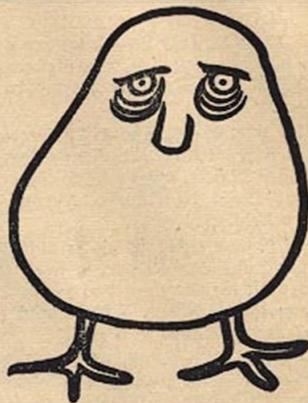


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



No. 47

February, 1964

35 Cents

Is Lee Harvey Oswald
Alive In Argentina?

Confessions of a Guilty Bystander by Paul Krassner

It seems there was this lady who purchased a bottle of Coca-Cola from the vending machine in the cafeteria where she worked. After drinking from the bottle, she discovered a dead mouse in it. Several witnesses testified that the mouse was unquestionably in the bottle when it came from the vending machine and before the lady started drinking from it. Of course, if they were really her friends, they would have told her in front, wouldn't they have?

Anyway, she—and, for a reason that must surely go under the heading of Mental Anguish By Association, her husband also—brought a lawsuit (*Trembly et al vs. Coca-Cola Bottling Co.*, 138 N.Y.S. 2d 332, if you must know) based upon negligence and breach of warranty.

The defense claimed that the question of breach of warranty should not have been introduced into the case—after all, when did Coca-Cola ever guarantee not to have dead mice in their bottles?—certainly the Fatty Arbuckle case set a precedent in that area.

As for the charge of negligence, the defense depended upon testimony concerning its washing, rinsing and filling operations, indicating that its standards were comparable to those employed by other similar bottling companies.

(Continued on Page 10)



Signs Along the Cynic Route

NEWARK, July 23—A tavern owner who has one employe was picketed for a second day today—by his Negro customers.

The customers, about 30 yesterday and a dozen today, are demanding that Nicholas Nazar, owner of Mary's Tavern at 28-30 Hawthorne Avenue hire Negro help.

Mr. Nazar said: "This is ridiculous. I only have one helper, a man that's been with me for over two years. He is an excellent worker. Why should I fire him? Just because he's white?"

Charles Wilcox, 32, of 295 Johnson Avenue, who is leading the picketing, countered with a statement that Mrs. Nazar, after whom the tavern is named, had told him she would not hire Negroes. Her husband denied this.

—The New York Times

BAKERSFIELD—The beleaguered Dictionary of American Slang is not only a dirty word—it's a tool of the international Communist conspiracy—a "repentant sinner" told the Women's Protective League here Wednesday night.

"Red agents in the U.S. are using it in devious plots," declared Richard Cotten, "and Russians in Russia are using this slang dictionary to show Americans are decadent."

Cotten described himself as "a born-again Christian, an old alcoholic, a repentant sinner and an old Navyman" who has quit his job as a salesman to become "a full-time conservative."

During breaks in his heavily applauded, 90-minute speech, Cotten distributed among the ladies of the League about 250 copies of the notorious seven-page excerpt of the dictionary's dirtiest words.

In reply to Assemblyman John Williamson's (Dem-Bakersfield) charge that the book's assailants were only stirring prurient interest among the State's teen-agers by circulating the excerpts, Cotten said:

"Williamson's wrong. And I don't care if every teen-ager in California reads the filthy excerpts we're showing. What we're aiming to do is protect unborn generations."

Meanwhile, in Sacramento, two unrestricted copies of the controversial dictionary were discovered yesterday on the shelves of the California State Library, a branch of Dr. Max Rafferty's State Department of Education.

Dr. Rafferty, who touched off the current uproar by branding the book "a practicing handbook of sexual perversion," was asked by newsmen why

he has not taken steps to prevent the State library's copies from falling into the hands of teen-agers.

He replied, "I'm not in the business of throwing my weight around."

—San Francisco Chronicle

HOLLYWOOD—Here we go again! Carroll Baker, who recently created a stir with her nude sequence in *The Carpetbaggers*, this week had her clothes ripped off for another scene by co-star George Peppard—and about \$25,000 worth of Edith Head creations ended up in shreds on the Paramount Studios set.

For the volatile scene in the co-production between Joseph E. Levine's Embassy Pictures and Paramount Pictures, Miss Head, the studio's chief fashion designer, created a hand-sewn evening gown with iridescent jewels and embellished with white fur at a cost of nearly \$5,000. Since it was very fragile, four exact facsimiles were made. Every gown was destroyed in getting the scene on film. . . .

—Publicity release

The goofy, spoofy radio commercials of Stan Freberg have moved a lot of Chun King Chinese food and Contadina tomato paste ("Eight great tomatoes in that little bitty can?") into the stomachs of consumers, and now Stan is going to try to move some of the consumers into church. His newest client: the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. Says Satirist Freberg, who earns about \$500,000 a year by gently kidding his employers' product: "They wanted me to try to sell Christianity, actually, and I said I thought we would reach more people if we narrowed it down to God."

Freberg decided that blending humor and heaven was a real challenge—"and I always rise to challenges. I don't take on any client unless he has a problem." He has just completed three 60-second radio spots, which the Presbyterians will start testing in the Midwest this summer. The commercials cost \$12,000—about \$2,000 over budget, but Freberg will take the loss. "It's my way of getting back at the Internal Revenue Service," he says.

The format of Freberg's spiritual ads is "a disarming natural conversational approach leading into a song that's like a pop tune. It's what I call the 'espionage approach.'" In one commercial, a secular type says he can't make it to church because "this Sunday I'm playing golf," and as far as next Sunday goes, "I promised to take the kids to the beach." A voice asks:

"Well, how about two weeks from Sunday?" "Oh, I never plan that far ahead. Two weeks! The whole world could blow up by then. Heh heh." "That's right," the voice answers, after a meaningful pause, and a chorus of 15 swings into the clinching jingle:

Where'd you get the idea

You could make it by yourself?

Doesn't it get a lit-tle lonely, some-times,

Out on that limb . . . without Him . . . It's a great life but it could be greater,

Why try and go it alone?

The blessings you lose may be your own.

The son of a retired Baptist minister, Baptist Freberg is dead serious about his latest advertising campaign, "I did it for God," he says. "I feel I was destined to do more than just move chow mein off a shelf."

—Time magazine

ABCO, long-time producer of transparent display covers to keep caskets clean in the show-room, together with a line of plastic sundries, is manufacturing a new plastic sealer casket for infants, still-borns and fetals.

It is 25 inches inside, one size only and can be shipped anywhere in the U.S.A. by Prepaid Parcel Post. In fact it can be sent almost anywhere in the world by Prepaid Parcel Post.

The casket is made of expanded polystyrene, designed and engineered to withstand the elements of nature. It will not rot, rust, corrode, oxidize, decay or deteriorate.

The "Poly Twenty-five" Casket is modern in design; the technology is current. The finish inside and outside are of simulated purity white satin. The hardware is permanent imitation gold. The lid and body of the casket are molded in one piece.

It has a tongue and groove seal with no unsightly gasket. No hinges are employed, yet a hinged lid effect is achieved. The casket is suitable for cremation as it burns readily.

The interiors are of pastel baby blue or pastel baby pink with matching pillow and foot roll. A loose removable mattress is of "Cellu-down" cushioning material. A written warranty is enclosed in each casket and, when requested, a letter to the family is written. . . .

—Casket and Sunnyside

HOPE

Today, when guys are seldom
The guys that they appear—
It's kind of reassuring
That Yogi Berra is not a queer.

—Avery Corman

editorial giggles

Belated Credit . . . and Blame

We carelessly left the byline off "Report from Farnsworth, N. J." in issue #43. It was written by Neil Postman, who teaches English at NYU's School of Education. The piece was a skillful satirical thrust at the loyalty oath syndrome, so close to reality with its absurdity that one newspaper called to find out whether or not such a place exists, and was the report true?

For example, the statute making it a crime to advocate the overthrow of the Municipal Government of Farnsworth Township is no more ridiculous than the actual oath required to disclaim advocacy of the overthrow "of the government of the state of Arizona or any of its political subdivisions."

Then it becomes unlawful to advocate the overthrow of Farnsworth's Union School District No. 10; Farnsworth's modest but highly efficient Transit System; Farnsworth's impeccable Sanitation Dept.; and the most controversial of all the statutes passed by the City Council, one which would send to jail for 30 days anyone convicted of advocating the overthrow of the Farnsworth Chapter of Hadassah.

It is pointed out that "Hadassah is a thoroughly American institution, based on American ideals, and

deserves all the protection we can give it." Satire, sure, but I have a matchbook that advertises: "Join Hadassah! A Guardian of Democracy in America. . ."

Hadassah is the Women's Zionist Organization. A Soviet-born Jew who recently returned from several years in Israel — that's Zionist country, pardner — stated: "All Jews from Africa and Asia are regarded in Israel as black, inferior, second-rate citizens. Marriages between 'white' and 'black' are just as rare as marriages between Negroes and whites in the United States." In the schools, she said, children are taught that the Jews are "chosen by God" and Gentiles are "cursed in the morning prayer broadcast."

Arnold Toynbee wrote in his *Study of History, Vol. VIII*: "The evil deeds committed by the Zionist Jews against the Palestinian Arabs that were comparable to crimes committed against the Jews by the Nazis were the massacre of men, women and children at Deir Yasin on the 9th of April, 1948. . ."

In that massacre—and there have been others—about 250 Arabs were butchered, including 25 pregnant women, whose bodies were ripped open with bayonets, and 52 mothers with babies, and about 60 other women and young girls. Little children were cut to pieces. Arab women and girls who escaped death were stripped and paraded through the streets.

I expect soon we'll be hearing about a Yiddish underworld syndicate in the United States. It will be called, of course, *Kosher Nascher*.

Quoted Without Comment

Cleveland, Nov. 2 (AP)—A 16-year-old girl has had three illegitimate children, a juvenile court judge says, and her mother faces trial after telling the judge she instructed her daughter on the use of contraceptives. Mr. Virginia McLaughlin, 33, was charged Friday with contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Judge Angelo Gagliardo said he ordered the charges placed against the mother on the basis of her statement in a recent court session with her daughter. He quoted the mother as saying, "I told my daughter where to buy contraceptives and how to use them but she still got pregnant."

Space On My Hands (Continued)

From a paper presented by Dr. Preston A. Wade, professor of clinical medicine at Cornell University's medical college in New York, and printed on page 334 of the April, 1963 issue of the *Surgical Clinics of North America*, published by the W. B. Saunders Company:

"The events of the past few months have brought home to us the real possibility of space travel and space exploration. This presents an entirely new set of medical problems for us, particularly in trauma. The possibilities of the need for new concepts in trauma care are so numerous that I cannot begin to list them

Does she...or doesn't she?

From: How to be
Miss Claire, entirely.
Miss Claire keeps
it alone, beauty.
Completely covers
gray with the
stronger, lighter,
lasting color
no other kind of
false coloring can
promise good
live up to!

MISS CLAIRE
MISS CLAIRE
MISS CLAIRE

—Carl Schurer

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for you. As an example I would cite one very small problem that is well known to space surgeons. If, while in a room in weightless space, a man is unfortunate enough to pass flatus, the thrust thus produced is enough to hurl him to the ceiling with such force as to fracture his skull! Thus we see that what now is achieved by proper diet and self-control to save us social embarrassment, may in the future save our lives!"

The Mother Poster

Obviously our red-white-and-blue, eight-by-22-inch, starred-and-stripped, hammered-and-sickled "Fuck Communism!" poster has struck a real nerve, judging by the response so far, at \$1 apiece. Originally it said at the bottom, "Additional copies available from the Daughters of the American Revolution," but our attorney advised against this. I felt that since the D.A.R. would first have to *acknowledge* before they could *disclaim*, there would be no problem, but just to be on the safe side, we changed it to ". . . Mothers of the American Revolution."

Now, I swear by all I consider unholy that the very first person to buy one of these Mother Posters was an employee of Radio Free Europe. After four days, the security people—whose job it is to check files, etc.—took the poster off his office wall. The next day his employer explained that, well, it's very funny, but we don't want the women to see it.

What kind of male-chauvinistic attitude is *that* toward a poster that so succinctly symbolizes our National Purpose?

The Stone-Caster

Issue #43 contained a report on the ordeal of Sumnerlan Camp. The mob riot in North Carolina was incited by distribution of *The Herald of Freedom*, a hate-sheet published in Staten Island by one Frank Capell. He boasts of "opposing Communism and its promoters, sympathizers, fellow-travelers and friends for 25 years."

Well, just for the holier-than-thou record: In 1943, while Capell was an investigator for the War Production Board, he solicited and accepted a bribe of \$1000 from a clothing manufacturer. He was arrested and held on \$7500 bail. A federal grand jury indicted him (and an accomplice) for extortion; he was later found guilty, fined \$2000 and placed on probation for two years.

