling jokes about "queers," and then that registered mentally, why, that's *me* you're talking about.

How old were you, Randy?

I was only 14 years old. I've always—but there are other people, and one or two are sitting here, I think, that didn't know until their early twenties. Then, all of a sudden, like, just, boom! They realized there had

been something in themselves that they had never realized before. This could happen to have been one experience—what you call a casual relationship—or it could happen very slowly over a period of time, and I think it'd be very interesting to kick that around a little bit.

*I've asked a deliberately square question, and I would—*

You certainly have.

*—really like to elicit some responses to it. Put me down, but don't put the question down.*

Well, I think I've always been homosexual. That sounds strange, but I can remember back to about 7 or 8, and I knew *then* that I was different. And I did things that were different from other boys. I preferred the company of little girls—not for the usual reasons. And I liked to dress up, and I liked to draw and paint, which the other boys criticized. I never played sports. I didn't like to wrestle. That sort of thing. And it sort of developed from there. Not that I was ostracized or criticized and no one pointed fingers at me, but it just sort of evolved from there.

I think that's very common in the childhood ages, that we all tend to be loners, we never really mix in with the normal male crowd. We tend to do things by ourselves. I think this is very common. Almost all of us tend to fall in these lines.

This boy—and I'm gonna—you told me a very interesting story. I asked him once, I said, "When did come out into homosexual society?" And he said, "I can't answer that question because from the age of 13 or 14 years old there was a group of us, and we were all homosexual, and we had sort of our own tiny little homosexual group, but yet it wasn't until I was a little bit older—17 or 18 that I realized there was a whole *society* of homosexuals as such."

That's very true. There was also a period in my life where I was trying to fight it. I was trying to tell myself that I was straight, I was not personally queer, I was not this way, and I was fighting it. And at this period in my life I was terribly mixed up. I was a nervous wreck. I was—I was just mixed up, and my life was completely a nothing. Then I met a young man, which I fell madly in love with, and right at that very moment, that very day, I realized that I was gay, and this was the way I was going to be, and I decided that this is it, there's nothing else to do, and I'm very happy now.

*Harry, what about yourself?*

Well, I think largely—I think everyone of us can say that we can remember back to early incidents and reflect back and establish the fact that there were early homosexual traits. And I think that the recognition of society or how you fall into this society is perhaps significant. I think gradually—generally there are several reasons, of course—perhaps some people were introduced at a young age to this in some undesirably—socially undesirable ways, but perhaps most common, it goes back to what Pete said earlier, that the—shall we say, the restraint that women have—and perhaps one doesn't want to compete, perhaps one doesn't want to go through the intricate courtship, or perhaps one takes a substitute, that being homosexual life.

*What do you say about this, Marty?*

In my own case, I can never recall any normal heterosexual desires in my entire life, but it was never—I never really identified it as being a homosexual trait

until—oh, probably I was about 16 or 17, and even at this time when I, of course, had great feelings of guilt about it because of religious doctrines that had been hammered into my head ever since I was yea tall, and it was finally—by the time I was about 21 or 22 I broke the religious ties and decided to be happy instead of frustrated.

You mean you can't be religious and homosexual, too?

According to my opinion, no.

Not if you're Catholic.

This is different. I tell you, I am personally an agnostic, an atheist, and I think that a lot of intellectuals are, regardless of whether they're heterosexual or homosexual. I got up the idea of doing a public opinion survey where you ask questions such as: Do you believe in God? Do you belong to a church? Do you like sports? Would you want your son to be homosexual? On down to, Which branch of the service do you prefer, or Do you like Tallulah Bankhead and Jayne Mansfield? And in the religious part of this question, out of 300 homosexuals polled, 90% believed in God, and 60% belonged to churches. Now, the national statistics on this are that 90% of the people believe in God, and 60% belong to churches. Now, I don't know how they do it, but it seems like the homosexual's religious viewpoint is not particularly changed any more than, I guess, the suburbanite. I think that there's just a general hypocrisy in our culture about religion today. You don't practice what you preach. You just go on Sunday as a social event and listen to the preacher and that's the extent of it. And a lot of homosexuals are guilt-laden.

