

## freethought criticism and satire

# The Realist



No. 48

35 Cents

Join The Fair Play  
For Dallas Committee

### *Should We Ban War Toys?*

By ALBERT ELLIS, Ph.D.

Because I seriously doubted, in my last *Realist* column, that pornography was particularly harmful to children, and pointed out that even if it were so proven to be, officially censoring and banning it might well do more harm than good, some of my readers have raised a related question: Is the sale of war toys for children's use pernicious? And, if it is, should we not legally restrict this kind of sale or voluntarily picket the stores which foster it?

That a child's playing with war toys may encourage him to become hostile and punitive, and thereby do him emotional injury, is a hypothesis that is certainly worth considering. Two newspaper columnists, Arthur Hoppe and Ralph J. Gleason, have recently emphasized the dangers that exist in this respect.

Hoppe notes that this Christmas past, Santa carried in his bag, among other things, "a Guerilla Gun Set—'Be a combat-ready guerilla fighter! Blend into the underbrush with a fully automatic 50-shot machine gun.' It has 'a smoking barrel' and 'fires in bursts or single shots.' And the price includes a 'Commando Beret,' a 'Camouflage Poncho' and a big wicked-

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### *Obscenity, Narcotics & Me*

By LENNY BRUCE

Who is guilty of my harassment?

It starts with me, who never took any interest in Civics in school, allowed others to handle the important funds while I screwed around; by the time I came back from screwing around and saw that the idiot kids had taken over the lead, I could control myself with intellectual pursuit and a voice in a bipartisan community through newspaper media. Gradually, the bullies bought up the voice, and now, with the exception of a few periodicals, the voice is gone.

Another party comes to the forefront: slick, organized uniforms. You-kneeform. It's time for the masquerade. Go to court and it's "Hey, Lenny, you've got to wear a blue suit and get a haircut."

Why wear a blue suit? So that those who try the facts will not be burdened searching for the felon.

"Which one is he?"

"Don't you know how to spot them? They wear blue suits."

"How about the *real* men in blue?"

"They wear their brown suit that day."

I could not expect to get a jury that did not read a newspaper, and to make

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"Please, Mother—I'd rather do it myself!"

## editorial giggies

### Postscript to an Impolite Interview

Editor's note: Issue #41 contained an impolite interview with me by a group of students from the University of Chicago's newspaper, The Maroon. Subsequently, the Campus Voice—a very unofficial publication at San Jose State College—interviewed me, and a few excerpts follow:

Q. You used to dedicate each issue of the *Realist* to William and Helen McCarthy. Why no more?

A. They ran a sort of fundamentalist atheist magazine and supplied me with a mailing list. But the *Realist* has evolved into something so unlike what they would have wanted that it would be sacrilege to continue dedicating it to them.

Q. What type of articles do you prefer?

A. It's funny, a lot of writers ask me that, but since the best criticism or satire is strongly felt as well as thought, it would be ridiculous for me to tell someone what to feel. I prefer stuff that makes my mind get off its ass, and I have to trust my instincts even though I have a definite rationale for everything that goes into the magazine.

Q. Do you deliberately try to offend people?

A. No. Recently I found an editor's note I had written as an introduction to the impolite interview with Dr. Albert Ellis a few years ago. You may recall that the interview included a discussion on the semantics of various Anglo-Saxon words. Well, I said that we would be extremely naive if we weren't aware that some sections of the interview would be highly offensive to some readers, and that since it wasn't our purpose to shock anybody, we were warning them in advance; and I said that if anyone sent us a note saying he hadn't read the interview, we'd extend the subscription an extra issue. But I changed my mind about printing that preface, because *everything* in the magazine is offensive to *someone*, and I didn't see why I had to make a special case out of four-letter words. If some people negatively associate the *Realist* with profanity *per se*, and if other sickies buy the magazine for that reason—well, there could be ten issues in a row where such language just simply isn't the most apt way to say what is being said—and I couldn't be more pleased than to disappoint both groups.

Q. Do you agree with the Supreme Court's definition of obscenity?

A. No. I think people have the right to have their prurient interest aroused. I also think that a book or whatever should not necessarily have to have what the Court called "socially redeeming qualities" in order to be given the protection of the First Amendment. In fact, having the ability to arouse prurient interest may very well be a socially redeeming quality.

Q. In one of your issues you published a letter from a subscriber who asked, "Where do you draw the line between intelligent freethought and bad taste?" You didn't give an editorial reply. Will you comment now?

A. No, for the same reason I didn't give an editorial reply then. Suffice it to say that freethought and bad taste are practically synonymous; it depends only on the subjectivity of who's doing the freethinking and who's doing the badtasting.

Q. Do you think people take the pronouncements of censors seriously? Can you tell us about the psychological make-up of a person whose business is censorship?

A. Why do you separate "people" and "censors"? People are censors. Censors are people. And they take themselves very seriously. But censorship isn't merely the province of what we condescendingly call "those self-styled guardians of morality"—whose *conscious* motives, at least, are basically altruistic, albeit misguided. Censorship is also practiced by writers and editors and publishers who don't want to offend editors and publishers and readers or advertisers. In a commercial society, that's all part of the game.

Q. Would you describe an experience you've had with censorship organizations?

A. None with organizations as such. But a newsstand owner returned 400 copies of an issue because he felt his religious toes were being trod upon. He undoubtedly believed he was doing the right thing.\* My distributor for the Boston-Cambridge area returned 1,000 copies. He wasn't offended himself, but... And a lot of college bookstores won't carry the *Realist*, so the smoke-shops across the street from the campus carry it. I find this all pretty amusing. Of course, I also occasionally get individual threats of violence. (The latest was for the collage in issue #47, depicting the Virgin Mary holding the Christ Child, with the legend: "Does She or Doesn't She?" A Christian man called and threatened to "break open" my head if I ever did it again. That is, I assume he's a Christian man... maybe he's an advertising man. That whole Miss Clairol campaign uses the Madonna concept to avoid criticism.)

Q. In issue #32 of the *Realist*, you carried an article on Robert F. Williams, the militant Negro leader now in exile in Havana. Williams openly advocates racial war in the U.S.—especially in the South—as a means of achieving racial justice. What was the basis of your support for him?

A. I didn't support or non-support him. A freedom rider wrote the piece, and the basis of his support was that Williams was framed on a kidnap charge. Williams may be over-reacting in his bitterness toward the U.S., but his history makes it understandable. Personally, I'm willing to die in the cause of self-defense—I titled that article, "Should Violence Be Met With Violence?"—but the important thing here is that it's a matter of *action and reaction*.

Q. M. S. Arnoni, editor of The Minority of One, once filed a libel suit against you for a half-million dollars; what has been the disposition of the suit?

A. Still pending, along with all those urinal patents. Q. You recently got married. How do you feel about a monogamous relationship?

A. It's possible, but why should I resist a delicious opportunity that doesn't threaten my relationship with my wife? The same, of course, applies to her. Our marriage isn't enough ahead of its time yet for honest adultery, though.

Q. This is irrelevant to the interview, but I've been wondering about it nevertheless. How could Dr. Teller be the father of the H-bomb when the Soviet Union detonated the first H-bomb?

A. Actually, Dr. Teller has denied being the father of the H-bomb—but the mother of the H-bomb is demanding a blood test.

\*I've since been informed that his parish priest instructed him not to carry the *Realist*.

## Confessions of a Guilty Bystander: II

Washington, Nov. 19 (AP)—President Kennedy settled back into his workaday routine today, but only temporarily, after a hectic Florida trip capped by an appeal to the Cuban people to overthrow the Castro regime. Kennedy will be taking off again Thursday on an equally fast-paced Texas trip. . . .

During his lifetime John F. Kennedy provided the inspiration for a candy bar called Vigah. The commercialization of his death was merely its chocolate-covered extension. Grown-ups have their Beatles, too.

One post-assassination manufacturer had this special note in his ad: "Volume Buyers—Organization Fund Raising Chairmen—Write or Wire for Fast Information." Elsewhere in this issue, Bob Abel presents a round-up (incomplete, by definition) of the exploitation-aftermath. (At press time: auto-bumper JFK plates).

All purchases are voluntary, though, and if there be any criticism of the sellers, it must apply equally to the buyers. That includes the more than 400 persons (at last count) who have requested photostatic copies of President Kennedy's will at the going rate of \$100.

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An ad for the Hilton Hotels in the December 20th issue of *Time* was "dedicated to the hope of a new world of friendship symbolized by the eternal flame lighted at Arlington November 25, 1963." How long is an eternity? On December 10th, the eternal flame was accidentally extinguished by some holy water. That's the trouble with automation. If only a way could be found to enlist an infinite army of sacrificial Buddhist monks to serve as an ever-overlapping eternal flame. . . .

The January issue of the *Reader's Digest* was already on the presses—which were stopped—when the President was assassinated. A first-person political philosophy of Lyndon Johnson originally published in the *Texas Quarterly* in 1958 was dredged up to replace an article titled "The Fallacy of a Tax Cut Without a Spending Cut." And a condensation of *Time's* coverage of the event replaced an article titled "You Can Do Anything When You Know You're Not Alone."

Within minutes after the word flashed that President Kennedy had been shot, all four Nike missile stations that surround the Dallas-Fort Worth area were called to an emergency "1-minute" alert. All that was lacking was the placing of a warhead atop the missile which would have taken about 15 seconds. (During the Cuban crisis, the Nike bases in Texas were top priority and were on a 5-minute standby.)

I was scheduled to speak at a gathering sponsored by the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants on Saturday night, November 23rd—the day after the assassination—and the mimeographed invitations promised: "Laugh with Paul Krassner. . . ."

It wasn't easy.

Since this was a left-of-center group who had first

assumed that the assassin was a right-winger, I simply started out by asking: "Aren't you sorry it turned out to be one of your nuts instead of one of theirs?"

Apparently, the F.B.I. also believed it was a right-winger at first, for within an hour after the shooting, they went to H. L. Hunt and advised him to get out of Dallas, fast. Under an assumed name, he took American Airlines flight 42 to New York, for a shopping trip. (Announcements over the loudspeaker at the airport in Dallas still refer to Kennedy Airport as Idlewild.)

Hunt recently wrote in a letter to me: "I am presently devoting my time, energy and resources to the program *Life Line* heard daily over more than 300 stations throughout the nation. *Life Line* is a religious, patriotic educational program presenting commentaries on public affairs." And, just to make clear where he doesn't stand, he now finds it necessary to advise: "*Life Line* does not attack minorities nor engage the following in its broadcasts: Criticism of labor unions or leaders; denominational controversy; criticism of Jews; charging Communism to the National Council of Churches of Christ of America or the educational field." This makes it "difficult for anyone to criticize the *Life Line* constructive 'For' messages as being 'hate' material in the current anti-hate wave."

The anti-hate wave isn't universal. On November 27th, the N. Y. *Daily News* editorialized: "We grow exceedingly weary of the current talk about how, in the wake of the Kennedy assassination, we've all got to drop hatred and extremism and get milksoppish and ever-lovin'. Dire consequences are threatened if we disregard this advice. Our reaction: Nonsense; also nerfs. . . ."

I believe the *News* was correct.

Hatred is a risk of democracy.

When the Mummies in Philadelphia were prohibited from parading in blackface, they substituted other colors and marched along purpleface, greenface, what-have-you—and justifiably so. The danger would be if a Negro group weren't permitted to parade whiteface. Or pinkface. Or Jewishnoseface.

In mid-December, I received a query from Harold Feldman on an article he'd written about the relationship between the F.B.I. and Lee Harvey Oswald. Since the February issue of the *Realist* was already going to press and this March issue wouldn't be out till now, I suggested—because the piece was of immediate importance—that he try the *Nation* or the *New Republic*. I was both pleased and frustrated when it appeared in the January 27th issue of the *Nation*.

Since the appearance of the article, Feldman told me, his phone sometimes "clicks like Miriam Makeba," but he can't be sure if his wire is being tapped and, if it is, whether it's because of him or his son, who has been arrested a few times in civil rights demonstrations.

But pity the poor F.B.I. People kept calling them and telling them what they had dreamed during the nights preceding and following the assassination.

Whatever Oswald's organizational connections were, the circumstantial lack of evidence surrounding his overt individual acts has had a nasty habit of occasionally thwarting liberal paranoia.

President Kennedy was in Ashland, Wisconsin on September 24th. That's about 400 miles northwest of Milwaukee. On September 16th, a man signed in, please, as "Lee Oswald, Dallas" at the Fox and Hounds Inn, a motel in Wausau, about 30 miles northwest of Mil-

waukee. A reporter has inspected the guest register, only to find that the pages from July 30th to September 18th are missing. The motel manager has no comment. The Milwaukee F.B.I. has no comment.

When the time came for comments about the assassination, though, everybody got into the act—each and every ax-grinder—from the *American Jewish Examiner* ("American Jewry Grievously Weeps for Adored, Martyred President") to *White Citizens Awake* ("Our beloved President was assassinated by Marxist Lee Oswald who was silenced by a Jew, Jacob Rubinstein, before he could expose that Communism is Jewish"); from the *National Informer*, ("Did Castro Order Death of Kennedy?") to the John Birch Society's full-page ad ("We believe that the president of the United States has been murdered by a Communist within the United States. . . . Nor is it in character for the Communists to rest on this success. Instead, we can expect them to use the shock, grief, and confusion of the American people, resulting from the assassination of our President, as an opportunity for pushing their own plans faster") with a coupon at the bottom; from the Advance Youth Organization ("Build a living memorial to President Kennedy. . . . Picket U.S. Steel") to Robert Moses' statement on November 22nd ("The World's Fair had counted confidently on the international leadership, support and encouragement of President Kennedy. We shall have to go on without his support but with his inspiration ever in mind").

Coda: In the *Los Angeles Herald-Dispatch*, a Negro weekly, Waldo Phillips claimed that Kennedy was "shot at his own request."

The motivation? "Medical reports had indicated that he had less than 90 days to live due to an intensified terminal malign spinal cancer." Why not die a martyr?

Jack Kennedy would have appreciated that. He had a sense of the absurd. Once, in the White House, he doodled on a piece of scrap paper—along with the usual geometric designs—*The President of the United States*. And it would have amused him to know that the Chamber of Commerce in Evanston, Illinois has voted not to name anything after him.

According to Hearst correspondent Ruth Montgomery, readers have been calling newspaper offices with the suggestion that Jackie Kennedy be nominated for Vice President because they were impressed by her "superb dignity" (as opposed to what AP described as Christine Keeler's "stony composure").

Yes, the assassination of the President has served all of us, in one way or another—to borrow a phrase from the late Aldous Huxley—as a vehicle for "excruciating orgasms of self-assertion."

And, in the excitement of his sorrow, one man reached the sublime.

Jack Ruby, journalistically returning to the crime of his scene, explained in a syndicated apologia: ". . . Suddenly there was a great commotion. Out of there walked Oswald. He was about 10 feet from me. He came out all of a sudden with a smirky, defiant, cursing, vicious Communist expression on his face."

I'm not making this up, I swear. The series, incidentally, was supposed to have been written for a German publication, with a subsequent embargo on it in this country, but—well, they'll plead temporary greed.

*Life* magazine denies that they got Oswald's wife to sign a contract for \$25,000 and that, since they hadn't

yet signed it themselves when Oswald was shot, they just dropped the whole idea. There are those in the Luce empire who don't accept this denial.

In Dallas itself, citizens have begun to look upon their information as a commodity. When an out-of-town reporter asked one witness a question, the reply was, "What's it worth to you?" A British correspondent wanted to re-stage the shooting of Officer Tippit, and the box-office cashier asked for money. A manager of one of the rooming-houses where Oswald had stayed charged \$5 to pose for a picture.

But if amateur merchandising is the basis of news reports, again, professional silence is its counterpart.

When Oswald was reported to have boasted to his wife that he was the sniper who took a shot at General Edwin Walker in Dallas last Spring, the Justice Department refused to comment; the F.B.I. refused to comment; the Secret Service refused to comment; Dallas D. A. Henry Wade said, "I have not heard from any source that such a statement was made"; Dallas chief of detectives H. W. Stevenson, asked if Mrs. Oswald had made such a statement, replied, "Not to my knowledge"; Captain Glen King, information officer for the Dallas Police, asked about a report that Oswald had been picked up by police for questioning in the Walker shooting, said "No comment on that"; and General Walker himself had no comment on the investigation.

He *did* have comments about the Kennedy assassination. "There are no gaps," he told a Canadian interviewer. "Oswald admitted being a Communist. . . . How can you say it isn't clear as day? You are all brain-washed."

He also asserted that Jack Ruby was a member of the American Civil Liberties Union—which, he added, is red-tainted. However, defense attorney Melvin Belli points out: "Everyone who knows me will tell you I am strongly anti-Communist. I took this case only after I made certain Jack Ruby had no Communist leanings or connections."

Actually, Jack Ruby is capitalism personified.

A couple of years ago, there was an article in *Adam*, a raunchy girlie magazine, about Amateur Night for strippers at Ruby's night club:

"Amateur Night proved an immediate hit with the *Carousel's* audiences. Many times the erotic enthusiasm of the spectators seemed exceeded only by the impish delight of the amateur performers—hot and breathless from the experience of baring their bodies for the first time before an audience. . . . The wild cheers of Amateur Night spectators indicate they feel they're getting their \$2 worth—which is cover charge. Many of the luckier males get an added bonus when the girls—who are encouraged by the club to mix with the customers—accept an invitation to have a drink. The club serves beer and set-ups, with most of the customers bringing their own bottles. The club caters to large stag groups, especially college students and oil or cattle conventioners. Most of the amateurs 'pack' the audience with an admiring throng of their boy friends to cheer for them. 'In fact,' manager Ruby observed, 'many of the girls perform at Amateur Night under the urging of their boy friends who claim they see a lot more of them on our stage than they do on a date.'"

Thus spake the avenger of our President. *Alleged* avenger. When I wrote in the *Realist* that Ruby "allegedly" shot Oswald, I asked, parenthetically: "How's that for fairness?" The *N. Y. Times* accepted the

torch; in their January 8th edition, a Texas-dated story stated: "Oswald was allegedly shot by Ruby. . ."

(The *Times* wasn't as objective in reporting that Pope Paul visited the site where Jesus performed his first miracle. *Allegedly* performed, N. Y. *Times*, baby.)

But it was a real TV-first. And for those who slept late that Sunday morning, the scene was repeated over and over throughout the day and evening in glorious slow-motion. Even children who were jaded from watching *Divorce Court* all week sat there like refugees from a Keane portrait.

Let us, however, postulate this hypothesis: Instead of Ruby, one of his amateur strippers goes to the basement of the Dallas city jail; she sees Oswald and his magic Communist expression; in a flashing moment of Christian compassion, she throws off all her clothes and runs to Oswald, embracing him with loving forgiveness.

Would the live TV cameras remain focused?

Would the kinescope be shown again and again?

Would parents permit their children to watch?

Would Colpix issue an LP comparable to the album it has issued: *Four Days That Shocked the World*, including "Lee Harvey Oswald—actual voice—denial of guilt," statements by the Dallas cops and, best of all, a track devoted to an "On-the-spot report from basement of the Dallas jail at the moment Oswald is shot by Jack Ruby."

Doesn't that grab you by the decibels?

The only thing missing is Pearl Bailey calling out: "One more time!"

In Chicago, radio stations have received a record—a musical tribute to John F. Kennedy—titled *God's Game of Checkers*. It was accompanied by a press release which states that Jack Ruby was mailed the first copy of this "controversial phonograph record," and that his attorneys are expected to play the record in the courtroom "as the high point of the defense." The song lyrics—rendered in hootenanny style—tell of a cowboy watching on TV the grief of the late President's young son at the funeral.

And, finally, the Kennedy funeral was reviewed in the January issue of *Casket and Sunnyside* ("The Authority of the Funeral Service Industry Since 1871"):

"All during the funeral period there were members of the armed forces participating in the ceremonies and rituals in Washington and all over the world including the ships at sea. Salutes were fired periodically—not at an enemy but to honor the death of the Commander-in-Chief. While this was being done there was the trust that God would not permit anything else to overwhelm the nation during the funeral period. The same trust was shared by the heads of other nations who left their lands to be present for the funeral. . . . At the same time that the nation mourned the death of the President and accorded him a funeral appropriate to his place and rank in our society, it is to be understood and appreciated that his accused assassin Lee Oswald, was also accorded a funeral and burial. These two events serve not only to remind us of the oneness of our society but compel us to recognize that there is a dignity to all men regardless of their accomplishments or their crimes. November 25, 1963 was the day the world stood still. On that day this nation buried President Kennedy, Officer Tippit and accused assassin Oswald. In doing so this country saw its unity under God and reaffirmed the dignity of man."

