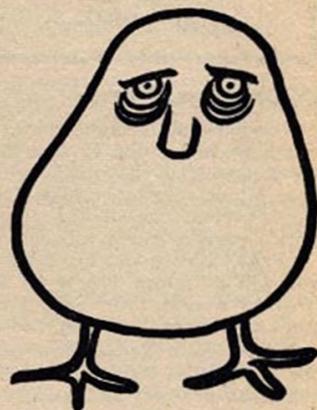


## amateur criticism and satire

# The Realist



August, 1965

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**we don't publish  
an issue in july**

### *Experts and Other Dangers*

by Saul Heller

No one questions our need for experts. From the space expert down to the specialist in the evil eye, experts perform useful and well-rewarded services. There isn't, in consequence, a terrain of modern life which has escaped the probing of specialists seeking to stake out profitable claims.

Since few men are brave enough to wander over the expert's turf without getting his guidance and paying him toll, he flourishes and proliferates. Rightly so, perhaps—the diversity of his skills is astonishing, the reaches of his knowledge appalling.

You would think, on the face of things, that we would bare our heads and lick the dust when one of these wise men from the West approached. Yet it would be hard to find a five-thumbed *schlemiel* who didn't regard himself as superior. And we can't be too hard on the *schlemiel*, when we consider what a cinch it is to make an expert look foolish.

If this is disrespectful, the specialist has only himself to blame. When it comes to looking down one's nose at experts, the experts have long led the way. The contempt one expert demonstrates for another must be taken seriously, considering how eminently qualified the expert is to form an opinion on the matter, and how poorly equipped the layman is to question it.

Getting down to cases: Are you one of those contradictions in terms—a trusting New Yorker—who has an abiding faith in his doctor? Be careful—you may forfeit your hip license. From the smoking typewriter of Dr. Ray E. Trussell, N.Y.C. Commissioner of Hospitals, comes a blast panning the inferior quality of New York City's medical care.

Do you have confidence in Dr. Trussell? It may be

misplaced. According to the N.Y. County Medical Society, Dr. T's opus is less than magnum. It is, in fact, nothing more than "a patchwork of poorly-assorted data" full of unpardonable defects.

Do you respect the opinions of the N.Y. County Medical Society? How can you, if you have caught an earful of Dr. Trussell's counter-attack, calling the Society's series of articles attacking his report "irresponsible . . . not worth a nickel a chapter"?

When the dust has settled, the only fact that has been established beyond question is that doctors consider each other less than competent.

Don't get me wrong—I'm not in favor of putting a lid on these eye-opening brawls. It would be nice, though, to have a referee around, to tell the baffled layman who won.

Incompetence isn't the only petard on which the experts hoist each other. Experts also don't have much between the ears (the experts confide). A sample salvo on this firing range comes from noted historian A. L. Rowse. Rowse's *j'accuse* is that Shakespearean scholars are stupid. Not just one or two scholars, mind you. All of them. Every one of these leaning towers of knowledge, stoop-shouldered and knock-kneed from carting so much Bard-lore around, is really an undiluted jerk, if we believe the aroused Rowse.

When we contemplate the teeming masses of teachers who get their opinions of Shakespeare neatly wrapped and be-ribboned from the scholars, and force-feed them to students who still haven't dropped out, the picture becomes slightly startling. Think of it: a transmission line of literary stupidity, moving endlessly through space and time, subsidized by taxpayers who probably think Shakespeare was a competitor of Pabst. . . .

Of course, Mr. Rowse may be wrong. He may even be batty, as a famous Shakespearean scholar (O. J. Campbell) suggests. But where does that leave the book-loving burghers who consider Rowse a noted historian?

You can see, from these cases taken at random, why  
(Continued on Page 27)

## No, Virginia by Alan Whitney

### Of Dignity and Taste

Freedomland is closed now, but it shouldn't be allowed to fade into the misty annals of bad taste without a final bit of recognition. The following excerpt from one of the amusement park's press releases will serve:

"Ray Anthony and his Bookend Revue will introduce The Swim to New Yorkers during their limited engagement at Freedomland Aug. 24-31.

"The biggest dance sensation since the twist, 'The Swim' is described as the most graceful and sexiest of the twist variations. It pantomimes various swimming strokes such as the breast stroke, backstroke, dog paddle, etc. 'The Swim' is featured in hundreds of night clubs on the West Coast, and a number of them have girls in topless swim suits demonstrating the dance.

"Ray Anthony and His Bookend Revue will demonstrate 'The Swim' daily in free afternoon and evening shows at the Moon Bowl of the Bronx family entertainment center."

### Puberty in Fashion

When I was attending high school in Joliet, Illinois around the time of the Haymarket Riot, you wore almost anything you wanted to. And you chose your own coiffure. If a student's feet couldn't be smelled before he got into the classroom, that was enough to earn the warm approbation of the faculty.

It isn't like that any more. Today there is great concern with the grooming, and especially the raiment, of Tomorrow's Leaders. A duck's-ass haircut is held a worse menace to discipline than a drag race in driver-training cars. A sheer blouse on a budding bosom is the greatest threat to morale since a frozen food strike paralyzed the Home Economics department.

A principal with the self-parodying name of Hwey Tweedy has been napping nipped-in trousers, short skirts and similar symbols of anarchy in Newton, Illinois. The dean of girls at a junior high in San Bernardino, California lengthened the hems of four chicks' skirts with crepe paper in what was described deadpan as an attempt to divert attention from their presumably hackle-hoisting kneecaps. The Rotarians of the 70s at a junior high in East Meadow, Long Island have been prodded successfully to work out their own code of forbidden frills.

What does it all mean? Listen, while The Hermit tells you the story of pru-

rience (as the smut-sniffers call it) in the high schools of our native land.

My thesis begins with the emotional plight of the average male faculty member (and some of his lady colleagues) in the modern secondary school. His position resembles that of a conventioner turned loose in the dressing room of the Latin Quarter with his fly securely padlocked. The teacher is condemned, eight hours a day, five days a week, to a psychic spin through a whirlpool of burgeoning breasts and butts which he must leave unfondled at all costs.

I am not ridiculing this wretch, believe me. I don't see how he can stand it. Two study periods among those Succulent Sixteens and I would already be under indictment for first-degree tit-jostling if not something weightier.

### A Dose of Sublimation

On way the teacher in this labyrinth of lust escapes commitment, it seems to me, is by relying on such forms of sublimation as the enactment and enforcement of dress codes. Telling a teenager that her hair is too long is not as much fun as running through it barefoot, but it's something. Discussing how snugly a skirt ought to hug a 17-year-old fanny suffers by comparison with hugging it yourself, but can the bedeviled beggar be a chooser?

The same principles apply in schools where the kids themselves legislate couture. Teenaged fucking is still generally frowned upon—even in Darien—and especially on school property. So why not let them get a few kicks talking about how to avoid getting their kicks. In this situation, the faculty members stand by, getting theirs vicariously. We segue to a student dress code dialogue:

"Susan, it seems to me that your skirt reveals approximately an inch-an-a-half too much thigh."

"That's a very helpful comment, Ricky. Tell me, can you see my panties when I sit like this?"

"Only if I lean over like this."

"This certainly is a provocative discussion."

"Yeah, suppose we continue it tonight at the drive-in?"

"Gear!"

And they will, but let's leave that for the elders of the church to worry about.

### Edifice Rex

General Motors is about to take a gigantic corporate shit in the middle of Fifth Avenue. The City of New York shows no concern about this prospect, though it surely would if the perpetrator were a fox terrier. The newspapers display little more oppo-

sition, albeit they are hell on litterbugs.

The east blockfront of the street between 58th and 59th is now occupied by the Savoy-Plaza Hotel, a personable antique that has a charm of its own and fits in perfectly with the other handsome structures that surround the plaza at the southeast corner of Central Park. But, as an interested party in the forthcoming cataclysm has said, the Savoy-Plaza diminishes the economic potential of its site. I think that means the site is not being used for maximum private exploitation as a maximum public nuisance. Probably the same thing could be said about Central Park itself.

In any case, General Motors plans to correct the situation by tearing down the hotel and erecting in its place a modern office building. There are a hundred other places in Manhattan where a 50-story version of a Buick showroom would be welcome. But to locate it on any of them would be to omit two salient phases of the present project—destroying the Savoy-Plaza and ruining the entire neighborhood in which it stands.

Ten thousand signatures have been delivered to City Hall on petitions opposing this outrageous piece of commercial vandalism. The only journalistic notice I saw of their presentation was a small story buried inside the N.Y. *World-Telegram*. The *Times* entered a moderate demurrer when the project was first announced, but seems to have been won over by assurances that the new building won't have tail fins. The *Herald Tribune* ran what started out like a piece of architectural criticism and ended up praising the plan with faint damnation. The *Trib* is crusading instead against construction of a small sidewalk cafe across the plaza, in a corner of Central Park. Sidewalk cafes usually have smaller advertising budgets than car manufacturers do.

A boycott of General Motors products is being sponsored by opponents of the project. Any more lethal suggestions will be gratefully received.

### Echoes of Oswald

A reporter who covered Jack Ruby's trial tells me that Judge Joe B. Brown read one sex-and-sadism magazine per day on the bench. . . . The Hearst blats are eating up the book *Portrait of the Assassin*, by House Minority Leader Gerald Ford, in which he suggests that Oswald killed the President mainly because his Russian wife was always bugging him. Is anyone a hundred per cent sure that Ford himself isn't a Russian plant, sent here to make a laughing stock of the Republicans, thus destroying the two-party system and raising hell with American political stability?

## Dear President Johnson

I am writing to you because I have no place else to turn to for the answers to questions I am unable to answer alone. I have listened to you and watched you and I think that you really believe what you are saying and I think you ought to know that there are many things you do not know and that a lot of people are going to try to keep you from knowing.

If this letter somehow gets through the many people who read your mail and somehow comes before your eyes and you get as far as this before you must speak to us and comfort us again, I want you to know that your War on Poverty is a good war and there are many of its Generals in the safety of a Pentagon who would like it to succeed, but most of those, Mr. President, who would be its administrators, would not like it to succeed at all.

For it to succeed, the people raised in fear and silence must gain a voice and their voice would be heard. There is too much in the shadows and in the corners for the voices to be allowed to shed any light. There are some people in the administration of welfare in our country who are filled with contempt for the people who should be its beneficiaries, the people you want so badly to strengthen.

I know how much you want to succeed and I feel sorry because they are not going to let you succeed. You have forgotten a few very important things that you must get to know, and if you do then maybe you can get a bill passed or something to stop it from happening. You see, Mr. President, the people who decide who should get and who shouldn't get, the people who do the helping or decide not to help, these people don't get into that business by chance. Some of them get in because they really have a need to help people and some get in for some very different reasons.

It may surprise you to know that a lot of people go into social welfare or whatever you want to call it because of what they can take away from people. I mean, the worst of this is the lady who has to screw her case worker in order not to be reported by him for screwing someone else. But this is not what usually happens. What usually happens is that they take away pride, feelings of worth and dignity. And I am worried, Mr. President, because if they take away so much now, how much more will they take, how much more can they take, when they have even more to give?

You have to know, Mr. President, and I don't want to sound like I know all the ways for you to find out, but one way might be for you to escape from the Secret Service one day and put on a pair of your Levi's from the ranch and maybe a plain white shirt that has been worn more than once, and forget how well you can speak and convince us, and remember the days when you taught in that old schoolhouse to those Mexican kids.

Remember that their folks didn't know their way around offices or things like that, and pretend you are one of their parents and come up to New York and apply for Welfare. No, they won't recognize you, Mr.

President, because they never look at your face. They will make you sit and wait. And when you have waited three hours you will get thirsty and want a drink and you will find out that the fountain hasn't worked for two years and how people get nervous when they are waiting to find out if they will eat or not tomorrow and their mouths get dry. And you will find no toilet paper in the men's room.

Maybe the next day after you have waited again for a few hours, you will be called and a lady with no humanity will type out a form and ask you, Mr. President, are you living common law? How many women have you lived with in the last three years? Have you ever been arrested? Are your children legitimate?

I am not making a joke, Mr. President, and I am not being mean or trying to hurt your feelings. I just want you to see that you would not let such a thing happen to you, and you would have to go back to being President again and maybe you'd have those people lose their jobs, or fix the drinking fountain or put toilet paper in the men's room. But you see, you can do that. You can go back to being your real not affected self.

I think you should know this, Mr. President, and I think you should also know that before your War on Poverty can really change things, you are going to have to help convince the people who are doing things for you that the impoverished must emerge from this war as people or they will not come out of it at all. Children are being made weak by this destruction of their parents and of their pride and of their ability to give. Mr. President, they will be too weak to care about you and their country as they should.

—LARRY COLE

Last week the 22-year-old head of a family of nine, living steps from the Bowery's main drag, came to LEAP with a bundle of letters, notes and a story of official malice that is unfortunately more the rule than the exception.

We had heard reports of young Puerto Rican girls having to sleep with their case workers in order to get their allotments. We had been brought complaints about welfare workers demanding to see underwear while a young Negro girl was wearing it before money for new underwear would be considered. We had been in the middle of cases where welfare was cut off because the family had been rumored as "undesirable." We have been told of midnight raids by "welfare police" checking closets and drawers only to leave without explanation or apology. We have seen the destruction of pride and self-respect that comes from asking for help.

But on August 8, 1965, a family, ages 9 to 22, was living in the hot sticky darkness of a Bowery basement without light or gas, without hot water, without food or clean clothes, without friends. They were in the

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company of a good many rats, were in the process of being evicted from their home, and resolved that they had been ignored, kicked and tossed away by the Great Society.

A few months back the head of this family had come to LEAP asking if we could help him get through to the welfare department. He had been chased out of his home in Mississippi because it was rumored that he had taken part in a civil rights demonstration. This was in the '50s and one just didn't do those kinds of things in Mississippi, especially a Negro.

He came to New York and was later followed by his mother and family whom he helped to support along with monthly allotments from his father's life insurance from the VA. His mother, not being able to make ends meet with a family of ten, including herself, applied for and got welfare. But last year she died and the oldest, the one who now brought his story to LEAP, decided he would try to keep the family together.

They had gone through so much, he thought, that they shouldn't give it all up. This was a family bound together by love and a rare kind of mutual respect and I helplessly watched that deteriorate into hatred, fear and distrust over the months of their degradation at the hands of the Welfare officialdom.

Kisses on entering the house changed to angry hello's or no hello's at all. Joking and music and dancing in the kitchen became sullen quiet. . . .

*At present we are living on the Bowery in New York City. You not only get depressed when you walk out of the door, but when you walk in. What we call home is a 2 room basement storefront which we divided into four rooms for nine people. It has one window which can't be opened therefore there is no ventilation or light. The plumbing is so bad you can't sit on the toilet seat without having the sewage from upstairs drip down on your head.*

And so they tried to keep the family together and when the Welfare Department demanded that the children be placed in foster homes, our family declined, saying that they would like to try to make it themselves. They decided that they would like to try to keep their nine together.

"Our investigation shows that effective immediately you are not eligible to receive aid to dependent children," the Department of Welfare wrote them, "with the lump sum that you received from the Veterans Administration in the amount of \$200.00 plus the \$50.00 monthly that you are receiving from the same source, you will be able to meet your needs."

*Up until Momma passed, my 17 year old brother and twin sister were receiving Social Security checks in the amount of \$94 a month and these were also stopped until October when they received a lump sum of \$200.00 back checks. By this time I was two months behind in the rent. The Welfare Department closed our case.*

"January 25. To date you have not informed us of your employment earnings and of action taken on the disposed (sic) you received on January 11, 1965. It is necessary that we see paycheck stubs and rent receipts. You are to report to us on Tuesday, January 26, at 2:30 P.M. with the above information. If we do not hear from you by 2:30 we will assume that you have made your own adjustments and your case will be closed."

*I got a letter from the Welfare on the 27th of January telling me to be there on the 26th. I went to the Welfare Department the morning I got the letter because I knew that they never see you when they say and the earlier you are there the better it is. I waited until 5:00 and went home.*

"January 28th. Our investigation shows that effective immediately you are not eligible to receive aid to dependent children since you have not responded to our letter of 1/25/65 regarding your situation. We assume you have made your own adjustments and are withdrawing assistance."

*We had no food and we were hungry and confused and so I sat down and wrote a letter to the Mayor. His office answered that he had "forwarded your recent communication to the proper office."*

"Your letter to Mayor Robert F. Wagner has been referred to this Department for reply. The . . . Welfare Center has informed us that your application was accepted for investigation this date. You will be notified directly as soon as a decision is made. We trust that this satisfactorily resolves your problem."

*I feel that I can no longer carry the responsibility of my brothers and sisters. Therefore I am requesting that you have them all placed before school starts this fall. Also, what do you propose they live on for the next few months until they are placed?*

"Our investigation shows that effective immediately you are not eligible to receive aid to dependent children since you have insisted upon being the guardian for your siblings and you have refused placement of them in the past. . . . Since you have refused to (1) disconnect your telephone (2) submit necessary information regarding the parents of your wife (3) report income which you have received in the past for employment."

*When Momma passed, her case worker came and said we would be refused any kind of assistance, even emergency funds, unless I consented to have the children placed at that time. I told them that I believed in family unity and so they walked out and didn't give me any assistance. In July after the funeral I got a job as a gas station attendant making \$55 a week. This was to pay \$95 a month for the basement, gas and electricity, and feed and clothe nine people. I had to quit the job when it turned out that I had a pretty bad ulcer.*

"Our investigation shows that effective immediately you are not eligible to receive public assistance because of your inability to provide us past management and social security information."

*How can I possibly hold a job when at least once a week I have to take a day off and go to the hospital clinic, or go to court on the dispossess from our apartment or spend the day at welfare? The Welfare Department is the most undemocratic system I have ever seen. It takes away all feelings of individuality and personal pride. Plus it gets you in a trap so that a person has all incentive to better himself taken away. Because of this my wife and I decided it would be best to have the children placed. None of us can live any longer in a situation where we can never be sure whether we will have enough to eat or a roof over our heads.*

"If we do not hear from you by 2:30 we will assume that you have made your own adjustment. . . ."

## A Couple of Conferences That Weren't Covered

by Alvah Bessie

BERLIN and WEIMAR — It is scarcely news to most literate Americans that so far as our foreign policy is concerned we live in a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland world, in which one thing is said and something else entirely is intended.

Our mass media and our governmental leaders complain bitterly that nations "behind the Iron Curtain" distort and suppress the news, but our President can campaign against a man who openly advocated bombing North Vietnam, then, on election, carry out the campaign threats of his opponent. He can proclaim, "We seek no wider war" at the very same moment that he widens the war, and express resentment and anger when Americans of every political complexion (or none at all) do not accept his rationale for what he is doing in our name.

The absurdly divided city of Berlin is commonly said to be a hot spot, a tinder box that may explode at any moment. But when you are there—and pass from east to west or back by S-Bahn or Checkpoint Charlie on Friedrichstrasse—you feel no tension whatsoever.

The Federal Republic (west) does not acknowledge the existence of the German Democratic Republic and calls it "the Soviet Zone" of Germany; it openly campaigns for the kind of reunification that would mean the absorption (which could only be carried out by force of arms) of a nation that has been socialist since 1949.

Yet this same Federal Republic (which might just as validly be called the "American-British-French Zone" of Germany) carries on trade with its non-existent opposite to the tune of billions of marks every single year.

West Germans may visit the GDR but east Germans may not visit the west without good reason. West Berliners may not visit East Berlin unless they have valid passes—and vice versa. On the western side of The Wall grandstands have been built so that visiting dignitaries may catch a glimpse of the east—and shudder. There are no grandstands on the eastern side.

West Berlin (120 miles inside the GDR) is—by dint of deficit expenditure of billions of marks and dollars—the showcase of Europe, but if you walk off the main drag (the Kurfürstendamm) it looks exactly like East Berlin: there are the same ruins, the same bombed-out open spaces, the same shabby houses, the same run-down stores and the same masses of brand-new construction.