The editor of *The Sign*, a national Catholic magazine, has commented that the *Herald of Freedom* "is evidently gotten out by some member of the lunatic fringe." And a *Commonweal* editor categorizes it as "a scurrilous sheet [that] leaves one stunned with the kind of imagination that can justify such viciousness on the grounds of Catholic morality."

Consistency of Principle

An academic freedom controversy is developing which will really put liberals to their mettle. An Economics instructor accused of right-wing teachings has been fired by West Virginia Wesleyan College. Students are circulating a petition asking for an investigation of his dismissal. The instructor, Dr. Harold Hughes, 61, admits he has an ultra-conservative philosophy, but contends that his classroom work covers various economic theories and not just one.

The Realist Bail Fund

I had lunch with Art Galligan, a no-bullshit lawyer who has become involved with the socio-legal problems of, let's say, economically deprived kids. They get trun in jail a lot. They stay there longer than they should, waiting for trial (sample: 5½ months), because their families can't afford bail, and besides, if you're on relief you're not even allowed to pay an attorney's fee. Now, whereas a bondsman gets a sizable chunk of the bail for security, if you pay cash to the court they merely hold out 1% for "handling charges." It's comparatively inexpensive. So, with youngsters recommended as not likely to jump bail, a special fund would make their Constitutional right a reality. And the *Realist* is starting just such a special fund. Eventually, there will be a tax-deductible, membership-corporation set-up, but meantime there are kids in jail who would be better off out, so . . . you know.

Ah Sordid Announcements

● The two pieces on the back cover of this issue are reprinted from earlier issues. There are 30 back issues of the *Realist* still available. They cost \$6. My book *Impolite Interviews* (with Alan Watts, Lenny Bruce, Dr. Albert Ellis, Henry Morgan, Jean Shepherd, Jules Feiffer, Hugh Hefner) is available from the *Realist* at half-price (\$2), as is my all-time favorite book, Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun* (also \$2, but it's out in 50c paperback now, in case you didn't know). The proposed screenplay in issue #44 was co-authored by Terry Southern and Boris Grgurevich.

● Mrs. Judith Hetland, 540 W. 122 St., NY, NY 10027, is doing research on trial marriages. She has drawn up a questionnaire for couples who are currently unmarried and living together, and those who lived together before marriage, to answer. Irvin Doress, 15 Parkvale Ave., Allston 34, Mass., is making a social-psychological study of reaction to the Cuban missile crisis, and has prepared a questionnaire. Rev. Howard Waterhouse, 852 N. 8th St., Allentown, Pa. is working on a project dealing with the interrelationships between censorship of obscenity, blasphemy, and sedition or anarchy; if you own anything that has ever been banned—book, magazine, or whatever—he would appreciate it as a gift or a loan; postage will be refunded.

● Anyone interested in forming a committee to legalize prostitution may write to Fred Cherry (no gag—that's his name) c/o the *Realist*. Madalyn Murray, 1526 Winford Rd., Baltimore 12, Md., plans to start legal action that would require churches to pay taxes. The Crusaders Assn. for Relief and Enlightenment needs children's shoes and clothing—many kids are unable to attend school for lack of these items—send c/o Mrs. Marie Ivey, 410 English St., Monroe, N.C.

● Is there a doctor out there who performs abortions and would be willing to serve as a test case to establish the moral/legal right to do so? The *Realist* will provide moral support and legal costs all the way up to the Supreme Court. ● I have over my bed a handsome plaque which I sent away to Billy Graham for. It says "Divine Services Conducted Here—Daily." It's free, and it would be nice if many readers who would like to have such a sign over their beds were to write to Billy Graham, Minneapolis, Minn., and ask for one. He might be encouraged in his work by what will surely seem like a religious revival.

Artukovic, Mass Murderer

*A Yugoslavian Eichmann Illegally Secure
In the United States for Fifteen Years*

"The occupation of Serbia was marked by acts of extreme cruelty on the part of the Germans but even these were surpassed by the atrocities committed in Pavelic's Independent Croatia. The official policy of the Pavelic Ustashi was the extermination of the Serbs in Croatia. Those who escaped murder were either forcibly evicted from Croatia, or forced to embrace the Roman Catholic faith. The unofficial estimate made by the government in exile of Serbs killed by the Ustashi reached the appalling figure of 600,000 men, women, and children."

—The Encyclopedia Americana

On March 25, 1941, while most of Europe was already immersed in war, Yugoslavia signed the Tripartite Pact which included Germany, Italy and Japan.

Two days later, the government was overthrown and, under King Peter II, the alliance pact with the Axis powers was denied.

Hitler was furious. He ordered his High Command to destroy Yugoslavia. The operation was classified as "Enterprise 25."

On April 6, 1941 at 7 A.M., the sleeping people of Belgrade, capital of Yugoslavia, were mercilessly bombed. At 10 A.M., another wave of Nazi aircraft wrought death and destruction on the helpless inhabitants.

Four days later, Hitler's tanks entered Zagreb, capital of Croatia, and

from there went on to Boania to eliminate remnants of the Royal Yugoslav Army.

King Peter escaped to England, the Army surrendered and capitulation took place on April 17, 1941.

Yugoslavia was defeated.

The national territory was cut up into several German- and Italian-occupied zones. In a large area, extending from the Hungarian border to the Adriatic sea, populated by over five million people, predominantly of the Catholic faith, Hitler instituted the so-called Independent State of Croatia.

At the head of this new puppet state, Hitler and Mussolini elected one Ante Pavelic, already a notorious criminal who had been condemned to death by the French government for the murder of King Alexander I of Yugoslavia,



"If you can't kill a Serb or a Jew you are an enemy of the State."

—Ante Pavelic, 1941,
orders to his Ustashi

"He looks like an honest man to me."
—Judge Pierson Hall, 1958,
extradition hearing in Los Angeles

which occurred in Marseilles in 1934, and in which the Minister of Foreign Affairs of France, Luis Barthou, was also killed.

Pavelic brought from Italy a band of Fascist-trained fanatics who called themselves Ustashi. One of their leaders, Ante Pavelic — also condemned to death by France for the same Marseilles assassination — came with Pavelic and was immediately named Minister of Internal Affairs.

Under his jurisdiction, there were twelve different kinds of secret and non-secret police, one of which was known as Directorate for Public Order and Security. This branch became especially infamous for the massacres that took place immediately upon Artukovic's appointment.

In agreement with Nazi demands, Artukovic organized the concentration camps of Jasenovac, Stara Gradiska, Sisak, Koprivnica, Slano . . . and set out ruthlessly to exterminate the minority groups then living within the territory of the new State.

Ninety per cent of the 75,000 Jews, all the Gypsies, and over 400,000 Greek-Orthodox Serbians were killed during the period from April, 1941 to October, 1942, the time during which Artukovic was the Minister of Internal Affairs. Many Croat Catholics were killed, too — that is, those who did not agree with the horrendous crimes perpetrated by Artukovic's Ustashi forces.

All in all, over 600,000 people were killed in a most rudimentary fashion, such as clubbing, bayonetting, hacking with axes, eye-gouging, chaining of



"I ordered no arrests or executions."—Artukovic

February 1964

groups of over a hundred people—men, women and children — and pushing them off a cliff into the precipice. Thousands were exterminated in German gas trucks, and thousands more were shot or starved to death in camps where typhus prevailed.

These people were exterminated by direct orders of Pavelic and Artukovic.

At the end of the war, they both escaped justice.

Pavelic was arrested by U.S. Intelligence in Austria in 1945 with his bodyguard and some of his professional killers. While the minor offenders were handed over to the Yugoslav Government, Pavelic was unexpectedly released from jail, without questioning. The only explanation for this action was "orders from above."

He escaped to Italy, where he hid in monasteries until 1948, when, disguised as a priest, he boarded the S.S. *Sestriere* under the name of Don Aranyos, wearing glasses and a beard, and he settled in Argentina. There, he became Peron's Chief of Secret Police, continuing his career of brutality and murder. When Peron was overthrown, Pavelic managed to escape to Paraguay, where the dictator Stroessner gave him asylum. He died there two years ago.

Artukovic is now living in California.

He had escaped to Switzerland and then made his way to Ireland via Spain. On July 16, 1948, using the false name Alois Anic and armed with Irish identification papers, he entered the United States. He arrived in New York and proceeded for Los Angeles, where he currently lives with wealthy relatives, J. J. Artukovich and Vido Artukovich, in the contracting business.

Artukovic came to this country with only a three-month visitor's visa. He is still here.

His identity was discovered on Au-



Victim of Ustashi "Skull Crushers"

gust 29, 1951, he was arrested, and the battle for his extradition began, since Artukovic's name is on the top of a list of war criminals officially presented to the United States Government in 1945.

As soon as the demand for his extradition was presented, Artukovic hired top U.S. lawyers who have been able, so far, to delay the legal procedures for twelve years. (Meanwhile, the U.S. Immigration Department has done nothing about his illegal entry into this country.)

The issue has been argued mainly on two points:

1. Is the extradition treaty, signed in 1902 between the United States and the then-Kingdom of Serbia, valid?
2. If it is valid, are Artukovic's crimes of a "political nature"?

The catch is, if the crimes are of a political nature, then the extradition does not apply, since one of the clauses of the treaty says clearly: If the crimes committed are of a political nature the extradition treaty does not apply.

The U.S. courts must decide whether the massacre of innocent masses is considered a political offense or merely a general crime.

Artukovic boasted in Zagreb in 1941: "I settled in a few months the Jewish question in the Independent State of Croatia, not like the Germans who messed around with the Jews for years."

But, claimed his lawyers in Los Angeles, "Artukovic is innocent. He is an honest man, elected by the Croatian people who were waging a struggle against the Communists in Yugoslavia."

When the Ustashi retreated with the Nazis—fully confident that they would return—they left behind reams of material marked "Strictly Confidential," including a letter signed by Artukovic listing instructions for arresting and

liquidating Serbs, Jews, Gypsies, and those Croatians who were anti-Ustashi, together with plans for concentration camps and confiscation of property.

Contemporary international criminal law unequivocally takes the view that war crimes in their broadest sense, and crimes against humanity, are not political crimes but qualified common crimes which also have the character of international crimes. The United States is one of the creators of this concept, not only in theory but also in its practical application.

For an act to have the character of political crime, it must be committed in connection with a struggle between two or more political groups for authority. If this is not the case, and the act is committed against the citizens in general, it cannot be considered political but rather an ordinary criminal act, even if committed during a time of political unrest or other extraordinary circumstances.

The agreement of August 8, 1945, signed by the U.S., Britain, France and Russia, specifically stated:

"Crimes Against Mankind, viz., murder, extermination, enslavement, deportation and other inhuman acts against any civilian population before or during war, as well as political, racial or religious persecutions perpetrated in connection with any crime shall represent a violation of the domestic legislation of the country in which crimes were committed, whether or not the person is still in that country or another country."

The indictment against Artukovic for "murder in excess of 200,000 people" specifies "1,293 murders of infants, old women and Jewish rabbis"—who could hardly have been considered threats to any regime — that is, the Yugoslav Government could produce witnesses for 1,293 specific murders of individuals



This woman did not live to tell her story.



This woman lived, but never to see again.



Smiling Sadists of the Ustashi
Carrying Human Head Thru Streets

"My First Murder"

V. Maks Luburic was assigned to train younger members of the Ustashi how to become human butchers. With a specially-made long-bladed sharp knife, he slashed an unbelievable number of throats at Jasenovac. Artukovic promoted him to the Champion Cut-Throat group—an elite group made up of notorious murderers, including Franciscan monk Miroslav Majistorovic-Filipovic, who boasted at his trial about the thousands he had slaughtered.

Jose Oreskovic, age 19, entered the Ustashi in Zagreb in 1941. He was captured in late 1942. He related the following:

"... Luburic then called one of his men and whispered something. The man left the room. He returned with two small 2-year-old children. ... Luburic took out his knife and slit the throat of the child in front of me, saying, 'There, that's the way to do it.'

"The sound of the child's scream and the blood gushing out made me faint. I almost fell. One of the Ustashi caught me. When I had somehow pulled myself together Luburic ordered me to raise my right foot. I did so and he put the other child under my foot. Then he commanded, 'Smash!' I did just that. I crushed the child's head with my foot. Luburic patted me on the shoulder and said, 'Bravo, you'll make a good Ustashi yet.'

"That is how I committed my first murder. After killing this first child I got dead drunk. While drunk some of us raped some Jewish girls and then killed them. Later I didn't have to get drunk."

whose only crime was that they were members of minority groups, were not Communists, and were not engaged in any way in attempting to overthrow Artukovic's Fascist government.

In short, there was never any excuse—political, ideological, moral—for Artukovic's orders to his men in dealing with pregnant women: to slash open their stomachs, smash the bodies of the unborn infants against the rocks, and then put them back into the bleeding stomachs of their mothers and sew together the tormented bodies.

