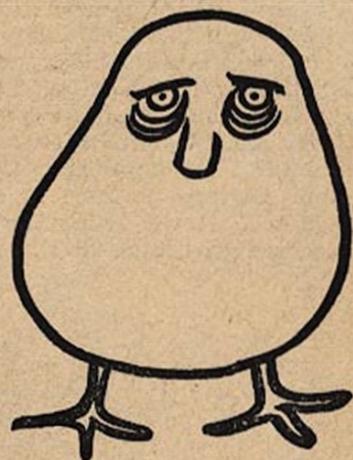


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



August, 1963

35 Cents

No. 42

the magazine of
news mismanagement

boredom as a way of life

by Jean Shepherd

I suspect that there is a great deal of misunderstanding about boredom, and what boredom means. A British writer recently made some comments about boredom as being one of the three major enemies of mankind in the 20th Century. However, I differ strongly with him on his conclusions regarding boredom. It's such a complex problem. Boredom, and the values of today, lead to some very very intriguing things.

I can only see a kind of gigantic advancing wave of Dynamic Slobbism. Of a very special kind. Of a kind that does not look like Slobbism. It's the kind where eighteen million people will buy copies of Descartes and keep it for doorstops. Where large numbers of people will buy LP records of Haydn just to make sure that their tweeters are working, and will only use it to demonstrate their stereo. It's the kind of thing that you see in the theatre today. Endless numbers of people go to the theatre, and buy tickets, but they do not give almost-anything-you-care-to-say-they-don't-give for the theater, and particularly what's being said in the theater.

(Continued on Page 17)



portrait of a stereotype

by Michael Valenti

During the recent Congressional subcommittee hearings on the role of the Negro in American entertainment, a Negro actress died quietly in Hollywood. Most of the New York newspapers carried short, matter-of-fact obituaries of Louise Beavers; there were no elaborate center-spread picture layouts commemorating the passing of a movie symbol. No one offered to set up another fund to fight another disease in the name of a well-known and beloved performer who had fallen victim to it. Yet a movie symbol had passed, though not necessarily one that anybody in America would readily identify with.

For more than a generation Louise Beavers had appeared in one movie after another as a Negro maid or cook. The locales in these movies shifted; customs died and new ones were born; styles in heroes and heroines changed, evolved, perhaps even matured; but Miss Beavers' role remained static throughout. She was always the plump, jolly Negro domestic, a whiz with a hot skillet and a ready laugh, though a child in affairs of the heart. Where there was a male love interest, of the

(Continued on Page 18)

George Washington Sat Here

Editor's note: The following is a press release from Warren Adler, Ltd. of Washington D.C., titled "On Dispelling All the Mystery About Bidets."

Collins Bird, who manages the plush new Georgetown Inn in Washington, D.C., is a man who won't be stumped. He found that the bidets, which are installed in all the bathrooms of the suites at the Inn, were confusing many American guests of the establishment.

Summoning his native Georgian ingenuity, he contacted the Plumbing-Heating-Cooling Information Bureau in Chicago for help in describing the bidet to guests in a manner in keeping with the spirit of propriety, and good taste. "Besides," Mr. Bird commented:



"George Washington had one—and that makes it as American as hominy grits and apple pie." The result is the attached press release and a much more comfortable Mr. Bird.

[NOTE TO EDITOR: PLEASE READ THIS RELEASE BEFORE USING. WE WANT YOU TO BE AWARE OF ITS FORTHRIGHT WORDING. IT IS AN IMPORTANT ARTICLE, AND ONE WE ESPECIALLY HOPE YOU WILL CONSIDER.]

BIDET MISUNDERSTOOD BY MOST AMERICANS

Although most civilized peoples of the world have for years accepted the bidet as a highly practical bathroom fixture, most Americans are strangely inclined to be embarrassed at the mere mention of it. Even more strange, most American dictionaries do not give an account of the word.

Actually, most of the world's bidets are produced in the United States, says the Plumbing-Heating-Cooling Information Bureau, but almost all of them are exported to other countries.

The bidet (pronounced *bee-day*) might be termed a special type of lavatory. It is a small vitreous china bath on a pedestal, about the same size and shape as a water closet bowl. Similar to the lavatory, it has a hot and cold water outlet, and a pop-up drain. It is available from any plumbing contractor.

The main purpose of the bidet is to provide a quick, easy bathing of the pelvic region of the body following use of the water closet. The user sits astride the bidet (which is usually installed next to the water closet) and washes the body's personal parts with soap and water. In other words, it is primarily a rectal bath, although it is otherwise important for proper personal hygiene of both men and women. Its great virtue is that it permits easy, nonirritating personal cleanliness more than the usual once a day in a bath or shower.

Families with bidets in their bathroom soon wonder

Book Review Section

Editor's note: The following, bylined Ken Metzler, appears in the February-March 1963 edition of "Old Oregon," official magazine of the University of Oregon Alumni Association.

Race riots in the South. Youth riots at Fort Lauderdale and Seaside. Mob violence in Latin America. These are troubled times.

One subtle sign of the troubled times in which society lives today is the singular success of an esoteric book titled *Kill or Get Killed* (Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; \$3.95), written by a U.O. alumnus billed by his publisher as "one of the world's foremost authorities on close combat and riot control." The author is Rex Applegate '40, a Sigma Chi, retired Army colonel and descendant of the pioneer Applegates who in 1843 established what became the Applegate Trail to Oregon.

Colonel Applegate's book ("For police and the military, last word on mob control"), originally published in 1943 as a wartime manual on close combat techniques, has sold consistently throughout the postwar era. This year it has been brought out in a new and enlarged fifth edition.

Keeping with the times, the book contains new material on such things as "Communist tactics and strategy in directing mob violence," and "control of civil disturbances." The book has sold well lately among police agencies in the South.

Here are some sample bits of advice given to police riot control units:

- Never try to bluff a mob. Don't threaten to do things that you cannot do or enforce. Should your bluff be "called," the mob thereafter becomes more lawless and dangerous. . . .
- Keep your men under tight discipline and control when facing a mob. Do not let members of the mob aggravate your men into premature action by "name calling." . . .
- The least violent and courageous members of the mob will be found in the rear, where there will also be spectators. It is often a good tactic to launch a surprise attack by gas against these rear elements. . . .
- When firearms are used against the mob, they are best aimed low so as to hold down the mortality rate. . . .

It's a grim, serious book, a how-to-do-it manual written primarily for military and law enforcement men. To the casual, peaceable lay reader it is almost a document of outrage against the social conditions and international tensions that precipitate mob violence.

Colonel Applegate grew up in Oregon, served in intelligence and command operations during World War II and now lives with his wife and two children in Mexico City where he runs a firearms and sporting goods business and tends a fabulous collection of firearms and other weapons.

how they ever felt thoroughly clean without this convenience.

Medically, the bidet is recognized as being extremely beneficial in helping to prevent and cure some cases of hemorrhoids, rectal fissures and skin irritations in general.

editorial stuff

Open Letter to Esquire

When I was a little boy, the teacher asked us what we wanted to be when we grew up. Most of the kids said things like "a fireman" and "a pilot" and "a G-man." But L. Rust Hills and I were different: he wanted to be "an establishment listmaker"; I, "an intellectual hipster." If good ol' Rusty hadn't achieved his goal in *Esquire*. I might never have known that my own had been realized in the *Realist*. Do not remove this tag under penalty of law.

The Unappointed Round

Shortly before William Moore was murdered in Alabama, he sent the *Realist* a manuscript titled "What Americans Died For" — concluding: ". . . we do not die in vain! Do we?" Bill Moore didn't, for the Negro revolution now shaking up the country was melodramatized by his death. It is the irony of our time that this idealistic mailman would still be alive, had he merely orbited the earth 22 times.

Signs Along the Cynic Route

From an editorial in the May-June issue of *Ordnance* magazine ("Forty-three Years of Leadership in American Armament Preparedness"):

"The current discussion of the nature of weapons—whether defensive or offensive—is causing many raised eyebrows. There is tremendous shadowboxing prevalent on the subject. Some professional military people are frightened by the casuistry, and their concern can be shared by everyone who has the slightest knowledge of weaponry or the history of weaponry. The classification of offensiveness or defensiveness is a distinction without a difference! . . .

"The simple fact is that the offensiveness or defensiveness of a weapon is not inherent in the weapon itself. Offensiveness or defensiveness is in the intention

of the user. How preposterous this cult of offensive or defensive weapons is can be seen in the lowly revolver. A revolver in the hands of a burglar is offensive; the same weapon in the hands of the householder being burglarized is defensive. No weapon is capable of waging a war by itself—its capability is in the purpose of the human brain that activates it. . . .

"It impresses us as equally shallow to contend that rockets in Cuba, or guns and rifles in Thailand, or grenades in Berlin, or Polaris-armed submarines in the seven seas are either offensive or defensive. They become one or the other according to the intention of the users. To hold otherwise is as immature and inexperienced as to say that the barometer makes the weather."

The Peacemongers

The following advertisement appeared in the April 26th edition of *The Spectator*:

"Do you approve of wanton publication of State Secrets bearing on national safety, Aldermaston marches, sit-in demonstrations? Do you think this is now getting beyond childish folly and becoming actively dangerous? Overcome this creeping evil by supporting M.D.I.C., the growing organization dedicated to spreading the *true* facts about world disarmament and the *real* possibilities for peace. All-Party backing. Details from 10 Clarges Street, London, W.1."

Rumors of the Month

In keeping with the highest traditions of yellow journalism, the *Realist* is pleased to pass along the following rumors this month:

¶ James Baldwin, Jackie Robinson and Sammy Davis Jr. have wired the brothers Kennedy, publicly inviting them on a 50-mile integrated hike through Birmingham as a combination gesture of moral leadership and physical fitness.

¶ The NAACP has named Bull Connor as "Mother of the Year."

¶ Happy Murphy Rockefeller has consented to do the Lady Clairol commercial which asks, "Is it true that blondes have more fun?"

¶ Hoping to draw public attention away from the Profumo scandal, the British government plans to bestow honorary citizenship on Lenny Bruce.

¶ Variety—the show business publication famous for such headlines as "Sticks Nix Hicks Pix" and "Wall Street Lays an Egg"—chickened out of using this headline to announce Pope John's death: "XXIII Skidoo!"

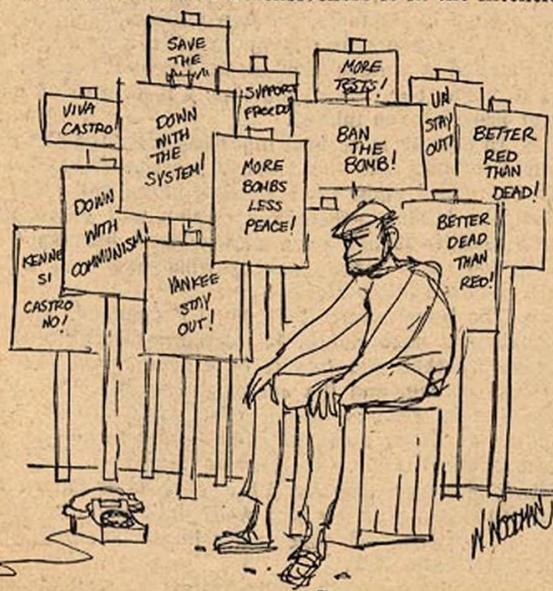
¶ Pope Paul has admitted to Vatican insiders that even though he is infallible, he didn't vote for himself.

¶ The General Strike for Peace people are refusing to recognize Daylight Savings Time.

¶ South Vietnam President Ngo Dinh Diem has sent a cablegram to Cuba's Fidel Castro, reading: "Our American technicians can lick your Russian technicians."

¶ USSR scientists have discovered that space flight is a cure for delayed menstruation.

¶ Red China has now legalized abortions, but the only trouble is, an hour later you feel pregnant again.



Notice to Attorneys

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JEANNE JOHNSON, Scapegoat

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August 1963

Operation Involvement

"I want to know what the whole goddam world is doing between 5 and 8 o'clock," says Janet Newton—"I have a core group of 8 kids, and I worry about the other 60 on the block."

The block is 95th St., where Janet has been tutoring kids with gratifying results: pupils who wouldn't have been promoted but for her help; who spend their ice-cream money to buy books; one youngster who improved from a 1st grade to a 3rd grade reading level in a few months; another who was a year behind in math and is now #1 in the class; a child who in February didn't know the alphabet but has gotten 100% on her last six spelling tests. And they learn dependability.

But Janet can't do it alone. Volunteer tutors are needed (\$1 per evening to cover travel expenses); even a 12-year-old can turn flash cards and play word-lotto and read to 4-year-olds. People are needed to give a kid a week away from the city; or to pay \$1.25 for a week at a day camp; to take kids to story hour in Central Park on Saturday; to take kids who can't cross the street by themselves to the local park; to take kids swimming at the beach.

Equipment is needed—games, puzzles, toys, bikes, roller skates, books, reading materials, old children's magazines—all of which will be picked up anywhere in N.Y.

Write Janet Newton at 310 E. 49 St., or better still, call her at MU 8-2997 before 8:30 AM or after 10:30 PM.

What's My Plug?

A couple of *Realist* contributors have books out this month—both available from us.

Bob Abel is co-editor (with David Manning White) of *The Funnies: An American Idiom*. Charles (Peanuts) Schulz calls it "... the best book of its kind ever written." The influences of and on comic strips are comprehensively covered, from *Krazy Kat* to *Mary Worth*.

Dr. Albert Ellis is the author of *If This Be Sexual Heresy*—a collection of his uncensored essays (many never before published) on such subjects as adultery, nudism, the vaginal orgasm, lesbianism, sick and healthy love.

Crime and Statistics

A news release from the Chicago Police Department dated June 10th states: "The downward trend in major crime continued during the month of May, Superintendent O. W. Wilson announced today. When compared with May 1962, this decrease amounted to 3.3%. Once again the greatest reduction has been in the crimes against persons category with serious assaults down 36.8%, rape down 24.4%, homicide down 11.1%, and robbery down 7.7%."

A look at the actual statistics, however, shows some increases over the period of one month:

Offense	May 1963	April 1963
Homicide	24	25
Rape	102	75
Serious Assault	838	759
Robbery	1348	1316

The mimeographed press release continues: "Larcenies, particularly those from automobiles (both ac-

cessories and personal items) show a substantial decrease of 3.7% when compared with April."

