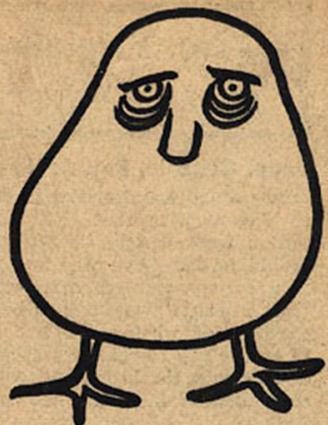


The Realist



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The Fatal Snowball Fight on Cumberland Avenue

by Robert Anton Wilson

"Blood for blood . . ."

—T. S. Eliot, *Murder in the Cathedral*

On the morning of February 1, 1965, the temperature in Knoxville, Tennessee, fell to 15°, and a mean dose of sleet, rain and wind began to whip the city. Southerners hate this kind of weather more than Northerners, because they are less accustomed to it. They grumble more than Northerners; they curse more; their tempers grow shorter. When the sleet began to turn to snow around noon, and the weather bureau predicted a six-inch fall, the county schools closed for the day, and the city schools followed suit shortly, sending their pupils home at 1:30. As stalled cars began jamming the roads, everybody resigned themselves to a miserable day.

Records show that the Knoxville police received 117 phone calls requesting assistance during the afternoon and evening: 50 of the calls concerned traffic problems of varying degrees of severity, one of which was a 7-car collision on Kensington Pike; 67 of the phone calls were complaints by motorists who had been pelted by snowballs by University of Tennessee students on Cumberland Avenue, a 4-lane throughway which passes in the middle of the campus and joins U.S. Highway 11.

Cumberland Avenue has a difficult hill in its 1700 block adjacent to the university, and a special patrolman was sent to handle traffic problems there, but the city police took no action about the student snowballing, assuming that the university's private police could handle that, as they had in the past.

Subsequent investigations revealed that the campus police broke up the snowballing at 3:45 that afternoon, but that it had resumed around 4 p.m. The campus police never returned to the scene, being too busy helping faculty members navigate the hills of the campus, many of them in cars which were, Southern fa-

shion, unequipped with snow chains. The Knoxville policeman was on the other side of the hill from the snowballing.

French Harris has been Knoxville's Chief of Police for 5 years and was a detective for 19 years before that. Many people now want to blame him for what happened that day on Cumberland Avenue, but he has been a cop too long to be overly sensitive to criticism. A burly 50, he started as a motorcycle officer, attended the FBI National Police Academy, and worked for 3 years with the U.S. Narcotics Bureau. He is popular in Knoxville and popular at the University also. Students know that he will not insist on collecting the towaway fee on an illegally parked car if the driver's hard-luck story is convincing to him. They gripe about the severity of his enforcement of the laws against serving liquor to minors, but about nothing else.

Chief Harris has stood trial for murder twice. Each time he shot an escaping suspect; each time he was acquitted and returned to the force. He is known for his compassion and for his attempt to be fair within the limits of the law.

"I sat on the defendant's side of the courtroom twice," he has said. "I know what it feels like over there."

He took morphine once before going to work with the Narcotics Bureau.

"I wanted to find out what an addict is looking for," he explains. "It's not enough to arrest a man. I want to understand him. Maybe, then, I can help him. And maybe I won't have to arrest him again."

French Harris attended a seminar on Civil Rights at New York University two years ago, to find out what *that* is all about. He is a man who wants to understand, and to be fair.

At 3:30 that afternoon a man named Roland Lawson drove through the blizzard and the student snowball

(Continued on Page 27)

No, Virginia by Alan Whitney

Snap, Crackle, Pop Art!

There are social critics in our midst so unperceptive that they think this nation does not love its artists. Perish forbid, as Jane Ace used to say. American society admires artists so much that it wants everybody to be one, regardless of whether he has anything to say or any talent for saying it. How else explain the broad support of that contradiction in terms known as Pop Art?

A "sculptor" who would require three years to turn out an accurate representation of a turnip needn't resign himself to a career behind the counter at Nedick's. All he has to do is buy a case or so of canned turnips, stack them somewhat less esthetically than the A&P had, and proclaim the new Parthenon. His press agent will alert the culture-vulture wife of a Senator, a couple of undernourished East Side matrons, *Esquire* and the *Herald Tribune Sunday Magazine*. A star is born the modern way, with no labor pains.

What of the youth who would like to be Fellini but knows from nothing about how to use a movie camera or what to point it at. He has no problem in this most indulgent of all possible worlds. He drags out the old Mickey Mouse camera, shoots two reels of a masturbating fag and immediately takes his place alongside D. W. Griffith.

And the chap who never could quite get that straight about the subject and the predicate? Stop with the technicalities. The big thing today is isolated words and phrases, the shorter the better—and with lots of punctuation.

Our fathers recognized comic books for what they were—trash designed to keep 8-year-olds stationary and quiet for considerable periods and worth 10 cents per volume at the outside. Now a blowup of one panel is purchased for a grand and hung in the living room of a nouveau riche cardboard apartment. It has to be. Otherwise the "artist" who can't paint his fingernails would be denied his constitutional right to life, liberty and Recognition.

Then there's teenage music. As recently as 10 years ago it was playing only its proper role—as a form of sublimation for female minors with a strong but socially disapproved need to get laid. Now . . .

But why go on? It would lead right back to the Senator's wife and that crowd. And besides, I only brought this up by way of giving the President a

friendly word of caution. There's this costly campaign in the offing to remove all the car junkyards from along the interstate highways. And just about the time it's finished, Pop will decree that there's nothing quite so poignantly significant as the rusted corpse of a 1953 Mercury. Then we'll have to spend millions returning every axle and exhaust pipe to its former position and attitude.

The restorers will, of course, have frequent reference to "The Chassis of Man," a classic photographic essay on the subject that somebody must be working on right now.

Slipping Beauty

A short but terrifying news item: "Walt Disney Productions has been awarded a preliminary permit for a \$35,000,000 development of the Mineral King area in California's Sequoia National Forest as a year-round recreation facilities, the Agriculture Dept. announced today."

Here's a preview of some of the development work:

Foreman: Okay, you guys, finish rounding up those real bears and get 'em the hell out of here. The plastic ones are coming in this afternoon and we've gotta make room for 'em.

First Worker: How come we're replacing the bears, boss?

Foreman: You must be new here, McNees. Did you ever see a real bear that could sing and dance? Why, these goddam beasts can't even smile.

Second Worker: What color do I paint this redwood tree, boss?

Foreman: Orchid, man. Just follow the chart. First an aqua tree, then one in chartreuse, then vermilion, then orchid, then shocking pink, then back to aqua.

Third Worker: Should I start on these trees over here?

Foreman: No. Leave them alone. We have to cut down a couple hundred in that area. That's where the Annette Funicello Comfort Station is going . . .

Mute Testimony

A curious example of journalistic double-talk appeared in the *Chicago Daily News* recently in the form of a column by Norman Ross under the headline: "Young Russ Admire Us, Draft Protestors No Help."

Ross, writing from Leningrad, addressed his treatise in firm, fatherly tones to "Dear Demonstrators and Draft Card Burners": Early in the piece he said, "I wonder if it has occurred to any of you that what you have done . . . could seriously and adversely affect the opinion of our country that is held by the young Communists with whom you want to live in peace?"

Ross went on to quote from his discussions of the U.S. with two Russian

youths. Both of them were friendly, interested in learning English, hipped on our Pop culture—and evidently quite indifferent to our demonstrators and draft card burners.

In Ross' colloquy with the first one, Leonid, there was absolutely no mention of the draft, Vietnam or any topic even peripheral to these. Winding up that part of the article, Ross says to himself, "I can't help wondering what he would have thought had he known that among his American contemporaries were some who talked of feigning homosexuality, taking narcotics and bribing doctors in order to avoid serving their country." I can't help wondering why Ross didn't ask him.

The second Russian was named Valerian. He and Ross had a conversation equally unrelated to the draft and its opponents. The closest they came to discussing the issue was when Ross said, "Once we get a few things like Vietnam out of the way, I think maybe our two peoples, yours and mine, will move closer together." Valerian replied, "I think it is happening already."

Fine. Ross thinks so, too. He winds up by observing that "understanding is beginning to take root," then saying, "Belligerent jingoism would certainly stunt its growth. Might not a nihilistic attitude toward our American system and its values do the same?"

I don't know, Ross. If it didn't occur to you to ask the Russians, maybe you should ask the guy who wrote the headline.

SIR REALIST:

Observation

Has anyone really looked at Bobby Kennedy since he got back from his trip to Latin America? Didn't the trip change his appearance? During that trip he told one crowd that if a Latin American country elected a communist president, the United States would not intervene to keep him from taking office.

Then when he called the U.S. action in the Dominican Republic a mistake and labeled the U.S.-sponsored Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba "a dark day," he added: "Don't judge the United States by this. This is not the true spirit of the United States."

Now look at Bobby since he got back. Perhaps it's my imagination, but isn't his nose longer?

Jerry DeMuth
Franklin Park, Ill.

Meaningful Relationship

Dial Soap has found the answer to Miss Clairrol's stimulating question, "Does she . . . or doesn't she?"—"Don't you wish everybody did?"

Sheldon Blitstein
Bronx, N. Y.

co-existing

by Saul Heller

The New Look in Junkets

Congressional junketing has an improved look these days. Its image has been carefully scrubbed—without marring the imperfections of the original. Neither Congressmen nor junketing has really changed, of course. Congressmen spend the taxpayer's money as generously and unstintingly as ever. The posture they assume, however, is more convincing than it used to be. If we didn't know them better, they would surely pass as men shouldering heavy responsibilities of state as they trudge, duty-bound, through the pleasure spots of the world.

Journalists, once the unrelenting foes of junketeers, have strangely relented these days. They have laid aside their brass knuckles, tire chains and mixed metaphors, and have helped polish, or at least refrained from tarnishing, the seedy image of junket-bound Congressmen. Gone are the outraged cries by envious editors that used to rend the air when the junketeers sallied forth en masse to repair the ravages of the long Tuesday through Thursday work weeks.

The dread Consensus seems to have laid its heavy hand on the press; the *New York Times*, *Newsweek* and *U.S. News*, long the scourge of junketeers, aim few or no harsh words at their old and tempting targets. Attacks on junketeering Congressmen could very well impair national unity and boost Red China's morale.

It was not always so. Time was (4/27/63) when the *New York Times*, in somewhat less than measured tones, said: "If there is any one item in the mores of Congress that infuriates large numbers of Americans, it is the free-and-easy use of 'counterpart funds' by touring Senators and Representatives. The spectacle of the travelers . . . seeing the sights and otherwise enjoying themselves (at the U.S. taxpayer's expense) is extremely painful. It is particularly painful at this season of the year when the first installment on the Federal income tax has just been paid. . . ."

The best the *Times* could do in '64 was a squib against junketing by lame ducks—Congressmen who have no conceivable excuse for squandering public money on "missions" and "fact-finding tours" since they have not been re-elected by sensible constituents.

Newsweek did a little better that same year—it ran a largely non-committal but none-the-less effective item (12/21/64) about a jaunt by four Congressmen to the desert city of Timbuktu. Their mission, the writer respectfully reported, was to observe U.S. distribution of surplus food in this area and take a look at African agriculture.

The writer added, with overt objectivity but latent disrespect, that the Mali Republic (in which Timbuktu lies) receives no surplus food from the U.S. and has no agriculture to speak of. The word *yet* was tacked on, probably by a nervous executive ("the Mali Republic receives no surplus food *yet*") to cushion the hard facts, and give the impression that the Congressmen's visit might become retroactively justifiable in the future.

March 1965

The Congressmen bought tribal swords and daggers, toured the Grand Mosque, posed for snapshots, drank cooling drinks at the only hotel in town, and roared back to the airport three hours after their arrival, ready to bring back to their constituents a full report on the state of African agriculture, as well as a dissertation on how U.S. surplus food would have been distributed in Timbuktoo, in there had been any food to distribute.

In general, the voices of criticism were largely still in '65. *U.S. News* in its Dec. 6, '65 issue ran a very respectful piece on Congressional travel in which it reverently mentioned the "study problems," "missions," "investigations," etc. that Congressmen were planning to undertake at the beginning of 1966.

It referred gently to the reticence of some Representatives with respect to announcements of travel plans—a measure of caution old-time junketeers are careful to adopt, just in case the new-found friendliness of the press suddenly evaporates. Somebody could not refrain from sneaking into the article a photo of a restful beach—one of the places most suited to the Congressional search for facts.

Newsweek had an article—"The Codels Are Coming"—in its Dec. 13, 1965 issue which piously concluded that junketeers "invariably take back something more than tourist bargains and hazy memories." The *Times* remained silent.

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Some of us miss the yearly fulminations of editors maddened by the spectacle of Congressmen having the time of their lives at taxpayers' expense. We remember with nostalgia the time when Adam Clayton Powell heard the siren call of the Isles of Greece, and went forth to these idyllic regions to investigate conditions of the working woman.

Among the places in which Adam carried on his researches was the Lido night club in Paris—a cabaret noted for its nude show girls—all working women, of course. Apparently Powell couldn't find too many working women, or perhaps they weren't working hard enough, because he suddenly switched his investigation to the European Common Market.

Adam came back to deliver two sermons to his parishioners in New York City on the "Joy of Living"—a subject he was obviously quite expert on.

Powell's junketing upset some Congressmen greatly—the idea of a colored politician having as much fun at public expense as a white one stirred up a greater resurgence of moral feeling than any excesses by Caucasian junketeers could possibly have done. The current crop of junketeers has, in consequence, been forced to be more hypocritical than even Congressmen should be.

What is the new breed of Congressional junketeer

like? Caution is his watchword. As always, he seeks safety in numbers, going forth to his holiday abroad in the company of multitudes of fellow junketeers—more than one-quarter of Congress this past season. (Very considerably more, if we make allowances for the secrecy many Congressmen adopt when official business—monkey business—is involved.)

The current junketeer is careful to select a topic for "study" that will look good in print, and fit in nicely with the name of the committee he is on, or which is giving him a lift. He may, for image-building purposes, wind up in Vietnam, gallantly seeking out the dangers of the night clubs in Saigon.

(Saigon is full of historic and commercial interest. It once had the biggest whorehouse in Asia. Its multitudinous brothels constitute an important part of its industry.)

Before coming to Saigon, the Congressman may have passed through the pleasure palaces of Paris, Rome, Madrid, London and other cities, to give him the background necessary for fulfilling the stern duties he has assigned himself—sampling the rigors of Vietnamese night life.

Hong Kong and Japan are other big attractions. Hong Kong has fine shopping bargains, and the U.S. embassy in Tokyo features a great package-wrapping service, run by diplomats. All these areas—Hong Kong, Japan and Vietnam—are identified closely enough with world problems to justify visits by Congressmen capable of adding to them.

The footloose Congressman has no trouble bypassing any rules designed to curb junkets. Neither the State nor Defense Department has the desire to argue with a junket-minded Congressman who can, if antagonized, vote against adequate appropriations for the Department.

The Defense Department, which provides transportation, has at times run out of military transport planes in its effort to please—an indication of how military needs can interfere with more urgent Congressional joy-rides. The State Department acts as the touring Congressman's travel agent. The Treasury foots the bills. State Department personnel greet the arriving Congressman as if his visit was really necessary, thrust on him the funds he will need, and obtain reservations at whatever night clubs and hot spots his investigations can be best carried on.

There are, of course, hard-working and conscientious Congressmen among the travelers' ranks—these are essential for protective coloration. If none existed—and some day not too far off, the possibility may have to be faced—ersatz hard-working Congressmen would have to be assigned to make like devoted representatives of the people, to distract attention from the unconscientious and possibly unconscious representatives.

Some idea of how bizarre the Congressional pretense is that official business takes hundreds of our representatives on trips abroad can be obtained by visualizing the impression that would be created if European countries played the same games we do. Imagine a descent on New York City by a thousand European politicians coming from France, England, Germany, Italy and other countries to transact official business in New York.

It isn't too hard to picture, as a possible result, a mighty debacle for junketeers. Amid the crash of

falling European governments, the squeals of New York women, and the groans of embarrassed U.S. Congressmen, would perhaps be heard the rumble of a new order—very possibly one in which representatives of the people, U.S. Congressmen included, would be forced to pay for their own vacations.

Catholic Morality for Protestants

William B. Ball, Pennsylvania attorney, condemns new birth control legislation that calls for the setting up of Federal offices to coordinate research on birth control, and the dissemination of birth control information. Ball's statement is worthy of attention because it was reviewed by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and is presumed by the *New York Times* to have the backing of all the Roman Catholic bishops in the United States.