*What you're saying is that homosexuals are as Babbit-prone as anybody else—*

More—

*—and they're all just a bunch of Babbitts like—not all, but let's say that they represent—once again we're coming back to the same thing that homosexual society is a cross-section of heterosexual society. But there's one thing where you differed because you all seemed to indicate one way in which you were different than heterosexual society, and I wonder if this is actually true. You all seemed to indicate, for example, that as youngsters, you were loners, you didn't like to participate in sports. . . .*

I, personally, was never a loner. As a matter of fact, until I was 17 years old—well, actually from 13 to 15, I was in a gang. From 16 to 17, two years, I was the leader of a gang—

*A homosexual gang?*

A gang. A bopping, fighting gang. Not of the type you find in New York, because the type you find in New York, of course, is far more magnified—I, remember, am from Vermont—but we fought. I did the same things other kids did. I rode horses up there, which is something you don't do in the city, but it's a fairly masculine thing. I played baseball. I didn't play football; I was too light and they wouldn't let me on the team. I happened to have crushes on some of the football players, but that's beside the point. I happen to be an ex-hotrod fanatic and a current sports car fanatic. These things are not usually common, or thought to be common, to homosexuals, but I find that there isn't that much difference. I find that the majority *aren't* sissified.

(Concluded next month)

## "THE PILL"

Editor's note: This is the second installment of a British TV documentary on the birth control pill.

*Elaine Grand:* Obviously, clinical testing is one of the most important things any new drug goes through. What tests have been done on the pill?

*Dr. Pincus:* Well, clinically-controlled, scientific experiments have been done in many parts of the world. Our work began originally in Puerto Rico over five years ago.

But there have been tests done in many parts of the United States, as well as outside of the United States.

For example, shortly after we began our work, Dr. Edward Tyler studied close to a thousand women in Los Angeles. Other men have worked with numbers ranging from 50 to several hundred in places like Denver, Chicago, San Antonio (Texas), and so on.

Outside the United States there have been well-controlled tests in Hong Kong, where several hundred women have been studied; in Japan, where close to a thousand women have been studied—and in various parts of Europe, particularly in England.

I might say that these are scientifically controlled tests. A number of other tests have been done in clinics where straight rigid scientific supervision has not been carried out.

And, of course, the women now using the pill under these conditions, for example, as distributed by Family Planning clinics, number in the many, many thousands—particularly in this country.

*Elaine Grand:* If a woman has been taking the pill successfully for some years, then stops, can she become pregnant again?

*Dr. Pincus:* Oh definitely. Usually, she becomes pregnant with great rapidity following stopping of use, and for this reason these pills are used not only for preventing conception, but often for making women conceive who have had difficulty conceiving previously.

*Elaine Grand:* How have you proved this?

*Dr. Pincus:* Well, among the women whom we've studied in the West Indies for example, we've been able to follow up close to 160 of these women who stopped taking the medicine and used no other form of contraception. And among these 86 per cent became pregnant within six months.

This is an extraordinary record of fertility in comparison with what we know about human fertility generally.

*Elaine Grand:* It is now almost ten years since you started work on the pill. Who has financed the work?

*Dr. Pincus:* Well, our work originally was financed by a small branch of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. As it expanded we obtained funds from interested private sources.

*Elaine Grand:* Have you had any government support?

*Dr. Pincus:* No. Apparently the government of the United States makes no contribution to contraceptive research as such. However, there is an arm of government which has been very much concerned with this work. This is the Food and Drug Administration

of the United States. It has done this only after an intensive appraisal of all of the evidence which indicates that it is both safe and effective.

*Elaine Grand:* What about tests in Britain?

We came back to find out.

*Announcer's Voice:* Over a year ago, the medical committee of the Family Planning Association, presided over by Sir Russell Brain, decided enough was known about the pill to warrant clinical trials.

These were started in Birmingham and Slough.

We talked to some Birmingham mothers about it.

*Elaine Grand:* How long have you been taking the pill?

*First Birmingham Mother:* I've been taking them nine months now.

*Elaine Grand:* Were you using any contraceptives before that?

*First Birmingham Mother:* Yes, my husband was using a protective.

*Elaine Grand:* Why did you want to switch to the pill?

*First Birmingham Mother:* We weren't very happy at using that method, and we thought the pill was a much better idea.

*Elaine Grand:* Are you happier now?

*First Birmingham Mother:* Much happier. Love seems more spontaneous.

