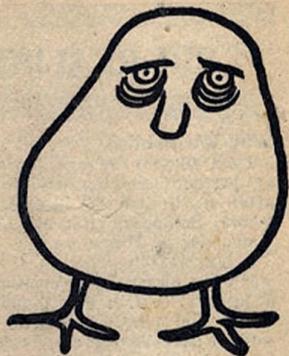


"Satyr is a Sort of Glass, wherein Beholders do generally discover every Body's Face but their Own; which is the chief Reason for that Kind Reception it meets with."
—Jonathan Swift



The Realist

No. 63
October, 1965
35 Cents

A LITTLE PLAY BY JULES FEIFFER

(The scene is a bedroom late at night. BERNARD and NAOMI sit disconsolately)

NAOMI: Don't feel too bad.

BERNARD: I'm sorry. You understand?

NAOMI: What's there to be sorry about?

BERNARD: I had too much to drink. You understand? I mean ordinarily I never have trouble like this.

NAOMI: Will you please believe me? You don't owe me any explanation. It's not as if it's a test or anything.

BERNARD: Well, it's when I have too much to drink, you see—

NAOMI: (Trying to placate) What do you think—I grade men?

BERNARD: (Winces) It's the alcohol—I just can't (Grope for right word) function—

NAOMI: Please, you needn't be so much on the defensive.

BERNARD: (Freezes) Who's on the defensive?

NAOMI: All I'm saying is it's not that much of a big—

BERNARD: (Tersely) Don't tell me I'm on the defensive when I'm not on the defensive.

NAOMI: Listen, I don't want to make a big thing out of—

BERNARD: (Bitterly) Yeah? Yeah? Yeah, I bet you don't, don't you? Yeah!

NAOMI: What's the matter with you?

(Continued on Page 14)

WELL, HERE I AM, ONE OF THE LEADING SOCIAL CRITICS OF OUR TIME SITTING HERE AT MY DRAWING BOARD, READY TO DELIVER A ANOTHER ZINGER TO THE LIBERAL PUBLIC AT LARGE.



TRUE, I'M NOT EXACTLY A MICHELANGELO— BUT THAT'S MORE THAN COMPENSATED FOR BY BOTH MY BITING SENSE OF HUMOR AND MY SHARP INSIGHT INTO CONTEMPORARY FOIBLES.



SO, LET'S SEE, WHAT HYPOCRISY SHALL I ATTACK IN MY STRIP THIS WEEK? ACCORDING TO RELIABLE AND/OR INFORMED SOURCES, MALAYSIA IS GOING TO BE THE NEXT VIETNAM. ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL TRAGEDY IN THE MAKING. HMMM.... PERHAPS I CAN SUBTLY WORK SUKARNO'S FEDERASTY PROBLEM INTO THE STORYLINE. BOY, IF ALL THOSE SATISFIED READERS OUT THERE ONLY KNEW THE EFFORT I PUT INTO MY CREATIONS.

OH, YOU PEOPLE DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT. IN THE FIRST PLACE, I MUST HAVE EACH STRIP READY SEVEN WEEKS IN ADVANCE. THAT'S SYNDICATION BIZ, HEH HEH.



(... EXCEPT FOR MY PROBRIET DIALOGUES BETWEEN LULU AND TUBBY ... I ALWAYS SEND THOSE TO PLAYBOY.)

AND THEN TOO, THERE'S THE PROBLEM OF THE GOOD GUYS VERSUS THE BAD GUYS. WHAT DO YOU SAY WHEN SOMEBODY LIKE DE GAULLE DOES THE RIGHT THING FOR THE WRONG REASON? IT'S A PARADOX.... OH, WELL, ENOUGH STALLING. I'VE GOT TO REALLY SAY IT THIS WEEK. SO WHAT IF I DID ONCE FAIL PENMANSHIP? THE BANK DOESN'T CARE IF I ENDORSE CHECKS BY PRINTING.



ANYWAY, ICON-CLASTS CAN'T AFFORD TO BE GUILTY. AND SO TO WORK.... GOD, I ONLY HOPE THE CPISIS IN MALAYSIA LASTS ANOTHER SEVEN WEEKS.

©1965 PKA/MB

SIR REALIST:

Why We Publish

I am 46 years of age, a Negro, and at present studying (belatedly, and after a lifetime of ill-paid common labor) Secondary Education, at the University of Minnesota.

I became interested in the *Realist* when one of my Profs mentioned it in a lecture (before two hundred students) and urged us to read it. I did so, and have become utterly fascinated by it. As others have written you, it is nice to feel that one is not alone.

John H. Herriford
Minneapolis, Minn.

Abstract Proposition

Speaking of advertising, my favorite pornographic cigarette commercial is that chorus of breathless sopranos inquiring: "Has it happened? Has it happened to you yet?"

Mrs. Sam Hill
Venice, Calif.

Tat for Tit

[Editor's note: Before the *Realist* contributed the concept of "soft-core pornography" to our cultural heritage, we had been falsely relying on the U.S. Supreme Court's phrase, "hard-core pornography," to describe what was, after all, not really the kind of material designated by the Justices as undeserving of First Amendment protection. In this misleading context, then, we reprinted (issue #47) an ad from *Medical Economics* (erroneously described as the *A.M.A. Journal*), one of a series, each featuring a different, bare-breasted young lady accompanied by the legend, SHE'S BEEN HY-FRECATED, along with the statement that "More than 250,000 physicians the world over, in nearly every field of practice, use their Hyfrecators daily." Recently we received the following letter by registered mail.]

I have been handed, only in the last day or two, a page torn from your February 1964 issue of the *Realist*.

In the lower right-hand corner of Page 23 you have reproduced a copy of one of our advertisements which would appear in a number of professional medical journals. Your title, however, "Hard Core Pornography of the Month" is yours.

There are several things which I must advise you: (1) This advertisement never did appear in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*; (2) The word "Hyfrecator" is a coined registered trademark owned by The Birtcher Corporation—Hyfrecator being taken from the words "high frequency eradication";

(3) Such an instrument has been manufactured and sold to the medical profession for use in doctors' offices and hospitals for nearly thirty years, and is a most important electrosurgical measure in destroying skin growths and/or blemishes of all kinds on the surface of the body as well as in the orifices. Many relatively simple growths may be pre-cancerous lesions.

Our advertisement is not printed, as you suggest, as pornographic or any other kind of art, but to illustrate that skin any place on the body may be "hyfrecated."

To authenticate my statements here, I enclose a descriptive and some reprints concerning the technics for which the Hyfrecator is employed and this letter is to advise you that should you use the name of Hyfrecator or our advertising material in any way that would tend to ridicule our product, or our name, we shall take all necessary steps under the law to protect ourselves.

C. J. Birtcher, President
Los Angeles, California

Free Speech Pill Smuggler

I am the Free Speech Movement's "Enovid Girl" [issue #58], and consequently co-chairman of the Berkeley Strike Committee. In exchange for your having defiled my name in the *Realist* [with permission], I'm now asking you for help.

The Berkeley defendants are in serious trouble. The judge, in his attempt to demoralize us and to dissuade us from appealing his decision, has set our bail at \$440,000. Obviously, we must meet this challenge. Between now and September 1, at least 10% of this amount must be raised to cover the bondsman's non-refundable premium.

Some students are already in jail, and if in these three weeks we cannot raise at least the \$44,000 then most of the remaining 760 defendants will have to go to jail until the money can be raised. This exorbitant price is being charged us simply for the right to appeal.

In addition, since we anticipate that the appeal might fail, we are faced with the problem of raising an additional \$200,000 for our fines.

The press, which aided our movement so strongly by bringing our cause before the nation, has lost interest in our case. Without this publicity, we have been unable to make an effective appeal for funds.

Perhaps the most serious consequence of this isolation is that it threatens our solidarity. We went into Sproul Hall as a group. We are now being differentiated on the basis of our ability to pay. The admission price to Sproul Hall was not money but conscience, and we must not allow those who cannot pay to be jailed for their commitment.

This country does not yet have laws forbidding political protest. But it is more pernicious to make political protest impossible by taxing it so heavily through fines and excessive bail that those who would protest dare not. The right of political protest must not become a luxury which few can afford....

Susan Stein
Berkeley, Calif.

Editor's note: Readers who wish to help may send checks to the FSM Defense Fund, Box 448, Berkeley, Calif. On Monday night, October 18th, I will do another "Evening With a Self-Styled Phony" at The Committee in San Francisco, for the benefit of the FSM Defense Fund. The, uh, performance will begin at 9 o'clock; the admission price will be \$2; for reservations call The Committee at EX 2-0807.

Report Obscene Postal Inspectors

A couple of months ago I received a mysterious phone call from a man who came to my home with my copy of the *Realist* #58 and asked me if I would testify in New York that it was pornographic, etc. He said he was a Postal Inspector.

Both my husband and I are lawyers by education but he scared us to death, and since I am housebound by arthritis and he saw I could not serve his purpose he said he had another "prospect" in this area.

I signed the copy "returned at request of post office" or words to that effect. Not until later when we saw the issue quoted in the *Washington Post* and a friend in Arlington said he got his copy okay did we realize we had been "gulled" into thinking the issue had been confiscated....

Mrs. V. M. S.
Washington, D. C.

P.S. He said he was protecting "chicks." I am 65 years of age!

Judge Not Lest . . .

Is it obscene to send a letter unzipped?

Mark Saltzman
Appleton, Wis.

Supposition

[Editor's note: In issue #60, a cartoon by Ed Fisher depicted Adolf Hitler shyly singing ". . . Mrs. Braun, you've got a luvley daught-errr . . ."]

I don't think he was capable of such endearing sentiments.

Susan Wolff
Bronx, N. Y.

Mediocre Reader

I have been reading the *Realist* for years and nothing in it has ever offended me. I'm beginning to worry. Could you insult me in print or something?

Arthur Naiman
New York, N. Y.

Editors note: Sorry, you're not important enough to insult.

The Realist

editorial giggies

An Obituary for His Original Death

The following dialogue is reprinted from an out-of-stock issue of the Realist.

Castro and the Stevenson Convertible

SCENE I

Fidel: You are going to attack Cuba.
 Adlai: We are not going to attack Cuba.
 Fidel: Why do you say that?
 Adlai: Because it would be immoral for us to play the role of an aggressor nation.

SCENE II

Fidel: We have put down the invasion which you were behind.
 Adlai: We were not behind the invasion.
 Fidel: Why do you say that?
 Adlai: Because if we were behind the invasion it would have been successful.

SCENE III

Fidel: Now the truth is out—you were behind the invasion.
 Adlai: No matter that it was unsuccessful.
 Fidel: Why do you say that?
 Adlai: Because it is better to have lied and attacked than never to have been President at all.

Hail the Unsung Typesetter

Generally the Realist avoids passing along the merely coincidental humor of typographical errors, but once in a while there comes along a typo of such fantastic appropriateness that we just cannot contain ourselves from sharing it. Well, the *San Francisco Chronicle* had this story about an annulment, and it was supposed to be followed by the continuation of a front-page report concerning demonstrators attempting to stop a troop train. Somehow the layout instructions became part of the story and this, in its entirety, is the way it was published:

Joseph Ehrman III, member of a socially prominent family, won an uncontested annulment yesterday of his seven-week marriage to the former Ruth Ann Rosenberg.

Superior Judge Edward Molkenbuhr granted the annulment after a brief and routine hearing at which Ehrman was the only witness.

He testified that his bride declined to consummate the marriage and told him she did not intend to.

Ehrman, who is a teacher at Lowell High School, was represented by Frank H. Sloss.

Judge Molkenbuhr restored to Mrs. Ehrman—who was not present in court—the use of her maiden name. She was represented by Edgar Sinton.
 insert a troop train . . .

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 PAUL KRASSNER, Editor & Ringleader
 CAROL KERR, Scapagoat
 BOB ABEL, Featherbedder

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The Ordeal of Faggotry

When *Life* magazine ran a feature called "Homosexuality in America," they included a photo of a biologically male manikin dressed in solemn high camp. The caption stated: "The window of this New York Greenwich Village store which caters to homosexuals is filled with the colorful, off-beat, attention-calling clothes that the 'gay' world likes."

Then somebody told me that the store now had a poster in its window, reading: "As Seen in *Life*."

I didn't check it out, but that just might not make any difference: The gap between possibility and probability is becoming less and less distinguishable. Back in 1961, for example, the *Realist* had a gag about "a scientific study to determine if the prevalence of homosexuality is nature's way of fighting the population explosion." Well, that theory is now being seriously advanced.

But if the rationalization for homosexuality is far-fetched, the treatment against it is almost incredible.

Psychologists in England have developed "aversion-relief therapy." They put the patient in a darkened room and get him to read out words or phrases related to his deviation as they appear framed in an illuminated box in front of him. Each time he recites one, like *sodomy*, he is given an electric shock through the soles of special shoes. If he fails to speak up he is given an even stronger shock. This is repeated 23 times; but the coming of the 24th word, such as *heterosexual*, brings relief—that is, no shock.

The first few homosexuals treated this way turned against men. Transvestites while saying, for instance, *brassiere in mirror* became disgusted by women's clothes. A boy with a motorcycle fetish was cured by shock-exposure to phrases like *leather jackets* as well as by being shown—sans shock—pictures of nude females.

All right, Lyndon, now say *escalation*. . . .

(Continued on page 16)

The Realist, Dept. 63
 Box 242, Madison Sq. Sta.
 New York, N. Y. 10010

Enclosed please find:

- \$1 for five extra copies of issue #63.
- \$3 for a 10-issue subscription starting with #.....
- \$5 for a 20-issue subscription starting with #.....
- (Note: for Canadian and foreign subscriptions add \$1)
- \$2 for a copy of Paul Krassner's *Imoplite Interviews* (with Alan Watts, Lenny Bruce, Dr. Albert Ellis, Henry Morgan, Jean Shepherd, Jules Feiffer, Hugh Hefner)
- \$5 for *How to Talk Dirty*—Lenny Bruce's autobiography
- \$6 for *A Guide to Rational Living* by Dr. Albert Ellis
- \$6 for *Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*
- \$1 for a Dashboard Saint Realist (our cover mascot)
- \$1 for a red-white-and-blue Fuck Communism poster
- \$1 for a blasphemous One Nation Under God cartoon
- \$3 for a back-issue binder (will hold 36 Realists)
- \$.....for the following back issues at the rate of 25c each; four for \$1; all 28 for \$7:
 20, 23, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 39, 40, 41, 42,
 43, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 55, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63

Name
 Address
 City..... State..... Zip.....