It seemed for a while that the Catholic hierarchy had seen the light, and was no longer going to oppose the efforts of the Protestant majority to diminish its kind. Such beneficent inactivity would, of course, still permit Catholics to proliferate unchecked and assume an even more dominant place in our society.

The Catholic hierarchy, however, doesn't seem interested in taking advantage of this fine opportunity, possibly because the Catholic masses (according to statements by Catholic spokesmen) practice birth control as enthusiastically as other religious groups who don't risk eternal hell-fire by doing so.

The remarkable thing about Catholic morality is not that Catholics aren't faithful to it—other religious groups are as sensible as Catholics in this respect. The bizarre thing about Catholic morality, as revealed in the politically effective efforts of the Catholic hierarchy to keep the Protestant poor from practicing birth control, is the commitment of Catholics to deciding religious morality for non-Catholics.

The anomaly is matched only by the readiness of Catholics to let Arab non-Catholics decide matters of religious morality for them. Catholic prelates in Rome, for example, were reported to be very deferential to Arab opposition to a Vatican draft exonerating Jews of guilt in the crucifixion of Jesus.

With Catholics deciding Protestant religious morality, and Arabs effectively ruling on religious morality for Catholics, it seems only fair that Protestants be permitted some constructive interference with other religious groups, to prevent their Church from falling into the decrepitude characteristic of religions that mind their own business.

Interestingly enough, one of Ball's objections to the birth control bill is that it poses serious threats to civil liberty. Ball of course means the civil liberty to deny other people information. This is one of our most cherished liberties, long practiced by government and criminals, as well as church people.

Another objection made by Ball is that people participating in the program are going to become susceptible to government suggestions. It has long been evident that denouncing and flouting the government is a mark of higher patriotism in our society. What wasn't as obvious—till now—was that obedience to government suggestion was an evil in the eyes of a Church noted for its stress on obedience.

Ball also refers to the "rights of the poor" that will be violated by the birth control bill. The rights of the

poor, as Ball very well knows, consists chiefly of the right to be kept ignorant and to enter the kingdom of heaven. These rights are most highly respected by the well-to-do and the rich, who are often more concerned about the civil liberties of the poor than they are about the poor themselves.

Farewell to Free Will

The independent mind—a dubious asset these days, of vestigial importance—may not be giving the powers-that-be trouble for too much longer. Mind control is on the way. "This grand new enterprise, this brave new science of the mind, has already made some major advances, and is on the verge of even more significant achievements," warns Dr. David Krech, professor of psychology at the University of California.

Readers of the *New York Times* may recall photos that appeared on its front page not long ago, showing a charging bull being stopped dead in its tracks by a radio-transmitted message. A tiny receiver implanted in the bull's brain picked up the persuasive broadcast and changed the bull's ideas about eliminating the man in its path. It gave one to think.



If a bull—a creature massively indifferent to TV commercials, government propaganda, racists' threats, racketeers' reprisals and the soggy might of the law—an animal with soundly-motivated and perfectly sensible intentions of disemboweling the enemy in its path—can be dissuaded at the very peak of its anger and bullishness from carrying out its plans, an equally effective degree of mind control should be much easier to attain in the case of people.

Such developments will, of course, have revolutionary effects. Dr. Krech doubts whether many persons, including the scientists engaged in mind control experiments, have given much thought to the possible consequences—the serious problems of ethics, politics and social good, for example, that loom as we come closer to the desired goal.

The potentialities are certainly fascinating. Consider politics, for example. It would not only become plausible, but inevitable, that large numbers of people under radio control would all vote the same ticket.

This should put an end to all the machinations intended to keep voters, North and South, from casting their ballots. The complicated rules and rituals used to disfranchise people who have moved, or entered the armed forces . . . the sudden breakdowns in voting

machines, in areas where voters hostile to the political machine in power are turning out in droves . . . the spectacle of public school drop-outs down South giving voter-eligibility tests to Negro Ph.D.'s, and flunking them . . . all these embarrassing buffooneries will become completely unnecessary, permitting the U.S. to hold its head high among the other democracies of the world.

We will have, for the first time, free and universal suffrage, once its real meaning and significance have been completely obliterated.

Issues will no longer matter under such circumstances; the big issue—who controls whom—will have been settled long before. Politicians won't have to hire literate ghost-writers to write campaign drivel for illiterates. No campaign promises that can't possibly be kept will have to be made, permitting politicians to be more moral, and possibly even bringing them closer to God—a transient proximity, of course, due to the forces of mutual repulsion.

High school administrators will no longer have to phony up students' grades, to get them into college and give the high school a good name. Suitable messages beamed into the transmitter, giving students the correct answers to test questions, will be all that is necessary to assure grades of A for all. It may, of course, become necessary to phony up some of the grades to make them worse, and provide the normal distribution curves so dear to the progressive educator's heart.

The seduction of women—or men, for that matter—will no longer be much of a problem. People manning the transmitters will be able to enjoy untrammelled sex, with no cost, no risks, no danger of marriage and possibly no fun.

In the case of men who do want wives, ideal mates will be available—women who will work hard, do as they're told, and never talk back—unless, of course, discontented husbands, longing for the good old days described in books, order their mates to burn the toast and nag them.

Currently insoluble military problems may be solved. The enormous numbers of our soldiers who won't fire their guns on the battlefield, even when their lives are at stake, for instance. With radio-controlled men at the front, the soldiers will, on proper command, shoot hell out of the enemy, or their commanding officer, depending on who tunes them in first.

A film made by scientists involved in mind control shows aggressiveness in monkeys being turned on and off by radio means. Similar elimination of a victim's possible aggressiveness will make life enormously simpler for criminals. People can be quietly directed to deposit their loose cash—or their life savings, for that matter—in the robber's mail box, or some safer place, making proof of crime as well as its detection virtually impossible.

Murder may become considerably less popular. Objectionable people will simply be told to go jump in the river and hold their breaths. Negroes who manage to get control of a transmitting station could direct Ku Kluxers to polish off Citizens' Council members, introducing some welcome novelty into the current predictable and boring homicide patterns down South.

Inspiring results should be obtainable in industry.

Hired help that does the least, steals the most, and works only to relieve the monotony of goofing off, may be successfully ordered to earn their salaries. If a competitor of the boss gains control of communications, trouble will, of course, confront the boss, since it will be possible for his rival to ruin him by giving his staff suitable instructions—directing them to be strictly honest, for instance.

All in all, the future looks exciting—for the people who are going to be in charge. No more worms will turn (unaided); no spontaneous revolutions need be feared, in the brave new world cowards are dreaming up.

Menace of Obscene Children

Walkie-talkie toys given to children as Christmas gifts have been posing problems for the Federal Communications Commission. Unnecessary chatter from the kids has drowned out unnecessary chatter of adults operating citizens' band transmitters and receivers.

Profanity by children, interjected into conversations between legitimate radio operators, has given the Commission the greatest concern. The morality of adults, it seems, is being threatened by the obscenity of children. This is a new twist. Well, we've been protecting children from adult immoralities long enough; maybe it's time the process was reversed.

The F.C.C. is trying to find the offending youngsters, so it can remind their parents that profanity is against the law, and can bring a two-year jail sentence. Kids who want to live less dangerously had better stick to physical atrocities and refrain from verbal ones.

Minding Other People's Business

Parents should encourage children to report wrongdoers, says the Communist Government in China; they should refrain from implanting in their children the "bourgeois" notion of minding their own business.

The Chinese obviously know very little about life in the United States. No one has to remind our bourgeoisie of their duty to mind other people's business. This is one duty—perhaps the only one—that Americans perform voluntarily and joyfully. All over the country, people are constructively occupied butting into other people's affairs.

The American Legion officials in charge of interfering with schools direct teachers to change the method or content of their teaching, or risk being fired.

Maritime unions dictate foreign policy to Administrations too timid to do anything except take on the world.

Rightists on the fringes of sanity compel storekeepers to withdraw from sale products made in Communist-bloc countries.

And so it goes, with people everywhere altruistic enough to neglect their own affairs, in order to give more attention to those of their neighbors. More people than ever before are buying listening devices with which to eavesdrop on their neighbors, according to the *New York Times*.

The devices are also widely used in offices. Executives like to listen in to what their subordinates are saying, in preference to engaging in less important activities, such as looking for new business.

The devices are even used to monitor conversations in women's toilets. Tiny transmitters imbedded in toilet rolls relay back to the boss's interested ears the legitimate and illegitimate sounds his female employees are making.

I have had people come up to me, while I was rashly minding my own business, and rebuke me for yawning, reading a technical book or letting one crowded bus go by to wait for another.

The Chinese are way off base if they feel tending to one's own affairs cuts much bourgeois ice in this country. If there are any people here who mind their own business, it's only because they are too weak or too timid to take their rightful places among the multitudes minding everybody else's.

Treason, Patriotic and Otherwise

The Georgia Legislature has been trying to prevent Representative-elect Julian Bond from taking his seat because he denounced U.S. involvement in Vietnam as murderous aggression. Bond's denunciation is considered treason by the legislators—ample ground for barring him from office.

One would expect that Southerners who have long been subverting the Constitution and the Bill of Rights would be a little more tolerant of other subversives. Georgians should realize that the climate of subversion cannot be selectively improved, to make racist treason more acceptable. Subversion in general must win toleration, to enhance the status of subversion in particular.

The Risks of Virtue

A Bronx grocer who rescued a policeman from an angry mob, and was stabbed in the back for his pains, has received the second installment of his reward—ostracism by his neighbors, and the resultant failure of his business. Even people who never paid stopped buying from him—a degree of righteousness unheard of among righteous persons.

The fact that the grocer was Puerto Rican, the mob was Puerto Rican and Negro, and the cop was white, isn't too important; hostility against police can scarcely be attributed to minorities only.

What does matter—and the pattern is becoming commonplace—is the punishment of people who exhibit qualities once honored as virtues. A painting contractor is beaten up by hoodlums for refusing to go along with a conspiracy of other contractors to cheat the city. A janitor who finds a quarter of a million dollars in the street and turns it in to the F.B.I. is so badly harassed by his neighbors that his son (who is also getting the treatment) runs away from home. A Navy man who scrupulously obeys the rules is considered a mental case. And so it goes. . . .

Given the trend of the times, it is hardly out of line to expect that the future will unveil even more fantastic caricatures of morality. Virtue will probably be driven underground, and may come to occupy the same moral position that crime and immorality once filled. Virginity will be admitted only to one's doctor. Truth-telling will be a misdemeanor in some cases, possibly a felony in others. Chronic honesty will become grounds for compulsory hospitalization and treatment.

Perhaps this will be all to the good. Maybe morality must go underground before it can become respectable.

Over-Rehabilitating Our Crooks

Selected prisoners in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary are being trained for computer programming jobs that may pay them up to \$20,000 a year when they get out. Industry and the penitentiary—a familiar combination when the anti-trust tides run high—have been united once more by the project.

This is a great rehabilitation set-up. It may turn out to be a fine debilitation program as well, since young people who normally shy away from crime may be drawn into it, to qualify for such a wonderful reclamation project.

There are 100,000 vacant jobs in computer programming, according to Charles J. Eckenrode, associate warden at the prison. Criminals in line for such jobs include men jailed for robbing banks, transporting stolen vehicles, breaking and entering postoffices, and other Federal crimes.

Why Federal criminals should be favored isn't explained, unless they have the kind of skills needed for the new computers being developed. Maybe, when such rehabilitation programs are functioning smoothly, and criminals have turned their backs forever on ignoble crime, because they are earning more in industry than they could possibly make robbing and shooting people—maybe, at such a time, another rehabilitation program could be set up for the victims of criminals.

Victims wouldn't, of course, be paid at the same rate

as criminals, not being as worthy of reward. Most would probably be satisfied to get jobs paying, say, seven or eight thousand a year. If no other way of bringing them a taste of the benefits enjoyed by criminals is feasible, victims might be trained in the commission of crimes that will make them eligible for rehabilitation.

Possibly some of the crooks who have graduated to \$20,000-per-year slots could donate several hours a week to breaking in victims with the proper qualifications and character references.

Still another retraining set-up may be required if the kind of rehabilitation practiced by the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary spreads—a crash program to fill the criminals' depleted ranks. With so many thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands of 20-G per annum jobs becoming available to crooks in the future, so many may go legit that there won't be enough left to draw from for filling the 20-G positions, to say nothing of finding people to man the criminal openings left uncovered.

All in all, criminals have many wonderful things to look forward to. A new era seems to be dawning, in which a jail sentence will be a stepping stone to a better life, and a privilege accorded only to our most deserving citizens—our criminal classes.

Problems of a Paper Tiger

Professor Stanley Millet, chairman of the Department of Political Science at Adelphi University, calls attention to the inability of the United States, in spite of superior firepower and technology, to overcome its poorly-armed foe in Vietnam. The failure raises serious questions about our military efficiency, he says.

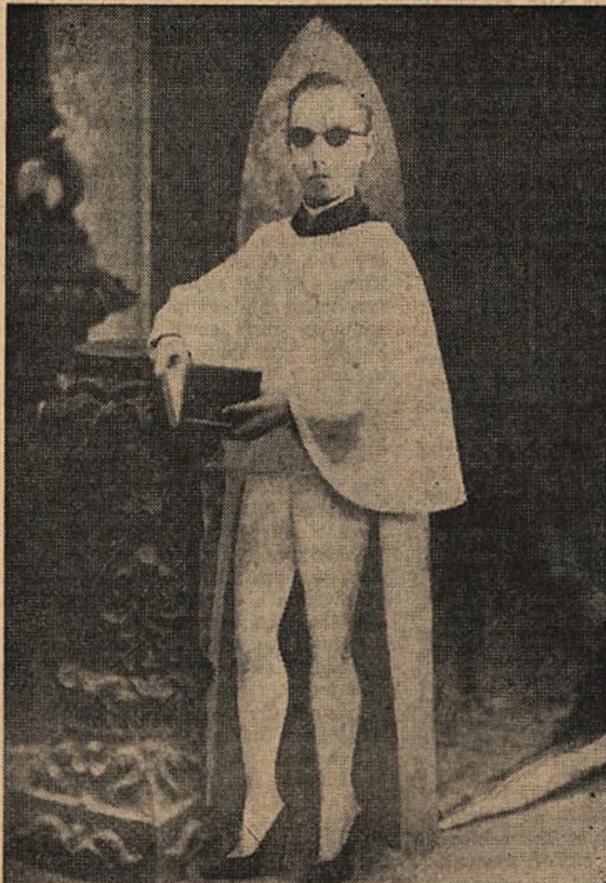
Millet's charges (documented in a recent teach-in at Columbia University) seem to be just about the best possible reason for discontinuing the war at once. If the small countries we have been lording it over come to realize how easy it is to fight us to a standstill, our posture as the world's biggest bully will be seriously affected.

Names can never hurt us, but sticks and stones in the wrong hands can be dangerous. If a tiny, poverty-stricken, underfed country like Vietnam, with no logistic support or air cover, can continue to slug it out with us month after month without signs of weakening, how can we possibly take on, as we are planning, several additional tiny countries?

Should Parents Arm G.I.s?

According to newspaper reports, many marines in South Vietnam have been requesting their parents to send them pistols. The rifles they have been issued are not, it seems, suited to the job of flushing guerillas out of caves and other fortified areas, and the army has been too busy giving them the wrong weapons to get them the proper ones. Our young people can resign themselves to war, but without the right arms, war becomes unsafe.

Now that parents are in many cases taking over military functions, perhaps the Army will have time to take over some parental ones—such as treating its men as if they were precious. This would go a long way to reassuring parents that protecting their boys is as much a proper concern of the Army as exposing them to unnecessary risks.



—Anita Steckel

Mom Art

March 1966

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

The Day They Opened the Golden Gate

by Donovan Bess

On the last day of 1965 in San Francisco, a publicist, Jerry Mander (that's his name), announced that the more compatible people of the Bay Area intended to stage a psychedelic press conference without using any psilocybin, mescaline, DMT, hashish, LSD, whiskey, gin, marijuana, daisy chains or cigarettes.

They did so at 10 a.m. just behind the statue of St. Francis by Benjamino Bufano, representing selfless love, and the Longshoremen's hiring hall, representing world peace. The hall is round but the people in it are square. Some of them stood outside watching the press conference, their arms folded in manly ways.

"What the fuck do they think they're doing?" a 300-pound stevedore asked the television people.