*Elaine Grand:* And why did you want to switch to the pill?

*Second Birmingham Mother:* Well, there was nothing spontaneous about it when you used a diaphragm, it all has to be planned beforehand and it took a lot of the satisfaction away from it.

*Elaine Grand:* Are you happier now?

*Second Birmingham Mother:* Yes, very much happier.

*Elaine Grand:* And why did you switch to the pill?

*Third Birmingham Mother:* Well, we were always looking for a better method of contraception, and a diaphragm takes preparation and the pills do not.

*Elaine Grand:* Are you much happier now?

*Third Birmingham Mother:* Much happier, yes. It makes for a relaxed and natural marriage.

*Elaine Grand:* How long have you been taking the pill?

*Fourth Birmingham Mother:* About 8 months.

*Elaine Grand:* And were you using any contraceptives before that?

*Fourth Birmingham Mother:* Yes, my husband wore protection, but he didn't care for that.

*Elaine Grand:* And that's why you switched?

*Fourth Birmingham Mother:* That's right.

*Elaine Grand:* Are you happier now?

*Fourth Birmingham Mother:* Oh yes, this is a much better method. You can have complete freedom of mind and they're so simple to take.

*Announcer's voice:* The Family Planning Association has been testing the pill for more than a year. But some private patients in Britain have been taking it for considerably longer.

*Elaine Grand:* What do you think are the advantages of the pill?

*First London Mother:* Well, I think they're one hundred per cent effective, which is very important. I also think they're easier to take. I'm rather fastidious and I think all the other methods of contraception are

really rather horrid, and not at all a good idea. Particularly for young people, just starting off in married life, I imagine having to mess around is really not very nice.

*Elaine Grand:* And you think the pill does away with all that?

*First London Mother:* Yes, I do. And it's so easy and there's no problem attached to it at all.

*Elaine Grand:* What do you think are the advantages of the pill?

*Second London Mother:* Well, I would say the main advantage is until you asked me that question, I'd stopped thinking about taking the pill—it's completely automatic to me. As automatic as cleaning my teeth at night—I then swallow a pill.

*Elaine Grand:* And why do you think that is an advantage over other contraceptives?

*Second London Mother:* Well, one, it stops you thinking about it as you do with another type of contraceptive.

*Elaine Grand:* And you think that is an emotional gain?

*Second London Mother:* Oh, on a woman especially, it has a great emotional effect. It means that everything is completely natural.

*Elaine Grand:* Most British women do not have unhappy side-effects. But some do. How serious are they?

*Dr. Eleanor Mears is the Medical Secretary of the Family Planning Association.*

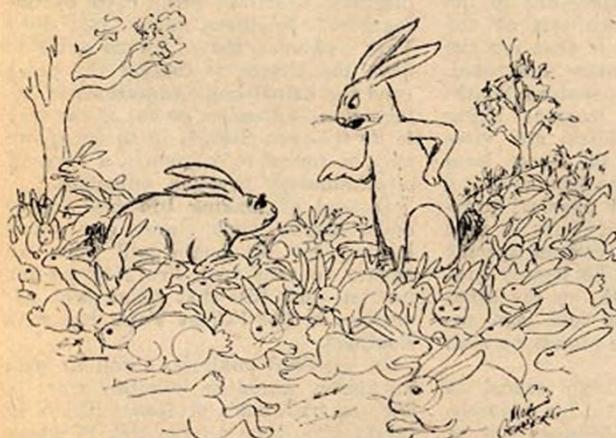
Doctor, from your tests here, how many British women do have these side-effects?

*Dr. Eleanor Mears:* The question of side-effects is very interesting with the pill. In fact, a proportion of women do have side-effects—quite unpleasant sometimes—in the first and subsequent cycles. But those do clear up. For example, nausea, which is the most common side-effect—in one of our trials we had 17 women in the first cycle who complained of it, to a certain degree; in the second cycle, only three; and in the third cycle, only one woman—and it cleared up after that.

*Elaine Grand:* So these effects may appear in the first month but slowly diminish throughout the following monthly period.

*Dr. Mears:* That is how it works, yes.

*Elaine Grand:* Are there any positive or good side-effects to the pill?



"I don't care what the church says—don't you think this is getting a little ridiculous?"