But the statistics show these increases over last year: Whereas there were 6259 larcenies in May 1963, there were 5871 in May 1962; whereas there were 28,842 larcenies from January through May 1963, there were 27,948 from January through May 1962.

The press release boasts: "Superintendent Wilson said a major reason for this decline [in larcenies from April 1963 to May 1963] could be attributed to the Police Department's recent campaign directed to citizens to 'lock their cars.'"



Ah Sordid Announcements

• Issue #41 was dated June. Since we don't publish in January or July, this issue (#42) is dated August. Issue #43 will be dated September and will be out some time in September, Satan willing.

• If you are going away for the summer, please don't send a change-of-address; it's much easier for us if, upon your return, you simply inform us of whatever issue(s) you missed.

• In answer to several inquiries, although the renting of mailing lists is a common practice, it has been a *Realist* policy right from the beginning not to do so.

• The letters-to-the-editor section will be resumed next month; it had been discontinued because there were too many letters asking what happened to the letters-to-the-editor section.

• The Department of Personal Propaganda will not be resumed next month. It has been discontinued because, whether you like it or not, I would find the feature boring, and it's my magazine, see. I'm aware that *Realist* readers include people who are as lonely and/or as horny as non-*Realist* readers, but—our delusions of altruism (see regress report on page 21) notwithstanding—the *Realist* is devoted to satire, not matchmaking. Which is why we're making an exception for the following ad, which came in anonymously, post-marked Ithaca, N.Y.

Fine, plump eunuch wants another as soulmate on strictly platonic basis; medical certificate required.

Foreign Exchange Students as a Cause of War

by Peter Edler

Exchange students, a recent survey by the International Federation for Abolition of Exchange Student Programmes shows, cause two out of three major wars.

World War II, for example—at least for this country—was started by a former Japanese exchange student named Yoshai Kamuka. Kamuka dropped the first bomb on Pearl Harbor. It was a kind of a grudge bomb in a way.

Kamuka had visited the U.S. in the fall of 1932 under the Gardeners' Mutual Exchange Programme in order to study gardening. In the summer of 1933 he started stealing apples and admitted later under cross examination that he had been living off stolen potatoes for almost half a year.

He was just about to be sentenced and deported to Germany when, at the very last moment, his lawyer invoked diplomatic immunity for Kamuka under the McKinley Sons of Nippon law (a law, incidentally, which was later amended and finally abolished). An irate Kamuka returned to Japan where he became interested in the improvement of large garden areas through aerial spraying with insecticides. From there it was only a step to flying that fateful mission in 1941.

The facts behind the Pearl Harbor disaster are not generally known and will bear repeating here. On December 7th, 1941 Yoshai Kamuka, a competent commercial pilot at the time, stole a military plane from a Kobe airbase. This was such an unprecedented event in Japanese military history that the greater part of the Imperial Air Force was immediately alerted.

The idea of using Pearl Harbor as an escape hatch struck Kamuka on the way when he realized that he did not have a Chinaman's chance of eluding his pursuers. Pretending to be on a top secret mission, he told them over the radio that the American fleet was to be destroyed at Pearl Harbor. The operation was such a success that Kamuka was promoted to the rank of Air Marshall Without Portfolio after the attack.

Unbeknownst to Kamuka, however, a chain reaction involving another exchange student had already been set off at that time. Harold Barker of Corpus Christi, Texas, an architectural exchange student in Tokyo from 1936 to 1938, had struck up a casual acquaintanceship with Kamuka in a local bar. Kamuka, probably still smarting from the wounds received in the U.S., relieved the Texan of his wallet, containing some \$300 and an old photo-

graph of the first family well—which, being the only one that had survived time, was irreplaceable and cherished by its owner.

Barker was so upset by this betrayal of confidence that he returned to the United States immediately and in disgust, where he turned to aerial landscaping, a modern combination of landscaping and photography that combined professional photographic know-how with an ability to change the face of any given landscape. From this occupation it was only a step to flying that fateful mission in 1945.

Barker, by that time an acknowledged aerial landscaping architect, eagerly volunteered to take the bomb to Japan, suggesting that he drop one in Nagasaki first and then fly on to Hiroshima to make it stick. Barker's eagerness, his experience in the field and the fact that he was married to a remote granddaughter of Reuben Teller, grandfather of Hungarian-born Edward Teller, father of the atomic bomb, made the difference.

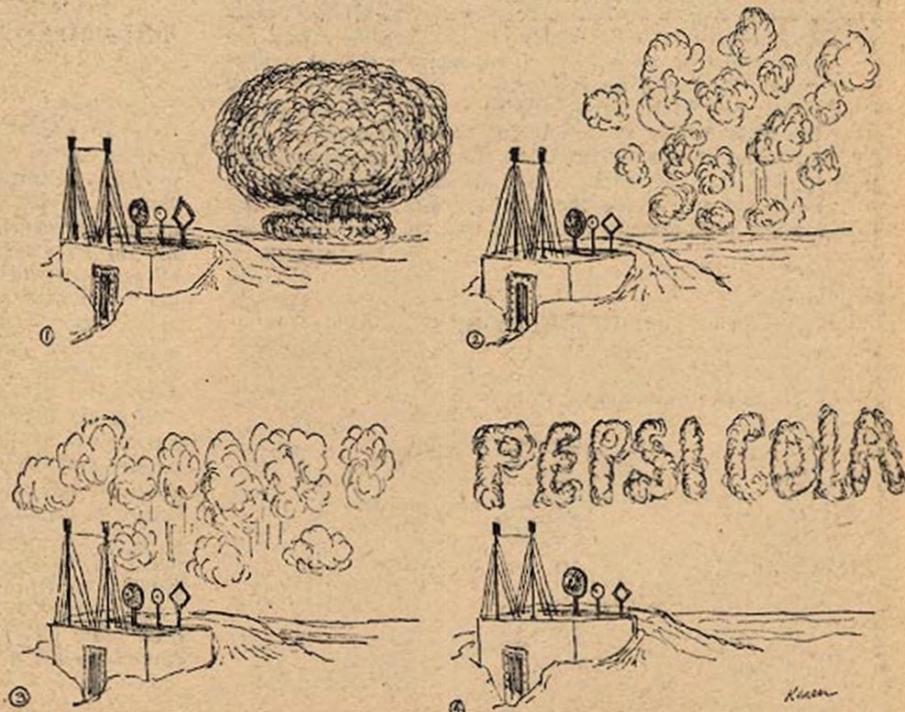
Another example of abnormal development of an exchange student is German-born Wernher von Braun, who studied genetic sexology in the U.S. during the thirties and, after a harrowing and near fatal experience with a young Boston sophomore, turned to rockets after going back to Germany. How deeply traumatic this experience must have been is revealed by the fact that von Braun, despite his almost

paranoic rejection of American sexual concepts (he is married to a progressive Patagonian), has never abandoned the basic phallic shapes impressed on his young mind at that time.

Only a meeting with Kirk Douglas in Nuremberg in 1945 (Douglas was then planning a court drama with Charles Laughton in the role of Hermann Goering and the little-known Sammy Davis Jr. as Adolf Hitler's corpse after the burning) brought about von Braun's change of heart. Even so, it took a promise by a high-ranking official to adopt a Germanic attitude towards space and the assurance of a permanent advisory position for all space films produced by 20th Century Fox to win the expert over.

Meanwhile a young man by the name of Francis Powers was studying mosaic setting in Moscow, U.S.S.R. under the Russo-American Mosaic Setters Mutual Exchange Agreement. Powers had been exchanged because of his fantastic ability to memorize even the most complicated mosaics. He was to lecture to mosaic setters in Washington, D.C. and other mosaic setting centers.

While in Moscow he discovered a new process of glazing mosaics by dropping them from great heights. However, other projects kept him from following this up commercially until he was approached by a public relations man from Career Investment Associates (C.I.A.) who suggested he re-open his glaze-fusion experiments. With C.I.A. support and the promise of having his process patented should the aerial photographs taken during the experiments justify such a move, Powers did a number of high altitude flights over Russia. A cynical Russian judge—himself an old mosaic man—later sentenced



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the innocent American flyer to several years of hard labor, to be served in an experimental fusion station near Novaya-Zemelya.

There are other names:

Oscar Horney, for example, whose study of borderline schizophrenia in Israel led to the introduction of circumcision in the U.S.; Walter F. Zyskvarny, a Hungarian exchange student who, after doing road engineering work in the U.S., paved the way for Red tanks to enter Budapest, by capturing a radio station and announcing that this move was fully sanctioned by two assistant district attorneys in Montgomery, Alabama; and there is Cullers X. Papacantelopus, a Greek Orthodox exchange student who later became a Black Muslim convert and caused riots in front of the American Embassy in Saloniki by announcing that the film *Never on Sunday* was a cleverly camouflaged plagiarism of *The Vatican Story*, a lesser-known American documentary tracing papal influence on the United States Navy through the ages.

I have outlined a few of the better known histories of dangerous exchange students. The exchange student programmes now in progress should be gradually abandoned, but in such a fashion that exchange students would not be abnormally upset or frustrated. This in itself will present quite a problem. The United States of America should be sealed hermetically against official intruders who come here not

only to steal our potatoes and apples but our methods as well. Our own exchange students (if they can be sent out under these circumstances) should be thoroughly briefed to prevent recurrence of Powers-type incidents. Career Investment Associates should have known (a) that Powers is a compulsive liar and (b) that there are easier and less spectacular ways of avoiding sum-

mits than to fly over them at great heights.

The two-out-of-three statistics I mentioned earlier seem to indicate that the next war will not be started by a misguided exchange student. However, as French-born Charles L. Minute, commander of the Exchange Association of American Minutemen, so aptly puts it: "It is never too early to fly to the defense of our beloved country."



The Post Office vs. Robert Wolf

MESSAGE TO ADDRESSEE

This office is holding unsealed mail matter addressed to you from a foreign country. Under Public Law 87-793, the Secretary of the Treasury has determined this mail to be Communist political propaganda. It cannot be delivered to you unless you have subscribed to it, or otherwise want it. Please check the appropriate spaces under "Instructions" on this card and return the card. If your reply is not received by the date indicated, it will be assumed that you do not want to receive the publication(s) listed, or any similar publication. This mail will then be destroyed.

Postmaster
6/17/63
(Date)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Deliver
 This Publication
 Similar Publication



Do Not Deliver

- This Publication
 Similar Publication

"The Crusader"

POD Form 2153-X, Jan. 1963

June 3, 1963

Dear Sirs:

I do not consider it to be the function of the United States Post Office, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney General, the head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, or any other government agency to decide for me what I shall or shall not read. As far as I am concerned there is only one person alive in the world today who is qualified to decide for me what may or may not be "Communist political propaganda," and that person is me. Likewise I consider myself to be the only reliable judge—as far as my interests are concerned—as to what might be considered a "similar publication."

I'm not even certain what "The Crusader" is. And I certainly can't decide whether I want to receive it, or to continue to receive it, or to receive "similar publications" that the Secretary of the Treasury thinks is Communist political propaganda, as long as it is in your possession. Coupling this with the belief I hold that it is my personal right to decide for myself, without any interference, what "propaganda" I will receive, you may consider this to be my request that "this publication" and any similar publications be sent to me in the future without delay.

Robert Wolf

IS IT KOSHER TO HATE GERMANS?

by Bob Abel

Recently I took part in a conversation worthy of the Theatre of the Absurd. Two friends and I were having lunch and an argument at one of the Upper West Side's less fashionable eateries. I cite the locale of this verbal rumble only because the bombast and decibel level of the proceedings were often sufficient cause—had management chosen to exercise its property rights—to have us ejected from even this modest bistro. It was one of those talk-fests where one ought to feel a little foolish—whenever one wasn't himself engaged in voice-raising and stand-taking. In less coy terms, we were loud as hell and at the least all deserved galloping cases of indigestion.

The causes of all this *sturm und drang*?

Well, friend number one wants to see the population problem dealt with via the extermination—not with a whimper but a bang!—of some 70,000,000 Germans. (He didn't indicate whether his plans include the remaining German Jews, nor were either of his companions clever enough to ask what in retrospect seems an obvious question.) Friend number one wants to knock off all Germans because he feels—as opposed to *believes*—all Germans are guilty of the murder of six million Jews. His ideas, of course, are not unique, but his concept of vengeance is—to say the least—ambitious. I don't really believe him when he declares he would personally push the button, but I know I'll never see him driving around in a Volkswagen and I know he will probably never step foot into Germany—apparently the two most prevalent anti-German vows. And the intensity of his hatred for Germans, in a world that all of us fear will one day be unmade, diminishes his humanity and yours and mine. But I am getting ahead of my story. . . .

Friend number two, a sometimes *Realist* contributor, kept the argument lively by providing all the rational, logical arguments—i.e., it's wrong to hate a *people* and the average German was no more hero than you or I, and therefore not likely to act out of conscience when it would cost him his own life—arguments which were almost *guaranteed* to keep friend number one emotionally committed to genocide for Jew-killers.

Between these paragons of emotionality and rationality, I found myself intellectually *engagé* with friend number two but occasionally ranting and raving emotionally along with friend number one. I regard this as slightly irrational behavior on my part, but it is consistent with what I've been feeling about Germany and Germans—without recognizing it—for some time now, and therefore I've set out here to examine my own irrationality and see what makes it either worth preserving or deserving of being cast aside like that too-loud sports shirt I bought a few years ago.

I do not hate Germans and I would not do away with them (if only because they make, along with the British, the world's best beer). I *would* buy a Volkswagen and I *have* set foot in Germany—last fall. Yet I cut my German visit to a minimum and I bristled every

time I heard German spoken outside Germany or Austria. Visiting the famous Munich *Oktoberfest*—the bock beer orgy—my wife and I wandered from tent to tent, anxious to soak up some of that Bavarian *gemütlichkeit*. The best time we had during three nights at the fest was when we *did* sit down with a large group of Germans and indulge in the general chaos, but at the same time I couldn't help looking about the table and wondering if *that* elderly man had marched in the first World War and whether all *these* middle-aged men hadn't surely tramped across the face of Europe two decades ago.

Still, it was a good evening—and the revelation that I had been stationed in Ansbach, Germany, during 1954 and 1955, and that the gentleman who kept buying everyone fat sausages had something in common with me because he, too, had been a soldier, did nothing to mar the proceedings. But I did not feel certain hostilities when I was stationed in Germany seven years ago and yet I do now—which remains something of a mystery to me. Obviously I know more now and my political consciousness is more fully developed, but these do not suffice to explain what seems to me rather irrational. I am afraid, therefore, that at least a cursory soul-search is called for at this point.