March 1964

## Rumor of the Month

Fidel Castro is fluoridating the water supplied to Guantanamo Naval Base.

## Holly: An Introduction



On January 23rd, I was planning to attend a conference sponsored by the Planned Parenthood Federation. Instead I ended up in the delivery room of a hospital watching my wife give birth to a baby girl named Holly. I mean I saw it *happen*.

It was a profound, surrealistic, humbling experience. My wife was awake, alert and laughing;

she says that when the doctor brought forth the infant's head—Look, Ma, no forceps!—it felt like a simultaneous climax and withdrawal.

We had our baby neither by the *modern* knock-me-out-with-drugs way nor the *natural* mystical-masochism way. Holly was born with the help of the Lamaze method—painless childbirth—combining learned-breathing and other bodily techniques with the finest obstetrical skills and equipment. And the husband is a *participant*.

During labor the pain is *relatively* controllable; and once the mother-about-to-be assists the doctor by surrendering to a series of fantastic urges to *push*, the pleasure of hard work completely takes over. And the baby has a healthy head-start on life; doesn't even have to be slapped on the buttocks because it had a quick trip through the birth canal and there was no need to gasp for oxygen.

Holly came out wailing.

If you'd like more information, write the American Society for Psycho-Prophylaxis in Obstetrics (ASPO), 2 Grace Court, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Only two out of 14 mothers in this particular maternity ward were breastfeeding their babies. Don't tell me that *Playboy* is anti-woman. *Women* are anti-woman. My wife remarked, "I finally found out what tits are really for."

Even the baby's shit smells sweet. It really does. But there I go, sounding off just like every other proud father. . . .

## Realist of the Year Award

• To Arizona's Asst. Atty. Genl., for rejecting the Communist Party's request for a place on the ballot because state law "prohibits official representation" for Communists and, in addition, "The subversive nature of your organization is even more clearly designated by the fact that you do not even include your zip code on your letter."

## According to Unreliable Sources . . .

There is a conspiracy building to kidnap the Singing Nun . . . because everybody knows that the Vatican has more money than Frank Sinatra. Incidentally, since kidnaping is a capital crime in California—remember Caryl Chessman?—will the kidnapers of Junior Sinatra be given the death sentence? (If only as a hoax.)

## Advertising Acceptability

Every year or so, the *Realist* advertises in a number of publications such as the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *New Leader*, the *Village Voice*, *Etc.*, etc. Responded Mary Sheridan, Associate Editor of the *Progressive*: ". . . if the *Realist* is the publication we believe it is, advertising for it would not be acceptable."

Wondering what publication they believed it was, since the *Realist* had previously advertised in the *Progressive*, we queried Miss Sheridan for specific objections. She replied: "Why don't you send me one or two issues of the *Realist*? Several of my colleagues here know the publication, but I don't."

We sent her the then-current issue, #43, and more than a month went by with no response, so the *Realist's* agency, Edwin Lewis Advertising, Inc., assumed that everything was okay. Until. . . .

Dear Mr. Lewis:

We are returning your advertising order and copy for the *Realist*. We regret that we find the publication offensive and hence reject any advertising for it.

Sincerely,  
/s/ Mary Sheridan

## Bad Tastes of the Month

● A full-page ad in the February issue of *Harper's Bazaar* has a photo of a woman with her arm around a midget. Copy reads: "Bill Blass makes you look like a freak. . . . Creates out of the main stream clothes like this sequined blazer and to-the-floor turtle neck. It's freakish. . . you'll stand out like a sore thumb. Get stared at. Shun attention? Shun Bill Blass!"

● An automobile window sticker supplied by the Guarantee Reserve Life Insurance Company states: "Notice to Any Physician or Hospital—Please give our policy holder immediate attention in case of injuries. . . ."

● An ad in the *Washington Post* warned: "Armageddon Approacheth? Ancient writings on the walls of the Great Pyramid foretold major world catastrophes. They end at year 2,000. Though there may be disasters from time to time, there always remains the spark to start life anew. Skyland Estates—an established community high atop the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, at Linden, offers you and your descendants a chance of survival in a world torn asunder. . . ."

## The Smoking Syndrome

Cigarette jokes were on the march this month.

Vaughn Meader, having echoed General Douglas MacArthur's awesome "I shall return," talked about a new sign over Forest Lawn cemetery, reading: "This Is Marlboro Country." A similar gag had appeared in *Mad* magazine a while back. More recently, *Mad* featured this ad: "Likely Strife separates the men from the boys. . . but not from the doctors." Even the *Nation* ventured into what, at another time in another place, would have been labeled as sick humor. Sample slogan: "The Family That Smokes Together Dies Together."

TV's *That Was the Week That Was* ran an old film from the files of that show's British forerunner, with a sound track of *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* accompanying alternating shots of smokers and cancer victims. One of the sponsors took a vacation that night—namely, Raleigh cigarettes, of gift coupon fame.

The Philip Morris people, by the way, have decided

to add coupons to Alpine cigarettes as *their* final solution to the lung problem.

Funnier than just about anything made-up was the unintentional irony inherent in the government's Janus-like schizophrenia. The Dept. of Agriculture lost 16 million dollars last fiscal year in subsidizing the tobacco industry, and will lose more because price supports have just been raised; now, if people heed the Public Health Service report and *do* cut down on cigarette-buying, then the taxpayer-supported subsidy can be expected to rise still *higher*.

Fortunately, though, enough people are already hooked on cigarettes to preclude that possibility. The attempt to dissuade *young* people from smoking is obviously a Commie plot to undermine free enterprise. If an individual is young enough to give his life in the cause of international security, he's old enough to smoke!

All those phony peacemongers who never understood how everybody else could stand for the dangers (in the future) of nuclear testing, are now comprehending with every inhalation.

And therein lies the reason for continued smoking: The threshold of human anxiety is extremely short-ranged. People can't seriously relate to their own distant demise. No, what's needed to save them from themselves is a much more *immediate* danger.

Our suggestion: Start a massive underground campaign that *Smoking Causes Homosexuality Now!*

Do you think it was just an *accident* that Peter Lawford sang *It's So Nice to Have a Man Around the House* on the Judy Garland show and that a week later Judy "fêll" and hurt her head? Remember, that program is sponsored by the American Tobacco Company. All part of an insidious pattern.

Surely you can guess why *That Was the Week That Was* (cigarette-sponsored, you'll recall) deleted from its pilot show a bit based on the Valachi hearings by Charlie Manna, who would have said—in the role of an F.B.I. agent responding to a rash of phone calls from would-be informers—"Look, Mister, just because a man kisses you doesn't mean he's gonna kill you!"

Why do you suppose the New York City Health Department's Venereal Disease Education Unit chose to have 5 million *matchbooks* advertise that syphilis and gonorrhea are on the rise? It's an unchallenged statistic that homosexuals are by far the greatest spreaders of VD.

May we, then, take this opportunity to congratulate the *Eugene* (Oregon) *Register-Guard* for its outspokenness in this matter. On January 10th, they summed up the situation quite neatly with this most meaningful headline: "Health Hazard Tag Expected for Fags."

## Artukovic, Mass Murderer

Issue #47 of the *Realist* contained an article about a Yugoslavian Eichmann illegally secure in the U.S. for 15 years. A reader wrote to Senator Jacob Javits, and received this response:

". . . Artukovic entered the United States fraudulently on July 16, 1948, upon presentation of an Irish Certificate of Identity bearing an assumed name. For this reason, the Immigration and Naturalization Service ruled in April 1953 that Artukovic was subject to deportation. The deportation order was stayed pending the outcome of the completely distinct extradition case filed by the Yugoslav Consul General with the U.S. Commissioner

at Los Angeles in 1951. The Yugoslav Government requested the return of Artukovic to Yugoslavia, where he is charged with murder.

"Following extensive legal proceedings, the U.S. Commissioner for the Southern District of California, sitting as extradition magistrate, on January 15, 1959, denied the Yugoslav extradition request on the grounds that insufficient evidence of Arutokovic's responsibility for the crimes had been shown and that, in any event, the crimes charged were political in character and therefore, under the extradition treaty, not subject to extradition. Inasmuch as the extradition magistrate found that a proper case for extradition had not been presented, the case did not come to the Department of State for action.

"In May 1959 a regional office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service again took up the deportation question. A further stay of the deportation order was granted, and is still in force. The ruling was based on that section of the Immigration and Nationality Act which authorized the Attorney General to withhold deportation of an alien to any country when 'in his opinion the alien would be subject to physical persecution.' Unless additional evidence of a conclusive nature is turned up, further action would appear unlikely. . . ."

### Musical Fears

If anybody thought Terry Southern was kidding when he mentioned (issue #43) "teen-age use of Saran Wrap for condoms," *Time* made it official last month: "In many parts of the country, physicians report the use of Saran Wrap as a male contraceptive."

*Time* didn't tell that teen-age girls have found Seven-Up a much better douche than Coca-Cola when shaken.

And now, according to the *Insider's Newsletter*, a dermatologist has found that Enovid, the birth control pill, "helps control rampant acne."

To complete this bizarre menstrual cycle, we are but waiting for reports that Trojans keep your sandwiches fresher than any other product; rubbing the cervix with Reynolds Wrap spread with Clearasil induces abortion; and you can get high out of your skull if you drink Zonite with a diaphragm dissolved in it.

### Explain This to Your Children

"The United States can raise wheat because God is on our side," said Army Coach Paul Dietsel on the *Today* show recently. Apparently, then, the U.S. has defied God's will by selling \$300,000,000 worth of wheat to the Soviet Union.

Yet the Commerce Department has ruled that the shipment of 3500 pounds of powdered milk to the Hospital Nacional in Havana, by The Emergency Committee for Disaster Relief for Cuba, is "contrary to the national interest." Our government has also denied a request by Casa Cuba, Inc.—a N. Y. social club of persons of Latin American origin or extraction—for an export license to send used clothing and shoes to hurricane victims in Cuba.

The Emergency Committee appealed the decision to the U.S. Dept. of Commerce Appeals Board on January 6th; Casa Cuba appealed on January 22nd. The Board seems to be unaware of Adlai Stevenson's statement before the UN General Assembly last October, expressing "deepest sympathy of the government of the United States" for the Cuban hurricane victims. Would he lie?

Bad weather and crop failure cut drastically into Russia's grain production last year, and Canada sold

the USSR \$500,000,000 worth of wheat. Since U.S. farmers grow more wheat than this country can use, there developed in Washington a growing inclination for us to sell surplus crops to Russia. Thus, the present policy, domestic poverty notwithstanding.

Now, Russia had shipped wheat to Cuba last year, even though Russia found it necessary to import wheat itself. Perhaps there is an object lesson here—a way for those humanitarians who wish to aid the Cuban people to resolve their dilemma—ship clothes and powdered milk to Russia, and let them ship it to Cuba.

Would the Commerce Department dare say that shipping milk to the Soviet Union is contrary to the national interest, and shipping wheat to them is not?

### The Mother Poster

The response to our patriotic poster (\$1 each) has been most gratifying. Red-white-and-blue, 8-by-22-inches, starred-and-stripped and hammered-and-sickled, it reads: "Fuck Communism!" At the bottom is the notation: "Additional copies available from the Mothers of the American Revolution, Washington, D.C." (Reader J. Stanley Koper of District Heights, Maryland suggests: "To better symbolize our present National Purpose, the bottom line might have read, 'Further information available from the Mothers of the American Revolution.'")

The poster has been purchased by college groups for mock political conventions, by the mayor of a midwestern city and by one of the astronauts. Norman Mailer, Terry Southern, Joseph Heller and Ralph J. Gleason all sent them out as Christmas gifts. Arthur Cowan had one framed and shipped to England with instructions that it be installed in his Rolls-Royce. Paul Jacobs brought a couple to Washington and gave them to Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz and Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver.

A reader from New Jersey bought 25 posters—five of which were for J. Edgar Hoover, Barry Goldwater, Lyndon Johnson, the John Birch Society (they've all been sent, with a personal note from me) and, wrote the instigator, "I'll try to keep the fifth for myself. The one I did have was accepted with great glee by an Episcopalian priest who planned to hang it on the wall of his den next to an autographed photograph of Bishop Pike."

### The Realist Competition

When the *New Yorker* decided to publish James Baldwin's essay titled "Down at the Cross," they didn't know in which department to include it. Finally, they retitled it "Letter from a Region in My Mind," and once again the little old lady in Dubuque could enjoy a certain sense of order about her favorite magazine.

Despite—or, rather, because of—the *New Yorker's* incidental bureaucracy, we were inspired by an item in "The Talk of the Town" department, which recommended to bloody-fingered beer-drinkers: Turn the can upside down and open it the old way from the bottom.

There must be countless other ways to thwart progress. You are cordially invited to submit same. We'll pay \$10 for every one we publish in the *Realist*.

### Going to the Dogs

Although dogs are color-blind, Gaines Bits come in colors; so do Ken-L Treats. Other than that, we have no comment on the launching of John Glenn, politician.

## Wonderings

Why did the N. Y. *Post* drop Frank Interlandi's cartoon feature? How come we give gifts to mailmen and not to Dept. of Sanitation men? Why did the N.Y. *Post* drop Art Hoppe's column? What is the real nitty gritty? Why did the N.Y. *Post* refuse to accept an ad for attorney Mark Lane's public talk on the Oswald case?

## Ah Sordid Announcements

● Our apologies to those who sent in \$1 for Saint Realists (plastic models of our cover mascot for your desk or automobile dashboard) and didn't get them; a new shipment has just been received. In response to reader request, the *Realist* now has available, at \$3, binders for back issues.

● Although I feel that John Wilcock's piece in this issue is sociologically significant and inadvertently satirical, I omitted from it a list of celebrities' names because I felt that this would have been irrelevant, gossipy, coincidental, pandering, and disloyal on the part of Wilcock's informants, all of whom insisted on anonymity themselves, except for Miss G., Mitzi Morris, who insisted on being identified.

● Several readers have asked me about *Fact* magazine. When I first saw their ad, I sent in \$7.50 for a 6-issue subscription, along with a note of encouragement. Then I received the Jan.-Feb. issue. I sent a telegram to the N.Y. *Times* protesting *Fact's* misleading advertising. The *Times* called me for details. The ad had listed 22 impressive names as "contributors," when actually they had simply sent in statements critical of *Time* magazine, many of which are exactly one sentence long. The *Times* made *Fact* change the ad. However, the lie remained that "*Fact* will not be sold on newsstands [but is] obtainable by subscription only." (Italics theirs.) *Fact* is published by Ralph Ginzburg, author of *An Unhurried View of Erotica*, editor of *Eros*, and currently working on *A Hurried View of Ethics*.

● Since we haven't published any letters to the editor for a long time now, about one-third of the April issue of the *Realist* will be devoted to the funniest and most interesting mail we've received over the last year or so. Although that one issue will not be on newsstands, it will be available by mail for 35¢.

● In his article, Albert Ellis mentions *Reason and Emotion in Psychotherapy*. The book is available from the *Realist*, but it costs \$10, and unless you're in the field, I would recommend his less expensive (\$5) *A Guide to Rational Living in an Irrational World* (co-authored with Dr. Robert A. Harper). Also available from the *Realist* by Dr. Ellis are *Sex and the Single Man* and *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Man-Hunting* (each \$5).

● A number of N.Y. County bail bondsmen warned last month that they might go on strike. D. A. Frank Hogan said that if there was a strike he didn't think it would be fatal and that "Maybe it would be a good thing if we eliminated bondsmen altogether." The *Realist* Bail Fund does eliminate bondsmen—mostly for kids who don't have the collateral anyway. So far, as a result of an editorial in issue #47, readers have sent us a total of a couple of hundred dollars, but in order to get the bail rolling, the *Realist* has sent a check for \$1,000 to the attorney who will be handling the fund.

● Recently I was a guest lecturer in Martin Gross' Social Criticism course at the New School; a speaker at the University of California in Berkeley; panelist in a discussion of pornography moderated by Mark Schorer; guest lecturer in Eugene Burdick's Political Science course; speaker at the San Francisco Opposition; at Columbia University's Bertrand Russell Humanist Group; at the Westchester Ethical Society; and, on Saturday evening, March 7th, at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio. I mention all this because it indicates a growing acceptance of the *Realist* without compromise; personally, I have to fake it every time out.

## A Schmuckiness Montage

● A pacifist organization has solicited letters on the topic: Should pacifist girls date soldiers and sailors on the theory that "fraternizing with the enemy" is an accepted pacifist technique, or should they refuse to date them out of fear of "giving aid and comfort to the enemy"? ● A lady from Easton, Pa., decided to take a correspondence course in ornithology at Louisiana State University, and filled out the application blank, except for the space reserved for "race"; back came a note from Mrs. Helen Carleton, head of the correspondence-study dept., saying "Please complete the application blank by filling in next to the blank 'race.'" The lady from Easton replied that she didn't understand what her race had to do with her educational qualifications; Mrs. Carleton wrote back: "Since you do not wish to complete the application . . . I am returning your check. . ."

● An unidentified informant in Ralph J. Gleason's *San Francisco Chronicle* column: "Negro disc jockeys are demanding equality in payola. In previous years, the Negro jocks were getting a lot less than the white ones. Now, after the payola investigations showed how much money was available, they're saying, 'Let me have mine!' and they're getting it." ● Secretary of State Frank Jordan announced that he supports efforts to abolish the Rumford Fair Housing Act, because "We've never had any racial discrimination in California. . ."

● In England, a rector pronounced a curse on church vandals and withdrew it after the damage was repaired overnight—not by repentant vandals, he later learned, but by the police. ● Billy Graham in the *Minneapolis Tribune*: "If I'd stayed longer in England in 1954, I feel the Profumo scandal might not have happened. . ."

● British teenagers lined up at a tattooist's shop to have pictures of the Crucifixion tattooed on them in time for Christmas. ● Sixty-nine % of church-oriented Christians in the U.S. believe that Jews are the group "most responsible" for crucifying Christ; 45% hold that Jews can never be forgiven for what they did to Jesus until they accept Him as the True Saviour. ● Ad for the Israel Discount Bank Ltd. in N.Y.: "Join Our Chanukah Club—Systematic savings will provide the needed money for your holiday shopping." ● The Freethought Society of America, Inc. has as its symbol, the pansy. ● In Germany, a court dismissed the charge of cruelty to animals brought against a fraulein who does a striptease on horseback.

● Teen-aged boys questioned in a British cigarette survey said they smoke because they want to stay small and become jockeys. ● In California, a 38-year-old woman was sentenced to 4 months in jail after her 12-year-old son testified: "I saw Mother and her friends smoking the marijuana." ● Oscar A. Bloustein, executive director of the Metropolitan Package Stores Assn.: "Liquor is the only commodity that's mentioned in the Constitution. . ."

● Some 13,000 feet of film on life in Red China shot by Australian documentary producer John Dixon were impounded by U.S. Customs officials when he attempted to bring them here for perusal by NBC, ABC and Screen Gems. ● When a folksinging group, The Tarriers, performed at West Point, they first had to undergo a security clearance. ● Key Records lists as one of its "Top Anti-Communist Albums," *The Case Against Fluoridation*.

● At an IBM luncheon for retired workers, the grace-saying included: "Thank you, oh Lord, for the continued commercial success of IBM in the business community." ● Edwin A. Canine, Manager of NSA's Boston Regional Office: "The National Security Agency is a major research and development activity of the Dept. of Defense. The work of NSA is founded on science and theology. . ."

● N.Y. *Daily News* editorial on February 1st: "The good Lord willing, U.S. spacecraft Ranger 6 will hit the moon early tomorrow morning. . ."

● *Newsweek* quoting Lyndon Johnson, handing back the draft of a speech for revision: "Put a lot of tears into it." ● Form letter sent out by a publisher to newspaper book reviewers: "If you were one of the people I met at the National Book Awards meeting in New York City last month, I enjoyed meeting you." ●

## Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

by Bob Abel

Perhaps it is now time—or rather, time enough—to speak of the Kennedy-in-death-as-not-in-life experience. For four days, people who keep their TV sets in the bedroom lest they be found out and identified as American majority types, rolled them out and watched and watched and watched some more of the same, and each day went out and gobbled up each inch of newsprint that told them what they had seen.