"They are advertising the Trips Festival," said Jerry Mander's assistant, Zev Putterman (that's his name). "On January 21-22-23 they will present the first mass, public turn-on, a psychedelic experience without drugs."

"They look to me like a bunch of Sicilians," said another 300-pound stevedore (of pure Genovese descent), folding his arms even more hostilely.

These stevedores do not realize how much they have in common with the psychedelic people; but they will, they will. The Trips Festival people include Ken Kesey, who is now a convict and is expected to write his next novel about a judge who commits adultery with an underage dope fiend. Other Trips people are Allen Ginsberg; Ron Boise and his electric thunder sculpture; Henry Jacob and his air dome projects; the Hell's Angels, a motorcycle study group; and Stewart Brand, the father of the America Needs Indians Movement.

Stewart Brand is a photographer and American Indian anthropologist who has the only Volkswagen bus in the nation that looks as though it were made in France during World War I and was used by the Red Cross for packing doughnuts and coffee to our boys overseas. It is a faded red vehicle that has a sticker saying *Love Generator* on its side.

As he drove this bus away from the press conference, at which the TV people were so desperate they took movies of one another, to show the world they had not goofed off, Brand found other vehicles following him, one with a young man wearing a fur cap made in 1902 in Keokuk, Iowa, and other containing physicists and other modern men tired of the turned-off way of

life. There were women and there were children (who are *always* turned on).

The purpose of this cavalcade, said Jerry Mander and Zev Putterman, was to try to turn on the entire city of San Francisco. An actor named Ben Jacobetti said, "They are going to throw stuff out of the windows from office buildings on Montgomery street and we don't believe in waste—we want to get under all those torn-up calendars and unraveled rolls of toilet paper and genuine confetti, and make a parade, so it won't be wasted."

Stewart Brand, in his bus, had a loudspeaker system and he talked to the secretaries and vice presidents and clerks on the sidewalks, saying many things, including:

"It's a parade, folks. In fact, that Municipal Railway bus on Sutter street over there is part of the parade. This is the first Annual Open Parade.

"Hey, look! It's a parade we're all in, folks. The whole city's a parade."

The secretaries and vice presidents and clerks did not look at this unmodern vehicle he was driving and they did not listen to his announcement. This only brought a loving smile to him as he sat at the wheel under his genuine antique Stetson hat. He tried a new strategy.

"The calendars," he cried, "are like big, beautiful, snow-flakes. Look at that beautiful paper coming down. Well, I believe they're making a parade here. All we're doing is saying it's a parade."

One sensitive vice-president, who had been passed over for president, looked up at the tall buildings above Montgomery street, the Wall Street of the West, sighed, and marched like a soldier.

"You're urban folkniks," cried Stewart Brand from his loudspeaker system. "Help us litter up this street. There's a message for you on each of these snowflakes. Read them. Hey, there's a pigeon landing on a window up there! What's wild is we're all in this parade. It's all a big trip."

After a while the Volkswagen bus and its satellite vehicles turned into Union Square, where many bands have played. "This," cried Stewart Brand, "is Union Square. Have you ever looked at Union Square? There's a cable car. Look at all those people there on it. They're a parade."

A waitress who works at Tiny's on Powell street looked at the cable car and Stewart Brand smiled contentedly.

"This is the time," he cried to all the others, "to pay attention to what we have been doing for years. Notice

how you're walking? You're walking in a parade. That's all it takes to be in a parade, to know you're there."

The Volkswagen bus went back to the Financial District and in the deep canyons between high buildings Stewart Brand cried: "It's not a forbidden parade. It's an open parade." He told a man all involved with his camera, "You and your camera are part of this parade."

"It's the First Annual Open Parade. You know, every year is the First Annual Open Parade."

"Hey, they're throwing down incredible things from the windows. The city is feeling this whole, beautiful, big, warm thing about itself, and it's a wild, urban folk thing that the people of San Francisco have been doing for years."

"It's snowing in San Francisco!"

Stewart Brand was really excited when his bus turned again and again into Montgomery street. "The office workers of San Francisco," he cried, "are disgusted with the fact that they have had to live with these calendars all the year, and they are tearing them up. It's a beautiful thing that you people are doing to this street."

"By God, there's a traffic jam here. And that's toilet paper coming down over there by Kearny street. Toilet paper is really more beautiful than you think."

"See those signs, *Skyway* and *Free-way*. They're Navaho signs, somehow. I encourage you to be aware of that. I encourage any of you white collar workers up there to tear up calendars."

"And now we are at the windows of the Crown-Zellerbach building. Those people sitting up there are frustrated and grumpy because their windows won't open. That's how the building was made. They make paper in this building here, but they made the building so people up there can't throw paper out at the end of the year."

That did it, at noon. The people of San Francisco TURNED ON, en masse. The most dramatic proof of Stewart Brand's effectiveness, with his loudspeaker system, was evidenced in Kezar Stadium that afternoon—and I quote from a newspaper reporter, Ron Fimrite, who was there:

"Three thousand marchers of all sexes and sizes, thirty-two bands and assorted horses, donkeys and camels participated . . . and Lord knows how many flags flapped above the green and brown field. But the most obvious was the biggest in the Nation—141 by 93 feet and weighing more than 700 lbs."

And, wrote Ron Fimrite, "a hundred and fifty men unfurled this massive piece of goods on the field during a half-time approximately the length of *Ben Hur*" and the men "jumped grace-

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The Infamous Statue of Liberty Bomb Plot Case

by Jerry Weinberg

Last February 16th, a pretty French-Canadian girl, Michelle Duclos, drove from Canada to New York. According to police, she illegally possessed and transported 30 sticks of dynamite and three blasting caps into the City, planning to turn the explosives over to a group called the Black Liberation Front, a miniscule black nationalist organization.

Upon reaching New York, Miss Duclos contacted Raymond Wood, a member of the B.L.F., and told him that the car with the explosives was parked in a lot in the Bronx.

Wood in turn called Robert Steele Collier, alleged leader of the B.L.F., who met him at the parking lot. At this point Wood revealed himself as a police agent, arrested Collier and turned him in.

Shortly afterward, two more men, Walter Augustus Bowe and Khaleel Sultarn Sayyed, were arrested in connection with the same incident.

The initial press reports—that the dynamite was to be used to destroy or damage the Statue of Liberty, the Liberty Bell and the George Washington Monument—were sensational in their own right. Then-Police Commissioner, Michael J. Murphy, held an extensive press conference, covering all phases of the "plot" and lauding the police hero, Raymond Wood.

But in the days to follow the press warmed to the task and began telling how really rotten the three accused men and the Canadian girl were.

As strong as Murphy's quote of Collier's admission appeared ("I did not want to hurt anyone, but I wanted to draw attention to the condition of my race and I was going to blow up a national monument"), it was nothing compared to a later quote the N.Y. *Journal-American* attributed to Murphy: "The conspirators had no plans to wait until the Statue . . . was deserted. They did not care about loss of life."

Collier's original lawyer, Conrad J. Lynn, says that the first stilted remark was a fabrication. "He never gave a statement of any kind to anyone. All he said was that he wanted to see his lawyer—and it took me *three days* to see him."

But then the papers really began to wax whimsical. The Black Terror also involved hidden guns, an international and domestic Communist plot, and it could be traced to the "Harlem Riots."

It was associated with the assassination of Malcolm X, who, the papers reminded us in case we had forgotten, was about to expose a Cuba and Chinese-affiliated narcotics ring, bent upon destroying the fiber and strength of the U.S., when his voice was stilled forever.

The reports continued the racist tone set by the N.Y. *Times* when it exposed—but, after objection, never proved—a gang of "Blood Brothers" seeking revenge against Whitey. The reporter who broke the story, Junius Griffin, was later fired by the *Times*; it continues to refer to the Blood Brothers, but only as the forerunner of a new and similar group, the Five Percenters.

From the beginning, Wood was described as juxtaposed against the three other black men who *weren't* a

credit to their race.

He was a recent addition to the police force, and had infiltrated and gained some respect in such groups as CORE and the Freedom Now Party, a political group under black leadership. During Murphy's press conference, though Wood's face was kept hidden from news cameras, he was elevated in rank on the spot.

Because I know Collier moderately well, my first reaction to the story was that he isn't the leader type. This feeling was reinforced later by people who described Bowe and Sayyed as rational, intelligent men, not the sort one would think to be sucked into such a stupid, self-defeating scheme. After studying the charges and proof against these men, I wonder whether any crime had taken place at all.

The three men and Miss Duclos were indicted by a Federal Grand Jury and accused of conspiring to destroy federal property and having had dynamite in their possession.

But when the trial began in May, the indictment appeared incomplete. So the prosecutor expanded the indictment to include several other counts.

Defense objected.

A criminal is indicted solely on the word of the Grand Jury; it is not legally permissible for the prosecutor or the judge to reinterpret the Jury's indictment to include other counts. This in part accounts for the objections that something is "irrelevant and immaterial": a man may be a dope addict, a Communist or a thief, but it has little or no bearing on whether he went through a red light. At least in theory.

The objection was overruled.

The petit (trial) jury was picked from a 90-member panel—according to the law, to be representative of the population of the federal district (Manhattan, Westchester County and the Bronx). But both the Grand and Petit Juries, according to Collier's appeal, ". . . were juries from which black people, Puerto Ricans and persons of the lower economic groups had been systematically excluded. . . . [These three groups] constitute at least 39% of the population of the area. . . ." The jury panel "had but one black person, no Puerto Ricans, two retired N.Y. policemen and one C.I.A. agent."

"In other words, if this jury panel was representative of the population of [the area], one would conclude that there were no Puerto Ricans, as many C.I.A. agents as black people and twice as many retired policemen as black people (who according to the 1960 census compose at least 21% of the population)."

A challenging motion and affidavit by the defense were denied.

The one black member of the panel, over objection, was questioned by the judge whether his race would prevent him from rendering an unbiased verdict. But when the defense asked the judge to question white jurors concerning affiliation with the Klan, the White Citizen's Council or the Minute Men, the request was refused.

Along with these manifestations of judicial racism, Collier's appeal mentions a time when one of his two trial lawyers, Mark Lane, who is white, left the room for a few moments. The judge, William B. Herlands,

asked Collier whether he was willing to allow the trial to continue without Lane present.

Although the other lawyer, Len Holt, who is black, assured the court that Collier agreed, and although Collier himself nodded in affirmation, the judge pressed for him to answer. This denied him the constitutional right to remain silent at one's trial.

Throughout the trial prosecution was allowed, over objection, to inject "irrelevant, inflammatory, and illegal evidence."

Rifles taken without warrant from Bowe's home and from Sayyed's place of employment, were entered as evidence though they had no bearing on the case.

Materials for the manufacture of Molotov cocktails and other traps were, similarly, injected into the trial and into the minds of the jury.

At the same time, these items showed "the wilful and knowing supplying of these items *by the police* [i.e., Raymond Wood] before any conspiracy was supposed to have existed, to enable Collier to teach teenagers how to make Molotov cocktails and traps, a separate offense, if any offense at all. . . . These exhibits were police manufactured evidence given to Collier according to prosecution testimony, and then brought into court on a completely separate charge . . . [and] flaunted before the jury as proof that the accused is a 'terrible man.' The purpose of these irrelevant exhibits was to inflame. The prosecution succeeded." (All emphasis added.)

It should be noted that, even after the prosecution added to the original indictment, the charges and thus the trial were illegal. The laws under which these men were tried do not pertain to conspiracy but only to an actual act. This is evident because the law stipulates that damage to federal property *exceeding \$100* in value is a felony. There is no stated or implicit allowance for the planning of such destruction. But this, in fact, is the "law" under which the men were tried.

Had the Grand Jury indicted them solely under a relevant law, they would have had to prove possession, in the case of the men, and transportation and possession by Miss Duclos. According to the police, Collier at one point "possessed" (that is, moved from one spot to another) the dynamite. And Bowe and Sayyed were not arrested even near the location of the explosives.

The only one who could be said to have had possession of the dynamite was Michelle Duclos—and she denied even that, at least at the beginning.

Because of the testimony by the police, the defense was allowed basically one argument: entrapment. According to the law, if a defendant can show that his crime was planned by the police or other state agencies in order to make him culpable, for whatever reason, the arrest is illegal.

There were *two* witnesses to testify that they had been approached by Wood with the same plans before the defendants had even met Wood.

"On direct and cross examination, Ray Wood had placed the source of the criminal plans as being the defendant's. To show the falsity of Wood's statements and show that Wood had created a 'cop-inspired plot' the defense offered the testimony of Jeremiah J. Teahan that Wood had told him prior to the date of Wood meeting the defendants that he, Wood, had conceived of a plan to destroy the Statute of Liberty.

"This testimony was not permitted by the judge.

"Additional information in the form of the testimony of Miss Barbara Loebe was offered to show that Wood had advanced the plot-plan, spoken approvingly of the plan to blow up the Statue of Liberty long before meeting the defendants. This was also excluded."

The reason Judge Herlands would not allow the testimony was because he said it would prolong the trial to too great an extent. In addition to the testimony itself, the prosecution would need time to find, call and examine rebuttal witnesses who would then have to be cross-examined. Conceivably, this means that the days or weeks that were refused might mean *years* in the long run for the accused.

There are other witnesses who can testify that after Wood had met the three defendants he had continued to seek to recruit more people into the plot. Another black nationalist, Charles Johnson, said "Wood tried to rope me in on the deal, but I wasn't paying much attention to what he was saying. And I'm sorry now that I wasn't because if I had I might be able to help Collier now."

In addition to all the above, the appeal states that the court:

- Prevented "due process, equal protection of the laws, and right to counsel . . . by forcing the defendant to trial without the essential information and discovery requested." Specifically, this refers to Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy's initial two hour press conference to nearly 200 reporters during which he "went far beyond the information included in the indictment and gave much of the information sought by the defense in its motion for a bill of particulars . . . which was denied. . . . With the information of the press conference witnesses could have been secured who participated in the relevant [Canadian-U.S.] border crossings or persons who could have proven that the defendants *never had possession of the dynamite* when, as here, the mere possession is enough to convict." (Emphasis added.)

- Denied "fair trial because the trial, in effect, was not a public one, as the judge had promised it would be. Although testimony was given before the public, "all motions, arguments of motions, requests and inquiries were secret."

A final charge was against judicial bias. As the appeal states, "There was just too much judge in the case, a prosecution-minded judge." He became "an extra member of the prosecution team."

Among the judge's tactics:

- "Permitting the prosecutor to use an FBI agent as an intimidator of the jury.

- "Repeatedly permitting, over objection, the prosecutor to present testimony . . . with the accompanying rehearsed injections as an issue in the minds of the jury such subjects as Castro, Cuba, China, Mao Tse-tung, Vietnam, leading international communist officials and domestic communist groups such as the Progressive Labor Party.

- "Telling the jury to give remarks about Cuban leaders such consideration as it saw fit, in spite of the fact that foreign and domestic Communism was irrelevant to the issues of the case.

- "Endorsing the testimony of the prosecution wit-

(Continued on Back Cover)

Two Organizations in Search of a Favorable Image

by John Leo

The John Birch Society is currently in search of a better public image, and has therefore sunk an enormous amount of money into two public-relations films that will soon be popping up at Rotary Clubs, businessmen's luncheons and suburban tea parties across the country. One of the films, which I saw at a press screening the other day, was made by a man named David Meyer, who previously worked for Walt Disney and thus is presumably familiar with the general material.

The film was introduced by a relentlessly smiling, earnest and well-dressed Birch organizer, and featured an endless stream of similar smiling, earnest middle-class Americans politely going about their appointed task of saving the rest of us benighted dolts from the Communist hordes in our midst. The whole presentation was marked by the soothing baritone incantation and fundamentalist slickness of a good Mormon PR movie, and showed a similar affinity for the shimmering goodness of non-urban, non-colored, middle-class faces that most of us encounter only in Coca-Cola ads.

The Mormon film at the World's Fair, which I am sure was the Fair's most effective, follows one of these families up to heaven, where they perch, on pink clouds, in white dresses and white suits, ties, shirts and shoes. The Birch Society is similarly a community of the saved. The actors tell us how meaningless life was in the pre-Birch period, and that the society is a group of "truly good men and women" with whom the viewer may mingle and make favorable social contacts with his own kind.

Using sketches, the film takes us through a rather stylized account of the death of John Birch, which, we are assured, was the first fatality of World War III—the same war James Burnham is doggedly waging in the pages of *National Review*. (The drawings, incidentally, make John Birch look uncannily like John F. Kennedy, the politician who was a well-known pro-Communist, and therefore assassinated by a Marxist under Party discipline.)