Unlike some *Realist* partisans (i.e., "Male; digs chicks, Bertrand Russell, Ray Charles; hipped on pacifism; wants to meet open-minded gal who has diaphragm and doesn't mind sound of knuckle-cracking"), I find it painful to exhibit myself in print. Still, a few details are in order: I am the sort of agnostic who, when asked if he is Jewish, will answer, "No, but my mother and father were." This is a flip answer, but it tells the story. I grew up in a small Connecticut town where I often had to fight because of my personal culpability in having "killed God." I generally pleaded innocent, but unfortunately was involved with several kangaroo courts and got worse than I gave. College meant being less of an outsider, but the scars of small town prejudice had healed before that. Further, I was happy as well when the army sent me to Germany, which meant Europe to me.

My first three-day pass took me to Nuremberg, where my friends and I were joined by three jolly Germans who assured us that we would be fighting the Russians *together* before very long and exhibited their own war trophies, including pictures of the dive-bombing done by one of them. We excused ourselves—disgusted but not angry—and that was the first and last time anything like that happened to me. When I visited London in the spring of 1954, meat rationing had just ended, and it seemed rather sad and ironic that the victors had nothing to match the bustling streets and apparent prosperity of the West Germans.

Around a year later I made a point of visiting a former concentration camp site, now a memorial, in Belgium. The drab buildings and bleak surroundings are unpleasant enough, but they are insufficient to conjure up a sense of what had gone on there (this wasn't a "death camp"); one expected to feel horror, but the dead are gone and these buildings that remain do not stir horror.

By way of contrast, a brilliant Czech film about concentration camps called *Distant Journey* manages to avoid sending you screaming out of the theatre only because its principal characters are kept sufficiently one-dimensional, thereby preventing too close personal

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identification with these pathetic characters. And the famous bulldozer shots (a bulldozer pushing tangled heaps of bodies toward a ditch for burial, with one frail corpse gently sailing, seemingly weightless, above the heap) used in Resnais' concentration camp documentary, *Night and Fog*, and in Stanley Kramer's *Judgment at Nuremberg*, stir immediate and unforgettable revulsion.

But nothing I actually saw or learned caused a sense of outrage, and I came to Germany and left Germany this past fall without ever having tasted the curious ambivalence of feeling experienced. Blame it on my youth, as the song says, because I did not remember to remember.

This past fall, however, every human tank disguised as a German tourist (they outnumber all others, I suspect, during the so-called "off season") reminded me that West Germany is the richest nation in Europe, still experiencing a shortage of manpower for available jobs, and that it has been too goddamn easy for them. But I need a firmer rationale than West German tourism to support my hostility. I have been looking for that rationale and it is not as simple as you would think to come up with one. Being born of Jewish parents is not enough. Even that familiar figure—"six million Jews"—may not be enough, or was the philosopher Edmund Burke wrong when he declared: "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people."

Any such indictment must presume the personal responsibility of ordinary Germans for the crimes of Nazism, and does it not go without saying that they were indeed responsible—as members of the human race—for what happened to their fellow humans? The analogies between Hiroshima and Buchenwald are a familiar argument, but as Harold Rosenberg has pointed out in his essay on the Eichmann trial in *Commentary*:

"... the promulgators of the murder plan made clear that physically exterminating the Jews was but an extension of the anti-Semitic measures already operating in every phase of German life... Since the magnitude of the plan made secrecy impossible, once the wheels began to turn, persons controlling German industries, social institutions, and armed forces became, through their anti-Semitism or their tolerance of it, conscious accomplices of Hitler's crimes."

At another point, Rosenberg adds to the enormity of the indictment:

"One still meets people who speak of six million German Jews killed. Perhaps no crime in history has been better documented or more vaguely apprehended... One wonders how many American Jews are aware that 'The Final Solution of the Jewish Problem,' which was put into effect after the Nazis had overrun much of Europe and established puppet alliances in both the West and the East, was intended to be applied throughout the world as the Nazi victory was extended. Had the United States lost the war... there can be no doubt that *Obersturmbannführer* Eichmann would have shown up in Washington to negotiate our removal to the camps."

And, as Hannah Arendt notes in her recent book on Eichmann:

"The extermination program that was started in the autumn of 1941 ran on two altogether different tracks. One track led to the gas factories, and the

other to the *Einsatzgruppen* [the mobile killing units that followed the war]... whose victims were by no means only Jews. In addition to real partisans, the *Einsatzgruppen* dealt with Russian functionaries, Gypsies, the asocial, the insane, and Jews... The measures against Eastern Jews were not only the result of anti-Semitism; they were part and parcel of an all-embracing 'demographic' policy, in the course of which, if the Germans had won the war, the Poles would have suffered the same fate as the Jews—genocide. This is no mere conjecture; as early as 1941... it was decided to impose the death sentence for sexual intercourse between Germans and Poles."

So the crimes of Nazism might well have been larger still, and the much-bruited question of personal responsibility of Germans concerns far more than crimes against Jews. Still, what could an ordinary man or woman do about all this? As Germans, they are all



guilty for what Germany did, but is each of them guilty in the individual sense of the word? That's the only criterion by which attitudes such as hate and hostility can themselves be defended, and perhaps not even then.

Dwight Macdonald, reviewing *Judgment at Nuremberg* for *Esquire*, considered this question of individual guilt and concluded that the defendants (the German judges) in the film no more knew about the existence of the death camps than we (Americans) knew about the decisions to make and use the atomic bombs. He also added: "And even if the Germans had known—as they did know about the earlier concentration camps—they would have had to be heroes, willing to face death for an ideal, to do anything about it; and it's not reasonable to expect more than a tiny portion of any population to be heroes; that's not how we're made."

This sounds logical enough—one has only to recall the treatment of Japanese Americans at the time of our entrance into the war to recognize that ideals are exchanged for slogans during wartime—but Macdonald also wrote in 1945 (*The Responsibility of Peoples*) that the aim of the death camps (to kill all Jews simply because they were Jews) was not only unknown to all Germans except those with very good connections to the high army staff, but also "would have disgusted and shocked everybody, in Germany and out of it, except

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Report from Weimar

In the light of increasing signs of disunity within the Communist bloc, the forthcoming Buchenwald Quartocentennial will shine with uncommon luminescence as an example of free world cohesion. The Quartocentennial, which will celebrate the founding, 25 years ago, of the Buchenwald Extermination Camp, will officially begin in Weimar, Germany, on August 25 of this year.

Karl Von Thayer, the Executive Director of the Quartocentennial, is a rugged, pudgy-faced merchant who for the last 12 years has doggedly but successfully managed the Volkswagen franchise in Weimar. "At first," he is likely to confess, "I thought of the idea only as a stimulation to business, not only in Weimar but in all of Germany. After all, the economic health of our country is essential to the cause of freedom. But now I am obsessed by the spiritual and symbolic meaning of the celebration."

Von Thayer, who makes no claims to originality, readily admits that the various events he and his Executive Committee have planned are modeled after those of the Civil War Centennial in the United States. "It is perfectly true," he adds hastily, "that 100 years is longer than 25. But in this era of rapid technological change, we must accelerate our psychological and emotional change, as well." He concludes forcefully: "The free world cannot long tolerate within itself ill-feeling which the Communists are quick to exploit."

Von Thayer's chief assistant is Rudolph Kleiner, an angular, ascetic-looking native of Weimar who, during the late '30s and early '40s, made his fortune as a natural gas salesman. "For years," he confesses, "I suffered severely from feelings of guilt. My anguish was, so to speak, a small-scale version of the guilt which permeates and weakens the free world." Five years ago, Kleiner underwent intensive psychoanalysis from which he emerged, so he says, free of almost all sense of guilt. "In fact," he adds with a keen awareness of its irony, "my psychoanalyst was a Freudian." Guilt-free Kleiner becomes easily irritated at those "owls and doves" who, from their high moral perch, do not see the world as it really is. "You can be sure," he reminds us, "that the Buchenwald Quartocentennial will not be hailed in Moscow."

Whatever the reaction in Moscow, Kleiner is much too busy making arrangements for the celebration to concern himself with rigid and unrealistic moralists. To begin with, Kleiner had to persuade more than a dozen nations to prepare special exhibits. "Perhaps the most elaborate one, besides our own," he observes mysteriously, "will be Argentina's. But I am not permitted to discuss that beyond saying that Argentina will build an enormous pavilion which will be a kind of resting place or haven for weary visitors."

Kleiner does, however, discuss with seemingly endless enthusiasm the various exhibits planned by Germany. Without doubt, the most spectacular of these is that which will be financed by the Alfred Orsop-Krum Company, in association with Wilhelm Dorp Associates. The man in charge of this awesome project is Hermann Kuntz, a taciturn, dour Berliner who, iron-

ically, spent the entire war in Japan as Germany's special ambassador to the Emperor. "In other words," he soberly explains, "I have only second-hand accounts on which to base our re-creation." In his detached, scholarly manner, Kuntz characterizes the project as "a challenge to engineering creativity, as, of course, was the original." The project involves building an enormous model of the Buchenwald Extermination Chamber, complete with cremation ovens. "We hope to simulate as accurately as possible," Kuntz explains, "the step by step procedures." The plan tentatively calls for a complete demonstration of the process every two hours on Sunday and three times a day during the rest of the week.

"There will be only two differences," Kuntz observes with an uncharacteristic smile, "between the original and our exhibit. Since we hope to have thousands of visitors every week, we will have two fine German restaurants adjacent to the crematorium. In that way, we do not have to build another set of ovens for the chefs. The second difference, of course, is that no actual deaths will occur. We will probably use some colorful but entirely harmless gas. Students from nearby universities will play the roles of the victims."

If Kuntz's re-creation of the Extermination Chamber will be the most spectacular exhibit, the exhibit of Paul Guttman Associates, makers of Denka Soap, will be the most quietly impressive, or so Rudolph Kleiner intimates. "This is one German project I am not at liberty to discuss," he says, "but I can assure you it will attract thousands of visitors."

From the standpoint of Western camaraderie, the most heart-warming aspect of the Quartocentennial has been the response of the United States. A dozen American corporations and organizations are planning exhibits, the most esoteric of which will be the lecture series organized by The Howard Reese Corporation, manufacturer of Precision Surgical Instruments. More than 50 physicians have agreed to participate in the program, the theme of which is "The Contribution of Buchenwald to the Advancement of Medical Science." Each lecturer will take as his point of departure some extraordinary piece of research conducted at Buchenwald.

"We think," says one of the prospective lecturers, Dr. Lawrence Feeley of Boise, Idaho, "that this lecture series will do more to advance the cause of international medicine than any other single effort except perhaps the experiments themselves." The lectures will be given in a specially constructed auditorium, which will be officially named, late in June, "The Erich Koch Medical Hall," in honor, of course, of the late Commandant of Buchenwald. Von Thayer's simple comment on Koch: "A man more sinned against than sinning."

Amidst all of the frenzied preparations, there are bound to be some disagreements and frictions. Von Thayer, for example, hoped that the official emblem of the Quartocentennial would be a yellow Star of David armband, which would be distributed to every visitor at the main entrance of the exhibit area. Kleiner gently disagreed: "Karl is too spiritual at times." Kleiner proposed miniature tattooed light shades which, he discovered, would be donated by the Norman Dudley Light Shade and Venetian Blind Company of Boston, in return for a brief line of credit. Kleiner comments dryly: "No commercial possibilities in Stars of David."

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Buddha With a Light Bulb

by Terry Carr

Every now and then I have what you call a mystical experience, like.

This one happened in New York's Chinatown, when my wife Carol and I went down there to eat late one night. Walter Breen, an intelligent but cynical friend of ours, was with us. It was a night like any other in Chinatown: the narrow streets were crowded with Occidentals squinting at all the neon, the Orientals sat on steps reading *The New York Times*, the cops cruised by looking wary, and the telephone booths had pagoda-like roofs atop them.

We stopped in front of a Chinese curio shop. It was closed at this late hour, but there was a light in the display window. There was this Buddha statuette, see, about a foot high, and it had a light bulb in its head.

"Aaaargh!" said Walter. "That's about the most disgusting thing I've ever seen! A Buddha, with a light bulb!"

We looked more closely at it. It was otherwise a fairly standard Buddha, sitting in the lotus position with hands in lap. There was a small pan or something in the hands.

"What's that?" I wondered. "An ashtray?"

"No, I think it has Mexican jumping beans in it," Carol said.

We walked on. "The thing is," Walter said, "I can imagine some dumpy middleclass housewife from Atlantic City coming by and seeing that and thinking it's just *too, too wonderful*, and rushing in to buy it. It's been in the window for months now; I don't see why some idiot hasn't bought it."

"Maybe they won't part with it," I said. "Maybe it's the household altar. I mean, after all, the Chinese are becoming assimilated, and maybe they think the light bulb is appropriate to a statue of Buddha, the Enlightened One."

"Aaaargh!" said Walter. There's no reasoning with him.

But as I say, he's a cynic. I discard cynicism whenever it raises its serpentine head, because after all it is nothing but a destructive force undermining the foundations of our society. If by chance our world stands on quicksand I would rather not be told; the mud might tickle my toes and distract me from higher things.