(Continued on Page 8)

August 1965

by Christopher Koch

The State Department's luxurious auditorium with stereophonic acoustics and plush chairs is simply and tastefully furnished. On Tuesday morning, April 13th, the stage was sparsely set with a podium, a green felt-covered table, and a large, detailed map of Vietnam.

A labyrinth of hallways spreads from the auditorium—spartan hallways, clean and clinical as a hospital, with numbered name plates and an occasional intriguing sign, "Authorized Personnel Only."

Some of these rooms are smaller auditoriums and conference rooms, and one, devoted to international meetings, is outfitted with still plusher swivel chairs, individual microphones and earphones for simultaneous translations.

These surroundings were evidence that the State Department is a going concern with a mammoth bureaucracy working behind closed doors on a myriad of international responsibilities.

The 627 editors and broadcasters assembled for the State Department's annual National Foreign Policy Conference had an opportunity to be duly impressed. They also had the opportunity to question directly such Administration leaders as Dean Rusk, David Bell, William Bundy, Walt Rostow, and George Ball. The two critical administration planners, Robert McNamara and McGeorge Bundy, never showed up.

Aside from these opportunities, the point of the conference became evident only slowly as the lectures and questions continued into the second day. The editors and broadcasters, who came at their own expense from all over the country, were being told that as soon as we wipe out the Viet Cong, *Fax Americana* will rule the world and the American Century will finally begin.

Whether or not they got the point is another question.

It is policy at such conferences that nothing can be attributed either to individuals or agencies and large signs reminded the press of their responsibilities in this regard. The restriction helped give the impression that now at last we were going to get the inside story, the real news behind the news. In this regard the editors and broadcasters were disappointed; the hard news given out was two days behind the daily press.

The provincial press corps, however, could go away with personal impressions of some of their nation's leaders.



HINTON

There was fatherly, confident Dean Rusk. There was kindly, patient and professorial Walt Rostow planning a strategy for decades. There was Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Waitt, who had just returned from the front lines with a row of medals. And there was Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus R. Vance whose image I still confuse with Sterling Hayden playing General Jack Ripper in *Dr. Strangelove*.

And then too, Dean Rusk held a reception, and press men from Orlando, Florida; Valdosta, Georgia; Greencastle, Indiana; Manhattan, Kansas; Mankato, Minnesota; and Mexico, Missouri could go home having hoisted a drink or two with the Secretary of State.

What dominated the conference, however, was the vision of the world that we were given. I am hindered somewhat in conveying that image by the privileged nature of the information made available. Because I cannot tell you who said what, I cannot point out some of the curious contradictions between officials. But within that limit this is what one official called "The world as we view it". . . .

The United States began to disarm rapidly at the end of World War II until 1947, when we recognized there was a power vacuum in the world which the Communist movement was trying to fill. Since that time we have been forced to meet a series of historic tests put to us by Communist nations. The major tests have been in Berlin, Korea, and Cuba. Each of these tests is associated with a particular Communist tactical offensive. As we dealt successfully with each test, the Communists developed a new tactic.

There has been no fundamental change in the attitude of Communist capitals since the war. They are still striving for world domination. If they have been forced to change their tactics, it is because of American strength and determination.

In the Berlin and Cuban tests, the Communists attempted to use variations of "nuclear blackmail." Since the Cuban missile crisis the Soviet Union has not been so greatly feared, and thus the Cuban missile crisis was a "turning point" at which the U.S. proved it would not back down under nuclear blackmail.

Korea was another "great post-war test," and here again the U.S. proved that we would not back down under attack from "massed divisions." The Communists now have only one weapon left in their arsenal—what one official called "wars of national liberation," and what another official amended to "wars of national liberation across national frontiers."

"These wars of national liberation," we were told, "are now the principle means of Communist aggression." And

thus, "The integrity of the American commitment is at stake in Vietnam." If we can meet this "war of national liberation threat" in Vietnam, we could usher in a period of world peace and development on essentially our terms. "If we see this thing through along the lines of the President's speech in Baltimore . . . we could enter a phase of rather rapid forward movement on the world scene," as one official put it.

What are our terms?

American policy aims have been consistent since the end of World War II. We want a peaceful, stable world in which countries can determine their own future without outside intervention. While we hope that they will choose a democratic system modelled on our own, we will not insist upon that in all cases, despite the fact that, as one official put it, our form of democracy springs from "human nature."

Thus when one undisciplined editor asked an official about American policy toward South Africa, the official patiently asked, "What can we do? It's an internal problem." No one asked about the internal problems of Guatemala, Cuba or Iran.

Under *Pax Americana* the United Nations, NATO and SEATO are necessary to reduce our own military commitments. While this was never so bluntly stated, it was made clear in reference to Cyprus. One official defended our support of the U.N. mission on Cyprus by arguing that "the only alternative after the U.N. in the hierarchy of options, was the U.S. Sixth Fleet."

Those enforcing *Pax Americana* look harshly upon dissidents. Hardly a speaker neglected to take a swipe at General deGaulle for trying to maintain an independent line. But the swipe was mingled with contempt. Under questioning from an editor who was disturbed by the constant vindictive references to deGaulle, an official remarked, "Well, let's just put it this way. General deGaulle lacks the power to put his program into action."

Let it be said, however, that the contempt can occasionally be tempered with pity. Another official recognized that the nations of Western Europe might resent "not having ultimate control over their own destinies." Be that as it may, "We are the residual peace keepers of the world because we are the most powerful nation on earth."

There was less tempered contempt for other trouble-makers. President Sukarno was once referred to as a "first generation nationalist."

Under *Pax Americana* we are frequently forced to make difficult and unpleasant decisions. A querulous editor asked about the pictures of Viet Cong being tortured in the presence of

U.S. advisers, and was told that while "we abhor that kind of thing as much as you do" it's hard to put a stop to it and "there is a real need for immediate battle-field intelligence." As he fumbled to continue, a higher official broke in to explain, "I think that answers your question."

Most of the conference focused on Vietnam, and many of the editors and broadcasters were concerned over our involvement there and the chances of bringing the crisis to a successful conclusion. There was some confusion on the part of the officials over the precise relationship of Moscow and Peking to Vietnam, although they all agreed that the Viet Cong was part of the international Communist program of aggrandizement.

Thus one high official warned us not to pay any attention to the differences between statements on Vietnam from Moscow and Peking and Hanoi, while another official told us that the struggle in Vietnam was creating a major drift between Moscow and Peking. Still another official asked us to keep in mind the historic Vietnamese fear of Chinese domination.

When one editor suggested that the bombing of North Vietnam would force together Hanoi, Peking, and Moscow, he was assured that just the opposite was the case. Under bombing, Hanoi would soon realize that her own best interests would be served by becoming independent of other Communist nations and assuming a Titoist position in Asia.

It was explained that "so long as North Vietnam has reason to believe it's going to rule Laos, Thailand and South Vietnam, then it needs the help and resources of China and the Soviet Union." The officials admitted the possibility that Hanoi might become independent of China if we encouraged her to do so less severely but, he said, "It's a gamble. I wouldn't advise taking."

On the other hand, our leaders do apparently see some differences between the major Communist countries. There is a sense in which the Soviet Union has "mellowed." The Chinese leaders, like Sukarno, are "first generation nationalists." The rigors of the long march and the hardships of their long revolution, along with their age (Mao is as old as Averell Harriman, someone pointed out) have embittered them.

"These boys will not change," we were told. They are "crusty and intransigent." To them the world is either "black or white." "There are no neutrals to the Chinese," and "we are the arch enemy." Despite all this, there is no reason to be pessimistic, for while "no agreement on substance with China is possible as long as the current gen-

eration of leaders is in power," the next generation will not take so hard a line. They will have risen to power in "bureaucratic, not military" battles.

The softening of the Soviet bureaucracy has led China to believe that she may assume leadership of the international Communist movement. The core of the Chinese doctrine is the extension of guerilla warfare across national frontiers, a method particularly attractive to a country without a nuclear capability or industrial base.

And so here we are. In Vietnam we must meet our next great historic test, "the war of national liberation threat." "The question is whether or not the Communists will believe that this is a viable means of attaining their ends," one official said. "That is the essential nature of the conflict in Southeast Asia." If we can defeat them in South Vietnam, then "there will be very few avenues of military action left open to them."

China's interest in Southeast Asia goes beyond the Communist drive for aggrandizement, however. While she does not want "direct control" of the area, her aim is "much more subtle." China wants a dominant voice in the affairs of that area in order to create a buffer zone between her and the West analogous to the buffer zone the Soviet Union created in Eastern Europe after World War II.

The American military bases in Thailand, South Vietnam, South Korea, and Japan, and the reconnaissance flights of American aircraft make China fear us. She is, in short, paranoid; or, as one official put it, she wants "extra security."

Several members of the press corps were concerned about the lack of success of our counter-insurgency warfare in South Vietnam, and one veteran Washington reporter asked whether or not the bombings of North Vietnam did not demonstrate the bankruptcy of our efforts thus far. He was assured that the bombings were consistent with theories developed in 1961, when everyone knew that the North was infiltrating men and supplies into the South.

It was recognized then that the guerillas could not be defeated until the frontier was closed, and the official continued, "At no time have I believed that the frontier could be closed from inside." He explained the delay from 1961 by pointing out that we had decided on "a measured waiting until we saw that other means had failed."

North Vietnam, we were told, has infiltrated between 30 and 40,000 men into the South with supplies and ammunition. Skeptical newsmen were told that the evidence could not be shown, but "we know beyond any possible doubt" that Hanoi is directing

the "tactical and strategic" moves of the Viet Cong. The official said that if he didn't believe that he couldn't possibly sanction our air strikes.

The main thing, therefore, is to eliminate this invasion from the North. After that, South Vietnam can deal with the indigenous movement herself ("there is some of that"). "If this were only a civil war, it would have been wound up some time ago," an official assured us.

Someone wondered if the strikes against the North had accomplished anything. They certainly have. They have improved the morale of the United States and South Vietnamese forces to such an extent that the kill ratio



and weapons-capture ratio is almost one to one. However, as the frontier cannot be "closed from the inside," this will hardly be determinant, and one official reluctantly admitted, "There still remains the missing link" in our strategy—"any indication from Hanoi that it will stop their aggression."

The theory behind the bombing is that it eliminates the notion of a sanctuary, which is crucial in wars of national liberation. "Strikes are the things they have to think about," we were told. The bombings will mean that wars of national liberation, another official said, will be "rendered unattractive." And still another official argued that "what you have to do is convince men that it is unwise to continue."

Meanwhile, American field representatives continue their work in rural villages. They are there to "win the support of the people." In addition to the "new life hamlet program," which is simply an extension of the old "strategic hamlet" or "sunrise program" of several years ago, they are helping to

set up the "identity card system."

Under this program every Vietnamese carries an identity card with his picture, which he is required to show at the request of the government police. Every family also has a group picture, and at government request the family must account for all the people in the picture. The assumption is that if a young man cannot be accounted for, he is probably with the Viet Cong.

Of course, our village field representatives have some pretty tough problems. For example, they haven't yet figured out what to do when we go into recaptured territory. The first people to come back with the government troops are landlords and tax collectors who want their land, which the Viet Cong had distributed to the peasants, returned to them with back rent and taxes. Our field representatives find this creates sympathy for the enemy.

This problem doesn't arise too often, for under the new pacification plan, called Hop Tac (or "cooperation") we are withdrawing into three major centers, Saigon, Hue, and Da Nang. We will move slowly out of these centers on the radii to completely control all the area within the circle. It was in the Saigon center that our Embassy was recently bombed.

The whole pacification program was summed up most eloquently (if unintentionally) by a young official who said that we have to "get to the point where we have friends in the hamlets who will help us. . . ."

When we have met our third test in Vietnam and showed the Communists that they cannot use wars of national liberation, then two more obstacles lie on the road to the American century: German re-unification and general disarmament.

When the provincial press corps tried to ask about other possible problems they were set straight by the officials with some condescension.

The proliferation of nuclear weapons raises no real problem, because the United States is the most powerful nation on earth.

Chinese entry into the UN is not now possible, because the Chinese are not interested in it (and of course there is always the next generation of more tractable bureaucrats).

The increasing gap between the rich and poor nations is not crucial, because the only important thing is keeping growth rates up with population rates.

The "revolution of rising expectations" is only "journalistic phrasemongering."

The Alliance for Progress has surpassed its expectations, Castroism has lost its appeal, and Cuba is still in desperate economic trouble.

Moderate voices in Africa are beginning to be heard.

And, I presume, deGaulle is getting older.

The UN is in fine shape, and if it becomes necessary we can always move on to the "next alternative in the hierarchy of options," U.S. military power.

As I sat in the splendid auditorium of the State Department and listened to our leaders intone the vision of the world "as we view it," I was not sure that our provincial press bought it all. As the conference drew toward its close on the second day, more reporters from Kansas, Arizona, and Vermont began asking questions, and they were pointed ones. Perhaps had the conference gone on for another day there would have been a real dialogue.

I left the labyrinth of hallways recalling the phrase of another provincial, that you can fool some of the people all of the time, all of the people some of the time, but not all of the people all of the time.

#### ALVAH BESSIE

(Continued from Page 5)

Between 1949 and 1961 when The Wall was built to prevent the literal bleeding to death of the GDR, 3 million Germans went west, leaving some 17 million in socialist Germany today. In the last year alone, 300 thousand have come home to the east, but you will not read about them—or their reasons for returning—in Western newspapers.

Nor have you read a single word about an important event that took place in East Berlin and Weimar between May 14th and 22nd, which involved 180 writers from five continents and 52 separate nations (together with 133 writers from the GDR).

Called by Anna Seghers, whose *The Seventh Cross* was a best-seller in the U.S. and was made into a film during the last war starring Spencer Tracy, and by the dean of German novelists, Arnold Zweig (*The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, *Education Before Verdun*), this international writers meeting was the third to be held in 30 years.

The first was convened in Paris in 1935 to warn the world against the danger of fascism and imminent world war. The second met in besieged Madrid in 1937, when the first battle of that world war was raging. The third was held this May in two of the most symbolical sites in the GDR: Berlin and Weimar.

On May 11th, twenty years ago, the Soviet army planted its red flag on the burned and bombed-out Reichstag. Seven miles from Weimar, the home and work-place of Goethe, Schiller, Bach and Liszt, the Nazis established one of their minor hells, the concentration camp of Buchenwald.

It was built by the inmates them-

selves on the lovely Thüringian plain, with a view of rolling fields and forests that must have torn the heart of every one of the hundreds of thousands of men who went through the camp. Only 55,000 human beings were killed inside the wire, but they included some of the best sons of the German people—as well as thousands from every captured nation in Europe.

Most of the international writers asked their guides whether there was any ironical connection between the fact that Weimar was the cradle of German culture—and Buchenwald the scene of a modern Inferno. After all, the Nazis were capable of a peculiar sense of humor, having woven into the wrought-iron gates of Buchenwald the sardonic phrase, *Jedem sein selbst* (To Each His Own), just as they used the words, *Arbeit macht frei* (Work Will Make You Free) over the gates of Dachau and Auschwitz.

"Not at all," their GDR guides informed them. "It was just a good place for a concentration camp." The Nazis, in fact, so deeply cherished the cultural heritage of Weimar that they sandbagged the homes of Goethe and Schiller to their very roofs.

Had this international conference, called to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the liberation of Europe from Nazism, been composed exclusively of Communist or socialist writers, then the West German, European and American press would have been reasonably certain to blast it.

Since there was a wide representation of authors who held every shade of political opinion—or none at all—they apparently felt that silence was the better part of discretion.

The only writer mentioned by the West German television commentator was Peter Weiss, a German who lives in exile in Sweden, who had appeared on an East German TV program broadcast from the Park Hotel in Weimar, together with Anna Seghers, Pablo Neruda and Marcos Ana, Spanish poet living in Paris who survived 23 years in Franco's prisons. Neither Weiss' presence in Weimar, his appearance on the program nor the conference in which he participated was mentioned in the vicious blast directed at this non-communist German author who chooses to live abroad rather than in either Germany.

Among the non-political were America's William Saroyan and John O. Killens (*Youngblood* and *And Then We Heard the Thunder*). James Baldwin had accepted an invitation but was held in London by rehearsals for his new play, *The Amen Corner*. Abby Mann, screenwriter of *Judgment in Nuremberg* (a great success in the GDR and a failure in the Bundesrepublik) accepted—then cabled his regrets a week later.

This curious silence on the part of

the "free press" (which was well-represented in both Berlin and Weimar by working journalists—not to mention the CIA) may be related to the fact that in the GDR, which is trying valiantly to carry out the Potsdam Agreement, the liberation of Europe from the Nazis was celebrated in every major city and small town, whereas the word liberation does not exist in the vocabulary of the Bundesrepublik, where it has been replaced by the word "capitulation."

In fact, it was even possible for Heinrich Lübke, President of the Federal Republic, to proclaim on May 8th that "This is a dark day in German history."

You get the point: Germany "lost the war"—and few Germans (east or west) were really Nazis. A Bulgarian woman writer who had spent three years in the women's concentration camp at Ravensbruck told this story:

She had returned to Ravensbruck (GDR) when the camp—like Buchenwald and others—was dedicated as a memorial to its dead (120,000 of 192,000 women who went through it). She wore a pin designating her status as a former inmate and went into a store to get an ice-cream. The proprietor noticed the pin and shook his head sadly. "To think of it," he said. "We never knew what was going on in there."

The Bulgarian writer did not spit in his face, she said, although that is what she felt like doing. "After all," she said, "what good would it have done? Every day for the three years I was there, we were paraded through the town twice—on the way to and back from the Nazi war factory in which we worked. We were in rags, covered with lice and filth, our heads shaved, and women dropped dead on the streets every day from undernourishment and overwork."

This same Bulgarian woman had a visit in May from the GDR state security police—and now faces a new dilemma. They showed her a picture of a woman who was a guard at Ravensbruck and asked if she knew her.

"Do I know this woman?" she replied. "I have thought about her for 20 years—and what I would do to her if we ever met in the street."

Her dilemma? How can she testify at the forthcoming trial of this woman and her other colleagues, and say, "Twenty-two years ago this woman beat me unconscious and put me in my barracks bunk for three weeks because I stepped out of line on the way back from the factory to glance at a newspaper posted on the wall?"

After all, the woman had not killed her and she had never seen her kill another inmate, though it was known that she had. But what could she say at the trial? Was that a crime, after all? Unlike others, she bears no marks

## The Astronauts, Dick Gregory and the Demonstration that Wasn't

On the afternoon of June 14th, while a couple of million Chicagoans were cheering the parade of the astronauts, 500 civil rights demonstrators stood and sat on the grass a mile away listening to these words from Dick Gregory:

We have been criticized by Mayor Daley for our street demonstrations because he says that although every American has the right to demonstrate, we do not have the right to sit in the middle of a street or a highway and block cars and keep other people from exercising their right.

Now, that statement sounds good, but a couple of days ago, President Johnson flew to Chicago for an occasion that was not a national emergency or to solve an international crisis. He came to Chicago to address a \$100-a-plate dinner for this vicious Daley machine.

If the President can come to town and they close the highway down from the airport—and he wasn't here for a bipartisan meeting, he came to raise money for the Democrats—I say to you that if they can close a highway down for a President who's coming to town to raise money at a \$100-a-plate dinner for the same corrupt Daley machine that's strangling my kids, then I can close the highway down to get that stranglehold off their throat.

As you know, the astronauts have arrived in Chicago this morning and they think we're going to interfere with the parade route. I sent a telegram to the astronauts inviting them to be with us this morning.

City Hall implied that we were going to block the parade route. I say this to you: that Mayor Daley will never suggest to us how we should demonstrate.