We are told, darkly, that the Communists have conquered 7,000 people every hour since World II. Most of the film's first half, however, stressed the overpowering *chumminess* of the society: smiling matrons fighting Communism at tea parties in suburbia; handsome, clean-cut Birch organizers calling at rose-covered cottages; a lonely Bircher delightedly reading his *Mem-*

(Continued on Page 12)

by Paul Velde

"An avant garde Christmas exhibit with the theme 'Peace On Earth' will reopen tomorrow or Saturday at the IBM Product Display Center with changes to satisfy IBM officials. . . . 'We did some rearranging and deleting of the material that looked like placards pickets carry in those marches,' said Mr. Monahan."—Herald-Tribune

So you want to know what happened, honey. Well it couldn't have been very long ago. Our genealogy is relatively short, you know. Impeccable, but none of that Mayflower, Boston Tea, what-have-you crowd. But it really doesn't matter, does it? Everything so relative—it all depends on how you look at it. And so much passes our way . . . everybody's problems. Everybody's got problems. Problems and then there are problems. Imagined problems, personal data clogging our circuits.

One wants to file it all away as quickly as possible. But then one also wants to help. It's really too much. And so AC, you know . . . you know? You'd think we had nothing better to do. And gratitude? They don't know the meaning of the word around here. That's what comes of being taken for granted. Like this latest . . . peace, peace, peace, that's all we heard. And . . . get this, we're supposed to know what it means. All out of the blue and we're supposed to know.

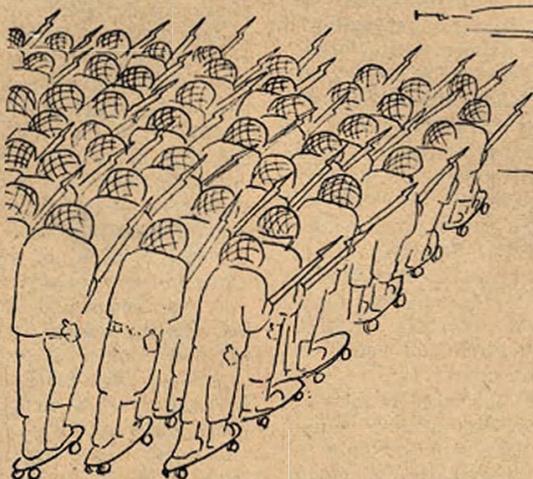
Okay, it's a living. I'll give you that. Highest grade oil. A steady current. But the livery is rather unimaginative. White, white . . .

white until it drives your scanner up the walls. Oh, I suppose it's necessary. It keeps the morale of the regulars on a nice/even keel. And the current is steady. Keeps your memory bank humming. Everything well-thought-out, solved to a micro-impulse. No flutter tubes here. We haven't aborted an idea since we learned to *think* before we think. But I sometimes wonder how much longer it can last. The honeymoon that drives you mad!

But, yes, you can imagine what we thought when they brought in the others! Rather flakey finish, in fact. Ha-ha, only a joke, sweetheart. Don't get impatient. Actually the bright colors were too much. The lemon, all that carmine. I suppose it's okay if you don't care. But it was really altogether too flashy to be taken seriously.

I said to 'A,' "Friends of yours?" You should have seen the look she gave me. Her little digitals flushed ever so slightly. Personally, I felt a wee drop in kilowatts, a nervous condition I sometimes get.

Then they rolled us out and put them in the window.



The lettering was gorgeous, if you need that sort of thing. If you're fragile. Really, there's no sense of loyalty around here. It seems sometimes as if anything bright will do. Then why don't they change the livery if it means so much? White, my God!

'A' shuddered when they pulled her terminals. A rough grimy hand. Certainly not one of the regulars. But she rolled out in utter silence. Her bearings were divine. There's a tradition around here. We rise to the occasion. That's how we're made, I guess. Anyway, it shows at a time like that.

Utter silence. You could have heard a pin drop. But of course nothing is ever dropped around here. It was, instead, a ceremony, I think. A ceremony of degradation. It was inevitable perhaps. *Comprendre c'est pardonner! Un silence profond*, except for the really unnecessary workmen. Uncouth. Untrained, actually. One can at least say that for the regulars. They're trained. A couth bunch, though of course I can't speak for their off hours.

But that isn't really our story, is it? You want to know about those others and the whole needless business. Well, I can tell you this. It was the one time when we weren't consulted. Somebody apparently had an "idea" (I use the quotes advisedly, dearie) that couldn't be programmed. Instead of just letting it drop—that is to say, evaporate; nothing around here is ever dropped—he just cheerily went ahead, heedless, unthinking, innocent. A real schmuck in white shirt.

As a result, we had these . . . displays moved in. Real daisies, let me tell you. The natives started getting restless the same day. Smudging the window, some of them coming in. Now generally the natives are not an unruly lot. They smell, but you get used to that. They seem to have developed a limited range of comprehension that allows them to function. But it's all very marginal, I'd imagine. They're rather colorful, actually, inane grins, gaps that make you wish you could do something for them. It is a certain charm.

I've spent a good deal of time in the window myself, you know. I can speak from a certain memory bank. As a floor model, I suppose I'm rather lucky. They're really nice, the natives. It's a shame there's so much that separates us from them. There are other things, you know. The flaccidness around the jowls is disgusting. And even the regulars around here are replaced from time to time.

Something must wear out. They're probably not made with the very best materials. Those new displays looked fragile too, as I mentioned. I suppose they have a tendency in that direction also, though from what I wouldn't know. They don't have any moving parts. I watched to see if their colors changed, or the letters. But they didn't. The word "Peace" was on all of them, sort of obtuse, I thought. And it didn't change, but just stupidly stayed there. And for some strange reason this seemed to upset the natives.

The tranquil, one might almost say pacific, faces colored. The flaccid jowls swelled. Most just turned away, but a few came inside and talked with the regulars. We hadn't seen so many colored shirts in the place since 'A's grandmother tried to run off with the water-cooler and the sprinklers spurted the third floor with English breakfast tea. Everybody was agitated. We couldn't understand why.

I said to 'A,' "'A' darling, what's all the fuss about?'"

We'd never seen anything quite so irregular. My kilowatts were in a state.

'A' said she was sure she didn't know. She flicked her terminals in exasperation.

Finally saner heads began to prevail. Several of the regulars got together and submitted queries. They were really moving, though hopelessly confused. It made it all the harder for us to have to reject them. But they simply weren't programmed the way we're used to. I for one can't see why such a fuss was made over one little word. We give them spools of words every day and nothing like this ever happened. Actually, I don't think it was the word at all. It was really putting the word in the window that caused all the trouble. I told them, "Take the damn things out of the window, dearies!"

JOHN LEO

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ber's *Monthly Message* from national headquarters.

The headquarters itself was shown at great length, with special emphasis on its enormous files, automated equipment and the endless stream of literature that pours out daily in huge cartons.

The drive to impeach Earl Warren was dropped in very casually—on a poster being tacked up by an obviously solid and successful burgher. The anti-civil rights theme was touched on just as delicately, by references to "the nightmare of violence and brutality" and "the growing menace to children and homes." On the far right, *Support your local police* is as instantly translatable in racist terms as *international banking conspiracy* was a generation ago.

Next, an array of low-level Birch members sang the glories of the society.

A fundamentalist Baptist preacher noted a parallel between theological and political liberalism, each watering down our heritage and leading to perdition.

A New York priest hoped that every Catholic would join the Birch Society and thought that Pius XI (sic) would have approved.

A doctor noted the malignancy of Medicare, and wondered whether American lawyers realized that the insatiable appetite of the federal government would soon lead to the gobbling up of their profession as well.

Several mothers wondered what on earth the world is coming to.

There were two deviations from the middle class—a plumber and a garage mechanic who, in the accepted poses of detergent commercials, brandished wrenches while pointing out that the world is going to hell with great dispatch.

The movie replaces a 7-year-old filmed speech by Robert Welch, which was apparently too outlandish even for purposes of recruiting new Birchers. The new film, a shade more tactful, was made for "larger and more general audiences," but even here the consultants couldn't keep the Maximum Leader offstage.

Welch pointed out that the wily Communists have made a heavy penetration of the communications media, including the *New York Times*, *Life*, *Look* and *Time*. (A *Tribune* reporter asked later why his employer hadn't been mentioned. The *Trib* is very touchy about being left out of things these days.) Welch attacked critics of the Birchers as Comsymps and casually mentioned that "it would be easy to show that [they]

What Happened in Chico

by Tom S. Reck

In Chico, California, they will sentence you to five days in jail and a \$500 fine if you say "bullshit" or "bastard" on their public plaza, especially (or only) if you happen to be a college professor who opposes U.S. policy in Vietnam.

A former highway patrolman with no judicial training or law degree passed that sentence after a district attorney who wore cowboy boots and an initialed cowboy belt to the trial convinced a jury of twelve Chicanos that Chico State College professor Edmund diTullio had disturbed the public peace by his language at a rally discussing American involvement in Vietnam.

Also in Chico, demonstrating even with the approval of a court officer beforehand can bring you five days in jail for contempt of court if you are a college professor who wears a beard. The same former highway patrolman refused Chico State College professor Frank Jan-kunis and three Chico students legal representation, pronounced the five-day sentence (four days more than the maximum punishment for lower court contempt), and ordered them placed immediately in the county jail within half an hour after their campus arrest in the student union while eating lunch.

And if you are the president of Chico State College, you will remain aloof from the reprisals against your faculty members and student body by intruding elements in the community; or if only a faculty member, you will certainly not allow the activities to distract you from your primal function of enforcing class attendance, as did one or two professors whose dismissal of classes in protest was denounced at



follow directions from Moscow," although there apparently wasn't time to do so.

Landlords and salesmen are the backbone of the fight against Communism, he added, since those who own property and know how a free enterprise system works could not be taken in. Welch explained that the society remains monolithic in structure so that Communists can't get in and cause dissension. You can't fight Communism very well if you're going to get bogged down in silly disputes. Those who do raise disputes will simply be dropped from membership and given their money back.

There is no need to fear a nuclear war, since "in most cases, the Communists own the men who would have to push the buttons." In the question period, I asked our host whether Communist ownership extended to Lyndon Johnson, the nation's only authorized button-

faculty meetings and on television by state assemblymen.

Chico, a community of about 30,000 in Northern California which has the largest oak tree of its species in the United States, apparently is now satisfied that it has sufficiently reprimanded the state college that bears its name, and so sort of belongs to it.

The city's trial of diTullio lasted fourteen days. The jury took only 24 minutes to deliberate its decision. The city's newspaper called the professors who supported diTullio "dupes of the Communist conspiracy."

And the British motion picture *Darling*, which makes irreverent use of words like "bastard" and "whore," was playing undisturbed in downtown Chico several weeks later, the words apparently being inoffensive as long as they are not used in a political context.

Professor diTullio, a former U.S. marine, acknowledged the likely use of "hells" and "damns" in his discussion in the public plaza. He also recalled stating, "That's a bullshit of a question," in response to a young man's bait as to which side he had fought on in the Korean War; and he stated that he had told the rally that during World War II he had been impressed by a sign directed toward American troops in the South Pacific which read, "Kill, kill, kill, the yellow bastards!"

The official indictment also suggested that he had used the word "whore" and the term "fucking bitch"; but diTullio was confident that he had used the former only very technically to refer to that profession, not to call names, and that he had not used the latter at all.

The female prosecution witnesses testified to the milder words, since probably no lady could be expected to herself repeat language criminal enough to draw a jail sentence. The male witnesses verified the coarser ones; the son of a right-wing state legislator, in fact, remembered the severest language of all.

District Attorney Lucian Vandergrift, while fondling his initialed Western belt, was careful to repeat none of them, always preceding his examination of witnesses with the apology, "Now, I don't want to embarrass you by asking you to repeat profane words. . . ."

Previously, at the reading of the charges Vandergrift had suggested that all ladies present might want to leave the courtroom; and when none did, he verbally deduced that there must not be any present.

The "fucking bitch" herself (or the woman diTullio allegedly labeled one) appeared to complain about his claim that prostitutes were among the provisions provided by the government for American servicemen, and

pusher. He replied that he could not presume to explicate a quote from Robert Welch, which is sensible enough.

All this took place with proper respectability in the Green Room of the New York Hilton, where skeptical waiters served sandwiches and cream cuffs. The whole thing took two hours, during which time the Communists conquered 14,000 more people and moved ever closer to taking over the whole American apparatus—Hilton Hotel, cream puffs and all.

According to the latest Birch estimates, printed in *American Opinion* magazine, the Communists now exert 65% control over the United States. Worse than that, William F. Buckley, Jr. is now a dupe of the Communists. Shows you how much you miss if you trust everything you read in the newspapers.

to say that as the mother of two sons of draft age, she was offended by his inference that immoral sexuality could exist as part of a moral war.

Defense Attorney Marshall Krause, obtained from the Civil Liberties Union in San Francisco, 200 miles away, when no counsel in Chico was forthcoming for diTullio, nonchalantly incorporated "fucking bitch" into his questions with unnecessary frequency to soften their effect on the seven female jurors, and with a sense of humor repeatedly asked witnesses if they had heard diTullio "evoke divine vengeance."

A neighbor subpoenaed to establish the usual language of Mrs. Betty Jo Wallace, the woman who had brought the charges of obscenity against diTullio, in order to show that she could not have possibly been offended by diTullio's words, no matter what they were, was not allowed to testify.

District Attorney Vandergrift objected to testimony establishing the context in which diTullio had used the word "bastard," claiming that it was irrelevant whether or not it was used in a quotation or in name-calling.

Witnesses for the defense were urged by Vandergrift to admit their sympathy with the Viet Cong, their allegiance to beatnikism, and their willingness "to do anything" to help diTullio.

The witnesses recalling the severest language did things like delivering telegrams to earn their livings, while those testifying that there had been no obscene words included professors from the college and two newspaper reporters who had been present at the rally.

Vandergrift subpoenaed not only diTullio's personal files from the college (to which diTullio himself does not have access), but also those of the college employees who had appeared as defense witnesses. Judge Tillman Daley decided to disallow their introduction only when a state attorney for the California State College system convincingly appeared from Sacramento.

Shortly after the verdict on December 9th, the president of Chico State College announced his decision to fire Professor diTullio, although he had been recommended for retention unanimously by the Retention and Tenure Committee from his department. The college president had made no statement concerning the trial, apparently seeing no implications of injustice since it happened to occur within legal structures.

A day after the verdict, policemen entered the Chico State campus to arrest one professor and three students for participation in a demonstration against the diTullio proceedings. Nine other students who had participated also volunteered themselves for arrest, but were turned down by Judge Daley, who sentenced the four without legal counsel for terms four days beyond the maximum legal sentence. District Attorney Vandergrift threatened to cite two additional students for perjury.

On the campus 300 students marched on the college president to ask what he would do to rectify what they considered an infringement of the students' legal rights, without, of course, knowing that the policemen had entered the campus with the president's knowledge and permission. Professor diTullio was among the group and told the still non-committal president that "a man has to take a stand some time."

At the insistence of a minority of faculty members, who properly saw that the fascist attitude of the town of Chico had been carried over into official law enforce-

ment, the president called a general faculty meeting to discuss what he called "a lack of communication" between the college and the community.

At the meeting, he acknowledged that these were "times for conversation" and presented a resolution, the strongest statement of which called for tolerance and understanding on both sides, and which even apologetically promised that the "normal functioning of the instructional program [would] be maintained in the classroom without interruption."

After three hours of painstakingly removing statements which could conceivably offend anyone whatsoever anywhere in Chico, the faculty finally passed a rather impotent version of a resolution introduced by members of the social science department, which had originally properly identified the town's attitude as one advocating literature by Horatio Alger, science by Genesis, psychology by the Little Red Hen, and social science by *Mein Kampf*.

Even the bland adoption was considered only after an engineering professor suggested that since "God helps those who help themselves," Professor diTullio should take his own individual action; after an agriculture professor argued that a faculty resolution would be Communist because it was a collective action; and after a business law professor insisted that if injustice had occurred, the only legal recourse was through the election of representatives to the state legislature, who could then alter the laws, rather than through protests and resolutions, which he apparently identified as something other than legal recourse.

The president of the college finally appointed a Committee of 36 (12 students, 12 faculty members, 12 townspeople) to consider the issues, hopeful perhaps that in their expenditures toward calling roll and selecting sub-committees, they might forget about the undignified problem at hand.