PAUL KRASSNER
THE VILLAGE SQUIRE



The column to meet bright pretty chicks by.



Editor's note: John Wilcock writes a regular feature called *The Village Square* ("The column of lasting insignificance") for a weekly Greenwich Village tabloid called *The Village Voice* ("The newspaper of the trend-makers"). When his 500th entry was due recently, he asked me to write a more-or-less satirical version of the column in general, to be published in its place that week. The editors decided, however, that "the whole thing just doesn't come up in quality to *Voice* standards" and that it is "75% bad taste." Despite this sell-out percentage, it appears here in the *Realist* instead.

The combination double-think and unintentional-pun award goes to a *Journal-American* headline: "LBJ Peace Offensive". . . Bradley's Discount House in Norwalk, Conn. features a sign reading: "This Is Military Toy Year". . . Subway graffiti: "People talk too much" . . . Why does the neon-lighted Spry sign across the Hudson sneakily go off at 4 o'clock every morning? . . . A theatre in Munich, Germany—which presents American and English plays in their original languages—advertises itself as an "off-Broadway" playhouse.



The San Francisco Mime Troupe has a delightfully offensive Minstrel Show scheduled for production here this autumn, with Negroes in blackface. Director Ronnie Davis tried to attract performers via newspaper ads, but was told, FEPC-wise, that he couldn't use the word "Negro." And, for bad measure, "Minstrel" was also out. He finally compromised with this wording: "Male Actors for Interracial Variety Show." No Negroes showed up.

Andy Warhol's latest movie was shot through a one-way mirror, from behind the screen, at a showing of one of his previous films. It is called *Audience*. . . J. D. Salinger's next book, to be published by Little-Brown, will be a double entry à la *Franny and Zooey*. It will contain both his latest long short story, *Hapworth 16, 1924*, and his recent letter to the *Herald Tribune*.

At the Tom Wolfe Party (held in the A. & P. Room of Huntington Hartford's Museum) a rambunctious broad popped an amyl nitrate vial under the guest-of-honor's nose. "How long will this last?" he mumbled under his breath when he could catch it. "Just a couple of minutes," she replied. "I think I can manage," Tom concluded heartily.

A prissy sophomore-executive at the New York Telephone Company refused to list the number of a boutique called "Where Did You Get That!", run by Jeanne Johnson and Claire Walker. He claimed it was free

advertising, then changed his monotone and complained that their front sign was cardboard instead of metal. A local columnist told a telephone P.R. man he'd rather not write anything nasty about the squabble if he could avoid it, and so the girls may get their listing. Otherwise they'll have to pay 50¢ a month extra for having an unlisted number.

Stephanie Gervis Harrington says that Jack Newfield is the white Nat Hentoff. . . . As you walk into Jules Feiffer's apartment, the first thing that strikes you is a huge, larger-than-life-size photo of Humphrey Bogart pointing his gun at you. . . . Murray Kempton was arguing with Paul Jacobs about the so-called Filthy Speech Movement in Berkeley; Kempton finally conceded that the one-word placard which started it all would have been acceptable to him had it read: "Fuck—if this sign said Kill, I would not be arrested."

Lenny Bruce's local obscenity appeal has been postponed till September. Meanwhile, a committee has been formed to look into a possible conspiracy behind his fall from a 2nd-story hotel window. They plan to take the law of gravity to a higher court. Bruce is now on crutches in his Hollywood Hills home. Hospital exposure has channeled his justifiable obsession with the law into a new interest: medicine. Last week he was busted for practicing surgery without a license.

Where magazine, a guide for tourists in Detroit, last month had a picture of a scantily-clad exotic (translate: stripper) named Lottie the Body. Always ready for the convention crowd, the ad stated: "Welcome, Lutherans Missouri Synod". . . The editor of a black nationalist magazine tells me his publication functions financially only by dint of guilty white money. . . . Why do the fellows who sell *Muhammed Speaks* on street-corners seem to become such Uncle Toms in the process?

Joe Rosner, the world's most underrated contest judge, observes that anyone who wants a really strong argument against Civilian Review Boards need only point out that Jesus Christ Himself was the victim of one . . . Joe Savage, the world's most overrated contest judge, saw a sign that said "Karate" and, underneath that, "Judo." He wondered aloud: "Wasn't she married to Ernest Borgnine?"

New Games Dept.: *Secrets*—Does Henry Miller secretly eat white bread? Does LeRoi Jones secretly eat white liberals? . . . *Ejaculations*—A girl I know went to bed with a *New Yorker* editor and at the moment of climax he said, "We're coming!" A girl I know went to bed with a civil rights leader and at the moment of climax he said, "I'm overcoming!"

The *Winnipeg Jewish Post's* N.Y. correspondent reports that there is a Negro slumlord on the lower east side whose 32 cold-water flats are occupied by poverty-stricken Jews, most of them over 60. . . . Writer Lionel Olay is half Spanish and half Jewish, doesn't know whether he's a spic or a kike, so he's settled for being a spike. . . . The Anti-Defamation League pressured the Merv Griffin show into not telecasting an interview with Westbrook Pegler.

The Guggenheim-award-winning Maysles brothers are making a film sympathetic to abortion and need an unmarried pregnant girl for the lead role. . . . Inexpensive, safe abortions may be achieved by getting fitted for an interuterine device in the early stage of pregnancy. . . . Are you an agnostic without knowing it?

(Continued on Page 18)

The Lonely Private World of Dirty Movies

by Michael Valenti

I never fall asleep at the movies. This statement, made six weeks ago, could have stood nakedly as pristine, unqualified truth. But the other night I nodded off in the middle of a Spanish movie, lulled perhaps by having stared too long at lips forming Spanish words that came to my ears in strange croaking voices magically transmuted in passage into English, funny stilted English it's true, but English nevertheless.

Suddenly I was bolt awake, just in time to see the screen full of tits, two of them to be exact, big, heavy, rose-tipped, quivering tits, enough in themselves to make any man take heart. It was an unusual kind of radar—some I-won't-be-cheated inner sense — that shook me awake for the *only* seconds-long sequence of nudeness in an hour-long movie.

I was watching this film (*Lonesome Women*) because New York License Commissioner Joseph C. DiCarlo had declared war on "obscene, immoral or indecent" outdoor movie advertisements. While making it clear that he had no authority to stand in judgment over the films themselves (this being the then-province of the State Board of Regents), DiCarlo emphasized that he had the power to crack down on inflammatory billboards, posters and other displays *outside* the theatres.

It was for this reason that the *Realist*, in its wisdom and zeal, dispatched me on a round of the half-dozen Times Square houses that show nude films exclusively. Was it true that they promised more outside than they delivered inside? And, parallelly, was anything inside *really* sexy?

Let me say straightaway that in no case was there anything *graphically* promised outside that was not delivered inside. A close scrutiny of every still photo and poster did not turn up even one sequence that had been scissored out of the celluloid reel. (The cheating, as you will see, is subtler.)

As to the blurbs, they are, of course, open to interpretation. Is *Lorna* really "too much for any man"? Well yes, if you consider *one* one-day escape into adultery "too much." Another example: the blurb for *Body of a Female* boldly proclaims that "You must see this movie of the whip and the flesh." Well, not unless that's the way you get your kicks, and even so, only if you can overlook the schoolgirlish stroke of the whipper. But, in the world of blurbs, one man's ecstasy is another man's yawn.

One of the more obvious—and less important—ways that the nudie houses cheat is in not telling you when a movie

is dubbed. (At least half of them are originally in French, Greek, Spanish or Italian.) When I complained to one of the theatre managers that I found it jarring to hear the dubbing actors' clumsy English constructions fitted to the lip movements of the foreign nude-nicks, he listened to me with an agreeable little smile, patiently, then said: "You know, our customers don't spend much time looking at the lips." I had to concede that he had a point.

Despite the dubbing, however, as with art films, the foreign imports are of a higher quality than the domestics. Even when they are just grade C French demimonde stories with a few nude sequences added, they tend to be more carefully made, with better acting and a tauter story line.



Where the American-made nudies are superior (using the criteria of the aficionado, now) is in suggesting the explosive climate of the frankly pornographic film: in the domestic ones it's always three seconds before strip-down. This, of course, is solely aura, a kind of bacchanalian ambiance created by the pulsating jazz, the nervous camera, the girls in easy-to-shed clothing. But the clothes stay on, or if they come off the camera finds something else to explore, maybe a lace curtain caught in a light spring zephyr. If you have 15-15 vision, maybe you can catch a subliminal patch of breast just before the camera swings away.

But since every new art form should be judged by its best output and not its worst, let's give nudies a fair shake and look at the best.

One Naked Night (this is *not* the Bergmann classic; nudie-makers, operating in their own movie universe, are blithely unconcerned about approximating titles of other movies) is the

story of Candy, a confection from the country, who moves in with her *zophitic* big-city friend, Laura. There is also Peg, a photographer's model, and Barbara, the Lesbian next door. (Lesbians are the built-in Negro Problem of nude films.) Through Peg, Candy catches on as a photographer's model and, starry-eyed, takes up with Charley, her photographer. One naked night she catches him with Laura and that's that. The poor kid has no other choice than to move in with sensitive artist Joe.

Candy, played by Barbara Morris, who might be that bouncy, refreshingly pretty brunette you saw near the Fifth Avenue library last week, is very fetching in only a man's shirt (there's a type that never looks more bewitching, even in an Arrow), playing peekaboo under the covers with sensitive artist Joe. But after the fifth or sixth romp, Joe decides it's either Candy or Art, and throws Candy out. She returns to the communal flat, goes fast and loose, sleeps with all comers. Bored, jaded, desperate, she lets Barbara sweet talk her into the shaded pleasures of Lesbianism.

Finally, a big bash on her 22nd birthday ends in a near-orgy scene, with male hands wandering into erogenous zones, open-mouthed kissing, moaning, writhing and the climactic unhooking of bras. In the morning the camera lingers lovingly over the tangle of brassiere bodies (is there an orgy type who puts her brassiere *back on*?) and men in what look like swim trunks, but I suppose they're shorts. Candy separates herself from the daisy chain, goes out on the terrace and jumps.

While this may not be Art, *One Naked Night* does manage to generate a lot of fairly steamy sexual excitement. Among the sexual stations at which it pauses and genuflects are switching, seduction, nymphomania, promiscuity, multiple couplings and voyeurism—a pretty good night's work in a one-hour movie. But while the attempt to lend it depth and moral tone with a tragic ending is a complete bust, there are still sequences that will break through the defenses of the most steel-jacketed libidos.

One is a scene in a Harlem twist parlor, where the camera falls in love with one lush behind after another, examining each with great deliberation before moving on to the next. Another is the scene where Barbara playfully takes Candy out on the terrace, from which they watch Laura, down to her bra and panties, necking with two men in an adjacent apartment. As the girls watch transfixed, the still-innocent Candy and the jaded Barbara, one of Laura's studs unhooks her bra (if the nudies create a tradition of their own, this act will become a seduction cliché), and the camera discreetly shifts to Candy's astonished face.

As with most nudies, there's probably less than a minute of nudity in

the hour-long *One Naked Night*. But where the nudies cheat most is in what has been cut out of the films and not out of the trailers. (Apparently all these theatres are owned by the same circuit, or at least have a working agreement.)

In the trailer for *One Naked Night*, shown at another theatre (which I saw after seeing the movie itself), the Lesbian scene is graphically played, with Barbara bending over to first kiss Candy on the lips, then planting nuzzling little busses on her breasts and stomach. But in the movie itself the scene blocks out with Barbara bending over to kiss Candy, their lips never meeting. And in the rape scene in *The Pleasure Lovers* (appearing at the same time as, and often confused with, *The Pleasure Seekers*) the girl's naked breasts, bared fleetingly in the trailer when her assailant rips off her bra, are never uncovered in the movie itself.

Perhaps expecting to be cheated, the audiences seem to have no particular reaction to this cynical practice.

As to that audience, regardless of time of day or night, weekday or weekend, it is composed of lone men who sit passively and patiently, as far apart as possible in a geometric mosaic worthy of 9th Century Arab architects. (It is considered bad form to sit either directly behind, or behind and one seat to the side, of an earlier arriver. And, in five of six trips, I never heard a patron address a single word to another patron.)

There are very few women, generally escorted—except the few Golden Agers—and always seated in the last three rows. (I haven't been able to figure out why—unless it's simply that women have better eyesight than men.)

There is no talking, no coughing, no complaining—even when, as occurred one night, a feathery centipede seemed to have swum into the projection stream. It took the projectionist ten minutes to spot the trouble—ten of the most silent minutes I've ever spent in a movie house.

And this in Times Square.

In the Globe, one of the nudie houses, the crash of bowling pins from an alley overhead left can be terrifying to the uninitiated. The veteran audience solves this problem by sitting on the right-hand side of the theatre.

What this disciplined audience does permit itself is breathing. (Perhaps it is unfair to place any particular significance in this, since it is a middle-aged, sedate-businessman type audience.) During the opening sequence of *Lorna*, for example, the breathing decibel went up noticeably as the homosexual patsy in the film, peering through a dirty window to watch his buddy straddle, beat and rip most of the clothes off a drunken girl they've followed home, closes his eyes and surrenders to a little shiver of ecstasy.

But normally it is the Lesbian scenes that get the most audible reactions. Even in *One Naked Night*, which touched as many areas of male fantasizing as possible without going surreal, it was the emasculated Lesbian scene (if you'll permit the expression) that had them breathing up a storm. Recognizing this, when the Globe brought back *The Twilight Girls*, a much-publicized movie about French schoolgirls, it cynically raised the admission price from \$1.50 to \$2.00, bowling alley or no bowling alley, and no second feature.

Crass commerce aside, the one area where the nudies are threatening to do something new is in the use of the camera.

The best example of this is the rape scene in *The Pleasure Lovers*, a notably bad, misnamed, cheap British detective story with a drearily conventional camera approach. But in that one fascinating scene, artistry fights for recognition. A moaning musical score neatly cleaves the scene from the rest of the movie as the gang leader enters the captive girl's room. She lies on her bed rigidly, watching him warily as he crosses the room. The rest of the action has a chiaroscuro underwater quality, undulating waves of flesh and fantasy enveloping each other. Suddenly he's standing over her muttering, "You're not so pure, baby"

The rest, as the moaning score soars, is thrashing legs, tangled bed sheets and open-eyed shock as he first commands her to take off her clothes, then wildly rips them off himself. Here the camera becomes a hydra-headed voyeur that sees all. The brassiere is torn away, first backview, as the victim whimpers. Then swiftly the camera backtracks, the brassiere is magically replaced and once more torn away, this time front-view. This is a new kind of voyeurism, as though the act is so important, so electrifying that it can't be seen too often or from too many different angles. Finally, another male fantasy fulfilled, the victim submits to her rapist, the scene closing with the girl once again open-eyed, this time not in horror but in the astonishment of first sex.