Then there was a time for speaking of style as an apparently priceless commodity, and for recalling where one was on that fateful Friday afternoon, and then the morbidity industry took over for fun and profit on behalf of posterity. Be advised, then, that you need not trust to memory, for the memory has been put on sale, any anyone, even the deprived, can afford it.

**For Sale:** "A Memory Cast of Courage. The lasting image of John F. Kennedy is cast of his own courage and shall live on in the minds of men. Just under life size. . . . Price is \$19.50 express collect, small version \$5.95."

**For Sale:** "Memorial Photograph of President Kennedy. Official portrait. . . . Reproduced in full color, with eloquent excerpt from his Inaugural Address. . . . A treasured memento, a thoughtful gift. Price \$4.98 postpaid. No C.O.D.'s."

**For Sale:** Color photograph, no eloquent excerpts, priced at 29c, 49c, 79c and points east and west.

**For sale:** "Stained Glass Kennedy Memorial. Heirloom Quality. Church-like panel attaches in seconds to window with hanger supplied. A touching and beautiful tribute. . . . Real leaded edges. \$3.98 postpaid."

**For Sale:** "J.F.K. Pen. This unusual collector's item, a full-sized push button pen, with silver finish cap, sturdy clip, black barrel with J.F.K. profile beautifully modeled. Raised J.F.K. initials on deep pocket clip. Inscribed on the barrel are the historical words. . . . \$1.00 each. 6 for \$5.00. We pay postage."

**For Sale:** "Memorial Scroll . . . has a portrait of our late President with original commentary honoring His [sic] Memory. The Scroll is suitable for framing. \$1.00."

**For Sale:** "In Memoriam. What A Gift. For every child and adult! Beautiful Presidential Wall Plaques [Washington and Kennedy]. Be proud of your country's heritage. Both for \$1.89 or \$1.00 each. While they last."

**For Sale:** A lapel button bearing the portrait of John F. Kennedy and the legend, "In Memory of Our Beloved President." Price: 50c.

**For Sale:** "This sensitive, perceptive interpretation. . . . Bronze finish. Seven inches high, including base. \$12.50. . . . Bronze finish. Twelve inches high, including walnut base. \$25.00. . . . Life-size. Bronze finish. Twenty-one inches high, including walnut base. \$100.00."

**For Sale:** A JFK salt-and-pepper set in which pepper is a china rocking chair and salt a china figure of the President, with three holes in its back (sic sic sic) for pouring. 97c.

**For Sale:** "A Profile in Courage. . . . Here, to remember forever, is a documentary recreation of a tragic day that will live in history and in the hearts and mind of the world. With unforgettable immediacy, you relive the sudden moments of that fatal event. . . . Here, too, are

eulogies. . . . In this moving memorial there are vignettes of our beloved JFK's speeches that reveal his vibrant humor, warmth and wisdom. . . . Gift-wrapped free." Price: \$3.98.

**For Sale:** "Eternal Flame of Light to Remember"—an electric night light complete with portrait and a promise to burn for 50,000 hours. \$1.

**For Sale:** "THE KENNEDYS. The late President and Mrs. Kennedy sensitively interpreted by renowned U.S. Government sculptor, W. A. Smith, whose works have been admired by Democrats and Republicans alike for their keen physical resemblance and artistic excellence. . . . \$4.50 each, \$8.50 pair, postpaid. S. C. Residents add 3% sales tax."

**For Sale:** "President Kennedy Bronze Sculptured Plaque. . . . Weighs 5½ lbs. with brass chain for hanging. Impressively modelled, 1½" deep, capturing the youth, energy and dignity of our late President. Specially priced [sic] at \$75.00 postpaid."

**For Sale:** "Commemorative China Plate and Ceramic Tile [the face you love to eat off]. At the request of many of our customers, we have re-issued these fine commemorative pieces. Ivory China Plate. Medium grey white border. Dz. \$21.00. . . . Wholesale prices. Min. sample order \$25.00."

**Not For Sale:** The memory of our 35th President, who came in—and went out, as it happened—as a politician, a not young but not at all middle-aged man who wanted to do a great deal, we believe, but managed so precious little, albeit that little representing an important inroad into the deadlock of today; a man of—yes, style seems to be the unavoidable word—and undeniable wit and intelligence and energies whose good intentions remain as a kind of broken promise; a President whose glamour, not unlike that of Marilyn Monroe, had seduced us all just a little, and often quite a little bit.

And that is why—nearly every last so-called cynical one of us cried some and mourned some and wondered a whole lot just why—we had swallowed the legend before he became one, and now we are stuck with one. It is little enough—as memorials go—but it is the least we can deny the packaging experts.

### A Footnote on Fatal Semantics

Judging by the usual volume of unhappy news on the front pages of our daily newspapers, the most abused word in the language—*newspaperese* or otherwise—is "tragedy," a noun which is being rendered senseless by abuse. For example, when President Johnson learned of the riots in Panama, he branded them a tragedy. The *New York Times*, patriarch of editorial opinion in this country, agreed on its editorial page that this was indeed a tragic event. Yet less than a week later we find Secretary of the Army Cyrus R. Vance hailing our troops in the Canal Zone for their conduct in the face of "extreme provocation."

Now I am confused—is Sec. Vance hailing our troops' "discipline and restraint" in the midst of a tragedy? Or for *not* having contributed even *more* to that tragedy? Since Sec. Vance asserts that "Castro Communist" agents contributed "measurably" to the violence of these riots, would he care to estimate how much or how more "measurably" than the bullets of our troops?

Was the *fact* of the riots a tragedy, the actual violence, or the sixty years of bilking we have handed Panama with regard to the big ditch? Or do we think objectively, disregarding national interests, and measure

tragedy purely in terms of lives lost, wounds suffered and property destroyed and damaged, presumably in that order?

My *Webster's New Twentieth Century Dictionary* (1951 edition) defines a tragedy as "a fatal event, catastrophe or calamity, especially one replete with harrowing details and intensely dramatic in nature." Another definition calls for "excessive or protracted suffering." By the second definition, a man slowly dying of cancer is a tragic case. The key word in the first definition is "fatal." The only fatal aspects of the Panama riots were the bullets and other instruments of death. Nothing fatal happened to the Canal. Nothing fatal has happened to our foreign policy—in fact, we may amend some of the arrogance out of it.

And nothing fatal has happened to U.S.-Panamese relations, since the anti-American sentiments that precipitated the riots have been festering for decades. Perhaps what was fatal, apart from the bullets and stones, was the absurd chauvinism of the Canal Zone students who raised the American flag against orders of the Canal Commandant. In the terms of Greek tragedy, this was the incident that set off the workings of unkind Fate.

The semantic snarl remains knotty as ever. In a world where only death—and, oh yes, the terrors of taxation—are the immutable facts of life, who decides when events are tragic?

Was the recent disaster at sea, when a Greek ocean liner caught fire, a tragedy?

Is a car crash killing an entire family a tragedy?

Is the death of an ordinary, untalented youngster a tragedy, or is talent the determinant?

Does the concept of tragedy automatically imply large numbers of fatalities, or can we say "tragic" in relation to a stillborn infant?

If all men "are created equal," why should one death mean more than another?

Why should Officer Tippit's widow become a rich widow simply because her husband was killed on the same day as the late President? Hundreds of policemen die in the line of duty each year. . . .

Perhaps nothing is tragic, if tomorrow's howling headlines may offer a far more harrowing disaster. Perhaps reporters and commentators should be taught to treat tragedy as a relative constant, always amending the word with such descriptives as "great," "worst," "immense," "minor," and "personal." Perhaps nothing is tragic, since it is all part of a schemeless, impersonal world over which an alleged God sits chortling over the tragicomedy he has allegedly created for some rational purpose. If there is such a creature, it would be tragic indeed.

## Diabolic Dialogues

by William Duvall

Football fans everywhere were shaken recently by the death of Ernie Davis, former star Syracuse rusher, from leukemia. He died before he had played a single league game for the Cleveland Browns. An A.P. dispatch bearing on his death included this paragraph:

In his hometown of Elmira, N. Y., Davis' mother, Mrs. Arthur Radford, said the death was a "terrible shock." She said she was numbed by the loss of her

only son. His father is dead.

Reporter: Good evening, Madam, my name is Albert Fletcher, and I represent the Associated Press.

Woman: What do you want?

Reporter: You are Mrs. Radford, Mrs. Arthur Radford?

Mrs. Radford: Yes, yes, what is it?

Reporter: Your son, the football star, died today, and I was wondering if you had recovered sufficiently from the news to give me a statement on it.

Mrs. Radford: Oh, I'd be glad to.

Reporter: Attagirl! Stout attitude.

Mrs. Radford: Not really.

Reporter: Oh?

Mrs. Radford: No. You see, my subscription to the local daily will run out very soon, and I wouldn't want to offend anybody in the chain.

Reporter: Have faith—I'm sure you'll be renewed.

Mrs. Radford: Do you really think so?

Reporter: I'm certain of it.

Mrs. Radford: That's a great comfort. Thank you.

Reporter: Do you have anything to say, then, Mrs. Radford, about your late son? Go back to how you first felt when you heard about it.

Mrs. Radford: But that was only twenty minutes ago.

Reporter: Wonderful! Then it's still fresh in your mind.

Mrs. Radford: Well, you can say his death was a "terrible shock" to me. You can certainly say that.

Reporter: And shall I be sure that "terrible shock" is printed in quotation marks?

Mrs. Radford: Would you do that for me?

Reporter: Could I refuse at a time like this?

Mrs. Radford: Because I want everyone to know how despicable you were in not having any regard at all for my personal feelings, or for the memory of my dead son. I want everyone to know you really did come to my house today, without a trace of human regret.

Reporter: I can well imagine.

Mrs. Radford: Perhaps you'd better put down, too, how numbed I am by the loss of my only son.

Reporter: You do look a trifle peaked. Why don't you sit down?

Mrs. Radford: Because you're sitting on the only chair we have in the room.

Reporter: Sometimes it helps if you merely lean against the wall.

Mrs. Radford: Ah . . . That does feel very much better. It gives me just enough strength to tell you that his father is dead.

Reporter: That's all the strength you need.

Mrs. Radford: Not quite, Mr. Fletcher, not quite.

Reporter: Oh? What other strength, Mrs. Radford . . . what other . . . Mrs. Radford, no, put down that trophy, put it down. . . . No! Ah-h-h-h! Uh! Ah-h-h. . . .

Mrs. Radford (on phone): I'm sorry to bother you, Madam, but do you have a boy by the name of Albert?

Voice: Yes, yes, this is Mrs. Fletcher. What is it?

Mrs. Radford: Your son, the newspaperman, died today, and I was wondering if I might have your comment on that.

Mrs. Fletcher: You certainly may.

Mrs. Radford: You wouldn't feel I was intruding?

Mrs. Fletcher: No! Not at all. Somehow. . . .

Mrs. Radford: Yes?

Mrs. Fletcher: Somehow I feel that's the way Albie would have wanted it.

## Justice in Grand Rapids

by Edward L. Galligan

Associate Professor of English  
Western Michigan University

Faithful readers of the *Realist* who have elephantine memories will recall an article I wrote called "Justice for Sgt. Thorne" which appeared in the May, 1961 issue (#26). It was about 10:04 Sgt. Thorne (formerly *Sex Life of a Cop*), a book that the F.B.I. asked me to read to see if I would be willing to testify against it at an obscenity trial in the federal court in Grand Rapids, Michigan. The burden of the article is that the book is inept rather than obscene and that by the standards established by the Supreme Court it could not be suppressed.

As a result of that article I did testify—for the defense. What follows is a report to readers of the *Realist* on the trial, which finally took place in November and December, 1963, and which resulted in two California publishers being convicted on five of eighteen counts for transporting obscene material across state lines. I shall begin with their sentences.

Judge Noel P. Fox sentenced Sanford Aday, the chief officer of the publishing firm, to 25 years in jail and fined him twenty-five thousand dollars. He gave the other officer, Wallace Maxey, 15 years and fined him nineteen thousand dollars. Finally, he set bail during the period the case is being appealed at eighty-five thousand dollars, cash.

These fantastically heavy sentences should draw public attention to this case, which needs more attention than it has so far received. The judge and the prosecution attempted to establish a precedent which would take us a long, ugly step backwards in obscenity law. The defense, for its part, attempted to establish the principle that books written for an educationally lower-class audience have the same rights to freedom as books written for educationally middle-class and upper-class audiences, no matter how clumsy and crude they might be.

The center of the prosecution's position was a ruling by Judge Fox that the defense could not make comparisons between the books on trial and other books which are freely published, purchased, and discussed in order to demonstrate that the accused books do not go beyond "contemporary community standards of candor in matters of sex."

Judge Fox reasoned that the jury already knew community standards and therefore testimony on that point

from literary experts would be unnecessary and undesirable. He further reasoned that the defense then had no right to call expert witnesses, but as a matter of grace he would permit a few to be called. Since the experts were there by his grace he had the right to limit their testimony to discussion of the books on trial, forbidding even so much as the mention of another book.

I was one of three experts to testify for the defense; Robert Kirsch, book review editor for the *Los Angeles Times*, and novelist Guy Endor were the other two. We were permitted to assert that in our opinion the books did not go beyond the contemporary



—as in *Time* magazine

### Hard Core Pornography

community standards of candor, but we were not allowed to support our assertions with any comparative evidence. In effect, we were forced to address ourselves almost exclusively to the question of the "prurient interest" of the "dominant theme."

This wasn't quite a complete retrogression to the days when a single erotic passage was enough to get a book banned—at least now the defense could consider the entire book—but it was retrogressive enough to go back to times when courts were ignoring all the complexities of sex in modern life and considering only the "prurient appeal" (whatever that may be) of books at issue.

The significance of this is indicated by the extraordinary interest the F.B.I. took in the trial. Almost every day there were four, five, or six F.B.I. men from different parts of the country sitting in the back of the court-

room observing the trial. Apparently they were planning to use this trial as a model for a number of other prosecutions, for the Federal District Attorney, George Hill, told newsmen later that the case would stand as a precedent in a government attack on obscenity.

Unquestionably, if Judge Fox's ruling is permitted to stand it will be much easier to secure convictions for obscenity in the future than it has been in the last five years.

The defense took the position that the books on trial were written by and for comparatively uneducated people and that in their way they were no worse than or no better than books written for better educated people. They are equally deserving of constitutional protection. That books for people who may never have finished high school are crudely simple in language, theme, story and characterization is beside the point. Such people have their rights, too, and among these rights are, or should be, the right to entertainment of a quality that suits them and the right to instruction of a simplicity that is appropriate to their skills.

The indictment contained eighteen counts for transporting obscene materials across state lines but only eight books in the publishers' Fabian and Saber editions were involved. They were *Never Enough* by Byron Woolfe, *The Black Night* by Betty Short, *I Am A Lesbian* by Lora Sela, *Love Princess* by Orrie Hitt, *Desperate Moments* by Graham Roberts, *Decisive Years* by Marsha Bates, *Witch Finder* by Ralph Brandon, and *Sex Life of a Cop* by Oscar Peck.

All are novels published for the first and probably only time in these cheap paperback editions; most are the first or only novel the writer has published. According to testimony given at the trial by a prosecution witness, all except *The Black Night*, which was written by a secretary at the publishing house, were unsolicited manuscripts mailed in from various parts of the country.

Even the quickest skimming glance shows them to be clumsily written pieces. E.g., from *The Black Night*—"By finding the car meant he hadn't met with an accident, unless he was with somebody he shouldn't have been."

Or a passionate passage from *Never Enough*—"So the wonderfully sweet, delicious moments ticked away to the

### Unlimited Jeopardy

"Previously, the Federal Government brought a similar charge against the same people in California and lost. Therefore, the Government picked Grand Rapids, which is known to be an extremely conservative area."

—Attorney Stanley Fleishman

March 1964

beatings of their hearts, and the moon and stars sprinkled their entwined, rapturous bodies with lovelight, and the tiny waves breaking softly on the beach sang them a song of foreverness."

According to the dealer who handles such books in the Battle Creek-Kalamazoo area they represent about 3% of his stock and are bought mostly by men between the ages of 30 and 50 who are plainly not very well off.

All the books deal with sex, some more vigorously and frequently than others. *The Black Night* has only a few scenes of intercourse, though there is a great deal of talk about life in a house of prostitution; *Decisive Years*, which tells of the growth to sexual maturity of a complete Kinseyan woman, dramatizes a number and variety of sexual acts; *Never Enough* and *Love Princess* portray male and female insatiability; *Witch Finder* exposes the hypocrisy and cruelty of the guardians of small-town morality by concentrating on attitudes toward oral sex acts; *Sex Life of a Cop* reveals the hypocrisy and corruption of a middle-sized city by following the amorous adventures of two policemen in a cruiser on the night shift; *I Am A Lesbian* is an earnest, ineffectual plea for the lesbian's right to lead her own kind of life; and *Desperate Moments* tells of the successful efforts of a female Mickey Spillane to smash a ring of vicious gangsters.

I think that most people who have not done a good deal of reading in contemporary fiction and non-fiction would find these books startling (though to tell the truth I really can't understand how a person who has read anything at all in the last twenty years could be much disturbed by

### Ah, Vindictiveness!

Robert R. Kirsch in the *Los Angeles Times*:

"The book which was held to be obscene was *Sex Life of a Cop*, a satirical and humorous novel written by a former Midwestern police officer. Ironically, while the trial was under way, a number of law-enforcement officers in California were suspended in an incident which paralleled some of the incidents in the book. . . .

"When this volume was first published and distributed . . . notice was taken of the book in a police magazine. The article did not, significantly, make any claim about the book's alleged obscenity. It said in effect that the book held police officers up to ridicule. It went on to say that like a puppy who soiled a rug, the people who brought out the book ought to have their noses rubbed in it."

either *The Black Night* or *I Am A Lesbian*). People who have read such books as *Advertisements for Myself*, *Another Country*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Capricorn*, *The Carpetbaggers*, *Peyton Place*, the Kinsey Reports, and *The Marriage Art*—not to mention *Naked Lunch*, *Fanny Hill*, *My Life and Loves* and *The Cradle of Erotica*—would find them, even in their most erotic passages, dull and commonplace.

But not many people have done such reading and few of them turn up on the ordinary jury. Of the twelve men and women on the jury in Grand Rapids only two read novels. Moreover,

### Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Pencil

Evaluation, by the Detroit judge who banned it, of John Griffin's *The Devil Rides Outside*:

" . . . manifestly tending to the corruption of the morals of youth."

which, at the least, are as valid as those freely expressed by proudly scientific sexologists.

Dr. John Eichenlaub can boast in his marvellously Germanic How-to book, *The Marriage Art*, that "every word in this book has to do with sexual satisfaction in marriage"; novelists ought to have the same freedom that Dr. Eichenlaub has. Any novel, even ones like these in which the characters are thin and wooden, has the great and socially significant merit of showing that sexual actions are performed by complex human beings, while Dr. Eichenlaub and his colleagues have a nasty tendency to reduce us to copu-

Evaluation, by pro-censorship J. J. Kilpatrick's *The Smut Peddlers, of The Devil Rides Outside*:

"It surely ranks among the most moral books of this generation."

Grand Rapids, where the Dutch Reformed Churches are quite powerful, is a notoriously conservative, strait-laced city. Thus, Judge Fox's ruling that the defense could not even so much as name another book made a successful defense practically impossible.

Certainly the ruling made it impossible for Kirsch, Endor, and me to present to the jury any sizable portion of the truth as we saw it about the books on trial. Speaking for myself, I think it is true that these books are a good deal less candid than some novels and sexological discussions that have been explicitly declared not obscene by various courts, and they are no more candid than many books that flourish in our country today. We are living in a society whose standards of acceptable candor are now quite broad. I have, but could not use in court, plenty of exact evidence to prove this.

I also think it is true that these books do for their readers what more complex, more sophisticated books which are not subject to obscenity prosecutions do for their better educated, socially more knowledgeable readers. *Witch Finder*, for example, swipes ideas and techniques from such reputable sources as William Faulkner, John O'Hara, G. Rattray Taylor, and the Kinsey group. *Sex Life of a Cop* is a sort of *Peyton Place* for people who lack the linguistic skill and social background to read the original. Again, I have, but could not use in court, ample evidence to prove this point.