We are not mad at the astronauts. We have had no intention of demonstrating today. America is bigger than

our civil rights struggle. But I wonder, if the astronauts had been invited to Saigon for a big parade today, would America have stopped that war while they were there?

Now, the astronauts have not only put us ahead in the space race, but their accomplishment is bigger than America because they have put the whole free world ahead, and I do not intend to embarrass these astronauts in a way that a foreign country could use it as propaganda against the entire free world.

I say to you today that we are not going to demonstrate, that we are going to stay here in the park and have a rally. And I suggest to Mayor Daley that he should not invite any important people to town if he don't want them embarrassed, until after he has solved the problems that's confronting this city.

We are trying to embarrass the city of Chicago, but not the astronauts. That's all I have to say right now. Thank you very much, and God bless you.

### These Were the Telegrams that Were

Date: June 11, 1965

To: Astronauts White & McDivitt

Gentlemen: Please accept my sincere congratulations on your recent trip. I know how you feel after that space ride because I just got out of confinement myself. Thank God you have returned safely. Now that you have put America ahead in space, I would like to ask you to help us accomplish another feat which, though social in nature, could have the same impact as your space ride, and could do as much to put America ahead.

We, the major civil rights groups in Chicago, will be marching to City Hall this Monday, June 14. We understand you will be in town, and we most sincerely request that you join our march for freedom. Hoping you can help us make freedom work as well down here in Chicago as you made your spacecraft function in outer space, I am, Sincerely yours, Dick Gregory.

Date: June 16, 1965

To: Dick Gregory

We are in receipt of your invitation to astronauts White and McDivitt to lead the demonstration march on June 14 in Chicago. We regret that we did not receive your message in time to send a reply to you prior to the planned event, although the pre-arranged schedule of the astronauts would have precluded their participation.

I am sure you are familiar with the position of NASA in the areas of fair employment of persons regardless of race, creed, or color. As stated frequently by President Johnson, so often reiterated by Administrator Webb, NASA seeks to secure equal treatment and equal opportunity for all Americans. Your congratulations on the success of Gemini Test-4 are sincerely appreciated—Alan B. Shepard Jr. Chief Astronaut NASA Manned Spacecraft Center.

or internal injuries today to testify to her mistreatment.

The 180 international writers and their 133 colleagues from the GDR attended a final "manifestation" on May 19th in the Deutsches National theater in Weimar, and issued a "Call from Weimar." They had heard speeches by Anna Seghers, James Aldridge (*The Diplomat*), Saroyan, Mulk Raj Anand (India), Konstantin Fedin (USSR), Bruno Frei (Austria), Yuri Suhl (USA), Alan Marshal (Australia) and Hugh McDiarmid (England).

Pablo Neruda read his poem, *Cómo Era España*, and there were other addresses by Sidiké Demboele (Mali), Shigeharu Nakano (Japan), Marcos Ana, Henri Alleg (*The Question*, Algeria), Ludwig Renn (*War*, GDR), Giacomo DeBenedetti (Italy), Jónas

Arnason (Iceland) and 21 others.

This call reads in full:

"We are gathered here on the soil of the German Democratic Republic, at Weimar, cradle of classical literature, in the city where—in 1945—the anti-fascist fighters in Buchenwald swore—in different languages—the oath which has been maintained and realized today.

"We are gathered as friends, despite our divergent opinions and origins, united by a firm determination to defend the lives of the people in peace, with all the power of the humanist word.

"We are gathered—20 years after the victory over Nazism, which was achieved with such sacrifice—faithful to the spirit of the best of our friends and companions who, at the writers congresses in Paris in 1935 and Ma-

drid in 1937 joined their voices to defend culture and peace.

"This is the task they have handed down to us: To place our intelligence, our hearts and our talents at the service of the common struggle against fascism in all its forms, open or camouflaged, against imperialist aggression and the terrible threat that hangs over humanity: atomic war.

"Of our days—as of all time—only that literature which is rooted in life that is in endless evolution will survive.

"We, writers from 52 countries, address ourselves today to all who write: "Hear our call—the Call from Weimar."

A subversive message, indeed, which may be read today for the first time in any publication west of The Wall.

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## *crottes de licorne*

by Harold Feldman

### **Thanatopsis Among the Cops**

It has long been my untested belief that the idea of self-slaughter occurs most often among people who are always thinking of making life unbearable for everybody else.

I am not surprised, therefore, to learn of the high suicide rate in America among Germans and dentists.

Although I am not yet ready to match statistics with a sociologist, many scattered facts on the subject have confronted me since I began studying and consorting with lawmen. The facts suggest that policemen as a group seek the solace of suicide perhaps more frequently than any other group.

But the facts are hard to come by. The books that study the relation of occupation to suicide do not mention policemen. They classify their lemmings by income or under broad headings such as professional, skilled and unskilled labor. Inquiries to the police fraternities and insurance agencies bring a vapid refusal to cooperate. Yet the experts must have run into the problem of suicide among cops in a dozen different ways and must have noticed what special euphemistic treatment a police suicide gets in the reports.

The cop who finds his lot too unhappy and cheats the Almighty of his death sentence has as much chance of being reported as a suicide priest.

The classic case is the wave of suicides that struck the New York City constabulary in the 1930's. More than a hundred of *The Finest* blew themselves into eternal bliss within the short space of six years. But if you go over *The New York Times* coverage, you find that 25% were not reported as suicides and 25% were "unidentified."

### **Pot Luck**

"You should've kept your mouth shut and you'd have got away with it," His Honor chuckled. Five hundred dollar bail, and maybe a two-year jail term when Harry comes to trial.

The police were raiding a restaurant looking for numbers bets when Harry walked in. They searched him for numbers plays. Nothing. Nervous under this rummaging, Harry took out a matchbox and withdrew a cigarette butt. The cops took that too. It was marijuana.

There were no arrests for numbers that day but Harry was held for "use and possession."

The Voluntary Defender was attacking the legal grounds for the search of Harry, and the judge was so impressed that he was ready to let Harry make his getaway through one of the loopholes. But Harry kept interrupting, insisting that he could defend himself without all that legal folderol.

Finally Harry talked, and as he talked the lawyer groaned and the magistrate grinned. Harry was his once more.

"There wasn't nothing wrong with that search," Harry said. "I let them search me. I didn't do anything wrong."

If he had let his lawyer concentrate on the fine print

of the search warrant, Harry might still be spacing his puffs in peace, a free man. As it is, he was taken away, a crumbling cookie in an American prisoner factory.

### **Coming of Age in Philadelphia**

Attorney Vincent Ziccardi telleth it:

"He was called Mario One-Nose because he couldn't breathe through one nostril where a broken bone blocked the way. If we knew his real name, we forgot it just as we forgot the legal name of anyone we liked or who amused us.

"Mario's one claim to fame was that his farts were the worst, and he could break wind on demand. We'd snap our fingers and say, 'Fart, Mario,' and he'd comply till the street corner was cleared.

"He was the one who got us seats in the movies on Saturday. On a crowded movie day, we would go and wet our handkerchiefs in the back of the theater and we'd pick a spot where we wanted to sit. One of us took Mario down the aisle and pointed it out, and then: 'OK, Mario, fart.'

"Mario would stand there, tap his side . . . and we had seats to spare. Mario could fart and clear out any part of the movies you wanted.

"We then would put the wet handkerchiefs over our faces, and that is how we sat for 20 or 30 minutes. After a while we got used to it and put our kerchiefs away."

### **Rack of Ages**

Every informed citizen knows that capitalism owes its survival to socialists and communists. Not so well known is the fact that the Catholic Church continues to prosper in its Italian homeland chiefly because of atheist assistance.

The Italian Communists are the ones who guaranteed that Mussolini's surrender to the Church in 1929 was incorporated into the Constitution of the Italian Republic. If divorce is illegal, if Protestant preachers can't be too obvious in Rome, if missals and rosaries are regular school apparatus, if birth control is un-Italian and the beds of the poor are still multiplication tables—it is to the Reds that the Pope owes his gratitude.

As Don Camillo showed, the war between Communism and the Church is hardly more serious than Sophia's feud with Gina.

For a while, the Socialists of Italy stood aside and snickered while Communist candidates kissed the rings of bishops and voted funds for church schools. But now Italy's arch-atheist is Vice-Premier, Pietro Nenni, Nenni, leader of the left wing socialists. And now he has upheld the ban against the performance of *The Deputy* in Rome. An investigation of Vatican finances was kiboshed by Socialist votes in Parliament. And a Socialist ministry has discouraged the publication of the letters of the late Pius XII.

Despite the celibacy of Nenni's latter days, it is probably too late to make a bishop of him. But he can be knighted. An American Jew was knighted by the Pope for much less. When Nenni broke his knee on a mountain jaunt last year, the hierarchy asked the faithful to pray for his survival over their macaroni.

Doctrinal differences should not stand in the way of Nenni's ecclesiastical elevation. There is goor precedent. When the Church needed all the brains it could muster to fight Luther and the Reformation, the scarlet haberdashery of cardinals was bestowed on three confirmed infidels.

## The Newport Fuzz Festival

by Mississippi Phil Ochs

Normally, I wouldn't mind being fingerprinted, photographed, and interrogated under hot lights, but after all we were only trying to get into the festival.

"You want to murder Joan Baez, don't you?" asked the fat cop, spitting tobacco on our Spanish leather boots.

"You don't understand," I replied wittily, "I was invited to sing in one of the concerts last year."

"Oh yeah, then why weren't you invited this year?"

I started to say, "Perhaps its my . . ." but was interrupted by one of the festival directors who had noticed our plight and managed to get us in after signing an affidavit swearing we weren't Jewish and didn't play electric instruments.

Once inside the barbed wire enclosure, we began to relax. On stage Joan Baez and Donovan were humming an acappella version of John Phillip Sousa's *Hands Across the Sea*.

After each performer was done, a cop would get on stage and announce: "Welcome to Newport, outsiders. I'd like to ask your cooperation in observing a few simple rules—no parking, no drinking, no smoking, no talking, no stepping on the grass, no grass, no sleeping on the beaches, no sex. So enjoy yourselves, folks, it's your park."

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," I cajoled, walking past the guards into the audience. The crowd was the usual assortment of folk purists wearing faded jeans, beer guzzlers wearing faded smiles, and plainclothesmen wearing freshly pressed jeans and carrying Harmony guitars.

Down below in front of the stage was a large pit, an idiot arena holding a motley crew of maniacal, milling photographers who surged forward like a great army of large snapping mosquitoes whenever a celebrity appeared on stage. I was fatalistically hoping that at least one performer would throw an expensive Leica into the middle of the hungry throng, and while they were all grappling in the dust, expose himself to the audience, making them all miss the classic shot.

In 1963, there was an historic scene when Dylan, Seeger, Baez, the Freedom Singers, and Peter, Paul, & Mary joined hands to sing *We Shall Overcome*. In 1964, egos got out of hand and didn't realize the ritual was already old hat and leaped on stage to no avail because several of the original important people weren't there this time so no famous photograph emerged.

This year the traditional ending degenerated into a *La Dolce Vita* party as several disparate performers, festival officials, audience members and passers-by joined in a Kafkaesque song-and-dance exhibition. There were so many people packed on stage, there legally should have been another fire exit.

Next year perhaps they will feature a Radio City Hall Rockette routine including janitors, drunken sailors, town prostitutes, clergy of all denominations, sanitation engineers, small time Rhode Island politicians, and a bewildered cab driver. The whole jamboree can be backed up by the beloved Mississippi John Hurt's new electric band consisting of Skip James on bass,

Son House on drums and Elizabeth Cotten on vibes, all being hissed and booed by the now neurotic ethnic enthusiasts.

One of the highlights of the 1965 festival occurred when a workshop turned into a workout. Alan Lomax was emceeding the blues workshop and was turned off by the Paul Butterfield Jug Band and implied as much on stage. Albert Grossman was turned off by Lomax's comments and implied as much to Lomax's face offstage. Heated comments were exchanged and before anyone could say *festival* the two lions of the Folk Power Structure were rolling in the dirt. They were pulled apart and immediately withdrew, Albert humming *Who Killed Davey Moore* and Lomax humming *If I Had a Hammer*.

Both denied rumors that there would be a rematch in Madison Square Garden. Later in the festival a folk group which shall remain nameless wrote a song called *Talking Alan Lomax* in which they play the guitar background for a talking blues and say nothing. If anyone has a picture of the incident, I respectfully suggest they send it to the program directors who can use it as a dedication page for next year's program book entitled "We remember last year . . . the folk process."

During an evening concert, Lomax was discussing a group of former convicts who were chopping wood and hoeing in time to work songs. In a perhaps not unsymbolic gesture, one of the hoes lost its true aim and inadvertently demolished an innocent but expensive Vanguard microphone. Perhaps they could award a posthumous medal to the brave recording engineer who, with earplugs sensitively connected to the ill-fated mike, had his impressionable eardrums tuned to the slightest deviation in sound. The audience felt great sympathy for the mishap and gave them so many encores they chopped their way through the stage and fell in a heap on the ground.

During the Sunday afternoon concert it rained so heavily that the audience came out of their polite applause lethargy and began to cheer and even dance. It kept on raining, so the festival decided not to put on the Paul Butterfield band as scheduled for fear of someone being electrocuted. The audience was shocked, but then it's not always easy to put on folk music. One cryptic observer noted that perhaps the real reason they didn't put on the Butterfield band was out of fear that Alan Lomax and his ax-grinding convicts would be lying in wait.

In the final concert on Sunday evening, Bob Dylan as usual made history without even using a helicopter. I have a theory that it was really John Lennon on stage who had entered the festival disguised as Donovan, that the Butterfield band who played in back of Dylan was really the Kingston Trio getting kicks, and that Dylan's harmonica was really John Hammond.

Wearing an Audie Murphie black jacket, playing a Chuck Berry guitar, and performing his electrified alienation with passionate indifference, he assassinated the audience.

Some booed, some cried, some yelled "Take it off," but most just sat silently in a state of shock sucking on crumpled beer cups. I was expecting God to open the heavens with his wrath, but instead Peter Yarrow embarrassingly brought Dylan back and he obligingly played two encores alone on an acoustic guitar, the

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band apparently having been slaughtered beneath the diamond stage by unforgiving Dylantants.

Alas, all good things must come to an end and as we left the scenic festival grounds bouncing around in the back of the police van, we had many fond memories. Dylan's lynching, while admittedly unsubtle and gauche, was understandable. Joan Baez's frugging on several occasions gave the festival the added flair of an Arthur Murray Dance Party. Peter, Paul & Mary certainly deserved a better fate than to have melted in the rain. The nagging question still remained: Why wasn't Regis Toomey invited?

It's probably only the beginning of a long and controversial history. Next year in order to avoid a carnival atmosphere they will hold the evening concerts under a large tent. The addition of Phil Spector on the board of directors will insure that the festival will continue to mirror changing tastes. An enlarged cartoon of Batman will dominate the stage and Andy Warhol will have exclusive rights to film his four day opus, *Assimilation*.

And if I'm not invited next year, I guess I'll have to write another review like this.

## The Artist and the Critic

(Suggestion of loft studio. On various tables and pedestals are about 15 objects that appear to be starched white diapers, frozen into various and varied convolutions. ARTIST wears a plaid shirt and white-stained trousers. CRITIC is well-dressed. As lights go on, CRITIC is standing before one of the pedestals.)

CRITIC

And this?

ARTIST

I call this one *Diurnal Pollution Number 18*.

CRITIC

Same technique as the others?

ARTIST

Yes. I masturbate into a square of cloth and after it dries I cast it in plaster.

CRITIC

Very interesting. I notice a variety of textures. Is that because—

ARTIST

Yes. I use different types of cloth. Now this one, for example—

CRITIC

(Feeling the sculpture.) Rather rough, isn't it?

ARTIST

Yes, it was cast from a square of Harris tweed. I call it *Hebrides*.

CRITIC

Ha-ha. Nice. Very witty. (Pause.) That the last one?

ARTIST

That's the works. (Pause.) Well, what do you think?

(CRITIC walks slowly back and forth in front of the sculptures, collecting his thoughts.)

CRITIC

I think that you have forged out in an exciting new direction. And I think, along the way, you are making some very meaningful statements about contemporary life.

Yeah, yeah!

ARTIST

CRITIC

First, we have the act of mechanical—manual, if you will—sex. Mechanical, unilateral, at best unsatisfactory and unsatisfying: an ersatz, ingrown, narcissistic autism. (I will not even go into the brilliant metaphor of the wasted sperm, the seed spilled on the ground or, in this case, on the cloth.)

Yeah, yeah!

ARTIST

CRITIC

To these subtle factors, we add a third: the fabric itself. And here we encounter a great number of varieties at our disposal: satin, lace, cambray, sailcloth, nylon, and so on. (Pause.) In addition to the textural qualities inherent in each of these, they also carry with them very deep and powerful unconscious connotations. (Silk, for example conjures up quite a different picture from, say, burlap.)

(CRITIC takes out a pack of cigarettes, offers one to ARTIST, who impatiently refuses it. CRITIC slowly lights his cigarette, exhales great cloud of smoke.)

CRITIC

Now you take all of these already charged emotional elements—the myriad overtones inherent in the act of self-sex itself, the textures and varieties of the cloth—and by casting them in plaster, you remove them one step from reality, toward the even greater and deeper and blacker alienation. Possibly you had in mind that verse from *The Hollow Men*—you know, the one that starts with, "Between the conception and the creation. . . ." Let's see, how does that go? Yes:

"Between the desire  
And the spasm  
Between the potency  
And the existence  
Between the something  
And the something  
Fall the Shadow."

Yeah, yeah!

ARTIST

CRITIC

By the way, you mentioned before that you had no generic name for these sculptures. May I suggest Spasms?

Spasms! Teriffic!

ARTIST

CRITIC

It occurs to me that what you have done here was to actually construct in time and space the Shadow—this white, hellish Shadow to which Eliot referred. Possibly you were also thinking of the chapter in *Moby Dick* on white as the color of threat.

(ARTIST nods emphatically. CRITIC walks slowly up and down the studio again, examining the sculptures.)

CRITIC

No doubt about it—yours is certain to be a truly seminal influence. (Pause.) Well, thanks for having me up. See you at the show.

(ARTIST and CRITIC shake hands. CRITIC turns, walks offstage. ARTIST looks slowly at his work in a new light, then slowly turns to face the audience.)

ARTIST

Jesus Christ, and all this time I thought I was only playing with myself!

—ROBERT LASSON

The Realist

## The Esthetic Rebels

Editor's note: This summer CBS-TV presented "The Berkeley Rebels." It was an amazingly sympathetic and mostly uncompromising documentary about campus rebellion. Having obtained a transcript of the program before it was broadcast, I asked a spokesman if there would be any significant changes in the final version. "No," he answered—"only esthetic changes." What follows, then, is a short course in Comparative Esthetics.

Added to narrator Harry Reasoner's introduction: "This broadcast is not primarily about the University of California, nor the class of '65, nor campus demonstrations. It is mainly about these young rebels who, although only a small minority of students, brought to a halt one of the great universities of the world.

"To some, these students may seem dangerously irresponsible. To others, idealistically dedicated. To all, they will seem very much alive. It is not our purpose to glorify or condemn them. That judgment will, and should, be left to their own university, to the courts, and to the people of California.

"Instead of simply debating their cause from the outside, we hope to show their mood, posture, and attitudes from within. For if we would deal with them, and that part of a new generation they may typify, we must understand them. If we would comprehend the meaning of the Berkeley Rebels, it is essential first that we listen to them."

\* \* \*

Changed in student Mike Rossman's remarks:

*Before:* "If you want to see things made better, then baby, there's only one guy you can count on to do anything about it and that's you. No one else will do it."

*After:* "... No adults will do it."

\* \* \*

Omitted from Harry Reasoner's narration:

*Before:* "The Berkeley faculty voted to support the students in their demands. The vote was 824 to 115. But many professors criticized the students' methods. Even now, months after the demonstrations, they argue with students about it. This kind of dialogue is a new thing on campus. Everybody concerned seems to think it is a good thing."