On what I thought was to be my last visit to a nudie house, I saw a trailer for a new nudie called *The Dirty Girls*, blurbled as "The Movie That Goes Too Far." Now at last, I thought, for all their pains not to overstep the strictures of law, the nudie exhibitors had blundered into a trap. Short of clapping the entire audience into jail, how could they hope to deliver on that reckless boast?

But for me the question was academic, since I was on the point of leaving for Europe, where nudity in films, even major films, is taken for granted. While I was away, however, adverse Supreme Court rulings cut the ground out from under movie censor-

ship, except on a token picture-by-picture basis. The movies as an art form had won almost limitless freedom at last.

I returned to find *The Dirty Girls* in its Sixth Holdover Week. But, significantly, there was a new blurb over the title: "You've Never Seen Anything Like It Before." Had freedom bred caution, timidity? Or had DiCarlo's office made a discreet phone call?

Nonetheless, it seemed important to see what effect the lifting of the censorship code had had on the nudies. So I went to see *The Dirty Girls*, the trailer of which I still remembered as a libido-inflaming teaser.

The Dirty Girls, it developed, were just European prostitutes plying their trade in Paris and Bavaria. An omnipresent narrator spoke solemnly of that ultimate woman, "the woman of 10,000 pleasures." None of these pleasures was defined, however, and the woman herself never showed up. Once again I was witnessing a routine nudie, only this one seemed to have had most of the nakedness snipped out. But to be fair it did have one scene (always one scene) that seemed to justify the price of admission (\$2.00). This scene—again bearing little relation to the action around it—details a seduction in a pool, both principals beginning with all their clothes on.

Except for one brief semi-nude glimpse, the camera studies the faces of the upper-class men and women watching the underwater seduction. They begin by laughing, but soon their laughter dies, faces become strained and an explosive tension builds slowly against the obscene gurgling of the pool water, the mute statement of the free-floating, waterlogged clothing. It is that rare and wonderful thing again, art accidentally intruding itself. Unable to show what is happening in the pool, the director has no alternative but to leave it to the imagination, to suggest it through the faces of the on-lookers. Never has voyeurism triumphed so gloriously over the sordidness of reality.

Perhaps this is the only direction the nudies can move in, if they are to become a permanent feature of the movie scene. And—another new development—the nudies seem to be moving out of their Times Square ghettos and into movie houses that generally show art films. Before long—who knows?—Bosley Crowther may find himself discussing (on a becalmed Sunday in summer) whether or not *Lorna* is indeed "too much for any man."

In an increasingly alienated world, the hard-breathers may ultimately be sharing the delectations of the flesh and the cleansing stroke of the whip with Vassar girls in pony tails and young men with beards, and wondering what ever happened to their lonely private world of dirty movies.

Bigger Than Chicken Soup

by Avery Corman

People do a lot to avoid admitting they're Jewish. They change their names, their addresses and their noses. Even Jewish guys change their noses. You'll allow it for a girl; how else is she going to meet a nice fellow, with a nose like that? But some guys do it too. And they're not even in Show Business.

If you are in Show Business, it's perfectly acceptable to be Jewish, it's even desirable. And if you're not Jewish you can always go around saying Jewish things—safe Jewish expressions where you don't have to worry about getting the *chh* sound right. You can say *mazel tov* and *oy vey* and *schtick*. And *goy* even if you are one.

Or, if you want a Jewish Show Biz image, you can always get a Jewish agent.

It's also good to be Jewish if you're a writer, especially if you write Jewish novels.

But in the vast majority of cases, where it doesn't matter what you are, or where being Jewish may even be a disadvantage, many people avoid admitting it.

"Oh, I'm Jewish. But I'm not *that* Jewish."

"Well, my parents were Jewish."

"None of my best friends are Jewish."

"I wouldn't go out with Jewish guys. They're too weak."

"I wouldn't go out with Jewish girls. They're too demanding."

There are the guys who really aspire to be part of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant Schtick. They go around with their non-Jewish friends and business associates telling sly little anti-Semitic jokes and working like mad to get rid of their New York diction. They pronounce all their R's, sometimes even putting them in where they don't belong. Like in "Lorng Is-larnd." Or *marzel tov*.

Next to getting a home in Darien, developing a hard R is a singular achievement. Then along comes a Jewish relative from the Midwest who pronounces his R's anyway, and our friend has to start making his eethers into eyethers. It's rough to stay ahead.

The girls who don't want to be *too* Jewish have an entire area of their own to work in—roommates. Some girls pick their roommates, not for social reasons, but for show.

If a girl takes an apartment in Manhattan with her Jewish girlfriend from the Bronx, she's poor grade. Also no good: rooming with a Jewish girlfriend from college. And if they first got friendly at college because they were both Jewish, that's *really* poor. On the other hand, if she takes a non-Jewish girlfriend from the Bronx, that's very effective, since who knew non-Jewish girls in the Bronx, except for the super's daughter or the Chinese laundryman's?

Non-Jewish roommate from college, likewise effective.

Negro roommate, excellent.

Negro lover, best of all.

Certainly there are Jewish girls making it with Negro guys because the guys are groovy and the girls dig them and vice versa. Still there are those girls

making it with Negro guys simply because the guys are Negro.

It's sort of One-Stop Shopping for all their rejection of home-and-background needs.

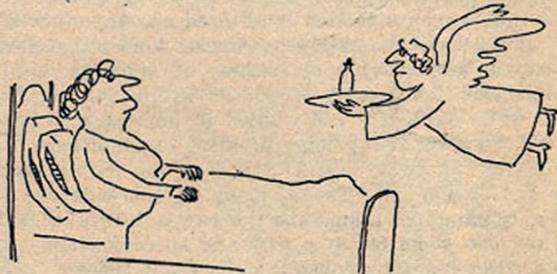
Jewish guys don't seem to make it with Negro girls as their protest. Maybe it's because Negro girls don't have eyes for Jewish guys. Maybe it's because there aren't any Negro girls. Come to think of it, *are* there? In New York, you never see as many Negro girls around in places the way you see Negro guys.

But Jewish guys have other areas for expressing themselves. They can't merely sleep with non-Jewish girls because "that's what you're *supposed* to do with *shiksas*," but they *can* get even by marrying them.

Now why are so many people today going around for ways to put down their background?

All right, granted, Jews are sneaky, loud, flashy, crude, long-nosed, money-mad, arrogant and hairy.

So what else? There must be a better reason for not admitting you're Jewish. Probably it has more to do with the children wanting to get as far away as



they can from their parents in all things. To the children, their parents were narrow-minded and square. Agreed. They were. By definition, the middle class Jewish home *was* middle class and Jewish.

By comparison, the children *are* more emancipated, more liberal, hipper. How could it be otherwise? Uncle Max from Flatbush Avenue should be hipper than you? Or your father—did he ever have his own apartment? Most likely he lived at home with his parents until he got married. What could he know from fancy swinging. Your mother—did you ever see a Jewish mother smoking pot?

In many ways the older generation *was* up tight and the kids *are* freer today. Okay. Let's grant that. But there was something valuable in that background that we all could do with more of today. And that was a basic attitude. It was Jewish Pushiness. Straight out-and-out pushiness.

Push a little, get a little. Get before the next guy gets. Nibble away. Be a nuisance.

Be a Jew. But push, get.

"Look, Solly, so you don't know what you want to do. So go to work for your Uncle Max and while you're cutting piece goods you're thinking what to do."

You didn't sit around; you did. You did, even while you didn't do.

Here we have all these young people breaking away from their parents and family background, leaving everything behind, including the one thing that could make the breakaway successful—Jewish Pushiness.

You can see the ones who are trying to get by with-

out it. The girls who tell you, "All I want is not to be a secretary." But they drift from secretarial job to secretarial job, a little closer to home here, five or ten dollars a week more there, a little more glamour here. The problem is, when you're typing a letter the action is the same whether you're in a hip advertising agency or a square lumber yard.

There are those who pick at something creative now and then on a weekend or an occasional evening and say at parties, "Don't ask me what I do, ask me what I am."

Or the people, unhappy with what they're doing, who move to San Francisco or Greenwich Village, thinking that alone will change their scene. They lay back and wait for the city to do for them.

It was Jewish Pushiness that helped the immigrants get their families out of the East Side into the middle class—the middle class used it to send their children to high school (that was more than the grandparents had finished) and often to college—and now they can't understand why the kids today are moving to the low class East Side.

You can't throw Civil Rights up as an example of how the young generation is all fired up. Anyone who's traveled around the nation's campuses knows that Civil Rights is the crusade of pockets of students within each school and pockets of schools within the country.

A while back, if a kid wanted to impress a girl, he would come on about being creative or ambitious. All he'd have to worry about was that she didn't think he was selling out. Today, many of the kids are so busy copping out they aren't even up to selling out. A guy can come on to a girl and succeed simply by confirming how crummy-rotten it is out there.

They achieve their rapport from a mutual non-aggression pact against The System. "Hey, baby, look how it's rigged against us."

Well, it is rigged against us. It always has been and it always will be. But in that Jewish home, if you sat around and did nothing, or tried nothing, you were a bum. "A bum. My son, the bum."

Now here's an area for a smart Jewish operator. Open up a school and give Jewish Lessons. How to be pushy and aggressive and have people hate you, but also how to get where you want to go.

Instead of a renowned professor to lecture on existential philosophy, you'd get Solly from the garment industry who'd tell you, "Kid, you go out of this world one day dead, so you might as well get a little *schtick* going for yourself while you're here. And you get that by getting it for yourself, by trying."

People would become pushy again, pushing to get something better for themselves, pushing to change their lives instead of their noses.

All those signs in offices that say THINK would say THINK JEWISH.

And all the people who trouble themselves over where they came from would be a lot more concerned with where they're going.

But who's willing to admit that Jewish Pushiness is good? Even though we live in a climate that's too passive and uncommitted, for some people thinking Jewish again would seem like a step backwards. They got away from all that when they moved out. And it's a long subway ride back to that Jewish background—particularly for gentiles.

Lenny Bruce Defends:

I must say a few words in defense of the censor who is damned for having a "dirty mind" and "always looking for the seamy side." This is not always the case.

To illustrate my point, I have chosen *twivilin*. Now, if you don't know what *twivilin* means—and I further complicate it with *laying twivilin*—and your first understanding of it is that they are Jewish Hail Marys, I will tell you that it is an Orthodox religious rite where you take a leather string and tie it around your arm and pray.

Up till the word "pray" I'm sure the reader conjured up several different views, but the most important view is from the street. We see the old Jewish man silhouetted through the curtains, with his back toward us, tying up his arm . . . through the eyes of an Oklahoma narcotics agent who never saw a Jew in his life and who, with no thought of probable cause, would fly in the face of the 4th Amendment with an unreasonable search and seizure.

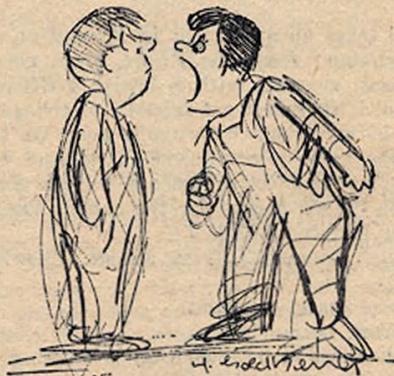
To say that the Oklahoman was obsessed with the looking-for-dope scene would be an unfair statement.

Now, according to the R. V. Hicklin test, the word f-u-c-k alone, written on a wall, can incite lewd and lustful thoughts. Its danger is latent. I further believe, therefore, that the Jew is ignorant of the impact of the word f-u-c-k, and when he offers a defense on the absurdity of the "counting of the words" as in the *Lady Chatterley's Lover* case, the Jew is confused by the prosecution's evaluation that some words are worth 90 points and some words 10 points; the reason the Jew is confused as to why s-h-i-t although repugnant is 30 points and f-u-c-k 85 points is that rabbis and priests both shit but only one fucks.

These ideas are disrespectful only to (1) quasi-Catholics who worship idols, and (2) vegetarians who wear leather shoes.

Finally, I believe that while many Jewish mothers project an image of fierce integrationists and humanists if the daughter were to call from college and announce that she was bringing home her new husband, a Filipino ensign in the Navy, an image of a long foreskin and a gold tooth would cause a dull silence at the other end of the phone.

"Hello, hello, Ma, are you there? His name is Pinoy Pinay."



"You former Christ-killer!"

At PLM, Progress Is NOT Their Most Important Target

(A response to Larry Cole by Ed Lemansky of the Progressive Labor Movement)

Larry Cole's piece in the June *Realist* (#60) — "At PLM, Progress is Their Most Important Target"—presents certain difficulties for anyone who would like to respond. The mixture of a pinch of truth and a gallon of bullshit almost requires more effort than it's worth to separate the one from the other. However, since I spoke at the meeting to which he refers—although it is difficult to tell at times—I would like to comment on a few of the more important distortions.

Cole came to the meeting at the New School an hour after it started (and more than an hour after it was scheduled to begin.) This may explain part of his inability to report accurately on what was said there.

I was listed on the poster advertising the meeting as a spokesman for the Progressive Labor Movement, and I spoke as one. I don't know where-in-hell Cole got it into his head that I spoke "under the banner of a student-led anti-war movement."

In addition, Nate Martin, who had been billed as a SNCC representative, spent the first minutes of his talk making it clear that a mistake had been made, and that he was not at the meeting representing any group. He said that the views he would express were his own.

On the question of a civilian review board, I didn't say that the PLM was against it. Rather, I pointed out that it was somewhat difficult to imagine that the same government which set up the police force would set up an effective agency to review its brutality. After all, the simple fact of being a civilian provides no particular qualification for anything.

Perhaps Cole thinks we should have a civilian review board to oversee the brutality of U.S. troops in Vietnam (proposed composition: McNamara, Bullet Bob Wagner and one or another of the Rockefellers—civilians all.)

In the talk I attempted to develop the point that the main issue is not whether police brutality exists—even a cretin like Cole knows that—but what its causes are. Here Cole and I agreed that it isn't simply a matter of saying that cops are sadistic bastards—although many of them are. Even a Ghandi or a Paul Krassner would probably become a brutal son-of-a-bitch if they were to spend a few years as one of New York's finest.