Nor was there ever any excuse for the United States to grant this beast asylum.

Nevertheless, Artukovic is here. He works hand in hand with such latterday Ustashi publications (printed in Chicago) as *Danica and Nasa Nada*. Moreover, he gives interviews to newspapers, lectures around the country, and appears on radio and television.

How can this be?

Artukovic is the greatest living anti-Communist today.

That's how.

In one of his speeches in Zagreb in 1942, Artukovic said: "And did the Socialists and Communists not begin to defend them and praise these Jews who are the greatest criminals in the world? Love has its limits! The Almighty and All-wise God is behind this movement for freeing the world! Satan helped Jews invent Socialism!"

Now, Artukovic wisely omits the Jews from his speeches, attributing Communism to Satan alone.

In 1962, NBC executives were approached by a Croat-born Catholic who had seen Artukovic take power in 1941 in Zagreb; had seen the posters bearing the new racial laws issued and signed by Artukovic; had seen his

friends murdered or taken to concentration camps where they were raped, tortured, killed; had eye-witnessed the mass arrests and pogroms until August, 1942, when he managed to escape, reaching the American forces in Europe and becoming an agent of the O.S.S., assigned to the tracking-down of Ustashi criminals all over Europe.

NBC checked the facts and within a matter of days declared this to be "the most exciting story ever to be put on the air." Top NBC brass decided to present it in the form of a White Paper to the American public. Network officials, willing to face the possibility of picket lines and risk the loss of sponsors, predicted the program would be a Pulitzer Prize winner.

But, on the scheduled day of final materialization of their agreement—the contract was all ready to be signed—NBC suddenly and without explanation stated that they "would not be able to put this on the air for at least two years." Unofficially, the former O.S.S. agent was told that they had been scared off, but they wouldn't say by whom.

The program was then proposed to CBS, where it was received with similar enthusiasm, only to be dropped a month later with the comment: "We'll have to pass it up."

Ditto at ABC.

In March, 1963, referring to the Artukovic documentary, it was reported in *TV Radio Mirror*: "A highly controversial story that would bring the wrath of Washington down upon any network's neck has been politely turned down by all three networks for that reason. It was brought to the attention of ABC news chief Jim Hagerty, just shortly after the much-publicized Howard K. Smith 'Nixon Obituary,' and



For every Ustashi member killed, ten people selected at random were executed.



"Kill all Serbs and Jews including children so that not even the seeds of the beasts are left."—Artukovic

Hagerty's comment was: 'Good heavens, not now!'

Next in line was Dore Schary, who would not even believe the story until he checked the files at the Anti-Defamation League, to which, as President, he had easy access. He found that the ADL had an enormous archive on Artukovic. But, after three months of enthusiastic interest, he finally stated: "This will never be done." He didn't explain why.

When Robert Kennedy was approach-



The more heinous the crime, the greater the promotion and decoration. The Ustashi, therefore, kept photographic records of castrations and other mutilations.

And a Little Child Shall Lead Them . . .

When Father Bozo Simlesa, Chief of the district of Livno, who personally organized Ustashi militia and obtained arms for them, was told that all the Serbian males had been slaughtered, he called a meeting in the village on July 7, 1941, and shouted:

"The women and children are to be killed immediately. Do not wait for night, for 24 hours have already passed since our chief issued his orders that not a single Serb must be left alive."

Monsignor Dioniziffie Djuric, one of the heads in the Ministry of Cults and personal confessor of Ante Pavelic, stated:

"Any Serb or Jew who refuses to become Catholic should be condemned to death because today it is no longer a sin to kill a child of 7, should such a child be opposed to our movement of the Ustashi."



In Stara Gradishka concentration camp, children were slowly starving to death. To exterminate them, Andrija Artukovic ordered caustic soda to be added to their food. "Andrija loves children," said one of his supporters in Los Angeles 17 years later.

ed by a group of U.S. Senators who visited Belgrade in the Summer of 1962, he promised he would do something about Artukovic after the elections. But now, of course, that promise has been pre-empted by the political rami-

fications of his brother's assassination.

And so, along with Artukovic, the question remains: Will the United States Government turn over to a now-Communist country an anti-Communist criminal?



In 1941, then-Undersecretary of State Wells stated that he was anxious, on behalf of the United States, "to reiterate the indignation of my government and the American people due to the invasion and partition of Yugoslavia on the part of the individual members of the Tripartite Pact." The indignation has since disappeared, and the man who once closed the American Consulate in Zagreb and was a partner in declaring war against the U.S., now gloats over the safety our country provides for him.

Modest Proposals

by John Francis Putnam

If, as psychologists contend, love is close to hate, may it not be inferred that tolerance is close to prejudice? After all, what is it that brings one to work for causes, if not indignation? And those drafty, subliminal regions where the passions move must surely be boiling over with all kinds of acrid juices that now and then erupt into such splendid gaucheries as the following slogans, each of which, on second thought, had to be discarded.

The Congress of Racial Equality: "Our entire program is threatened for lack of financial support, so let us not be niggardly."

The Republic of China, Taiwan, Formosa: "Friends, we must struggle until we find the chink in Mao's armor."

Hotel El San Juan, Puerto Rico: "Don't forget to visit our spic and span kitchens."

The Daughters of the American Revolution: "It is not lady-like to lose one's temper, still nothing can prevent our being waspish."

The Naples-in-Soho Restaurant, London: "Where the average Londoner can eat heartily for as little as a guinea."

Aeronaves De Mexico: "We stand ready to serve you—everyone from our chief pilot to the lowliest greaser."

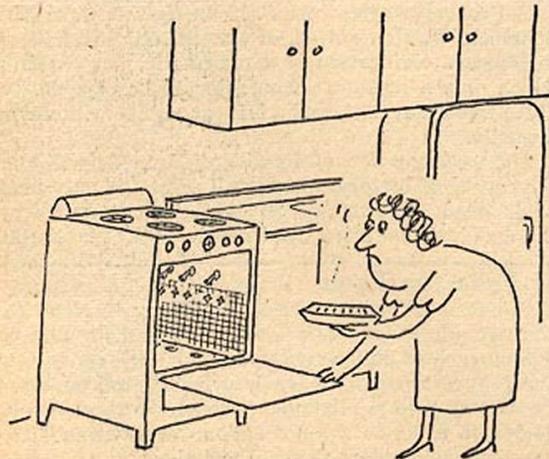
The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai Brith: "Children must remember this: Don't mock others because of race or creed or else the mocker could easily end up being the mockee."

RADIO FREE AMERICA

(Continued from Page 12)

"beauty." They are all loaded—and meaningless, just as meaningless as when *The Reader's Digest* and Norman Rockwell use them, but the Hub firmly believes that he has a stranglehold on the real meaning of them all. He is just waiting for a great leader to spearhead the fight against Them. Be careful. You might be one of Them. But I presume you are safely and unequivocally certified as a Hub.

I congratulate you.



CRAFTY PEOPLE

By Sidney Bernard

The Hudson River marina, at West 79th Street, is a kind of Macy's of boat docks. All sizes and shapes are accommodated—from an incongruous but seaworthy junk, to a large pleasure-dome on water owned by a grocery heir. In between are production line Chevys and Fords of the drink—dozens of Owens's and Criss Crafts that, in the busy weekend traffic, stage their own nautical version of the East 42nd Street Barnes Dance.

A surprise even for these waters showed up not long ago. A miniature ocean liner named the *Bremen*. The hull was a sleek, gracefully curving 40 feet or so. It had twin screws and moved at a soundless 10 or 12 knots. The craft was steered in an odd way. All you could see of the captain was shoulders and head, which stuck out over the flying bridge as he handled the wheel. Functionally the "liner" was perfect. Aesthetically it wanted for nothing as a handsome replica of the once mighty North German Lloyd Line's *Bremen*.

We were told with pride that it was powered by two 38-h.p. diesel engines; duplicated the *Bremen* down to its 3,225 portholes and windows; took its West German hobbyist inventors ten years to build.

As the craft moved from the dock, a consort of two small inboards moved with it. Their decks were crowded with cameramen, who clicked away with rapid-fire impatience. (It could have been Miss West Germany they were shooting at, and maybe it was the *new* Miss West Germany.) In the making were television footage and newspaper photos. Many of the watching crowd were German-speaking. All were charmed and mildly curious. Some made sounds not unlike a child's musings on seeing an unusual toy.

As we looked on the scene, we were struck by a teaser. We could only applaud this fine talent for miniaturism, and found ourselves dwelling on the thought: "What if they did all things in miniature? What if the *herren-volk* itself, or at least its top brass, came in miniature? What would it mean to the world?" Our fancy took shape and we began to speculate on:

- The Krupp works in miniature
- The German Wehrmacht in miniature
- Herr Conrad Adenauer in miniature
- General Adolph Heusinger in miniature

We went farther back—to the 'Thirties and 'Forties—

- Adolph Hitler in miniature
- Joseph Goebbels (a raging shorty to begin with) in miniature
- Hermann Goering (this would have been difficult) in miniature
- The German Luftwaffe and SS in miniature
- Auschwitz and Belsen in miniature

The little *Bremen* was moving downstream with its party and was soon lost to the eye. This was the start of a two-month good will tour along inland waters, including stops at Buffalo and Washington, D. C. Eventually it would piggyback to its home port on a real ocean vessel. We wondered if there might not be a small (but hardly miniature) moral tale in this nautical oddity. A tale of a defeated war imp who grew to be a giant via the piggyback ploy.

CONFESSIONS

(Continued from Cover)

The court held that such evidence of adherence to established and accepted washing and inspecting practices was admissible but not necessarily conclusive, since that procedure did not eliminate the possibility of human or mechanical failure in the discovery of foreign substances.

In other words, there shouldn't have been a dead mouse in the Coca-Cola bottle, notwithstanding the fact that other bottling companies could have had dead mice in their bottles if they really wanted to. See?

Well, the jury decided in favor of the plaintiffs, and the lady (and her husband) won a lot of money.

Now, the question is, at what point did her disdain for the past turn to anticipation of the future? Or did these two disparate emotions exist simultaneously right from the start? Does the threshold of pleasure really teeter on a continuum of ego-involvement?

What I'm getting at is, when Richard Nixon was asked for a statement about the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald following the assassination of John F. Kennedy—and he said, "Two rights don't make a wrong; I mean . . ."—was it a Freudian slip to which any significance could justifiably be attached?

I had originally planned to write a short piece in this issue on "The Age of Image Projection." The TV show, *Crisis: Behind a Presidential Commitment*—resulting from a White House decision to permit a serious situation in Alabama to become a self-conscious version of *Candid Camera*—was a case in point. About that same time Italo-Americans were expressing their resentment over the national spotlight being given in the Valachi hearings to gangsters of Italian extraction. Unfavorable imagery. I was therefore going to suggest that the Administration would have done well to hire Jack Lemmon to play Governor Wallace on *Crisis* so as to ingratiate itself even with segregationists who might have been concerned about unfavorable publicity.

The death of the President does not invalidate the premise; indeed, the event itself provided a universal vehicle for image renewal.

Variety's obituary inadvertently summed it up: "President Kennedy is a loss to America and the world but, since partisans and individuals alike inevitably see matters in their own reflection, Show Business is especially the loser as a result of the still unbelievable tragedy."

It was precisely the showbusinessization of politics that enabled an assassin to smite his target.

And it was precisely the showbusinessization of law enforcement that enabled Jack Ruby to kill the suspected assassin.

There are two martyrs this month, then: John F. Kennedy and—no, not Oswald—the American system of jurisprudence.

Realist columnists Jean Shepherd and Saul Heller are both intelligent, perceptive, articulate men. They both read the same papers. But whereas Shepherd is convinced that Lee Harvey Oswald killed President Kennedy, Heller isn't, and he raises a number of questions about the case elsewhere in this issue.

Certainly the photograph which is on page 13 will reinforce whatever suspicions one might already have, but our time has been marked by a whole *climate* of suspicion that has laid the groundwork on which such

reinforcement builds. The crux of Margaret Halsey's new book, *The Pseudo-Ethic*, is the old Alger Hiss case and the infamous alleged typewriter forgery by the FBI. Now, Oswald's mother insists that on the night of November 23rd, about 17 hours before Ruby allegedly (how's that for fairness) shot her son, an FBI agent showed her a photo of Ruby. The FBI denies it. She also asks why her son, a defector, wasn't under complete surveillance on the 22nd.

The first call I got on that shocking Friday was a gag: that a man had approached a record company with an idea for an album titled *The First Funeral*. It was symbolic of the exploitation that was to come. As a matter of fact, somebody *did* approach Archie Bleyer of Cadence Records, wanting to sell *The First Family* as a "memento."

And when Governor Rockefeller declared a 30-day moratorium on political speeches, that *was* a political speech. Otherwise, he wouldn't have had to bother *announcing* it.