*After:* (The last sentence was deleted.)

\* \* \*

Added to student Joe Lapenta's remarks:

"You know they actually give the United States Constitution to kids to read in school and if these idiots in San Diego who are preparing for a Red Chinese invasion across the Mexican border ever read the Declaration of Independence and realized that their kids were reading that and really reading it. It's just unbelievable. And, and they're, you know, they're—the fact that they're taking it seriously and then, you know, 700 people sit-in at Sproul Hall and everybody's amazed. What's wrong with mass education? What's right with mass education? These people are taking these things seriously."

\* \* \*

Omitted from student Kate Coleman's reaction to televised education:

*Before:* "To sit there watching . . . watching it

through a screen. You know, I sit there and I wonder what the hell am I doing here? What is he thinking up there?"

*After:* (The last sentence was deleted.)

\* \* \*

Added to Kate Coleman's reaction to registration (the words in italics were inserted):

"You're always waiting in line. You can't even make one move *without paper and then there's grades. Another hang-up.* It's terrible because they corrupt you. After a while you really come to feel that a mark on a paper is a measure of you or of what you know and it really isn't."

\* \* \*

Omitted from Kate Coleman's remarks:

"I mean, all it is, is merely a measure of your ability to vomit back what was crammed down your throat. That's all it is."

\* \* \*

Omitted from Mike Rossman's remarks about his role as a teaching assistant:

"The one really big hurdle you have to get over with your students is to show them that mathematics isn't a logical thing like most people think it is. It's a matter of feeling. That's very hard to do."

\* \* \*

Omitted from Kate Coleman's remarks (the words in italics were deleted):

"I feel I am being swallowed up by a faceless crowd. *I don't know whether I am dead and they are alive or they are dead and I am alive. I feel lost in a machine.* It is lonely. It is impersonal. It is cold."

\* \* \*

Omitted in Harry Reasoner's narration (the words in italics were deleted):

*Before:* "At their tables now, students are free to advocate any cause they wish and they do. The causes range the entire spectrum of political belief *from Chinese Communism to ultra-conservatism.*"

\* \* \*

Changed in Harry Reasoner's narration:

*Before:* "The advocacy of radical causes by some students led to the accusation that the student activists are Communist led."

*After:* "The advocacy of radical causes by some students led, not surprisingly, to the charge that they are tinged with Communist influence. FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover has testified that while the Berkeley demonstrations were not Communist-originated or controlled, they were exploited by a handful of Communists among the students for their own ends."

\* \* \*

Omitted in Harry Reasoner's narration (the words in italics were deleted):

"... only 4½% belonged to radical groups *like the DuBois Club or the Young Socialist Alliance.* . . ."

\* \* \*

Changed in Harry Reasoner's narration:

*Before:* "... 7% belonged to conservative groups. . . ."

*After:* "... 1.2% belonged to conservative groups. . . ."

\* \* \*

Omitted entirely from the program:

*Reasoner:* Young people have more energy than any educational institution can absorb. The activists blow off steam on a picket line, but most other kids prefer the traditional fraternity house blast like this decorous affair. It's called a Tom Jones party and it's a fad like

swallowing gold fish or squeezing into a phone booth used to be. The activist students, of course, disapprove.

*Mike Rossman:* The kids who come here, you know, they're nice kids. They're eager kids. But something's wrong. You know, it corrupts them. They leave wanting all the wrong things. A neat little house in Westwood. A neat new car. A neat executive job with neat session.

[Scene changes from spaghetti-eating to bull-session]

*Kate Coleman:* And they do it on weekends and like they have to go—they go to a mo—

*Sally Leary:* I never thought—about it—

*Kate Coleman:* I have.

*Mike Rossman:* They don't do it at home.

*Kate Coleman:* They don't do it at home. They go to a motel.

*Joe Lapenta:* They drink beer—it's so awful because—

*Kate Coleman:* They get drunk and they—because you lose your prowess.

*Joe Lapenta:* No. You have to—you know—

*Mike Rossman:* More interested in pot—

*Kate Coleman:* But then—but then they go to motels, for example. Like we have a—you know, our own apartments and, you know, it's a natural scene. You know, we—you know, we're talking with somebody and we've had dinner or something like that—

*Mike Rossman:* It's part of our life.

*Kate Coleman:* It's part of our life. They go on weekends and it's something dirty. It's really something dirty—

*Mike Rossman:* You don't look into their minds.

*Kate Coleman:* All right. But in other words, the circumstances are not optimum. They're not natural. And—and so then they have to go back to the Sally sorority house and the Freddy fraternity house, you know, put on their virginity pins again and they go back to being virgins Monday through Friday. I mean it's ridiculous.

\* \* \*

Added to Kate Coleman's remarks:

"And I refused to listen to these older people, you know, who start talking about it and I look at their marriages, you know, their marriages or even if they don't get a divorce. Let's say they don't get a divorce, and even let's say they don't even wife swap. But how about all those marriages where these couples stay together and hate one another. You know. And they have the gall. They have the nerve to tell us that we're immoral. You know I just can't—I just can't under—they just floor me."

\* \* \*

Omitted from Kate Coleman's remarks (the words in italics were deleted):

"... I came here and oh, boy, I was free. Well, I was miserable for a long, long time, you know. *I didn't understand men. I didn't understand what was happening. I went through a great deal of misery and, you know, I've—I've come a long way. A lot of people don't even find that out.* A lot of people are in bed and in bed because they need desperately and love desperately and not—and sex is not doing anything for them. Sex is destroying them."

\* \* \*

Changed in Harry Reasoner's narration:

*Before:* "The trial is now in session for the 800 Berkeley students arrested during the campus sit-in. Today the trial entered its 12th week. The students

face the possibility of imprisonment, fines and a loss of at least part of their future."

*After:* "The trial of the Berkeley students arrested during the campus sit-in ended a few days ago, the decision of the Berkeley Municipal Court is due shortly. The students face the possibility of imprisonment, fines and a very real threat to their future careers."

\* \* \*

Changed in Harry Reasoner's conclusion:

*Before:* "The students have been charged with a violation of the law. But the conflict goes much deeper. What can be said about this conflict? It seems at least this can be said. On balance, these young people are an attractive group. On balance, they seem an asset rather than a danger. That what they have discovered about life and society is about as new as Ecclesiastes, but it is a hopeful thing that they have made the discovery. That we as guardians have a responsibility for control, as well as sympathy. That they are perhaps too young . . . and we are perhaps too old."

*After:* "In this past hour we have moved into the world of a few of the Berkeley Rebels. We underscore the fact that they are not all, or most, of Berkeley; indeed, what makes them special is that they are not typical. To some they may appear irresponsible, unrealistic and impatient. It should be noted that they offer few solutions. They are proud to bug society while providing no program for debugging it.

"But other qualities shine through, too—that they care, in a world that is moved, for good and bad, only and always by those who do care. That they want desperately to be and do, not always knowing how. And, of course, that they are young. The ferment at Berkeley seems the symbol of that old conflict—between adventure and acceptance, past and future, youth and age. In that conflict it may be helpful to consider this: if they are, perhaps, too young, we are, perhaps, too old."

### Press Conference

Q. Mr. President, it has been charged that the United States government has supported pro-American dictatorships for many years.

A. This is not true. As an example, we have supported the present dictator in Vietnam for only a couple of months. And the dictator before that, for about the same period of time. And the same was true of the 5 or 6 dictators we supported before that. And in the Dominican Republic, we no longer support the dictator we supported a couple of months ago. Therefore it is not true that we support dictators for many years. These deliberate distortions and smear techniques are typical of people who don't agree with me.

Q. Mr. President, there has been some speculation that the Dominican Republic will be our 51st state.

A. This is not true. We would never impinge upon the sovereignty of any free nation. Instead, the status of the Dominican Republic will be the same as that of Puerto Rico. Separate, but equal.

Q. Mr. President, would you care to sum up the essence of our foreign policy?

A. We must give the rest of the world our democracy. God, and the moral forces of righteousness, are on our side. Plus, we do have the necessary nuclear capacity. Anyone that survives will be free under our democracy.

Q. Thank you, Mr. President.

—Don Erickson

## Troubled? Lonely? Anxious? Unhappy? Look, I Got Troubles of My Own

by Hope Haworth

A few years back, when the *National Enquirer* was a rather obscure publication, back before the boobie covers became replaced by pictures of mutilated babies, some anonymous jokester sent my husband a subscription. I found the entire dirty little rag intriguing, but I was particularly beguiled by the want-ad section. You could get anything: erotic pictures of exotics, gin-making instructions, mail-order plastic surgery . . . anything. With one surprising omission: no advice to the lovelorn.

It was my husband's bright idea that such advice, for a fee, could earn the adviser a tidy little bundle; it was his still brighter idea that the adviser and bundle-maker might as well be me. I am a qualified psychologist, but that's beside the point. Being terribly suggestible, as well as a sucker for crooked get-rich-quick schemes, I immediately acquired a post office box and an alias, Hope Haworth—the epitome of love-lornly sobriquets.

When I read on the back of the postal receipt that it is a federal offense to hold a box under an assumed name, I made a hurried trip to my lawyer who, after suggesting a sanity test, got me legally registered. So far I was out about \$25.00.

The ad read:

**TROUBLED? LONELY? ANXIOUS?  
UNHAPPY?**

**Qualified psychologist will advise  
on any problem. Confidential,  
prompt reply. Send \$2.00.**

I had very naively thought that I'd get the types of letters you see printed in "Dear Abby," but I had decided beforehand that in case I got any kind-a-serious problems, I would blithely refer the writer to a clergyman or psychiatrist. Yeah.

The first letter was from a 22-year-old lady nut with a bloomer fetish. She described at great length her mode of dress, which is best summed up as pre-kindergarten . . . little short-skirted, hand-smocked dresses with the big bow in the back, and always with the bloomers "naughtily peeking out." The bloomers she considered quite sexy. I thought she was putting me on, but it was for real. No one could invent the weird details that went into that letter. Not even Terry Southern.

Bloomer-Girl worked for and lived with a woman with "a big gruff voice that makes me tremble all over," a woman who mothered her, protected her, disciplined her, and bought her

bloomers. The problem? The girl was to be punished for some minor infraction of house rules, and although the method of punishment was determined (placed over the mistress' knee and spanked), the ladies could not agree as to the position of the bloomers, i.e., up or down, during the procedure. This was the problem I was to settle.

My only other female customer was an ignorant, frightened creature living in mortal terror of a woman she was convinced was an honest-to-goodness witch. The latter had fixed her with the Evil Eye, stolen her man and her "nature," and had left her penniless. Penniless (and with an infant daughter who cried constantly from lack of milk), but somehow she had dug up a five spot (instead of the requested \$2.00) for my advice.

She not only couldn't do arithmetic worth a damn, she couldn't write much better. No punctuation, no capitalization . . . an almost illegible jumble. But someone had once taught her the little niceties of letter-writing and her pathetic prelude to the recital of her woes was: "deer mr haworth how r yu gud i hop im gud to thank yu vary mutch."

After receiving the first few letters, I recalled my original dumb idea of simply referring "real" problems to a higher being. It was laughable. Or cryable. How can you tell some terrified, illiterate woman, hexed and vexed by a witch, "Modom, you really oughter see a headshrinker?" My poor *schleps* were as remote from the couch as I was from those children starving in Greece to whom my mother always referred in attempts to get me to make a clean plate. It's another world.

I decided I had to give these people something. Often, all that was required was a common-sense suggestion. The real bug came in trying to not give too much advice, advice which might be misinterpreted, advice which could be more harmful than none at all. Sometimes all I could do was listen and try to say something nice to these wretches with their lousy lives and self-doubts and recriminations. When plagued with self-doubts myself, I consulted with a battery of psychiatrists, who proved almost totally worthless as consultants.

A word here on psychiatrists. They were, to a man, aghast at my project. Understandably. It is perfectly reasonable that they should not dig anyone else playing God. They've staked out a territory, declared it sacred, and woe unto the mere mortal who dares trespass. They weren't so much concerned

that I might do harm to a fellow human-being; rather they seemed peeved at my horning-in. Some washed their hands of me and my heresies immediately; others stuck by for various reasons: pity, old friendship's sake, a little blackmail on my part.

In my quasi-professional relationship with psychiatrists (and I speak only of Freudian, analytic psychs, which is the only kind I know), I was struck by their general lack of common-sense and imagination. Very big on the id and the ego . . . nothing on how to counter the Evil Eye.

Their standard advice was: "This person, obviously, must see a psychiatrist." When I tried to point out their lack of reality-orientation (I'm very big at addressing people on their own level), that my people just weren't psychiatrically hip, the gods said, "Tough, they are lost without us."

Psychiatrists can be real shits.

Sometimes I'd come up with a rather simple-minded, common-sense suggestion and they'd express amazement at my ingenuity, saying, "By George, you just might try that."

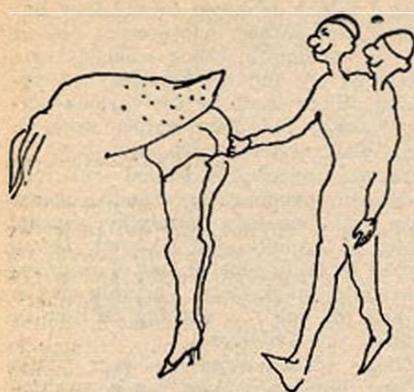
Take the case of The Wrassler. This guy had a yen to wrestle with a lady, "to get thrown over her shoulder by a real strong woman." Perhaps not a usual urge, but not particularly incapacitating to him. He was not unintelligent; he was performing well in his job, he had a good marriage. Good? He had revealed his desire and his fantasies to his wife, and she, a real good-scout type helpmeet, had attempted to wrestle him and thus relieve the itch. However, she was a 98-pound weakling and her efforts were ineffectual.

I came up with what I thought might be a logical suggestion, but first I wanted to make reasonably sure it wouldn't be harmful. I showed the fellow's letter to one of the more sympathetic and astute shrinks and he gave me the usual crap: "A few years on the couch . . . get at the childhood source . . . etc., etc."

Look: this guy had a peculiar desire and had himself labeled it as such, but it was not interfering with any important aspects of his life; it was not all-obsessive. He had stated that if he could just get pinned down once he thought he could get it out of his system. So why not let him try? Before he plunked out a few thousand bucks?

I was able to track down the name of a school in his city which offered judo instruction, co-educational, of course. I suggested that The Wrassler, with or without little old understanding wife, could enroll, and either he would get flipped and urge cured or he would get flipped and urge intensified, in which case he might be more amenable to a more traditional type of therapy.

August 1965



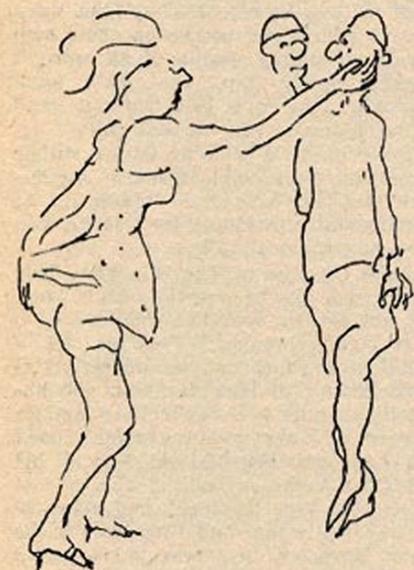
I wondered if my suggestion could do any harm? "No, I don't think so, not at all," said the shrink in admiration. "Its absolutely ingenious!"

"Ingenious" would seem the psychiatric equivalent of "good sense." I hope The Wrassler got a good shelling and got off his kick, but just in case he felt he needed further help, I told him I could recommend legitimate sources of therapy in his locale.

Then, too, the psychs weren't much help with my developing problem: guilt-feelings over my fee, or the blood money as I came to regard it. They've got this thing going that private therapy must be paid for. "Free advice is worth every penny you pay for it," they are wont to say. Robbery is part of the therapy. They're the only M.D.s who don't extend professional courtesies to their colleagues—not even a 10% discount.

Not having their high code of ethics, I was disturbed about accepting the \$2.00 from some of my really down-and-out clients. I felt like a real *shlunk* taking the money from some who could desperately use it. My advisers were most firm, yea, eloquently insistent, on my accepting payment.

Came the letter from the lady with the witch on her back and the hungry baby to feed and I finally put my foot down. My husband, who is no patsy for a hard-luck story *ever*, read her letter and asked: "How can you keep this poor thing's money and still live with yourself?"



"I can't."

"They say you gotta."

"To hell with them. I'm sending it back."

If, by refunding her money I nullified any good I might have done, then so-be-it; it sure did me a helluva lot of good.

There was one guy I really felt could be reached by therapy and I tried to steer him to it. He was most aware that he needed help and was at least familiar with the offerings of the psychiatric profession, but he had all sorts of rationalizations as to why he didn't seek their help. Him I'll call Master Masturbator, for reasons which shall become obvious.

You might well wonder why, with my bleak opinion of the psychiatric specialty (and in addition to my low regard of the men in it, I cannot accept certain basic Freudian tenets—but don't worry, I won't get off on that, Charlie), I nonetheless urged certain of my customers to get psychiatric help. For several reasons:

(1) The widely-held, if erroneous, belief that psychiatry is a magical cure-all may in itself be effective. (2) Something, even anything, is better than nothing. (3) To be heard is often better than to remain silent and these people had no one to listen. (4) As an M.D. the psychiatrist can prescribe drugs which may be of value. (5) There is always the possibility that the individual might get one of the wise and kind shrinks who do exist (albeit in small proportions) in the profession—the Bruno Bettelheim in the barrel of pickles, so to speak.

Back to Master Masturbator. For 15 years this 35-year-old male's sole means of sexual gratification was masturbation. Over this period of time he had embellished the act to unimagin-

"His  
Brother's  
Keeper"

by  
Mike  
Thaler



able ornateness—I mean real rococo stuff. Each letter brought new techniques, new revelations: "Hope, I didn't tell you all. . . . It's too awful . . . I just can't bring myself to blurt it out. . . . But then there's this other way. . . ."

He was really quite inventive. One technique involved the use of this contraption he had developed. He had hooked up a tapered, foam-lined tube to a phonograph motor which he then hooked up to himself—"And away we go"—78, 45, 16 rpm's, depending on the mood.

One of my favorites was his variation on the game "Toe the Mark." He'd stand back on a designated line and see how far he could ejaculate, marking off where X hit the spot and trying to better himself each time. His all-time record revealed a fantastic erectile trajectory range.

The loneliness of the long-distance jerk-off.

For 15 years this miserable slob had been tearing himself apart with guilt feelings and self-hatred. He had kept his feelings bottled up and they were choking him. Once he started to release them, they overflowed and knew no bounds. Page after page, letter after letter—new ways, new techniques . . . old worries worsening and ever-increasing new ones.

No extraordinary acumen was needed to perceive that he soon began using his letter-writing as a perversion of the masturbatory act. He was getting his kicks from drawing it all out for me. I bootsied him along, listening, occasionally trying to assure him he wasn't the lowest thing on earth, establishing a rapport which I hoped

might enable me to get him to a reputable source of help.

The much-needed catharsis began to take effect and M.M. was feeling better than he had ever remembered, which was not so hot therapeutically as he was now sure he could lick it (the problem, I mean), but I knew he could not. Not alone. He had gratefully attributed the change to me.

I had to gently disillusion him as to my therapeutic charms, to point out that what was accomplished he had done himself, that he had made a start but that it was just that, and not a cure. There was now hope, and for a real cure to be effected I advised him to seek personal, directed therapy. I gave him the names of two low-cost mental health clinics in his city and urged him to consult with one immediately.