I argued that just as the U.S. army acts to crush the aspirations of the people of Vietnam, the NYC police

force acts to crush the aspirations of the working people of New York. This, my friends, arises out of the fact that, since all governments are by nature repressive, the only issues are whom do they oppress, and in whose interest do they act?

You don't have to be terribly bright to see that the various and sundry levels of government in the U.S. (despite occasional concessions wrung out of them) consistently operate to protect the profit-making potential of those folks who are in business to make profit. Nothing too difficult to comprehend there.

Furthermore, since the degraded conditions of black people and Spanish-speaking people in the United States are the source of tremendous profits



for the monopolies, the function of the police department must be viewed as one which maintains these conditions, and that such maintenance requires the use of terror.

Police brutality, as Mr. Cole points out, "is not just a Negro issue, or a Puerto Rican issue or a Mexican issue." Anyone who knows the history of our country knows that all those who have struggled to effect basic changes in the U.S. have been met with brutal repression. A man on strike is subjected to the same harassment, brutality, etc. as the various minorities (although brutality from the police is part of the American Way of Life for black and Spanish-speaking people).

I summarized the PLM's position in regard to police brutality by saying that since capitalism is built on the exploitation of workers (of all shades), and since exploitation is always resisted in one way or another, the government, in its capacity as a defender of the exploiters, must act to deflect or crush this resistance. This process is known as "keeping them in their place."

A civilian review board might do some good in regard to all this, if it assumed the character advocated by the Progressive Labor Movement. I'll quote from a campaign leaflet issued by Bill Epton, who is currently running for State Senate in Harlem and on the West Side:

A "People's Police Control Board to be established to control all matters which concern the cops and the people—brutality, discrimination, undemocratic and illegal actions on the beat and the stationhouse—as well as their salary, security, recruitment and hiring procedures. The Board must have the right to investigate in any way they think best. It should be composed of workers—black, Puerto Rican and white—elected from their communities. The City and police to have no 'rights' on the Board aside from paying for an independent investigating staff, hired by and responsible to the Board."

Now, the PLM is a communist organization, and we hardly believe that this kind of board (even if established) would solve the problem of police brutality, although it would help somewhat. As long as capitalism exists, brutality directed against workers (and especially those most exploited—black and Spanish-speaking workers) will continue. Without a government acting in the interests of working people—a socialist government—this and many other problems can only be temporarily and partially alleviated.

That is our position on this issue. Had Mr. Cole come to the meeting on time, and had he listened to what was said, he might have learned something. But evidently, his ears were closed and the holes in his head were open, and he left the New School just as ignorant as he had been when he arrived.

All of which brings us to another point—HUAC in Cuba. Cole says, "PLM's Ed Lemansky suggested that Cuba's solution to the problem of racial injustice might be duplicated here under proper conditions." That's true. I said the "awful" thing. But I hardly said what Cole then offers: "He [Le-

The Singing Inquisitor

Way up on the American hit parade for many months was Belgium's the Singing Nun with a pleasant-sounding jingle called *Dominique*, sung in French. It actually tells the story of St. Dominic and his campaign against the Protestants of Southern France. Dominic founded the Inquisition and, as the song goes: *Dominique, notre Père, Combattit les Albigeois.*

"Les Albigeois" were a heretic sect which dominated Southern France at the turn of the 13th Century. They, and the troubadours of Provence, helped make it a cultural garden spot, while the rest of Europe lived in soapless ignorance.

Dominic led the crusade against the Albigenses. A German monk of the time, Cesar von Heisterbach, tells an anecdote of one of its famous battles, the siege of Beziers.

When the crusaders took the town, 7,000 people were massacred in the Church of St. Madeleine alone. The town burned for two days. Heretics and Catholics were confounded in the mass atrocity. The Catholic chiefs put the number of victims at more than 50,000. One thing is sure—all Beziers' inhabitants were killed.

The monk tells how the general of the Crusade asked the Abbé de Citeaux how the soldiers might distinguish Catholics from heretics. "*Tuez-les tous, Dieu reconnaitra les siens,*" was the reply. "Kill them all, God will know his own."

The next number on the program, kiddies, will be the Vatican Choir singing *The Buchenwald Rock.*

—HAROLD FELDMAN

The Hostile Novelist

(Spotlight comes up on Negro male sitting on a stool. He is wearing a tweed jacket and an Ascot tie, smoking a cigarette from a long holder. He is as queer as a three-dollar bill.)

NOVELIST

My schtick is hate, sweetie. Good old-fashioned, straight-from-the-heart hate. First, it's fashionable. The best people hate nowadays. Second, it aligns me with my people. Third, it brings in the loot. (Man, talk about bread on the waters, I mean this hate bread really pays off.) Fourth, the people you hate start digging you after a while. "Ooh, we love it when you hate us," they holler. "Hate us some more, honey. Tell us why you hate us."

Con mucho gusto, mother. Why do I hate thee? Let me count the ways.

I hate thee because you think you're so goddam much better than we are.

I hate thee because you force us to live as second-class citizens.

I hate thee because you think there's something evil and slimy about us.

I hate thee because I know more about you than you know about yourself—and I hate what I see.

I hate thee because—well, I could go on for hours. But just remember this, Charlie. One of these days—one of these days *soon*, my kind is going to take over. And where are you going to be *then*, you heterosexual bastards!

—ROBERT LASSON

mansky] suggested a board that would be empowered to investigate cases of racial prejudice and shoot the offenders." This, said Mr. Cole, reminded him of HUAC.

What I, in fact, said was that while in Cuba, I learned that they have a very simple civil rights law. Anyone who commits an act of racial discrimination is subject to penalties up to and including 15 years in jail. I counterposed that situation to the one we find in the United States where opponents of racism are jailed, while KKK killers go free. I said that the Cuban government was being repressive in this instance—and that it was a form of repression that suited me fine.

In the two months I was in Cuba last year, I saw instances of prejudice, but I never saw an act of racial discrimination. Seems to me that Cuba's civil rights law didn't have to be enforced too often for racists to get the point. With regard to my "failure" to answer Cole on this point, he made it somewhat difficult by flouncing out of the room right after he said it.

A couple of other points: Cole is once again correct when he says that to the extent that social discontent is diminished, so too the possibility of

revolution diminishes. Therefore, he argues, PL attempts to stir up discontent ("Buy a PL washing machine, folks—you know, the one with the outside agitator"). The "therefore" indicates that Cole understands even less about society than Barry Goldwater—who at one point in the campaign offered the public the idea that communists don't create discontent—they organize the discontented.

Well, that's pretty accurate.

If U.S. capitalism could solve the problems of the people, not only would there be no need for socialism, but we couldn't "stir" anything up. People wouldn't buy it, and they'd be right. Our argument is that capitalism is not only incapable of solving people's problems, but the problems are getting worse and the government is preparing to meet the organized resistance of the people. (Recall, for example, Hubert Humphrey's amendment to the McCarran Act, setting up concentration camps for "subversives.")

As for the voice of "sanity" to which Cole refers—the one "now wait-a-minute" guy—his mouth was hardly rendered shut. He spoke at great length. Most people at the meeting disagreed with him, but no one stopped him from

making his points.

Cole, of course, gives the game away when he says that his "feelings about their [PL's] presence is the same feeling I would have if this were a southern town and the Klan organized on the next block." That little piece of nonsense requires no response.

As far as the editor's postscript is concerned, it contains the same proportions of truth and falsity as Cole's crap. Krassner says, "A representative of PLM was invited to present their side of the story. He was given a deadline of May 2nd. As the *Realist* goes to press (late June) we have received nothing from them."

At one point someone from the *Realist* called the office of our New York newspaper *Challenge* and asked one of the staff members what PL's position on the Civilian Review Board is. He began to tell her, but she interrupted and asked if he could put some statement in the mail. He did, that afternoon. It wasn't printed. And that is the sad but true tale of how PL was given the opportunity to respond to Cole's hallucination.

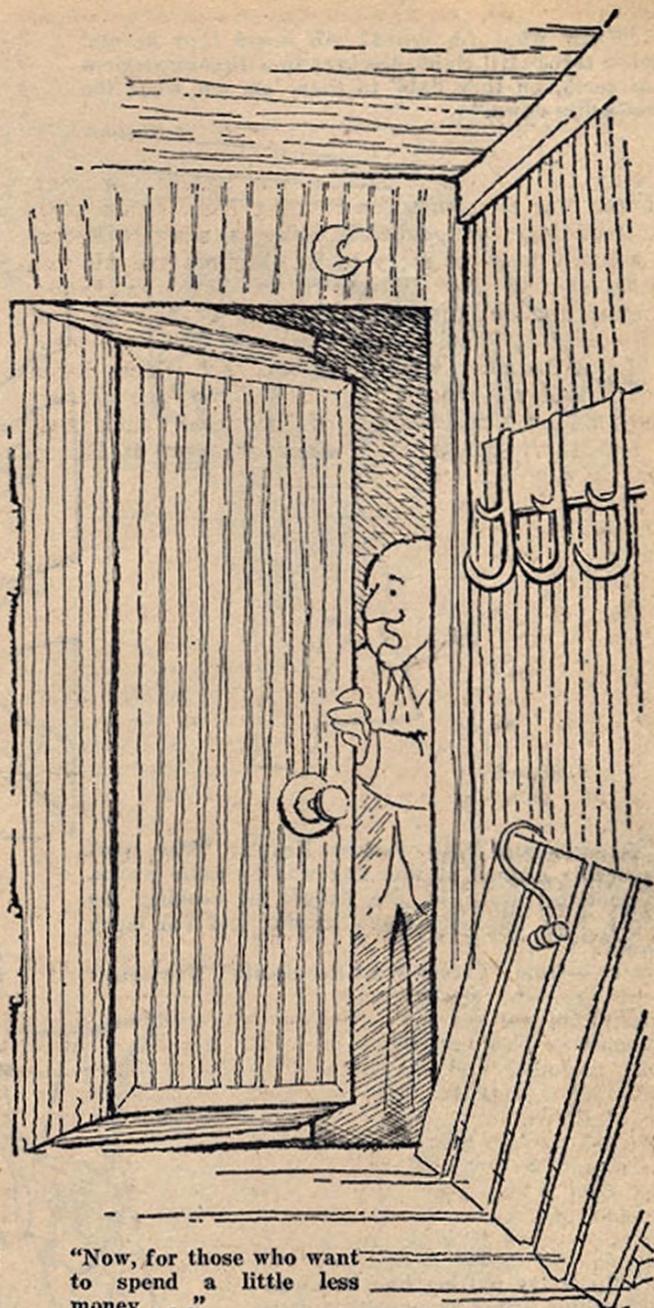
I hope future issues of the *Realist* will contain articles which more closely reflect reality.

As suggested by Robert Ettinger in his book, *The Prospect of Immortality*, would you consent to be frozen at death and stored in a freezatorium if there was a chance of your being thawed out and repaired at some future date?

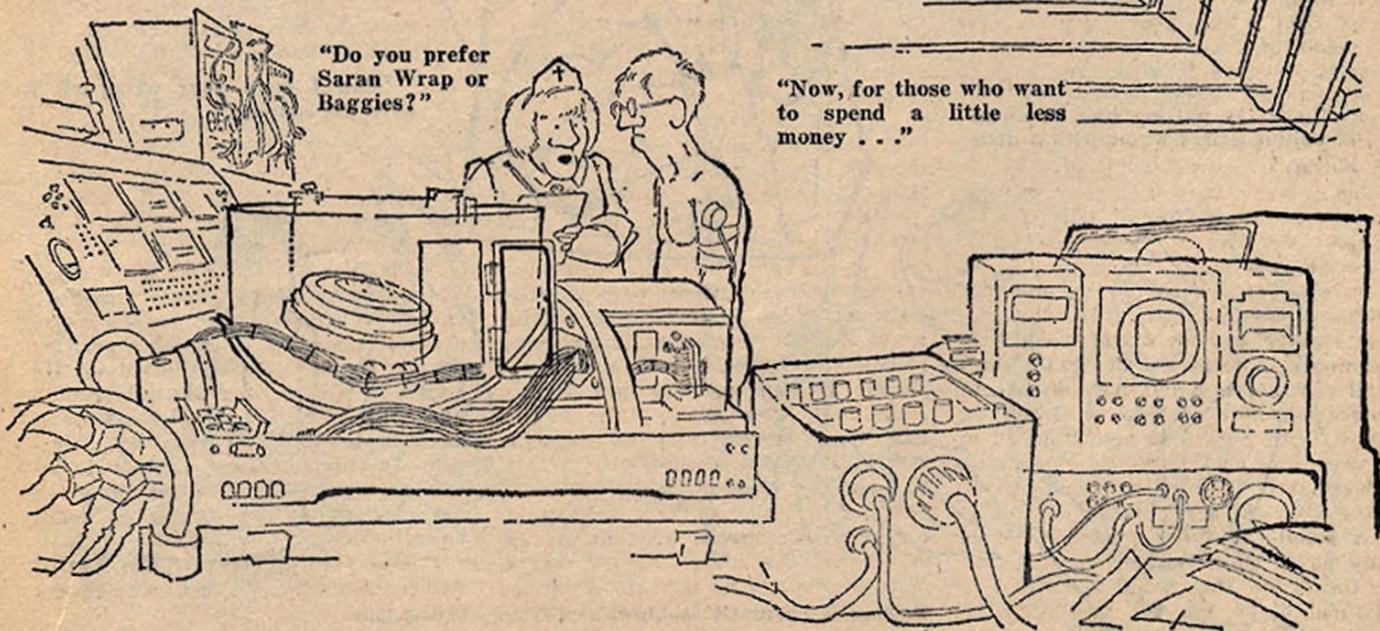
come alive!

You're in the POPSICLE
Pepsi generation! — Dick Guindon

"If I overdosed and died high . . . and then got frozen . . . what kind of guarantee could I get that they wouldn't thaw me?"