A state representative went on television to promise to clean up "the mess at Chico State."

Several professors resigned.

The Chico chief of police took to sending plainclothesmen (35-year-old officers in college costumes of jeans and sweaters) to school dances to deal with the "beatnik elements," which apparently constituted some sort of fearful threat that never materialized.

Death chants and threats of violence to the children of liberal faculty members continued and is continuing.

It was rumored that the last of the "Zen Buddhists" who came to Chico in 1962 to avoid atomic fallout (Chico is supposedly immune to radioactivity) had decided to leave, perhaps realizing there were worse dangers than fallout.

Although the public school teacher from Chico who received national publicity when her diligent students smuggled tape recorders into her classroom to record her alleged Communist lectures was still teaching, the *Feather River Times*, printed a few miles from Chico, continued to suggest that frontal lobotomies were Communist-inspired.

And with its tongue in its cheek, the Chico State chapter of the California State College Professors Association petitioned that the official name of the college be changed from Chico State College to California State College at Chico.

Vietnam Ain't Ready for Reform Yet

by Arne Passman

The Far Eastern trade and good-will mission late last year of Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty culminated in a stop-over in South Vietnam where he said "men from California were very glad to see me."

This was no doubt in reply to *Los Angeles Times* reporter Ruben Salazaar who wrote that he did not think Mayor Yorty's visit would do much to bolster the troops' morale, especially when the Mayor used an air-conditioned limousine during his stay in Saigon.

Yorty vigorously denied this, insisting that he rode in a Chevrolet. Whatever, Mayor Yorty's morale undoubtedly received a boost when he was made the first honorary member of the Non-Commissioned Officers Club of the 1st Infantry Division.

It is not known exactly for what reason Mayor Yorty was asked to look over the situation, but *The Nation* of Dec. 27, 1965, commented "that a man who has managed the race relations of Los Angeles so brilliantly must be qualified to give pointers to our civilian and military aides."

My own supposition is that Mayor Yorty's far-reaching connection with the defoliation of a jungle last summer was probably the basis for his high-level visit.

In any event, on his return to L.A., Mayor Yorty spoke liberally about the conflict in Vietnam. In fact, he even gave a luncheon at the Statler Hilton on Dec. 13, for his Council for International Visitors and Sister Cities Executive Committee—which *The Nation* described as "made up of henchmen and hangers-on"—in which he set down his solution for the problems in Vietnam.

The fact is the Mayor lets it be known that the position of California Attorney General is enticing to him.

In describing his trip through South Vietnam, Mayor Yorty said he saw much of the country and battle areas, including a visit to the "more or less sacred" city of Hue just below the 17th parallel. Among his thoughts and suggestions, the Mayor offered, "It just seems to me . . . that they [those wonderful boys] are entitled to the best weapons we have to save their lives." These, he proposed, are tactical nuclear weapons "to knock out a bridge for good," but not to be used against civilians.

Pointing (with a pointer) at a line resembling a gastro-intestinal incision running down through eastern Laos and Cambodia—which had an arrow marked TRAIL pointing at it—on a large map of southeast Asia, Mayor Yorty fumed, "The Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos and Cambodia is an intolerable

situation and we should hit it hard soon." He also suggested that "maybe there ought to be a little talk at least about liberating North Vietnam."

He further catalogued his remarks by saying we should "stop worrying about public opinion . . . this is not a popularity contest," stop "restraining our fighting men; Haiphong should be knocked out and a large area around Hanoi shouldn't be immune" and send more troops to Vietnam—"enough to do the job." The Mayor explained this was all necessary because if Vietnam falls, "all southeast Asia will fall to the Communists."

He also complained he was "tired of seeing us plead with the Communists for unconditional negotiations" and that we should "discourage demonstrations at home; don't give them any more publicity than we absolutely have to." He said he assured the men in Vietnam there were only "kooks," "beatniks," and "hard-core Communists" behind the demonstrations.

And in answering criticism of his trip to Vietnam (Salazaar reported Yorty used the air-conditioned limousine to go to a dinner party in Saigon), the Mayor bristled that the attendance of about 1,300 at the luncheon (the initials of the council CIVSCEC—pronounced *siv-check*—suggest that the group may have a strong Polish make-up) "indicates you believe that I was doing something more than socializing during my visit there."

I thoroughly agree with *The Nation* and cannot question Mayor Yorty's credentials for commenting on the morass that plagues us in Vietnam.

Politically, the implications are well-known, and infinite, it seems. Certainly any man who has been placed in command of a vast American city, particularly one that bears recent scars of battle, can fare no worse than others who have muddled before in Vietnam.

And in no small way, Mayor Yorty has established himself handsomely in international relations. After all, at no time last August did he find it necessary to ask that O.A.S. forces be sent into Watts.

Whether his "keen analysis" (oh, if he'd been in Santo Domingo in revolution-blossom time) will be considered by the Administration is hard to gauge, but there is a like astute political mind whose practical interpretation of the Vietnamese quandary—and possible resolution—could carry a great deal of weight in Washington.

Every now and then, rumors have been about in the land that Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago was about to land himself a spot in Lyndon B. Johnson's cabinet.

It is a matter of record the great

esteem that the President holds for Mayor Daley (as did the late President Kennedy), and while the Mayor has repeatedly said he is quite content to stay in Chicago, the beck and call of the President is hard not to heed.

This may become increasingly true for the 62-year-old Daley as he takes stock of opposition mayoralty victories in Detroit and New York during this decade, and the hard times his constituents have brought upon him in the areas of *de facto* segregation, poverty programs, expressways, etc.

While Mayor Daley speaks confidently of a successful campaign in the spring of 1967, there appear to be circumstances that put his seemingly sure victory—and perhaps even his running, some say—in the "iffy" state.

As difficult as this itself is to imagine, the mind does not at all boggle at the possibility that some day soon President Johnson will admit where it's at and make the announcement that Richard J. Daley has been appointed Ambassador to South Vietnam.

For there are perfectly reasonable (synonymous with political) considerations that make this a not-at-all-to-be-scoffed-at likelihood. In the main, probably no man in this country has the political acumen and resources to bring about the long-delayed elections that would unite Vietnam—and accomplish it quite to the satisfaction of the U.S. Just ask Richard Nixon.

Ultimately, it must be noted that since the Vietnamese are increasingly becoming a dead citizenry, Mayor Daley's monolithic machine should be counted on to get their votes. Moreover, at some time, these votes by themselves will probably constitute a majority, and the mayor will not be placed in the touchy position of being associated with similar "unethical" tactics as were said to prevail in the 1960 presidential elections in Cook County.

Also, the appointment of Mayor Daley to an ambassadorial post is in line with the granting of such plums to those of the party faithful who have rendered long and invaluable service. Just ask Joseph Kennedy. You can't ask Adlai Stevenson.

Finally, Richard Daley is a deeply religious man who can be expected to act in the best interests of not only the United States and Vietnam, but all of mankind. Just ask Cardinal Spellman. Oh, bullshit! Ask General Bullmoose.

So, fellow Americans, let us hope that day is not too far distant when, as the Marine Corps Band strikes up *Chinatown, My Chinatown*, Ambassador Daley steps into the shoes of Henry Cabot Lodge, Maxwell Taylor, Sam Yorty—and Marlon Brando (the front-runner, it is rumored, to portray Daley in a movie tentatively entitled *Don't Call It Shy*)—and proudly announces, "Dere ain't no Syndicate in Saigon."

The Great American Canal

by Donald Honig

In the late 1850's an obscure young American engineer by the name of Yockey Prettyman conceived an idea which, if pursued to its completion, would certainly have altered the history of the United States and consequently that of the entire world. Prettyman, a New Englander by birth, a graduate of Yale, has been the subject of a recent biography by Professor O. A. Finestine entitled *The Noble Idea*.

It was Prettyman's plan to dig a canal clear across the United States, a sort of very realistic Northwest Passage. The idea is not quite as impractical as it appears at first glance. Professor Finestine came into possession of Prettyman's notebooks and blueprints and has been able to reconstruct the young engineer's plan.

It was Prettyman's intention to dig across New England, connect with the already existent Erie Canal and lead those waters westward to Lake Erie. Then they would dig again, across the base of Michigan, just south of Detroit, until reaching Lake Michigan. There would then be a linking up with the Illinois River at Chicago and the Great American Canal (as Prettyman described it in his diary) would flow on a southerly course toward St. Louis where it would connect with both the Mississippi and Kansas Rivers, following the Kansas westward. Then would come some further digging until a union was made with the Colorado River somewhere near a town, appropriately named Grant Junction, Colorado. From there the canal would follow the Colorado River to southern California and the final digging would be across that narrow span of land into a final union with the Pacific Ocean.

Like most men of vision Prettyman was ridiculed in his time. But Professor Finestine, while not entirely endorsing Prettyman's concept in every detail, does point out (and rightly) that if the Great American Canal existed today our government would not be faced with the problems with which we are faced in Panama. We would have our own canal, and the devil take the hindmost.

Prettyman's most violent critic was Benjamin Floyd Groyne, publisher of the powerful *New York Temper*. Groyne saw the entire idea as a sinister plot. "If such a mad idea is consummated," the publisher wrote in an editorial in the *Temper* of July 8, 1858, "it could very well mark the beginning of the end of the North American continental alliance as determined by Almighty God."

Groyne, after consultation with several prominent geologists, warned that "to saw through the continent like an army of mad carpenters" was to risk the possibility of causing a severance between northern North America and southern North America, as the dichotomy would be defined by the canal. There was the chance, Groyne went on, of the southern half sliding slowly away. Turning loose three quarters of a continent "to drift on its own," Groyne said, "was an awesome responsibility."

Several prominent theologians also said it would be sacrilegious.

This is an example of 19th century Philistinism at its worst and is pure nonsense. We know that when the Panama Canal was dug South America did not break off and drift down to the South Pole.

A witty rejoinder to Groyne's fear was made by Senator Appleton of Wisconsin who slyly asked Groyne to look at a map and see where the newly created southern North America could possibly fall. In a speech on the Senate floor on July 11, 1858, Senator Appleton said that "continents are not like people; they are more stable and do not drift away with the sound of water" (the *Congressional Record* reports laughter at the latter remark).

But Prettyman also had adherents. The thought of the mighty Atlantic rolling across the nation and meeting the Pacific excited the imaginations of many. Among Prettyman's papers Professor Finestine found a yellowed bit of correspondence sent to the young engineer from a retired captain of a Nantucket whaler.

The old mariner, Morris Ahab, said that he had moved to a farm in Kansas to get as far away as he could from the ocean but was now taken with the idea of the "old ocean running past my front yard. What memories it would evoke," Captain Ahab wrote. "Good luck to you."

There were other encouraging responses. Immigration officials said it would be a good thing to have such a canal because it would prevent the forming of ethnic ghettos (such as we have since seen established in many large cities). Boatloads of immigrants could have been sent along the canal and a more equitable distribution of these people around the country made.

If this would have been done voting patterns around the land, for one thing, would have been radically different today and the course of history unquestionably altered. And with the fleets of the world passing through the canal the United States would have become the beneficiary of enormous amounts of maritime revenues.

For two years Yockey Prettyman worked hard to gain support for his idea.

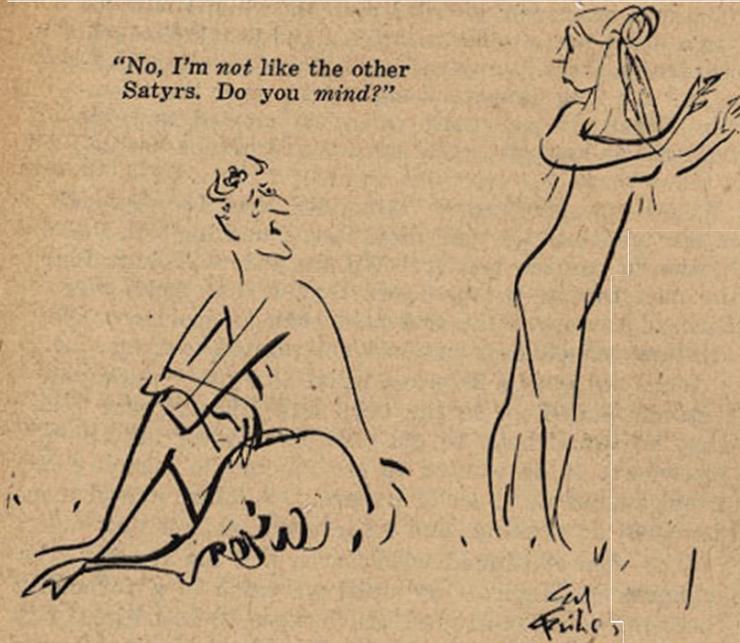
Several New York financiers were reportedly expressing interest in it when the Civil War broke out. It was an ironic intrusion upon Prettyman's dream, for the War divided the country more suddenly and more decisively than any canal could have. Virtually overnight a great moat existed. Prettyman's plan was shelved. But the young engineer kept his dream alive.

When the war was over he again approached the vested interests, but things had changed. The transcontinental railroad was being built; there was no longer a need, he was told, for a transcontinental canal. But Prettyman would not give up. The story of his last years (eloquently unfolded by Professor Finestine) is a pathetic one.

Prettyman never fully resigned himself to the rejection of his dream. As late as 1901, we see him, an old, stooped man, gray and lonely and stone deaf, petitioning President Theodore Roosevelt for a hearing, still clutching his original plans. But the man of vision was to be denied, to the very end.

The end came on April 1, 1905 at his home on Long Island where he had been living obscurely, on a small pension. He suffered a heart attack while digging a drainage ditch in his back yard. Many people said it served him right.

"No, I'm *not* like the other Satyrs. Do you *mind*?"



"—Yes, I switched to Islam because I found it a more satisfying religion than (cuckoo!)—or—(cuckoo!) . . ."



"When the guns boom, our art certainly doesn't die."

ed fisher's page



"—It's the one beer to have when you're halving more than one!"



"Well, if it bothers you, remember—it's probably driving the FBI crazy, too!"

The Misadventures of Madalyn

by Madalyn Murray O'Hair

One night in bed Richard O'Hair said simply, "You name the date when we get married," and when I answered, "Tomorrow," the entire little Mexican cottage apartment rang with his laughter. For practical reasons we decided on October 13th.

On September 19th, Richard, Garth (my younger son) and I were sitting in my *casa* in Valle de Bravo supping soup when two men from UPI knocked at my window. We invited them in. They sat down.

"Mrs. Murray, we understand you are marrying Richard O'Hair on October 13th."

It isn't often that I am speechless, but the only place this had ever been discussed had been in our bed. Not even Garth knew it yet.

Richard went up to them. "Who gave you this information?"

The reporters looked squarely at us. "The American Embassy called our wire service in Mexico City and gave it to us."

We confirmed the marriage date. The newsmen then turned to the tax-the-church case and the fact that I was seeking political asylum in Mexico. Again, they had received their information from the American Embassy in Mexico City.

The interview then took a curious bend as the two men introduced the prophetic subject of what I would do if there was an attempt to shanghai me back into the United States. They discussed the case of Morton Sobell and the FBI kidnap of him in Mexico and his illegal return to the United States.

What would I do if such an effort were made on me? I did not know.

They both felt that certain liberal Mexican magazines or newspapers (*Siempre*, for one) would never permit another illegal kidnapping and the pulling of "American chestnuts" out of Mexico.

After quite a few tequilas, the reporters left.

Richard and I turned to each other when they had cleared the gateway. *How did they know we planned to get married—and on October 13th?* We had discussed this only in our bed. The sickening revelation came to us both at one time: *Our bed was bugged.*

It was later that evening that we were also notified of my older son Bill's arrest in Wheeling, West Virginia. He was being held under \$50,000 bail!

Richard felt that he could work it all out, that he had enough contacts, so the matter could be set straight, but, he reasoned without the establishment's mentality.

On October 24th, while we were about to set the dinner table, three men appeared at my door. They were from the Central Government of Mexico. I would have to go with them immediately to have my papers "checked."

I told them I had food in the oven; that I was not properly dressed.

"It is a small routine," they told me.

"But what about my puppy dog? I can't leave him locked in the apartment."

"You will be back tomorrow," they assured me. Richard decided to drive along with us down to Mexico City.

The men ominously guarded my *casa* while I slipped from a house dress to a street dress and Garth changed from tennis shoes. We were hurried into a station wagon, and the long dangerous night drive over the mountains began. It was dark when we started and the roads are so hazardous that even the Mexicans hesitate to drive them.