Finally, I think it is true that these books have redeeming social significance even though they have very little artistic merit. They express social criticisms which, at the least, deserve a hearing; and they express sexual ideas

lating machines. Again, I have ample evidence to prove my point but in that court under that ruling I could scarcely touch it.

The prospects for the defense looked bleak to those of us who were testifying under the frustrating rule. I had little hope, Endor had less, and Kirsch was urging Stanley Fleishman, the defense attorney, to recognize the hopelessness of the situation and conserve his energies for the appeal. But Fleishman, who is a fine lawyer and an admirably stubborn fighter, had one tactic to try. In a lull in the proceedings not long before the defense rested he informed the judge, giving him ample time to consider his ruling, that when the prosecution called its expert witnesses in rebuttal he planned to fully exercise the defense's rights to vigorous cross-examination.

Specifically, he planned to question the prosecution's witnesses on other books. He argued that though the judge might limit the direct examination of witnesses appearing as a matter of grace he could not so limit the cross-examination of witnesses for the prosecution. If the prosecution went ahead with its plans to use experts of its own, Fleishman was going to use them to place before the jury the evidence we had so badly wanted to use.

The judge never got a chance to rule on this, for the prosecution decided not to call any expert witnesses. Its failure to offer any rebuttal to our unanimous but unsupported assertion that the books did not go beyond contemporary community standards of candor must have had considerable effect on at least some members of the jury.

The jury's decision surprised everyone and really gratified no one. On seven out of the eight books the jury failed to agree; in this case disagree-

## Academic Sin

by Robert Scheer

Then the police charged the peaceful seated crowds, causing one of the ugliest scenes in South Vietnam's three-month-old Buddhist crisis. With rifle butts, clubs and tommy-gun clips, the cops battered the demonstrators.

Women who had fallen to the pavement in the first police rush were savagely kicked. A young girl had her head split open with a carbine butt, and as blood streamed into her eyes, she was carted away in a police van.

—Time magazine  
July 26, 1963

Now that the "mess" in Vietnam has been neatly wrapped up and put away, it seems ungracious and boring to refer to it again. The sound of the war in Vietnam is once again a vague and distant staccato of small news items about Viet Congs, government helicopters and Strategic Hamlets.

The war is still as brutally inhuman and senseless, and it is still America's war, but it no longer disturbs us.

This is because we are a people passionate about packaging and indifferent to use. We came to object to the Diem regime because his "image" had become tarnished. When the Rev. Quang Duc burned himself he

ment will probably have the effect of acquittal. It did find *Sex Life of a Cop* obscene and therefore the defendants were guilty on five of the eighteen counts.

The prosecutor and the Justice Department must have been severely disappointed, not only because they got such meager results for their efforts but also because the predominantly split decision makes further prosecutions under Judge Fox's ruling dubious.

Defense Attorney Fleishman and we witnesses, though we were prepared for a completely unfavorable decision, were disappointed to have fallen just short of a clean sweep.

It is, of course, the defendants who will really suffer. The verdict against them and the fantastically heavy sentences which accompanied it will almost surely be set aside by the Court of Appeals, but the appeal will cost them quite a few thousand dollars and more anxiety than a man would care to feel.

Also, Judge Fox has already given them a sample of life behind bars: he refused to set any bail at all during the weeks they were awaiting sentencing and had them held, like desperate criminals, under maximum security in Kent County Jail.

All in all, the case was a murky, frustrating affair which produced few clear and no comforting conclusions. Plainly enough, a courtroom is no place to try to settle literary questions, because the rules of procedure there, even when fairly and impartially rendered,



"Regular?"

ered, can not do justice to literary arguments and literary evidence. Nor can an ordinary jury be expected to deal effectively with literary questions, though that jury in Grand Rapids deserves credit for having made a good try. I hope the time will soon come when there will be few if any obscenity cases before the courts. They are always hard to handle, for they put a nastily sharpened pressure on everyone connected with them, perhaps especially on the judge.

To anyone familiar with the history of obscenity prosecutions, or to anyone who heard the indignation quivering in Prosecutor Hill's voice when he

destroyed the usefulness of Diem as a "fighter for freedom against godless Communism."

It was a PR act which could not be topped, and so Diem had to go. Exit Diem and brother Nhu, and we have with us today a trio of crew-cut, popular, non-political generals—and the war.

This all makes a neat package and leaves my original quote, about the Saigon police bashing people's heads in, a bit grisly and in poor taste: like some creep saying that the beautiful lady who used to be the dancing Philip Morris cigarette pack was selling lung cancer.

But she was.

And those Saigon police were not trained, equipped, paid and educated to their civil responsibilities by Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Nhu; they were created by the U.S. Government acting through a bunch of American university professors.

One of the real rewards of university training is the opportunity it provides for travel. Much of the money for this travel is provided by the U.S. Government through such agencies as the I.C.A. (International Cooperation Administration) which have a hand in supervising the American foreign aid programs.

The I.C.A. pays the bills and the University sends a team of professors overseas to add their knowledge to the war on want, or Communism, or those wanting Communism.

It was through an I.C.A. grant of one million dollars per year that Michigan State University hooked into

mentioned the book, it is not surprising that *Sex Life of A Cop* was the one book that the jury could agree was obscene. Others on trial seemed more candid to me, especially *Decisive Years* and *Witch Finder*, but this was the one that most vigorously insulted governmental authorities in general and cops in particular.

Here as in the famous cases involving Dreiser, Joyce, Farrell, Lawrence and Miller, irreverent criticism, not eroticism, seems to be the real crime.

Mr. Hill was quoted, with obvious approval, by Cleveland Amory in his *Saturday Review* column as saying after the trial that "literary people have a duty to get [their] colleagues off the kick that obscenity and free speech are the same thing. They are not, and the Supreme Court has so decided they are not. . . . I hope to convince the people who . . . continue to throw up the smokescreen of censorship to protect these purveyors of filth from the errors of their ways. And I have no intention of waiting for what would seem necessary to convince some of these people—a sexual Lee Oswald case."

I don't know what "a sexual Lee Oswald case" might be. But I do know that for publishing a book that should be laughed at instead of prosecuted, Les Aday and Wally Maxey have been sentenced to a total of 40 years in jail and fined sixty-nine thousand dollars. If that is the contemporary community standard of justice, we are in a very bad way indeed.

Vietnam when Diem first came to power in 1954. The professors at Michigan had met Diem when, as an emigre with no following at home, he had toured the American college/church-group circuit during 1950-53.

The flashier types like Kenya's Tom Mboya and India's Krishna Menon were being grabbed up by the better-known universities—and Michigan State was lucky to get its hands on anybody; even the stiff, grouchy Diem. The handsome return on this contact is a tribute to the American dream that any piece of scrap can be put to productive use.

When the French sued for peace in Vietnam at the 1954 Geneva conference, the country was temporarily divided in half, pending unification through elections. The U.S., in taking the reigns from France, had to find a nationalist type leader to hold the line for them.

Diem was their man, and the "miracle" of South Vietnam (frequently celebrated in feature articles by the Luce complex) was simply that he held the country still long enough for the U.S. to pour in its billions of dollars in aid, weapons, advisers, operators—to buy off the natives, and when that didn't work, to frighten them.

Those first few years were frightening. A Communist takeover seemed imminent because of the scheduled elections. It seemed that most of the people didn't know or care about Diem and the Americans and tended to regard "red boss" Ho Chi Minh as the father of their country.

While the Free Vietnam Government had no intention of participating in an election which it was certain to lose, one could never be sure if the populace and the reds would stand for this. It became imperative to establish a "security apparatus" which could maintain control over the "heavily infiltrated" population.

But official American agencies (C.I.A., M.A.A.G., U.S.O.M.), although there in force, were limited in the openness of their activities by those provisions of the Geneva agreements which ruled out increases in the military power of the two governments of Vietnam. This was made more sticky by the presence of observers of the International Control Commission (India, Canada, Poland) whose reports on violations of the Geneva agreements were picked up by the world's press.

The Michigan State University professors filled the gap. Since they were a non-governmental agency ostensibly interested in education, their actions were not as carefully observed. And this was how the professors of M.S.U. came to train, equip, finance and otherwise create the police apparatus for Diem's police state.

This was clearly indicated in the monthly reports of the M.S.U. "team" in Vietnam on its activities. One of the earliest entries (August 10, 1955) in that series of reports states:

"... the Ambassador (U.S.) has specifically asked that we concentrate almost exclusively on the police and field administrative projects until the elections of next July. . . . It is now felt by the M.S.U. team that in order to be in accord with U.S. policy locally it is necessary to engage almost exclusively in immediate impact programs until after the elections in July, 1956 and that the immediate impact programs in our program are the field administration and the police projects."

The police-training activities of the M.S.U. "team" included the creation of a V.B.I. (Vietnamese Bureau of Investigation) modeled after our own F.B.I. (no underdeveloped country should be without one), the

training of Diem's own Palace Guard to prevent the assassination of this nationalist leader, mass fingerprinting, identification cards and other security checks on the general populace, and the reorganization of the national police force so that it could engage in paramilitary activity of the type noted previously.

Perhaps the most useful activity of the professors was the development of a rural-based militia of 40,000 men which was placed at Diem's disposal. This latter activity, being the clearest violation of the Geneva agreements, was necessarily the most clandestine.

In all this activity the Michigan professors received money and equipment from the U.S. agencies operating in Vietnam and surreptitiously passed them on to the new military forces they had created. The professors, being of a scholarly bent, maintained the above-mentioned monthly report of their activities in Vietnam, and I have culled the following items from that record.

Nov. 8, 1955: "During the month of October we received a notice of Washington's approval of the recommended expanded police program submitted Aug. 29th. We started immediately to implement this program. Conferences were held at U.S.O.M. on October 10th and the Embassy on October 23rd and 24th, trying to coordinate Internal Security operations in Vietnam, in which our government has an interest."

April 17, 1956: "The training of the commando squads of Saigon-Cholon police in riot control formations has continued during the month. . . . A report on 'riots and unlawful assembly' is nearing completion. It will be translated into Vietnamese and submitted to the Municipal Police, and it will cover anticipating and preventing riots, mob psychology, elements of the mob, quelling riots and dispersing unlawful assembly. . . ."

Oct. 3, 1956: ". . . an emergency supply of tear gas has been given to the Saigon-Cholon Police Dept. riot squads as a result of the U.S.O.M.-M.S.U.G. efforts."

Nov. 8, 1956: "A standard fingerprint card was designed and approved for use by the Immigration service. The Government is printing 1,600,000 of them. On Oct. 29th, ten persons started a six to eight-week fingerprint training

#### If At First You Don't Succeed

From the N.Y. Times of September 27, 1961 (sic):  
"Washington (UPI)—Somewhere in South Vietnam there is a considerable supply of Metrecal supplied by American taxpayers. Senator John J. Williams, Republican of Delaware, told the Senate today the U.S. foreign aid program recently had shipped 48,000 cans of the dietary drink to the Communist-threatened nation."

From the N.Y. Times of December 7 (sic), 1963:  
"Saigon, South Vietnam—On clear days patrons lunching in the ninth-floor restaurant of the Caravelle Hotel can watch government planes dropping napalm on guerrillas across the Saigon river."

course at the identification section at Camp des Mares. These trainees will assist with the program of fingerprinting some 700,000 Chinese in the Republic of Vietnam. [The Diem government conducted a continual campaign of harassment against the Chinese minority in Vietnam, seizing their businesses and imputing ties to the Chinese Communists.] In response to a request from the Dept. of the Interior, M.S.U.G. will train up to 150 additional fingerprint specialists. . . ."

May 8, 1957: "Training of the Presidential Security Guard in revolver shooting began during the month. Thirty-four V.B.I. agents completed the revolver course."

### Great Moments in Medicine

Patent #3,114,371 for a jet-propelled suppository was on file this month at the U.S. Patent Office. The fellows there refer to it as the rectal rocket. Following is a verbatim description of the invention, from the Official Gazette:

"A suppository comprising in combination a head having a top and a base, a body attached to the head comprising at least one generally frusto conically shaped element having the top thereof attached to the base of said head and the base of said element being



—Photo by Bob Greger

of smaller dimension than the base of said head, thus forming an angular groove between said head and said body, and a non-toxic gas producing solid material contained within the groove, whereupon insertion of the suppository into the anal passageway effects a reaction between the moisture in said passageway and the gas producing material within said groove to generate a gas, the liberation of which effects reaction force on the base of said head to assist the penetration of the said suppository into the anal passageway."

June 5, 1957: "An on-the-job training program has been started by members of the Security Division, V.B.I. headquarters. The program is designed to teach students by actually conducting security investigations, including character evaluation, collation, and exploitation of counter-subversive information."

Aug. 8, 1957: "A lecture and demonstration in the use of tear gas weapons and masks was conducted at Quang-Trung for the V.B.I., Municipal Police, and Civil Guard. . . M.S.U.G. delivered a quantity of gas guns, projectiles, grenades, and masks to the Civil Guard."

Sept. 11, 1957: "Eight hundred pairs of Peerless handcuffs arrived in Saigon, but distribution is being delayed pending arrival of four hundred additional cuffs."

Dec. 10, 1957: "Meetings were held with various precinct commanders of the Saigon Police Department at which the use of the shotgun was demonstrated."

Feb. 17, 1958: "The training of 125 military and Civil Guard fingerprint technicians at the V.B.I. proceeds satisfactorily. The Palace Guard is being put through another class in revolver training, with 58 men receiving instruction. Forty members of the V.B.I. completed firearm training."

Nor did the Michigan State Group content itself with work in the exotic city of Saigon. Not being "Ugly Americans" these professors brought the word to the countryside. From the report for December, 1957:

"Field trips were made . . . where explanations and demonstrations were given in the use and care of gas, riot

shotguns, handcuffs, and 33-caliber revolvers. Courtesy calls were also made on the V.B.I. officials in the cities."

Above all, the academicians dispatched themselves in an unemotional and scientific manner which befits their profession. In describing the work of the V.B.I. they pointed out (August, 1955) that in addition to performing all of the tasks we associate with the F.B.I., "It will also be responsible for the many other enforcement duties that are particular to this part of the world, such as information and postal control, etc."

Some Americans would tend to be squeamish about teaching those "other enforcement duties" but such cultural provincialism has no place in the Social Sciences.

This then, is the record of activities of a multi-university which shuns the petty moralizing and social criticism of cranks like the late C. Wright Mills, and whose professors are out there in the real world with what Arthur Schlesinger Jr. calls "the movers and the shakers." This is a new day for the university, and it requires new men who can get out in the field. As the monthly report on Feb. 17, 1958 stated:

"During his stay with M.S.U.G., Dr. Glen Taggart, Dean of International Programs at M.S.U., was briefed on Police Division activities by the Division Chief and Section Heads and inspected Municipal Police, V.B.I., and Civil Guard headquarters."

And was there some eager beaver Assistant Professor running around yelling, "Hey, Joe, get a hold of some bonzes and we'll put the boys through their paces for the Dean"?

### John Francis Putnam's

### Realist Aphorisms

¶ Sincerity is often the measure of your adaptability to adjust to the opinions of those who can fire you.

¶ A man may be completely truthful about the number of times he has had sex, but never about his endurance.

¶ The difference between anti-Catholicism and anticlericalism is that when you admit to the latter, you can get away with saying things to a Catholic that otherwise he would kill you for.

¶ The first gift of maturity is the ability to look a child straight in the eye.

¶ All of those great "What-I-should-have-said" that come to you hours after the occasion are often effective only because you are alone to hear them.

¶ The only narcissism a woman can forgive in a man is the pride he takes in an enormous and perpetual erection.

¶ Righteous indignation is bravery in a closet.

¶ The intensity of anxiety when you tell a lie is nothing compared to the relief when you find out that it is believed.

¶ The executive is considerate only of the feelings of those in the same income bracket.

¶ The success of a relationship between a man and a woman ultimately depends on whether or not she helps him to insert himself.

¶ Only in America can humanitarianism be suspect to the patriot.

¶ Those who are bored with your tale of persecution are only too happy to listen to your plans for revenge.

¶ A girl will forgive your eagerness to get her into your apartment, but never your eagerness to get her out.

## Fuzzy Wuzzy Wuz a Fuzz

by Jules Feiffer

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. . . .

One of the more interesting by-products of this Hub theory is its attitude toward the Law. The Hub invariably feels that any laws somehow interfere with his particular hangup . . . are ridiculous and oppressive insanities and cannot be tolerated in a free society. . . . Yet he is constantly screaming for more laws for other people. . . .

He hates the fuzz by definition and yet wants a strong Civil Rights law. He cannot tell you who will nforce this law, since he wants the fuzz abolished, but by God he believes in Law! Fascinating problem.

—Jean Shepherd  
The Realist  
February, 1964

Q. Mr. Hub, how can you favor the passage of a law whose implementation would be the job of forces you distrust and oppose?

A. I'm sorry, I don't understand.

Q. Well, you're for a Civil Rights law, am I right?

A. Right.

Q. But you don't trust the fuzz—

A. The what?

Q. The fuzz—the police, the agencies of law enforcement—right?

A. Oh, I see. Yes. That's right.

Q. As a matter of fact, you don't trust anyone in a position of authority, is that right?

A. Power corrupts. That's right.

Q. Well, then if you distrust authority and yet want a Civil Rights law, who will you trust to carry out its provisions?

A. Are you telling me I've got to be either for authority or against a Civil Rights law?

Q. You can't be for both and still be consistent, now can you?

A. Yes, you know what they say about consistency—

Q. That it's the last refuge of scoundrels?

A. No, I think that's something else—

Q. Yes. In any event—

A. Say, are you telling me that if I want reforms in the power structure, I've got to be in favor of the power structure?

Q. Precisely!

A. But isn't that inconsistent?

Q. Only if you distrust authority. If you trust authority it's quite consistent.

A. You mean if I trust authority it's not contradictory to expect it to reform itself?

Q. Naturally. Otherwise what reason would there be to trust it?

A. All right. So I make myself trust authority. What happens if it still doesn't reform itself?

Q. You mean that by committing the single act of placing your trust in authority you expect authority to reform itself?

A. Well, sure. I mean, if not, why bother?

Q. What you're saying is pure narcissism! You're

demanding of the world that it act simply because you ask it to!

A. I'm thinking only of myself, is that it?

Q. I'm not your judge, Mr. Hub, but it sure looks like it from here.

A. Well, I don't want to be unfair. . . .

Q. No.

A. Well, what's left for me to do?

Q. Recognize the enormity of the problem.

A. What problem?

Q. All problems. Recognize the enormity, the complexity of all problems facing authority.

A. Well, certainly. That's a fair request. . . .

Q. Recognize that authority is better read, better informed and better in a position to judge many of these issues than you may be.

A. Well, I don't know—I read many journals of opinion—the *New Republic*, the. . . .

Q. Recognize that however it may seem to us at times, authority has made great strides in the last hundred years.

A. You're suggesting I take a *gradualist* position on authority?

Q. I'm suggesting that you trust authority even when you think it is wrong because if it is wrong who is there to right that wrong but authority?

A. You mean I must trust authority to make first class citizens out of the people of whom it has made second class citizens?

Q. Exactly.

A. And I must trust the fuzz—pardon me, was that the word?

Q. Yes, fuzz.

A. I must trust the fuzz to right those wrongs committed by other fuzz?

Q. Consistency would have it so.

A. And once I have done all this then I can be for a Civil Rights law?

Q. If you trust authority it follows that you can be for any legislation authority carries out.

A. But what if, after I place my trust in it, authority fails to carry out the legislation which I favor?

Q. Who'll be the judge?

A. Why—me, I guess.

Q. Narcissism again, Mr. Hub. With all the pressures and counter-pressures on authority, who is better qualified to gauge its degree of success or failure but authority itself?

A. Isn't that narcissistic? Certainly sounds it to me!

Q. You're retreating to glibism, Mr. Hub. Authority is authority. Its role is to judge.

A. And my role?

Q. You demand a role, do you, Mr. Hub?

A. I get it. *Narcissism*, am I right?

Q. You're the one who said it, Mr. Hub.

A. Then my role is not to have a role. . . .

Q. That may be going a bit far, Mr. Hub.

A. All my marching, all my picketing, all of it—inconsistent!

Q. Well—

A. What's left for me? No, that's self pity—another form of narcissism.

Q. Very good, Mr. Hub.

A. I'm lost.

Q. Now, now.

A. The thing is to trust, right? To trust.

(Continued on Page 31)

## Radio Free America

by Jean Shepherd

All set for a small religious ceremony of our time? I'm putting this ad into my vast file on Trivia. This is a two-page spread from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, which has supplanted *Captain Billy's Whiz-Bang* in my mind as one of the true comic papers of our age. Are you all ready for one of the more significant notes of our time?