*Dr. Mears:* Indeed, once a woman does learn to tolerate it and adjust to taking the pill, on the whole most women feel very much better. A woman may have more regular cycles; she may lose less in her monthly period, she may feel very much more happy and confidently relaxed in her sex life.

*Elaine Grand:* And you think this applies to the majority of women taking the pill?

*Dr. Mears:* I think this applies to the majority of the women. Only very few have to give up because they don't feel well in the end.

*Elaine Grand:* Some doctors fear that the introduction of extra hormones into the body and the stopping of ovulation, could have a cancerous effect.

What do you think?

*Dr. Mears:* This of course is one of the questions we had to consider very carefully before we launched these trials in this country, and why we waited until research had gone on for some years, elsewhere.

There is no evidence to suggest that there are any risks involved. In fact, clinical tests which have been done suggest that the pill, if anything, is anti-cancerous in its effect. Of course we won't know the final answer for 20 years or so—but this is true of any new medication whatever it is—and after all, we don't wait 20 years with other medication before we begin to use it.

*Elaine Grand:* Will the Family Planning Association launch any new tests?

*Dr. Mears:* Yes, last week we started yet another trial—a large-scale clinical trial based on London. We hope to have 100 volunteers, volunteers who are within travelling distance of London.

*Elaine Grand:* Will you offer the pill as an approved contraceptive at your 320 clinics throughout the country?

*Dr. Mears:* Yes, if the trials we are undertaking at present are in every way satisfactory, we hope to do so.

*Elaine Grand:* Dr. Mears, Dr. Pincus and other doctors who have worked with the pill, claim that it is efficient. They also claim that it is safe, saying that the side-effects are not long lived.

These doctors do recognize that any drug must be in use for about twenty years before it can be considered absolutely safe; but they point to the pill's six years of tests and they claim that for all practical purposes that's a satisfactory period.

Well, how does this six years compare to the time given to assessing other important modern drugs?

A physician from a London teaching hospital tells us:—

*Physician:* With penicillin, it was very quickly obvious that it was effective. The first person to have penicillin was a policeman of forty, who was dying of septicaemia. Within two or three days, it was obvious he was getting better.

When cortisone was first used, that too, was quickly seen to be effective. But after a long time, perhaps a year, or two years, certain risks appeared. And it took several years before it was discovered which were the best diseases to be treated by cortisone and what its risks were. To be quite certain a drug has no danger may take many years, perhaps even a generation; but if a drug has been tried for six years without ill effects, it is safe to assume it is free from most risks.

(Concluded next month)

## Some of My Best Friends Are Liberals

by Dave Berkman

In issue #25 of the *Realist*, there appeared a small boxed item by Bob Margolin, which contained one of the funnier—and more disturbing—bits of satire I've read:

... manufacturers might start making life-sized Negro dolls for liberals who give parties and don't have any Negro friends. You simply buy a couple of these life-sized dolls, put drinks in their hands, and stand them up by the blues-blasting stereo.

Obviously, as all us hip, genuine liberals understood, this was a barb directed at our square, pseudo counterparts. But, because of personal applicability, it bothered me for some time.

I don't think I have ever harbored the slightest racial prejudice. (I state this as a simple fact; so, will those who see all sorts of complex revelations in such statements, please accept it at face-value, and kindly refrain from gratuitously supplying any other—and non-existent—meanings. There is no compulsive reason why I feel I must make a point of stating so—other than that it's simply germane to the point I hope, to make. [Now, of course, those who did accept it at face-value, will read all sorts of meanings into the fact that, obviously, I felt a compulsive need to enter this protest. But then, since you can't win either way, what-the-hell]).

I have never considered the race issue to be as complex as not only the moderates, but many moderate-hating, esoterically-inclined liberals make it.

To me, it has always boiled down to the simple fact that racial prejudice, with all its ugly social and economic consequences, stems from the irrational importance people attach to the incidental, and totally irrelevant factor of a high concentration of melanine in the skin.

It has always seemed to me that once we began looking beyond this basic fact for complexities, we ended up creating complications which have no existence in themselves, other than as verbal abstractions. I've always felt that such complex and abstract conceptualizations (often formulated merely so that one will seem a "profound" as opposed to a "surface-liberal"), actually serve to give support to those who oppress Negroes. Since the solution isn't a simple one, we have done nothing by unnecessarily complicating the race issue, other than provide an excuse for the oppressors to ask for additional time to continue their oppression.