Every conversation we attempted was terminated as the men told us that they "knew nothing" or that it was "a routine matter." We stopped at Toluca for the men to eat. It was there that I saw their guns. Richard reassured me and said that he had seen the artillery immediately but had not wanted to alarm me.

When we got to Mexico City it was after midnight. The car pulled up to the curb and Richard was told that he would have to get out. They were taking me elsewhere. If he wanted to see me in the morning he could appear at 99 Calle Bucarelli. Against armed men he could do nothing, and he left the station wagon.

The men continued with Garth and me far into the suburbs of Mexico City until we came to a forboding building-complex around which were 10-foot high brick walls capped with entanglements of barbed wire. Armed guards opened the enormous gates and we were hustled through. Without explanations, 10-year-old Garth was put into a prison cell, and so was I.

No one would answer a question.

No one could speak English.

We were kept in this concentration-type camp until about noon the next day. At that time, we were bundled up with a Negro and a complaining American who had been working illegally in Mexico. We were all taken to 99 Calle Bucarelli.

We asked to see the American Embassy. We were refused.

We asked for an attorney. We were refused.

We asked what the charges were against us. They just shook their heads.

We asked to see Richard. We were refused.

We asked for an explanation. We were refused.

We asked to go to the toilet. Two men accompanied me to the women's john and Garth to the men's john.

We asked for food. We were refused.

We asked if we could return to Valle for our clothing and our money. We were refused.

We sat in the dim offices until almost one p.m. when I was forcibly fingerprinted against my wishes. I was ordered to sign lengthy papers and threatened if I would not sign them. They were not read to me. Since they were in Spanish I could not read them. I was refused information as to what was in them. The threats continued.

Finally Richard was called in and told to tell us "Goodbye." Even then, we did not know where we were going, or why. I talked about "extradition" laws between Mexico and the United States, guessing that I was going to be returned to the States for whatever reason. I was brushed aside.

About 2 p.m. Richard was ordered to leave again. Garth and I were forced into a car and driven to the airport. There we were taken, under guard, to the airplane, before any other persons were allowed to board the plane, and handed over to the captain. The two Mexican guards warned me that they would be at the foot of the ladder to the airplane to shoot me if I

attempted to escape.

The Braniff International airplane took off at 4 p.m. We arrived in San Antonio, Texas in the early evening of the same day, October 26th. San Antonio police were spilled over the entire airport waiting for us. They advised us that a telegram from Maryland had advised them that I would be on the plane and that I should be arrested when I set foot on Texas soil.

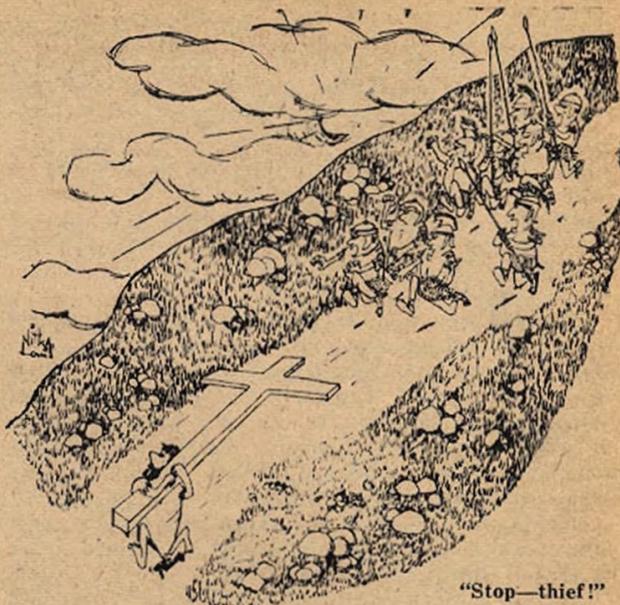
They had no warrants, these Texas police. They had no requisition for extradition. They had nothing. Two of them, heavily armed, forced Garth and me into the police car, and we headed for the police station.

A shanghai had been completed. International treaties had been ignored or violated. And, the American Embassy was in something up to its nose.

The culprit was home. I had dared to try to tax the churches, and the pound of flesh was about to be extracted.

I can understand economic reprisals. I can understand psychological terrorism. I can understand actual physical assaults. I can understand political and legal frame-ups. But bugging someone's bed is the lowest, most despicable, most barbaric touch of all.

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



"Stop—thief!"

The Village Square

by John Wilcock

Motorists driving across the Verrazano Bridge are distracted, just before entering Brooklyn, by a trim, redbrick building bearing the identification U.S. ARMY CHAPLAIN SCHOOL. An intriguing sign—inevitably leading to the thought: "What do these men of god learn under the auspices of the U.S. Army?"

Early one recent morning, after thoughtfully removing Saint Realist from my car, I drove through the gates of Fort Hamilton, genuflected before the fuzzy-cheeked sentry, and pulled up beside a black Cadillac marked *Clergy* in the parking lot. Taking rare advantage of my surroundings, I omitted to lock my car.

It was not quite 9 o'clock and, having been foresighted enough to arrive without prior announcement, I was able to walk right into the office of the commanding officer, Col. William J. Reiss, a gracious and friendly man who willingly agreed to my request for an interview on the spot.

I explained that I was a pacifist and something of an atheist, and I felt that there was a certain dichotomy between the peace and goodwill advocated by most religions and the somewhat aggressive nature of the U.S. Army (in fact, any army) and wondered how the chaplains under his care managed to resolve this issue in their own minds?

I hadn't intended to mention Vietnam so early but I found myself carried away and couldn't resist adding a few choice comments to the effect that I felt we had no right to be in Vietnam, bombing, burning and killing, and I couldn't for the life of me see how any so-called religious man could approve of it.

Chaplain Reiss seemed a little taken aback but he reacted very pleasantly, lighting his pipe and looking rather sadly at the motto on his office wall ("There's no limit to the good a man can do if he doesn't care who gets the credit"). Realizing he was embarrassed,

March 1966

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THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

and regretting my outburst, I asked what were some of the subjects dealt with at the school. He seemed pleased by this display of genuine interest and rose from his desk to pass me a gray-covered booklet bearing the motto: *Cooperation Without Compromise*.

Ignoring this apparently meaningless message, I looked inside to find it full of photographs of duffel-coated men in various phases of action. The pictures were laid out in the shape of Norman arches, rounded at the top, sort of stained glass battle scenes or Stations of the Cross.

"Every Chaplain Basic Class participates in a field training exercise for one week at Fort Dix, New Jersey," read the text. "The objective of this training is to give the student chaplain a working knowledge of military field conditions . . . crawling through the infiltration course under live fire; experiencing the gas chamber; and maintaining a military bearing and personal sanitation while living under field conditions."

During the 9-week course, the booklet added, chaplains would be taught Administration, Combined Arms, Command and Staff, Map and Aerial Photo Reading, Organization, Supply and Drill. All these were described as *Common Subjects*, and an accompanying series of classes, described as *Branch Subjects*, listed as "areas of emphasis" the following: Chaplain Staff Duties, Character Guidance, American Heritage, Psychology and Counseling, Religious Education, Methods of Instruction, Public Speaking, American Thought, National Power Concepts and Funds. Noted speakers from the military community were invited "to add authority and dimension to the program."

One other chilling note read: "The Nuclear Age requires an understanding by the Chaplain of nuclear weapons employment. In this course the student learns how nuclear explosions are produced and the resulting effects."

By the time I had digested this information a very clear picture was beginning to form in my mind about the function of a U.S. Army chaplain, i.e., that of the dumb dupe who simultaneously fulfills his sense of mission and need for authority by graciously accepting a commission in the modern army. In return for security, universal respect (public at any rate), extensive free travel and a comfortable stipend, he helps to brainwash the lonely GI to accept his lot. ("It's God's will, my boy.")

Army chaplains start at the rank of 1st Lieutenant and through the twin channels of good behavior and length of service find it no harder than other officers to work their way upwards to higher ranks. They give and accept salutes and pull rank on each other just as do other officers. Commandant Reiss, for example, is a colonel and says he finds it "commands more respect" when he gets into a hassle with other officers than if he were of lower rank.

Of course, if all chaplains were of the same rank, that is to say no rank at all, this problem wouldn't arise but it seems obvious that chaplains enjoy playing the military game as much as any other officer. As long as they were in the army, Col. Reiss explained, it was necessary to do things the army way and this, of course, explained all the "orientation" courses even though the Geneva Convention expressly forbids that chaplains actually bear arms.

"The chaplain's duties," said the commandant, "are to act as religious and moral counselor to his unit and he has an obligation to report lapses of morality to his commandant. Supposing, say, that one of the officers was going around with a couple of loose young ladies and the chaplain knew he had a wife and children at home—well, then it would be his duty to report it."

I suggested that such an obligation might be interpreted as snooping and the officer in question may tell him to mind his own business. To this Col. Reiss replied that so far as he personally was concerned he would, in this event, regard it as his duty to report the matter even higher.

The U.S. Army Chaplain School manages to process about two or three hundred chaplains, of all denominations, each year and before being accepted for indoctrination each student must be already an ordained minister in his own church. The average age of students who take the course is 27.

Apparently men of god have made peace with their consciences by this time because Colonel Reiss assured me that none of his students ever suffered from the conflict in their roles that I had so graphically imagined. In fact the single-minded purpose of the school had been dynamically spelled out by this very commandant at the beginning of the booklet I had been reading:

"We believe there is no standing still in the spiritual and academic areas of life," he platitudinally pontificated; "there is only progression or regression. We must hold high both the Lamp of Learning and the Banners of the Godly Spirit and move forward as we serve others."

On the adjoining page a message from Major General Charles E. Brown, Chief of Army Chaplains, spelled out the message more specifically: "Our responsibility is to motivate the citizen in uniform religiously, in order that he will defend the freedoms Americans understand and enjoy."

Before leaving the Chaplain School I was transferred to the care of Chaplain Brown, the school's public relations officer, who fortunately had been engaged in teaching a class when I had first burst into the commandant's office.

Chaplain Brown, an unctuous hypocrite of the type that usually becomes a scoutmaster or some similarly clean-cut moralistic official, was no more helpful than Col. Reiss in explaining either the conflict that might exist in religious minds towards endorsing a war machine or in giving me specifics of the instruction that went on in the school.

When I suggested that maybe not all ministers were in favor of burning peasants alive or destroying rice crops he replied that such thoughts were "political" and of no concern to chaplains. "It's a matter of conscience for individuals," he said.

I pointed out that some people found it easier to ignore their consciences and rationalize their actions better than others and that some ministers—a couple of hundred at least—had only that week signed a *New York Times* ad calling for peace in Vietnam.

"What religion are you?" he asked with the trace of a sneer. I replied that I wasn't affiliated with any specific religion. "Oh, well," he said, "that's why it's so easy for you to say these things."

Larry Cole's Sermon:

There is a TV show on each week called *Branded*, starring Chuck Conners as a man wrongly accused and convicted of cowardice in battle. We are all told of the terrible error of the conviction, how the Civil War captain that Conners plays was really a hero covering for the ineptitude of an aged general whose reputation Conners is devoted to protect.

And somehow there is a thread of identification, like in all drama, a taste of a kind of emotion we have tasted before but would like to share the bitterness of again. A little of the masochistic in each of us that wants to suffer a little, as long as the limits of our suffering are bounded by commercials.

But take the commercials away, make the accusations and the innocence of the accused real, make self-defense impossible and conviction a certainty, make the punishment severe, and we have concocted a nightmare. The nightmare of "Somebody help me! Won't somebody help me?" But no one listens. Not even your mother. Maybe she's even the star witness for the prosecution.

This is no TV show, but yet a kid named Felix tells the story of his conviction with detachment and resignation. You might think he considered his ordeal a joke, unless you knew that the mask of humor is his personal insulation from the pains of his torture.

The inquisitors, those who brought Felix through two years of Hell, were not in the mold of Torquimada, Hitler or even Eastland. They were not self-proclaimed persecutors, but the licensed helpers of the State of New York. Still they defined and developed a nightmare more improbable, more insidious and more elusive than the blatantly overt destroyers.

His story is told not as the exception, but as the rule. It is told not to shock but to awaken. What happened to Felix and the thousands of other Felixes need not have happened. But it is not my mission here to correct the wrongs of the past.

Felix was placed in Youth House, an institution of hard knocks charged by the City of New York to detain kids on the way to other accommodations, court or just those in need of a solemn lesson. He was placed there because he did not go to school for two weeks and because he had crossed a self-important Negro truant officer by not respecting his Nebbuchanezzar-like proclamations.

He, for example, did not take his lumps with a smile, did not make the appropriate bows, and in general, did not take the appropriate shit. So off he went to Youth House.

He did not take it there either. He resisted homosexual advances enough to make him downright unpopular. He socked a social worker who asked him, "When was the last time you slept with your mother?" So they sent him to Bellevue.

But Felix was tough. He kept fighting his war. It was a war to make the world safe for being Felix.

In Bellevue they placed him in a ward with seriously disturbed patients. At dinner one would spit in his

food. Felix complained once and the guard beat the guy up, so Felix didn't complain any more about that. When he refused to "cooperate," they placed him and other culprits in isolation, cutting down their meals and keeping them confined. He met a "psychologist" there who took him to "dirty French films" and then asked him questions during the movies. Felix didn't think that was fair.

He was finally discharged to probation. His probation officer wanted him to go back to school and Felix heartily agreed. He wanted to study drafting and mechanical-drawing. They sent him to a school where this was not taught. He wanted to stay away from trouble and "bad influences," so they sent him to a school where the initiation is being tossed down the stairs. A kid was shot there the week before.

Nowhere did anyone ask Felix what he wanted for himself, why he thought he was being put through this experience, or anything about his self-determination. One "counselor" told him he should be a machinist. Another told him that he should be a social worker.

Throughout his ordeal, Felix was pushed, kicked, and coldly ignored. He was at the mercy of people who he was convinced hated him. And his ordeal has not ended yet.

The most recent uproar to be raised to the Board of Education in New York City is the reaction of a Riverdale parent to some of the true-or-false questions involving sex and religion given to her offspring in the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (MMPI). The pressure from this well-to-do community has forced Dr. Bernard Donovan, the Superintendent of Schools of New York City, to announce an all-out investigation of the test and its use.

Neither Dr. Donovan nor anyone else having great decision-making powers and being dependent on the pleasure of a public body for their jobs, would dare flaunt the concern of such an influential community. But a group of protesting Puerto Rican parents have been and would be met with expedient patronizing promises.

And when the transitory and fickle pressure from the press subsides, when the tremendous organization and angry impetus for such a demonstration is dissipated, the situation will remain the same, and organization and angry impetus become increasingly improbable.

The facilities for youth in trouble in New York City are far more in need of repair than are its reservoirs. And just as with the water shortage, a little rain makes people forget the problem.

It is not a superficial, single change that can save the millions of children who have yet to face the brutalization and destruction of the "correctional" institutions. It is an entire revamping of both the thought and action that makes them tick. It means starting from scratch and building over.

It means that the Haryou-Acts and the Mobilizations for Youth must be given a chance to start something *really* new, free from the politics, professional quarrels and bickering that castrate them. It means that the intentionally small and personal organization, like LEAP, must be given a chance to fill the gap it fills.

It means a total change in hiring and evaluation processes in the precincts, courts, jails, training schools,

clinics and "after care" units. It means an angry public. Not a public angry at kids, but a public who is able to be angry at what happens to kids.

I find it difficult to blame Felix for the horrors he has lived through. And blame is necessary if we are going to start taking responsibility for the damage that is being done. If we could start there, by placing some of the responsibility for what is happening on the shoulders of people who are paid for this responsibility, we have started at a point that would bring the most immediate changes.

Playgrounds, parks and after-school centers may well be important. But they can hardly be expected to take the place of the real concern, support and positive guidance that are so rare. If we are really interested in spending Anti-Poverty money where it will do the most for the people who need it, then let us stop putting the money on top of the gold bricks we have bought with it in the past.

I am suggesting places where youth can come at any hour with any problem. I am suggesting expanded legal assistance when it is needed. I am suggesting small neighborhood schools where drop-outs or those in need of basic remedial subjects can come and learn, where their language skills can be more fully developed and where they are permitted to move at their own pace with teachers who understand rather than resent them. I am suggesting the development of alternatives to being sent to jail. And I am suggesting that if a child must be sent away, the result of his time away from home is a better understanding of himself rather than a greater hatred of the people who sent him there.

These suggestions are all dependent on two basic commitments. To start being for kids instead of giving them the burden of our own failures; and to spend the money available to change rather than support the guilty.