### Here Comes Tomorrow

Here they come—the biggest generation in history; also the best-educated, the healthiest, the wealthiest. At Scott (Paper Company) we think the arrival of this generation will mark the beginning of a wonderful era of change, growth and progress. . . .

To us the American Woman is the Goddess of the Market Place, the girls we study to please. . . .

So—let all of them come; the thousand, thousand girls, tomorrow's Goddesses, the mothers of generations (of Goddesses) beyond. Each running girl is moving hopefully toward adulthood with all of its promise of fulfillment; each of our children stands for wedding cakes and laughter, gifts and flowers and music—and better living. We (at Scott Bathroom Tissue) will try to be ready for them. . . .

Girl Worship in America is rising to a giant crescendo of hysteria. At the rate this particular brand of nuttiness is growing, by the year 2000 men will have almost completely atrophied. By that time men will have assumed the status of white mice—fluffy little pets with pink eyes and fluffy coats. In fact, already it is possible to see great herds of them on the East Side and on Greenwich Avenue, friendly little people with pink coats and white eyes, or white coats and pink eyes; fluffy sweaters and fluffy minds.

Well, it's easy to put them down, but they are the vanguard of the future male. After all, when you're living among a growing generation of Goddesses it's really pretty hard to be anything. I mean, what are you going to be? In the future it is quite obvious that men will rarely be mentioned, if at all. Did you notice that in that whole ad Scott never once even suggested their existence? And these guys are selling john paper!

Well, they're right. We are growing Goddesses in our time, and Scott—a forward-looking, future-planning, hard-hitting manufacturer of an essential product—knows which way the needle points.

It is important to note something that Scott implies but does not spell out. Goddesses are strictly under 25. Any female over that age is strictly a Character Woman and has to play it big for laughs. In fact, it is difficult for a movie-goer or a *Playboy* reader to conceive of the grotesque idea that a woman over 19 is capable of sex. And at the same time the Anthony Perkins Syndrome is today so strong that any man cursed with the necessary glands must be cast as a Heavy or a Buffoon, especially if he is over 21. *David and Lisa* is only the beginning.

So naturally, in the face of this new concept of the godhead Youth—and in particular, female Youth—the rest of the population has made great adjustments. Almost all adults who are below the age of 45 today are going through a tremendous inversion of Adulthood in emulation of their gods. They are doing the things today, frantically, *maniacally*, that they would like to have done as kids or maybe *did* do as kids. I know a guy of 45 who has an entire refrigerator full of Yoo-Hoo. Wine is for grownups. He lives entirely on Ovaltine and Yoo-Hoo and once in a while an Eskimo Pie. That is, when he's having a formal dinner. He wears woolly stocking caps; high-top shoes with pockets sewed to the sides for his Scout knife.

At parties, in true pimply-faced adolescent style, he shouts "Shit!" loudly at crucial moments. He has been known to scrawl other words flamboyantly on subway walls. His attitude toward women is strictly that of an 18-year-old New Jersey high school Senior. In short, he is an ass-grabber. He is more like an 18-year-old Greasy Kid Stuff addict than any hip 18-year-old could ever conceivably be. His greatest kick is to look at what he calls "dirty pictures." An evening with him is more like a Recess period, with folksongs.

The female counterpart of this specimen is far too obvious and numerous to even discuss here.

And the kids have gone in the opposite direction, as the true Gods and Goddesses that they are. The little squirts of 12 are living like their old man *should* be living. They are reading *The Wall Street Journal*. I get more clippings from 12-year-old kids from *The Wall Street Journal*, and the 48-year-old guys send me items from *Mad*. You can tell which way it's going.

The kids, meanwhile, of course, are eating oysters—strating on the Social Protest scene; and the old man, including my Yoo-Hoo addict—they spend their waking hours watching cowboys on TV. Everywhere you go Flexible Flyers are being purchased by adults and they are going out bellywhopping. I know one kid, age 14, who gave his old man a BB-gun for Christmas. Daddy gave him a Martini shaker.

It's literally true. The world is becoming so complicated for so many Adult-type people that they want to run away into Childhood. They want to be Gods and Goddesses *themselves*, even if their knees hurt and their eyes water trying to make the scene. Any day now there will be an Adult hat style—a leatherette helmet by Adam Hats, with those little old plastic goggles sticking up there on top. Sheepskin lined. Guys will be wearing them down to the office.

In fact, there is a part of that Going Back Into Kidsville Syndrome happening right now. Peanut butter is a big thing now. Tootsie Rolls and Mary Janes have never been so popular. There is a store in the Village that sells nothing but totally indigestible penny candy to grownup types who come from miles around

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to carry it out in big sacks.

The kids, meanwhile, of course are eating oysters-on-the-half-shell, once in a while a little Champagne, and smoked eel occasionally. They are eating Grownup food. The adults are trying frantically to imitate the kids of today. At least they *think* they are. Whereas, as a matter of fact, the 15-year-olds are holed up in a closet somewhere with a couple of joints and a 14-year-old chick. Kids, in the true sense of the word, no longer really exist.

This is a natural consequence of Child Worship. We worship Youth and Children so much—and we have tried, throughout history, to emulate and imitate our gods. There's no question about it. Man has always tried to pattern his entire life after whatever God is up at the time, whatever one is occupying the top of the current totem pole.

Today, most families—even though they may maintain the outward signs and rituals of older, more formal religions—have embraced as their *real* religion Youth. And since a kid is already automatically, truly, authentically youthful he becomes a sort of surrogate, the object of religion; the icon. He becomes the go-between between the worshipper and the true God, which is Youth. The child has become, in effect, a Godhead.

As in most pantheistic religious systems there is a ranking of gods. A girl god ranks higher than a male god in the new religion, which would be natural in America since we have always had a matriarchal attitude. I don't know whether you can call a 9-year-old chick a matriarch, but I suppose philosophically you can. Scott Toilet Paper is kneeling at the altar. Our God is not a god at all, but a goddess. No wonder many pale young men emulate women. They are merely showing in the most sincere form their piety in the new faith.

What are the things that a God has in a society? For one thing, since time immemorial, a God is always beyond the law. In fact, a God *makes* law. More laws in this country are made by women than we would ever dare to admit—in the *true* sense of law-making, in the courts where guilt and innocence are decided. In many states it is almost impossible to even *indict* a woman for murder. I don't have to mention Divorce Courts.

A God is always above and beyond the laws he makes. This is true God status. So you'll find a movie star, girl-type of course, writing in a Lady Magazine about "True Love" and "How To Make A Marriage Work" and "How To Be A Magnificent Woman." Like herself, of course. And yet everyone knows she's been married 37 times. Legally. The other times—well, those were just . . . you know how it is, you go out in the rain and you try a few rounds and it just doesn't work out.

This never seems to be a contradiction to the people who read her, because she is simply beyond the laws which she lays down. A true Goddess always is. In Greek mythology the gods and goddesses really did swing. Anyone who was a worshipper at the temple of these gods expected his god or goddess to do just that, because after all what fun is it being a god if you couldn't? I mean, there's no point in being a god if you don't have any kind of privileges.

Many sociologists feel that the Worship of Youth is probably the most important single development of this century. It would never have occurred to a guy 150 years ago to go ape over kids. But I know many men

who have devoted their entire lives to their children. They have prostrated themselves before their offspring. A man can do no more for his god.

One hundred fifty years ago many a man would do this for the Church. He would humble himself before the cathedral and half of his income or more might go into the Church. He would devote all of his waking and working hours involved in it.

This is exactly what guys are doing today for the new gods and goddesses, those little louts in the front bedroom. Of course they'll say to you: "Well, I want my kids to have everything that I didn't have."

I wonder. I don't think they're worrying about the kid at all. I believe they're trying in some desperate way to get the kid—God—to love them, which is a selfish thing, just as a guy 150 years ago was frantic to get whatever god *he* worshipped to love him. Why? It's always been the same: We want God to take it easy on us when The Time comes.

Many a parent is frantically trying to buy the love of that pimply-faced god or goddess with the whiny voice. The old man knows that just like the god of yesteryear, the one that demanded the tithes and the wreaths and candles and all the rest, that this one works in mysterious ways. And his wrath is terrible. And incomprehensible. And his vengeance is swift.

As in the past, these new gods and goddesses fully recognize their Olympian status. They establish the laws and hurl the lightning bolts. There is hardly a youth today who does not feel fully qualified to totally condemn his old man on any grounds he chooses. Being a kid is qualification enough. Conversely, in true Zeus fashion, he knows that his "hard morality" by which he condemns his elders for their deceitfulness, their hypocrisy, their low moral standards, *in no way* applies to him. He often grows up to be a Hip Comic.

The old man is hoping that when The Day comes, God will smile; and the old man quails, fearing The Day. What is The Day? As always—The Day Of Reckoning. What is The Day of the parent who is paying abject obeisance to the little toadlike God in the front bedroom? That shimmering, fraught moment when the kid suddenly looks up from his spaghetti and says: "Uh . . . hey."

And everyone looks up, expectant and fearful. "Look, I'm cuttin' out."

This is The Day every parent dreads. They hope that when the kid splits, he will do so trailing love for them behind him. That's exactly what they're hoping, because the moment God leaves them they die. This is one definition of Death. When the kid cuts out to make the scene on Bleeker Street, the family, because it has lost its God or Goddess, is, in certain religious and philosophical concepts, Dead. They want to be cast into Heaven, which is to say get a phone call from the kid once in a while:

"Hey, Ma! Yeah, yeah, it's okay . . . don't worry, Ma . . . what do you mean, Ma, I only got busted twice last year—what are you talking about, it didn't cost the old man more'n fifty bucks! . . . Yah . . . Yeah, yeah, all right . . . all right, Ma, yeah, yeah. . . . *What* chick? Aw, *that* chick, for cryin' out loud, she's been out of here for a *month!* There's a new one . . . Barbie . . . yeah, yeah. . . . Yeah, I'll bring her over sometime, yeah, yeah, yeah. . . . Okay, Ma, *yeah*, I'll be careful! Look, Ma, she knows *all* about it, this chick knows . . . yeah, yeah. . . . Okay, Ma, yeah. . . . *Hey, look, willya*

get off my back!!! Yeah, yeah, yeah . . . I'll call, yeah, yeah—Hey, Barbie, she wants to say hello. . . . Look, she can't come to the phone now, Ma. Yeah. Uh . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . okay. Okay! Look, Ma, Ma, the check is five days late. Now look, Ma, don't call me unreasonable—I coulda called the day before yesterday about this, you know . . . yeah. All right, Ma, I'll call next week. Say hello to Pa . . . yeah, yeah. . . . Bye! (click!) Whew, oh boy, what a pain. . . .”

Yes, many define Heaven today as a phone call from the kid. It's a great thing. Even better, a letter every six months. A letter is almost a Visitation as in the old days. A Vision; a Sign. The Sign is to get that phone call. And it is especially significant if it *isn't* on a holiday. Holidays don't count. Not very much, anyway. It's only a half-pointer for Thanksgiving, a quarter-pointer if it's on Christmas, and if the kid calls on his birthday—nothing. He's looking for another hand-out.



When The Day arrives and the kid announces he's about to cut out, to get married or something, the parents are *offended* if they are not allowed to completely finance the marriage. In other words, the kid and his wife are totally paid for by the mother and father. So they can continue to pay, you see, because most people do not believe in a religion that does not exact a toll. And as long as a toll is being exacted it means somehow you've got a direct connection with God.

This is one of the reasons that many of the very poverty-stricken nations are tremendously religious, because they feel that there is a toll being exacted of them and so they have a very close relationship with their God. But as a nation grows more and more affluent and the tolls get easier to afford there is a sense of growing further and further away from whatever god might be worshipped at the time. In the family, with the God right there in the hall bedroom and yelling every 20 minutes for more dough, they feel very close to their God.

One of the hardest things about gods is to get them to love you. This is a battle that has been part of religion forever. If you could get the Goddess of Fire or the God of the Forest to get off your back thirty million years ago, you had it made. If you could get the God of the Storm to quit hitting you with lightning, somehow you'd made it. And the most successful way to do

this was through human sacrifice.

Today the human sacrifice is the old man. And the mother is more or less the Priestess. She is the go-between. The Priestess sacrifices the old man before the little squirt god of the hall bedroom. She does it in many ways, such as: "Now look, are you gonna give him trouble? Now look, Charles, things are different than when you and I were kids. *Fork it over!* Oh, by the way, about the car tonight, Charles. You're just going to have to take a cab, because little Carl . . . yes, that's right. I'm sorry."

And so the human sacrifice is stretched out on the stone altar in Stonehenge, Long Island, with a spear piercing his heart, his ears cut off, and the blood draining down into the sacrificial trough. From which the Toad is about to drink deeply, make the sign, put the wreath on his head, and go out and get into the Pontiac Tempest—well named. And he goes bombshelling off down US 4, as all true gods and goddesses do, riding a thunderbolt. Or is it a Thunderbird?

Now of course, these are very fickle gods. Gods have always been. And the more fickle a god is, the more you attempt to assuage his anger, the more you stick with him. Nobody wants a calm, benign god because you get along with him too easily. You want a god who once in a while belts you with a lightning bolt. And so, every three or four weeks, when the kid is brought home by six cops—screaming and yelling and kicking—with the smell of marijuana around him and trailing the odor of the poolroom behind him, that is a lightning bolt. Once again we must assuage the God, and in many homes the wilder and the stinkier the kid is, the greater the Gifts-Love Offerings. So it is always with gods. The more lightning strikes the primitive man the more guys he sacrifices. Invariably. The more thunderous the forest fires that roar throughout his homeland the more sheaves of grain he will lay out, the more rabbits he will kill, the taller the cathedrals he will build, all to assuage the fantastic wrath of this thunderous god.

There have been God knows (excuse the expression) how many articles within the past six months called: "How To Understand The Teenager—Do You Understand That Lout Who Keeps Throwing Stuff Through Your Window?" In every last one, the guilt always comes back to the parent. Which is always the case with true religions. Always. Any time the thunderbolts come down and destroy everybody it's because the *people* were rotten; it is just because somehow they were evil. And you'll notice that almost every sociological tract that is written on Children today always says that it is the parents' fault when the kid burns the garage down. Invariably.

Well, it's always been this way with religions. The priests have always said to you—whenever 17 guys get hit by the tidal wave—"It is because we have sinned! It is because we have been rotten in our souls! We have not had enough faith!"

And so you'll find the sociological worker, the plodder in the wheatfields, the man out there flaying in the vineyards of the new religion, when he appears on The Barry Farber Show, will say: "Well, we must realize that all the parents are at fault. You can't say anything about the kids; it's not the kids. It's the old man, it's the parents."

Yes, look into your souls! Where have you sinned! Where have you sinned? Why did he burn down the garage? You have sinned!

## Celebrities and the Single Girl

by John Wilcock

The art of celebrity-fucking is undoubtedly as old as civilization itself. An early example is Cleopatra, who reputedly managed to have herself delivered naked to the great Caesar in a rolled-up rug.

Royalty has always been the supreme peak of the celebrity-fucker's ambitions, and in a more restricted age may have been the only meaningful target. But with the growth of the communications industry, and in particular its pimp—publicity—celebrities appeared in every walk of life.

Movie stars and TV actors are the royalty of the masses today, but each segment of society throws up its own heroes. Many a Daughter of the American Revolution might be happy to undo her girdle for Goldwater; and what scientifically minded dame wouldn't deign to don a diaphragm for a Dupont?

The premise is simple. Once a girl has reached that happily unhung-up state when balling isn't necessarily a means to an end (i.e., marriage) but a distinct pleasure in itself, she often decides to abandon the hit and miss methods of acquiring her mates from parties (or, worse still, blind dates) and go instead for guys who have proven themselves in at least one direction. Grandma, you may remember, proffered similar advice: "It's just as easy to fall in love with a rich man as a poor one."

Money, of course, is one of the celebrity-fucker's motivations, but only incidentally—except for those who concentrate on tycoons. "The businessman," says my informant Miss M., "is turned on by real sexuality because he has no time for anything but the real thing. He is a great lay, entertains beautifully, is generally married and will spoil you, help you in your career, or introduce you at parties because he is so guilty."

"Time is money to this guy and, surprisingly, he can be a great companion, worthy lover, valuable aid in meeting the next celebrity, and booster to your ambitions. Tycoons really count in their area as great doers, and are very masculine. They are persevering, too. Despite the fact that they are celebrities, they don't tire as fast in pursuit because they like to succeed. They need less catering to."

"Actors are always wrapped up in themselves," observes Miss G., "but for the novice celebrity-fucker who needs experience, they're okay. Other than that, they are the cheapest, dullest and least sexy—narcissistic and lousy lays. Lawyers are also pretty dull. You hear about the great cases or how the D.A. and their celebrity clients worship

them, but generally they have small minds, and the two really famous and great lawyers I made it with both had to stay lushed all the time. Despite their success, they are a driven lot."

Miss R., an art student, specializes in artists. She happened to be sitting in the Cedar Bar one night when a famous artist walked in. "He came straight over to the table where I was sitting and everybody made a big fuss over him, asking how he was, if he'd have a drink, and so on. I didn't do anything to pursue him, and that seemed to turn him on."

Through this painter, Miss R. met many of the major names in contemporary art. "Artists have in common a great individuality, and know and talk about almost everything," she says. "They like young chicks and they don't grow old themselves."

Miss D. is also a specialist—she prefers musicians—and, like Miss R., she discovered her potential more by accident than by design. Twelve years ago, as a cute 16-year-old, she was introduced to a well-known matinee idol as she sat sipping her first martini in Sardi's. Although she didn't make it with him (too young) she did charm him.

"I realized then what's occurred to me many times since," she says—"all a bright, pretty girl has to do is just be around. I was a young chick just out of the Bronx at the time, and it wasn't long before I was hanging around the jazz spots and coming on like I knew everything. I always dug jazz, and I soon learned that coolness is the most important attribute in the jazz scene. Suppose some big name starts to put you on a little. You've got to let him know that you know he's putting you on without actually saying so; using hip jargon isn't enough."

It's necessary to know what your chosen celebrity does, and to appreciate it, but important not to be gushing about it. The true celebrity-fucker knows that she's going to meet the celebrity's celebrity friends, too, so she'll remember to be always cool, always equal. Autograph-collecting is for children.

"Writers are the easiest celebrities to make," says Miss J. "They're a very horny group of people, and a large percentage of them are married and only get out to P. J. Clarke's occasionally where they're pitifully easy to turn on." Meeting your celebrity in a bar, however, has its pitfalls. In general, an experienced celebrity-fucker regards a bar as the lowest starting point because "A celebrity you pick up in a bar will usually regard you as nothing more than a quick lay. Usually he'll

take you home—to your home—and leave you there alone. And, incidentally, one thing that celebrities have in common is that they have even less tolerance than most guys if they don't make it with you on the first date."

So, if bar-hopping is bad tactics, where ideally does one meet celebrities? Private parties seem to be the answer. Any celebrity-fucker's most valuable asset is what Miss J. classified as "the knowing schmuck" who gets around a lot and is invited to all the parties that celebrities are at. (Definition of a schmuck: Somebody who never gets laid because he always thinks she'll make it with him tomorrow, and who likes to be seen with girls anyway because people will think he's being laid. Most of us are part-schmucks.)

Miss S.—who specializes in writers—does most of her hunting at parties. "The first rule," she says, "is to be attractive and look at them very hard. I wait until I'm introduced or else ask somebody to introduce me. Then I flatter them—but it has to be real flattery, intelligent flattery. Everybody thinks you should play it cool because they're used to people fainting at the very sight of them, but in my experience they never get enough of people fainting at the sight of them. Their egos are very fragile, and they need flattery like a fish needs water."

Once she's at the party where there's a celebrity she wants to meet, the smart celebrity-fucker will quickly realize that the one commodity she must project is warmth. If the celebrity has his choice of any number of chicks in the room, he's going to pick the one who he thinks will give him the least trouble.

At first he may go for the most attractive one but if that's a turn-off (overly pretty girls often undermine their chances with celebrities by playing their usual hard-to-get role), he'll head for the one who offers him an unmistakable warmth and understanding. True coolness without emotion may work with the jazz crowd, but it's not what most celebrities want.