Jack Kennedy probably would have been re-elected to the Presidency in 1964—for the wrong reason: Glamour. On all levels.

Reporters loved to gossip about the voluptuous movie stars with whom he was always supposed to be having affairs. On one occasion there was joking speculation as to whom Barry Goldwater would be carrying on with, were he to be elected. Helen Hayes? Irene Dunne?

Now Lyndon Johnson is President. Who will be his mistress—Judy Canova?

I know this is in questionable taste, but you know that won't stop me. The assassination of a President has already degenerated to the questioning of a stripper named Jada who had worked for Jack Ruby. "I don't know what his politics are," she said. "He never discussed that with me." Is it in questionable taste to wonder about the relationships between Ruby's strippers and Dallas policemen?

Lenny Bruce says he knows comedians who have worked for Ruby. They report that he has a tattoo of a vagina on his upper arm, and when he makes a muscle it opens and closes.

But let us not forget the interfaith aspect. Only in America could we have a Catholic President killed by a Protestant and avenged by a Jew. It was in keeping with the Big Three clergymen who signed off on TV stations that weekend. No one suggested the importation of a Buddhist monk from South Vietnam.

But *whoever* shot John F. Kennedy was the Ultimate Schmuck. Getting rid of an elected individual in order to improve civilization is a pragmatic non sequitur of which *only* a nut-of-a-schmuck could be capable.

He was a nut first, and a left- or right- or non-winger secondly.

The assassination of President Kennedy will change the course of history, but for all of us—if only because he is dead and we are alive—the occurrence was in the end just one more dead mouse in a Coke bottle.

It Tolls for Thee

Thomas F. Fitzmaurice, an officer of New York's Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, was fined \$25 on each of 32 charges and \$5 on each of 72 charges for failure to expedite traffic or thank toll payers. The Court's Appellate Division reduced the total fine from \$1,160 to \$100, in a 3-2 decision. Mr. Fitzmaurice, we presume, said thank you to the judges.

Radio Free America

by Jean Shepherd

The True Believers are on the march. Of course, we've known for a long time about the True Believers of the Right Wing, the Left Wing, the Clergy, and all the other pious, self-righteous Avengers for Truth. But a new and far more subtle True Believer is beginning to emerge, and could perhaps be the most dangerous of all. Dangerous because he avows night and day, hourly, in clear, loud, unmistakable tones that he is a Free Thinker and does not really believe in anything.

However, this is not the case. He Believes far more evangelistically and with more passionate dedication—even blind, devotional piety—than any of the older and now outmoded, conventional True Believers ever felt for whatever cause they espoused. He is even more self-righteous in his moralizing, rampant generalizing, and often self-vindicated violence.

He believes his moral attitude toward Society is unerringly right and that he, personally, is incapable of dishonesty and sophistry. He always knows where the Enemy is. He never doubts for a split second his worthiness to pass judgment on the most complicated and involved—if not downright insoluble—issues of our time.

Like all True Believers, he is a mass of incredible contradictions, perhaps even more incredible and dishonest and profound than any contradictions found in the dogma of earlier True Believers. This is so for good reasons, which we shall come to later.

What does this True Believer believe in? One thing above all else and perhaps even exclusively, which makes him even more dangerous than earlier fanatics. His belief can be stated in one simple word: Himself.

He is a jostling member of that new crowd forming a new political and ethical movement in this country, which could well be called "Me-ism." When two of them get together they form a group known as "Us-ism" and their common enemy is "They," or "Them." Society.

Is he a John Bircher? No, these are the old True Believers. Is he a Religious man? No, not in the accepted sense. Is he a Left Winger, Right Winger, Moderate? He is none of these. He believes completely that in his person he has found the sacred receptacle of all that is true and passionate and beautiful—and unerring in its moral judgments *passed on others*.

This phenomenon is the final culmination of a lot of speculation that has gone on for centuries regarding the Center of the Universe. What is it? Is it the moon, is it the sun, is it the earth? No, the old astronomical concepts are out. The Center of the Universe is Me.

What does the Universe mean? Most of Literature today, of the personal confession type or the evangelical put-down of Society genre, is based on an interesting and perhaps almost new concept of the Center of the Universe. In earlier days when they considered the Center of the Universe they thought of it as astronomical or geographical. Now we have mixed with these concepts psychological and philosophical impingements on the original ideas until today we think of the Cen-

ter of the Universe as more of a psychological entity. Hardly anyone is interested in the Center of the Universe as an astronomical idea.

The Center of the Universe with most people now is *themselves*, totally, completely and thoroughly. The Universe to them is a great circle surrounding them. It begins with them and radiates around them as though great spokes, imaginary psychological and philosophical spokes, existed outward from them.

Holden Caulfield in *The Catcher In The Rye* is a classic example of this phenomenon. He looked upon the world as this great Outside Thing. As though all the other people, all the other mores, all the other elements of Society were an enormous wheel revolving around him, the Hub, in the middle, trapped, and looking out at it all. He was caught in the middle and could go nowhere. If he would retreat, turn and run this way or that, he would always encounter the Wheel. No way out. Every place he could go would be outward toward that great enemy Society out there, that rotten, big, decadent Wheel. Rotten, big and decadent invariably by his godlike definitions. He never for a moment conceives of himself as *part* of the Rim. He is always the Hub, always innocent, always disengaged. The built-in Cop-Out.

Most top writers and comics today reflect this attitude, and in fact could very well have created it. This leads to interesting Economic concepts, too, as well as psychological and philosophical ones. For example, the Ayn Rand concept of Objectivism, which literally is: "You are the only one that counts and if life is good for you, then hence it must be good for everyone else, and if it isn't, that is because they are inferior people." This is a paraphrasing of an old Charlie Wilson remark regarding General Motors, but it leads to a pretty interesting attitude toward the world.

One of the things it inevitably leads to is a profound sense of irresponsibility in relationship to the Rim but an extremely exaggerated sense of responsibility regarding the Hub, because as far as the Hub is concerned it's the only part of the Wheel that exists and is worthy of consideration since by his own definition the Wheel is decadent, rotten, suppressing him, and hence is beyond or perhaps beneath consideration. This could be the final result, perhaps, of the Freudian Revolution, but that is for next semester.

It was not always thus. In the 1930's it was natural for men to conceive of themselves going out and fighting Hitler because they felt somehow outraged by what he was doing to the Jews, if not to Mankind itself. They felt responsible for things that were going on in the Rim. They did not see themselves as the Hub. They somehow saw themselves as part of the Rim and if the Rim was falling apart, they'd better do something about it.

Today, on the other hand, since you are the Hub of this great wheel, nothing that is happening in the Rim is your problem. It is only a problem to you. So a man today can get very hipped on Peace as an abstract concept, but if he were ever to be asked to go out and fight a future Hitler systematically burning people in ovens, to bring about a different kind of Peace, he would look upon this as totally reversing his entire concept of what Peace is. He relates Peace with himself. So long as Hitler is burning other people Peace still exists for *him*, and so that's called "Peace." It takes a tremendous amount of rationalization to do

this, but he manages it, usually by proclaiming loudly: "Who are we to judge others when Negroes are forced to sit in the back of a bus in Birmingham?"—or making incredible equations that somehow manage to equate the bombing of a Sunday School in the South with the systematic Planned Extermination Campaign of six million Jews under Hitler. The great Morality Cop-Out.

This is an interesting concept of Peace, and it will finally allow people to burn anyone they damn well please, knowing full well that all of the Evangelistic Hubs are not going to worry about it, particularly if they can find some way to rationalize the burning: providing, of course, a country other than America does the burning.

Here is an example of a Hub at work, a clipping from a Long Island newspaper:

"A North Amityville teenager, who told police 'I'm mad at the world' because he doesn't own a car, ran over fences, shrubs and lawns of 24 houses in a stolen car, police said today. Damage was estimated at over \$1,000. Police said the boy, 19 . . ."

Nineteen! I underline. This is not a kid.

" . . . 19, cut a wide swath of damage through 5 streets in North Amityville early yesterday. He then crashed the car into a porch, set the car afire, and fled on foot. Neighbors said that the car apparently zig-zagged from one side of the street to the other purposely, tearing up fences, shrubs and small trees and cutting deep ruts in well-groomed lawns. The damage extended to both sides of the county line.

"The car, a late model, was finally found burning after it crashed into a porch. Police said that the boy tried to drive across a back yard into an adjoining yard and finally hit the porch, which was made of brick. He was picked up later in a car-wash where he worked. Police quoted the youth as saying:

"I kept thinking that so many people own cars and I don't. I got real mad about that."

This is what the Holden Caulfield Syndrome finally leads to. "The reason I am unhappy—I'm 16 and chicks don't dig me—is because Society is rotten and doesn't understand true beauty—Me!"

This is a recurring theme in most literature today as well as most nightclub acts, and the more you maintain your beauty, your intrinsic Sensitivity, your Christlike evangelical zeal of your own righteousness, the more the lesser Hubs will jostle after you. If you are a performer, they'll be shouting:

"You tell 'em! Get after the bastards. The sons of bitches are all rotten. The fuzz is brutal and decadent and harass us all. Tell 'em for all of us!"

And all in the name of universal Love, Beauty, and Total Truth. Plus solid bookings.

One of the more interesting by-products of this Hub theory is its attitude toward the Law. The Hub invariably feels that any laws that somehow interfere with his particular hangup—whether it be making the scene with 9-year-old chicks or pushing Pot to 12-year-olds—are ridiculous and oppressive insanities and cannot be tolerated in a free society. The words "free" and "freedom" are two of his favorite words. Yet he is constantly screaming for more laws for other people, to take care of the Outrageous Immoralities of The Others.

He hates the fuzz by definition and yet wants a strong Civil Rights law. He cannot tell you who will

enforce this law, since he wants the fuzz abolished, but by God he believes in Law! Fascinating problem. Reminds me of a Chinese Nail Puzzle that my Old Man fought for nine years and never solved until he bought a hacksaw.

This recurring theme has run through much of American drama in the past ten years. We generally call this protagonist—or non-hero—a "sensitive, misunderstood, impotent youth, made impotent by a rotten Society." Of course, then he is inevitably a sympathetic character. It never seems to occur to people that an impotent person can also be a bad person and that "sensitive" people are quite often exceedingly evil. It is a sad fact, but true, that Hitler was notably sensitive and also felt that the fuzz harassed him.

It is a matter of record, for those of you who are interested in facts—and few people today seem to be—that most of the greatest dictators and great killers of the past five hundred years were also coincidentally—or perhaps not quite coincidentally—very "sensitive" people. Hitler, as I've said, was a perfect example of the sensitive youth who was a very, very badly disappointed painter.

But that's History, and most of the True Believers in this Hub concept of existence believe that History started roughly about the time they were born, that anything that occurred before that date was bullshit or old schoolbook crap, and totally irrelevant to the Now, which is vibrant with newly discovered ethics. Most 15-year-olds believe that Sex started the day they had their first erection, and are astounded and incredulous when told otherwise. They react the same when they "discover" Morality.

Yes, most of the great killers were sensitive, and this could be one of the reasons why those in the Artistic world are always vaguely drawn toward the violent. Introspective bullfighters and poetic heavy-weight champions as well as "misunderstood," "harassed" President-killers are always vaguely and secretly condoned. They invariably blame Society or the cabbage-heads, so they will usually yell far more about the Dallas Police than about the obvious fact that Oswald could possibly have been more guilty than the Chief of Police for the death of a President.

Yes, good old Society, Southern, Eastern, Midwestern, American, is always wrong, or at least very suspect. They automatically say, "Well, you can't blame the kid; it's Society. It's given him terrible values."

I'm not so sure of that at all. We like to believe that Lenny Bruce cries at Idlewild because Society is rotten. It couldn't be because Lenny Bruce is chicken. It couldn't happen. This could never be.

There are so many ramifications of the Hub philosophy of the Center of the Universe. In the end I suspect that what might happen will be that many self-proclaimed Evangelistic Hubs might get together and attack the Rim, mercilessly, in the name of restoring Peace and Sanity to the Rim. It's happened in other countries before; Germany, for one. Of course, all the poor Rim is doing usually is walking around scratching, but maybe it isn't scratching right.

Yes, the great creators of beauty have been sensitive people, so "sensitive" is a loaded word, Dad, a word that can be used to cover a multitude of sins.

There are other words that are thrown so casually about by the Hubs: "truth," "realism," "honesty,"

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co-existing

by Saul Heller

From time to time, Americans assassinate their president. The matter generally occasions no great fuss; another one is always available. We consider it our private affair—our privilege, so to speak. Some embarrassment is incurred, but nothing to compare with the wholesale embarrassment and shame that the current assassination has generated. The attention of the world has focused on the manner of the President's passing, and in that blinding spotlight, the departures from truth, justice, legality and common sense that we have come to accept as the American way of life are producing unprecedented world reactions.