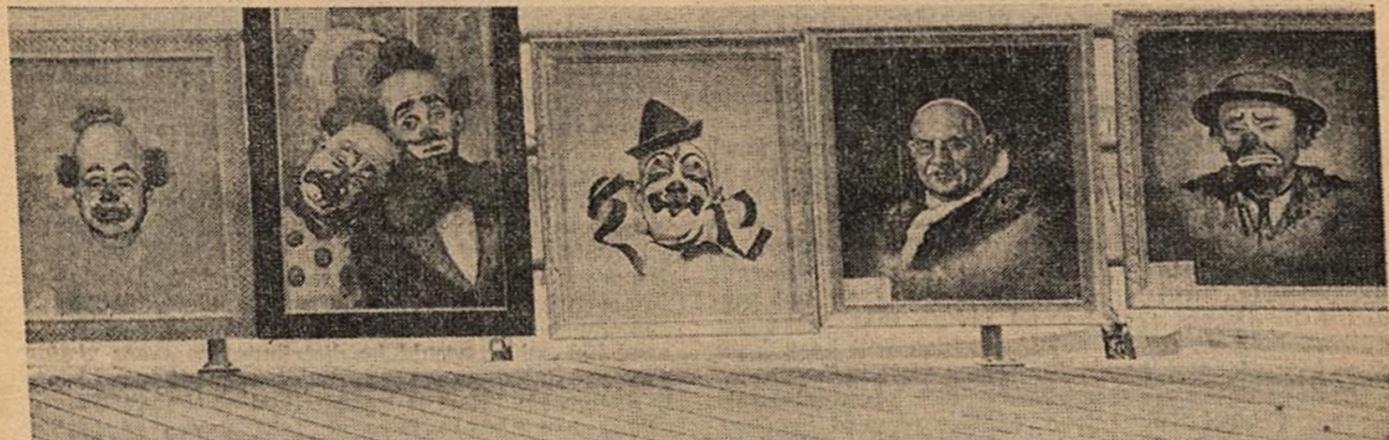
Personally, I was deeply moved by the complacent image of the Buddha smiling beneath his electric aura. I think it may signify a cultural breakthrough of tremendous importance, a plateau finally reached on which spiritual and practical values will at last come together and blend in peace and harmony. For too many millennia have we worshipped our gods in darkness. The murky mists of futility crouch around the feet of the godhead, like smog on Calvary. It is time that we answer the pragmatic question which is at the end, the essence of all man's philosophy: What's in it for me?

I envision a new kind of Christ-figure; I see the Lamb of God at last becoming a ewe, and giving milk instead of blood. We must bring Christ into our homes in a truly real sense. No more the dead-end idolatry of the Figure on the Cross: henceforth we shall use His crown of thorns for a coat-rack.

And that isn't all; for, a cultural revolution—to be truly significant—must embrace the world, and be embraced by it in turn. It is perhaps chance that this revolution has begun in our own country, but having seen the seed glowing atop Buddha's head we must carry it forth and plant it in other parts of the world. Perhaps it is a fitting task for our Peace Corps.

I see, for instance, a statue of the four-handed Vishnu. It is very nearly as always, done with the loving care and consummate artistry of the East. But no longer shall it be merely a spiritual figure, an idol, a dead end in itself. No. In keeping with the meeting of the spirit and the belly of mankind, the mystic and masticate, the eternal and pragmatic Yin and Yang of our existence . . . the new Vishnu will also serve as a Lazy Susan.

This is only the Beginning.



"THE CLOWNS"

May 9, 1963

Atlantic City; I send it to you as a get-well card.

Cordially,

/s/ Paul Krassner

Photo by Richard G. Watherwax

Dear Pope John:

I know that, more than anyone, you will appreciate this photograph of part of an art exhibit on the boardwalk at

if this be heresy . . .

by Albert Ellis, Ph.D.

Editor's note: The following open letter is from one (or another) Diane David of Chicago.

I have finally had it. Like the omnipresent drone of canned music that lurks around every corner, hovers over every restaurant table and insinuates itself into one's ear, even in elevators, so has sex finally managed to lather itself across our consciousness, leaving us with a constantly parched thirst for more knowledge of its "mysteries," and the vague, disquieting feeling that no matter how much we know, we are still missing something.

Fortunately, some of that thirst can be slaked. We have, among others, such reknowned sexologists as Albert Ellis, Ph.D., who contributes bountifully to the literature and frenetically to the lore. The author of several books, numerous pamphlets, a number of articles and quite a few panegyric introductions to other sexual benefactors' and benefactress' works, Albert Ellis, Ph.D., has, on the whole, been busier than a hermaphrodite at a nudist convention. And, I might add, just as fantastically disposed.

As a human being, I challenge this whole phony spectrum of sexual instruction from do-it-yourself manuals to group-pleasure-seeking-party kits (favors and refreshments extra).

As a woman, I must sadly state, firmly and unequivocally, that you avid readers, you passionate pursuers, you persistent practitioners and you magnificently conned connivers have been so put on that it isn't even funny. Not any more.

Setting aside for a moment the most obvious facts—that a depth of feeling generates the approximate depth of response; that consistent partaking of the smorgasbord table is not going to lead to a wholly fulfilling meal; that "technique" is, and always has been, a *mechanism* and used solely to reach mechanical ends—forgetting this, which one would assume (however wrongly) that any feeling-thinking human being would know, let us take up a recent column of Albert Ellis, Ph.D., in the *Realist* (issue #31) and discuss some of his cheerfully vouchsafed ideas regarding pre-marital sex relations for his or anyone's mythical teen-age daughter. Since his expressed ideas reflect much of the so-called sexual writing norm, it seems an apt point of departure, to say nothing of conclusion.

"Sex is a good thing," he says (to his daughter, mythical, and to the rest of us). Well now, to raise even an eyelid in today's special values system would be tantamount to insulting God, Mother, The Flag and a dedicated anti-Communist all in one burning indictment. I, however, am confused. What does he mean by "sex"? I think I know what he means by "thing" because everyone means something by it or nothing by it and rather than counting pin-headed angels, we all just agree on it, whatever it is. But sex? Does he mean as a classification? A description? A way of life? Granting polarity its due, is there then such a thing as "bad

sex"? And, if so, what would it be? Oh, the mind rebels at such a phantasmagoria of possibility! But some, Ellis among them no doubt, would call that blocking. Or repression. Or inhibition. Or something.

Having established the "goodness" of sex (whatever it is), he then goes on to caution Miss Mythical of the over-emphasized dangers of pre-marital relations, there being two, I believe: venereal disease and pregnancy. For some reason he doesn't mention the psyche but then again, neither did Kinsey nor Chapman nor any of the other sexual freedom fighters. (Well, it does complicate things to start bringing in feelings when you're talking about sex. Too many cooks spoil the broth, you know).

He quickly dispenses with venereal disease (would that the Dept. of Health had his methodology) by stating that its rise is mainly among two distinct groups (a bit of discrimination here, if you ask me): (a) homosexuals and (b) youths of the economically deprived, uneducated groups.

Well, that all laid out, as it were, he goes on to caution his hypothetical haven of unfulfilled longings, desires, urges, etc., with the following bits of advice, to wit:

1. "As long as you are not too promiscuous . . ." Now I'm really confused. What in the world does he mean by *too*? I thought value judgments went out with our decision to not recognize mainland China. Could he possibly have an arbitrary number of men in mind for his mythical miss? If so, what is that magic number which would sustain her on the credit side of promiscuity? I mean, when do good, healthy, swinging sex relations with the boys turn into prostitution for fun and no profit? And then again, why should she put all this time and effort in for nothing? (I mean "prostitution of the soul," dear friends; I hope it doesn't embarrass you to see the thought raise its battered head.) Well, apparently Albert Ellis, Ph.D., and his mythical daughter understand what is meant by that piece of advice, because he quickly goes on to point two:

2. "Choose your sex partners mainly among middle



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class intellectuals . . ." I'm sorry, I laughed for fully fifteen minutes. Now I'm hip enough to know that middle class intellectuals are certainly no laughing matter. As a matter of fact, I've yet to meet a more deadly serious bunch—by their own admission to the classification. Unfortunately, Ellis' daughter may be forced to die a virgin with this responsibility foisted upon her, because now she has to actively seek out MCI's and once having found them (promiscuous surely implies them), they'll have to admit to being MCI's—which, as any self-respecting intellectual of any class knows, is the immediate evidence of being a first class phony. It has to do with the sound of one hand clapping and really has no place except everywhere.

Passing by (for the sake of time and energy) his opinion that "pregnancies are likely to be highly inconvenient and hazardous" (he refers to teen-age ones here, and I submit that the inconvenience is mainly suffered by the families involved—the parental teen-agers in this case), we come to a minor climax in his article, to wit: "if you want to be absolutely safe [and why be half-safe?] then you should have no actual intercourse [as opposed to?] but then you should, instead, freely and fully pet to orgasm. Heavy petting is a perfectly harmless pastime—as long as you and your boyfriend do not merely arouse yourself [why the singular?] without orgasmic release."

Aye, there's the rub. How will they know? More importantly, how will she know? The majority of these pamphlets bemoan the lack or inability or inclination of members of the female gender to experience orgasm. (Oh, is that what it was? . . . Well, gee, Manny, I tried, but the way you was holding the page I couldn't see the diagram . . . I'll show him, that good-for-nothing bum isn't going to make me squirm!) However, the intrepid Ellis, sensing that there may be a problem, goes on to murmur, "So read, dear, my book, *The Art and Science of Love*, which will show you exactly how to bring yourself and your male companion to climax without intercourse."

Lucky girl! Better living through better loving, sans chemistry. Not only can she indulge in this harmless pastime (which conceivably could become full time if it's as good as her Daddy says it is) but she has a whole library of instructions right at her fingertips. Now, Albert Ellis, Ph.D., this may be fine and good for your daughter, but what about all the other teen-age girls who can't afford the \$7.95 for the aforementioned book and undoubtedly won't find it with their public library card? And if they're that broke, they won't even be able to send away for your *The American Sexual Tragedy* (\$5.00) to find out what they wouldn't be missing if they weren't missing the \$7.95.

To you, Albert Ellis, Ph.D., and others of your ilk, I submit my sincerest congratulations. Capitalizing on an economic force which realized that men and women could be motivated to view themselves as commodities and thus sell themselves accordingly, you and your confreres seized the opportunity to "dignify" the whole seething asininity with pseudo-scientific jargon and precepts that any child of six would recognize as pure nonsense. That you've all been highly successful is evidenced by the sales of your books, the confused reactions of many of your readers and the hysterical attempts to find some sort of sexual Nirvana on the part

of so large a number of our 'adult' population. This is no small accomplishment—even granting the basic level of stupidity existing today.

Like you, I don't happen to have a teen-age daughter. But, from what I've observed, it would seem that your impassioned pleas to grant our adolescent population "sexual freedom" is rather like cleaning up the barn after the horse has been sold—down the river.

Let's face it, these kids, like the rest of us, are looking for love. And love, by any other name or game is still that indisputable wholeness of feeling between one man and one woman that encompasses the whole universe of possibility. I would hope that my daughter or son would find this for themselves, as I have done. And while I would not presume to "advise" them one way or the other on their methods of expressing their feelings—I would hope that their attitude toward life was not that of the wild-eyed impulse buyer let loose in a gigantic supermarket.

Dr. Ellis Replies

Diane David, in her diatribe against some of the views I expressed in my column in the *Realist*, raises some interesting questions. Exactly what her questions are is a little difficult to state, in the light of the clever verbiage in which she has encased them. Let me, however, try to extract the pertinent queries from their over-dressed encasement and try to answer them.

In the statement, "*Sex is a good thing*," what does the word *sex* mean? Obviously, in the context used, it means sexual relations between males and females: or, more specifically, various kinds of petting and sexual intercourse. It does not mean sex as a way of life (since that would indeed be a highly limited way of living). Nor does it imply that there is no such thing as "bad sex." Rape, or any other form of coercive sex relations, is obviously bad sex. So are, to my way of thinking, extreme sexual phobias, obsessions, compulsions, etc. But the usual kinds of heterosexual petting and copulation are good. And, as stated in my original column, I consider them good inside or outside of marriage. Certainly (both in and out of marriage) sex relations often have clearcut disadvantages and hazards. But so do mountain climbing, skiing, and even walking peacefully on the sidewalk.

When do good, healthy, swinging sex relations with the boys turn into prostitution for fun and no profit? Never, in my book. Prostitution, when properly defined (as in Horace and Ava English's *Comprehensive Dictionary of Psychological and Psychoanalytical Terms*) means "promiscuous sexual intercourse for financial gain; figuratively, compromising ideals in order to gain an advantage." I therefore cannot see how a girl who willingly engages in good, healthy, swinging sex relations can possibly prostitute herself, no matter how promiscuous she may choose to be. If she "prostitutes her soul"—as, say, when she only has intercourse to gain a man's love rather than because she truly wants to be with him sexually—she has severe emotional problems and is, of course, not having good, healthy, swinging relations. Even then, she should be sympathized with and therapeutically helped rather than (as apparently Diane David would have her be) blamed and scorned.

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Magazine of the Month

This is the first in a series of verbal montages on actual special-interest magazines which, while intentionally aimed at limited audiences, unintentionally satirize the outside world in the process.

Transvestia is published "by, for and about transvestites." In this particular issue, Miss Genevieve, "our cover girl," tells her story to "confirm the theory that not all transvestites form their cross-dressing habits at an early age." She was in the army, went to business college, married at 21, and is "the proud father of two children." At the age of 29, "my wife and I were invited to a masquerade party. We decided to attend it as chorus girls. . . . We obtained the necessary costumes (including a wig for me), high heeled shoes, even a girdle to hold my waist in. With the help of my wife I transformed my male appearance into that of a rather attractive girl. My legs were shaved for the first time in my life, and although it felt 'silly' I was somehow amazed and stimulated at seeing how shapely they were. We went all the way with complete makeup, falsies and all. I hadn't dreamed I could turn out to be so pretty considering my 175 lbs. and 6 ft. height. . . . In the six years or so that have elapsed since that first experience I have become more and more a confirmed transvestite. . . . I find time about once a month to engage in the pleasures of cross-dressing. I usually find some excuse to drive to another city overnight. There I check into a motel, transform into a woman and spend the evening having a thrilling time changing costumes, going out window shopping, etc. My wife, family, friends and business associates do not know of my

transvestism. I think it best to keep it secret. . . . I occasionally am asked to visit another city to appear on a program or at a convention stag party and do a skit or a strip tease act where Bingo winners come on stage and remove an item of my costume. The audience in every case thinks I am a true woman until the end of the act. My true identity is never revealed—only my true sex."

Transvestia has a "Literary Corner" recommending such books as *The Importance of Wearing Clothes, Sex and Society*, and *The Natural Superiority of Women*; a "Letters to the Editor" section ("The \$4 I sent you," writes one subscriber, "cost me a new slip but it was well worth it"); "Editorial Emanations" in which the editor, Virginia, writes: "I hope no subscribers to the magazine are sending off-color, obscene, or 'sexy' mail to anyone. When and if such persons are caught and it should be found that they were also transvestites and subscribers to *Transvestia* it gives a bad reputation to the magazine, to the subject and to all lovers of the feminine. . . . *Let's keep our skirts clean!*"; a column, "Susanna Says," in which Susanna criticizes certain transvestites—the type who gets "indignant if you tell her she must wear hip padding," the type who "assumes that most masculine of all poses while sitting—ankle over thigh, knee way out at a 45° angle," and the type who, "If you suggest she should tweeze her eyebrows a bit, she'll swear half the office force, her entire family and the whole town will spot the tweezing right away and she'll be disgraced forever and ever"; and, finally, "Goods and Services"—offering for sale, "Movie stills from *Some Like it Hot* and *High Society* showing Lemmon, Curtis, and Crosby in girl's clothing," and, for \$140, a "Blonde wig, human hair, worn about 6 times."