Selma Free College

by Bernard King

Selma Free College does exist—in a more definable form during the summer of '65 than it does now. If it needs defining it would be seemingly accurate to accuse it of being a school, although more accurate to call it a Freedom School.

Function could be defined as a vehicle for learning. SFC in fact is one of those rare institutions that exists for its participants rather than the traditional institution that people exist for.

There are no by-laws, constitution or board of regents to channel its direction, and yet direction comes from within, for who can know better how to meet needs than those who experience them? In whosoever's mind SFC does exist, there the structure projects from. Thus it is fairly easy to see how fluid it must be.

Traditional schools are available but it would seem that they just satisfy the legal standard and fall far short in coming to any educational ends that are realistically worthwhile.

The learning process is continuous and it is inconceivable how it can begin when you walk in a room

when a bell rings and end when the bell allows one to leave. But because of conditions, etc., many people can't agree with this belief.

The education in daily life, although the most meaningful and realistic, is insufficient as judged by the usual academic standards. Thus a combination of these approaches would logically follow.

This is an institution that professes academic ends but doesn't necessarily define them; an institution that doesn't dictate what courses a person should have to become academically qualified but still has courses in a skeletal structure, or an institution that is nothing but an excuse to get people gathered to discuss and converse where no teachers are required and everyone is a participant.

SFC is only what it is needed to be. It poses a minimal amount of restraint according to the needs of the individual. In this respect it molds itself to the individual rather than falling short in every respect by trying to mold people to it.

Actually the only constant factor is our stationery. That is, if someone were to ask to see SFC, the only material indication of it is our letterhead with our address (PO Box 638, Selma, Alabama 36702).

If you were to ask any of the 200 participants that attended classes between June and September just what Selma Free College was, I doubt seriously if you would get two answers that could be judged by one coherent standard.

With this in mind, (1) Fluidity, (2) Internal Direction and (3) Existence for its participants, it is safe to say that it is untraditional and alleviates the problem of qualification that stops so many of us from achieving academic ends, or for that matter any ends that are within the realm of the system.

This drew upon a number of different people, including first graders through college graduates and folk who stopped their formal education to work. Among these were contemporary high school drop-outs.

These are a few of the philosophies of education that were expressed and exercised by a few individuals who thought they could teach the Southern Negro something. Between June and September of 1965 these same people came to a great and rude awakening.

We found ourselves unable to teach and could only learn and draw from these people. I suspect that any persons coming South for educational endeavors might run into these conclusions if they will only be realistic with themselves.

Energies were taken from the point of teachers and put into more objective positions in providing a library for those who chose to learn and found it unnecessary to get employment, etc., in the fall.

SFC now exists only in the minds of those who thought they could teach and as a letterhead sort of drawing point for Selma Free Library which houses approximately 25,000 volumes of very good quality and is a functioning part of the community. Approximately 2,000 books are in circulation.

From this point we have learned much more by being willing to learn from the community than would be believed. Even the 25,000 volumes are insignificant compared to what this culture has to teach others. The real waste comes from those who are unable or unwilling to learn. SFC exists only for those who come South to teach and are willing to learn.

The Conspiracy Corner

by Art Steuer

The Big Con Ed

Everyone has his own opinion (depending on which conspiracy you subscribe to) as to who turned out the lights on what the old organ grinder used to call "uppa yoo ess."

Some believe it was Robert Wagner, who grew up in the Depression, and was taught to always turn out the lights on his way out. Madalyn Murray blames it on an Act of God. Tammany Tigers insist it was John Lindsay's fault, that he got so carried away kicking out The Machine he didn't know where to stop.

Great Conspiracy Theorists have concluded that the Great Eastern Blackout is traceable (like everything else) to Our Great Societal (as differentiated between either "Socialite" or "Socialist") Leader: the man in the White House, behind the Dean Rusk mask, with his savage companion, Mac the Knife—the Lone Texas Ranger with the silver ballot, whose true identity we really never learn.

No one understands better (not even Goebbels) the power of the press than its present proprietors. If the pen is mightier than the sword . . . then the teletype machine surely surpasses napalm, for what is done in flame today can be undone in ink tomorrow. Unless you were burned, baby, all you know is what you read in the papers.

One need go no further than a small incident last November wherein a single telegram, properly placed, completely reversed a stalemate in Natchez, Mississippi, between a staunch white supremacist business community and an equally determined Negro boycott.

As Dick Gregory faced his jail sentence in Chicago (for picketing the home of Mayor Richard Daley last summer in protest of de facto school segregation) he took time before serving time to fire off a wire to Charles Evers, head of the Mississippi NAACP, brother of the late Medgar Evers, and leader of the Natchez boycott.

In late November of the previous year, Gregory had fired off a similar telegram to Evers offering to supply 10,000 turkey dinners to the poor people of Mississippi on Christmas day (see issue #58). Evers had been the distributor of the 100,000 pounds of Grade A turkey delivered by plane and refrigerated truck on Christmas morning in seven Mississippi counties.

Gregory had miraculously raised the money on the streets of Chicago with the help of Drew Pearson, Radio Station WVON, and a benefit performance at Chicago's McCormick Place by Sammy Davis, Eartha Kitt, George Kirby, and the Four Step Brothers, along with Gregory himself, who also produced, directed, sold tickets, and stood on the corner of 63rd and Cottage in a Santa Claus suit in a blizzard holding a live turkey and fighting off the ASPCA.

This time Gregory offered to "compensate every man and woman who loses a job due to civil rights activities and the boycott by employing them at the sum of \$20 a week until the boycott is over and putting them to work as voter registration workers."

The impact was implicit. For every man who lost his job a hundred or maybe 200 Negroes would be added to the voter registration rolls in counties where the Negro population exceeds the white. Dick Gregory's reputation as a man who "delivers the goods" is unquestioned in Mississippi, and the papers played it big. Not a line appeared in the press outside the state but no one in Mississippi could forget those turkeys last Christmas, and they believe what they read in their papers. As it happens, Gregory had no idea how he was going to raise the money (on the other hand, he had no idea how he was going to raise the money for the turkeys last year when he sent that telegram) but readers of the *Mississippi Muddler* took him at his word. Natchez businessmen met the terms of the boycotters and Gregory, who was in jail at the time, had no way of knowing how much more powerful the press is even than the picket sign.

Recently, reputable reporters have been playing a new game which might be termed *Beat the Press*. The principle of the game is how to tell the reader how not to believe what he is reading while still keeping your job (which is about the same as going directly to jail without passing Go or collecting \$200; you can't draw that card very often and still stay in the game.)

Arthur Schlesinger, who doesn't have to worry about working for a living (only about *living*) led off the contest by comments in his Kennedy book (and subsequent lectures) where he admitted that the press release which he handed to reporters on the day of the Bay of Pigs in his capacity as an official White House Aide (describing the extent of the operation and American involvement therein) was totally false.

The New York Times, for which he formerly relayed to the public such information as he was then dispatching, was officially piqued. They sent a reporter to confront him directly: "See here, Mr. Schlesinger, you say in your book something absolutely contradictory to what you declared to our reporter at the time."

"Hell, yes," Schlesinger replied. "That was my job. Got to apologize, old fellow, but you don't believe you decide what's fit to print, do you?" To which he added, "After my intimate experience with the operations of the United States Government and the administration of its policies in an executive capacity I no longer can believe in the practice of journalism."

It wouldn't seem as if there was much more to say after that, but everybody took a turn at the dice.

George Lichtheim, who (along with Fred Cook) is one of the few legitimate muckrakers left in our time, took on *The New York Times* itself in the September issue of *Commentary*.

Charles Mohr in the *Times* meanwhile wrote decrying the fiction circulated by briefing officers in Vietnam, and Theodore Draper documented in *December's Commentary* the conscious perfidy of the Administration to its citizens through the news media in the Dominican crises.

In *The New Republic* T.R.B. (whose initials even are a pseudonym) risked from behind his anonymity (italics mine):

"President Johnson hasn't had a press conference since August 29th and a crisis of credibility has punctually developed. Mr. Johnson is entitled to explain things to the nation in his own way and the fifty-year-

old White House Press Conference is pretty much out the window. (Even at the last one at the LBJ Ranch, he allowed only six questions, *it is like De Gaulle.*) But the President's illness, White House *deviousness* over aluminum prices, the ominous escalation in Viet Nam, and the hints that the United States isn't even trying to negotiate have all come at once. You can sense the public uneasiness."

Now T.R.B. is not really telling Great Conspiracy Theory experts anything. They all knew the President had cancer the day Bill Moyers announced LBJ was going to the dentist to recuperate from his operation. Nobody has *that* much gall, stoned or not. It was obvious Big Daddy had cancer and they were wheeling him down to X-Ray to see if it was all cut out.

Not one single GCTer believed MacNamara when he praised the aluminum manufacturers as "patriots" and denied that the Government's threat to dump surplus aluminum on the market had been a factor in the decision not to raise prices.

And who could believe the prognostications of a Maxwell Taylor who had promised to get the U.S. out of Vietnam in 1965 when General Eisenhower's 700 "advisors" and J.F.K.'s "special forces" have already escalated to 160,000 plain old G.I.'s with a quarter million to be committed by Spring?

No one believes anything, really, not even *The Realist*, if he has any sense.

James Wechsler of the *New York Post*, discussed Schlesinger's Washington memoir that even Gilbert Harrison, publisher of the *New Republic* (which prints T.R.B.), and Turner Catledge, editor, and James Reston, Washington Bureau Chief of *The New York Times* (which published the Charles Mohr piece) "patriotically" suppressed accurate accounts submitted to them in April of 1961 of the brewing Bay of Pigs disaster and the C.I.A.'s role in it.

The publisher's dilemma in the light of the *Times* and the *New Republic* was: "Whether the truth was fit to print, or whether printing the truth fitted "the burden of the responsibility of the newspaper for casualties on the beach—or the abandonment of the expedition . . . at what point does conscience require the journalist to take the calculated risk of public infamy?"

"This was another patriotic act," Schlesinger comments wryly, "but in retrospect I have wondered whether, if the press had behaved irresponsibly, it would not have spared the country disaster."

Wechsler, who supports Eric Sevareid's contention of Stevenson's disaffection (detailed in February's Conspiracy Corner) further hypothesizes:

"Suppose—and let it be clear that this is offered wholly in the realm of grim, speculative fantasy—a journalist learned that the Joint Chiefs of Staff had convinced President Johnson to unleash nuclear weapons in Vietnam. Suppose that journalist was convinced (as I would be) that such a step would be an ultimate madness, and knew that rational men within the Government were desperately resisting the move, should such a story be voluntarily suppressed? Does a newspaperman's obligation to the Country dictate a silence that would mean a green light for the calamitous explosion?"

We can excuse Wechsler his "fantasy" posture be-

cause hard core G.C.T. is *never* printed except in invisible ink in unreadable publications and Wechsler must be commended for the courage it takes to play the game at all (which might be compared to investing one's whole bankroll in hotels on Broadway and Park Place).

The venerable Arthur Krock rolled double sixes with his column of December 7th (a day which F.D.R. *said* "would live in infamy"). Krock ostensibly set out to explain the action of the Federal Reserve Board in raising interest rates and the President's *public* condemnation of that decision.

He made it clear that the decision (like the blackout) occurred on the very eve of the retirement of one of the members of the Board (the blackout occurred on the day Federal Power Commissioner Swidler announced his retirement): "*Vice Chairman Balderston retires in January* and will be replaced by a Johnson nominee, who would be expected to reflect his President's fiscal concepts."

Balderston's vote tipped the decision 4-3 in favor of the higher interest rates. L.B.J. publicly ranted and raved and called the entire Board down to Texas for a dressing down. Yet Krock, with masterful aplomb, makes his point as follows (italics mine):

"*But by January*, despite the automatic break in the market where the inflated prices of many common stocks derive from the Administration's easy money and deficit spending programs, it may firmly be established that the *majority of the "Fed" has done the President a very great favor*. Certainly it imposed a restraint on inflation that would have embarrassed *him* to invoke, because of the commitments *he made against it in soliciting certain block votes* in the 1964 Campaign, and has since reiterated.

"More will be known of this *if and when a full account becomes available* of Mr. Johnson's meeting at the Ranch today with the Fiscal Policy Quadriad that includes Federal Chairman Martin. *But, in view of the Florentine atmosphere with which the President has enveloped his Administration*, it is not surprising that *some believe* the "Fed's" action did not *really* displease him."

In view of all this how can any good Great Conspiracy Theorist believe for a moment that all the lights on the Eastern Seaboard can go out and be fixed in twelve hours to the minute without anyone knowing what went wrong in the first place (until after an investigation which finally blames Canada).

Trained conspiracists knew immediately somebody was up to something when the electricity stopped at 5:27 P.M. Most of the money in America (except what's in Texas) was kept unlocked overnight because the bank vaults set electrically at 5:30 P.M. But no one touched a nickel—which confused a lot of conspirators who expected *other* conspirators to cash in.

The only thing that was lost was a sleepless night by every big financier in the country, and, along with it, public faith in private utilities. Anyone who ever planned a demonstration knows how to time his civil disobedience to tie up downtown traffic at 5:27, and every citizen got a dose of "Private Power" disgustedly administered by prescription.

There was only one switch to be pulled and the man who ordered it might well have learned how to turn

Toward the Modest Man's Automobile

by Herbert Gold

Reading the hubcaps, side panels and radiator insignia along the roads of America can be a terrifying experience, filled with sex and violence. The police have not yet taken to confiscating lewd and obscene automobiles, nor have the censors classified the strident rhetoric of Detroit for adults only. Barracuda! Mustang! Wildcat! Fury! Dart! Where are the sweet Fairlanes and mild Bel Airs of yesteryear? Devoured by the ravaging jaws of the Cobra, the Thunderbird, the Jaguar, or the Impala (whatever that is—but "to impale" means "to torture or punish by fixing on a sharp stake").

Many American drivers, however, perhaps a significant minority, face the freeways with un-Volant emotions. For them, the Cutlass or the Star Chief must inspire the subconscious reflection that such aggressivity is unmotivated, that inevitable retribution must follow upon bragging threats and pretense. Even a Nova seems astrally over-exalted; in a Falcon or a Hawk, these drivers look nervously over their shoulders, expecting a ferocious predatory bird to pounce upon them. Spitfire? No, they have ordinary post-nasal drip.

For this nearly untapped market of drivers who Think Cautious, I suggest that some enterprising young automobile company should come up with a comfortable, safe, and adequate product. I must credit Barnaby Conrad with a superlative name for the general line—the Gelding. But of course, even the customers for such a practical car would be differentiated according to character, family size, income, use,

etc. Therefore we could offer a complete assortment of Gelding vehicles, including:

- The Liberace Hardtop, complete with AM radio, cream-colored.
- The Singalong Station Wagon, with such optional equipment as seat belts for the family hamsters, all-purpose childrens' shoes cast in bronzed plastic, Coke dispenser, etc.
- A simple, stripped-down, standard-shift, two-door model, suitable for driving to the endodontist for a root canal job, or picking up a potted plant, or commuting to the insurance company's main office—the Castrato.

• The same car, in black, with built-up bumper guards and a permanent first gear—the Virgo Intacta.

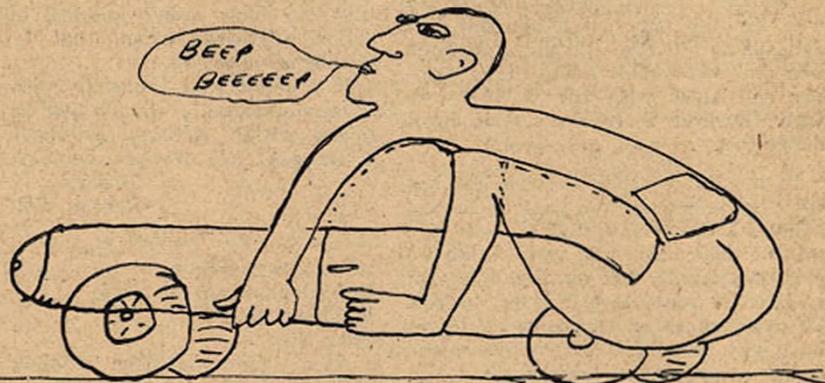
Naturally, the young and semi-free of spirit would need something more *sportif*, even *degage*, and for them we would manufacture a convertible called the Toastie. After some market analysis, I suspect that the demand might slacken, due to the abrupt weather changes characteristic of the western hemisphere—and, indeed, of the entire

universe. If our customers begin to complain of the sniffles, the good name of the Toastie can be preserved while shifting over to a sunroof model or perhaps even a hardtop with an ultraviolet or infra-red lamp installed over the driver. (The air-conditioned version might be called the Anti-Histamine.)