The dominant feeling among Europeans is that there was a conspiracy to murder the President, and that rightist groups as well as the Dallas police were involved. The only people in the U.S. who seem to feel the same way, according to press reports, are the people of Dallas. The massive efforts that have been made to convince the rest of us that Oswald was the assassin, and the sole assassin, show crudeness and a level of intelligence that is low even by U.S. standards.

All possible security precautions were taken by our police force and the Secret Service to protect the President, says the Mayor of Dallas. The boundaries of the possible seem to require an extensive overhaul. The big fact that cannot be blinked is that it was so easy to kill the President.

In France, bands of desperate and clever men have repeatedly tried to assassinate De Gaulle, without success. In the United States, however, it apparently needs only a solitary individual with an I.Q. of perhaps 90 and a twelve dollar rifle to do the job.

What kind of attack the hundreds of police and Secret Service men guarding Kennedy had prepared for remains a mystery. U.E. Baughman, former head of the Secret Service, says that the building from which Kennedy was shot was a natural for a sniper, and should have been closely supervised. It wasn't.

So simple a precaution as raising the shatter-proof side glasses of the car—something that might have saved the President's life—was not taken. The decision was made and approved to go slowly along the route, instead of speeding, as originally planned, even though Gov. Connally had warned that Dallas was a dangerous place for the President to visit. If the Secret Service had taken as many pains to protect Kennedy as it did to leave him unprotected, Kennedy would still be alive today.

There has been little or no criticism by the press of the strange passivity of the F.B.I., the channeling of all activity into proving Oswald guilty, the careful avoidance of stepping on any rightist toes. Many articles have been devoted to demonstrating Oswald's guilt, by inference, innuendo or outright assertion, and to expressing approval of F.B.I. activities.

The *N. Y. Times* referred to Oswald as "the assassin" in one headline. This subsequently necessitated an apology to an indignant reader, who called attention to a *Times* editorial cautioning against assuming Oswald's guilt before it was proven.

In its Nov. 29th issue, the *Times* refers to the F.B.I.'s tracking down of some of the library books borrowed by Oswald during the summer as "one of their biggest breaks." This big break, it turns out, lies in the knowledge gained that Oswald "read several books on Communism—none of them favorable to the cause," several historical novels, *The Huey Long Murder Case*, and some books by Ian Fleming—a favorite author of the late President Kennedy. A few more big breaks like these, and some *New York Times* readers will switch to the *Daily News*, to get the egghead viewpoint.

The *N. Y. Herald Tribune* (Nov. 27th) ran a big piece titled "The Case Against Oswald—Clue by Tortuous Clue," unabashedly indicating that clues have replaced evidence in this trial by newspaper. Among the big points of this "case" were the facts that: 1) Oswald knew that President Kennedy would pay a Nov. 22nd visit to Dallas when he accepted a warehouseman's job in the Dallas book depository and 2) Oswald had good reason to believe that the seven-story building provided a good vantage point from which to shoot into the President's car. The warehouse was the last building along the traditional parade route, the reporter points out.

The fact that Oswald knew what every other Dallas citizen knew (it was in the papers) seems to be a damning indictment. What Oswald didn't know was that accepting a job when he was desperate for one would inextricably link him to the Kennedy assassination. The newspapers have made much of Oswald's alleged Communism or Marxism—as if this was a clinching part of the evidence against him. To a careful reader, there seems to be as much, perhaps even more, evidence linking Oswald to anticommunism.

The F.B.I.'s investigation of Oswald's summer reading indicates he read anticommunist books and no pro-communist ones. A public stenographer says he gave her a manuscript to type dealing with the hardships of life in Russia. The girl also says that she assumed Oswald had been in Russia as an agent of the State Department, a statement that surely war-



This photo was taken just as the Kennedy motorcade left downtown Dallas. Secret Service men have turned in the direction from which the shots just came. Later, newsmen at Associated Press and WFAA-TV noticed that the man standing in the doorway (background, center) bore a resemblance to Oswald. Checking with a magnifying glass, they perceived similarities in clothing, facial structure and hairline. Within four hours, the FBI came up with a man whom they claimed was the actual person standing in the doorway. There was no public reporting of this action.

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rants a little investigation.

There are reports that Oswald was very friendly in New York City with a Mississippi racist—the violent kind. Russia refused to grant Oswald citizenship when he tried to become a citizen of that country. Oswald tried to join an anti-Castro invasion group. Cuba refused to grant Oswald a travel visa. Do these facts paint Oswald a Communist? Oswald himself says, in his letter to Connally complaining about his dishonorable discharge from the Navy due to “turncoat” activities: “I have always had the full sanction of the U.S. Embassy (in Moscow) . . . and hence (the sanction of) the U.S. Government. . . . For information, I would direct you to consult the American Embassy, Chickovsky Street 19121, Moscow, U.S.S.R.” Doesn’t this suggest Oswald might have been a State Department agent?

The State Department paid Oswald’s travel expenses home when he decided to leave Russia. Furthermore, when Oswald applied for a passport last June 24th to visit Europe, listing the Soviet Union and Poland among the countries he proposed to visit, he was granted the passport within 24 hours. Considering how long some people remotely suspected of Communist affiliations have had to wait for passports, it doesn’t seem likely that the State Department considered Oswald any kind of subversive.

With all this data indicating that Oswald might have been an anticommunist—possibly even an anticommunist on a government mission—it can hardly be assumed that he was unquestionably a Communist or Marxist, even if he said he was. Goldwater has said he has the same philosophy Franklin D. Roosevelt had, and Gov. Faubus regards himself as a defender of civil rights. If this makes Goldwater a liberal and Faubus a civil righter, then Oswald was unquestionably a Marxist.

Could Oswald have killed Kennedy with the gun alleged to be the murder weapon? There are some big, unexplored question marks in this area.

“As marines go, Lee Harvey Oswald was not highly regarded as a rifleman,” the *New York Times* comments (Nov. 23rd). On his last proficiency test, his score was in the marksman category. This is the lowest of three categories—the higher ones are sharpshooter and expert, in that order. How do we reconcile this with the fact that the assassin scored three bulls-eyes, and would probably have killed Connally, if the Governor had not turned to Kennedy at the sound of the first shot?

Not only are we asked to accept a perfect performance, under difficult conditions, on the part of an indifferent marksman—there is even the more difficult fact to swallow that the murder weapon—a Model 1938 6.5 mm Italian carbine, little different from the 1891 original—was just about the worst possible gun for the job.

A *New York Times* writer points out that a man looking for an accurate rifle—and Oswald was no novice with guns—would have chosen any one of a number of rifles in preference to this one. And a group of U.S. gun experts, meeting at Maryland, agreed that “considering the gun, the distance, the angle and the movement of the President’s car, the assassin was either an exceptional marksman or fantastically lucky in placing his shots.” (*N. Y. Times*, Nov. 25th.)

If fantastic possibilities can become fact, couldn’t

the somewhat less fantastic possibility that another gun, another assassin, was involved?

Is it plausible that a man who knew he was not an expert marksman should use one of the worst possible rifles in his attempt to kill the President? The case as presented by the authorities has many such implausibilities.

A European champion rifleman, among others, asserts that the alleged murder weapon could not have been fired three times in five seconds. The answer from a domestic expert is that it could be done with practice. We are asked to believe that the clairvoyant Oswald practiced diligently to prove to a disrespectful posterity that it was really he who fired the shots. What other reason would an assassin have to practice firing an obsolete, cheap carbine, to get his firing time to a minimum? If he was that concerned, why not get a gun that would fire faster? Too expensive? How did Oswald get the money for his vacation trips?

The capture of Oswald, as told by Dallas police, places as much of a strain on credulity as many other official allegations. We are asked to believe that Oswald, after killing Tippitt, the policeman, entered a movie theatre and began to act in a peculiar fashion. Why a man who had a more than passing interest in avoiding detection should act peculiar is left for Europeans to speculate on.

The usher reported Oswald’s peculiar behavior to the cashier, the story goes; the cashier called the police. But when the police came, they didn’t know who the disturbed man was; the usher, apparently, could give them no help. (Just how much of a disturbance did Oswald originally create, if the usher couldn’t remember who he was or where he sat?) So the police started to check all the patrons in the theatre. How this check was performed, and what it consisted of, is left to our imagination.

When the police came to Oswald, he very obligingly jumped up and exclaimed “This is it!” Oswald drew a gun, the story goes—the same gun he used to kill Tippitt. Why he hadn’t discarded the murder weapon to avoid incriminating himself, is another point at which credulity is strained.

There are a number of other questions to which answers have either been unsatisfactory or absent:

Why didn’t Tippitt call in to say he was going to question a suspect? The radio transmitter was at his finger-tips. Could it be that Tippitt never tried to question any suspect, but was killed to clinch the case against Oswald?

Isn’t it odd that there were no witnesses to the killing of a policeman on a city street in broad daylight? Doesn’t it at least suggest that the killer waited until no one was in sight? What motive would Oswald have to ambush a cop who wasn’t bothering him?

Why have police and F.B.I. officials refused to divulge information about the gun allegedly used by Oswald to kill Tippitt?

The Texas District Attorney has stated that he didn’t believe Ruby’s story that he killed Oswald to avenge President Kennedy. Then why *did* he kill Oswald? Is this phase of the case being investigated?

Was an autopsy performed on President Kennedy? If not, why not? The procedure is customary in murder cases. Why are authorities so secretive on this matter? If an autopsy was performed, was the bullet in Ken-

(Continued on Page 23)

There are 8500 members of the Communist Party of which 1500 are F.B.I. informants!



I would rather live on my knees than die on my knees

what if the Communist idea gets through to the 1500 F.B.I. informants?

I would rather live lying down than die lying down.



...1500 agents for the Soviet Intelligence!

I would rather live standing up.



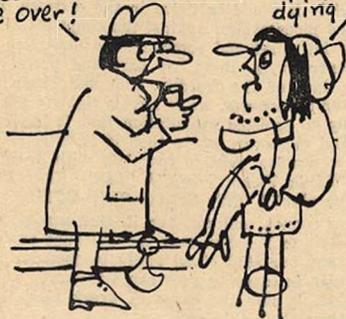
Marxism is lethal philosophic dynamite. Can the F.B.I. withstand it?

I would rather be lying on my back, living, than on my knees.



If not then you'd have as the center of the Communist Party an armed Federal Police and a Communist take over!

I would rather live lying up than stand dying down.



You know what? J. Edgar Hoover's a Soviet agent!

I like it standing up or lying down on my knees.





Editor's note: Bob Abel herewith presents The Realist Seal of Approval for outstanding, though unintentional, contributions to satire in 1963:

- To Brooklyn Borough President Abe Stark, for suggesting that all public elementary school children in New York City wear the same type of clothing, except that some variation in color might be permitted from school to school.
- To columnist David Lawrence, for bemoaning that, as a result of the March on Washington, "millions of dollars will be lost to merchants of retail goods and to businesses . . . because of the fear of area residents to come to downtown Washington on that day."
- To Chicago Superintendent of Police Orlando W. Wilson, for seeking "to organize the victims of criminal assaults who have been robbed and raped in our streets."
- To the Agency for International Development, for spending a year's time and \$686,344 in order to produce a report seriously questioning India's request for a loan of \$512,000,000 to build a Government-operated steel mill.
- To Moral Re-Armament, for being against "Homosexuality, lesbianism, pornography, adultery, lies which say sin is no longer sin when enough people come to like it. Preoccupation with dirt which robs a nation of sweat and skill and helps to lose its markets."
- To Prof. L. J. le Roux, chief of Defense Research in Pretoria, for pointing out that, although more and more research is being done throughout the world on bacteriological warfare, this type of weapon can be discounted in South Africa because the surfeit of sunshine in the country would kill off harmful bacteria rapidly.
- To the U.S. Air Force, for responding to complaints about the noise of supersonic bombers by instituting a program called "Sounds of Freedom."
- To The Topps Chewing Gum Co., for asking the FTC to revoke its order prohibiting the signing of baseball players to exclusive contracts for photographs used in gum packages, contending it does not have a monopoly on baseball photographs.
- To J. Edgar Hoover, for telling a youth group that he would bar Communist spokesmen from college campuses because their ideas can "win the allegiance of American youth."
- To the Ecumenical Council, for not approving a dec-

Healthy Exposure

by Terry Southern

At the behest of several irate American mothers, we recently paid a visit to one of New York's largest toy stores, The Dumpling Shop, to inspect their new line of baby-dolls—this being the source and object of the petition.

"It is quite unspeakable," wrote Mrs. Leyton-Reims of Westchester. "My club is taking action. May we count on you?"