Fashion Department: THE FASTEST GROIN IN THE WEST

The above action sequence is reproduced from an actual advertisement of the Groin Holster (Pat. Pend.)—"For the first time," states the ad copy, "a truly concealed holster that can be worn with leisure clothing! Ideal for all year round and especially warm weather. No jacket necessary; no outside shirt tails!! Comfortable, convenient. Guaranteed. Used by peace officers everywhere." The guar-

antee reads: "I understand that if I am not fully satisfied with my holster I can return it within 10 days and receive a complete refund of the purchase price." If the purchaser is still alive, that is. Cause of death might well have been a stuck zipper. Otherwise, instead of being able to recognize a plainclothesman by his brown shoes, the tipoff would be that his fly is open.

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THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HOOVER

by Saul Heller

A former FBI agent, in an article written for *The Nation*, reveals that the FBI has close to 1,500 informers within the Communist Party—one informer for every 5.7 Party members. The FBI, he reports, is troubled at the thought that the dues its numerous agents are paying the Communists makes the Federal Bureau of Investigation the biggest financial contributor to the Party.

We can't help speculating that J. Edgar Hoover's successor, equally distressed at the situation, and perhaps less worried over the menace of domestic communism, may pull most of the FBI agents out of the Party.

The possibility must give U.S. Communist Party chiefs goose-pimples. The Party probably fears the FBI much less than it fears the loss of its financial and moral support. If, say, 1,400 dues-paying members in good standing, some of them well up in the hierarchy, were to suddenly bolt the greatly-thinned Party ranks, the blow to its morale could well prove crippling.

The charge is made by the ex-FBI man that FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover has a vested interest in communism—that is, in maintaining the myth of a domestic communist menace—and that he promotes the myth to retain right-wing support. Much as the FBI may need the Communist Party, it seems likely that the Communist Party needs the FBI even more.

No outsider can say with certainty how things stood before the FBI set up a branch in the Communist Party, but they must have been pretty tough. Who knows how far along the road to dissolution the Party would have gone, had not the helping hand of the FBI been extended at a critical moment, to augment the Party's membership and refurbish its treasury?

Rather than lose much valued associates, we are sure the Party would consider a reduction in dues for its FBI

members. Difficulties in engineering such an arrangement without scandal seem insurmountable at the moment, but with good-will on both sides, and expert public relations men to stand guard over the negotiations, the feat could perhaps be achieved. The possibilities certainly warrant exploration, before any mass exodus of FBI men from the Party is undertaken, with the serious consequences this can entail for both sides.

Other aspects of the situation trouble us. The great pains our govern-

ment takes to shield us from communist propaganda indicates that Americans are peculiarly susceptible to it. Is it unreasonable to expect that, with 1,500 FBI agents continually exposed to such propaganda, a considerable number of them should fall for it? The possibility must unquestionably have occurred to so astute a man as J. Edgar Hoover, and adequate precautions taken. Which means that a considerable number of FBI super-spies have probably been planted in the Party, to spy on the 1,500 FBI spies.

It is not inconceivable, in fact, that a large part of the Communist Party membership, aside from the FBI spies, may be made up of these super-spies. Stretching the possibilities only a little further, maybe *all* the remaining Communist Party members are FBI super-spies . . . which would mean that the Communist Party is simply the FBI in disguise. Or the FBI, by now, may be the Communist Party in disguise.

Evidence that at least some of our speculations deserve to be taken seriously lies in the assertion, by the former FBI man, that FBI agents are rising rapidly to the top of the Communist Party hierarchy, and may soon gain complete control of the Party. For all we know, such a development may already have taken place. With the FBI manning the Communist Party, and also protecting us from the Communist Party, the menace of domestic communism will have reached a really serious level—from a psychiatric standpoint. The remedy is obscure. How does one treat schizophrenia of the Federal Bureau of Investigation?

In any event, a Congressional inquiry is long overdue. Such an inquiry should, to be effective, have only one simple, clearly-defined aim: to determine where the Communist Party ends and the Federal Bureau of Investigation begins.



The Image Securers . . . From Purge to Dirge

Partly through their own efforts and partly because of the Defense Dept.'s insistence on higher-quality security programs, security officers are fast shaking off the impression that they are little more than glorified night watchmen. . . . This fall's conference of the American Society for Industrial Security (2,490 members, with chapters in 58 cities) was devoted to promoting the image of security men as high-grade professionals. As might be expected, the status of the security officer in the corporate hierarchy usually is elevated in proportion to the amount of defense business a company has. . . .

—Business Week

The Cuyahoga Funeral Directors Assn. launched its first advertising venture yesterday, sponsoring the "Dr. Crane Show," a 5-minute Monday-thru-Friday radio series. . . . Ten one-minute institutional soft-sell commercials are rotated in the middle of the show. The ads discuss the profession's code of ethics, comparing member morticians to doctors and lawyers. Some spots discuss the facilities and transportation offered by members. Any reference to the dead is avoided. . . . Letters have been sent to non-members, telling them about the job the association is doing to build the image of the mortician.

—Advertising Age

The Case Against Suicide

by Laurence M. Janifer

Let me put your minds at rest, at least to this extent: I am not going to bother you with the usual article which goes under this title, the religious case combining with the philosophical case (such as it is) combining with the legal and historico-legal cases to produce 3500 words of roaring wind and very little sense. This usual article irritates me as much as it does you, and to hell with it.

However, it appears to surprise people that there is any other case against suicide. This seems to me one more aspect of the statement that there is not very much sense being made these days. Whether this low supply is due to an equally low demand I am not at present prepared to state.

There is, however, a perfectly sensible and complete case against suicide—and, having been reminded of it by the vacillations of Miriam Allen deFord in the last number (#41) of this little gadfly, I intend to enunciate it. Not that Miss deFord has been swallowed up by the Manichees and is advising us all to go out and do ourselves in. Her position seems to be somewhere in the middle: she appears to claim that there are a good many situations in which suicide is, or can be, reasonable and acceptable. She is also willing to state that many suicides are the result of a briefly or lengthily unbalanced mind.

This position in the middle is, like most median outposts, both uncomfortable and untenable.

The Manichee position (life is evil, and we ought all to get rid of it just as fast as we can, have no children, die out and leave nothing behind) is a tenable one, though not very damned attractive to most of us. Those of us to whom the position is attractive do not form part of my reading audience, or anybody's: they have, I should think, taken the advice of Manes, and until and unless spiritualism becomes dependable (which I do not expect) there is no way to have an argument with them any more.

The opposing position—and the one I am going to explore—is this: that under no circumstances short of service to a visible, clearly envisioned higher good, can suicide be the act of a sane, sound mind.

Let's put this statement to a test. Let us, in other words, posit that I am about to commit suicide. (I might as well have posited you, but why make you uncomfortable? Besides, I was—as I suppose most of us have been by the age of 25 or so—and we might as well keep matters personal.) Let us further posit that I know of a method which, perhaps not as kindly as Miss deFord's governmental gassing, is pretty much painless and not very messy (there are several, none widely known, but then I write detective stories for a living). My reasoning, right up to the point of action, appears to me perfectly rational and acceptable—but let's stop the action right there, suspending me in the very act of getting rid of me, and take a good look at my state of mind.

First of all, am I religious? (Sorry, but we've got to dispose of this part of the question; I'll try to

hurry it.) If I am a member either of Orthodox Jewry or Roman Catholicism, I am forbidden suicide by beliefs which, in a moment of putative sanity, I have already accepted. About other Western churches the best I can say is that they don't know what they believe until this year's line comes down from Rabbi Kertzer, Norman Vincent Peale, the Archbishop of Canterbury or the like: I cannot posit my own belief in the Protestant or the non-Orthodox systems because a state of such entire mental confusion is impossible for me to share. If, on the other hand, I am a member of certain Eastern religions, suicide is not only permitted but, under some circumstances, recommended or commended. In any case, the matter of religion, if I have one, is going to dispose of the question once and for all.

Of course, I may be out of my right mind—but in that case, not only am I right in line with the position I have taken to defend, but I certainly ought to be stopped until I can be brought back to my right mind to think things over. I don't imagine there is much argument about that.

Okay, then. If I'm religious, either I commit suicide in the service of a higher good (as the Eastern churches tell me) or I commit suicide while out of my right mind.

But suppose I'm not.

If I'm not, I don't believe in a future life. Fine. Great. Now let me try to posit a situation in which the end of my life, the total (so far as I can see) extinction of my personality, is going to be a rational move.

Is there, first of all, a conceivable higher good? Yes, there is. Suppose I am in a spot where pressure or other techniques have a high probability of forcing me to betray associates or beliefs (this is the captured spy). Greater love hath no man than this: suicide here, if manageable, is that high form of realism which we call heroic.

But, leaving to one side the captured spy (about whose position there is, once again, very little argument—except among captured spies), is there another such situation?

Miss deFord apparently thinks she has come up with one—as, in order to maintain her franchise on the fence, she must do. Here it is: I'm suffering great pain (either physical or emotional or both) and it is certain that I shall go on suffering great pain until I die, with no chance of remission or release, and no opportunity to function in any way which I recognize as valuable to me or others.

The catch—oh, yes, there is a catch—is in three words. "It is certain . . ." Now, wait a minute. Is it? Ever?

God knows where the breakthrough on cancer, melancholia or any other agony of the body or spirit is going to come from, or when. It seems a shame to give up when you might be five minutes early.

And if this sounds heartless, please let me state that as far as the emotions are concerned I have been through as much as most, and that I know what severe physical pain is, and suffer from it regularly. Further details on request, but I do not mean hangnail, coryza or peptic ulcer. Nor is there much of a chance of remission. Not even a hell of a lot of research going on . . . the last real expert in the field died in the summer

of '62 with his book half-finished.

And I know this—that all pain, once you're through it, simply disappears: on the other side of any pain, there is life to be lived again, as freshly as ever.

There is life to be lived. That provides the basic statement. Can it ever be rational to give up *all* experience to avoid *some* experience?

Miss deFord (whom, by the way, I am not primarily attacking: I admire much of her work, and she merely happens to be handy as a representative of her particular school of what she undoubtedly thinks is thought) has read Karl Menninger without at any moment understanding what the man is very clearly saying. The book, by the way, is *Man Against Himself*, it is available in paper and in libraries, and it is required reading for an argument on this subject. Menninger has gone back to the Freudian *eros*-and-*thanatos* twinship and sees suicide (except in the single justifiable case mentioned above) as an irrational triumph of *thanatos* over *eros*, of the death-wish over the urge-to-life. He sees suicide (exception noted again: please put this exception in every time, to save my space and patience) as an irrational act, all the time, every time, as a triumph over the reasoning part of man's nature by the instinct of death.

In fact, how can it be otherwise?

There is not only, always, hope for medical or psychoanalytic breakthroughs, there is also hope for the individual human being. I (who am about to commit suicide—remember?) have failed to conquer my tendencies toward alcoholism, drug-addiction, or whatever it is that makes me foul to myself. But there is always, always, after 500 failures, another try—as long as I am around to make one.

And, beyond that, every experience—every pain, loss, discomfort, denial—is an experience, and as compared with no experience at all its value is infinite. Raskolnikov's "To live! Only to live!" and Dylan Thomas' "Do not go gentle into that dark night," are two ways of stating that. Another, somewhat more melancholy and less familiar, is Housman's:

The troubles of our proud and angry dust

Are from eternity, and cannot fail.

Bear them we can, and, if we can, we must.

Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

Living, they tell me, is an art. Like any art, it has its pros and its amateurs. And a pro is somebody who can get up off the floor. There will always be something to knock you down: there is enough trouble and pain and loss and discomfort and denial for everybody, full measure, pressed down, and running over. But there is something else, too. It may be as small as a fly walking across the ceiling of your room, or the feel of a sheet scraping your toes. It is experience.

Unless you're religious (sorry, there's that word again) there isn't anything else. And how can it be rational to throw it away—for nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing at all?

For a better world, for happier experiences—sure.

But that isn't the choice, friends.

This is all you've got. Hang on to it—and get what you can out of it. Become a pro in this peculiar and universal art and get up off the floor. Or for the matter of that, get what you can out of a close study of the floorboards.

What else have you got? And what else can you get?

I don't know of a rational argument to put against that—though I'd be curious to hear one.

Any takers?

Addendum:

The editor of this odd little pest has suggested a concrete example, the hero of *Johnny Got His Gun*, who has had his arms and legs, and all the sensory apparatus of his face, shot away. Does such a man have the right to commit suicide?

No. Johnny spends most of the book, in fact, trying to communicate with the outside world—and manages to do so. He has remaining, though tiny, gratifications and he makes the most of them (the feel of warmth or wind on his body, the hands of a nurse) until he can communicate and so get himself back into contact with the world. At the end of the book he is effectively killed by a heavy and (we are to understand) constant dosage of opiates: at that point, he is no longer even capable of suicide, since he is effectively dead. Johnny is, by God, a pro—and why settle for being any less? Do you really think life can get tougher than that?

IF THIS BE HERESY

(Continued from Page 12)

Is a girl's psyche endangered by her having premarital sex relations? No. Her psyche is only endangered if she erroneously *believes* that she is a horrible person for having such relations, or if she *thinks* that if she "loses her reputation" with various puritans and bigots she is in a terrible fix. As the Roman philosopher, Epictetus, pointed out some two thousands years ago, and as I have recently re-emphasized in my writings on rational-emotive psychotherapy, it is rarely the things that happen to us that disturb us, but our *view* of these things. No girl, remarked the famous New York mayor Jimmie Walker, was ever ruined by a book. Unless, I hasten to add, she *believes* the nonsense that many books contain, about her being obliged to feel ruined because she has been premaritally unchaste.

How will young people know how to bring each other to orgasm without having actual intercourse without their reading my \$7.95 book, The Art and Science of Love, or my \$5.00 book, The American Sexual Tragedy? (a) By reading my fifty-cent paperback book, *Sex Without Guilt*. (b) By using their heads, hands, and tongues.