I was never able to understand why white people down South refused to let their children attend school with Negroes; and why we, up North, refused to let colored people move into our neighborhoods. I never understood why Negroes and whites didn't mix more socially—but, at the same time, I could never understand how so-called "liber-

als" could practice what amounted to reverse-discrimination (or "Crow Jimism"), by searching out Negro friends. I was, in short, a Genuine, 100% Unprejudiced Liberal—and if you didn't believe me, I could flash my NAACP card which, for only \$5 a year, enabled me to prove it.)

But I was 25 before I ever met a Negro on an equal social footing. And even this was not my, but rather my wife's doing, since it resulted from an acquaintance she struck up while we were living in Detroit, with a colored co-worker, along with whose husband we frequently got together.

Now that we're back in New York for two years, there are about six Negroes with whom we will meet socially. Reading that little piece I quoted from above, finally made me admit to myself I'd encouraged these friendships—over and above the fact that these are all highly interesting and cultivated people with whom we share a community of interests—because they were colored.

At first, as I've noted, this bothered me.

But I realize now this is the only course we could, and should have taken. For as long as we hip liberals feel that anyone who goes out of his way to make colored friends is practicing reverse discrimination (or, equally as common, must be a bigot trying to make a point of proving his lack of prejudice), we are going to find ourselves remaining as completely unintegrated in our relations as is the Georgia Cracker in his.

Actually, more so—since one of the biggest differences which sets off the North from the South is that it's the South which is much more integrated.

In almost any medium-sized Southern city, you'll find Negroes living among and around whites, and vice-versa. Both shop at the same local stores, wait on the same lines and are, in general, in constant physical proximity with each other. This is true despite the fact that certain specific forms of contact may be legally proscribed. Here, up North, on the other hand, while we have no such legal restrictions, we also have almost no such contacts.

(The "integrated" high school in Brooklyn that I went to, for example, included exactly two Negroes out of 4,000 students! Yet I'm sure that almost all of us 3,998 whites would object

strongly to the numerous instances of "token Southern integration," as, for instance, the first year at Little Rock's Central High, where there were only [?] three out of 800.)

Thus, the reason I went 25 years without ever having a Negro friend was, quite simply, because the most important factor in determining whom one meets and socializes with (and, of course, marries), is physical proximity: Since no Negroes were to be found in the predominantly upper-middle-class Jewish neighborhood in which I was brought up, and since I, as a True Believer in The Cause of Integration, would never even practice anything as heinous as reverse-discrimination, my friends, like myself, were almost all white, upper-middle-class Jews. And, had I kept this up, I would have only continued—and, paradoxically, in the name of liberalism—to perpetuate segregation. I still would have no colored friends; and my daughter (who is used to seeing Negroes around on an equal footing, and who therefore will be accepting the idea of racial equality on the basis of every-day experience), would never have known, except perhaps as abstract doctrine, that Negroes are not inferior.

In addition, some 20 or so white friends—almost all sincere liberals in their racial beliefs—would not have experienced, as they have now, through me, direct social contact with Negroes for the first time in their lives. Even the people in my apartment house (where, come to think of it, they don't even allow white Protestants!) would never have seen Negroes entering the building as something other than domestics and delivery boys. This, I suspect, may have shaken a few—but it probably has a lot more meaning than the only other "shaking" they experience on racial matters—i. e., that of their heads, shaking in agreement with the *New York Post* editorials they read on the problem.

Unfortunately, and for as long as the highly segregated residential and employment practices which exist in "integrated" Northern cities like New York continues, few of us are going to have the chance to further the cause (and the actual implementation) of integration—unless we go out of our way to do it—even though, in so doing, we may be forced to engage in a form of discriminatory practice, ourselves.

Instead of making life-sized Negro dolls, maybe some clever guy who's looking for an angle will open an agency to rent real, live Negroes for parties—just like that fellow who advertises in *The Village Voice* does with Beatniks.

In the final analysis, a call to such an agency would be infinitely more in keeping with one's professed beliefs in integration, than all the talk in which most of us engage right now—at our segregated, lily-white social gatherings.