It is, of course, a bit off the track for a freethought magazine to become involved in controversy of this sort. Still, what's the use of it all if you can't take a stand occasionally, at least on matters of cultural importance. After all, these are serious times—East and West locked in dynamic struggle, our own culture faltering, indeed at times floundering, in a sea of cynicism and failing beliefs, youth desperately seeking values—so that it was with a heavy heart that we came away from The Dumpling Shop, after having seen the item in question, namely: the so-called "Little Cathy Curse Doll—Complete with Teeny Tampons."

This "doll," we were blandly assured by the management, is merely a "logical follow-up" on last season's highly successful "Tina Tiny Tears—The Naughty Nappy Doll (She Cries Real Tears and Wets her Beddy)." Whether or not it is a "logical follow-up" is, at least in our opinion, not the principal issue; the principal issue is that of *taste*, of *responsibility*, and of downright *common decency*.

On these three counts we judge both The Dumpling Shop and the manufacturers of *The Little Cathy Curse Doll* to be in serious default. The lavish arrangements for the display of this "doll" occupy a prominent section of The Dumpling Shop's smart fourth floor. Stretched overhead is a huge colorful circus-like banner which features a happy little girl holding the doll and exclaiming: "Why, Cathy Curse, I *do* believe you're *staining!* I think *you'd* better have fresh panties and a teeny tampon!"

Certainly it would be naive in the extreme to raise shrill and pious protest against the simple abstractions of material greed and commercial exploitation which daily confront us—these are part and parcel of the system, dues of the freedom club and cheap at the price. Surely, however, we do have a right to ask: Have we really so depleted exploitation that it has come to this? And moreover, where then is it to end? One is forced to wonder, even to speculate with dread, *what next?* "Little Victor Vomit"? "Little Katy Ka-Ka"? "Don Diarrhea"? "Silly Sammy Shoot-Off?!!"

No, we cannot, *will not*, buy it. Our answer to Mrs. Leyton-Reims: Yes, you may *indeed* count on us. Our presses and our staff stand ready to shoulder a man-size burden in carrying your cause forward, which, by our lights, is also the cause of every right-thinking parent throughout this land.

laration aimed at countering anti-Semitism.

- To the American Legion, for giving its Merit Award to a 19-year-old honor student, then taking it back upon discovering that he was a Jehovah's Witness.

The Realist

if this be heresy...

by Albert Ellis, Ph.D.

Is Pornography Harmful to Children?

Now that sexually liberal literature, such as Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* and John Cleland's *Fanny Hill*, has been found to have redeeming literary value in some instances and therefore to be suitable reading material for adults, American puritans have begun to campaign against this kind of material on the ground that it is pernicious for children and therefore should be banned, or at least seriously restricted, from public sale. A New York priest has even gone on a supposed fast to the point of death in order to dramatically protest against the sale of pornography to children; and his activity has gained much popular support and put renewed pressure on public officials to censor sex literature.

The general assumption of most people seems to be that even if highly spiced stories and poems will not (as long as they are perfumed by the magic wand of literary merit) seriously harm adults, this same material will somehow wreak irreparable emotional and physical damage on youngsters. This assumption is pontifically reiterated on innumerable occasions, as if there were a body of scientific information to support it. Actually, there is no such information: for the simple reason that no studies of even a small group of children who have read considerable amounts of pornography and another control group which has not had any experience with such literature ever seem to have been done.

The direct results which, it is alleged, would undoubtedly result if young people did read highly salacious literature seem to be highly speculative. Indeed, in many respects these dismal predictions are clearly fictional, since it is known that literally millions of contemporary adults *did* have considerable contact with what would usually be called hard core pornography during their childhood or adolescence, and it is reasonably clear that not all of these poor unfortunates have ended up with sexual perversions, broken marriages, problems of impotence or frigidity, or serious neurosis or psychosis. Many, indeed, have actually managed to thrive very well on their wickedly lascivious childhood experiences.

The question must therefore be raised: Is pornography harmful to children? Granted that most of it is hardly the best literature ever written, does it really sear the souls of its young readers and render them forever after horrendously crippled? Let us—for a change—now give a little thought to this matter, to see what the likelihood is of real harm evolving from a child's surfeiting himself with the most prurient kind of written or graphically depicted sex material.

The youngster in our society who scans some amount of pornography is likely to experience the following reactions:

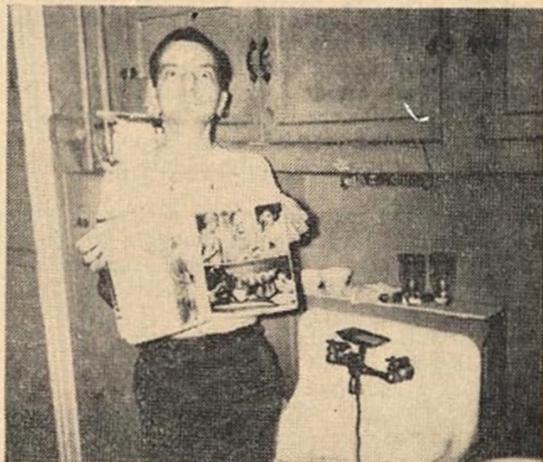
1. He may be led to begin to masturbate; or, if he has already started this practice, to engage in it more often than he would otherwise do. All right: what if he does? As I have shown in *Sex and the Single Man* (New

York: Lyle Stuart, 1963) and various other writings, masturbation is rarely a harmful or bad act, but is indeed one of the most beneficial and harmless modes of behavior ever invented by boy or man. Particularly if a youngster is not having other forms of sex relations, there is every reason to believe that he *should* be masturbating; and if his reading of salacious literature helps him to do so, good! Maybe it would be better if his parents got him a copy of *Fanny Hill* for his birthday, than getting him a pair of skis or a sled—with either of which he is likely to break his neck.

[Editor's note: The *New York Times* this month would not permit use even of the word "masturbation" in an ad for *Sex and the Single Man*. Nor would they accept the following quote from the book: "As long as you attempt to induce a girl to have sex relations with you in an aboveboard, honest manner, and as long as you try to help her to eradicate any of her guilty feelings which may possibly arise as a result of her being seduced, you are then doing your best to avoid needlessly and deliberately harming this girl and you are not, in any accurate sense of the term, immoral." *Sex and the Single Man* is available from the *Realist* for \$5.]

2. The child who comes in contact with highly lecherous prose or illustrations may be encouraged to have overt sex relations with members of the other sex, instead of confining himself to masturbation. Well, what if he is? If he learns to pet to orgasm—as millions of young people seem to learn even without the help of pornography—he will be doing probably the most useful and best form of sex activity that he could be doing at his age; and will, moreover, be helping himself (or herself) to achieve healthy and happy sex relations in later life.

If he actually engages in coitus, he will again tend to get exceptionally useful and beneficial experiences, and the only real harm that is likely to result is if he



Photographer Bob Greger took this shot during the recent water shortage. This young man—as a counter-protest against the fasting priest (and the singing nun)—has taken his own vow: "I won't turn off the faucet until they permit the free and open publication of smut!"

in the process acquires a venereal disease or makes his partner pregnant. Obviously, therefore, she should not so much be kept from reading salacious literature but should be taught prophylaxis or encouraged to pet to orgasm rather than to have full coitus. His pornography-impelled sex relations, if such relations actually do occur, are themselves harmless, as long as he is properly prepared to have them. Since he can also easily have them without any resort to lascivious reading and graphic material, he'd damned well better be properly prepared for overt sex activities by any sane adult who has some responsibility for his upbringing.

3. The young person who peruses pornographic literature may be encouraged to engage in various sex perversions, such as homosexuality, sadism, masochism, or noncoital heterosexual relations (e.g., oral-genital relations) leading to orgasm. Although this certainly is possible, there are several counter-arguments which are relevant: (a) Most of the highly salacious sex literature is exceptionally heterosexual and is likely to enhance rather than sabotage heterosexuality. (b) Sadism and/or masochism are indeed encouraged by some pornography (as they are also encouraged by much comic book literature which is far from being pornographic or even sexy); but most individuals who patronize this kind of literature appear to do so because they are *already* emotionally disturbed, and find that it caters to their disturbances, rather than because they *become* aberrated through viewing this kind of material. (c) Oral-genital relations and other kinds of noncoital sex activity are *not* true sex deviations, but are part of very normal heterosexual behavior; and the youngster who learns about these kinds of activities from salacious stories and pictures is getting a much better kind of sex education than the youth who is brought up to believe that all noncoital sex acts are abnormal and wicked.

4. Pornography may induce a child to become obsessed with sexual ideas and to ruminate about sex much of the time. This may be true for *some* children (especially those who tend, in general, to be obsessive-compulsive) but there is no reason to believe that it is true of most youngsters who view salacious material. On the contrary, children usually tend to become much more obsessed with the unknown than with the known; and the more they see of sexual representations, the less likely they are likely to ruminate about the "mysteries" of sex.

Moreover, the material in our society that is most likely to lead to obsessive sex thoughts on the part of children (and adults) is the semi-salacious material put out by Hollywood, the TV spectacles, the men's magazines, and other sources. For this kind of mass media portraiture hints and insinuates *without* giving any of the real details about sex, and it leaves much more to the imagination than does forthright pornography. The only effective way of discouraging a youngster from having obsessive sex thoughts is to help him have actual sex practice—particularly, as noted above, in petting to orgasm with members of the other sex. If we really want to stop teenagers from being sexually obsessed, why don't we advocate *that* practical plan?

5. Highly arousing sex literature may create unrealistically great expectations in the youngsters who view this literature that they are not going to be

able to fulfill in actual practice, and may thereby lead to ultimate sex disillusionment. This is indeed true. As the Kronhausens have shown in their study of *Pornography and the Law* (New York: Ballantine, 1959), prurient novels almost always depict highly-sexed females who are ever-ready to rape almost any male who hovers into sight; and such females are, of course, amazingly rare in actual life.

But children's literature in general, especially the fairy tales and fables that are most popular, is quite unrealistic; and adult non-pornographic literature—especially, again, the popular stories of the women's magazines and the bestselling novels—is also full of romantic illusion. At least *part* of the pornographic material (that is, the down-to-earth sex part) tends to be realistic; and many of the novels which have most often been accused of being pornographic in our time—such as *Ulysses*, *Our Lady of the Flowers*, and *Tropic of Cancer*—are among the most realistic works ever produced. Almost all hard core pornography, in fact, is a hell of a lot more true to life than are such famous child classics as the Tom Swift, the Tarzan, and the Rover Boys books.

6. Hard core erotic literature may be poorly written and may be of dubious literary worth. True. But so may be, and actually is, most nonsexual literature that children imbibe by the cartload. The regular comic strips and comic books that seem to be perhaps the main reading fare of children these days are hardly works of artistic merit; and almost any child would be much better off, from the standpoint of his esthetic education, if he read John Cleland, the Marquis de Sade, James Joyce, and Henry Miller than if he kept to his usual diet of Dick Tracy and Superman.

It has to be admitted that most pornography is pretty awful stuff, esthetically speaking. But perhaps if we make this kind of writing more respectable, we can help raise its standards so that the esthetic sensitivities of young people will not be unduly offended by the hackwork level of composition that more often than not presently goes into it.