In fact, one very important obvious thing to remember is that celebrities are people. They don't regard themselves as celebrities so much as artists or creators, and—despite their proven ability in their particular line—many have the same dumb prejudices, fears and hang-ups as ordinary mortals. Sometimes more so. Concludes Miss G.:

"An absolute rule with all celebrities and their friends is that you are utterly discreet. If you can speak naturally, fine. But no bragging and hinting to other people about your relationships. While it's true that their supreme egos need constant attention and flattery, it should be communicated more directly. Celebrities—just like you—don't want to feel used."

## Mahatma, the Junkie

by Paul Jacobs, Hs.G.

For a long time before I knew the truth, it seemed to me that only pot or maybe hashish could explain Mahatma Gandhi's behavior. I mean there he was, walking around in a big diaper, sitting on the cold ground, working a spinning wheel, not eating and never getting laid. He had to be on something.

For years I went around asking my pacifist friends if they knew whether or not Gandhi was carrying a monkey on his back. The only thing I ever learned was that a lot of Indians don't have a sense of humor and that many American pacifists were really pretty damned violent down underneath those calm exteriors.

In fact, one day a good-looking lady pacifist, whom I was trying very hard to make, shoved me right out of her car in the middle of 57th St., just as soon as I opened up my mouth about Mohandji maybe being some kind of a junkie.

But now I have been vindicated by a nice, serious book about medicine by a nice, serious British science writer named Ritchie Calder. The book, a paperback, is titled *Medicine and Man*, and Calder is obviously a very hoo-ha-type writer, on the staff of the *New Statesman*, a UNESCO delegate and even Chairman of the British Association of Science Writers. And in Calder's discussion of Hindu medicine is the truth about Gandhi:

Even more significant today is the Hindu drug "rauwolfia," from the leaves of a plant of the Himalayan foothills. Age old in its use, it was a "tranquillizer"; it quieted what we would call "nerves." Whenever Mahatma Gandhi was under the stress of the modern world, rauwolfia would restore his philosophic detachment. Modern medical science, having extracted the active principle, now applies it in hypertension, high blood pressure and as a treatment for mental cases.

So now we know—why Gandhi was such a good pacifist, why he could walk around without clothes, and why he never even *wanted* to get laid. He was cool, way, way up on a mountain by himself—and who needs clothes or a chick when you're way up on that mountain?

I can see it now—Gandhi, chewing on a cud of rauwolfia, is standing up in front of the British soldiers, as they march towards him with fixed bayonets. Next to him is Nehru, wearing his white hot-dog salesman's hat. Nehru says to Gandhi, "Hey, Bepu, them soldiers got shivs on the end of their guns—let's split, man!"

Gandhi looks up at the soldiers with a far-off glaze in his eyes. "Who you talking about," he says to Nehru. "You talking about those guys all the way down the road? Take it easy, man, they're a million miles from here, and they're moving so slow we can be a million miles from them in like one second. What you need is a good chaw of rauwolfia. Didn't you bring a fix with you? Didn't I tell you like maybe a million times never to come out on these satyagrahas without your rauwolfia? How do you think I keep my philosophic detachment under the stress of the modern world? With Chiclets?"

So it's obvious that what's needed in the American pacifist movement is a connection, preferably a wholesaler who can keep everybody supplied with rauwolfia. Then, following the model of the master will be easy. There'll be no need to go limp; they'll be limp. There'll

be no arguments about whether celibacy is required of all participants in a peace march; nobody will be able to get it up *anyway*.

Most important, too, there'll be no tensions, no little nagging jealousies about who can sit down quicker, fast longer or get clobbered harder. Everybody will be at peace with each other, and the best part is that there'll be no worry about the cops. With rauwolfia there's no smoke, smell or needle marks.

In case of a raid, you just swallow the evidence . . . and restore your philosophic detachment to boot.

## co-existing

by Saul Heller

### How We Know Oswald Killed Kennedy

We know Oswald killed President Kennedy because Oswald was seen with a gun in his hand at a window of the bookstore building. A number of witnesses saw him (original statement of Dallas District Attorney Wade). Well, one witness anyway (subsequent official statement). The identification made by the witness would stand up in any court—any Dallas court: "I can't identify him, but if I see a man who looks like him, I'll point him out."

Besides, Oswald's palm print appeared on the murder weapon, according to District Attorney Wade. The F.B.I. stated that no readable palm print had been found on the rifle, but this is a minor inconsistency.

Another damning bit of evidence against Oswald was a paraffin test indicating that Oswald had fired a gun some time before the test. Percy Foreman, prominent Texas defense attorney, says that there isn't a competent person in America who will give any credence to the paraffin test, but this is beside the point. Subsequent tests revealed no traces of gunpowder on Oswald's face, just about eliminating the possibility that the weapon Oswald had presumably fired was a rifle. The evidence against Oswald was flexible enough, it seems, to prove him innocent as well as guilty.

We know Oswald's gun was the murder weapon because District Attorney Wade identified it as a German Mauser that Oswald had bought from a mail-order house. Wade, no stranger to guns, named the rifle after he and his associates had studied it carefully. The next day an F.B.I. report came through that the weapon Oswald had purchased was an Italian carbine. For a while it looked as though the Italian carbine Oswald bought was the German Mauser Oswald used to kill Kennedy. Matters were cleared up, however, when Wade changed his identification to agree with the F.B.I.'s.

Wade changed his stories quite a few times, but his credibility remained unimpeached. Each new story was considered perfectly true, until it was replaced by a still truer story.

Another link between Oswald and the Kennedy assassination, definitely establishing Oswald as the assassin type, was leaked by the Secret Service and the F.B.I. through one of the many holes reserved for such purposes. This was the report, attributed to Marina Oswald, that her husband had attempted to shoot Gen. Walker with the same rifle he had used to kill Kennedy. Mrs. Oswald's own statement, that she never knew her husband had owned a rifle, was obviously not as

credible as the statement attributed to her, accounting for the burial of the story by the *New York Times* in the 14th paragraph of an article on page 63.

Oswald was a killer, we know, because he shot and killed police officer Tippit. There was no witness to the shooting, according to press reports, unless you credit other reports that there was. Tippit was first officially reported shot in a movie theatre, then on a street, and later, on another street. His death is hardly to be wondered at, considering how many different places he was shot in.

The general drift is clear. We know Oswald killed Kennedy by intuitive processes superior to reason, logic and common sense. We know he killed him because the political facts of life make it necessary to know it. The nightmarish possibilities that would have to be explored if it were demonstrated that Oswald did *not* kill President Kennedy can't bear thinking about for an instant.

This explains why no serious consideration is being given to the plausible hypothesis that Kennedy's assassin fired at him from in front of his car. The report of several Parkland Memorial Hospital doctors, *identified by name*—Dr. Robert McClelland, for instance—later contradicted by "sources close to the autopsy" *who refused to be identified*—was that the bullet that first struck Kennedy entered at his throat. Taking this in conjunction with the fact (indicated by the photos in *Life*) that the Kennedy car was moving *away* from the bookstore building at the time the shots were fired, then the conclusion is natural that the bullet came from *in front* of the President's car. The hypothesis is given considerable weight by the statement of *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* reporter Richard Dudman that he saw a bullet hole in the window shield of the President's car just after the shooting.

Very little if any space has been given to discussing the hypothesis by our important newspapers. Plenty of room has been available for contradictory stories and fabrications "documenting" Oswald's guilt. Space becomes very tight, however, and editorial standards soar to lofty heights, when speculations pointing to his innocence are up for consideration.

Patriotism, to say nothing of self-preservation, seems to demand that we accept Oswald's guilt, regardless of whether or not he was really guilty. It may not be long before people who refuse to do so will be told to go back to Russia.

### Civil Rights for Bookies

Among the less favored sons of Uncle Sam, when income tax time rolls around, are our bookmakers. Wall Street speculators can and do take all sorts of deductions, but bookmakers can't even deduct wages paid to employees—a United States Tax Court ruling prevents them from doing so. They are, of course, required to pay taxes on their illegal earnings.

Now, this is obviously unfair. Bookies appreciate the liberality of a government that permits illegal bookmaking to go on under its nose, and asks only for a cut of the take. It isn't reasonable, however, for the government to consider bookmaking a business when it comes to paying taxes, and a racket when it comes to figuring deductions.

Perhaps this too shall pass, and an enlightened government, fully appreciative of the benefits of being an accessory to crime, rather than its unsuccessful opponent, will adopt a more just policy. We may even see the day when a racketeer itemizes legitimate deductions

in some such manner as follows:

\$1,000 . . . graft payment to City Hall  
\$15 . . . depreciation on three sets of brass knuckles  
\$2,750 . . . taking care of squealer

It's possible, of course, that Uncle Sam, even with his new-found generosity, may balk at the last item, and the District Director of Internal Revenue will send back an indignant query:

"\$2,750 for taking care of a squealer? That's preposterous. Willie the Horse took care of *two* squealers for \$1,800, according to *his* 1040. Are you trying to give us a snow job?"

This will, however, be a reasonable squawk. The government's current policy is not only unreasonable, it encourages criminals to evade payment of income taxes, and this loss in revenue prevents taxes from being lowered to the point where fewer people are driven to become criminals and evade taxes.

If crime doesn't pay, Uncle Sam has only himself to blame.

### Fishing in Troubled Waters

Extension of our claims to territorial waters as far as 180 miles out to sea is being contemplated, to keep Russian fishing trawlers away.

Some ticklish angles are being overlooked. We are not permitting Red China to claim exclusive rights to waters several miles off her shores, yet we may soon be claiming sovereignty over waters many times as distant from our own. How are we going to defend such inconsistency?

Divine right is one possible justification that might be looked into. Kings used it successfully many years ago, and we seem to have many regal attributes.

Or we could say we don't recognize Communist China, and therefore don't recognize her sovereignty over her offshore waters. But Communist China might retort that she doesn't recognize the United States, and claim the right to patrol *our* coasts in consequence. This would leave us with only one answer—just you try it—which, somehow, doesn't sound impressive or dignified.

Maybe the simplest thing to do is to forget about extending our territorial waters and compensate fishermen for the fish they don't catch due to Russian competition.

If we can compensate farmers for grain they don't grow, why not fishermen for fish they don't catch?

### Campus Alcohol vs Nicotine

Cigarette ads have been withdrawn from college newspapers and magazines, due to the cancer-smoking link. Some campus publications plan to substitute beer ads, to recoup their sadly-depleted incomes.

It looks as if numbers of students who might have gotten lung cancer after fairly long, happy lives will now be protected from this contingency, and exposed instead to the more quickly fatal consequences of tipsy driving. Worse yet, many innocent motorists and pedestrians will find life more dangerous as a result of these campus goings-on.

Pardon us for being callous and gruesome, but we'd rather meet an old driver with cancer along a dark road, than a young healthy one with a load on.

Can't college authorities do something to protect, not merely the people who go to college, but also the ones who don't?

**LENNY BRUCE**

(Continued from Cover)

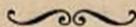
sure they were prejudiced and that The People had their side of the story in first, the newspapers saw to it that I glommed the first handicap, the stigma of being arrested. That in itself puts one in an unsavory light.

I am a product of the newspapers myself. I could have kept a sense of right and wrong were it not for the newspapers that stilted it. We keep forgiving, and, goddamit, you can't—at least if you're the kind of person that likes to plan ahead for a hate or a forgive.

We forgave the Japanese once, the Germans twice, but the White Southerner we've kicked in the ass since Fort Sumter.

A bronze honor roll, black wreaths, and those dopey green sticks with dye running that support them.

My uncle used to lie that he just bought a poppy.



The *Realist* (issue #41) contrasted the Police Report of my arrest in Chicago for obscenity, with a transcript of the tape of what I actually had said on stage.

The jury found me guilty, and the judge sentenced me to a year in jail and \$1,000 fine. The appeal on the case is still pending.

One of the things I got arrested for in Chicago was showing a picture of a girl that was really pretty. I wanted to point out the God-made-the-body paradox of the decent people who would object to that groovy-looking chick.

I could never sit on a jury and put anybody away for looking. If I'm dressing and there's that chick across the way—that blue-eyed, pink-nippled, sweet high-ass from Oklahoma—I'm going to look and I'm going to call my friends to look.

But, in our society, it's "Pull down the shade"—and charge two bucks to get in.

That's what repression does.

I'd like to fight the appeal on the Chicago obscenity rap on a whole different issue. The obscenity law, when everything else boils away, is: Does it appeal to the prurient interest?

I must get you horny—that's what it means.

If I do a *disgusting* show—a show about eating pork—that's not obscene. Although you Jews and vegetarians and Moslems will bitch your asses off, that's my right as an American, to talk about pork, to extol its virtues, to run in front of a synagogue:

"Here's pork! Look at it, rabbi!"

"Get him out of here, he should be arrested—that's disgusting!"

It doesn't matter. That's why the Pilgrims left England, man. If a guy

wants to wail with pork, that's his *schtick*.

Or, if I do a *vulgar* show—I sing rock and roll tunes, wear platform shoes, Kitty Kellys with ankle straps—it's not obscene.

No, obscenity has only one meaning: to appeal to the prurient interest.

Well, I want to know what's *wrong* with appealing to the prurient interest?

I really want them to stand up and tell me that fucking is dirty and no good.

Do you know there are guys in jail for doing it to *chickens*? Bestiality.

Hey, lady, would you get bugged if your husband balled a chicken?

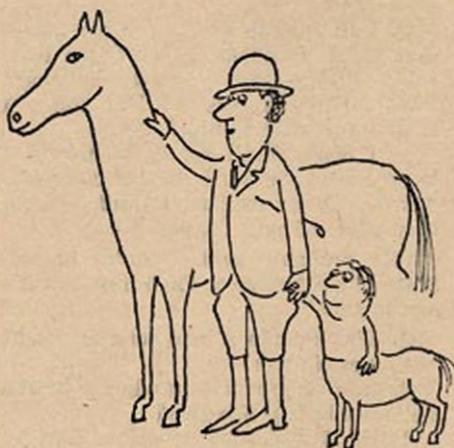
"I was the last one to know!"

"She was only sitting on my lap—I was *feeding* her."

"Oh, sure, you were feeding her. Everybody *told* me what you were doing to her—and on *our* bed."

"It wasn't on the bed, it was over there—"

"What's happened to your chicken? Have you seen your chicken lately? Tell your *chicken* to fix dinner . . ."



—GROSS

Once I was talking to a horse trainer and a jockey. I'm not hip to track people and their life, but this trainer told me how he really loved animals, and to have a horse that's a winner you've got to lock them up all the time. Just keep them a prisoner and box-car them from town to town, and never let them have any fun with other lady horses. It's the lowest. Just keep them so when that race comes, he's a nut! *Whoosh* . . .

The jockey said to me, "You know, Lenny, sometimes in the morning when the light just starts to break through, some of those fillies are so beautiful, they look like pretty ladies. When they've got those fly-sheets on they look like negligees flying in the wind."

"Oh, yeah? Uh—did you ever—?"

"No."

"Because that's very interesting transference there. I can't see any girlie thing in horses. Now tell me the truth—because I know I'd deny it too if I made

**Editor's Note**

Lenny Bruce's autobiography, "How to Talk Dirty and Influence People," is being published by Playboy Press this Spring—available from the *Realist* for \$5. The actual price of the book hasn't been set yet—so if it's less, we'll send refunds; if more, we'll absorb the difference.

it with a filly—but I mean, you know, did you ever?"

He said no, he never did, but then he told me a story that really flipped me, about this horse called "I Salute," out of Isaacson Stables. This horse was a big winner—purse after purse—she really had it made, and the season was almost over.

Five o'clock one morning they caught a 50-year-old exercise man with the horse. Naturally, they busted him. The charge: sodomy. They arraigned him, convicted him, and he got a year in the joint.

Now I started thinking—what a hell of a thing to do time for, you know?

"What are you in for?"

"Never mind."

The most ludicrous thing would be making the arrest, I assume. You'd be so embarrassed.

"I, uh, you're under arrest—uh, *ahem*, come out of there!"

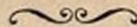
Or the judge. How could he really get serious with that? "Where's the complaining witness?"

Anyway, the exercise man was in prison, and the horse must've missed him a lot, because she didn't want to race any more. And she never did race again.

The lowest of the low—from both the felon's point of view and the police eye—is the child-molester. But his most heinous crime is simply that he is bereft of the proper dialogue, for if he spoke his lines thusly, he would never be busted:

"C'mere, Ruthie, c'mere to your Uncle Willie, look at those little apples on you, lemme lift you up, she's gonna have to get a bra-zeer soon, let your Uncle Willie tickle-ickle-ickle you, rump-bump-bump on the floor, she's getting some hair on her *booger*, tickle-ickle-ickle, watch her wriggle-wiggle-giggle in Uncle Willie's ruddy palm, don't tell Mommy or you'll break the magic charm."

And Uncle Willie's Mason signet ring snags little Ruthie's nylon underthings . . . children don't wear *panties*.



I don't smoke marijuana, and I'm glad—because I can champion it then. The reason I don't is because it's a hallucinatory—and I've got enough shit going on in my head without smoking pot.

Marijuana will be legal some day, though, because there are so many law students that smoke pot, who will some day become senators and legalize it to protect themselves.

But there are people in jail now for smoking flowers.

And yet you wouldn't believe how many people smoke pot. If anybody reading this would like to become mayor, believe me, there's an untapped vote. Of course, you wouldn't want to be the Marijuana Mayor, so you'd have to make it a trick statute, like "The Crippled Catholic Jewish War Children In Memory Of Ward Bond Who Died For You Bill To Make Marijuana Legal."

There are untold legions of people all over the country who play the I-know-and-you-know-but-we'll-both-make-believe-we're-asleep / gynecologist: It doesn't mean anything to me I see that all the time—game they play with the Zig-Zag people.

At this time, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the state will present its closing argument in the case against marijuana: It leads to the use of heroin and other heavier drugs.

If this syllogism holds true, the bust-out junkie will say to his cellmate: "I am a heroin addict. I started smoking marijuana and then naturally I graduated to heroin. By the way, my cellmate, what happened to you? How did you come to murder three guys in a crap game? You've got blood on your hands. How did you first get obsessed with this terrible disease of gambling? Where did it all start?"

"Oh, I started gambling with Bingo in the Catholic Church. . . ."

The newspapers said that the late Pope John was being fed intravenously.

"We don't like to do this, Pope, but we've got to take you downtown. Those marks on your arm there—now don't give us any of that horseshit about intravenous feeding—we hear it all the time."

I'm not anti-Catholic or pro-Catholic, but if I were Catholic, I'd be quite hostile toward the press. To quote from the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner: "Short of a miracle, he [Pope John] could be expected to die at any moment."

Superstitious people all over the world waited and waited for that miracle, and it never came.

When my trial for the alleged possession of heroin came to court in Los Angeles, I didn't want to take the oath.

"It seems like sort of a mockery to do this," I said. "I don't really care to do it. I will. I don't mean to be contemptuous of the Court, but—"

The judge interrupted: "I don't understand your thinking in that matter. That is the custom here, and the

rule is that you have to take an oath to get on the stand."

Actually, one has the alternative of "affirming" to tell the truth, rather than swearing on the Bible.

The judge continued: "Do you have any objection to it? If it's a mockery, that is your personal opinion. You have a right to your opinion, but that is the way we do it here."

"Yes, sir."

"All right, swear the witness."

The Clerk: "You do solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in the matter now pending before this Court, so help you God?"

"I will tell the truth."

Officer John L. White testified that he saw me drop a matchbook containing a packet of heroin and run into a bicycle shop, that he followed me in, frisked me for weapons, and arrested me. Under cross-examination, he described the scene as follows:

Q. Then what did you say to him?

A. I informed him that he was under arrest for violation of the State Narcotics Act.

Q. You said to him, "You are under arrest for violation of the State Narcotics Act"—that formal challenge? That formal expression? Did you put it that formally to him?

A. I don't recall my exact words. I know I used the words "State Narcotics Act," as is my custom. I think I probably said, "You're busted."

(He probably said, "You're busted, State Narcotics Act, I'm sorry but it's my custom.")

Q. Was that in a loud tone of voice?

A. Yes, it was.

Q. And he put his hands up in the air immediately like this?

A. No, I first took a hold of him by the seat of the pants.

Q. You grabbed him by the seat of the pants, then he put his hands up in the air?

A. Yes.

Q. Was it like he was being goosed or something, his hands went up in the air, or what caused his hands to go up in the air?