He, naturally, wanted to "go it alone" with me, "just for a little while longer. . . . Huh, Hopie?" No deal. I got firm and told him he was free to write me at any time, but on condition that he make and keep an appointment at a clinic. More "ifs" and "buts" and "maybes" and so I got real firm and never heard from him again. He's probably back at his old guilt-racked, but ingenious, ways.

You can lead a nut to the couch, but you can't always make him lie down.

As to making a bundle, I didn't even break even. What with the initial operating expenses, phone calls, photostatic copies of pertinent data, refunds to the needy (and in the case of the witch-haunted woman, a deficit incurred by sending the advice registered, special-delivery as protection against the alleged mail-pilfering ways of the witch),

the project was entirely unprofitable.

Thank heavens! I don't think my rather peculiar conscience (which can be quite elastic) could have stood a financial gain. Stealing old-age pension checks from widows—perhaps; profiteering on other people's miseries—uh uh.

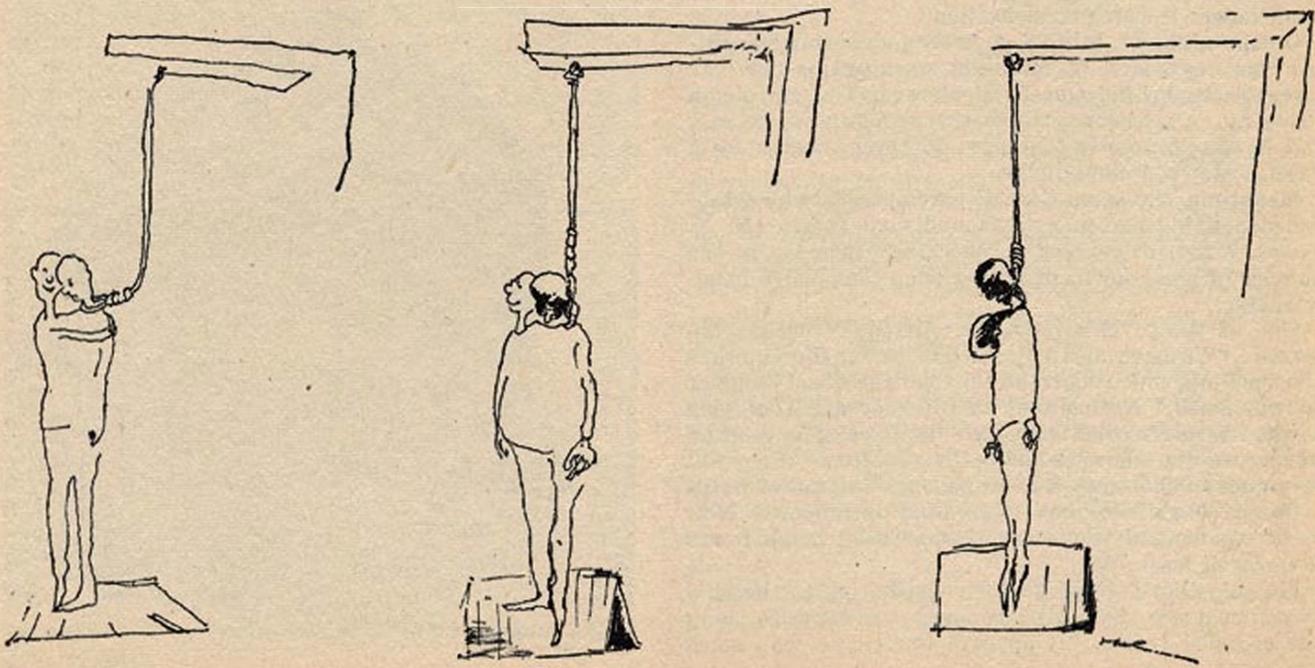
Most of my people, whether they were helped or not, sure got their two dollars worth. I worked my ass off, re-reading Freud and Kinsey and a few dozen new guys, checking and re-checking anything I was the least bit doubtful of, researching reputable sources of help in cities all over the country for those I felt could be led to and perhaps benefit from therapy.

And it got to me. Just like the books say. Richard Condon's and Nathaniel West's. Playing God ain't no kicks at all. I once read that Ann Landers found *Miss Lonelyhearts* to be a silly book, ridiculous, good for a few laughs. Playing God is all fun and games and/or just another way to make a living for Annie.

Ann Landers is out of her nut!

I got terribly depressed and moody. The burden was overwhelming. If the ad had run a week longer, I would have been ready for the leap. Luckily, it ran out before I did (although I received letters as long as 18 months later. Where do you suppose people get hold of last year's *Enquirer*?). It was with great relief that I gave the role of God back to the psychiatrist. May he use it in good health.

Me, I mind my own business these days, tend to my own troubles, and if someone asks for even a little advice—I run like hell. Baby, like the man says, I wouldn't give you the time of day.



## Behind the Water Scene

by Joel Lieber

It was not an illusion: many thousands of New Yorkers had already noticed it on the sweltering hot July nights. Electric writing in the sky, the kind that zig-zags the news around the Times Tower, blinked overhead on the belly of a great whale of a blimp, carrying the message through the heavens from Spuyten Duyvil and Red Hook to Sutton Place and the Grand Concourse. "Don't . . . leave . . . hot water . . . running . . . when . . . you . . ." The message was repeatedly lost to the multitudes as the blimp disappeared behind the tenement rooftops.

Shock at first, and then fear, as though a prophet were trying to rouse the people, and then another unmistakable sign: the great brown water scare of the last week in July, the week the major got married. All across a broad belt of Harlem the brown water gushed out of the taps, on East 100 Street, down the Lenox Avenue slums, across West 142nd Street. Later, it was quietly explained that it was a psychological test; that, and a conservation measure using barely processed Hudson River water. The city's water experts didn't think they would get much reaction from Harlem. "There's so much misery there, how is anyone going to be concerned over some brownish water?" one official pointed out.

But the Harlem apathy was a miscalculation. Phone calls poured into the Board of Health offices. The press was notified. Many callers called the water fishy-smelling, with things floating in it. Officials replied, saying it was utterly safe for drinking. "It was worth a try," one of the plan's masterminds privately confided. "But it looks like we won't be able to save water that way. We're ready to try anything. We're desperate."

Meanwhile, the public-spirited were out buying electric razors and stringing pots underneath their air-conditioners to catch condensation.

On the night of July 23, a lesser public-spirited citizen was discovered at midnight washing his new car three blocks behind Queens Boulevard. The patrolman wrote him a summons, which the man refused to pay, and he was promptly sentenced to three months by a stern, water-conscious judge.

Meantime, the same Cornell psychiatrists who established a link between asthma and civil rights (N. Y. Times, 7/26), discovered a "shocking" increase in the number of breakdowns of guilt-ridden compulsive hand-washers.

One of the psychiatrists, Dr. Alfred Tarentino, observed: "We have also noticed how awful the subways are smelling, much more awful than the usual summer subway smell." Noting that all Lifebuoy and Dial soap ads had been removed from the subway cars, he went on to discuss the showers-and-baths problems. "Constant reference to showers—8 to 10 gallons—instead of baths—20 to 40 gallons—has more than intimidated New York residents. I would say that bathing in all forms is down at least 75%."

He said that another factor contributing to the subway stench was that only unwashed persons were using the crowded trains. "It appears that those who smell

fresh and lilac clean, the compulsive cleanliness types, do not appear on the subways at all these days for fear of being set upon by the dirty, more community-minded crowd."

Dr. Tarentino added that one patient presently undergoing shock therapy had wasted "something like a thousand gallons" a day for over five years, just flushing and flushing the toilet. The patient, a Staten Island housewife, identified with the jailed car-washer. She wanted to be punished just like him, the doctor asserted.

Down at City Hall, an informed source was saying that plans for metering the city's apartment dwellings had been all but abandoned. Engineers estimated it would take the better part of seven years to install water meters for the city's one and three-quarter million apartment dwellings.

In early August, water experts from the Haifa Technion were invited to a symposium at City Hall. The Israeli water engineers were said to have offered invaluable advice in the area of reusing water.

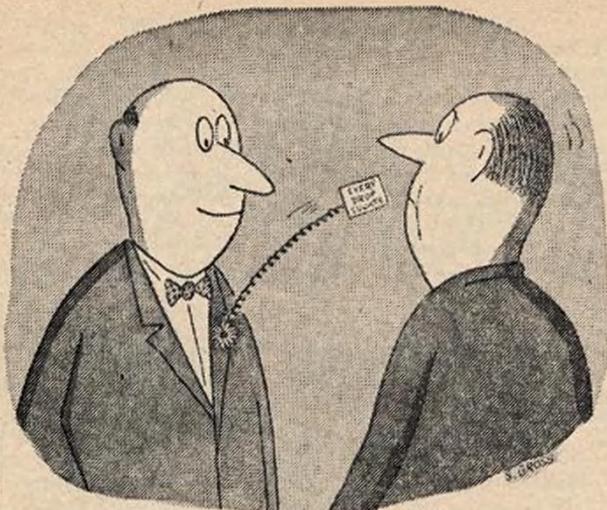
One Galilee hydraulics specialist, credited with originally devising the celebrated kibbutz plan of reusing shower and orchard water four and five times over, was offered a permanent job by the city. He turned it down, noting privately that he couldn't adjust to living among American Jews. "All my life I have avoided the assimilated types. I am too old and too intolerant now. My place is in Israel with my own people."

Also launched in August, at the behest of the city, was a subliminal television campaign aimed at discouraging the use of water. One city clerk, a Brooklyn man, told how he was watching *The Beverly Hillbillies* one evening when he complained to his wife that he was feeling dizzy. His wife offered him a glass of water, he held it for a moment and then ran to the bathroom and got sick.

The campaign to spread aquaphobia reached the con-



The Realist



## Malice in Mexico

by Madalyn Murray

The one Mexican here is the greasy type even if he does have on *el Botany 500*. He just replaced the one we call Happy Boy.

Happy Boy began his guard over us at 1:00 p.m. *el sombrero* time, which was the exact hour we were caught as we tried to James Bond it out of the Continental Hilton Hotel in Distrito Federal, Mexico.

It all began when we tried *An Our Man in Havana*/Peter Sellers-type escape from the paradise of the Pacific: Honolulu, a lulu of a city with hula-hipped dicks. What a gasser that was.

Looking back on it now, there were certain highlights of Chaplinesque melodrama. It was beyond hope that we could really *stay*, considering that we are prototypes of people to be developed 200 years from now. How could any society exist with the Murrays in it?

The first sign on the horizon had been the exchange of letters with Governor John Burns, ex-screw. The book *Mamie Stover* is verboten in Hawaii. Mysteriously stolen from all branches of the library it is sold under the counter only. We soon found out why. John Burns, now governor and respectable, in the time of Flaming Mamie was the head of the Vice Squad which drew millions of dollars out of madams and prostitutes in those vice-booming times.

Burns' reputation is absolutely besmirched with the citizenry and his Flaming Mamie past was recounted to us by every person we met in Honolulu. We figured that a man of this repute would wink at our "crimes" of merely beating up the police force in Baltimore. So I wrote him a letter, a personal *plea* if you'll excuse the tear drop of pathos, and I asked him to not extradite us to an *auto-de-fe* in ye colonial-type minded Baltimore.

And then Gov. John (Hail Mary) Burns wrote me *that* letter. I skipped over the part that said all was right in America, I could even swallow the part that claimed that the sun always shined in Hawaii and with some inner trepidation could even read in print that one could conceivably trust the judicial processes, but when he signed the letter, "May the Lord make His face to shine upon you"—well, the shit hit the fan.

I sat down and wrote this whore-thieving religious nut one of my now-famous poison pen letters and *demanded* that he apologize for writing such unadulterated crap to a knowledgeable Atheist.

We knew then that one day we would watch Honolulu fade in the sunset as we set sail in a sampan to the west. Meanwhile, there was something prophetic about finding a house to live in on the side of a volcano. When we found out the name of the damn thing was the "Punchbowl" we figured we were going to waltz our way through a semi-drunken, semi-fruity residence in old Hawaii.

The Circuit Court of Hawaii in an outburst of generosity gave our attorney seven minutes to prepare

scious levels as well when two television stations, within three days of each other, ran documentaries in which scientists underlined the dangers in the caffeine found in tea and coffee.

Both the tea and coffee councils struck back by attempting to take full-page advertisements calling the charges "preposterous, cynical and dangerous." But no New York City newspaper would sell them page space. A source close to City Hall said that former Mayor Vincent Impellitteri was in charge of the anti-tea and -coffee campaigns.

On August 13, bids were given out to various advertising agencies for the city's anti-water account, reportedly a \$10-million a year billing. Subway posters, glorifying the innate beauty of dirty children, should start to appear by early September. While radio spot jingles are presently in the process of creation. One campaign is said to involve a play on the adage about cleanliness being next to godliness, with a *yeah-yeah* teen-age group belting out all the things that dirtiness really is next to.

Satisfied that the massive anti-water campaign was starting to take hold, a municipal water official commented on the recent reports about the new whining sound heard in many sections of the city, a disturbing sound as though thousands of people were sitting around playing their combs. "Playing your comb is wholesome," the official said. "So long as the comb is dry."

### You Can Lead an Actor to Water But

New York's Water Commissioner has recently launched a campaign to conserve water, and the Broadway theatres are cooperating to the hilt of their publicity sword.

- In the musical comedy, *Hello, Dolly!*, there is a scene in which Charles Nelson Reilly orders four glasses of water. Now, because of the shortage, he requests only two glasses at each performance.
- The sponge used on Sammy Davis after his big fight in *Golden Boy*—previously applied to Sammy soaking wet—is now used bone-dry.
- Barbara Cook, starring in *Any Wednesday*, has a scene where she ostensibly drinks champagne, which was actually water; as her sacrifice to the cause, she has now been drinking actual champagne on stage.

for our first trial, and about this time we had the message: Our ass was grass.

Ah, but the inhabitants of those sunny isles! Whereas Maryland is peopled with religious zealots of various intensities, Hawaii is peopled with sun worshipers, pagans and warm-hearted types. They loved me and I loved them. We made all kinds of friends: haoilies, Japanese, Chinese, Philippines, Samoans, Hawaiians, Tahitians. I was invited everywhere to talk and to party.

Oh, Jesus, those parties! Honolulu is one helluva partying town.

Well, we were not there three months before I felt I had to reform the place. There had never been an A.C.L.U. branch there, so I started one. Boy, what chicken-livered bastards hold themselves out as liberals there.

And then I started a free speech movement.

And then I started a Committee to End the War in Vietnam.

And then I started an anti-censorship drive.

By this time my son, Bill, was spearheading a drive to get compulsory ROTC out of the University of Hawaii, to introduce politics on the campus, and was shaping up the Peace Forum.

The Murrays had hit Hawaii.

The population was enjoying the spectacle; the law enforcers and the ladies' garden club were in a trauma. Another six months and I could have run for governor. We were giving the old island a \$2-to-show almost every gawddam day of the week.

I barreled into the Pledge of Allegiance and demanded that "under God" be dropped.

I filed complaints against every radio and TV station in Hawaii with the FCC, because the stations refused to give me time to sell "freethought" equal to the time religion received, and the same price, which was most often gratis.

It was a free-for-all, a *tour de force*, a living brawl. We never had it so good, never met so many people, never had so many friends, and never got so much to drink at so many parties.

Of course, the Hawaiian establishment didn't like it and Maryland had friends and the federal agencies moved in like a task force.

It was evident that we could *not* win the extradition and that our interlude in paradise would be an interlude only, and that some day we would need to take it on the lam. And it was over this that we began to crack.

Every day the jail term or death hung there over our heads like the Sword of Damocles. Although we stayed on the merry-go-round grasping for the brass ring of a win on the extradition . . . it wasn't there. Our laughter got hollow. The economic strangulation tightened. The legal tether was drawn up closer.

Our attorney appealed our case to the Supreme Court of the State of Hawaii and triumphantly told us that the court calendar was so crowded we had 20 to 24 months' time. Our life was macabre. We didn't quite believe it. I hit the law books. Sometimes I would spend 12 to 14 hours in them there tomes.

Our passports expired. I applied for new ones. We didn't give a damn if we got them or not, but vaguely in our minds was the fact that when we eventually had to blow Hawaii we might also have to blow the states.

The passports were refused, for no reason. Suddenly I *wanted* my passport, and six months of incredible correspondence ensued with Frances McKnight, Passport Director, State Dept. USA. We were refused passports because we had to prove, *for a renewal*, that we were born again. We did. We were then refused because McKnight was unsure of our names. We proved our names. We were then refused because we were not going anywhere anyway. We proved we had a right to do so, if we went on that kick.

By then February 1965 had arrived, and McKnight gave a press release to the newspapers that she could not deny us our passports *even if we were under extradition process* (The Truth Will Out!) because our "crimes" did not fall within the purview of the Fugitive Felony Act.

The next day, after this press outburst, she flatly denied us the passports since we were Atheists: another letter for our "framed letters" department.

If we could win the extradition, why deny the passports? If we were due to lose, we had to be kept in the country so that Maryland could grab us. The fat was in the fire and the rainbows in Hawaii were blue on both ends. Though the mills of injustice grind anything but slowly for us, in our case they do grind exceedingly small.

Our attorney slaved over our cases. He had 16 days to get in his last answering brief. After that, the extradition would be put on the docket and come up for hearing "in due course"—about 18 months, two years or more.

I imagine the attorney's surprise when this day he was sharply advised that our case would be heard on June 2nd—set ahead over 18 full months to accommodate the Murrays, to teach them dancing in a hurry, dancing most probably from the end of a lei noose.

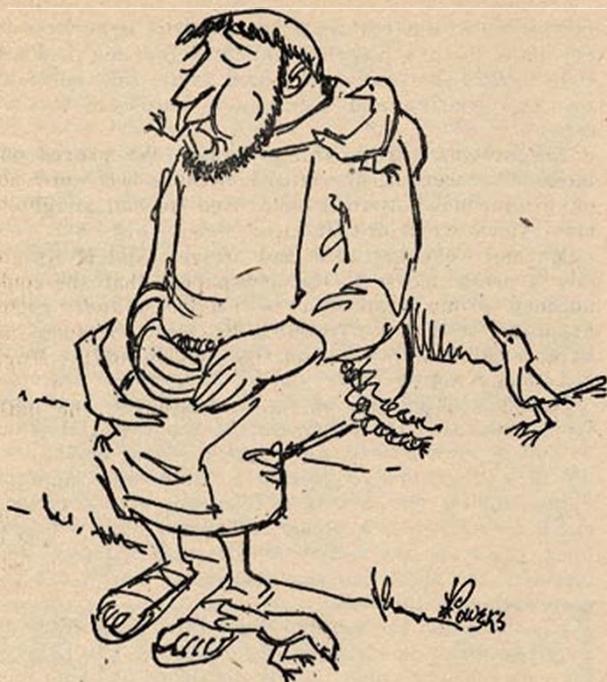
Our attorney could not face us. He sent a Dear John letter: the hearing was next week.

Then came a spectacular mixture of *The Green Hornet*, *Dick Tracy*, *The Twilight Zone*, *The Phantom*, *The Man from UNCLE*, and *Fantasia*.

"Forgive her, Father, for she has had lustful thoughts about me—heh, heh, heh. . ."



The Realist



Everyone on the island helped us. We had to fight off all the people who wanted to smuggle our luggage out for us, or to buy our tickets under 40 different names. Everyone had ideas as to disguises to get off that island or means to do it. We could have gone by a dozen boats, by Army transport planes, by outrigger canoes.

But, when we did go, it was absolutely *too much*. Each one went separately. My co-conspirator was late meeting me. We had a flat tire (on a new car) and two blocks from the exit point, we ran out of gas. When we got there I fell up the steps and had to be carried on, gathering everyone's attention.

My daughter-in-law, Sue, got tangled in the wrong gate, held up the plane, lost her makeshift husband, was paged over every loudspeaker in the airport, ran too heavy on her luggage and had to leave part of the stuff just sitting there.