Can young people find love without having an attitude toward life of a wild-eyed, impulse buyer let loose in a gigantic supermarket? Yes—if they're lucky. Most people in our society find little love, no matter what their sexual technique is, or how prim or promiscuous they are in their premarital days. Finding love has relatively little to do with finding desirable sex partners—and much more to do with finding oneself (rather than conformingly striving to please others). But all things being equal (if they ever are!), and given two young people who are equally self-loving and capable of forming an intense, stable relationship with a member of the other sex, I would certainly bet on the success of the one who adventurously experiments with premarital affairs than the one who fearfully refrains from all antenuptial sexuality. In love as well as sex relations, and especially in that charming combination which we may call sex-love relations, the old saw still takes a deep bite: Nothing ventured, nothing gained!

The Realist

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THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

BOREDOM

(Continued from Cover)

It's a very interesting kind of thing that we're working into. It's part and parcel of the peculiar sort of physical restlessness that is, I believe, the handmaiden to boredom itself.

Now, is boredom physical, or is it mental? That's a good question. That's a very good question. Most people like to assume that boredom is mental. A lot of people will automatically say: "Well, if a guy's thinking, he's not bored."

I don't know. I am very curious. I have never seen boredom approached as a physical problem. And almost all of our world is devoted to avoiding physicality at all costs. Paradoxically enough, some of the most bored people I've known are some of the most intellectual people I've known. Now that would seem to be a thing that could not happen, because we like to believe that if people learn a lot about poetry, if they learn a lot about music, if they learn much about English Literature, they will not be bored.

Well, I must say that some of the most dynamically bored—and by "dynamically bored" I mean some of the most *dangerously* bored—people I've known, have been steeped in this sort of intellectualism. Now this is not an anti-intellectualism spiel I'm giving here. It's something entirely different.

I believe that one of the prime misunderstood areas of boredom is the physical side. And I am not recommending physicality as a cure for boredom, but I say that these two are intertwined. In a very subtle way.

Now *artificial* physicality, on the other hand, can be even more boring than artificial intellectuality. In short, I think some of the most bored people I've known are golfers. Now, why? I don't know why. Perhaps it's because their physical problem is an artificial problem. In other words, the sense of necessity is not there in a golf game. It is an artificial conflict. I think artificial conflicts are always in the end probably the most deadeningly boring things.

Now it gets a little more involved. On the other hand, you like to feel that: "No, I'm not bored when I play golf."

That is perhaps because you have other conflicts that are very real in your life. Golf itself is a divertimento and is nothing more. But the minute the world becomes centered around golf, look out. In short, when golf becomes the primary goal of a life, then there are problems. It's just like a guy who is a fisherman, and if you go fishing three weeks out of the year, it's a wildly exciting thing.

But if somebody said to you: "From now on until the end of time, you can fish seven days a week, sixteen hours a day!"—by the end of the third day

you are looking for somebody to kill.

Interesting problem. On the other hand, I say that Beauty—and Art, too—is a divertimento. We like to believe it can become a total involvement. Forget it. Because there are evidences in past civilizations where it didn't work; among them, the Greeks. Where, if you become totally involved in Beauty, then Beauty becomes the most supreme boredom. Because there is no reason for Beauty any longer. I think Beauty is beautiful because it is a surcease. Beauty is beautiful because it is that one tiny taste of a superb herb in the middle of something that is otherwise sour and bitter. The minute that Beauty becomes the soup, you will look for the sour and bitter taste; they will become the Beauty.

In short, a nation that is built around Beauty and soft and ease will look for the supreme ugliness, as it will then become the supreme Beauty. To carry it even further, War could become the supreme achievement of Beauty.

Editor's Note

Jean Shepherd may be heard on WOR from 11:15 to midnight, Monday thru Friday. This is the first in a series of pieces taken verbatim from his non-scripted radio program, transcribed from the tape by Lee Brown. Shepherd, one of the early influences on the Realist, was impolitely interviewed in #20.

It's fascinating. To me, it is. I'm waiting to see, because I feel, closer and closer, more and more people are driven to things by the sheer boredom of non-things.

I've known more and more Peace people who've become angrier and angrier because Peace has somehow continued. The other day, two thousand people began to club each other for Peace, in Trafalgar Square. But there was no war. Nobody had dropped an atom bomb, and nobody was about to drop an atom bomb. So—to me—they got very bored with non-War and began to hit each other on the head in the name of non-War.

And I say this: that Peace will become more violent as War becomes less likely. Now, that sounds like a paradox. It is.

I have a lot of friends, for example, very hard-hitting, angry, Liberal friends. Nothing irritated them more than to find that Kennedy was elected. They were the first people to be angry about Kennedy. Why? You want to know why? Because they weren't interested in winning at all; they were interested in *fighting*. That's very different. Some people are only happy when fighting for a Cause. They are unhappy when the Cause comes about. Now, that sounds like a paradox. Forget it.

I know a famous cartoonist who spent six years writing angry anti-Nixon and anti-Ike cartoons, because

he thought that Nixon was going to win. The minute Nixon lost, he became even angrier, and now he has been doing more and more, even angrier, anti-Kennedy cartoons.

That's an interesting problem. Fascinating problem. I know a guy who went on a Freedom Ride and who was profoundly disappointed because they didn't burn his bus. Told me that. I know a guy who was on a Peace demonstration down in the Village one day when they were having an Air Raid drill. He was angry because the police didn't arrest him. He was a famous writer. He was really teed off, and said: "That shows how dishonest the fuzz is! That shows how rotten the fuzz really is!"

He was mad because they didn't do anything. Because he would have been very happy to have written an angry editorial in the *Voice* about how they clubbed him. They didn't do anything. They just said: "Well, okay, you wanna stand by the bushes, all right. That's your problem."

That *really* bugged him, because he wanted to prove that the police would not allow a peaceful man to stand by the bushes. What happened is that they did. So who's peaceful or not? I don't know.

The thing that I'm driving at here is that as we approach what we call Paradise, the more boredom is going to be a problem. More and more as you watch television commercials you will see that the big theme is "Less work for Mama." Mama will find other work. Be careful. It's liable to be not exactly the sort of thing that Norman Vincent Peale has in mind when he's talking about Good Works.

Oh yeah, this is an interesting problem that's developing. And more and more, within every industry, you know, the idea and the aim is to less responsibility. In short, the 35-hour week will give way to the 20-hour week eventually, until finally the 5-hour week. Of course, what that means is no responsibility at all. If a guy's only needed 5 hours a week, he's not needed at all. Forget it.

Well, the more you are left to your own resources, the more you are left to no responsibility, the more you are prone to that most dynamic of all forces—boredom.

Boredom is not a passive force. People like to think it is; it is not. And golf will not make the scene, I'm sorry. Watching TV will not make the scene. You can just watch so many hours of television.

And don't think for one minute that you won't be bored. You know, that's an intriguing thing. Many people feel, and it's a wonderful thought . . . we have so many wonderful ideas and ideals that in practice have no relationship to reality. In short, they do not work. One of the great examples of this is:

"If given more time, people will become more interested in the things which they always would have been interested in had they been given time. Like Art."

Well, I'd like to make some sad facts salient to you. One of them is this. If you are familiar with any of the *Better Homes & Gardens* type magazines, you will find you can look through hundreds and hundreds of copies, pictures of modern homes in the suburbs, and you will find *rarely* a book in evidence. Hardly ever do they discuss having bookshelves built. And if so, it's for knick-knacks. We like to think that there's more reading? Get it out of your skull. There's more book *buying*, in many ways. Like paperbacks. I wonder how many people read them? And how many people own them but have never read them?

This is another thing. There is such a thing as *buying*. You know, buying is a positive action today that has no relationship to what is being *bought*. Shopping is a sport the way tennis used to be. A guy made an interesting point to me the other day. He says he remembers when his old lady, when his mother and his father, if they were going shopping, would take him to Macy's to buy a coat. You know, they were gonna buy a coat. Or: "We're gonna go to Gimbel's to buy a tablecloth today."

But now, people will say: "I'm going shopping."

That's all. Just "shopping." They don't know what they're going to buy, nor do they have any idea in mind. Shopping has become a sport just the way tiddleywinks or tennis is. In fact, it has less point. People just spend hours shopping.

This is another interesting type of boredom which has something to do with center of focus. Are you aware that boredom often doesn't look like boredom? Four hundred and fifty ladies on the 3rd floor of Gimbel's can be, if you watch carefully, absolute studies of boredom in motion. Where it looks like they're involved, but they're not involved at all. They're merely *moving*, which is a very different thing. It is hard to keep their attention focused on any one counter for more than 15 or 20 milliseconds, because none of the things have any real necessity, any real point for them. They don't, in short, need any of the things they're after. And so, this is another kind of boredom and it is a very dangerous kind.

I believe that the growth of war movies in our presence, in our midst, and the great, great wave of them that has slowly become very important . . . in Russia, all over the world, war movies are now a big thing, particularly in Russia. Are you aware of that? Almost all of the big novels in the past 15 years in Russia have been written about wars. And, of course, we have

now many TV shows about wars of one kind or another. It's because a war, you see, is the ultimate of boredom in motion, it's the ultimate of a dynamic point of view. There are good guys and there are bad guys. And furthermore, you are playing. Even if you're ten thousand miles from the front, you are given a part.

We've got some great things ahead. Great things ahead. We are on the verge of something. And I don't know. We use such words as "automation," but these words really don't describe the revolution that we're part of.

I think that a thousand years from now, if we survive as a race, people will look back to this period, right now, as one of the great pivotal points. When man became totally useless. Particularly to himself. Completely useless. Hardly any man ever got a phone call from that day on that said: "We need you, Fred, and nobody else."

And that was a great, great social revolution. And probably the beginning of the most violent period in all of man's history. All of history.

STEREOTYPE

(Continued from Cover)

same hue or darker, you could count upon his shiftlessness and general no-accountness as surely as you could count on her masochistic acceptance of these qualities in him. There was never a steady, sober, hard-working postal clerk, let us say, waiting in the background to woo and win her, a role common enough among the white second leads, solidly played by the John Loders, Sheppard Strudwicks, Leif Ericksons, and even occasionally the George Brents. The white counterparts were always advertising executives, bankers or football coaches, men of substance if not glamour. The white world, if Hollywood was to be believed, had not only a first but also a second echelon, well-stocked with acceptable, respectable potential lovers and husbands; the Negro world didn't even have a first.

In late career Miss Beavers did get to play the great ballplayer's mother in *The Jackie Robinson Story*, which, while it left her in the kitchen, did at least permit her fulfilled womanhood. And in its way this was daring casting, for in the public mind her soft, rounded frame was the signal for comic relief, and an exceptional Negro—even an athlete—must necessarily have an exceptional mother. Or so the movies have taught us.

Louise Beavers stood five feet four inches tall in her stockings and conceded that she weighed nearly 200 pounds. Yet despite her bulk she was always described as a "bundle of vivacious energy." During the filming of a movie, however, she would lose as much as ten pounds. To preserve the

aura of jolly plumpness she was therefore compelled to eat beyond her normal appetite constantly, but especially right after the slimming-down regimen of appearing before the cameras. Even with these self-inflicted forced feedings her metabolism, it seems, conspired against her, so that it was often necessary for her to wear several layers of petticoats to compensate for her lack of natural girth. This struggle to stay plump at all cost was a life-long fight for Miss Beavers, one where she may have won every battle but the last.

Her accent was also a problem. Born in Cincinnati and raised on the West Coast, there was no echo of the South in her speech, no soft, careless Dixie drawl. She had to be carefully re-schooled to speak in the appropriately lazy Negro dialect, eliminating all traces of Pasadena High. In an era before Berlitz, this was not easy. In a sense, she was a reverse Liza Doolittle. Apparently she was a good student, however, and even went so far as to study books on the various Negro dialects and their origins. Only linguistic experts could detect an occasional hint of California sunshine among her magnolia-strewn sentences. It was, to the few who knew, a virtuoso accomplishment.

Then there was the flapjack issue. A Negro in the kitchen means flapjacks on the table—or what's a Heaven for? But the real Louise Beavers—or what survived of her after she was re-made in a darky's image—could not abide flapjacks, would not eat them, could not bear to make them. And so white professional cooks had to be summoned to mix the batter and prepare the griddle for Miss Beavers' flapjacks, which restricted her function to holding her nose, gritting her teeth and

(Continued on Page 23)

Editor's Note

Mike Valenti, former editor of *Venture* and *Bounty* magazines, is a freelance writer whose work has appeared in publications ranging from *Better Homes & Gardens* to *The Saturday Review*. This article—carefully researched, skilfully written, and satirical in the classical sense—was turned down by 8 'likely markets,' each time with a short note, only one of which was a form rejection.

A female editor of an intellectual monthly found this "tribute" not quite right, suggested Valenti try *Variety*, and spelled Negro negro; another egg-head mag said no on the grounds that it never runs a retrospective piece "or what amounts to a eulogy"; a sophisticated weekly reported that although the article was well-liked by all who had read it, the editors found it "un-classifiable."

HATE GERMANS?

(Continued from Page 8)

fanatical Nazis." Macdonald also defined the guilty as "Germans. . . . But a particular kind of Germans, specialists in torture and murder, whom it would be as erroneous to confuse with the general run of Germans as it would be to confuse the brutality-specialists who form so conspicuous a part of our own local police forces . . . with the average run of Americans."

It may be dirty pool to face so astute a critic with a 1945 decision, but Mr. Macdonald was presuming too much—or too little, looking at it another way—in his just-post-war assessment of German guilt.

Raül Hilberg, in his book called *The Destruction of the European Jews*, states that prisoners handed over to German industrialists were worked to death—i.e., at one of the I. G. Farben plants, at least 25,000 of the 35,000 Jews who worked there during the war died. Other sources have documented the cooperation of the German armed forces in "The Final Solution"; the generals often lent their own men to the task of massacring Jews in the East (Miss Arendt points out that even today some Germans believe that the only Jews killed were *Ostjuden*, Jews from Eastern Europe).

And not all the "death camps" were situated outside Germany, so at least some of the surrounding population must have known that the Nazi "euthanasia" program—which had ceased as a result of protests from the public and a few courageous church officials—was now being continued with Jews instead of the mentally sick as victims. Out of all this vast complex of forces—all designed to eliminate Jews—did no one apart from top people with access to "secret" orders know what was happening?

The question hardly deserves an answer—as Miss Arendt demonstrates for us: "How easy it was to set the conscience of the Jews' neighbors at rest is illustrated by the official explanation of the deportations . . . issued by the Party Chancellery in the fall of 1942, which read, 'It is in the nature of things that these, in some respects, very difficult problems can be solved in the interest of the permanent security of our people only with *ruthless toughness*.'"