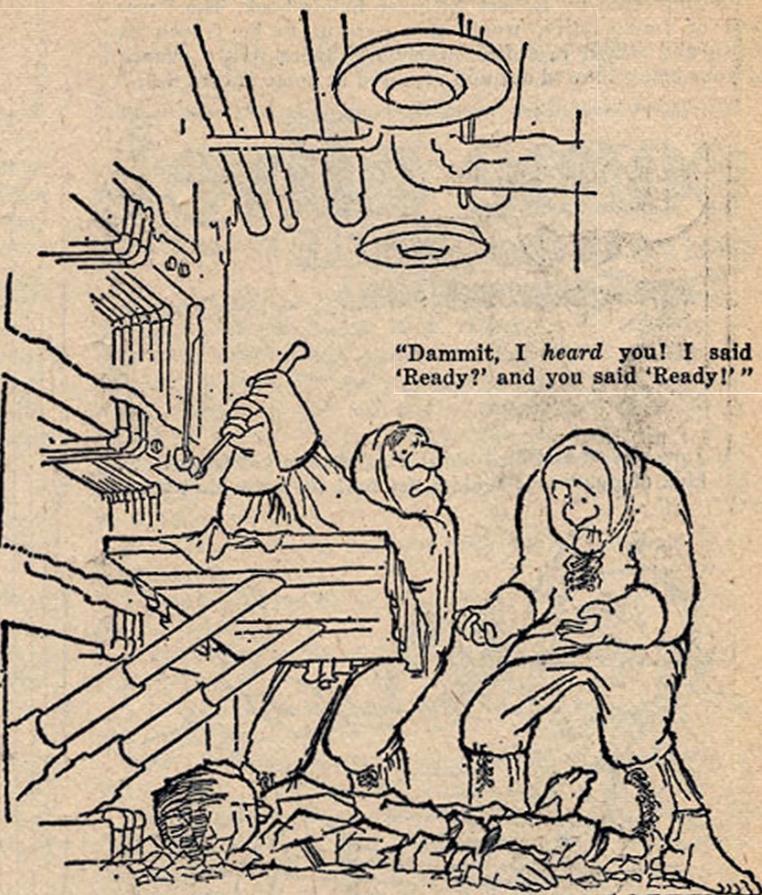
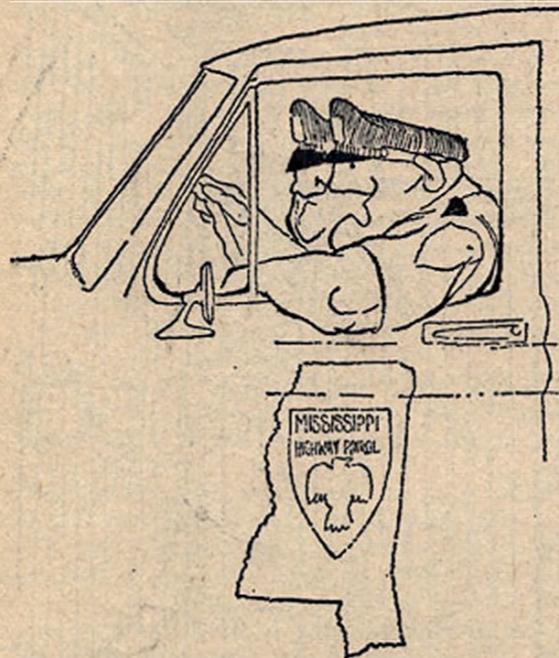


"Now, for those who want to spend a little less money . . ."



"Do you prefer
Saran Wrap or
Baggies?"

"Know what Ah heard? Ah heard they keepin' those three civil rights workers in a Freezeratorium up north, an they fixin' to thaw 'em out when the noise dies down."

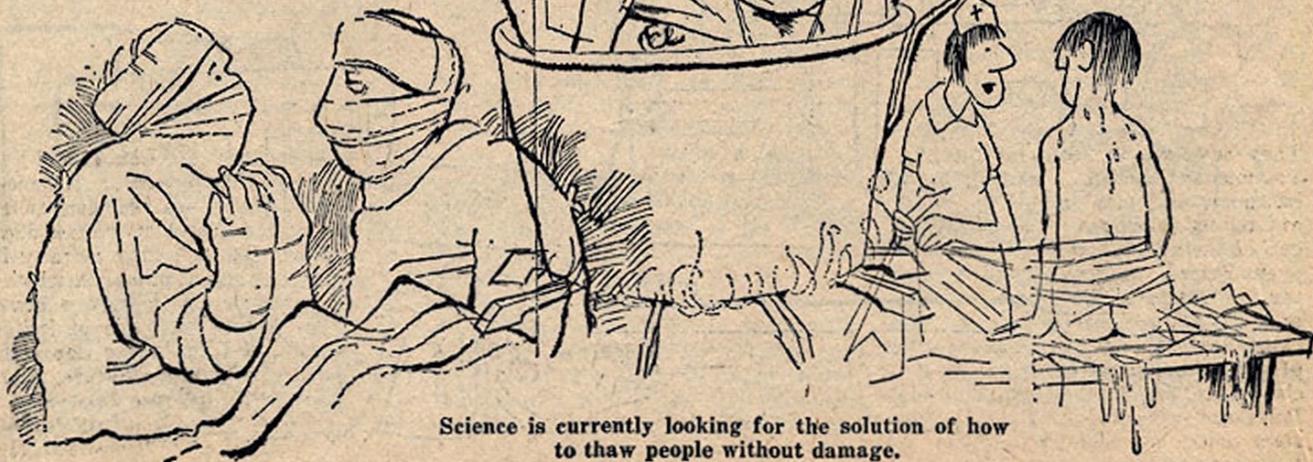


Experiments With Frozen Hearts: "The most favorable method of warming was by radio waves. [Scientists] warn of the danger of cooking the organ with improper wave lengths and too much power."

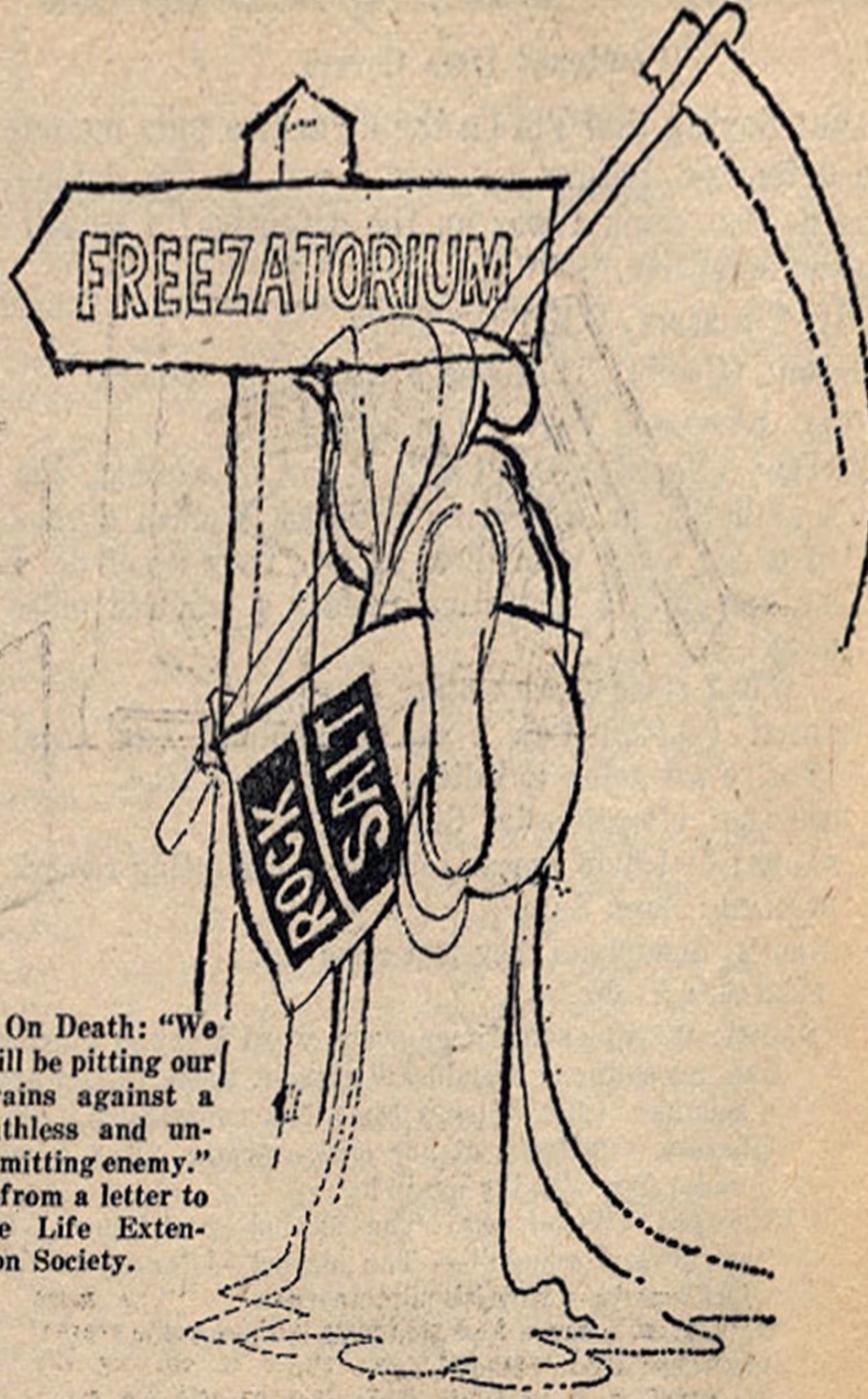
—from "Freeze-Wait-Reanimate" Newsletter

From an article titled "Lasting Indefinitely" in Esquire magazine: "Needless to say, the body when frozen will be brittle and should not be dropped."

"Let's try putting him in a pan of boiling salted water with a little butter."

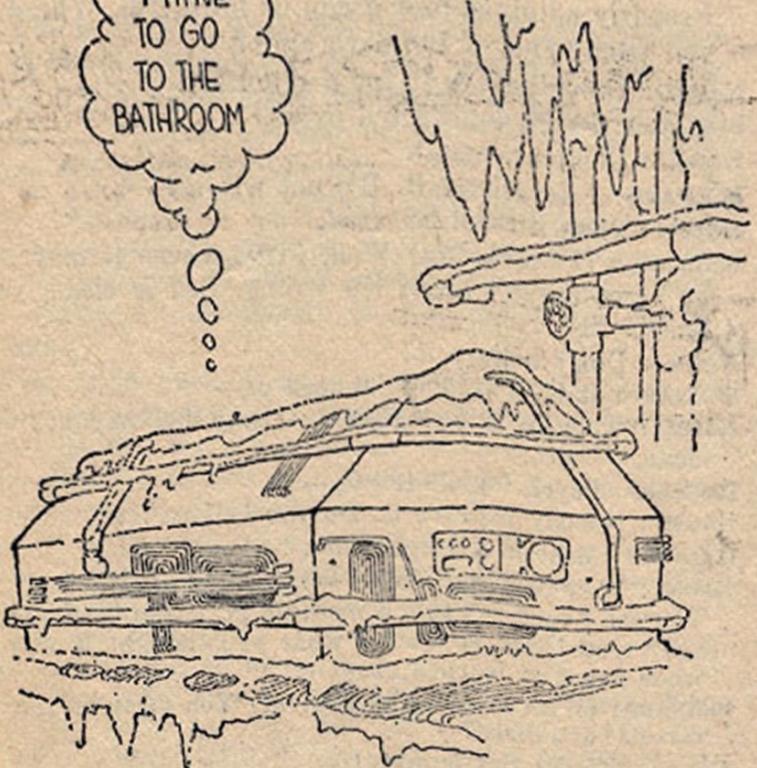


Science is currently looking for the solution of how to thaw people without damage.



On Death: "We will be pitting our brains against a ruthless and unremitting enemy."
—from a letter to the Life Extension Society.

I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM



"You won't ball me because I'm a thawee."

(Continued from Page 20)
They have moved from having just a Postmaster General to getting an ambassador, and now in addition people are telling jokes about them. Soon the cup of their self-esteem will be running over. Before we know it, fund-raisers for the National Conference of Poles and Litvaks will be conducting yearly campaigns, there'll be Polish tennis players (tennis is much more upper class than pro football, where all the Poles are now) and Kim Novak might start using her real name. After that

happens, maybe we'll even start hearing Indian jokes. . . ."
What does the NAACP stand for?
Negroes Are Actually Colored Polacks.
Ergo: the ultimate insult. And yet: What do they call a Polack who marries a Negro?
A social climber.
The reverse English on this particular joke—transforming one who is ordinarily the victim of blatantly overt discrimination into the personification of a superior goal to be attained by

Poles—serves to point out the implicit snobbishness of all Caucasians in referring to the plight of Negroes in terms of "their"—rather than "some of us"—being deprived of human dignity.
That is what we may morally infer from a category of humor in which Polish-Americans are merely a convenient vehicle for the kinds of indignity that are anti-climactic to deprivations of a more involuntary nature. And so:
What's the difference between a Negro and a Polack pissing in the sink?
A Negro takes the dishes out first.

JULES FEIFFER

(Continued from Cover)

BERNARD: Saying that I'm on the defensive *puts* me on the defensive. Before you said I was on the defensive do you think I was on the defensive? I *wasn't* on the defensive.

NAOMI: I'm sorry. O.K.? I'm sorry.

BERNARD: (*Coldly*) That was a castrating remark.

NAOMI: (*Amazed*) Saying I'm *sorry*?

BERNARD: (*Nastily*) Don't take it out of context. I'm an authority on castrating remarks. Women *always* try to get away with them on me. They *never* do. I can recognize a castrating remark a hundred miles away!

(THEY stare at each other *glumly*)

NAOMI: (*Softly*) Can I say something? (HE *nods*) You're not going to believe this but it's true.

BERNARD: (*Impatiently*) Sure. Sure.

NAOMI: I—I didn't mean to make a castrating remark.

BERNARD: Sure. Sure.

NAOMI: Sometimes they just come out.

BERNARD: Yeah.

NAOMI: It's like sometimes every word I say is exactly like my *mother*! I could *kill* myself. *Some* things are a mistake. (SHE *touches* him) Not everything is deliberate. (HE *looks at her with warmth*. THEY *touch hands*) Want to try again?

BERNARD: (*Withdraws*) The alcohol—you know— It wouldn't. I couldn't— The alcohol—(Pauses to *collect himself*) How about tomorrow?

NAOMI: If I ask a question will it offend you?

BERNARD: I don't know. Try.

NAOMI: You want to go home now, don't you?

BERNARD: Well, I wouldn't say— Well, we *are* sort of finished here, aren't we?

NAOMI: You're very uncomfortable.

BERNARD: (*Weakly*) Well, I've got a lot on my mind lately. Southeast Asia and everything. (Pause as SHE *stares at him unconvinced*) Nuclear holocaust. (Pause) The depression.

NAOMI: What depression?

BERNARD: Mine.