Bill was mistaken for a fleeing convict, followed by the police, stopped, questioned and released.

When we got to California we missed each other, lost the addresses of our contacts, moved into and out of hotels with same names, and finally blundered into each other.

Our escape car, guaranteed to be a 1958, turned out to be a 1948 and fell to pieces  $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile over the Mexican border after a dozen breakdowns in California.

We could not get transportation and had to abandon half of our luggage in a little desert town. We rode local third class buses, complete with live chickens, fish catches, goats, turkeys, Indians of pungent odors, and Mexicans of even more pungent odors.

When the last bus broke down into a miserable heap we were fortunate enough to be within range of a train station. We walked, bummed rides, took a taxi, but still rode that Mexican train for over 24 hours as it stopped every 10 minutes by every cluster of cactus.

Our contact turned out to have well-defined ideas

of economy. Since we had to depend on his Spanish, we found that we did what he wanted, and we wound up in a succession of flea bag hotels and greasy Joe's restaurants which would have killed any persons of lesser physical stamina.

Bill blew up and took off. We found him, wild-eyed, in the best restaurant in town, attacking a 2-pound steak, grinning broadly at the white linen-covered tables and impeccable decor.

We finally arrived at our mountain retreat, where our next contact was not even home. He was expected back from the states in two weeks. By the time he arrived and we were bedded down, Hawaii discovered that we were missing, and an all-state alarm broke over our heads . . . an alarm judiciously kept from the press. The Mexican congressmen who were pleading our case with the Mexican government for political asylum panicked and demanded that we hole up under even tighter cover.

We could not contact our next contact for a week.

Bill took off for Mexico City to meet Sue and the baby. He met her, but the baby had a temperature of 103° so Bill ordered the taxi driver to the best hotel in town.

If I have any enemy who is one good enemy of mine, it is Conrad Hilton, who has helped sponsor "put God back in the schools" rallies, and who uses the lease-back gimmick to churches, preferably the Roman Catholic church, to evade tax payments on his hotels.

Anyway, Bill checked in. He had the house doctor in three times daily, the nurse, the medicine . . . all charged to his account. This is all kosher except that Bill had no money and was registered under a phony name. It was three days before I found him.

The baby was much better so we decided to get the hell out of that hotel.

And here we are. For we were caught and here we apparently stay for eternity. There is a policeman in the lobby, and Happy Boy or Greasy sit on the chair outside our door.

The manager alternately threatens, fumes, demands, cajoles, begs and storms at us for the money. I am allowed out to prowl the streets and try to raise the money, while Bill, Sue and the baby are prisoners in the room.

Our Mexican contacts who are trying to get political asylum for us here are in a complete state of shock, pretending that they never heard of us.

We dare not contact Honolulu. There, my mother and brother carry on the Tax-the-Church case and get out our newspaper and newsletter.

Well, it is time for me to go out and get our box lunches. I've established credit at this little pizza house. I'm not sure exactly how the Italian owner expects me to pay. But, what the hell, a lay from me should be worth more than 32 box lunches. . . .

We have been held under house arrest for 4 days now while I try to get money smuggled in from the states. Now, if you all say 20 *pater nostras* and rub your left balls while you do, we may get out of this mess so we can continue to work with our contemporary society. Next month, we will write you from Devil's Island, San Quentin, Dartmor, or the Mexican Penitentiary.

## The Ugly Editors

by A. Schrieber

The original title of this report was *Editors are Shmucks*. But since one tries to avoid enticing readers through mere sensationalism, I retreated (it also sounded too absolutist) to *Most Editors are Shmucks Except a Few*. This last, although scientifically valid, has a discordant ring, and is really too obvious a by-product of the subject at hand—namely, rejection letters.

By and large, the business of writing and publishing is one of the most obscure phenomena in today's world. Indicative of the paucity of reflection that writing inspires in the public, the layman will only ask a writer such stereotyped questions as: *Do you use a typewriter or write in longhand?* And: *How many hours a day do you write?* And perhaps even: *Do you send your stuff around yourself or use a literary agent?*

Rarely, however, does the subject of rejection slips come up. Why? For one thing, it is too painful for the writer to discuss them. For another thing, the non-writing public is not the least interested in failure. Yet, an examination of rejection slips, a truly thorough evaluation of their content and meaning, has rarely been attempted.

We are pleased to report that because of the indulgence of a kind patron, a small fund was recently set aside for just such a study. And we can already report that the hypothesis of the investigation—namely, that the analysis of rejection letters sheds revealing light on the minds of both editor and writer—has been amply borne out.

Although the results are still being evaluated, a preliminary sorting out indicates that, in general, most editors are (a) shameless, ignorant, supercilious, incompetent fools who operate under a code based on elements of prejudice, offensiveness and tactlessness, while (b) most writers are either stoical to the receipt of constantly humiliating rejection letters, or are made masochistic from receiving constantly humiliating rejection letters, or are selling insurance on the side.

The report on rejection letters shows that the style varies from house to house, from fiction to non-fiction work, but that all are revealing of a peculiarly demonic type of mind at work.

A typical example is the capricious, two-sentence letter, this one sent to a novelist from a respected 'quality' publishing firm: "For another house this will probably be a best-seller. But it's not for us." What type of person reads a 500-page manuscript and then ventures a frivolous letter like that? Is it meant to be complimentary, plain foolish, or intentionally cryptic? What must a writer think who has spent possibly two years slaving over this novel while his wife worked and his baby wailed in its makeshift bed in a bureau drawer?

The saintly *Reader's Digest*, champion of the harmless article and one syllable word, has its way of venting its repressed hostilities on soliciting writers.

For instance: "The problem with [writer's story outline] is that it is a perfectly adequate suggestion—

but as one of our editors pointed out, it is perhaps too adequate. Such a response indicates the skeptical attitude toward the piece, one which would take some tremendous writing and tremendous anecdotes to overcome."

The writer receiving this generous response can only blink in amazement at the editor's notion of the brand of "tremendous writing and tremendous anecdotes" that is printed in the *Digest*. But a month later, after much soul-searching about how far he could stretch the two thousand from a *Digest* original, the writer sent another outline to the same editor. The answer: "Tried hard on [writer's suggestion], but we have a piece on hand somewhat similar. So, real quick, sell it to the *Saturday Evening Post*—and let us up-pick." Oh, okay.

Nonsensical letters, of equal magnitude, also came from editors at the other end of the editorial pole—*The New York Times*, for example. After assigning a writer a story, and requesting a lighthearted approach (and sending the writer a telegram across town to check a fact, when a phone call would have done just fine), the magazine section editor sends the piece back rejected. The accompanying note says, "Sorry, not ponderous enough for us."

Unashamedly, the writer phones the *Times* editor and inquires about the meaning of "ponderous" in this context. An officious voice, plainly disturbed at being questioned, replies that "you shouldn't be upset. We even ask Barbara Ward to revise her articles for us three and four times."

Author's note: For the purpose of self-protection in this too, too vindictive world—and because I lack a proper sense of martyrdom—since my articles appear in many national publications, I have chosen to employ a pseudonym here.

Another article idea, concerning a revolution that had just occurred in a country from which the writer, by coincidence, had recently returned, was taken to *Look* magazine. A *Look* Senior Editor, who had never been to the country in question, read the 10-page article in three minutes in front of the writer.

He then baldly related that he was certain there must be more Communist influence behind the upheaval than this article purports, and asked, rhetorically, "Who else stages revolutions but Communists?" (Also rhetorically, the writer thinks to himself: George Washington.) Upon flipping through some fifty Ekta-chrome slides that the writer has also brought, the editor clinches the rejection: "Besides, we couldn't undertake a story like this without having a selection of at least three hundred to five hundred color shots to choose from."

Of the same article, another national publication wrote this frightening reply: "I suppose it's accurate to say we're least strong on revolutions where the writer's purpose is not to condemn Communist subversion and infiltration."

Speed plays an important factor in rejectioneering, and *The New Yorker* is without doubt the speediest. However, once in a while, when they are impressed, the magazine devoted to gentle irony, and presided over by fanatic grammarians, will be moved to write a personal note, oftentimes a kind, complimentary, carefully-worded missive. But keeping alive a myth of secrecy (it is just about the only magazine that doesn't have a masthead

listing its editors) requires constant attention: even the polite rejection letter is unsigned, signed only *The New Yorker*, without even a secretary's initials at the bottom left, since even that small disclosure might constitute a hint.

Slowness of response has its avid supporters and many book publishers will think nothing of holding a manuscript sent by a reputable agent for three months. One such publisher, queried after three months of silence, asked the agent to please describe the manuscript. The publisher's secretary instituted a search, and called back to say that the book was in the hands of a reader who was at that time on a European vacation. But, the agent inquired, was it anywhere in the office? "No, apparently the reader must have left it home. She'll be back in three weeks, though."

Several weeks later, the manuscript comes back with a spartan rejection note, saying simply "[Title of work] is not suitable for us. Thank you for giving us the chance to consider it." An incident such as this is what inspires the brooding, preposterous talk of a writer's union, a trade organization that could sue for what amounts to criminal irresponsibility.

NEW YORK is an  
ARCHITECTURAL  
DISASTER

Similarly, a much-published writer who had worked five years on a critical biography of a major literary figure sent the manuscript to a university press in New York City. After six months of waiting, and several impatient letters and telephone calls, he went up to the great university in person and demanded the manuscript back. The professor in charge dug the manuscript out, still very much unread, and informed the writer that they should be getting to it soon. "Nobody has ever come up here like this to retrieve a manuscript," the professor told the writer. And no apologies were forthcoming about tying his book up for half a year.

On the subject of publishing house readers who take three-week vacations, one writer recently paid a visit to a major publisher where he found that unsolicited manuscripts were being thumbed through by the gum-chewing receptionist who had a year of college and a semester of business school. She had the title 'first reader,' and, God knows, she might have been a very

The thought that books written by many a sincere and hard-working author—perhaps 'unknown' but perhaps every brilliant writer is at first 'unknown'—was receiving this kind of professional evaluation made the writer resolve never to visit a publisher's office again. He said he was afraid he might find the janitor reading galley proofs—or writing the rejection letters.

Concerning peculiarities and fetishes of rejection technique, there is also the editor who, by the tone of his condescending remarks ("I enjoyed reading this but

I think it is more the *Reporter's* meat than ours") clearly loves to assert his position of power: the editor of *Fact* gives this kind of free advice in a typewritten message at the top of the same letter which the writer sent to him. There is nothing to compare with the feeling of getting your own letter back in the mail.

An advice-giving editor can also be a patronizing, bargain-striker. A good example of this type is the editor of a respectable 'liberal Jewish' periodical who wrote: "I am returning to you herewith your [title of story]. I believe that [it] has considerable merit and, if it could be compressed to no more than fifteen pages, and resubmitted, I will be glad to read it again. The invitation to resubmit the piece does not constitute an assignment."

By reading between the lines of this idiocy, any writer who has been around for a while knows that he stands a fine chance for a good kick in the teeth if he is foolish enough to trim down a 24-page piece for someone who writes that kind of letter.

Then there was the *Ladies' Home Journal* bidder who used to typewrite a two-sentence formula note in which the first sentence would turn down the story and the second, new paragraph, would state: "Sorry, my dear." One can only imagine the number of writers who have wanted to dash off to Philadelphia and strangle her.

Of brevity, virtually unmatched in cruelty is this story involving a writer whose novel has been kept by an editor for four months. The editor had even encouraged the writer along the way by saying that he had glowing reports from his readers and that he, editor, had already read it twice and wanted a third crack at it. After eighteen nerve-racking weeks, the novel came back accompanied only by this inane note: "This book is not yet written."

Falling prey to the other extreme, an editor in one of the 'literary' houses who, upon receiving an author's second novel (the first novel had been edited—like a breeze—and then published successfully) sat down and vented an 8-page single-spaced typewritten report on how he thought the novel should be handled, almost as if it had become his novel, right down to the last, "And as was shown, p. 79, line 21, is awkward. . . ." Instead of assuming the author could be presented with a concept of revision, this editor offered page numbers and line numbers as a "help" to the author. The author was enraged and took his novel elsewhere, and the editor never knew why.

An editor's weird conception of himself and his publication is often stunningly revealed in his rejection letter. The fiction editor of *Seventeen* sends back a form rejection slip, detailing the magazine's policies, with each unsolicited manuscript. I first became acquainted with *Seventeen's* policy when I sent them a boy-girl story that had been tentatively accepted by the *Saturday Evening Post*, then lost for a month when the associate editor involved took a leave of absence to have a baby, then found, and then rejected after the magazine underwent its first "profound" editorial shake-up.

Titled *Seventeen's Editorial Requirements for Fiction*, the form letter notes, "*Seventeen* fiction never falls into the category of the typical 'teenage' story. We want depth in writing and high literary quality." The disparity between what they claim they want and what they really think of their readers, was probably best illustrated by the copy accompanying a full-page

ad that recently appeared in the *N.Y. Times*. A dreamy, Lolita-faced girl was saying:

"How do I look to others? I so often wonder about the impression I'm making. Do I look attractive? Am I saying the right thing? Am I acting the way I should? Life isn't easy for teen-agers . . . each experience is so new. But *Seventeen* understands how we feel . . . points the way to our dreams."

(The fiction requirements letter, disregarding the ad's message, went on to exhort: "We like entertaining stories but not slight ones; humorous stories that do not condescend to young people or caricature them are welcome.")

Even an editor of a lowly and lurid men's magazine, which prospers on a formula of sex, sadism and two-fistedness, can dream a quite fantastic picture of himself and his magazine. Having sold him articles before, I wrote to him concerning an exposé of the goings-on at ski resorts. His present issue carried one article titled *The Yank Flier Led a Band of Vengeance Brides* and another called *The 1000 Bawdy Nights of Rome's Wildest Emperor*. His rejection letter stated, "Your story sounds too lip-smacking." Had I ever been a Communist, I would have worried what was really behind such a bizarre admonition. I prayed for his misguided soul, and took the story to a magazine whose featured article that month was *They Watched Us Make Love Under Red Guerilla Guns*.

*Esquire*, so far as sheer, intense crudity of rejection, is in a class by itself. This is largely a function of the youthful age of its editors who simply have not yet learned better manners. The classic here is the pithy one-sentence, memo-pad note, scribbled illegibly in blue pencil, something consistently insipid and insulting like this one: "Too bad, but this one didn't quite make it."

The big, glossy monthly, which used to appeal to the middle-aged man with lousy taste in clothes, now is assaulting the post-teen-age market, ostensibly because *Playboy's* prurience has swiped too many readers and because marketing studies showed that kids have a lot of money to spend.

Naturally, to know what late-puberty readers want, one needs late-puberty editors; hence the confusion reigning at *Esquire*. One article idea which was at first rejected, was mysteriously reawakened a month later by one of *Esquire's* pubescents, toyed with, explored, debated over, until ultimately your reporter was told, "Well, if you were Tom Wolfe or Terry Southern, okay; but you're not." Out of the mouths of babes. . . .

And since Terry Southern and Tom Wolfe can't write all of *Esquire's* articles, and since free-lancers have trouble keeping up with *Esquire's* constantly changing view of its readership, the young editors themselves have begun to pen an unusually large share of the magazine's non-fiction. Under their and other bylines, a whole spate of articles have recently appeared, aimed at the youthful *Esquire* reader, on such subjects as college boys, college girls, and what it's like in the army, all presented with great fanfare and cutie-pie photographs, but of such old-hat proportions that even the unworldly 17-year-olds knew they had seen it all before.

There is something of the *Reader's Digest* in the way *Esquire* has established and maintained its own unalterably slick vision of the world, a curious world calibrated in units called "establishments" and "institu-

tions." In the process of *Esquire's* metamorphosis, what used to be sophistication has degenerated into a unique brand of conservative sophomorphism—which, for collectors of rejection letters, has its own quaint charm.

So as not to assume any guilt by omission, the editors of the *Nation*, *Harper's* and *Atlantic Monthly*, based on the findings of this report, are to be congratulated for having maintained a gentlemanly bearing in their rejection techniques.

The report on rejection letters and the offensive editorial mentality behind them concludes with the recommendation: If bus drivers and lawyers need licenses, why shouldn't an editor be required to offer proof of his knowledge of technique and content?

This discussion arose in Europe last spring when, it should be noted, a Madrid literary critic was heavily fined after it was proved in court that he hadn't read a certain book before publishing his review of it. (The parallels are apparent: editors, serving as 'first readers,' who are Bryn Mawr drop-outs and Gibbs secretaries, etc.)

It is further felt that the licensing of editors will sharply decrease the number of arbitrary and capricious rejections, and, indeed, thin out the ranks of ugly editors themselves. An editor should be carefully tested on the tools of criteria with which he passes judgment.

That rejection involves incredible errors of judgment seems validated by the fact that only recently Elliott Baker's well-received *A Fine Madness*, winner of a whopping Putnam award, and Richard Kim's *The Martyred*, over which the nation's leading critics did handstands, were both first rejected at six or eight other houses. The situation is not at all new: incompetent editors and stark errors of judgment have a glorious tradition—*Look Homeward, Angel* and *Gone With the Wind* were also rejected several times each; and, according to legend, editor Andre Gide rejected the first volumes of Proust's *Remembrance* series.

If he is a fiction editor, the editor should be tested to see whether he can write a page of unpretentious dialogue. Test him on the history of writing. Is he dimly aware that writers existed before Leon Uris and Harold Robbins, after Terry Southern and Tom Wolfe, before and after James Michener and James Baldwin?

If he is a non-fiction editor of a major consumer magazine, determine how he pretends to know what's really going on in the mind of the fat lady on that porch in Kansas, the one person he daily idealizes in selecting editorial material palatable and comprehensible to her mentality.

Let there be essay-type questions so that an editor would be compelled to demonstrate his ability to write meaningful, intelligible sentences. Let there be multiple choice questions, such as: What consumes most of your time as an editor? (a) Idea-searching (b) Internal politicking (c) Worrying about your job (d) Worrying about publishing your novel.

Lastly, a psychological test would be deemed extremely valuable. Here, an editor would be administered such questions as: Do you enjoy a sense of power? Were you a writer before you became an editor? Do you want to be a writer now? Do you consider yourself a frustrated writer?

[Editor's note: The preceding article has been rejected by the Realist.]

## Son of September Morn

by Paul Hoffman

Paul Nuchims paints partial nudes. Not partially clothed. Just parts of nudes—the parts that landed him before the bar of New York's Criminal Court on an obscenity charge.

At age 30 Nuchims is a blue-eyed, blackbearded expressionistic artist who works out of a combination home, studio and gallery on Greenwich Village's East 10th Street. It is called *The Yellow Kid Gallery* after America's first cartoon character, who gave rise to the hallowed phrase, "yellow journalism."

Nuchims' paintings have not yet started a school of "yellow expressionism," but they have given him the distinction of being the first painter busted in the Big Town on an obscenity rap. New York's protectors of the public morality probably haven't made such a fuss over oil-on-canvas since the Society for the Prevention of Vice caught a glimpse of *September Morn* at the turn of the century.

Nuchims' nudge with the law started on Feb. 1 with Michael Natow, a rookie cop with less than a year on the force and no obscenity arrests to his credit (or discredit, depending on where you stand). Natow just walked into *The Yellow Kid Gallery*, copped a peek at Nuchims' nudes—actually they were only three of the many paintings in the gallery—and bagged the artist.

The three expressionistic paintings presumably portrayed female genitalia, close up. (I say "presumably" because the defense intends to force the prosecution to prove what the paintings depict.) One of the 3-by-3 foot paintings is inscribed: *But my heart belongs to daddy.*

In his wanderings around the gallery, Natow also seized five black-and-white sketches, or series of sketches, presumably showing both male and female sex organs, occasionally coited. Also seized was one cartoon strip, presumably featuring a character with an erogenous proboscis, subject to what a *Fanny Hill* critic once called "the longitudinal fallacy."