A. As I testified, counsel, I ordered him to put his hands in the air.

Q. Oh, you ordered him to put his hands in the air? I see. Let's get the whole thing here. You grabbed him by the seat of the pants first. What did you grab him by the seat of the pants for?

A. To stop his forward motion.

Q. He wasn't running, was he?

A. He was walking fast.

Q. He was walking quite fast now, was he?

A. Yes.

Q. How fast was he walking?

A. He was walking just as fast as a person can walk when they are walking. At the time I stopped him he was



COMMUNION

walking quite fast, approaching the rear door of the bicycle shop.

Now, the bicycle shop man and his assistant both testified that they didn't see this arrest take place. The assistant, incidentally, was a 15-year-old kid with a harelip, and he goes to parochial school. If I were the District Attorney, I'd say, "Why don't you get a dog and an old lady, too?"

The D.A. asked: "Mr. Gunn, isn't it a fair statement that when you and the boy are not waiting on customers in the front of the shop, that you would be concerned with the repair work at the back of the shop; now when you and the boy are hammering and making noise, the back is turned, would you testify under oath, sir, that a person could not come into your shop and stay there a matter of seconds without you seeing him, isn't that possible?"

Mr. Gunn: "It's possible."

The D.A. didn't ask him if it was possible that two men could rush into a shop, one grab the other by the seat of the pants, and in a loud tone of voice say, "Hold it you're arrested for violation of the State Narcotics Act," search him while his hands were in the air, and take him out unnoticed.

But the jury heard possible.

I say it's impossible—physiologically impossible—unless they're deaf. Perhaps psychologically they would reject such a scene; if they had some kind of a hang-up about a guy being grabbed by the ass like that, then it didn't

happen, and they just blotted the whole thing out.

But it's impossible that they didn't hear.

The D.A. asked me if I think "that these officers have to frame people? That's what you're saying when you deny dropping this pack of matches."

The judge responded: "I think instead of 'framing,' you can say 'tell an untruth.' I'd like that better. 'Take the stand and tell an untruth under oath' rather than the word 'frame.'"

Now why would they lie to the Lord or whatever diety that hellish Constitution thwarts? They said they had a hobby shop under surveillance. They did not have any persons under surveillance besides Bobby Coogan, the owner of the shop. They can get no warrant to enter this hobby shop. No responsible person will issue a warrant.

So, to keep within the margin of the law, they have to wait until a person leaves that shop who is a criminal. If they can catch a criminal coming out, they can go in with no warrant, because then they have a *probable cause* and can get around that goddam Constitution that guarantees you safety in your house against unreasonable searches and seizures unless a warrant is issued describing the persons and place to be searched and seized.

The officers waited and waited, and no criminals did appear. The next step to stay within the law is to make a criminal. And how one makes a criminal and gets by the probable-cause provision, so that the policemen may arrest without a warrant, is by having me drop a packet of matches which they describe as a furtive action, thus giving Constitutional permission to make an arrest, "acting as a reasonable man, if he should see a suspicious act that might tend to be criminal"—such as climbing out of a second story that has no fire escape, or dropping a head out of your suitcase, or dropping a packet of matches and then walking into a bicycle shop—compounding a criminal act which then gives the policeman license immediately to go to the place which the criminal just left, without a warrant.

Let's see, what crime can Lenny Bruce commit in a business district that only we could observe? The most esoteric. With X-ray vision we will observe a pellet of city-water-system-poisoner - child - paralyzer - sex - fiend-instruction - book - printing - plates - and - mailing - address - to - entire - Communist-Bloc type book stuck in a place where only those type persons know where to stick those type things. Let him drop it. We will run over, pick it up, arrest him for dropping a book of matches, with a bookmark—a piece of paper sticking out a quarter of an inch—by any other name, heroin.

The jury found me guilty of posses-

sion of heroin.

My probation report reads:

"... [Bruce] states that he is disappointed with the verdict as he was almost positive that he would be found not guilty. He is hopeful that the court will allow him a new trial and exoneration. He says that as a result of all the cases that are out against him, he is receiving much adverse publicity and this is affecting his livelihood. His only desire is to live a law-abiding life and to be left alone."

And they asked my mother about me. At my age! It's embarrassing. What else could a mother say:

"... [My son] is thoroughly devoted to the welfare of his daughter and making a success of himself in the entertainment field. He is considered by many as being a 'genius' and is very talented. Many people harass him because he is not always conventional and speaks his mind."

The court adjourned criminal proceedings, so that my fate could be decided by a Dept. 95 hearing, the purpose of which, in California, is to decide whether or not you're a drug addict. If the decision is in the affirmative, then instead of two years in jail, you get ten years of compulsory rehabilitation.

"Mr. Bruce, you're lucky, we're going to give you ten years of help."

"I don't deserve it, really, I'm a rotten bastard."

Two court-appointed doctors disagreed as to whether or not I was an addict. Two more doctors were appointed by the court. Dr. Thomas L. Gore stated in no uncertain terms: "[Lenny Bruce] is a narcotic drug addict." Likewise, Dr. Berliner—who "examined" me with Dr. Gore—stated: "I believe that Mr. Bruce is a narcotic drug addict."

A witness for the defense, Dr. Keith Dittman, was called to the stand by



"Say, buddy . . . ya got a light?"

### My Son, the Perjurer

Dr. Thomas Lee Gore, being first duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. Are you a member of [the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology]?

A. I am a Fellow of it.

A letter to Lenny Bruce from the Executive Secretary-Treasurer of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology, Inc., states:

"I should point out to you that we do not have Fellows. We have only Diplomates in Psychiatry and/or Neurology. . . . Dr. Thomas Lee Gore is not a Diplomate in either Psychiatry or Neurology."

my attorney. He stated that the best way a doctor could determine conclusively as to whether or not a man is a narcotic addict would be to hospitalize him and see him develop withdrawal symptoms and then counteract those symptoms of withdrawal with the drug to which he is believed to be addicted. This would be done within the period of a week or possibly two weeks.

Q. Doctor, now can you tell me whether or not you feel any qualified physician could conclusively conclude [as did Gore and Berliner] in the absence of admissions that any person was a narcotic addict after a 15, 20, or 30-minute interview and visual examination of the veins?

A. I don't know of any way that it can be done.

Q. Is it an accepted method to merely visually observe the veins of a person and in the absence of observation under clinical conditions to make a conclusion that a person is a narcotic addict?

A. You mean only to confine it to that? No.

Q. Doctor, could the injection into the vein of a non-narcotic over a period of time under some circumstances produce discoloration or certain visual conditions that are similar to conditions that might be occasioned over a period of time from the injection of a narcotic?

A. Yes.

Q. During the course of your examination of Mr. Bruce, was it brought to your attention by anyone that he had received over a period of time any methedrine?

A. He so stated.

Q. After he stated it, did you in any way confirm this with a doctor in this area?

A. He told me who was prescribing it. I asked him if it was all right that I call that doctor to talk with him about it, and I did, and the doctor confirmed that he was by prescription giv-

ing methedrine and the hypodermic syringes.

Q. Now, Doctor, could you, if you had examined the arm of someone who had marks on it from the discoloration or the location of the marks on the arm, could you without any other information distinguish between a mark that was occasioned by a non-narcotic that had been administered in any manner and a narcotic that had been administered in any manner?

A. No.

Next Dr. Norman Rotenberg, whose patient I have been since 1959, was called to the stand as a witness for the defense. He stated that I am "definitely" not a narcotic addict.

A third witness for the defense was called: Dr. David Neimetz, who had administered a Nalline test, which, he testified, indicated that "there was no narcotic in Mr. Bruce's system." A week later, another Nalline test also proved negative. On the day he testified, during a court recess, he administered still another Nalline test. Result: negative.

Q. Doctor, in your opinion, is Lenny Bruce a narcotic addict?

A. No.

The final witness for the defense was Dr. Joel Fort, who practices in California, specializing primarily in public health and criminology, with special interest in narcotic addiction, dangerous drugs and alcoholism. He is Director of the School of Criminology at the University of California in Berkeley, where he teaches a course that deals with narcotic addiction, dangerous drugs and alcoholism. He is Court Examiner in Alameda County and Chairman of the Alameda-Contra Costa Medical Association Committee on Alcoholism and Dangerous Drugs. He was formerly consultant to the Alameda County Probation Department. For two years he was on the staff of the U.S. Public Health Service Narcotics Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, and he also worked at an addiction research center there. He was an in-

vited delegate to the White House Conference on Narcotic Drug Use. In connection with his appearance before Congress with regard to narcotic addiction, the Chairman of the Subcommittee stated in the *Congressional Record* that his was the most outstanding testimony presented on narcotics before the committee. His articles on narcotic addiction have appeared in a number of publications, including the *California Law Review*. Over the years, he has worked with, diagnosed, treated and administered to narcotic or would-be narcotic addicts numbering in the thousands. He serves on the Advisory Committee of the California Narcotics Rehabilitation Center Program.

So much for his credentials.

He testified: "I would say that [Lenny Bruce] is not a narcotic addict. . . . It is absolutely impossible."

Q. Would Lenny Bruce, would this man here who you have examined, benefit by being sent to the State Narcotic Rehabilitation Center if he were sent there today by the Court?

A. I do not think that he would. I think that he would be harmed by being sent there.

Q. Would the community benefit, Doctor, in your opinion?

A. I feel that the community would be harmed also.

Nevertheless, the judge decided that I am a narcotic drug addict and would be committed to ten years of rehabilitation.

The verdict is on appeal.

John Dolan, a private investigator in Springfield, Mass., dug into the background of Dr. Thomas L. Gore, who was so anxious to give me ten years of help. On October 3, 1963, Dr. I. W. J. Core, Medical Examiner for the Metropolitan Government of Nashville, Davidson County, in Tennessee, signed an affidavit which stated:

"During the years 1947 and 1948, I was Chief of Staff at Davidson County

Hospital, a mental institution situated in Nashville, Tennessee. . . .

"And further swearing, your deponent says that he was Chief of Staff for the entire fifteen (15) months of Thomas L. Gore's administration as superintendent of the Davidson County Hospital, and during which time the following incidents occurred to his knowledge which eventually culminated and led to Thomas L. Gore's dismissal:

"(1) Thomas Gore was constantly engaged during the majority of the time he presided as superintendent in disputes with the personnel of the Davidson County Hospital, employees as well as members of the County Court, and members of the Board of Hospital Commissioners.

"(2) In complete violation of the law of the State of Tennessee, which law does not provide for such procedures, Thomas Gore castrated a patient from Joelton, Tennessee, which surgery was performed by Thomas Gore without consent of the patient, the guardian of said patient, or the Board of Hospital Commissioners. Upon being informed of such illicit activity, as Chief of Staff and a member of the Board, I personally investigated this matter and determined beyond all doubt this operation to have been performed by Gore. This activity on the part of Gore caused the County considerable trouble, and while, at the time, there was some discussion on the part of the parents of this patient upon whom Gore had performed an illegal operation, relative pursuing their legal remedies, no further action was ever taken by the parents. Under the law of the State of Tennessee, castration of this patient was, of course, definitely illegal.

"(3) For reasons undetermined, and at tremendous expense to the County, Thomas Gore caused to be excavated on County property, adjacent the dairy of the Davidson County Hospital, a huge hole, which excavation was never utilized, and which was then in my opinion, a matter of extremely poor judgment. My opinion on that matter to the present day has remained unchanged.

"(4) In complete violation of the law, Gore purchased a herd of cattle at public auction, again without County consent, and again without the consent or knowledge of the Board.

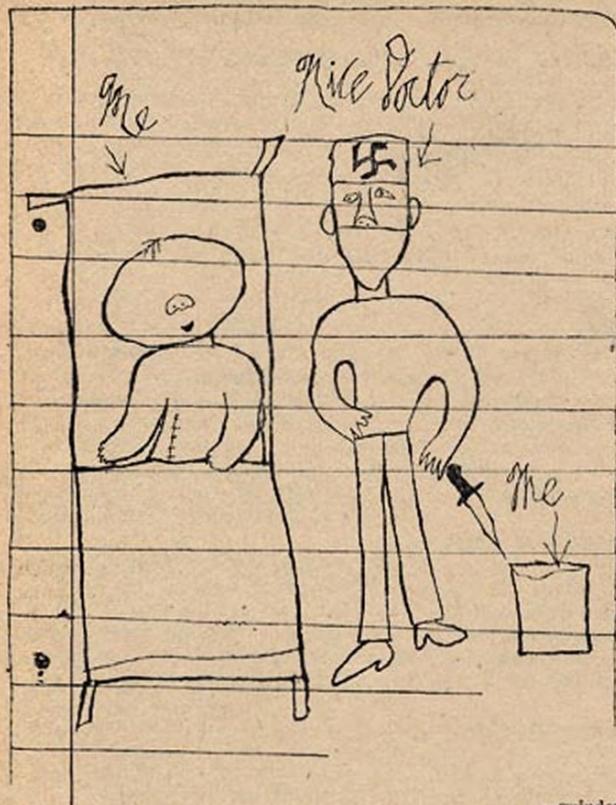
"(5) Thomas Gore caused to be built during his administration a corn crib, and which under his direction was constructed so as to be air-tight, thereby destroying any value for which it may have been constructed.

"(6) On one occasion during his administration, Thomas Gore informed me that while a member of the Armed Forces, he was a money lender. Subsequent to his discharge from the



"... one nation, under God ..."

### The Objectivity of Dr. Gore



—guindon  
News item: A proposed program of mandatory sterilization for the feeble-minded is currently being sponsored by the Human Betterment Association.

Q. When did you sign this certificate [stating that Lenny Bruce is a narcotic addict]?

A. I signed it shortly after the examination was made.

Q. You signed the certificate before you came to court today to hear any other testimony, isn't that correct, Doctor?

A. I made a statement which was very plain English. I signed the certificate in the room immediately above this within ten minutes after you and your client had walked out of the room.

Q. Are you familiar, Doctor, with the provisions in the law that enables you to hear all the testimony that comes before the Court before offering your certificate to have someone placed in the Narcotic Drug Rehabilitation Center? Are you familiar with that provision?

A. I haven't submitted this thing yet. I have it right here in front of me.

Q. Is the copy you have in front of you signed?

A. Yes. . . .

The Court: It is signed, and Doctor, if you care to, take the Court's pen and strike your signature. . . . [The doctors] could easily add or subtract to their testimony if they found pertinent information or evidence adduced which may tend to cause them to alter, to change their testimony.

Q. If the Judge had not directed you to take the pencil and strike out your name, Doctor, would you have changed that signature based on any testimony that you may have heard here today?

A. I haven't heard any.

Q. If you had heard testimony to the contrary of your own opinion, would you have crossed out your signature and then submitted the certificate?

A. If I had heard a dozen witnesses testify, I would still sign the certificate.

Army and while the Superintendent of the Davidson County Hospital, he attempted to borrow money from me to lend to Army personnel. I refused to become involved and in turn refused to lend Gore monies for such purposes.

"(7) During Gore's administration, grates were removed from first floor windows and, as a result, a number of patients were lost from the institution causing the County great anxiety and expense in returning them to said institution. Following Gore's release, I was then appointed temporary Superintendent and immediately rectified the situation replacing the grating, whereby the number of escapees were reduced immensely. Again, at the time of the removal of the grating in this mental institution, I considered Gore's judgment faulty.

"In conclusion, your deponent says that Thomas Lee Gore's administration was totally and completely unsatisfactory. He was released for his inability to manage employees and for mismanagement in general. Gore was completely unsuited for and totally unfitted for the job of Superintendent, and after our experience with Thomas Gore, the Board decided that we never again would have a retired service man as head of the institution. The Board knew and realized they had made a mistake in engaging Gore. He was ar-

rogant and bull-headed and unable to get along with civilian personnel. In my opinion the man was indeed paranoiac, and I consider him a very sick man. I do not consider Gore's judgment was trustworthy, and I cannot nor would not give full faith and credit to any oath of his in a court of justice."

On the night of October 15, 1963, I was in the bathroom of my home, shaving and talking to Paul Krassner, when four police officers showed up on my property. I knew two of them; one, in fact, with whom I was friendly, had testified in court against me—the Trojan that Horse built—the others were loud and out of line. I asked them to leave if they didn't have a search warrant, whereupon one of them took out his gun, saying: "Here's my search warrant."

We talked about the law—rules of evidence, etc.—and after half an hour, they left. It was very depressing.

But I still say there's nobody "picking" on me. Except the ones that don't piss in the sink. But we all do! That's the one common denominator to seize upon. Every man reading this has at one time pissed in the sink. I have, and I am part every guy in the world; we're all included. I know that Lyndon Johnson has pissed in the sink. I know

it. He pretended to be washing his hands, but he was pissing in the sink. Definitely.

Lyndon Johnson could cut Schopenhauer mind-wise but his *sound* chills it for him. The White Southerner gets kicked in the ass once again for his sound.

"Folks, Ah think nuclear fission—" "Get outa here, *schmuck*, you don't think nothin'."

The bomb, the bomb, oh, thank God for the bomb. The final answer is, "I'll get my brother—the bomb." Out of all the teaching and bullshitting, that's the end answer we have.

Well, it's a little embarrassing. You see, 17,000 students marched on the White House and Lyndon Johnson was left holding the bag.

"Mr. Johnson, we're 17,000 students who have marched from Annapolis, and we demand to see the bomb."

"Ah'd like to see it mahself, son." "Aw, c'mon, now, let's see the bomb, we're not gonna hurt anybody, just take a few pictures, then we'll protest, and that's it."

"Son, you gonna think this is a lot of horseshit, but there never was a bomb. Them Hebe Hollywood writers made up the idea and they spread it around, and everybody got afraid of this damn bomb story. But there is no bomb. Just something we keep in the

White House garage. We spent three million dollars on it, and once we got it started, it just made a lot of noise and smelled up the house, so we haven't fooled with it since."

"Now, wait a minute. You see, I led the March, and I've got 17,000 students that are protesting the bomb. Don't tell me there's no bomb."

"Son, Ah'd like to help you if Ah could. If Ah had a bomb—"

"But what am I gonna tell those poor kids out there? That there's no bomb?"

"The only thing that did work out was the button."

"What button?"

"The button that the madmen are always gonna push."

"That's what the bomb is—a button?"

"Yes—it's a button."

"Well, goddamit, give me the button, then!"

"Can't do that, son. It's on a Boy Scout's fly. And some time, somewhere, a fag Scoutmaster is gonna blow up the world."

A shakedown try in Philadelphia... over a thousand sinks later... *my*-multi-miligrams self-injected by disposable syringes that stop up hotel toilets and bring memos from irate managers....

If I am incarcerated in Chino, I am going to study. Yes, and learn to play the cello. I will come out an accomplished cellist—and just bore the shit out of everyone.

Incidentally, I use the word "shit" in context. It's not obscene as far as narcotics is concerned—that's the Supreme Court ruling on the picture, *The Connection*—in other words, if you shit in your pants and smoke it, you're cool.

Anyone who does anything for pleasure to indulge his selfish soul will surely burn in Hell. The only medicine that's good for you is iodine, because it burns; a stone is lodged in your urinary tract because nature meant it to be there. So re-tie that umbilical cord, snap on your foreskin, and drown in the water bag, 'cause we're havin' a party and the people are nice.

### On Making Out

How could I meet  
The girls who looked pretty,  
Passing me by  
On the streets of the city?

I went whole hog  
And bought a dog.

Now I'm still not getting any—  
But my dog is getting plenty.

—Avery Corman

## Discrimination in the Etiquette of Sweat

An advertisement for Arrid Cream Deodorant appeared in both the August 1963 issue of *Mademoiselle* and the September 1963 issue of *Ebony*. The ads had the same layout, although the people illustrated in the *Ebony* ad were of darker complexion. The headlines differed. Whereas *Mademoiselle's* was "The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration," *Ebony's* was simply "Sex and Your Perspiration." The body of the copy consisted of questions and answers, which contrasted as follows:

### Mademoiselle

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says you need a deodorant specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here....

Q. Why is Arrid Cream America's (sic) most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop. Gentle Arrid gives you the extra protection you need. Arrid Cream safely stops perspiration stains, stops odor for 24 hours without irritation to normal (sic) skin. Protect your pretty dresses with Arrid Cream....

### Ebony

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work, heat, or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotion or sexual excitement. It's the kind that comes at moments when you are tense or emotionally excited.