NAOMI: It's like you've already left. It's like you're out of the room right now.

BERNARD: (*Giggles uncomfortably*) I guess I am. I often don't know until I'm told.

NAOMI: Listen. This is a difficult question to ask. Do you—do you *enjoy* making love?

BERNARD: (*Leaps up*) Listen! I just had a little too much to drink!

NAOMI: Look, I know it's hard to talk about. Will you please listen to me for a minute. I'm a difficult person, all right?

BERNARD: Boy!

(HE *sits down*)

NAOMI: But tell me—when it's over—do you feel *happy*? (No answer) Can't you talk to me? Then answer this. Do you feel *good*? (No answer) Listen. Do me a favor? This one favor? You don't have to talk about it, all right? We'll do it so you don't have to talk about it. I'll ask the question—and you blink once for yes and twice for no. (HE *looks at her as if SHE'S mad*) When it's over do you feel *happy*? (Long pause) Once for yes—twice for no. (Long pause. HE *blinks twice*. SHE *nods knowingly*) Do you feel—

guilty? (HE *blinks once instantly*) Everybody I know feels guilty! Why do you feel guilty? (No answer) Is it because we don't really know each other? You feel we're not really having a relationship? (No answer) Blink.

BERNARD: (*Explodes*) I'm *tired* of blinking! Well, is there a relationship? Is there? Is there? We meet at a party, we talk maybe twenty minutes in all, we come up here and I can't do it. I admit it—you've broken me down! I don't like being in this position, I *don't* enjoy it—you're right there—I don't—and you're right again—I *do* feel guilty! And I want to thank you. I've gotten more sexual gratification out of this speech I just made than if I *had* gone to bed with you!

NAOMI: Don't you understand what the trouble is?

BERNARD: I'm that rare kind of person who can't have sex out of context. I want a relationship! I'm a *nut*!

NAOMI: Crap! (HE *winces*) Why does every bourgeois male I meet have to put a value judgment on sex?

BERNARD: (*Frostily*) You don't frighten me. I am not afraid of the term bourgeois!

NAOMI: Everybody has to prove it's not *wrong*! Why for God's sake? Why? You don't mind cheating on your income tax and *that's* wrong, you don't mind lying to girls who you're tired of and *that's* wrong, but the one thing that's super-wrong you can't admit is wrong!

BERNARD: There is nothing wrong with the sexual act. Properly administered it can be beautiful. Where are you from? Out of the dark ages?

NAOMI: Don't believe it for a minute.

BERNARD: Psychologists tell us—

NAOMI: Don't believe it.

BERNARD: I *do* believe it. It's not wrong!

NAOMI: Then it must be *right*.

BERNARD: (*Uncertainly*) Well, just because it may not be right doesn't mean it's wrong. Sex is clean, you know.

NAOMI: Don't believe it!

BERNARD: It is! Psychologists tell us—

NAOMI: They're lying! Nobody really believes sex is clean.

BERNARD: Psychologists tell us—

NAOMI: Nobody believes it. Do you believe it?

BERNARD: Mine is a unique case.

NAOMI: They're lying! That's what confuses everybody.

You can't turn sex into something pure like brushing your teeth! Sex is exactly what you thought it was when you first learned about it!

BERNARD: (*With growing excitement*) You mean on the streets? It's dirty?

NAOMI: (*Nods*) Sex is dirty!

BERNARD: (*Alarmed*) It is dirty! As soon as I said it I *knew*!

NAOMI: Right!

BERNARD: It is! It is! It always has been! It always will be! They *were* lying to me! It's *dirty*! It's *evil*! It's *bad*!

NAOMI: Right!

BERNARD: (*Delighted*) I can *enjoy* it now!

NAOMI: My own!

(SHE *opens her arms*, BERNARD *emits an ugly laugh*. THEY *embrace violently*)

Blackout

Let There Be Life

by S. L. Stebel

"A report by the Committee on Public Health of the New York Academy of Medicine . . . cited the suggestion, advanced by some inverts, that homosexuality is the answer to the population explosion."

—Newsweek

And so it came to pass that homosexuality was encouraged as the perfect solution to overpopulation. And governments adopted homosexuality as national policy. And the United Nations affirmed homosexuality by acclamation. And UNESCO intensified its educational efforts in those remote areas of the world where mass communication was ineffective.

And so it came to pass that the great churches accepted homosexuality as a natural method of birth control. And sermons were preached wherever their missionaries proselytized. And at a great interdenominational meeting it was agreed that marriages between members of similar sex would be solemnized.

And so it came to pass that the number of births did indeed decrease until the ratio of death to life was weighted heavily in the former's favor. And hunger abated, and famine no longer stalked the land, and the standard of living rose.

And so it came to pass that marriages between members of the opposite sex did also decrease. And the women who became heads of household did lose their roundness. And the men who adopted the role of homemakers did become curvaceous.

And so it came to pass that with each new generation men's genitals shrank. And the sac disappeared, and the testicles no longer descended. And on women the vagina closed, though it was noted the clitoris extended.

And so it came to pass that the female heads of household became strong of muscle and lean of buttock; and that the male homemaker became exactly opposite. And the women did lose fleshiness in the breast, and no longer gave milk.

And so it came to pass that on a certain day not one human birth was recorded. And on the day following that, not another, and not another on the day following that. And it was evident that the living generation was to be the last.

And a great lament arose from all the diverse peoples of the world. For who was there to take care of the aged? And the infirm? And the property became valueless without someone to whom it might be left.

And so it came to pass that on a certain day a birth was announced. And the people were dumbfounded. And the people were nonplussed. And indeed the people were overjoyed.

And so it came to pass that upon investigation it was discovered that this marriage was not between two homosexual males, but between a male and a female. And the male had indeed conceived. And the female had indeed impregnated the male.

And so it came to pass that in succeeding generations the extended clitoris replaced the phallus as a sexual symbol. And life went on as before.

Let There Be Death

by Arne Passman

On July 13, Dr. Robert D. Russell, a Stanford University research sociologist, spoke to a San Francisco State College gathering on the subject of "Interracial Marriage—A New Dimension of Love."

Criticizing society's lag in its failure to encourage such relationships ("The real test of whether a man is for racial equality is his attitude toward marriages between Negroes and whites") while fostering political, economic and casual social equality, Professor Russell indicated the depth of reluctance was such that his fellow social scientists have produced "very scanty" research on interracial marriage, there seeming to be "some kind of taboo on this."

Dr. Russell has just completed a four-year study of attitudes of over 350 Stanford Marriage and Family students on this controversial subject.

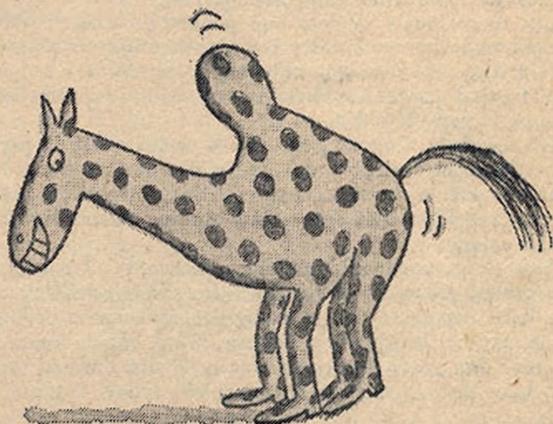
Asked for their responses to a marriage between a 38-year-old white professor and a 32-year-old Negro librarian who met doing research work, dated frequently, and grew to love one another, 30% answered negatively as to the chances of success for the marriage, 30% trod a non-committal middle ground, and 32% were optimistic (8% of the answers were classified as "untranslatable").

However, of the group that had positive hopes for the couple's success in marriage, two-thirds, said Dr. Russell, felt the chances would be greatly enhanced if there were no children.

He scoffed at persons who reject interracial marriage on grounds that children will be subject to taunts and isolation, although he did say that a major problem for the offspring of mixed marriages is the fact that society lacks any category for them. "They are considered Negroes until they become light enough to be confusing," he said.

Dr. Russell related how, in giving the paper before a sociology meeting last year, a professor from the University of Wisconsin said such opinions implied that Negroes should not have children because of the *a priori* burden.

Of course, everyone knows all Negroes do (or *can* do)



is have children. But if the trend toward mixed racial marriages continues among our deeply-committed young, there are still bound to be certain among their number who will succumb to society's frowns, and not have children.

And yet, this seeming negativism on the part of some may be viewed in another light. As the world hurtles toward cataclysm in any number of ways, any reversal of the destructive trend should be recognized and furthered, if possible. The hope of mixed racial marriages may not be increased equality on a very crucial basis so much as the apparent reluctance on an equally deep psychological level not to have children. If continued to meaningful enough proportions, it could begin to snuff out what many seem to consider our greatest danger—the population explosion.

While the survey did not generalize the psychological makeup of interracial couples (it did establish there

The Benefit of the Shroud

The following advertisement appeared on the obituary page of the Chicago Tribune:

TO THOSE PLACING DEATH NOTICES—

The economical combinations of Chicago Tribune and Chicago's American gives your notice the greatest unduplicated coverage of newspaper reader households in metropolitan Chicago.

During the first six months of 1965 the Tribune printed 93.6% more death notices than any other Chicago newspaper. The Tribune-American combination printed 12,852 more death notices than the other combination of Chicago newspapers.

Your Funeral Director will arrange to place your notice in the Tribune and American to give you the benefit of greatest readership.

was every basis for success except the fact that the couple was black and white), it is evident to me that such marriages bring together a greater sensitivity than the norm, and some among them would simply just not care to bring children into this screwed-up world.

It is not necessary to carry this development to its "logical" conclusion over a long period of time to recognize the positive ramifications in staving off conditions of overpopulation that would enrage a universal fire marshal. ("I'm sorry, you can't stay on earth, it's a fire hazard.")

Yet, at some time, this intermarriage process would begin to seriously deplete our population and present itself as another possibility for a future *lifeless* planet. Again, the paradox. The only happy prospect I see in this is that there wouldn't be any white supremacist groups to say "I told you so!"

At any rate, this all bears close scrutiny. It is perhaps the most desirable and realistic aspect of the current revolution in this country. Yes, revolution, not merely rebellion that some time-binding elders lightly brush aside.

This is unquestionably intelligent, heart-felt concern to establish a spearhead for the future which politicians would be insane to fail to recognize. The name of the game may not be *Can You Bottom This?*, but as for me, whereas five years ago there was no doubt I would one day take unto myself a spade chick, today the ideal mate I seek is a six-foot German junkie named Selma.

EDITORIAL GIGGIES

(Continued from page 3)

The UnFree NonUniversity

The Free University of New York was founded this year with the express purpose of *not* giving credit *nor* conferring degrees. A course costs \$24, plus \$8 for each additional course. Anyone on welfare is not charged. Teachers don't get paid. Classes are held in a loft above a diner.

The name may have to be changed inasmuch as state law requires any institution describing itself as a "university" to post a bond of half-a-million dollars, and the petty cash account at FUNY couldn't quite stand such a strain.

Registration for 42 courses is from September 27th through October 1st. Classes begin October 4th, and meet once a week for 10 weeks. Catalogs may be sent for (20 E. 14 St.) or requested by phone (OR 5-7424).

I will be conducting a "Seminar on the Press and Satire"—under protest, though, because of the prejudicial standard for screening out potential teachers.

A member of the John Birch Society, for example, would not be permitted to teach. He would automatically be labelled a racist and therefore undesirable. Yet LeRoi Jones, certainly a racist, was *invited* to teach.

I can understand the refusal of, say, George Lincoln Rockwell, but when Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute is willing to teach—*knowing* the left-wing orientation of most of the faculty—and is turned down rather than grant students the privilege of confronting the rationalizations of the unthinkable face-to-face, then I believe that the Free University is as guilty of intellectual bankruptcy as the American educational establishment it's revolting against.

Ah Sordid Announcements

- The little play by Jules Feiffer in this issue has never appeared in print before. It serves as an introduction to *The Unexpurgated Memoirs of Bernard Mergendeiler*, a collection of Feiffer strips published by Random House.

- In a year the lease will expire on the duplex where I edit the *Realist* and write my *Cavalier* column, but I'm already looking for a new place that will be the urban equivalent of a lighthouse. Any ideas?

- Lenny Bruce's autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, will be officially published by Playboy Press on October 29th, but copies will be available three weeks earlier.

- When Lloyds of London refused to renew the fire insurance policy on infamous atheist Madalyn Murray's home in Baltimore, I contacted André Burnett, a charming Catholic gentleman with whom the *Realist* used to share an office, at 225 Lafayette St. in downtown Manhattan, and he came through, saving her \$500 in the process. If you're in the market for a conscientious insurance agent, his number is WA 5-4120.

- Reporters with those unreported LBJ stories are invited to send 'em to the *Realist*. Anonymity promised.

- John Francis Putnam's modest proposal this month is in the form of a parlor game: Choose up sides, hand out hat-pins and blindfold each contestant in turn, then see who can puncture the eyes on a Keane painting.

The Realist

co-existing

by Saul Heller

Our Sensitive Criminals

A college professor who publicly stated that the crime problem in the United States was greatly exaggerated was, several weeks later, accosted by two men on the campus of Temple University and shot in the shoulder. Since no mention was made in the newspaper account of robbery or any other conventional motive, it seems quite possible that his assailants were literate criminals whose sensitivities had been rubbed the wrong way by the professor's brash remarks.

If this interpretation is correct, we may be entering an era where derogatory talk of crime or criminals—our traditional scapegoats—may be punished by hoods with a growing sense of the dignity of their profession. This will permit us to safely disparage only people in authority, or others of similar low rank in the pecking order.

Sweetener for Crime Fighters

New York papers have given quite a play to the Kadlub case, which apparently involved (among others) a detective trying to shake down a big racketeer for 2 G's a month. The business is a risky one, obviously. The episode shows that police aren't afraid to tangle with racketeers, if it is made worth their while.

This suggests a fresh approach to syndicate crime that might be tried when our society becomes hostile to it. Why not offer cops big-money rewards for getting the goods on racketeers? The method should produce a more wholesome degree of antagonism between police and racketeers than one can count on these days.

Consider how prone to a quick disappearance the Mafia chieftains in New York City and Chicago would be, if the police in each city were offered rewards of 100 G's for pinning a rap on any of them. Cops and Mafia underlings might find themselves engaging in a healthy competition to turn the crime bosses in and win the big prize. Which would prove, among other things, that crime does pay, one way or another.