The German people accepted the disappearance of their Jewish neighbors with the same blandness that they are reported to have accepted the prediction that Hitler would gas them all rather than let them fall into the hands of the Russians. Heroes are rare indeed, when the moral fabric of a society is pretty thin stuff. The Nazis' "ruthless toughness," it will be seen, was itself pretty thin stuff when faced with a determined people. It prospered only where anti-Semitism was already a virulent force.

The performance of the Scandinavian countries in regard to Jews is well-known, but what is not generally known is that—here I again quote Miss Arendt—"the German officials who had been living in the country [Denmark] for years were changed men. . . . They apparently ceased to look upon the extermination of a whole people as a matter of course. They met resistance based on principle, and their 'toughness' melted like butter in the sun."

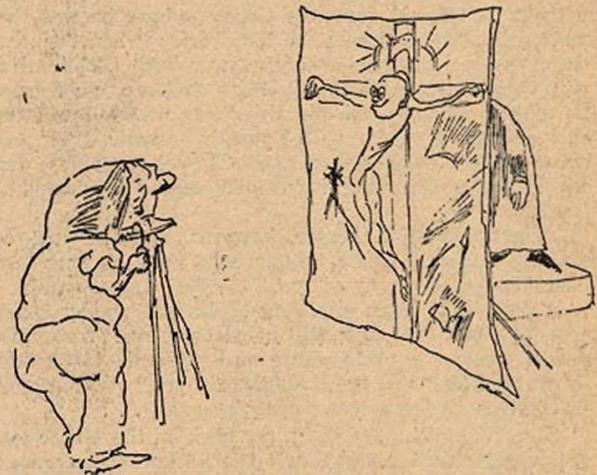
In Italy, the Jewish population was well-assimilated, and the Italians followed the "almost instinctive general humanity of an old and civilized people" in either frustrating or sabotaging the Nazi effort to eliminate all Jews, refugees or natives, in their country.

Belgian police managed not to cooperate with the Germans and Belgian railway men managed to leave doors unlocked so that Jews could escape.

The French, like so many other peoples, seemed unconcerned about other people's Jews, but even the Vichy Government refused to turn French Jews over to the Germans.

Although Eichmann was justified in his accusations to the effect that no country was willing to take Jews in large numbers, it cannot be denied that a number of European countries must be given credit for keeping the "Final Solution" from being even more grimly successful than it was. Individual acts of courage were the rule, not the exception.

By way of contrast, the Rumanians outdid the Germans in sheer horror: thousands of Jews were herded into freight cars and allowed to die of suffocation, their corpses later being hung in Jewish butcher



shops. Later the Rumanians found it more profitable to arrange Jewish emigration at \$1,300 per person and the most anti-Semitic country in pre-war Europe became, of all things, one of the few outlets for Jewish refugees to Palestine during the war. If one *must* hate Germans, then give a thought to the Rumanians as well. And to the Greeks, some of whom looked with approval on the elimination of Jews, and to the Latvians, Lithuanians, Ukrainians and Estonians, all of whose German-style anti-Semitism made them sympathetic to the "Final Solution."

It should not be assumed from the preceding that *no one* in Germany was guilty of a humane act. The official history of the infamous Dachau camp, written by a former inmate, exonerates the town and points out: "During the twelve years a gulf existed between a part of the population and the SS . . . the young girls of Dachau refused to dance with the SS, and there were regular fights between the young men of Dachau and its neighborhood. . . . Brave men and women . . . tried to ease the lot of the prisoners, although they themselves risked incarceration in the camp for doing this."

Doubtless there are other notable examples of individual integrity and decency, but the overriding impression of the German population is that they were too afraid or unwilling to do the right thing. John Gimbel, in a December 1962 article in *The Nation*, opined that the Germans still believe that they cannot be individually guilty for crimes perpetrated under the orders of Hitler and his totalitarian state and that

"their individual actions could only be understood within the totalitarian framework . . . that they lived under inconceivable social, psychological, economic and political pressures which exist only under totalitarian systems." The Nuremberg Tribunal, Gimbel declares, found the individuals charged with crimes against humanity to be as responsible for those crimes as those who might have lived in a democracy, but West Germany, which is a democracy today, has not yet caught up with some of the more subtle aspects of democratic thought. For that matter, it appears as though the Germans may already be too prosperous and vital to the Free World to have to come to terms with their collective guilt.

We know, of course, that *The Diary of Ann Frank* and Max Frisch's *Andorra* have stirred German audiences into non-applause at their conclusions, exhibiting their guilt as a new national by-product. Robert Brustein of *The New Republic* notes that "for any drama with an accusatory tone, the Germans have become the most receptive audience in the world; whenever the finger points, they obligingly answer with a chorus of *mea culpas*." After seeing Frisch's *Andorra*, which was no play at all in its shoddy Broadway production, it is easy enough to concur with Brustein's verdict that "because of his emphasis on guilt, Frisch provides wet whips for a Germany repulsively eager to flagellate itself."

Apart from the theatre, however, and the still-recurring trials of war criminals who have at long last been located, Germany (I speak of West Germany, since it is difficult to learn anything of East Germany apart from the fact that it is still no place to live if you are Jewish) seems a place where no one wants to be told by an outsider that guilt ought also to be a national by-product of the people's *consciousness*. . . .

Item: The William L. Shirer book on the Hitler era got hypercritical reviews and the author was accused of distortions and half-truths about that period of German history. (There was no Hitler—Shirer made him up.)

Item: *Judgment at Nuremberg* got brutal reviews; its title has been advanced as one reason for its failure at the box office.

Item: A respected literary critic, reviewing a book by a Jewish author expelled by the Nazis, refers to the author as one of "those intellectuals who at the outbreak of barbarism deserted us without exception."

Item: Franz-Josef Strauss, former Minister of Defense, made political hay by asking Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt (who was a refugee in Norway during the Hitler period): "What were you doing those twelve years outside Germany? We know what we were doing here in Germany." Miss Arendt says of this rhetoric: "This question was received by the German public without anybody's batting an eye, let alone reminding Herr Strauss that what the Germans in Germany were doing during those years had become very notorious indeed."

Some observers find hope in their belief that the present younger generation in Germany cannot comprehend without horror and disbelief the actions of their elders, yet we also hear reports of nationalist student fraternities at German universities. The literary avant-garde is telling the technically innocent that everyone was guilty in some way, but as George Lichtheim observes in *Commentary*: "The same avant-garde has a tendency to look upon itself as a minority engaged

in fighting an enemy whose real strength is difficult to gauge: most of the iceberg is under water."

Unlike the Japanese, who regard the Bomb as their expiation, the Germans have only their defeat and their prosperity as reference points for their guilt. They buy land in other parts of Europe in an effort to belong to the world and are rewarded with "Germans Go Home" signs simply because they surround their estates with barbed wire and "Verboten" signs.

How can you hate a people who haven't the dignity to dislike themselves—even a little? After all, given the current low birth-rate of German Jews, the dream of a Jew-less Germany looks pretty solid after all.

Harold Rosenberg has written: "The Trial [Eichmann's] undertook the function of tragic poetry, that of making the pathetic and terrifying past live again in the mind." Given a banal protagonist such as Eichmann, the trial could not succeed on that level. It is much the same with the Germans: they do not deserve the full measure of our hatred because to do so would be to elevate—as someone else has put it—"monolithic hatred to the level of a moral principle." This would be a distortion of values at best: what is called for is a sense of moral principle in Germany itself, and it will not be supplied by the hatred of others.

If anti-Semitism is an irrational and virulent phenomenon, anti-Germanism hardly qualifies as a sane and "healthy" way of life. Do we divide Germany into zones of hate—directing our dark thoughts and emotional juices at those who were adults (and therefore presumably "responsible") during the Nazi regime and excusing from our Germanophobia the children of that era and all those born since?

I submit that the Dachau Museum with its exhibits of official Nazi directives for getting the gold teeth from corpses and for collecting the hair of dead women and other exhibits such as the detailed tabulations dealing with the cost of putting prisoners to death—I submit that even this small attempt to instill guilt for the past is more important than all our collective hate. It is a start toward a time when the Germans will have earned the catharsis of shame over their dreadful heritage, while our hate is but an impotent glare at the past.

Feel hostile if you will, for it is not a crippling emotion, but don't forego the magnificent trip up the Rhine because the Rhine happens to flow through Germany. Life is too short for irrational gestures, and you do not harm the Germans when you avoid Germany's major attractions—you deny yourself. And if you *really* must hate a little, do so only during Passover, when perhaps it is kosher to do so.

REPORT FROM WEIMAR

(Continued from Page 9)

Men like Von Thayer, Kleiner, and Kuntz symbolize the strength that the new Germany gives to the Western Alliance. Realistic but imaginative, tender but un-sentimental, sturdy but flexible, they know who freedom's enemy is and where he is located. "Sometimes," Von Thayer says, his eyes reflecting a mature sense of both sadness and optimism, "I look toward East Germany and think of the brutalities committed daily there. It is a difficult thought. But it gives me the strength to keep fighting." His strength, as Kleiner once put it, is the strength of us all.—NEIL POSTMAN

People: regress report #4

by George von Hilsheimer

In November I was asked to consult with the President's Study Group for National Voluntary Services (the so-called Domestic Peace Corps—which has nothing to do with Adam Clayton Powell's Hysterical Houris of Harlem, blackmailed out of Federal anti-JD money). Early this year I was elected to the Board of Directors of Mobilization for Youth, New York's largest social agency and the first demonstration project of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency. I'm amazed at my continuing ability to seduce myself into thinking that such involvements can be productive—it's my way of proving I'm not totally cynical. Actually the Study Group people are most sound—but the political realities are not. One bit of wee fun arrived when the *Realist* was entered into the record of hearings before the Special Subcommittee on Education by Congressman Brademas (D. Ind.). Some of the goodies from Mobilization for Youth, assuming I might say unkind things, sent along a copy for my 'discredit.' So, the *Realist* is finally in.

This is all by way of saying that this world has been very much with us in the first active eight months of *People*-ish things. Six months of sporadic meetings went into securing New York City Health Department approval to establish an experimental Family Cooperative Center: reducing space, personnel and other standards in a more realistic fashion to serve the lowest class. Despite the time involved, and the fact that we don't have the \$45,000 yet to run this child care and family service program, the agreement is a revolutionary step. A hell of a lot of time has been spent in court, with probation officers, etc., etc. One can't really withdraw.

Abandon the Perishing

Lloyd Wilkie spent two months with us. Finances and family needs proved the experiment unworkable to our mutual regret. Any more well-endowed employer, preferably in a saner setting than Manhattan, will find Lloyd a most competent and terrifyingly honest worker. His honesty makes us particularly sorry to lose Lloyd—he helped us keep straight for two months (as well as keeping me from going nuts through time-pressure alone).

Drunkard's Resolve

I've given numerous talks, addresses, sermons, etc., in the last six months. This is a notice that there ain't no more, save for me own amusement. The lecture is the most useless, and disgusting, form of so-called education. It's high time I stopped lecturing against it. Those of you who have written for guest appearances are informed of two criteria:

1. I will prostitute (i.e., if you want to waste your money, lecturing is a painless way for me to make it for *People*);
2. We will run small group conferences so structured as to frighten off most thrill-seekers.

Ethical Kicks

We now have almost two hundred "volunteers" in New York City. About twenty of them are reliable.

Nearly as many have written from out of town. Most want to be babied into a totally designed project. A few have volunteered for secretarial work that, with few exceptions, is not practical to administer until something local starts.

But then there are also those lovelies who write thusly:

"As of this date I have collected 6000 books. Over the past weekend I delivered 200 to the following three colleges in Mississippi: Rust College, Mississippi Industrial, and J. P. Campbell. I got about 3% junk, which I consider good. I have another drive starting right away. I hope to at least equal the amount obtained from the college, about 1500 *top quality* collegiate type books. Will keep you informed of further progress. Yours, Bob (Pyle)."

I hope the hell he stays "mine."

Cranky Meditations

Dear old Bob represents a solid cadre of people scattered here or there who have done yeoman work. Our service to Bob has been to supply him with information (and misinformation) he could not easily find for himself.

Periodically the mail brings a cryptic comment on books sent or individual tutoring given or an amazing kindness done. Why the hell people write in to ask "What can I do for *People*?"—I can't fathom. Write and tell us what you are doing for *People* and how we can help you. Or don't.

Hunger Hurts Even Worse

We've got thirty or forty families being helped minorly. It has been amazingly difficult to get volunteers to (1) find families, (2) visit families, or (3) help families. And some really wild rationalizations. Like, "Who am I to play God with these people—maybe they want to starve." (I didn't make it up, I swear.)

Then, some nice things have happened, too. One of the ten-year-old boys working at the Judo Center (which Paul wanted to call Youth In Asia—*ech!*) was booted out of his home—yes, lady, it happens all the time. One of the volunteers at the Center decided to add the boy to his own family of three kids. Just as he lost his job. But our small friend now has a family for the first time in his life. A family, by the way, that is wise enough to know that his first set of clothing with them has to be new. He wasn't going to school.

One stupid fart wrote in to say, "I don't really have time or money to help—I'm a school teacher, you know." Anyway, if some of you poor-mouthing readers out there want to give up a pack of cigarettes a day this family can use the \$100 you don't have.

And there are others.

Howard Waterhouse, with some ladies from the Unitarian Church of the Lehigh Valley, of which he is Minister, arrived the other day, VW bus filled with goodies. Howard and Joan will be at camp this summer with their bratlings. He is, to my knowledge, the only Unitarian minister to have the *Realist* on the church book table—even though many ministers write that this is one of the most significant rags in America.

Sundry Beggars

One reader has given us a small plot of land near the Taconic State Park. With a little money we can develop a very primitive camp that can open a whole new world to the kids at LEAP (Lower East Side Action Project). Volunteers in New York might offer a

August 1963

station wagon ride weekends. Or *gelt* to buy a bus.

John Davis is going to have to work this summer. The Pilot Project kids are still there, but John owes too much money. A bus, some dough, a job, would help.

We have room for twenty scholarship kids at Summerlane Camp. . . . We got no dough to feed them.

See, we are like everyone else. Just after your sweet money.