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say that this "sex perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and this is the kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "sex perspiration"?

A. Science says you need a deodorant specifically formulated to overcome offensive "sex perspiration" odor. And now it's here....

Q. What makes Arrid Cream the most effective deodorant?

A. Perstop. Arrid Cream with Perstop gives you the extra protection you need—protects your pretty dresses. In over 5,000 tests doctors proved new Arrid Cream Deodorant the most effective deodorant tested.

The what-should-be never did exist, but people keep trying to live up to it. All the what-should-be's just don't exist. There is only what is.

And so the figures will never be in, relating to the unspoken confessions of all those criminals who purchase contraceptives unlawfully, and willfully use them for purposes other than the prevention of disease.

I have played Detroit for almost 8 years, and was due to open at The Alamo in March, but when the Detroit Board of Censors learned of this, they wouldn't permit my appearance, depriving me of my rights without a judicial proceeding.

And *Variety*, the Bible of Show Business, refuses to accept an ad from me simply stating that I'm available for bookings.

Fighting my "persecution" . . . It's like asking Barry Goldwater to speak at a memorial to send the Rosenberg kids to college; it's like asking attorney James Donavan, "On your way back from trading the prisoners in

Cuba, stop off and see if you can get just one more pardon for Morton Sobell." When I think of all the crap that's been happening to me, the thing that keeps me from getting really outraged or hostile at the people involved with perpetrating these acts is—and I'm sure that Caryl Chessman, or perhaps his next-cell murderer who sits waiting to be murdered, felt this, too—the injustice that anyone is subjected to is really quite an *in* matter.

I have just had confirmed the fact that John L. White, the officer who was supposed to have arrested me, is now in the federal penitentiary near Fort Worth, having been found guilty of possession of narcotics. He had been arraigned on the very day he testified against me; he had come from jail.

Oh, yes—one more item which may be of interest to you. In June, 1955, Dr. Gore—he who illegally castrated, not one, but, it turns out, two individuals—wrote an article in *Federal Probation*. Its title: "The Antidote for Delinquency: God-Inspired Love."

## BAN WAR TOYS?

(Continued from Cover)

looking rubber sheath knife. So your little tyke can practice up on killing people silently."

Gleason notes that the Sears Roebuck Catalogue contains items like: "Blast away on your shell-ejecting tommy gun . . . and have your practice hand grenade ready."

Although there is no scientific evidence that clearly demonstrates, as yet, that the widespread sale of war toys to children is emotionally harmful, I think that there is some good presumptive evidence that this is so. If youngsters read pornography, and if they become highly stimulated by their reading and actually engage in overt sex practices, it is quite likely (as I noted in my previous column) that little, if any, harm will come to them. For sex pleasure is an exceptionally good thing, and much is to be said in favor of a world where there is more, rather than less, of this kind of human satisfaction.

Although sexual behavior, moreover, has its distinct disadvantages (such as the possibility of its participants becoming venereally diseased or creating an illegitimate pregnancy), these can be eliminated or minimized if its expression is somewhat controlled. And it is possible to sanely control, rather than idiotically attempt to annihilate, sex.

I am not sure that similar safeguards can easily be placed on hostility, punitiveness, and dogmatic nationalism: all of which I believe are clearly fostered by encouraging children to mow down toy soldiers (or even each other) with highly realistic combat weapons.

It is my observation, based on years of intensive psychotherapy with terribly blaming and angry individuals, that humans have distinct inborn tendencies which

make it *very easy* for them to be unjustifiably hostile to others; and that if we were at all sane about our emotional education of youngsters, we would spend considerable time and effort teaching them how to curb and minimize these tendencies, instead of (as we invariably do) teaching them that they are "strong," or "manly," or "self-confident" when they punch someone in the nose or stick a knife between his ribs.

Not that our war toys are the only, or even the greatest, offender in this respect. Our fairy tales, Western stories, detective fiction, movies, and TV shows are probably even more serious sources of infection. The famous—or infamous—phrase of Owen Wister—"When you call me that, *smile!*"—is typical in this respect. What the phrase states, of course, is that if you really *mean* those nasty words you called me, then I cannot like myself as a human being unless I cram them down your throat with a six-shooter. Or, in other words: I cannot like me unless *you* like me; and if you don't like me, I must use physical violence to knock your goddam head off. *Then* I can like myself—until somebody else comes along to sling nasty phrases at me.

The typical American, as a result of this philosophy of life, is a weak-kneed male who is so vulnerable to the words, gestures, and attitudes of others (and who *magically* hurts himself by taking these symbols seriously) that he has to *pretend* to be strong by arming himself with all kinds of deadly weapons and mowing down everyone else in sight before they "get" him.

Actually, these enemies can only "get" him because he *gives* them the power to hurt him by sharpening up their words, gestures, and attitudes and then sticking them in his own vulnerable breast. Their opinions *have* no real power to affect him (as any objective Martian would easily be able to see); but because he *thinks* they do, he *awards* this power to these opinions. And then, after *inventing* these "deadly" verbal weapons and practically *insisting* that his foes use them against him, he *asininely* has to invent another set of counter-weapons, physical force and violence, which again make him feel "safe" by his pure definition that he can defend himself by employing them.

A lovely set of concentric (and vicious) circles of fairy tales chasing their own faery tales!

For names cannot hurt you—unless you foolishly tell yourself that they can, and thereby needlessly hurt yourself. And sticks and stones, punches in the nose, and gunshots cannot make up for the non-existent wounds to your ego (or, rather, the existent wounds to your non-existent ego) that the epithets of others presumably cause.

But that is precisely what we teach our children (or fail to *un*teach them): that they *can* be mortally wounded by the insults of others, and that they *can* expunge those insults (and salve their wounds) by kicking the others in the groin—or in this modern day, atomically bombing them.

War toys and other means of aggression, then, do not merely represent to our children weapons with which they can defend themselves against the unprovoked physical attacks of others. They mostly mean to the youngsters that (a) you are terribly vulnerable to the verbal slights of other children, adults, and (later on) of girls who refuse to love you, screwball bosses, fascists, communists, and what you will; that (b) there is no way in which you can calmly ignore and bravely endure the words and gestures of these dastardly villains; that (c) you should excoriate them in return by



News item: The Delaware Supreme Court has upheld the right of its lower courts to invoke the whipping penalty.

March 1964

stoutly telling them off (even if, as in the case of a father or a boss, you have to do so under your breath); and that (d) you should eventually arrange to pulverize these enemies physically, to rip out their guts and cut off their heads, so that they cannot possibly thereafter upset you by telling you (what you inwardly believe anyway) what a big shit you are.

I am peculiarly contending that all, yes all, this if-you-dare-berate-me-or-frustrate-me-I-must-kill-you-dead-dead-dead philosophy is garbage.

First of all, you are *not* terribly vulnerable to the slights of others—unless you falsely think you are.

Secondly, you *can* calmly ignore your enemies' words and gestures—as long as you think you can.

Thirdly, it is foolish to waste your breath in trying to verbally assault your assaulters, since your counter-insults will hardly stop them, and even if they do they will not make *you* less vulnerable in the future.

Fourthly, physically annihilating your opponents may stop *their* big mouths from clattering but it still leaves you just as defenseless against the next sharp-tongued aggressor who chances to come your way.

Frustration, then, does not necessarily lead to aggression; and aggression certainly doesn't necessarily halt future frustration. The only elegant solution to the problem of what to do when you are verbally assaulted by others, and unjustly blocked by them from doing what you would like to do, is to calmly edit out their assaults (that is, realize that their words are nothing more than just *that*) and try to overcome or remove the frustrations.

But ranting and railing against unfair people and unkind fate will hardly eliminate or minimize such negative influences; and striking out physically against your foes will for the most part give you a pain in the gut, divert you from your efforts truly to eliminate unnecessary frustrations, and leave you (if you are still alive) with a host of feuding partners who will keep striking back at you with increased vigor.

On a national scale, I am inclined to believe, things are not too different from the dismal results which flow from our personal confused thinking about insult and aggression. Because we individually believe that others' words and gestures have the magic power to affect us, we also believe this same bullshit in the international arena.

If Khrushchev, for example, in a fairly obvious grandstand bid to his own insecure people, says that he will bury us, we foolishly start to believe that his "insults" really can do something to us; we immediately hate the poor anxious man's guts; and we even more foolishly believe that the pins that we stick in the doll we have devised to represent him will hurt him to the quick.

So we hurl a few return insults; and then, before you know it, his countrymen and ours are involved in stock-pile building which will eventually probably lead to a shooting war—which *then*, fancifully enough, is supposed (if we win it) to erase the original "insult" and the woefully great hurt "it" caused.

Actually, of course (as any Venutian clearly could see if he bothered to clutter his head with our Earthian inanities), the only reason why the original "insult" was made was because the "insulter" was too panicked by his own internalized nonsense to think clearly about our differences with him; and the only reason why we took this "insult" so seriously and literally *made* it hurtful was because we were too dependent on everyone

else's love and approval to think straightly about people who happen to disagree with us.

This is not to deny that genuine socio-economic differences do not exist between nations, nor to pretend that these differences (including what William Graham Sumner decades ago referred to as the man-land ratio) do not sow some of the seeds of international warfare. In part, they do. But the other part is also exceptionally important, and that is the part that childish grandiosity, low frustration tolerance, and the beliefs that names *can* hurt us play in our making such a needless to-do over socio-economic injustices and inequalities, and thereby bringing us too often to war and its brink instead of to some kind of a conference table at which some of these injustices might well be resolved.

The trouble with war toys is not that they themselves will give children the idea that it is good to knock off anyone who happens to disagree with them (or their family, or their religion, or their nation), but that such toys epitomize an entire hostility-creating value system. For if junior is given a guerilla gun set for the holiday which is supposed to celebrate the birthday (Lord save the mark!) of the supposedly pacifistic Jesus, he is *also* given a packaged-in philosophy of life (and death!) with this set.

That philosophy, of course, is the view that if anyone should ever *dare* to think differently from junior and his colleagues, and should therefore be on the enemy side of the fence, that sonofabitch has no right whatever to continue to exist and to espouse his differing views; rather, he should be unceremoniously annihilated in guerilla-like warfare. This, today, is the authoritarian, hate-mongering assumption that lies behind physical aggression; and giving junior the gun tacitly tells him that it is right and proper for him to believe in and to activate, as well as he can, this world view.

If I am correct in my observation that the sale of war toys helps foment childish grandiosity, low frustration tolerance, and fascist-like aggression, would it be wise for us to ban such toys or censor the manufacturers who produce them? No, I hardly think that it would be.

As I noted in my column on sex censorship, even were it proved that pornography is inimical to the health of the nation (which by no means has yet been shown), banning it might well lead to greater harm than allowing it to be available. I feel this just as strongly in regard to interpersonal hostility and war—which I *do* think are distinct evils, and which I also happen to believe are unnecessary and can be practically eliminated from human behavior.

Nonetheless, I do not think that censoring-legislation or any other kind of forcible restraint should be employed to limit the sale of war toys or otherwise to suppress people's grandiosity and hostility.

Why do I uphold the right of people to hate themselves and each other? For the same reason that I am opposed to punishing people for smoking, heavily drinking, overeating, being dogmatically religious, and attempting to commit suicide. These forms of behavior are, in my estimation, all clearly self-defeating; and humans should therefore preferably be educated to discipline themselves against these vices.

But vices are not, or at least should not be legislated into being, crimes. People should have the inalienable right to be wrong: and, in the process, to severely harm or even actually kill themselves, as long as they do not specifically harm others in the process. For if we do

not give the human individual the right to be undisciplined, neurotic, and self-sabotaging, we destroy his liberty to be himself and to captain his own destiny—which seems to me to be a far greater evil.

Although (as anyone can see by perusing my book, *Reason and Emotion in Psychotherapy*) I am one of the foremost living proponents of self-discipline and long-range as opposed to short-range hedonism, I never intend to be in the camp of those who would force people to be "good" in spite of themselves.

I believe that the Food and Drug Administration should force drug manufacturers and others to label their products poisonous when they actually are so. But if adult, and reasonably sane and well-educated, individuals want to take poison, or heroin, or wood alcohol, or cigarettes after these products have been clearly labeled as being injurious, I think that is their prerogative—just as it is my prerogative to be less self-injurious.

So I am all for public education against all forms of hate-mongering and war-mongering; and I think it would be fine if this kind of education finally induced most parents to refrain from purchasing war toys for their children—as well as induced them to discourage these children from seeing Western movies, reading most bloody fairy tales, and seeing television shows that are rife with hatred and violence.

But I hardly think it fair to put manufacturers or sellers of war toys in jail, or even to sponsor boycotts that are directed personally against them. They are not supposed to supervise the education of children, any more than food manufacturers are supposed to keep children (or adults) from overeating or manufacturers and vendors of sports equipment are supposed to make sure that the kiddies don't play too long in the sun.

Educative functions of this kind are much better served if parents and schools fully accept their responsibilities, and if these agencies do the job they very well might do, manufacturers and sellers of war toys may well go quietly out of business.

#### JULES FEIFFER

(Continued from Page 16)

Q. Well, not the whole thing perhaps, but—

A. I don't know. Who knows?

Q. Who indeed?

A. I'm just a little man. A little man.

Q. There, there.

A. That's what we are, you, me, all of us, little men.

Q. You understand perfectly, Mr. Hub.

#### Jean Shepherd Replies

Well, so I've drawn blood. However, I must admit it is a little dismaying to find the point of my piece so spectacularly missed. To construe what I said as a defense of The Authorities is hilarious.

I have long suspected that many writers are poor readers, and Jules has done nothing to allay this suspicion.

The Super-Moralist has much in common with the Super-Patriot. He is usually passionate, continually indignant at the stupidity of others, and extremely sensitive to suggestions that he might be lacking something in logic. And there is the key word. Jules seems to confuse the word "consistency" with logic. We all know that consistency is a bad word, as Mr. Feiffer implies, but an even worse one is logic. The two are often illogically interchanged.

#### CAPE KENNEDY

(Continued from Page 32)

Among the most respected of all the rocket engineers at the Cape, he says, in perfect English: "Moral, social, and ethical questions aside, our group feels entitled to propose a name or two, since you might say that we make the things you Americans wish to name."

With a quick and slightly intimidating smile, he adds, in perfect Russian: "After all, you might say that if our group defected to the East, there would be no missile program at the Cape."

Indeed there would not, and General Logan, cognizant of this fact, is an open partisan of Schreiber's cause. He draws, "They plan to suggest only one name — The Deutschland Uber Alles—and although I think it is a bit long, you can not say that it is unreasonable. In any case, I think we owe it to these courageous and imaginative men to give their suggestion the most careful suggestion."

Since, in the eyes of many, the principle reason for our having a missile program at all is the defense and perpetuation of Christianity, even more careful consideration will doubtless be given to the suggestion

made by various Christian organizations. The most articulate and colorful of these is The Friends of Francis Cardinal Spellman, a militant group of Catholic Army officers which feels that to date our "missile program, name-wise, has been atheistic."

To correct this condition, the group will suggest three names—The Apostle, The Inquisition, and The Encyclical.

Their plan calls for the Encyclical to be used exclusively as the name of any missile which carries a hydrogen bomb warhead. Their reasoning is cogently expressed by their spokesman, Col. Harvey Washburn, a former Benedictine monk who sometimes serves as military adviser to Cardinal Spellman. He says, "When an Encyclical is launched, we'll know that our atheistic enemies will get the message."

To which General Logan, a Catholic himself, adds, "Amen."

Already apparent, the major obstacle to the success of the conference will be crank groups proposing absurd or vicious names. For example, one group calling itself The University of Chicago Jewish Professors Executive Council has suggested a name, The Matzoh Fry, for all ICBM's. General Logan believes that, in fact, there is no such group and that the suggestion comes from Dr. Marvin Feldstein, the latent homosexual who may still harbor resentment against those who dismissed him from the Cape.

Other groups of fictitious origin have suggested such names as The Disfigurer, The Holocaust, and The Incinerator. Needless to say, flippancy of this nature would drive most men into a frenzy, but General Logan remains almost stoic. He comments quietly, "It is simply beyond me to comprehend how anyone can even attempt levity about such things."

General Logan steadfastly refuses to predict the results of the conference. "There are two things of which I am sure," he concludes. "The first is that at long last our country's missiles will be properly and democratically named. The second is that the conference will unanimously pass my resolution to name this year's largest missile, The JFK."

To which we can all add a heartfelt, "Amen."

## Report from Cape Kennedy

by Neil Postman

In consideration of our late President's vast devotion to democratic principles, it is altogether proper that the first word to come from Cape Kennedy, after it assumed its new name, was an announcement that on April 10, officials at the Cape will convene a two-week public conference on the naming of missiles.

To be known officially as "The Conference on Democratic Missile Nomenclature," the unprecedented convention will provide groups from all over the country with an opportunity to exert an influence in choosing the names of our nation's missiles.

"The important point to remember," the announcement stressed, "is that any missile we make is *everybody's* missile, paid for by *everybody's* money and propelled by *everybody's* faith in its peaceful purpose. Therefore, all citizens should have some voice in deciding what our missiles should be named. That is the essence of democracy, as we here at the Cape understand it."

The guiding genius behind the conference (he calls himself, with characteristic grace, "the *gliding* genius") is Major General Francis ("Rosey") Logan, a subtle but gregarious Texan, who is chief of Cape Kennedy's public relations division. As slow-speaking as he is quick-witted, General Logan despises all forms of totalitarianism with an intensity unusual even for Cape Kennedy personnel.

"The amazing thing about most people," he likes to observe, "is that they think missiles are born with names, the way kids are. Nothing could be further from the truth. Actually, no one knows what a missile's name is until someone consciously chooses it."

Until now, the American public has had almost nothing to do with that choice. In point of fact, for the past ten years, one man—and only one—has been in charge of naming our missiles. He was the late Michael Protopopolus, a grim, iron-willed, former college professor with an unbridled passion for all things Greek,

classical, and classical Greek. As a consequence, along with their awesome payload, most of our important missiles carry such awesome names as Saturn, Atlas, Jupiter, Nike, and Zeus.

Protopopolus, who was killed in an accident at the Cape last October, was not only responsible for proposing names for all new missiles but also had the power to approve or reject any names proposed by other people. Apparently, he would on occasion permit some non-Hellenic name (for example, Sky-Bolt) to be used, but only when he felt that the missile itself was defective and that its manufacture would quite likely be abandoned.

Upon Protopopolus' death, his position was filled by Dr. Marvin S. Feldstein, a nuclear physicist (with a passion for semantics) from the University of Chicago. It became apparent at once that Feldstein's appointment was a mistake. His first four proposals—The Talmud, The Diaspora, The Exodus, and The Mishna—were an embarrassment to all those at the Cape, particularly the German physicists and engineers who are mainly responsible for designing the missiles.

Fortunately, Feldstein was accused of being a latent homosexual, and, as a consequence, summarily relieved of his duties and sent packing back to Chicago.

"All of that unpleasantness is behind us now," says Logan. "With the exception of The Mishna, none of the Jewish missiles turned out to be very good and we have ceased producing them. The Mishna, ironically, is now shipped exclusively to Arab countries, where, of course, it can freely be renamed. In any case," Logan continues, "we hope that the conference will be an annual affair and thus provide us with enough names for each year's new supply of missiles."

The organization of the conference will be simple. Any group of citizens wishing to propose a name or names may apply *before* April 1 to:

The Conference on Democratic Missile Nomenclature  
c/o Major General Francis Logan  
Public Relations Division  
Cape Kennedy, Florida

One spokesman for each group will be allowed to address the entire conference for fifteen minutes. During his allotted time, he must state what group he represents, what name or names he is proposing, and his reasons for believing that such a name does credit to this country. The last two days of the conference will be spent in voting on the various proposals, with each group being permitted one vote.

According to General Logan, the response to the conference has already been gratifying. Within twelve hours after the announcement was made, no fewer than sixteen groups had applied for speaking time, among them The Longshoremen's Union, The Federation of Eastern Seaboard Presbyterian Ministers, The Tulsa University Chapter of Hillel, and the Baton Rouge Division of The White Citizens' Council.

Perhaps the most interesting and forthright group to apply so far is The Physicists and Engineers of Nazi Institutes of Science. The group's spokesman, Dr. Erik Schreiber, is a brilliant but eccentric rocket-fuel specialist who since 1950 has, for some curious reason, defected two times to the East and two times back to the West.

(Continued on Page 31)

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