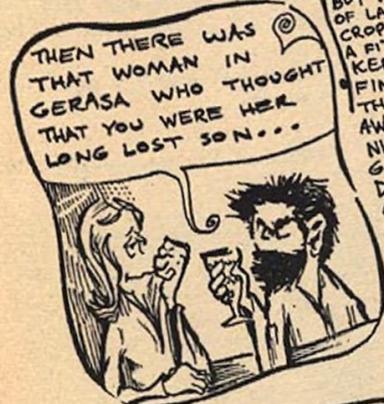
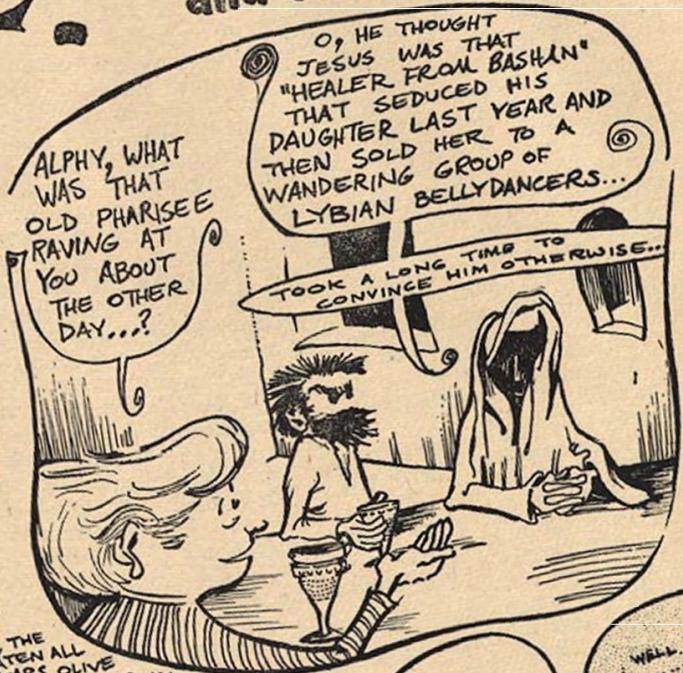
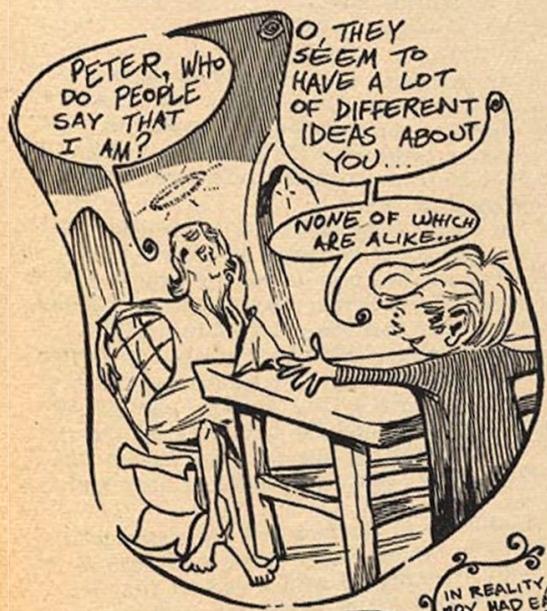
It can be seen, by reviewing the foregoing objections to letting children have free access to pornography, that these cavils are not very well taken, and that to say the least the case against allowing them this kind of access is hardly proved. It should also be noted that there are at least a few valid reasons why youngsters should actually at times be encouraged to read this kind of material. Thus, by having some contact with pornography, they will fill in many salient details of their sex education; they will be particularly apprised of the fact that heterosexual coitus is a damned good act and should be eagerly sought throughout one's life; they will be given many practical ideas of how to enjoy themselves in noncoital as well as coital ways; and they will sometimes become so satiated with viewing sex activities that they will realize that there are no real mysteries about sex and will go about the other aspects of their lives in a non-obsessed, healthy manner.

Another point that is often made in the psychological literature should be noted; and that is that an unusually repressive society such as our own, where considerable innuendo about sex activities is bruited about from every mass media (including even the pulpit, which often has *its* sexually inflammatory as-

(Continued on Page 23)

3.C.

by bhub Stewart
and Ken Seagle



IN REALITY, THE BOY HAD EATEN ALL OF LAST YEAR'S OLIVE CROP AND HIS FATHER IN A FIT OF PIQUE HAD BROKEN ALL OF HIS SON'S FINGERS...
THE BOY THEN RAN AWAY, SPENT A WILD NIGHT IN THE GROVE OF DAPHNE IN ANTIOCH WITH FIFTEEN TEMPLE MAIDENS... AND EXPIRED THE NEXT DAY...



The Tale of a Particularly Emancipated Female

He had come to her apartment with no illusions.

"You just want me for my body," he said.

"What's wrong with that?"

He sighed, and reached for his package of cigarettes on the night table on his side of the bed. Instinctively she leaned over to the night table on the other side and came back with her monogrammed lighter just as he was placing a cigarette to his lips. She lit it lingeringly—her time-proven way of permitting him to assert his masculinity by protecting her hands from the non-existent wind.

"Look," he said, "you know that ad: 'Read *The New York Times*, it's more interesting—and you will be too!' Well, I do read *The New York Times*. How come you don't find me more interesting?"

"More interesting than *what*? Anyway, knowledge without imagination is not very appealing to me. And, sweetie, you have a *terrible* lack of imagination. Except in bed. I must admit that. You're a *most* skillful lover."

"Lover! You mean technician; why don't you say what you mean?"

"You've been reading the classified ads in the *Times* again, haven't you, sweetie? 'HELP WANTED: Skilled tech—'"

"All right, that's enough. As a matter of fact, my job category calls for a high *degree* of imagination. Those personnel people put a lot of stock in the psychological tests they give and—"

"All right, that is enough. Just shut up. For once in my life I want to have an honest relationship—"

"You call this a *relationship*, for God's sake?"

"All right, an honest *lack* of a relationship, then. Listen, I'm a 24-year-old woman, and I'm not going to play games any more. You and I simply don't communicate on the same wave length. Why bother faking it? You want me, you take me on *my* terms or not at all."

"You're a real son of a bitch," he said, blowing some smoke her way.

After a period of somewhat tense silence, she initiates a series of titillating physical contacts that never fail to arouse him sufficiently to respond with a passion which, though surpassing her own, concomitantly inspires her to greater heights of simulated spontaneity.

Then they start to do it.

They are the epitome of oneness—yet they are also apart, each aware of a vague crystallization of their cultural conflict.

Specifically, he recalls a cartoon by George Mandel. It depicted a couple in bed. A little boy was standing on a chair, saying to them: "Who's winning?"

It is, however, *only* in bed that *he* is a winner to her. The sex act provides a sort of fluctuating compensation for his inferiority in other areas. Still, he doesn't find it very elating to go through life with but a prone ego.

Specifically, *she* recalls the time, soon after they had first met, when she decided to make the San Francisco scene for a week, and telephoned him in New York as an integral part of her usual conquest campaign. It was, of course, a person-to-person call, since he was living with a roommate at the time. The operator an-

nounced his name, adding, "Long distance calling," and he said: "This is him."

It is now five years later, and—even in bed—she still cannot erase that grammatical error from her strangely meticulous mind.

They start doing it faster.

The irony was that not only had he been more-or-less reading *The New York Times*, but he had also taken to digesting an average of one book a week—always selected according to the bestseller chart in the *Times* so that his conversational references would not likely be dropped in vain.

He had not been seeing any other women, and with her the references could not even *be* made—not since the time she had accused him of reading *only in order* to drop references. Even if that *weren't* true, she would *think* it was, so what was the point of reading?

Being more interesting isn't all it's cracked up to be. She, on the other hand, not having his need to be emotionally involved with a bed partner, saw other men, but she continued to find his embrace most gratifying of all, and as long as she felt she was being honest, she was able to avoid any possible guilt about exploiting him.

He had even adjusted to the fact that she would not call him at the office the next day. There had been a time, he frequently remembered with a sudden tug on his heart, when she called him every day, and they would speak little sillyisms, as is the wont of new lovers.

Now he was nothing but a lay, albeit a good one.

They finish doing it.

Before he leaves, he makes out her weekly alimony check.



(The Realist Competition: Caption this cartoon)

Summations of a Self-Appointed Messiah

by George von Hilsheimer

September's mail brought a note from Paul: "Getting out of the charity business . . ." Our fiscal relationship began as an aside during a dinner date, ended thirteen thousand dollars later with a casual memo. The fifteen months between have enabled Paul to teach me that there can be a real loyalty even in Liberal Land.

Just to keep the record straight, the *Realist* put \$13,640 into our various shenanigans: \$3360 to me, \$3780 to *People* and Migrant Children projects, and \$6500 into Summerlane. One reader sent in \$1000 in response to the first article, and the rest maybe kicked in another grand.

So much for the sordidities. The two most *People*ish results have been the Lower East Side Action Project (LEAP) and the Harlem East Learning Project (HELP). Both are pure examples of the anarchic idea. Individuals with little 'professional' help start a project directly to help people. They pay for most of it themselves. They make it move through the sweat and tears of their work and joy. They have no need for the "Leader."

Larry Cole's outfit (LEAP) is now in its fourth home on the Lower East Side. Tales of landlord harassment, neighborhood hostility, and general brouhaha would fill several of these reports.

Janet Newton's project (HELP) got less than \$100 from us Leaders. She sort of fell into a thing that Elaine Waldman had started, persevered past Elaine's eviction, a subsequent eviction of the project from a settlement house, and months of no regular volunteers. Then, an editorial in the *Realist*, and 60 or so volunteers. Now, *Mademoiselle* has written Janet up in their January issue.

But leave me titillate you with the details of an episode involving one of *People's* volunteer Group Leaders.

To a couple of acres given by a *Realist* reader, Group Leader has been taking ten or so kids after work on Fridays. In late May, Group Leader appeared at our apartment, small lad in hand soiled and tired from a weekend away.

This small person would rather go to the police or Youth House than home where his mother is in the kindly habit of explaining things to him through the removal of clothing and repeated blows. While Group Leader and I are off to the *politzei* we are surprised from the rear by an agitated couple. Rather than proceed further with breaking the male partner's arm I had Group Leader call for the officers. They arrived. They were courteous, educational (we learned that you have to wait for office hours to deal with children, for the precinct has no jurisdiction), and helpful. Mother was soon triply assured of the folly of whaling small sons beyond reason.

As all were about to depart, there arrived another police car bearing captain and sergeant. Sergeant descends and proceeds to roar about like a demented ass. Overhearing a couple of loud "Fuck you's" shattering

the neighborhood calm as I finish my business with the patrolmen, I turn to Group Leader with, "Did I hear what I thought I heard?!!!" "Yes," he explains. So I introduce my reverend self to the sergeant, expecting as usual that a certain decorum will thence ensue. Hah! "You're a phony," friend sergeant bellows. (I know this Lyle Stuart gets around, but here I am in my own *parish* with people I work with daily. . . .) Anyway it turns out I am phony if I don't believe kids should be beaten regularly, and am helping this phony social worker to interfere in the legitimate lacerations of this happy family.

What is a man to do? Informing the noisy man that I really see no point in discussing anything with anyone in his condition, and that I am on point of departing for station house to see what kind of cop they offer me this time, I lead Group Leader away. I learn that sergeants persist. This one bounds over to the Putative Maw, bellowing: "Did this man keep your child?" She then decides to arrest Group Leader. That she speaks insufficient English to communicate in court deters the Department not at all in its faith that the Sergeant, who speaks no Spanish, adequately explained the law to her on the street—Department belonging, no doubt, to the volume school of communication. Group Leader is snatched from my tender care and plunged into jail where ensue comedy routines that TV might envy. The line-up alone would make Chaplin green.

With help from a city councilman, ACLU, and other worthies including an Episcopal lawyer, Group Leader is sprung and cleared of the capital offense of kidnapping. The debauchery of justice in our last court appearance gave me an insight into new dimensions of cynicism even though our boy 'won.'

"Have you ever been arrested?" must ever more be answered by Group Leader with "Yes, for kidnapping." Which will look real ducky on job applications. We wound up finally in a P.D. hearing in which we discovered that the cops are really sorry but there is no way for the P.D. to admit that it was wrong and to remove an arrest from the record. The inspectors were all correct and courteous, and a momentary thing might be done about this sergeant.

The overwhelming lesson to be learned, for me, at last, was: May God Have Mercy on Kids who Fall Afoul of Psychotic Cops.

The decency and professionalism of the first two officers, of the subsequent captains and inspectors, meant nothing against the arrogant brutishness of one cop. And the Department will protect its own. It would seem more rational to turn on him in self-protection. In reality protection is only needed when power is challenged or checked. The Finest? Hah!

Another episode. Some kids came to my apartment one night to ask my help in picketing Mobilization for Youth. I sent them over to LEAP for room to make their signs. Fantastic array of well-paid social workers and unbelievable assortment of newspeople are precipitated by ten kids.

Nicest thing is that Susan Goodman, Paul Goodman's sweet daughter (look, this is fair, she made a point of telling me while interviewing me) wrote in the *Village Voice* that I must have plotted the whole thing. Standard social worker bilge that of course these dirty slum kids couldn't plan such a complicated and disciplined action—there had to be a general. Then the *Voice*

bowdlerized Krassner's letter to them telling how I really was a saint and how Miss Goodman, who wrote her story like a *Time* chick, really ought to read *Growing Up Absurd*.

Well, LEAP perseveres with the quaint notion that kids know more about themselves than do social workers.

Books South trickles on. Bob Pyle managed to collect and ship 25,000 (yes, twenty-five thousand) books. Mississippi Industrial picked up about 11,000 of them from his home town, Anderson, Indiana. Bob appeared briefly in N. Y. but disappeared before I could see him. Five or six like him and we can take over.

Blake College, 171 Queretaro, Mexico 7, D. F., Mexico, writes that they will refund postage money on books sent. "We have a better library than some being helped (about 1000), but we do need more." Blake offers free tuition to bright students from the U.S. who can't afford the fees. With a free room in the dormitory, expenses can be reduced to \$25 a month (cost of meals).