Migrant Service Corps

As a private pilot project for a "National Service Corps" we have had ten or so volunteers at Summerlane since April 1st. They pay us \$10.50 a week for the privilege of working for us and eating. Old George Hall, M.E., sent us a letter:

"People, I want work. Quit working as mechanical engineer out of disgust/boredom. Saved while working so I can carry myself. Good mechanic. Fair carpenter."

Nice, huh?

There will be 31 volunteers as staff and corpsmen working with the teen work camp this summer. Some are paying \$100 for the privilege. We do not have room for more unless you (1) have full camping equipment (i.e., your own bloody tent, etc.), (2) can pay \$100 for your food, and (3) we find enough money to pay for tools, building equipment, gas and sundry other expenses. Otherwise, you are welcome.

Summerlane School

Dr. Leo Koch, of University of Illinois fame, has agreed to join us for a year with a guarantee of room and board and subsistence, and a first year *goal* of room, board, tuition, etc., and \$2600 salary (it ain't so bad, he'll save more at the end of the year than at U. of I.—if we can pay him). Several other highly qualified, and some not so, staff have agreed to work the first year and more on a room-and-board basis. Ergo, we have a good solid staff for the first year of Summerlane School which, forthwith, has come off the back burner.

We anticipate a few problems. Summerlane *Camp* has cost about \$3000 in promotion already for fewer than 60 nine-week *campers*. However, twenty students will be educationally and psychologically sound and can be found.

One of our spies informs us that the local school board has already been sent a San Francisco newspaper clipping: "Free Love Prof Moves to N. C." So that has to be dealt with. As will the reaction to our pathetic "integration." We feel competent to cope, but you can expect St. George to be begging again.

Community of Scholars

We hereby announce that anyone who wants to take Paul Goodman's *Community of Scholars* seriously is invited to write. Slocum College invites you.

We are serious. Both Summerlane School and Slocum College: full board and tuition \$3000, but, with individual adjustments and scholarships, average \$1200, plus transportation, insurance, and spending money for the school year. The college is named for a recently deceased engineer richly detested by all bureaucrats but almost inevitably called in to get the book boys out of their fouled-up jobs on big dams, etc.—our grade B movie plot in reaction to the artsy-craftsyy names usually associated with such things. After all, it does fit our milieu. George Hall, M.E., Dean of our Engineering School, whose hero Slocum is, nominated him as our ideal: "A guy more competent drunk, which was usual, than most are sober."

Canadian Note

I have this note in my files for your delectation:

"Roger and Sheila Wilks (380 Davenport Road, Toronto 7, Ontario, WA 5-4056) sit in *People's* office at the moment. They've just come down to find what makes this thing tick (or not). Active in the past with Toronto Unitarians (who, they inform you, are "incredibly smug—they're saved") and presently with the Toronto Humanist Association (*not* affiliated with the American Humanist Association), the Wilkses are hopeful that other Toronto readers may be interested in doing some inexactly thing for *People*.

Books South

Who can count?

You can mail books addressed to "Librarian" and the college for 5 cents the first pound, 1 cent each additional up to 70 pounds.

West Coast readers are urged to send books to:

Maunaloa College
Paia, Maui, Hawaii

Added to our last report:

Piney Woods Country Life School
Piney Woods, Mississippi

Rickover Is Right

I want you all to know that I was on TV the other day and agreed with the ascetic Admiral that while there ain't no 3 R's anymore, there *are* 6 R's—Remedial Reading, Remedial Riting, Remedial Rithmetic. And, dear hearts, out of three hours of my Congressional testimony, the N. Y. *Daily News* saw fit to quote my comments headlined: "New York Schools Teach Failure." I hope you don't mind my sharing these little triumphs.

Elaine Waldman's little project is putting along on two cylinders. Elaine takes a few kids to a settlement house nearby and teaches them piano. Janet Newton tutors an increasing number of kids in their apartments. With a little \$\$ we could reward high school kids to help in this. For some reason our liberated *Realist cum People* volunteers cop out spectacularly in this project (maybe scenes like where we spent 40 minutes deciding who should get a pair of recently donated shoes are too traumatic).

I keep indirectly finding out nice little things about Paul Maul. He loaned \$300 to a thing called the Harlem Education Project, sort of inspired by the Northern Student Movement, which primed a tutoring project given \$10,000 by the Field Foundation. No, children, the \$300 wasn't returned. Which is maybe why the good die young. Amen.

The tutoring idea is spreading . . . 144 Princeton undergraduates (for whom we take no credit) are tutoring slum kids in nearby Trenton. A group we talked to at Queens College is raising money to send student tutors to Prince Edward County to teach the kids left schoolless by the Christian leaders of that fair land, etc., etc.

Mail Order Salvation

Since my full time volunteer secretary has deserted me for Summerlane, out of town *Peopleers* are urged to send their various inquiries, poison-pen letters, love notes, to *People*, Summerlane, Box 686, Rosman, N.C.

The New York "office" remains at 506 East 6th Street, CA 8-8967, and will be manned through the summer even though our Fearless and Pure Leaders (Paul and Me, sillies) will be in North Carolina by the time you read this.

The Realist

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

STEREOTYPE

(Continued from Page 18)

giving them an occasional, disdainful flip.

Then came World War II, and liberation. The vast American middle classes lost their maids and cooks to the airplane factories and, thanks to the riveting gun and welder's torch, the myth of the jolly Negro domestic was laid to rest—at least for the duration. But myths die hard. After the war a national TV network, unmindful of the tides of postwar sociology, cast Miss Beavers as the Negro maid in *Beulah*, a family situation comedy that had a long run. All the familiar elements were there again: the merry plumpness, the magic skillet, the sizzling flapjacks, the no-count boyfriend. *Beulah's* kitchen clock seemed to have stopped forever shortly before the war.

The Invisible Woman

Louise Beavers died at age 60 of diabetes in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. Behind her stretched 30 years of movie, radio and TV work. Her last major role, as TV's *Beulah*, had echoes of her first supporting role in a lachrymose 1934 movie entitled, with unwitting irony, *Imitation of Life*. In it she played a sentimental colored mammy who flipped a mean flapjack—but knew her place. It was a cheap but important movie of its day that made the dubious point that all light-skinned Negroes want is to pass over into a trouble-free white world. It also marked the beginning of a career that was to be at once highly successful, oddly intangible and in a sense invisible.

Whose Little Gender . . . ?

For the past several months, people in the publishing industry have been spreading a story that the model on the cover of the January issue of *Harper's Bazaar* (see photo) was really a man dressed as a woman. The fashion director of one magazine would even display various issues of *Bazaar*, asking friends to "Pick the Drag Queen." A sub-tale was that pho-



tographer Richard Avedon's work is no longer welcome at *Harper's Bazaar* as the result of his supposed hoax. But he's scheduled for their August number. The model in question is indeed a woman—with a child to boot—but the sheer believability of the item would seem to crystallize something significant about the diminishing differences in contemporary sex roles.

P.R. Ring-a-Ding

From the Public Relations Journal, April 1962:

Any public relations man who has ever supervised a photographic assignment knows the importance of watching out for details. If you don't look for the little things that can ruin a picture, you could wind up with a mistake like that in the latest Sears Roebuck catalogue. According to the wife of one of our corporate public relations friends who is about to become a mother: "Not one of the women modeling Sears' Charmode maternity lingerie is wearing a wedding ring!"

From the Public Relations Journal, April 1963:

Never underestimate the power of a woman—especially when she joins forces with a magazine. Early last year, the wife of one of our corporate public relations friends noted that women modeling maternity lingerie in the Sears, Roebuck catalogue were not wearing wedding rings. The Public Relations Journal pointed out this error in the April, 1962 issue. It took several months, but Sears finally has married off its models. All are wearing wide wedding bands. One carryover picture was even retouched.

Beware of the Dog

Don't ask the police dog
To give you his paw.
He seems to have more teeth
Than the law.

—Avery Corman

FINAL DAILY NEWS 5¢
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

NIXON WEIGHS MOVE TO N.Y.



Where There's Life . . . and Death

Tabloidville

The picture on the left is captioned: "Shock and fear contorting her face, Mrs. Iva Kroeger is restrained by police matron as she hears herself sentenced to death in San Francisco. Her husband, Ralph, given a life sentence, sits next to her. They were found guilty in murder of a couple."

The picture on the right is captioned: "Cornelio Soto and his mother . . . cling to each other in grief as they ride to funeral of four of Soto's children. The youngsters, who perished in fire . . . were buried next to their mother. She died two years ago.—Other pictures in centerfold."

The half-page photographs usually exploited on the front cover of the N.Y. Daily News are seldom related to the huge headlines which loom above; but to view these photos as if they were actually direct reactions to those headlines is a grisly game on a dull day for the injured.

FINAL DAILY NEWS 5¢
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

VOTE TODAY ON SALES TAX

Council Expected to Okay Increase



Clutching Their Grief

A Crossword Puzzle for Jaded Realists

Horizontal

1. To plant (old English).
5. Insecurity symbol.
11. To expiate for a sin.
13. Next year—women will be permitted to do this.
14. Have a share of (Scottish).
15. Scene of the International Economic Conference, April-May 1922; also a type of salami.
16. Police assistant (sometimes obscene in usage).
17. One who arouses prurient interest (abbreviation).
18. Nice in taste or feelings.
19. Well?
20. "Where profits is our most important product" (abbreviation).
21. To give birth to a lamb prematurely.
24. Government surplus now in storage bin.
27. What a Russian baby says.
28. A walled manufacturing town in Thuringia; population 74,000.
29. Basic part of education.
31. A suffix added to numbers to indicate into how many leaves a sheet is folded.
32. No longer on the bowery.
33. What every girl wants to get first.
36. A poisonous, liquefiable, gaseous element with an offensive odor (abbreviation).
37. Territorial subdivision of a county with certain corporate powers of municipal government for local purposes (abbreviation).
38. You can't doo without this.
39. For tats.

The Realist, Dept. 42
 225 Lafayette Street
 New York 12, N. Y.

Enclosed please find:

- \$1 for 12 copies of issue #42.
- \$3 for a 10-issue subscription.
- \$5 for a 20-issue subscription.
- \$1 for a dashboard Saint Realist. (our cover mascot in living plastic)
- \$3 for the 15 most insane issues.
- \$5 for all available back issues.
- \$5 for "If This be Sexual Heresy."
- \$7.50 for "The Funnies . . ."

Name

Address

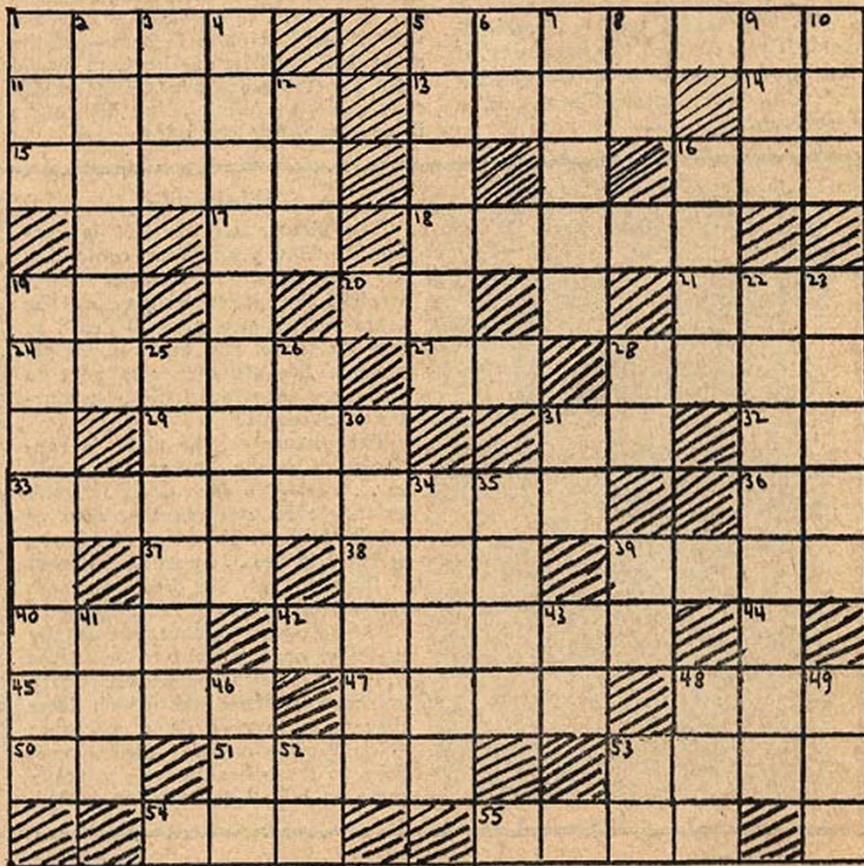
City..... Zone..... State.....

40. Looks like Daddy Warbucks and sounds like Clark Gable.
42. Bruce Wayne's alter-ego.
44. What most popular songs begin with.
45. Hard to get if you're Cuban-bound.
47. To produce or bring forth, as offspring.
48. To cause to droop.
50. Mary Clark Rockefeller.
51. What Simon does.
53. Report erogenous ones to your postmaster.
54. Causes artificial schizophrenia (abbreviation).
55. Entrance (old English variant).

Vertical

1. Cigarette (English slang).
2. Security symbol.
3. To put on.
4. Non-menstrual tension because... (two words).
5. Laid.
6. Any person indefinitely.
7. Organization to help drunken drivers (abbreviation).
8. Source of background music (abbreviation).
9. Diaphragms being dropped by nuns

- on their way to Heaven (abbr.).
10. Breast problem in Philip Roth's short story, "Epstein."
12. Go down, Moses.
16. What Peter didn't stick his finger in.
19. Passing, on a Wasserman test.
22. Building on a mattress.
23. Courage of convictions.
25. Sperm factories.
26. Associated with Henry Miller, when big.
28. You have been caught demonstrating peaceably; do not pass this and do not collect \$200, but take a school bus directly to jail.
30. A dedicated virgin shouts: "Look, Ma—no . . .!" (misspelled).
31. What you're glad it's not every time somebody dies.
34. What many executives secretly keep.
35. Oh, what all ye faithful do!
39. Tough nookie (abbreviation).
41. A breakfast cereal with misleading implications.
43. "I krepitate, therefore I . . .!"
46. If you live in the suburbs, you're likely to covet your neighbor's.
48. His wife was the salt of the earth and a pillar of the community.
49. What crossword puzzles are a substitute for.
52. Propaganda, often classified.
53. A metallic element occurring mostly in combination (abbreviation).



—Rochelle Davis