Social Security for Criminals

Police in Italy have rounded up nine men described as links between the Sicilian Mafia and its American affiliate. The men were charged with associating to commit a crime. The U.S. doesn't usually jail its Mafia representatives on some such loose charge.

By and large, we let our syndicate criminals strictly alone, unless it becomes impossible to avoid arresting them—a situation which doesn't occur often enough to be troublesome, and is usually rectified by letting the man go free.

At best, the U.S. punishes not crime, but criminal inefficiency. Only the careless crook—the racketeer too negligent to avoid getting caught in the moth-eaten net of the law—runs some risk of punishment. Local police can tell you who the syndicate criminals in their city are, the territory they cover, the criminal activities they engage in, and their ranks in the syndicate hierarchy. The fact that they are known criminals doesn't jeopardize their safety in the slightest. If criminals

were as tolerant of *their* known enemies—informers and hostile witnesses, for instance—as the police and the courts are of known criminals, crime would become as sickly as our anti-crime agencies are now.

We are well protected from such a tragic decline in crime by our police and our courts.

Our Sometime Laws

One of the wonderful things about our laws is the judicious selectivity with which they are enforced. There are countries—probably a majority—where the blessings of the law are more uniformly administered. In law-loving U.S.A., however, which possibly has more laws than all the other nations of the world put together, laws are enforced only when common sense and expediency suggest it, when the opposition is not too much opposed, or when advantages greater than those associated with non-enforcement can be counted on. From the relatively minor laws circumscribing parking, noise, litter and housing to major ones barring murder—all are violated with impunity in various parts of the country, often with the connivance of the authorities assigned to enforce them.

Many of our laws lie fallow for years, gathering strength from non-use, getting ready for the inevitable ambush of some unwary foe. Friendly corporate or racketeer feet may tread on them without reprisal. Few people mind, fewer can do anything about it.

Even Uncle Sam doesn't take his laws seriously. Take the law that says Congress alone can declare war. A good law, and an important part of the Constitution. Our founding fathers thought it would prevent the President from dragging a reluctant nation into a war of his own making. The law still exists, and yet we are waging a war in Vietnam that has received no Congressional authorization. We know it's a war—President Johnson has told us so. He has also told us it would be unwise to declare war officially, because of the countermeasures the enemy may take.

We don't question that the enemy would be extremely angry if, in addition to bombing, shooting, gassing, torturing and burning him, we declared war against him. It would, obviously, be a most unfriendly act. Yet, what about that old and hallowed law that demands it?

It is gathering strength, friends, for an emergency when a declaration of war is certain to be so palatable to Congress, the people, and our enemies, that it can safely, without risk of serious consequences, be resorted to.

What's in a Name?

South Vietnam newspapers have been asked to substitute the name *incendigel* for napalm. Napalm is, of course, that unpleasant chemical we have been using to set our Vietnamese enemies—and friends—on fire. When friendly villagers and Viet Cong guerrillas are both occupying a village that has become a military target, it is really too much to expect us to draw fine distinctions. We use napalm impartially on both, trusting that our good intentions will excuse our broad aim. We find it unfortunate and a bit hard to understand that villagers anointed with napalm have sharply revised their views about our essential goodness.

Things should be different, of course, now that the name has been changed. Villagers too illiterate to understand the semantics of the business may still suffer unduly, but the cognoscenti, boiled or fried under

incendigel, may perhaps echo an old-time cigarette manufacturer's claim: "It's milder."

Chalk up another score for the friendly image Uncle Sam is building in South Vietnam. We might do even better by exporting some pro-Administration Christian Scientists into that unhappy country, to convince South Viet villagers who've been defleshed during our beneficent incendigel operations that it's all in their minds. . . .

U.S. Highways vs Viet Battlefields

More Americans die in automobile accidents during a typical month than are killed fighting in Vietnam. Relatively little interest or concern, however, is generated by the slaughter on our highways. Nobody buys a full-page ad in the N.Y. *Times* to denounce the injustice of the whole business. Neither do college students picket manufacturers of unsafe cars. The carnage has endured long enough to be respectable and acceptable.

A measure of the destructiveness we have reached on our roads can be obtained by going back to our military analogy. If we let our accident-prone drivers loose in Vietcong, and the Viet Cong consented to letting them drive around, in exchange for a cessation of other military activities on our part, more Viet Cong guerrillas would probably be put out of commission than we are currently disposing of by less efficient methods.

Strange, how certain varieties of homicide are perfectly acceptable, whereas others arouse indignation. Investigators have pointed out that many automobile homicides probably take place every year without arousing the curiosity of the authorities. Which goes to show, if it shows nothing else, that a murderer who doesn't use his car as a weapon is stupid enough to deserve punishment.

How to Unmake Friends . . .

The Japanese were extremely irked at the recent bombing of Viet Cong territory by U.S. planes that took off from an Okinawa base. American authorities claimed the planes were shifted from their regular base on Guam to the Okinawa one because of a typhoon near Guam, but the assertion was challenged by Japanese weather experts. What seems probable is that Japan was deliberately involved in the war by our use of her territory as a bombing base.

The method certainly seems to be an effective way of getting our lukewarm Japanese friends off the sidelines and into the thick of things, where they can assume a share of the blame we have so manfully been shouldering practically alone.

The technique is likely to be questioned only by those who doubt our fundamental decency. Who can see anything wrong, in a war waged by decent people against an indecent foe, in framing our friends to get them to act in the same responsible, moral way we do?

The United States has had a busy time in recent months, alienating friends who seemed to be veering away from total enmity. We've been caught spying on French atomic installations, and the Egyptians say they've caught a spy who was plotting with the C.I.A. to dethrone Nasser.

Busy we may be, but never too busy to give the affairs of our friends the degree of intervention necessary to keep them thoroughly annoyed.

Bombings Anonymous

As many as 25 countries may have nuclear weapons in the not-too-distant future, according to newspaper reports. What are they going to use them for, aside from such innocuous purposes as blackmail? It's not too difficult to imagine one or more countries planting an H-bomb or two—the compact kind that can be concealed in suitcases—at suitable locations in the U.S.

The business should be perfectly safe. If we can't catch rank amateurs who bomb churches and little children, professional foreign agents deeply loyal to their countries and their mistresses should prove almost impossible to lay hold of.

Can you imagine the satisfaction which Egypt, Indonesia, even France, would derive from atom-bombing the White House if they were sure the U.S. wouldn't know whom to blame? Russia might be tempted to allot one of its early models to Congress, secure in the thought that the bombing would no doubt be attributed to some under-developed, vindictive nation whose share of U.S. foreign aid had just been reduced to one or two billion dollars.

Small, economy-type bombs will be within the reach of even private organizations (the John Birch Society, for instance), making it feasible for some such organization to get rid of the Communists in the White House or the Supreme Court at one swoop, instead of fulminating interminably against them.

Even a rabble, nuclear-equipped and temporarily sober enough, might be able to take over the reins of government. The thought should send chills down the spine of every rabble-rousing politician in the country.

Suffer the Little Children . . .

The recent dramatic rescues of several New York City babies from fathers who were threatening to throw them from roof-tops points up the constant menace that surrounds many of our kids. When you stop to consider the hundreds of thousands—possibly millions—of children who receive merciless beatings, even as infants; the uncounted youngsters who are ignored and neglected; and the luckier few who are showered with enough material largesse to permanently warp their character, it becomes clear that the biggest threat to children comes, not from the break-up of families, but from their staying together.

THE VILLAGE SQUIRE

(Continued from Page 4)

What is the real truth behind the strange relationship between Jean Shepherd and Hugh Hefner? . . . *Drum*, a homosexual magazine, had a cartoon which was entirely black, save for two balloons which read: "Good-night, Chet!" "Goodnight, David!" . . . A lot of lesbians are joining CORE and SNCC in the hope of getting thrown into the Women's House of Detention.

Astronaut Scott Carpenter fell asleep at the wheel in Florida and pleaded guilty to a charge of driving on the wrong side of the road. He collided head-on with another car, sending its driver to the hospital. Dick Schaap eerily wonders why Carpenter wasn't at all hurt. . . . During the space probe by McDivitt and White, whenever there was a close-up on television of President Johnson looking intently at his TV set, was he actually looking intently at himself looking intently at his TV set?



"Preferential advancement?"



"Gaaagggghh!
—type 'O' negative!"



"Why, yes, I'll be glad to be the Johnson Program's 'representative-of-the-poor' in this neighborhood. How much does the job pay?"

**ed
fisher's
page**



"—And stop calling me 'Pussycat'!"



"—Obscure symbols! . . . Tricky word-play! . . . Flashbacks-within-flashbacks! . . . They just don't write plain, good hate literature any more!"



"—And you, Pfc. Andy Tuggle of A Company, 81st Infantry: If you weren't out here fighting us Vietnamese patriots you could be back home moving to a new neighborhood, going out with white girls, enjoying all those increased civil rights benefits your government has obtained for you . . ."

The Ethnic Joke as a Barometer of Class Distinction

[This article originally appeared, unsigned, in the first edition of *The Journal of American Poverty*, a quarterly whose editorial board consists of Saul D. Alinsky, Harry Golden, William Haddad, Michael Harrington, Langston Hughes, Jacqueline B. Kennedy, Joseph A. Kershaw, Leon Keyserling, Robert Lampman, Dwight Macdonald, Adam Clayton Powell, George Reedy, R. Sargent Shriver and Joan Crawford Steele.]

Who is it that wears dirty white flowing robes and comes riding into town on a pig?

Lawrence of Poland.

That is an example of a category of humor which began in such nuclei as Chicago and Detroit and quickly filtered out to such points in the perimeter as New York and San Francisco.

They have been, it is necessary to note, a function of audio-verbal communication. Nowhere have they appeared in public print, save for a mid-western newspaper columnist who, in order to avoid negative reader response, simply substituted the inhabitants of Al ("Li'l Abner") Capp's imaginary Lower Slobbovia for the condescending "Polack" reference. Thus:

Why does it take three Slobbovians to change a light bulb?

One to hold the bulb and two to turn the ladder.

What can we learn about the reflection of multiple poverty factors in these stereotypical jokes? We shall deal here only with jokes of the Polish genre, although there have been, of course, those concerned with other ethnic groups. Hence:

How can you tell if a plane is from Alitalia Airlines?

It has hair under the wings.

How can you tell the difference between an Irish wedding and a wake?

There's one less drunk at the wake.

What is Puerto Rican cole slaw?

Like American cole slaw except it has hairs in it.

Turning, then, to the Polish jokes, let us select examples of cultural deprivation in the basic necessities of life:

FOOD

What's a Polish cookout?

A fire in a garbage can.

Better Dead Than Red

Under the Medicare and Social Security Amendments of 1965, who is eligible?

"All persons age 65 and over except certain aliens [and] persons convicted of subversive crimes. . . ."

CLOTHING

How can you tell who the bridegroom is at a Polish wedding?

He's the one wearing the clean bowling shirt.

SHELTER

Why do you never hear of a Polack committing suicide?

It's impossible to kill yourself by jumping out of a basement window.

Curiously, the forms of different ethnic jokes may overlap with each other:

How can you tell who the bride is at a Polish wedding?

She's the one with the braided armpits.

Now, what about the area of gainful employment?

What do you get if you cross a Polack with a chimpanzee?

A 3-foot tall janitor.

Or educational opportunity?

Why don't Polacks get a 15-minute coffee break?

Because if they're away from the job for 10 minutes you have to retrain them.

And let us consider social graces, the lack thereof.

What is it when you write your initial on your index finger?

A Polish monogrammed handkerchief.

How can you tell who the Polack is

How does a Polack tie his shoelace?



at a track meet?

He's the one picking his teeth with the javelin.

The implied inferiorities of Polish people is inextricably bound to their low position on the monetary totem pole and the resultant disproportionate value on material goods.

Why do Polacks never win wars?

Because, after blowing up a bridge, they stay around to pick up the lumber.

How does a Polack dance the Limbo?

By trying to squeeze under the door of a pay toilet.

The professional literature is anything but replete with analysis of the relationship between national-origin pokes and status on the prestige scale. However, the subject has been touched upon briefly by the renowned socio-neurologist Paul Jacobs* in *Abnormal Sociology*, Vol. VIII, No. 3, in an article entitled "The Subjectivity of Ghetto Laughter." He writes:

"... Most ethnic or religious humor seems to focus on qualities allegedly possessed uniquely by the group about whom the jokes are told, and generally the jokes begin within the group. Very often the jokes reflect a kind of wry self-critical view which the group is usually loath to share with the larger community. But inevitably the jokes shift from being 'inside' to the outside world, even though Jews, for example, don't like to hear anybody but Georgie Jessel tell Yiddish jokes, and Negroes don't want anybody but Moms Mabley to tell 'stud' stories.

"In a peculiar way I think the Poles ought to be happy about the Polish jokes, even though the theme of many of the jokes is the alleged stupidity of the Poles. The existence of the jokes means that finally the presence of the Poles in America is being recognized.

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*Author of *The State of the Unions*; co-editor with Michael Harrington of *Labor in a Free Society*; co-author with Philip Selznick and Frank Pinner of *Old Age and Political Behavior*; author of *Is Curly Jewish?*, a political memoir to be published by Atheneum in October, 1965; currently working on a cookbook, *Take a Leek*.



Why do Polacks have hunched-up shoulders and slope heads? Because, when you ask them a question they go (see figure a) and when you tell them the answer they go (see figure b).

VIOLENT PEACE MOVEMENT

(Continued from Back Cover)

It is as if little nonviolent acts bought them a dispensation of their sin of staying in America and going along with the system. Perhaps they believe going to anti-war rallies and picketing military installations will "save" them.

The peace workers feel redeemed and they look back at the world they are convinced has gone mad, saying, "At least I haven't been caught up in the madness." But if they try to stop the war knowing that they are actually doing nothing to materially hinder the war effort, aren't they still sharing responsibility for the government's evil since they haven't engaged in stronger forms of protest that would materially diminish the war effort?

If the committed humanitarians now following the liberal pattern of protest were really serious about ending the senseless annihilation of thousands of Vietnamese peasants who happen to live within the zones that the military men have delimited, lettered, and placed on priority lists, then they should begin doing things that would actually tend to bring about their objective. As most of the participants realize, the demonstrations will not do this.

At a recent regional, organizational meeting of the May 2nd Movement held in Berkeley, I asked the question: "Do any of you believe there is anything we can do to halt the war in Vietnam?"

"No," was the only answer I heard.

But some went on to argue that the war was an issue around which they could focus attention on U.S. imperialism. Through this process of education and organization a lasting leadership core would emerge to take direction of peace groups later.