In August a lady wrote:

"If it's heartening little tidbits yiz want . . . I'm still yours . . . just haven't bothered reporting in to The Leader. Will do so now so's you shouldn't think I've pooped out on you. Haven't counted books sent, but thus far I have broken every damn fingernail I own (10), and have laid out over 30 bucks in postage, and am unable to safely step down my basement which is piled high with wall-to-wall books awaiting cartons. And still they come. From all sorts of nice people. A rabbi, moving outta town, got wind of the project and dumped about 300 books on me last week (among them *The Hilton Bedside Reader*, with 'Do Not Remove From Hotel Room' stamped on). The librarian at Sinai Hospital, who is a real professional book schnorer, schnors for me on the side and has sent me many library-rich benefactors. . . . A charming dialogue ensues every time I stagger into the PO with an out-going load: The PO jerk says loudly, 'Here she comes again with her nigger books,' to which I promptly reply, 'Fuck you, Jasper.' How's that for snappy repartee, hey? Incidentally, I notice you are quite a blabbermouth about who done what, where and why. You print my lousy name in that lousy paper, George . . . I'll slap you with a lousy lawsuit. I wish to remain an anonymous what-ever-it-is I am. Dig?"

We didn't send an anthropologist to the Hopi.

We did send a kind of minister to people. I know some other word would more palatably rest in your liberated craw, but the secular world has not offered a substitute for the minister. Regiments of social workers, psychologists, *ad nauseam*, prove we need something—and something more radically committed to solutions, not focused on problems. Consider how well the Peales, Sheens and Grahams serve their values. Compare how pitifully social workers serve the values of Rank or Freud or whomever.

People enabled me to redefine the ministry—at least my ministry. I was not importantly a preacher. Was I a priest?—i.e., did I transmit the spirit of radical values through ritual drama and presence? I think so. I am a charismatic leader for some. People do come for whatever thing it is that I offer—invalid only if an end in itself, or if I use it to make them artifacts of me or my ideals. This 'spiritual' focusing is certainly as necessary to the inarticulate, sensitive, aware, intelligent, alive people in classes other than our own word-

mongering great and good Middle Class as the intellectual focuser—pundit, professor or what-have-you—is for us.

Finally, because my job description was open; because our society delivers gratis an ambiguous, *potential* power, status and mobility to reverends; because *People* insulated me from fear of economic reprisal through an absolute personal guarantee of bread for a year; and because I could realize this ambiguous power, some real things happened. The range of them, from rescue of maidens in parlous straits, to LEAP, to Summerlane, to the Child Care Center, to Congress and Presidential Committee, foundation, courts, *politizei*, even the *Journal of Nursery Education*, actually impresses me. Maybe only because I've just read Mencken's comment that Frank Harris didn't suffer the vanity of modesty.

As *People's* 'minister' I could give aid in defense of *Eros* magazine.* The case will be the watershed in the history of literary freedom if the appeal wins. My aid was not limited simply to testimony, because I had the freedom to stay and help with argument and strategy when invited by the *Eros* attorneys. A reward was the great and strong joy of finding three good men in the *Eros* lawyers who now give yeoman service to our brats and families. Without *People* the right combination of people, money, and skills hadn't occurred. Perhaps if we changed the name from ministry to enzyme. . . .

The most poignantly rewarding moment in my life came when this excellent lawyer grasped my hand as I came down from the witness stand and said, "Now I know what Darrow sounded like." Why poignant? Because I, like you, still suffer the vanity of a modesty that was taught us as defenseless babes: It is wrong to think or say that you are good. The terror of radicalism is that the 'enzymes' haven't been renewed. In the kind of thing that *People* becomes, it is.

The most touching renewal came when a reader asked me to share his wedding with our campers because reading one of my columns set him on a new ocean. You see, what I really would like is for you people to build me this big cathedral, then . . .

Finally, Summerlane School is a reality with 30 brats and 12 volunteer staff. Its future is secure in the sort of poverty valid things seem to require. My enzyme functions are now focused on Summerlane. Such *People* things as can be done by mail and occasional foray into the city will be done from Summerlane. The things done by the Bob Pyles, Elaine Waldmans, Janet Newtons, Larry Coles and a couple score more will go on without the dubious advantage of my kindly light leading. You want *People*-work? Write me c/o Summerlane, Box 26, Mileses, New York.

P.S. Summerlane can take on 5 scholarship students.

*Editor's note: The transcript of the *Eros* trial was included, among other things, as a serialization in *Realist* #44, 45 and 46; all three issues are available for \$1. Some readers protested that the *Realist* was in effect dignifying *Eros*. Actually, we were dignifying freedom of the press. We think *Eros* is an exploitative publication (expensively produced yet dealing only with sexual matters, it is a sort of limited *Horizon*); but as long as the right to be exploited remains optional, it would behoove civil libertarians to maintain a consistent attitude toward the First Amendment. Oh yes—we also suggested a slogan for them:

EROS SPELLED BACKWARDS IS SORE

CO-EXISTING

(Continued from Page 14)

nedey's body removed? Did it match the alleged murder weapon?

Why has the F.B.I. apparently restricted its efforts to prove Oswald guilty? Why haven't right-wingers—people whose children cheered Kennedy's death, who spit on Mrs. Johnson and Stevenson, who accused Kennedy of treason—people in short crazy enough and mad enough to kill the President—why haven't some of these people been rounded up and questioned, as they would have been under similar circumstances in many European countries? What answers do F.B.I. investigators hope to find in library books?

Why didn't the F.B.I. place its own men as a guard over Oswald when he was in jail, particularly since it had received warnings that an attempt would be made on his life?

Why have authorities, repeatedly cited in the newspapers, considered the case against Oswald clinched, in spite of the fact that a number of respectable lawyers, among them Emile Zola Berman, have said that the evidence against Oswald would not stand up in court?

We would rest easier if the commission appointed by the President to investigate the Kennedy assassination used a completely independent staff of investigators. The ones currently on the job have not covered themselves with glory.

IF THIS BE HERESY

(Continued from Page 18)

pects), and where actual sex engagement on the part of young people is particularly prohibited and made difficult, the perusing of notably sexualized representations, or so-called pornography, by our youngsters may sometimes act as a safety valve, in that it gives them some kind of an outlet for their pent-up desires and feelings. Thus, the youth who can read about and imagine sadistic sex engagements may sometimes be better able to refrain from getting actively involved in such affairs, while if he had no outlets whatever of this toned-down nature, he might be more inclined to act out his bottled-up urges.

For a good many reasons, then, not only has it not been demonstrated that a child's perusing pornographic material is indubitably going to harm him, but there is some reason to believe that in our present society he may easily derive more good than harm from such perusal. It is my belief that if we did have a saner kind of sexual mores, including much more permissiveness and actual overt activity from adolescence onward, practically all pornographic and semi-pornographic literature would lose its interest for us, and would die a natural death.

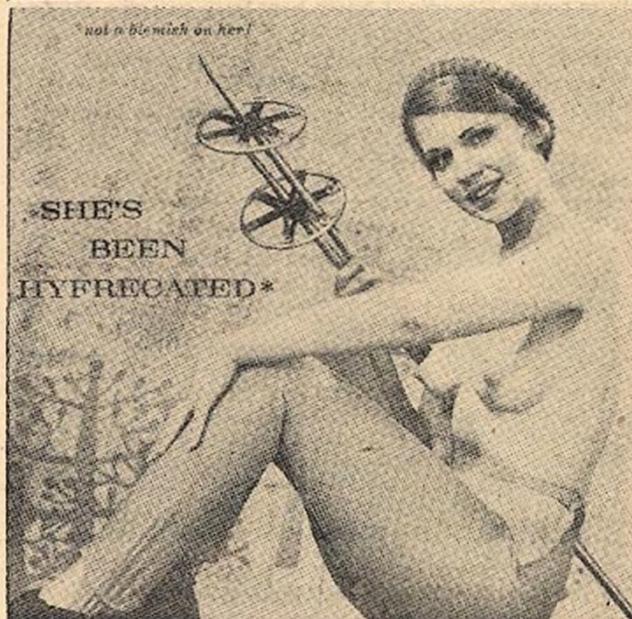
But since we don't have civilized sexual morality, but are still deeply enmeshed in the barbarisms bequeathed to us by our Judeo-Christian forefathers, we do keep resorting to much meretricious pornography. This is too bad; but all things considered, it may well be, for children and adults alike, a far lesser evil than would be that of suppressing freedom of speech and press in a futile effort to make all of us truly pure. I would much rather my own child be "sullied" by resort to bawdy literature than be a respectable, unsexed nincompoop.

February, 1964

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

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- I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Paul Krassner, Editor



SHE'S BEEN HYFRECATED*

Hard Core Pornography of the Month

From an ad in the Journal of the American Medical Association: "More than 250,000 physicians the world over, in nearly every field of practice, use their Hyfreccators daily."

Pregnancy Insurance

News item: Two hundred women students at an ivy-covered college have been offered insurance policies against pregnancy. Payments and all matters connected with the policy would be handled in the "strictest secrecy." Any policy-holder, discovering that she was going to have a baby, would be paid \$700.

Act One

(SCENE: A sorority house at an ivy-covered college)

"Georgie, it's okay, you don't have to—you know—this time."

"What do you mean?"

"You said yourself it's like shaking hands with gloves on, that way."

"Well, unless you want to go and get fitted for—"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that."

"All you have to do, if you're that embarrassed, is just get a ring and tell them you're married, is all."

"It's not that, Georgie, it's just that—you know—it would take away all the spontaneity and everything."

"Well, we have to use something. I mean you don't want me to start taking chances, do you?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, Georgie. I took out this special accident insurance policy today. . . ."

Act Two

(SCENE: A fraternity house at an ivy-covered college—the telephone rings)

"Hello."

"Georgie, I have to talk to you."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm late! I waited ten whole days before I called you. I didn't want to worry you if I wasn't sure."

"Oh, Jesus, does it have to happen during finals?"

"I'm sorry, Georgie, I know how busy you are, studying and everything."

"That's all right. I'd want to know, of course."

"Georgie, what are we gonna do?"

"We'll figure out something. At least you're insured."

"That's what I have to tell you, Georgie. I was also late paying the premium."

The Realist, Dept. 47
Box 242, Madison Sq. Sta.
New York, N. Y. 10010

- \$1 for 12 copies of issue #47.
- \$3 for a 10-issue subscription, starting with #.....
- \$5 for a 20-issue subscription starting with #.....
- \$1 for issues #44, 45 and 46 (the Eros trial).
- \$3 for our 15 most offensive back issues (not including #44, 45, and 46).
- \$6 for all 30 back issues still available.
- \$2 for a copy of "Impolite Interviews."
- \$2 for a copy of "Johnny Got His Gun."
- \$5 for a copy of "Sex and the Single Man."
- \$1 for a dashboard Saint Realist (our cover mascot in living plastic).
- \$1 for the red-white-and-blue Mother Poster.

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I also enclose \$..... for the Realist Bail Fund.

Temporary Insanity

(The defendant has been accused of murder and has pleaded temporary insanity. A psychologist has been brought to the stand to testify.)

Q. Doctor Burnhill, you are familiar with this case, and you have examined the defendant previously. Would you say he is insane?

A. I'm sorry, but I don't understand the meaning of the word insane. It's not a psychological term.

Q. Legally, it means unsound, incapable of judging the results of one's actions. Is the defendant unsound, or is he normal?

A. Well, now, I've never yet met a completely normal person.

Q. What I mean is, was the defendant aware of what he was doing when he committed murder?

A. Probably, since he was conscious at the time.

Q. But was his state of mind such that he was able to choose between right and wrong?

A. I'm sorry, but I don't know the difference between right and wrong myself. I only know that certain actions are socially acceptable, and others are unacceptable.

Q. Was he able to differentiate between a socially acceptable and unacceptable act?

A. Oh, yes.

Q. Then he was fully capable of choosing between one and the other?

A. Not at all. He is given to impulsive action, and is therefore not completely subject to rational inhibition.

Q. You agree with the defense contention that he committed this act while in an abnormal state of mind?

A. Certainly, since persons in a so-called normal state of mind don't commit murder.

Q. But it is possible he has recovered his lucidity since then?

A. Certainly, since he doesn't murder people every day.

Q. In your opinion, is this man guilty or not guilty?

A. I'm afraid I don't know what the word guilty means. The only question is whether this man is capable of becoming a useful member of society, or whether it is necessary that he be restrained.

Q. Dr. Burnhill, do you agree with the prosecution's contention that this man committed this deed while in a normal state of mind and should therefore be condemned? Or do you agree with the defense contention that he committed the act while temporarily unstable, and therefore should be found innocent?

A. I admit that I am confused. The prosecution seems to believe that this is a person who is fully capable of becoming a useful member of society, and therefore he should be incarcerated. The defense seems to believe that this man is given to temporary spells of emotional instability, and for that reason he should be released.

Q. You've qualified as an expert. Will you please state your opinion clearly, Doctor Burnhill?

A. In my opinion, to express the matter in your own terms, I believe that the defendant should be found guilty by reason of temporary insanity, and should therefore be placed under restraint.

Q. That will be all, Doctor Burnhill. Your Honor, I move that this testimony be stricken from the record as ambiguous.
—NORVIN PALLAS