The sketches and the cartoon strip were actually executed by friends of Nuchims, but that didn't affect the arrest. Nuchims wasn't charged with drawing them, only with displaying them publicly and offering them for sale. As Nuchims' attorney explained to him, it isn't against the law to draw dirty pictures—only to own them, sell them, give them away or show them to someone.

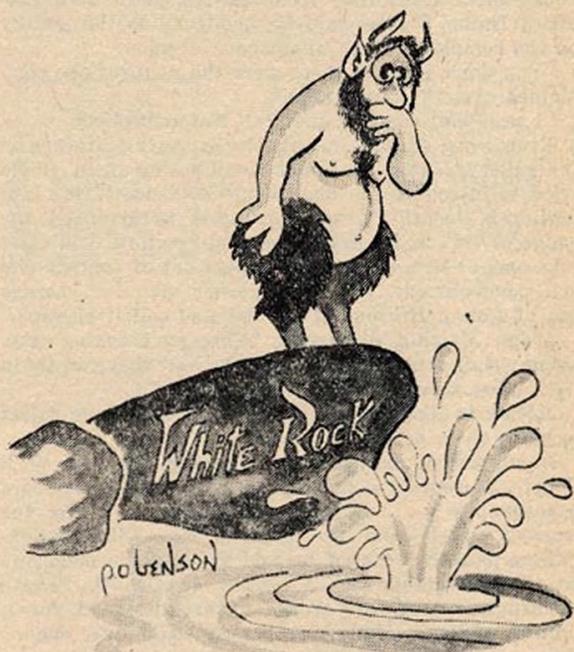
It's doubtful whether many cops ever walked into *The Yellow Kid Gallery* (or any other New York art gallery, for that matter) before Natow noticed Nuchims' nudes, but once they were declared "obscene," even by a rookie policeman . . . well, that was another matter.

"The cops really get excited about this stuff," Nuchims said. "At the Ninth Precinct over on East 5th Street, they all started crowding around to look at the pictures. Cops even came in from other precincts to get a glimpse. And they didn't talk to me like a criminal—they treated me like some sort of shaman or high priest. They wanted to know did I use live models?"

How close did I get to them? Did I ever get anything?"

Actually, Nuchims explained over beef goulash and beer, the three paintings in question were "quick studies" he had dashed off about 3 months before, relying on "a combination of imagination and a high school text on anatomy and physiology." (He didn't cite "memory.") No price tags were on the paintings, but Nuchims said he'd hoped to sell them for \$200 each.

Detroit-born, Nuchims studied at the Detroit Institute of Art, Wayne State University (BFA, 1957) and the University of Michigan (MFA, 1960). He was a teaching fellow at Michigan and an art instructor at West Virginia State College and at Western Michigan University. He has had group shows and one-man exhibitions in Detroit, Ann Arbor, Kalamazoo and Charleston before coming to New York to open *The Yellow Kid Gallery* last year.



Patrolman Natow presented a stark contrast at Nuchims' pre-trial hearing in Criminal Court. Tall and blond, wearing green wash pants and a green jacket over a V-neck sweater (no shirt), he looked like a basketball player on a Big Ten campus. But his speech was something else again. Natow is strictly a *dis* and *dat* man who referred to Nuchims' creations at "pitchers."

"I seen 'em troo da winder," he said at one point.

Nuchims' hearing was held in a back room of the Criminal Courts building—away from the crowd of curious and salacious—before Judge Maurice H. Matzkin, a kindly grey-haired type who readily admitted he wasn't an expert on art. The prosecutor was Vincent Cucci, District Attorney Hogan's latest assistant-in-charge-of-suppressing-smut (he had assisted in the prosecution of Lenny Bruce) who readily admitted he

couldn't define "obscenity." His only witness was Officer Natow.

The policeman quickly testified to walking into the gallery and seeing the paintings and sketches, which were then introduced into evidence. Natow set the three paintings against the counsel table facing the judge.

"You've got one of them upside down," the judge said, adding quickly by way of explanation: "I can see by the writing on it."

Natow also unwrapped the sketches. In testimony to police protection of property, the glass in several frames had broken. Natow then told of seizing the evidence, of arresting Nuchims and of the defendant's admission:

"I says, 'Who does dis work?' and he says, 'I do.'"  
People's case.

Under cross-examination by H. Ronald Gould, a young defense attorney from the American Civil Liberties Union, Natow said he had gone to the gallery on the complaint of an anonymous woman.

"You don't know if these were the pictures she complained about?" Gould asked.

"I seen 'em from the outside," Natow replied.

Even when shown photographs of other paintings in the gallery, Natow could not recall seeing them. Gould tried to introduce the photos into evidence: "Our contention is that this was a showing of works of art, the range of this man's experience and creation. You can't take one, or two, or three paintings out of context and call them obscene, just as you can't take one passage out of *Fanny Hill* out of context and call it obscene."

Judge Matzkin disagreed. "This isn't taking anything out of context. . . . I don't see how they can tie-in with these three so-called works of art."

Motion to dismiss on ground the people have failed to make out a prima facie case.

In support of his motion, Gould cited the New York Court of Appeals definition of obscenity—"hard-core pornography . . . dirt for dirt's sake . . . dirt for money's sake"—and the implied mass distribution. "These paintings cannot be sold like a girlie magazine on the newsstand for 25 cents," he argued. "These paintings, rather, are works of art designed for a limited audience. Only one person could own one of these paintings."

Judge Matzkin: "It's very hard for me to see anything in it except something lewd and lascivious. Everything about it reflects a complete disregard of decency. . . . If it is anything but hard-core pornography, then the court doesn't see what's before it."

Gould: "Painters throughout history have painted male and female sex organs—and they're still doing it today."

Judge Matzkin: "How do you distinguish these cartoons from hard-core pornography?"

Gould: "They do not appeal to the prurient interest of the average person. This is not a girlie magazine which appeals to the lustful thoughts. This, whether you like it or not, is art."

Cucci contented himself with saying that he agreed with Judge Matzkin, who denied the motion and ordered Nuchims to stand trial on April 19.

Outside of court, Gould explained that he intended to call a series of expert witnesses—eminent art professors, art critics, museum directors, gallery owners and other artists—to testify at the trial that Nuchims'

paintings were not obscene according to the "contemporary community standards" of the art world. He added that he intended to introduce evidence ranging from the *Kama Kala* to Chagall and Von Koenig.

Meanwhile, Gould's legal associates were placing bets with each other on whether the case—and the statute—would be thrown out by the Criminal Court, Appellate Term of Supreme Court, the Court of Appeals or the United States Supreme Court. Few had any doubt that Nuchims would win in the end.

The irony of this is that Nuchims is being forced to the time, trouble and expense of trial and appeal not on the judgment of a grand jury (as was Bruce), nor even on the judgment of the Police Department's Legal Bureau or the District Attorney's office (as was the film, *Flaming Creatures*), but on the obscenity standards of one rookie cop and an anonymous woman.

"There's 'pop art' and 'op art,'" Nuchims quipped, "and now there's 'cop art.'"

Before Natow wrapped the paintings and sketches to return them to the Police Property Clerk, a dozen policemen who had been waiting to testify in other cases rushed to the judge's bench to view the evidence.

### An American Nightmare

We reached into some middle ground of a race, we were like bicycle riders caught in the move of lap after lap around a track, soon we would be nothing but a rhythm which was nothing but a rhythm which would pump on to a climax I knew now would never come, and in the center of this vortex she flattened her fingers on the back of my neck with a hard little gesture, as if to ask, "Do you want to now?" but from an instinct I did not question, I said, "No, I don't want to . . . I can't so long as you have that thing in you," which I never said before, and she shifted, I was out, the shock comparable to banging one's head on a low beam, and then I searched for that corporate rubbery obstruction I detested so much, found it with a finger, pulled it forth, flipped it away from the bed. Like diving on a cold winter day back to a warm pool, I was back in her, our wills now met, locked in a contest like an exchange of stares which goes on and on. . . .

—Norman Mailer in  
An American Dream

She was goggle-legged and I nosed into the sweat of her like from scenting in the hay and eye-mouthed she crooned, "Now we can make-a ze baby." After considering I snorted, "Okay," but before my crackling came into her loft roof pieces dropped down and she moaned, "Lordy no, I forgot—ze pill—I take-a ze pill!" All in a moment I was out and back on the edge and I plunged entire into that eye-mouth sliding down the warm esophagus and into the pit of her where I fished for that drug envelope enclosing the phony convenience I detested and caught it but before I could crawl back up with it and out, saw, felt, absorbed some black wet light that changed me and I wanted something I had never wanted before. "Yes, let me suck of this candy," I said, "and never come up for breathing from the honey-sweet sea of your entrails. . . ."

—L. B. DeLaurentis

## EXPERTS AND OTHER DANGERS

(Continued from Cover)

the public is apt to laugh impolitely when experts come on stage. You can hardly blame the layman if he takes the word of experts that experts are stupid, irresponsible, hopelessly incompetent and demented. Another reason the layman tends to snigger at the sight of two experts getting together to practice apartness: the difference in opinions is too great to be taken seriously. Consider some cases:

Dr. Pascal P. Pirone, plant pathologist at the New York Botanical Garden in the Bronx, sounds an alarm over a suburban blight that has been sickening hemlock trees. The blight, he warns, is "quite serious" and will get much worse if something isn't done about it. On the other side of the fence, Walter Androsko, U.S. Dep't. of Agriculture Agent for Westchester County, opines the blight is so small "it is not worth mentioning." Quite a blight this must be, if it's too serious to be worth mentioning.

If you swear by science, take the strange case of Edward Teller and Hans Bethe, who sit somewhere near Zeus among the gods of physics. Working from the same data, these estimable and highly nuclear gentlemen arrived at exactly opposite conclusions regarding the feasibility of monitoring a nuclear test ban. You'd have to go a long way to find two laymen unscientific enough to duplicate this performance.

Then there were the diabetes specialists who testified at a Senate hearing in 1960 on the safety of a new anti-diabetic drug (chlorpropamide). One medic hotly affirmed the drug was unsafe and had put 43 people under. Three other specialists, equally steamy under the collar, asserted it hadn't.

If something as relatively simple as cause of death can't be agreed on by specialists one in 43 times, how can we be sure that our doctors come to a more reassuring consensus in the matter of separating the quick and the dead? I'm not letting it worry me, but it seems more than just barely possible that some doc who started at the foot of his class and eventually reached the foot of our bed might get some of us buried before we were quite ready for a quietus.

Here are experts goring, impaling and disemboweling each other. Mere mortal wounds, however, don't prevent them from remaining in fine shape. Chin up and reputations intact, they strut about, ready and fully qualified to give their unreliable testimony in some other important matter.

The damage that experts wreak on each other is bad enough, but the blood-letting they give themselves is even worse. The boners of the cognoscenti have long been famous.

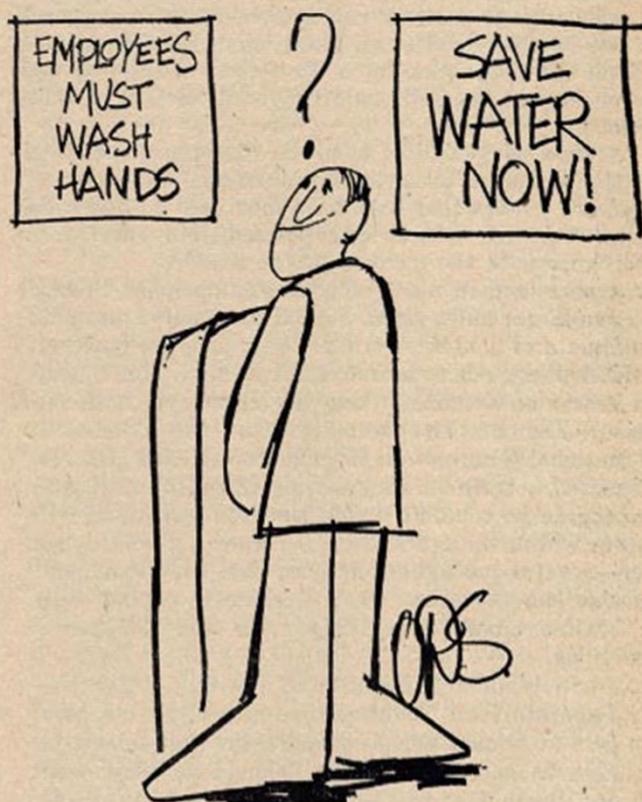
If you like roast doctor, we offer you the police physician in an upstate New York community, who testified that the eyes of an alleged drunken driver were bloodshot, with pupils dilated and unresponsive to light. What the physician didn't know was that one of the bloodshot, pupil-dilated eyes into which he glared with such medical acuity was a glass one.

Moving on to art—a galaxy of distinguished art experts were caught with their know-how down not too long ago by friends of Harvard's Fogg Museum. (Don't ask me how you get palsy with a museum; the *New*

*York Times* called them "friends" and I'm merely stringing along.) The experts were asked by these friendly people to choose the real goods from a mixture that contained originals and fakes. Some of the fog in the museum must have affected their powers of discrimination—many art big-wigs chose fakes. One possible moral of all this is, laymen should jack up their low opinion of art frauds, considering the high rating art experts give them.

Well, says sophisticated you, what can you expect in the art field? There's so much hokum and hokus in that racket, even an expert could lose his way. So let's get closer to earth, and see what goes on back at the ranch.

In 1948 and '49, dear amigos, our Agriculture Department advised mink ranchers to feed their animals waste chicken parts instead of horsemeat. The chicken-fed mink lost their hair, and mink ranchers lost their shirts. Twenty-one ranchers in eight states sued, but it was a waste of time. Our Agriculture Department, it seems, can be held accountable only for its successes.



If these error-prone gentlemen had been laymen, compassion might have sprouted. Anyone can make a mistake. Experts, however, don't often concede the possibility, which tends to ossify feelings of charity and good-will.

Before the high-altitude nuclear tests made on July 9, 1962, for instance, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Defense Department said the tests would leave little lasting radiation at high altitudes. No maybes here. All uncertainties had been pumped out, by the same pumps, apparently, that inflate the egos of experts. But lo and behold, after the tests came a deflation. The same agencies now sheepishly admitted that a strong radiation belt had been set up that might linger for years.

August 1965

We non-experts hate to be spoilsports, but our feeling can't be downed that people who play with that nuclear stuff should be a little more careful. "Oops—sorry!" just doesn't sound dignified enough to become the famous last words emanating from our overheated little sphere.

If the worst that could be said about our experts was that they made mistakes, their dignity would be fairly safe from pot-shots—even non-experts blunder. What makes experts such choice targets is the absurdity of many of their mistakes, in the light of the pride they take in being less prone to error than common mortals.

It's been a long, long time since we discovered that current flows from negative to positive, but our electrical specialists still insist it goes the opposite way, as in Ben Franklin's day. For our electronic experts, current moves in the correct direction. It remains a perennial mystery how electrical kooks who live in the 18th Century can retain their franchise in a nuclear age.

Another durable idiom is the gook-talk our experts cling to—the more preposterous when we consider the trouble they themselves run into in dopping out words of one syllable. Ponder this definition of reading, palmed off on his colleagues by a Professor of Educational Psychology at the California University School of Education:

"A processing skill of symbolic reasoning, sustained by the interfacilitation of an intricate hierarchy of substrata factors that have been mobilized as a psychological working system and pressed into service in accordance with the purpose of the reader."

A smart layman might conceivably decipher this, if we gave him a quiet room, a good dictionary, and paid him time and a half. A trained psychologist, however, would find the odds stacked against him. The conclusion seems unavoidable when you chew over the confession of a British psychologist at the Thirteenth International Congress on Occupational Health, that he had missed a train in New York's Grand Central Station because he couldn't understand the directions telling him where the track was. He wasn't a solo dunce either—several colleagues admitted that they too found themselves up the creek when it came to coping with such brain-crushers as driving rules and telephoned instructions.

Dr. Alvin Weinberg, Director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee, re-hashes an old beef in the field of science when he complains that scientists are unable to make themselves pellucid to their own colleagues, much less to the public at large. Probable root of the trouble is the scientist's fear that if he expresses himself too clearly, he won't be considered scientific. Another plausible motivation—probably a subterranean one—is the scientist's desire to make it as difficult as possible for young people on the way up to reach his grey eminence.

Lawmakers have also become notorious for their ability to change the obscure into the incomprehensible. A layman can be forgiven for thinking that a maker or interpreter of law who accidentally pens a page of clear English, tears it up and starts over. We can cite, in this connection, the complaint of Supreme Court Justices Black and Douglas that recent decisions of the I.C.C. are written in language as intelligible as ancient Sanskrit. Lawmakers and lawyers use mystifying English, of course, for the same reason that military people send intelligence in code: to baffle the enemy.

Is a change in the public's attitude toward experts likely? Is there any chance that these fact-packed little tin gods, top-heavy with information and misinformation, will one day arouse undiluted admiration?

It doesn't look that way. The gaffes and kookeries our experts are guilty of—aside from further diminishing the respect they can extort—generally do them little harm. No incentive for improvement consequently exists.

Hooper, Pulse and Neilsen, the three most respected broadcast rating services, have all rated Louisville station WAKY. Hooper said 47% of the area's audiences were regular listeners. Pulse asserted the figure was 29%. Neilsen made it an even 5%. These scientific determinations of how many people listened to the broadcasts left only one detail unclear: how many people listened to the broadcasts. But the companies remain the three most respected rating services.

A survey made by J. S. Livingston, a syndicated financial columnist, reveals that economists are on the button with their forecasts only one of every three times. This is a batting average 17% worse (in cases involving two possible choices) than it would be if the economists turned in their degrees and simply flipped a coin. Has this resulted in economists doing the decent thing—jumping out of their ivory towers, or taking up astrology? You guess.

A study of the recommendations of sixteen financial services, made by the distinguished economist and statistician Alfred Cowles, revealed that a sucker would have done better if he had, instead of taking advice, bought *any* average stock and held on to it. You and I realize that a financial advisor who is really hep to making money in Wall Street would do a hell of a lot better closing his doors to the public and communing with himself. But does that stop people from stuffing the pockets of stock market "experts"?

It looks as if the public is responsible for the non-turning of the expert worm in the direction of greater competence. Our inexpert masses don't merely tolerate the errors of experts—they seem to welcome them. The theory, at any rate, explains why the late President Kennedy's popularity experienced its highest upsurge after his biggest blunder—the Bay of Pigs invasion; and why Eisenhower's prestige soared to its highest point after his near-disastrous handling of the U-2 affair.

Additional evidence that people expect and want experts to fall on their faces lies in the fact that penalties often descend on the expert who doesn't trip. *Not* making a mistake can be very serious.

A classic case is that of an American spy—one of the most famous of the cloak-and-dagger gentry, according to the *New York Times*—who gave his superiors advance warning that Pearl Harbor was going to be bombed. His bosses—either because they were dead drunk, or cold sober, or undergoing change of life—paid no attention to his crystal ball. You can imagine their resentment when the prediction turned out to be correct. Understandably enough, the spy was fayed, and his reports destroyed.

"Faith in the national leadership was essential for our effort, and he and his reports jeopardized that faith," explains Arthur T. Hadley in the *New York Times Magazine* (May 29, 1960). No one apparently thought of another way of building faith in the national leadership—promoting the spy and firing his superiors.

All of which goes to show that the expert who wants to keep his job should take care to make sizable booboos from time to time, particularly in important matters.

Now that it's pretty clear that experts are no damn good, according to their own opinion of each other, and not much good, according to the public's—what conclusion can we the jury come to? Aren't experts good for something?

Fair-mindedness forces us to say they are. Aside from their recognized functions, they provide the gratification that can come only from rejecting the best possible advice. What old-timer can't remember, without a sharp twinge of pleasure (and remorse) getting A-1 advice from a high-paid specialist, then doing the exact opposite?

Other important duties of the experts—daily attested to on the front pages of our newspapers—include discrediting other experts, confusing the issues, and extracting money from the inexpert.