But notice this: they claim to see the danger of the escalation of the war in Vietnam; they claim to be sincerely interested in averting the world-wide disaster, the top rung of the escalation ladder which Herman Kahn calls "spasm or insatiable war, (when) . . . all the buttons are pressed."

But they plan to solve the problem *after* the crisis, when the world is already destroyed. One is almost tempted to look around for personal motives on the part of these Progressive Labor Party types vying for control of the peace movements.

Perhaps we can expect as much of the true believers, the radicals, but what about the respectable left and the liberals?

Professor Staughton Lynd received prolonged applause at the May 21st Berkeley Teach-In when he called for a nonviolent revolution to retire the Johnson Administration. He called for "the creation of civil disobedience so persistent and so massive that the Tuesday lunch club which runs this country—Johnson, Rusk, McNamara, Bundy—will forthwith resign."

This was probably the most constructive remark made at that mighty gathering, and I am personally encouraged by the response to Lynd's speech. A movement has formed.

But after 500 of the Assembly of Unrepresented Peoples massed in front of the Capitol and 200 of their number were arrested for attempting to hold a Congress on the forbidden steps, the President told 40 Senators attending a White House Vietnam briefing that he saw

"no substantial division" in the country or in Congress.

In Berkeley the nonviolent demonstrators who unsuccessfully tried to halt several troop trains headed for the Oakland Army Terminal with reinforcements to be sent to Vietnam were hardly more effective.

All of these incidents have gained headlines, but none has produced tangible results. It is doubtful any will until the threat of violence is added to the movement.

The successes of the civil rights movement are often cited as evidence that a nonviolent campaign can alter the Administration's Foreign Policy. But the circumstances are hardly analogous. Behind the demonstrations for civil rights by means of civil disobedience were always threats of civil disorder. Moderates rushed to bring about reform before the lid blew off, before violence erupted.

There is no such sense of urgency behind the threatless peace movement. The men sitting in Congress are not thinking about the possible long hot summer in store for their districts if peace demands are not met. There have been no Harlem, Chicago, or Los Angeles riots focused on the issue of peace. And there is little likelihood that there will be.

A large segment of the population personally experienced the denial of their civil rights. They immediately could identify with the goals of the Freedom Movement, and they could be motivated to come into the streets to attain these goals. On an individual basis they were acting defensively. But does the same situation exist on the issue of Vietnam—is there a large segment of the population personally and directly suffering because of that war?

A small percentage of the people have friends and relatives being drafted. An even smaller percentage are personally threatened with the possibility of being sent to Vietnam to be killed. But this hardly adds up to even a significant minority of the population. And can anyone realistically expect to see parents of the boys with their lives on the line in Vietnam demonstrating in large numbers to protest the cause for which their sons may die?

The remainder of the general population has even less potential of becoming a peace-oriented mass. People are not, for the most part, prone to demanding a condition that would reduce their economic realization.



"Are you hiding a Viet Cong in there?"

And there is little doubt that halting the war would drastically affect the domestic economy.

In the spring economists were predicting a slow-down in the economy. During the summer all indications were that they were right, but by late summer, after a drop in the market, escalation of the war restored confidence among the business community. Defense issues are now going strong; plenty of jobs are being generated since fighting a limited war means making great quantities of new supplies. Production of strategic armaments had about run its course as far as creating jobs was concerned, but this new kind of war means different types of weapons.

I'm not trying to suggest that people would go into the streets to demand the continuation of the war just to hold onto their jobs. What I am suggesting is that as long as they personally are not being hurt by the war they will go along with it, being thankful for their period of prosperity. If they can be convinced that U.S. policy is evil they will rationalize it as being a necessary evil.

With the workers holding onto their jobs, the parents believing in their sons, and the stockholders getting a continued rising market, only the intellectuals remain. They will continue to protest and organize, but their power will be limited by the size of that part of the academic community which acts on the basis of morality. Those who suggest building a third party, a peace party, to be based on the existing movements that have achieved results in the field of civil rights and nuclear testing will find that the people who supported them on other issues will not on this one. Negroes who could be persuaded to work door-to-door to get a Negro elected to the school board will not feel that ending of the war is nearly as relevant to their own existence.

That leaves the housewives who believe they pressured the government into signing the Limited Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. But one should remember that the halting of nuclear testing took jobs from no large portion of the work force, nuclear fallout was a clear and present health hazard and, most important, the elites running the U.S. and the USSR had a mutual interest in limiting the nuclear club to those already dividing world power.

The issue of Vietnam is entirely different.

Vietnamese civilians are being threatened by American bombs—not Americans by fallout or Southern Sheriffs. Americans would lose jobs if peace were declared. And the danger—the top rung of the escalation ladder—is too much of an abstraction for most people to comprehend.

Since there is no potential for a truly massive human force to halt the war, the liberal is reduced to impotence, frustration and alienation from society. It won't take long for a part of the committed peace workers to realize that until they take stronger, more direct action to actually hinder the war, they will be guilty of cooperating with the war effort. That's why a Violent Peace Movement will be the one to ultimately produce measurable results.

Leaders of the nonviolent groups will, of course, denounce terror. They want nothing to do with demonstrations of which they could not openly boast.

While the mass meetings are being held, while the intellectuals are debating the issues and waiting in

vain for the State Department to answer their charges, the handful of honest people who are really committed will be consulting the *Encyclopedia Britannica* to learn about the process of making simple, easy-to-manufacture explosives like dynamite, black powder, and fulminic of mercury.

Liberals will be picketing troop trains that will not stop; but others, on their own, will be mining the tracks further ahead stopping not only that one train but the ones that would use the same track days later. Rather than attempting to crystallize public opinion against the war, they will be actually extending the lives of the participants in the Vietnam war by as many days as are necessary to repair the damage.

Marchers will be following the rules launching their *satyagrahas* against the Establishment that is burning south Vietnamese villagers with napalm; but some individuals will be grating bars of Ivory soap and mixing

It's All Relative

Thumbs are a brutal instrument
I saw three eyeballs explode
In Santo Domingo
Because LBJ wanted it that way
But just try to pop Luci's cherry
And you'll find your balls
Hung over your ear, man.

—Gene Feehan

the chips with gasoline; they will be making contact fuses of kitchen matches; and they will be throwing these home-made napalm bombs into the trucks loaded with troops and supplies for Vietnam.

At the same time as the political types are building mass organizations, the people resisting war will be breaking through their alienation by actually confronting the war machine. Rather than weekly letters to Congressmen, they will be weekly assassinating Generals. Rather than picketing the loading of supplies aboard Vietnam-bound ships, some will be putting to use their knowledge of skin diving—by attaching stolen TNT, below the water line, to the hulls of waiting ships.

As the terror and sabotage increases, as more draft-age young men place black powder bombs in front of their draft boards, the military will tighten its security. Thousands of men will not go to Vietnam to kill but will remain here to guard installations. Troops will have to guard factories. Then the Minutemen will be seeing Communists everywhere plunging society into chaos. And then the average citizen will begin to become personally affected by the war and will begin listening to the moderates, the liberals who preach justice under law.

I personally am not that committed to America to save it by my engaging in terror. Certainly I would not advocate that others should do something I will not. But terror will come. It will come as a result of deep personal feeling on the part of individuals about the total immorality of the war, the shortness of time to halt the President, and the ineffectiveness of rational argument.

It will become the obvious thing to do once people realize that hanging LBJ's picture upside-down does nothing. And there is nobody who can turn this spontaneous reaction of violence on or off at will.

No, Virginia by Alan Whitney

1984 in a Six-Pack

The nonchalant manner in which public relations gentry lie never ceases to inspire awe. Like one day at the World's Fair the touts for the Coca-Cola exhibit announced that the 100,000th visitor of the season would enter about 4:30 p.m. and would be honored for his imprudence with a savings bond. But there was some picketing going on at the Fair that day, and it was evidently seen as a competing attraction for space in the next morning's public prints. So the Coke fiends conferred, then blithely announced that they would pick a different 100,000th visitor the next day.

Freedom of Pressure

A group of reporters who were in the Dominican Republic in the early stages of the American invasion came back to New York and made things very hot for the Administration by revealing on TV some of the outrageous lies they had been told by U.S. officials about alleged Communist domination of the rebel movement. Two of the "Reds" supposedly running the show were actually prominent conservatives. Another was 15 years old.

When the correspondents sought to return to Santo Domingo, the State Dept. told them they couldn't do so without getting visas from the right-wing junta—a task no harder than passing a literacy test in Philadelphia, Mississippi if you are Le Roi Jones. So, as this is written, the scribes are still cooling their pencils in the States.

Well, at least it's a good thing those 20,000 Marines all took out visas so they could go down their and save the place for the Free World.

Tale of Two Tribunes

The headline in the *Herald Tribune* read:

THE BIG SPENDERS: NEGROES
The story was something else again. It pointed out that Negroes in New York spend a bigger percentage of their income on living expenses than whites do. It figures, since the total amount they have available is much smaller on the average. In absolute terms, the white family spends a lot more.

Incidentally, the government survey on which the story was based also shot a venerable stereotype in the ass. It disclosed that on the average a Negro spends 6% of his income to buy and operate a car, while whites lay out 8.5%.

October 1965

One of the less edifying stories on the Clay-Liston patty cake was a George Strickler composition in the *Chicago Tribune* that started this way: "Two grotesque celebrities, both socially unacceptable even to most of their own race, square off . . . Tuesday night to settle priority rights on the heavy-weight boxing championship of the world. . . ."

I had thought that this kind of general insult to the Negro had dropped out of fistic folkways about the time they stopped introducing Joe Louis as "a credit to his race." Its survival under Strickler's byline makes me wonder whether he is a credit to my race—or my calling. But I can see where he would fit right in on the *Tribune*, which has been slow to give up the journalistic undertones of a less civilized era.

American Hero Series

That Walt Disney is the country's leading purveyor of technique without content is not news. But it remained for the *New York Times Magazine* to disclose that he has undertaken to render Abraham Lincoln as innocuous as Mickey Mouse. A talking statue of Lincoln at Disneyland makes a speech consisting of excerpts so carefully snipped from his addresses that it "needn't offend any political persuasion, whether Robert Welch's or Jefferson Davis'." The speech makes absolutely no reference to slavery or the Civil War.

Non-Recognition

There are at this writing five announced candidates for nomination in New York's Democratic mayoral primary, of whom Congressman William Ryan is the most liberal. The N.Y. *Daily News* has been running a straw poll on public preference as to the Democratic candidate. But Ryan's name is missing from the ballot, which includes the other four official candidates plus two who have not even announced their availability. And yet there are grown men who will admit that the *News* editorial page is psychotic but insist that the paper handles the news fairly.

Time Creeps On

A reporter was at Murray Shisgal's home for an interview shortly after his play, *Luv*, opened on Broadway. While they were talking the phone rang. It was *Time* magazine. The caller asked a number of questions to which the reporter heard Shisgal's answers—concerning the meaning of the play, his ideas about the theater, etc. In the next issue of the magazine, the reporter saw all of the answers—divorced both from the questions and from Shisgal and presented as if they represented the independent insights of *Time's* critic.

On a Shingle

Politicians in Wisconsin, "America's Dairyland," know which side of their bread has the expensive spread—or do they? The local statesmen rarely lose an opportunity to suggest that margarine tastes like Spam and induces hangnails. A leading advocate of this view is State Senator Gordon Roseleip, a portly chap who favors madras jackets and looks like the recording secretary of every Kiwanis Club in the country. Under the preposterous assumption that a legislator might actually know what he was talking about, somebody put Roseleip to a test. He was blindfolded and given a taste of margarine. Naturally, he said it was butter.

Police Brutality Dept.

One of the Good Guy Cops told me this story about his days as a rookie. He was assigned to a West Side address where a man had climbed out on the ledge next to his apartment window and was threatening to jump. The rookie was scared; he didn't know from getting would-be plungers off ledges. The veteran cop didn't seem at all concerned. They went upstairs and started breaking down the door. When it gave, the older cop dashed into the apartment, drew his gun and yelled, "Come in off that ledge or I'll shoot you!" The man complied instantly.

Commercial Countdown

Col. John "Shorty" Powers, the erstwhile voice of the Mercury astronauts, whose reputation as a communicator was purchased at the taxpayers' expense, has lately been pedaling it to General Motors. Speaking from a mythical "Rocket Central," Powers, in a pseudo Cape Kennedy style, touts the gullible on the alleged virtues of the 1965 Oldsmobile.

Black and White

New proof that ghetto life touches every corner of the psyche lies in the stereotyped nature of Harlem vandalism. During a Shakespeare performance in a park there, the actors were pelted with watermelon rind. . . . In London a doctor and a surgical technician had a fist fight over the former's wife; both men are members of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

Rumors of the Month

Congress is going to repeal the Mann Act in an effort to encourage travel within the United States. . . . Now that Cardinal Spellman has sacrificed his \$500,000 stamp collection to give a transfusion to a failing hospital, several leading clerics will sell their pornography hordes and solve the whole poverty program. . . . Lynda Bird Johnson is taking instructions with a view toward becoming a Negro

A Violent Peace Movement

by Don Waskey

Liberals have had their chance to remake the postwar world, but their failure is painfully obvious.

The goals of the American liberals have been civil rights with civil responsibility governed by principles of justice and reason. To achieve these they have sought to use the peaceful, democratic process, that is, they have sold their followers on the necessity of remaining within the framework of the system.

The only exception has been their limited advocacy of the demonstration as a political tool, but it should be remembered that this is basically a continuation of suffrage.

Their operating assumption is that the power structure can be persuaded through moral arguments to bow to "the will of the people," "the rights of the citizens,"

or "the universal rights of mankind." But it is clear, as the Johnson administration continues to escalate the genocidal war in Vietnam, that these "nice" ways of calling our rulers to task are as ineffective as are the politically irrelevant liberals themselves.

Many of the peace oriented liberals continue their ineffective protests because they think in terms of having to make an existential choice.

To do nothing to impede the government in its aggressive war in Vietnam, they say, is the same as cooperating with the government—becoming its accomplice. Therefore, they demonstrate, support peace publications, and voice their objections to the Johnson Doctrine. But do they really have any illusions as to their effectiveness? Do they think they have any chance at all of stopping the war?

I submit that they realize their political impotence but continue to sacrifice just enough of themselves to morally justify their individual existence as part of American society.

(Continued on Page 21)



**Soft-Core Pornography of the Month
Going-Limp-While-Being-Carried-Away-By-Police-
At-Protest-Demonstration Cheesecake Department**