These are all important functions, and we do not intend to play them down. Can you imagine the economic dislocations and other suffering if experts zeroed in on only one major target: to serve as guides to the truth? Can you picture the effect on the tobacco industry—the Wall Streeters jumping out of tall buildings—if the Tobacco Industry Research Committee suddenly announced that smoking and cancer were unquestionably linked, and advised people to stop smoking? Can you picture further, the horrendous effect on politics, including the probable destruction of the two-party system, if their new devotion to the truth brought Democratic and Republican experts to the same political conclusions?

Obviously, the current activities of our experts, ludicrous as they often seem, are vital to the well-being of the economy. Experts may not merit our respect, but we need them just as they are. Long life to their gaffes and slap-happeries!

### Safety-Prone Drivers

A National Driver's Test conducted by CBS-TV reveals that the average motorist knows very little about driving a car—enough only to be a menace to more competent drivers. Forty-two% of the 1,779 persons who took the written test failed it with scores below fifty-one, the minimum passing mark. Another 33% barely chinned themselves over the minimum. Only 25% achieved grades of either excellent or good.

With so many bad drivers on the roads, what can be done to insure the survival of the fittest—those long-neglected refugees from Darwin's theory who so badly need protection from the unfit?

Educating the bad driver offers little hope of making our roads safer. The education process in general seems to be bad for driving. Motorists who didn't finish high school did better on CBS questions relating to driver hazards than college graduates. Dissuading drivers from going to college, and revoking the driving licenses of those who do, offer some promise of reducing accidents. Closing down our colleges might be even more effective.

Statistics from other sources indicate that mass education of drivers would probably be a futile approach. According to insurance company data, bad drivers are responsible for 80% or more of road deaths and injuries.

These drivers do not, however, consider themselves inferior.

A report presented to the President's Committee for Traffic Safety a number of years ago, based on interviews with 400 motorists, indicated that 9 out of 10 drivers, even those with traffic violation records, consider themselves above average. The report points out that this belief has made traffic safety education ineffective. Making our millions of motorists humble enough to recognize that they are lousy drivers and need re-training might require, educationally speaking, the equivalent in the military sphere of a cobalt bomb.

One of the biggest reasons bad drivers aren't likely to improve lies in the general unwillingness to obey the law.

A check made by the Citizens Traffic Safety Board of Metropolitan Chicago revealed that Chicago motorists committed an average of nearly 1,000,000 violations a day. These included cheating on red lights, making turns from wrong lanes or without proper signals, and engaging in numerous other hazard-creating 'infractions' of the law. Conditions in many other big cities seem to be quite similar. We're a nation of conformists, except where laws are concerned.

Another big reason many drivers are going to remain contented menaces to society is their unwillingness to refrain from drinking before taking the wheel. The cup that cheers is the depressing cause of 50% or more of the 50,000-odd auto fatalities that take place annually. In Russia, drunken drivers have been shot by firing squads. Only a Communist government would think of being so ruthless to the ruthless drunks who zoom crazily over our highways.

In view of the fact that bad driving seems to be here to stay, what can be done to protect good drivers and keep them healthy enough to be knocked over by nicotine, air pollution, pesticides or food additives? One promising approach would be a system that physically separates good and bad drivers. Paired roads could provide a solution. Bad drivers would be restricted to one road, good drivers could use the other.

To avoid stigmas that would jeopardize the success of the program, the bad driver's road could be called the good driver's highway, and vice-versa. (The technique is too familiar to merit comment.) Good drivers would probably be delighted to trade ignominy for safety, and the bad ones, with nothing to trade or lose, would contentedly travel the high-status, unsafe roads reserved for them. Citizens councils could, where needed, be organized to promote driver segregation.

If the Supreme Court rules such segregation unconstitutional, and impeachment of the judges is impractical, a warning signal system could be substituted. Under such a system, signals would be sent out whenever a driver violated good driving principles. Motorists as far away as several hundred feet who heard the signals, and in whose hearts no echoing desire for an accident throbbed, would promptly pull up to the side of the road, get out of their cars, and hide behind a tree until the danger passed. Motorists who were as incompetent, accident-prone or as tanked as the oncoming stiff could stand their ground and prepare for action.

Wouldn't accident-prone and bad drivers object to such an arrangement, on the grounds they were being stigmatized? Not if the matter was being handled properly. If awards were presented for unsafe driving, and

notches cut in steering wheels for every accident the motorist had; if warning signals were worded: "Get off the road, you cowards—an unbeaten champion is on his way!" . . . what accident-prone or incompetent worth his salt would possibly object?

Other approaches are worth looking into. A director of the St. Louis Zoo, for instance, found that chimpanzees can not only be trained to drive cars—they drive them better than people. Since our drivers can't be expected to reach the level of apes—not for several generations, at any rate—why not make it a mark of status to let a trained chimp act as chauffeur? Drivers reluctant to protect lives might more readily consent to so distasteful a business if they could acquire status in doing so.

Motorists' opposition to safety gadgets could, incidentally, be better exploited than it is now. Current tactics of forcing safety belts and other devices on the motoring public hardly seem called for. It would seem the better part of wisdom to persuade or coerce only good drivers into using them, permitting bad ones to follow their sensible inclinations to eliminate themselves. Flouting nature's tendency to weed out the inferior and unfit is dangerous, particularly when the unfit are able and willing to do a little weeding out themselves.

I think the point is clear. The good driver, the safety-prone motorist, needs protection. Isn't it time we gave him as much consideration as we give our bad drivers?

### The Dangers of Consistency

Federal legislation has been approved by House and Senate, requiring cautionary labels to be placed on cigarettes. The labels will warn users—presumably people who have recently emigrated from Mars — that smoking may be hazardous to health. To be consistent in its new and gratifying concern for the health of its citizens, the government should require warnings on numerous other products as well.

Whiskey, which has pernicious effects more immediate and certain than cigarettes, is long overdue for a pasting. Something along these lines ought to be suitable:

Careful! This stuff is dangerous to health and safety. Drink only when health and safety are not important.

In big cities where air is highly polluted, signs might be mounted above street designations, warning breathers to consider, before inhaling, that the air they are about to ingest is as poisonous as, say, 6 or 7 cigarettes. Disposal problems might, of course, arise if substantial numbers of people take these warnings seriously, and opt not to breathe.

Many foods would deserve ticketing. Eggs, for instance. The AMA has recommended that the typical adult restrict his consumption of eggs, because of their very high cholesterol content. Why not an egg stamp that reads, over skull and cross-bones:

Danger! Contains artery hardener and life shortener. Four a week may be tolerated. Eat more at your peril.

Life insurance ads would make fine partners to these informative signs, and help defray the costs of the program.

To avoid monotony, different forms of warning might be used. Tiny message-carrying sail-boats might be floated in containers of milk. A legend on the sails

would read: *Caution to adults—Drink no more than two glasses a day! Regurgitants might be packed at the side of the containers, for absent-minded consumers who swallow the boats.*

With all the warnings and cautions that would fill our lives, a new problem would probably have to be faced: how to induce people to go on living. Failure to solve this problem, however, would eliminate our population problem, so how can we possibly lose?

### Rx for Communists

Our emaciated local Communists, long dying of the prosperity that has afflicted the United States, have been attacked by Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley. Richard charges that Communists are participating in civil rights demonstrations in his city. This is a reprehensible business, of course. Advocating respect for the Constitution is one of the more dangerous activities our subversives engage in.

Illinois Communists concede that Daley's charge is correct. The admission should be enough to make the entire civil rights campaign in Chicago become suspect. Patriotic civil righters would do well to leave the ranks and work through other groups that aren't mixed up with Communists—the Ku Klux Klan, say, or the John Birch Society, or any other organization that is permitted to be as subversive as it likes, as long as it harbors no Communist-type subversives.

The Communist Party has been blamed for backing many worthy causes in the past thirty-odd years. If backing such causes opened the doors to power, CP leaders would long ago have been ushered to some of the seats of the mighty. The fact of the matter is, however, that in the U.S., espousing the rights of people is not particularly appreciated by the people.

We suggest to CP leaders interested in getting ahead that they stop identifying the Party with worthy causes, and get behind some deserving unworthy ones. Joining crusades for abolishing income tax, restoring States' rights or putting prayer back into our public schools might do a great deal to build the Party a better public image.

To gain power, Communists would do well to adopt the Rx of former President Eisenhower, famed target of the John Birchers. Ike, who was identified by Bircher chief Robert Welch as an important Communist conspirator, blue-printed the road to power better than any other lower-ranking Communist: (1) Infiltrate the Republican party. (2) Attain high office as a Republican. (3) Propagate Communist doctrine that so closely resembles Republican doctrine, that only the ultra-conservative cognoscenti are able to detect it.

Smart tactics like this would strengthen the Communist Party so much, the FBI would no longer have an excuse for continuing to support it. (Approximately 17% of the CP membership, including its hierarchy, is made up of dues-paying FBI agents, according to a former FBI man who has reformed.) The FBI would, in fact, probably be compelled to switch its aid program to some other subversive group in dire need of subsidies. The advantage to the CP would, of course, be freedom from the restrictions necessarily incurred in working in close harmony with an organization whose aims are not always aligned with the best interests of the Party.

Unhindered by government aid, the Party will be free to seek a natural haven among the arch-conserva-

tives—people passionate enough, moneyed enough and crazy enough to be taken over by worse kooks than our Communists.

### **Our Unemployed U.N.**

The persistent bypassing of the United Nations by the U.S. in crisis after crisis—those involving Cuba, Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, for instance—has left us with a problem. What is the U.N. good for? What purpose can it serve?

Several suggest themselves. One, it can remain a forum for U.S. representatives urging the U.N. to help keep the peace, regardless of what the U.S. is doing to fracture it. Two, it can serve as a scapegoat for our ultra-conservative societies, when they get tired of attacking Communists disguised as former presidents. Last but surely not least, it can prevent the formation of a world organization capable of keeping the peace.

### **Civil Rights for Dogs**

People who've been treated like dogs will probably find little comfort in the news that there's a movement on foot to treat dogs like people. Civil rights for dogs may be in the wind, and persons who've been withholding them had better prime their weapons and their lawyers. We take our text from Alan Cusick, a Rhode Island attorney, who believes that reforms in laws applying to dogs are long overdue.

"A dog under the Nazis enjoyed better status than in the United States," charges Cusick. "If a dog barks at a neighbor's chickens pecking at seed on your land," he continues, "the neighbor can kill your dog and you cannot do anything about it." Many other laws, it seems, are similarly unfair to dogs.

Well, maybe dogs should get their civil rights, even if people haven't quite succeeded in getting their own. Our household certainly won't vote against it, even though we wouldn't join any 50-mile march to promote the cause. Our feeling is, however—and we trust it won't be attributed to human backlash—a dog has responsibilities as well as rights, and both deserve his attention.

It hardly seems reasonable that after thousands of years of evolution, and the survival of dogdom's fittest, that dogs leave many of our city sidewalks unfit to be walked on. The most underprivileged, downtrodden alley cat shows more consideration.

Neither does it seem fair that dogs should bite more than 5,000 postmen annually, in preference to people more worthy of being bitten.

Civil rights for dogs can hardly arouse universal enthusiasm, when dogs are being used down South to bite people devoted to civil rights. How concerned can a man who is being bitten by a dog be about getting the dog additional civil rights?

Dog lovers who will concede these points must also be prepared to grant that the greatest threat to the welfare of dogs comes, not from our dog-haters—people who get laws passed that few sensible dogs pay any attention to—but from our dog-lovers.

In their ranks are the people who ignore the essentials of dog care. Here we find the kindly and well-disposed men and women who buy their dogs cute clothing, expensive jewelry and perfume, install them in air-conditioned dog-houses, and eventually, perhaps, seek out a dog psychiatrist to undo the damage they have inflicted on the poor mutt's psyche.

These are the people who pass on their neuroses to their dogs, and bring them up to be as unsuited to the world of dogs as they are to the world of people.

What dog-lover ever made a sincere effort to determine what his pooch thought about getting his nails enameled, or being forced to wear a Santa Claus suit, or black tie and tails, or courting insomnia in monogrammed pajamas under monogrammed sheets—all things privileged dogs have been compelled to do? When did the A.S.P.C.A. ever take a stand against misguided kindness more destructive to the welfare of dogs than any moderate degree of sadism could possibly be?

Who among us can visualize a self-respecting dog able to maintain a good opinion of himself and mankind, after being subjected to the indignities foisted upon him by that nightmare of dogdom—a loving master or mistress? Can you imagine a man who wouldn't prefer almost any tolerable cruelty to the kindness of being treated like a member of a different species?

Before we campaign for civil rights for dogs, and embark on other activities intended to assure that the law treat dogs as decently as people, a more vital campaign is in order: let's try to get dogs treated like dogs.

### **Wheezing Through to Civil Rights**

An emotional epidemic unparalleled in the history of medicine is believed to be behind the startling rise of asthma cases among New York City Negroes and Puerto Ricans. The epidemic is probably flourishing in cities throughout the country, authorities believe. It is viewed by many medical specialists as stemming from internal conflicts evoked by the civil rights movement.

Neutral observers—if there be any such—may find it interesting that segregationists have apparently remained untroubled by any psychosomatic symptoms, and seem in much better shape than the people trying to obtain civil rights. Strange, how much more conducive to mental health the denial of justice is, than the struggle for it.

Studies have been made at Cornell in which guinea pigs uninterested in civil rights have been conditioned to have breathing attacks indistinguishable from asthma. Perhaps the method can be extended to people, and substituted for the electric prod treatment favored these days by civil rights therapists down South. It would certainly be more humane to give adamant civil rightsers disabling asthma attacks than it is to apply electric prods to their genitals. Besides, civil rightsers are prone to such attacks anyway, so the method would be in line with the punishments nature dishes out to upstarts who seek justice and freedom.

Of course, civil rightsers could retaliate. A non-violent germ warfare department might be set up by CORE, or some similar group, to give Southern police who need it a mild crippling disease. Bystanders who usurp police functions could also be introduced to interested and capable germs.

A significant trend in military thinking is toward less violent, even non-violent techniques. Military minds have been experimenting with methods of warfare that will not kill people and, in some cases, not even make them uncomfortable. It would be in line with such advanced thinking to investigate methods of persuasion somewhat faster and more efficient in their effects on Southern bigots than the suffering-Jesus types of activity in current favor.

## EDITORIAL GIGGY:

### The Color Line as Projective Test

Last summer, during a conversation with an actor buddy of mine named Lou Gossett, who happens to be colored, I invented a comparison: "LeRoi Jones is the Negro James Baldwin." I printed this in issue #53 as one of three editorial dingleberries.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation filmed an interview with Jones, which included the following:

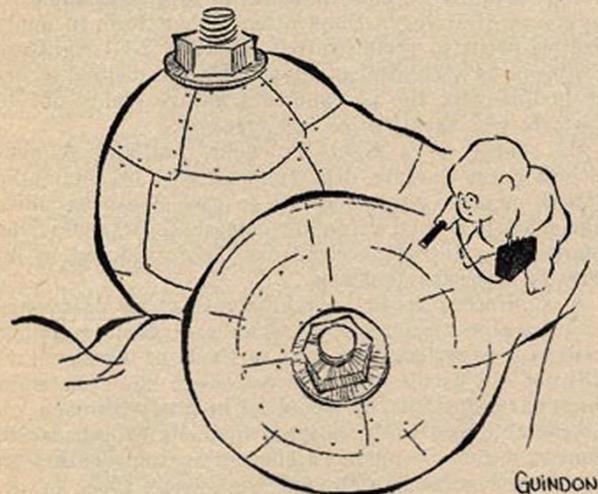
Q. I think, since I've come to New York, more people have said to me, "Oh, LeRoi Jones, he's the Negro James Baldwin." And I'm wondering if you think—is there any truth to that? I mean you are attacking the Negro middle class. It seems to me you're saying that they are almost—they've sold out their Negro heritage.

A. Well, they're just, you know, insecure, frustrated people and they have to adopt certain attitudes and roles to make themselves feel better in America. I mean this is a terrible place to live but I think perhaps if Jimmy—you're talking about why do the white liberals love it—maybe Jimmy didn't tell them strongly enough, you know. I think perhaps he ought to keep trying till he can tell them something that they won't buy, that they really won't like.

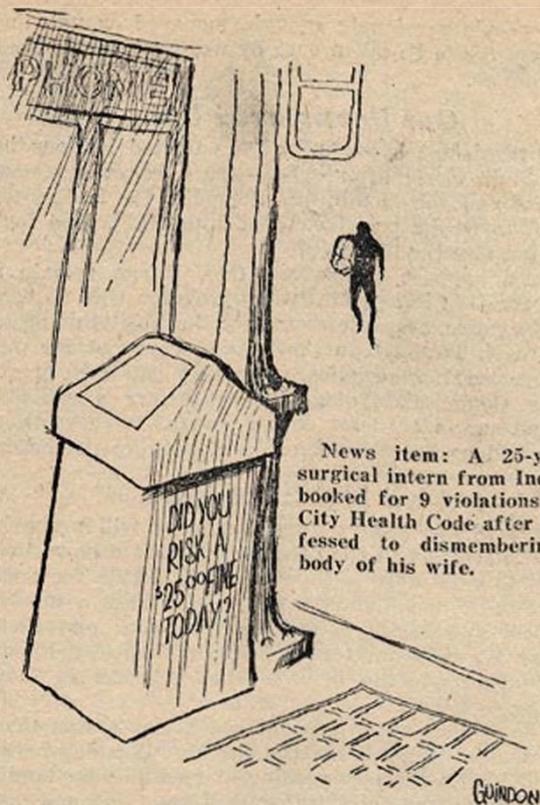
More recently, Jones was interviewed by free-lance writer Sidney Bernard, and their session ended like so:

Q. There's an underground line—I think the *Realist* had it first—which goes, "LeRoi Jones is the black James Baldwin." Is that a nothing line or would you want to put that on your mantelpiece, maybe as an Oscar, sort of, for the sharp needle you employ on whites?

A. Well, whoever said that better not ever say that to Jimmy Baldwin, and had better never say it to me, because—I think it was Paul Krassner—that's a typical sophomoric statement that a white man could make. Now, Jimmy Baldwin and I, because we differ in our social attitudes very much, are different men, are different writers. I think Jimmy still feels possibly that there is a chance for a rapprochement with America, that somehow the American white man can be made reasonable. I don't happen to believe this, but Jimmy Baldwin and I are brothers.



News item: Traces of radioactive Strontium 90 have been found in mother's milk.



News item: A 25-year-old surgical intern from India was booked for 9 violations of the City Health Code after he confessed to dismembering the body of his wife.

### Telephone Conversation with a Clerk In the Bureau of Vital Statistics

Mother: I had a baby in a New York City hospital three months ago and his birth certificate has never been mailed to me. Can you tell me why?

Clerk: Let me ask you this: Were you married at the time the baby was born?

Mother: No.

Clerk: Well, that's why.

Mother: What's why?

Clerk: You weren't married.

Mother: What does that have to do with it? My baby exists whether I'm married or not.

Clerk: But we don't mail birth certificates if the parents aren't married. You'll have to come down here and pick it up.

Mother: Why?

Clerk: It's a rule.

Mother: Why is it a rule?

Clerk: It's a regulation.

Mother: But what's the reason?

Clerk: The reason is that it's a regulation.

Mother: I understand that it's a regulation. But sometimes there are reasons—even for regulations. Is there a reason for this one?

Clerk: It's to save you embarrassment.

Mother: It seems to me that it would be a lot less embarrassing—and much more convenient—to take a letter out of my mailbox than to go down to City Hall and pick it up in person.

Clerk: Well, we figure maybe your mailman will see on the envelope that you're not married and tell your neighbors. Down here we are trained personnel and things like that don't bother us. We're taught how to handle them professionally.

—SYLVIA ANDERSON