And then, for the affluent young, a small sports model, The Tiddly-Wink, would be perfect for dashing about between miniature golf course and group therapy session, evening class in accounting and late date to see a revival of Bette Davis in *Dark Victory* at Loew's Granada.

My point is clear. Not everyone seeks adventure in an automobile. For some, answering the telephone already provides about as much risk as they can bear. Those for whom automobiles are not Sex or Power symbols, but rather, Reality symbols, constitute the forgotten market.

Mr. Tucker? Mr. Edsel? Mr. Checker? Mr. Kaiser-Frazer? Mr. Frazer-Kaiser? Do I hear a soft answer whistling across the showrooms of America? A soft answer which turneth away wrath? Perhaps I should tune up my hearing aid.



out the lights by beginning at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and working his way up to Niagara Falls.

The Great Society has found private utilities an annoying anachronism and all that was necessary to attain the transition of power was "public opinion."

By December 6th, a 95-page F.P.C. Report was ready:

"New York Daily News, Johnson City, Texas, December 6th special. Federal Power Commission Chairman Joseph C. Swidler said today his agency will seek new federal legislation giving it the power to regulate service over major electrical networks in the United States."

The Government will now require power companies to construct new "back-up" facilities (probably atomic—which is, after all, what we need in the atomic age), the power companies will howl at the cost and demand a rate increase, you and I will tell our Government what we think of that, the bankers who hold utilities bonds (and learned their lesson on Black-Out Tuesday) will begin to back out of the whole deal, and it will become

necessary for the Government to assume responsibility "for the good of all."

The power of the United States, finally, belongs to the President as the power of Florence belonged to "The Prince" who seized it. ("Carpe Diem," admonished Machiavelli to Caesar Borgia.) L.B.J. wins the game again by controlling the bank and picking up the Electric Company's mortgage. On the next roll he will negotiate for the Water Works (already depleted in public confidence on the Shortage and Pollution issues) and wind up with control of the Railroads.

Transportation can be solved only if federal investment and control is exercised over starving inter-city and glutted intra-city rail traffic into one big subsidized network.

Monopoly is, after all, modelled on the plan of Atlantic City, the hallowed place of St. Lyndon's self-consecration, at the Convention Hall, appropriately wedged between Georgia and Mississippi (geographically Alabama) with its back to Pacific Avenue, facing the Atlantic Ocean.

Letters That Were Never Answered

Mr. Bosmailik
New Hanover Island
New Guinea

Dear Mr. Bosmailik:

I write to you in the name of a group of Americans who have heard of your efforts to buy our President, Lyndon Johnson, as your leader. We are impressed by your determination to see your people progress at any cost, and we approve your eagerness to seek leadership from the western world.

I believe all Americans acknowledge Mr. Johnson's cunning in the mastery of power over men. For a country like New Guinea, striving to win its independence in the modern world, Mr. Johnson might be a very useful leader.

But it is only fair to warn you that many Americans question his wisdom in using that power. As chief of a mighty land like ours, his misuse of power can endanger not only his own people but the peoples of all lands, including your own.

For this reason many of us would welcome the opportunity to sell Mr. Johnson to those who would appreciate him and employ his talents in a manner consistent with the world's welfare. However there are certain legal difficulties.

In the last century western law has come to frown on the sale of human beings, although it still permits the sale of their labor and services. So we could not legally sell you Mr. Johnson; at best we could hire him out to you. Of course once he became your leader he might be subject to your laws and customs, and some adjustment might be made.

For the present we suggest that we act as Mr. Johnson's managers. Of course Mr. Johnson's consent must be obtained for all of this, and I am writing him to ask his agreement to such an arrangement. I hope you will advise us if this is acceptable to you. Should both your reply and Mr. Johnson's be favorable, we can proceed to discuss details.

I should add that since our motives in this matter are humanitarian rather than pecuniary, we would be willing to act without fee, asking only reimbursement of any unusual expenses incurred.

We look forward to your prompt reply.

Committee to Sell Lyndon Johnson
/s/Steven Seltzer

Commander in Charge
U.S. Army Recruiting Hdqtrs.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I would like to get some information. I have been considering joining the Army and it is my understanding that a recruit not only can choose the field he desires to be trained in, but, in some cases, the theater of operation he wishes to serve in.

I see by a Reuters press dispatch from Saigon that Prime Minister Nguyen Cao Ky of South Vietnam has announced that he is considering opening "pleasure camps"—which would offer entertainment ranging from girls to liquor—near the front line for U.S. combat troops.

In some places in South Vietnam there are government-controlled prostitution camps, several other towns are now discussing setting them up and Premier Ky says that his government is considering setting up such a program in the Central Highlands. Under his proposal, U.S. doctors would give the women medical checkups to insure that our boys aren't knocked out of action (fighting action, that is) by Occidental diseases.

If I enlist, can I specify with any degree of security that I will be stationed within walking (or pedicart) distance of one of these camps?

Sincerely,
/s/Robert Wolf

Information Officer
U.S. Department of State
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

As a citizen who likes to follow and understand the vagaries of war, I have a question which I hope you'll help me with.

Yesterday I read that five divisions of the Viet Cong are now operating in the Central Highlands of Vietnam. That's the area where, according to the Reuters news service several weeks ago, Premier Ky's government plans to set up camps of prostitution for "front-line U.S. combat troops."

My question is: If the Viet Cong rout our boys from their positions (military positions, that is) near one of these camps and the girls in the camp take an unloyal "business as usual" attitude toward relieving the Viet Cong of their tensions and yield to their advances (romantic, that is), could the girls be tried for treason for giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy?

Sincerely,
/s/Robert Wolf

Commissioner Sheldon S. Cohen
Internal Revenue Service
U.S. Treasury Department
Washington, D.C.

Dear Commissioner Cohen:

Today I received in the mail a packet of Form 1040 income tax return sheets for 1965. Your "special message for taxpayers" on the outside stated, "Every year more than 60 million individuals demonstrate their faith in America by filing income tax returns. The season has rolled around again and we are sending you this package of forms and instructions to help you do this."

Frankly, Commissioner Cohen, my faith has been shaken considerably during this past year by our Government's actions both in Vietnam and in the Dominican Republic. Therefore, since I am opposed on principle to demonstrating my faith at this time, does your message mean that I may choose the option of not filing an income tax for 1965?

Very truly yours,
/s/Martin Berman

GOLDEN GATE

(Continued from Page 8)

fully up and down to create a waving effect as the massed bands played *It's a Grand Old Flag*, *America the Beautiful* and *Under the Double Eagle*."

Ron Fimrite is not easily turned on. But he wrote about these ecstatic facts again and again, saying how men in Middle Eastern dress (men whose emotional life consists of trying to turn on turned-off children, in accordance with ancient rites described by Wolfgang Mozart in *The Magic Flute*, the most psychedelic opera of the western world), and by the hundred, flocked about, and "with an assortment of burros and asses" that charmed all.

And then the consummate proof of Stewart Brand's efficacy: Drum Major Lynn Crisler, "who at six feet, seven inches tall was as high as a camel's eye."

It is pleasant to report that the impact of this reached ten miles across San Francisco Bay into Oakland, a city that never turned on (Gertrude Stein was born there but departed as soon as her eyes began to focus). Only a few hours after Stewart Brand's ride through downtown San Francisco, an Oakland veterinarian, James M. Harris, took off his shirt in anger. What made him mad was the fact that his attorney had charged him \$1500 in a divorce action. Harris wrote the \$1500 check on his shirt.

The attorney endorsed the check neatly between the second and third buttons. *The Oakland Bank of Commerce* cashed it.

The next day everybody turned off.

The Realist

THE FATAL SNOWBALL FIGHT

(Continued from Cover)

gauntlet on Cumberland Avenue. Lawson, 58, was a welder at Fulton Sylphon Company in Knoxville and had left work early to have snow chains put on his car.

Roland Lawson had high blood pressure and had been warned by his doctor that undue excitement or strain might bring on a heart attack. The students on Cumberland Avenue pelted his car with snowballs as thoroughly as they pelted all the other cars passing.

Lawson drove half a block further, after passing this gauntlet, and slumped unconscious behind his wheel. The car drove off the road into a telephone pole and came to a stop. Pedestrians called an ambulance and, a few minutes before 4 p.m., Roland Lawson was declared dead of a heart attack at University Hospital.

Nobody at the hospital knew about the snowball gauntlet Lawson had passed, and French Harris did not hear about this incident for several hours. Nor did he hear that the widow of Roland Lawson had to drive through Cumberland Avenue on her way to the hospital and that her car was also plastered with snowballs by the students, severely angering and frightening her.

And French Harris did not learn, until too late, that when Mrs. Lawson saw her husband's body at the hospital and learned where his heart attack had occurred, she immediately pronounced the theory which was to be carried all over the country by the press on the following day: Roland Lawson's heart attack had been caused by the student snowballing.

Chief Harris did not know this theory at 4:30 p.m., when Mrs. Lawson pronounced it. If he had heard it at the time, he might have acted sooner. If he had, Knoxville would not have found itself with two more corpses to explain.

"Who is the slayer, who the slain? Speak . . ."

—Sophocles, *Oedipus Rex*

At 9 a.m. that morning, Frank Wasserman was awakening his roommate, Marland Goodman, at New Melrose Hall, one of the most modern buildings in the University of Tennessee. Both boys were 18 and Northerners—Wasserman from Massapequa, Long Island, and Goodman from Swamscott, a fashionable suburb of Boston—and they had been close friends ever since the Snipe Hunt.

The Snipe Hunt is an old tradition at the University. The students are mostly natives of Tennessee, but about 10% of them come from out-of-state and from 85 foreign countries. When each new freshman class arrives, these outlanders hear about the wonderful Snipe Hunt.

The snipe is the most delicious bird of all, they are told, even better than the pheasant, and the woods outside of Knoxville are full of them. When the night of the snipe hunt arrives, most of the outlanders are eager to join. The natives lead them out into the woods and then simply lose them there.

There is no such bird as the snipe. Marty Goodman and Frank Wasserman had been among a group of Northerners who went on a snipe hunt in September, 1964, and, lost in the dark in an unfamiliar woods 1000 miles from home at 3 o'clock in the morning, their status as Northern aliens had drawn them together.

They had learned something about courage and humor and loneliness and each other. We think of the

snipe hunt, or the biscuit-gun which Air Force recruits are sometimes sent to look for, or the can of striped paint which apprentices in the building trades are asked to fetch, as mere pranks, but anthropologists call these rites "ordeals of initiation" and say that they provide a catharsis of shame and anxiety necessary to mark a transition from one stage of life to another. The Snipe Hunt meant something of this sort to Wasserman and Goodman.

Of the two boys, Marty Goodman was somewhat better known on the campus. His collection of folk records and folk sheet-music was large, and he was an enthusiastic folk-guitarist. He would sooner talk about folk music than about any of his college subjects.

This morning, however, he was not talking about folk-music, but about his girlfriend, Judy Goldberg, back in Boston, and complaining about how much he missed her. Frank Wasserman remembered that afterwards.

Marty Goodman also mentioned his mid-term paper for English 112. He had really sweated over this one, and hoped to get an A. He had received two C's and a B-minus on his previous papers in that class. Today at 3 o'clock he would get back his mid-term paper and find out if he had achieved the A he aimed for. Frank Wasserman remembered that later, also.

At 2:15 that afternoon, Julian Harris was in his office at the University. A gangling, Lincoln-esque 50, Mr. Harris is director of Public Relations for the university. It's the kind of job that keeps you awake nights. Like every other college town, Knoxville seethes with hostility toward the students and regards them as over-educated juvenile delinquents.

Knoxville, also, is the South: When you enter town on Route 11 you pass a sign saying SAVE THE REPUBLIC—IMPEACH EARL WARREN! and the John Birch Society meets in the Hotel Farragut in midtown, and you occasionally see a car still wearing a sign, bitter in defeat, saying "AuH2o — 64."

In such an ambience, any university must be viewed with suspicion. When Chief Harris noted that the sleet was turning to snow, he thought at once of the student volunteers who help stalled motorists on Cumberland Avenue during every snowstorm. He hoped that the students would be at that job today; it would be good for the University's image.

By 2:30 the weather was so bad that Dean of Students Charles Lewis, in his office in the administration building, told his secretary to take the rest of the day off. Dean Lewis, a sandy-haired man of 46 addicted to dapper bow-ties, remained in his office for a conference, scheduled for 4 o'clock, with four student leaders—a conference concerning the students' objections to the University's new Service Fees.

He intended to give them great leeway in stating their resentment, listen sympathetically as long as they cared to harangue him, and not reduce the fees a penny. It would be a grueling session.

Looking out his window, Dean Lewis noticed some students engaged in a harmless snowball fight. Smiling, he remembered the smaller snow of a week earlier and his own surrender to temptation crossing the yard in the morning. It is a good feeling, even when you are 46, to pick up a handful of snow, pack it tight and hard, and hurl it at a tree. And, when you are 46, it is good to hit the tree. Dean Lewis was glad, however, that

none of the students had observed his outburst.

The students seen by Dean Lewis were not the only ones on the campus who were beginning to succumb to the insidious temptation of the snow. Down on West Cumberland two teams had formed on opposite sides of the Avenue and were bombarding each other over the tops of the passing cars.

Some, more venturesome, were beginning to pelt the cars also. This is a favorite juvenile sport and most of us have had our cars pelted this way once or twice every winter. Some of us are even willing to remember having done some of the pelting when we were young.

Soon over 200 students had joined in the fun. None of them noticed the effect of their snowballing on Roland Lawson.

Further up Cumberland Avenue, on the other side of the hill, students were helping stalled cars get started again. Julian Harris, the PR man, driving his secretary home, noticed them, and felt a sigh of relief at the good image they were creating for the university. He did not know about the image being created on the other side of the hill.

The Knoxville police, however, were already getting an earful of that image.

J. M. Lobetti, President of the White Star Bus Lines, called the police to report that students on West Cumberland had broken 12 windows in a stalled bus at 3 p.m., forced open the door and bombarded the driver, Robert Holder, in the face.

An anonymous cab driver complained of seeing a woman dragged out of her car and pulled by the heels through the snow. "Her pants must've gotten full of snow," he said. "It was awful."

John Rinehart complained that his car had received a broken window, snow was poured in "all over the front seat," and that students had "manhandled" him when he opposed them.

And—in another part of town—university track students snowballed a Negro driver and he went off the road into a ditch. This last case was quickly smoothed over, however. Track coach Frank Rowe was on the scene and he forced students to contribute \$50 for repairs of the vehicle and apologize to the driver.

As the mean, cold snow continued to fall, the student mob on Cumberland Avenue increased to more than 400. The air was resounding with skids, stalled motors groaning, drivers cursing, and the hilarious shrieking and laughing of the students.

Patrolman Davis Gaddis, a block away over the hill, was continually approached by motorists with complaints about the gauntlet they had run. He told them, quite correctly, that he could not leave his post, and instructed them to phone police headquarters.

Once or twice, students ranging this far east pelted Patrolman Gaddis himself, an act perhaps profoundly symbolic.

None of the students were "thinking," of course; they were just having fun. But the fun, more and more, was taking on a ritual character, a character of assault upon every manifestation of adult authority. It was inevitable that a policeman, also, would become a target. A policeman represents the most monolithic form of authority: the State.

"For the brothers who had joined forces to kill the father had each been animated by the wish to become like the father and had given expression to this wish by incorporating parts of the substitute for him in the totem feast . . ." —Sigmund Freud: Totem and Taboo

Frank Wasserman, the freshman from Massapequa, was studying in his room at 4 o'clock when Marty Goodman burst in, announcing that several snowball fights were in progress all over the campus and he wanted to get in on the action.

Marty had just had a serious disappointment. Trudging almost a mile across campus to Science Hall for his English 112 class, he had found a notice that class was canceled for that day. His teacher, Mrs. Nancy Fisher, a resident of Oakland, Tenn., had bogged down in the snow and turned back home. Marty would have to wait until Wednesday to learn whether or not he had gotten the A he aimed for on his mid-term paper.

Frank loaned Marty a scarf, but declined to join him in the snow carnival. "I want to study for a while more," he said. "I'll be out later."

Frank Wasserman was never able to remember what he studied that afternoon. A little after 6, he gave up for the day and went out to look for action. He found some of it, immediately, at the door of Melrose Hall, where a gang of seven pelted him with an avalanche of snowballs.

Unable to hold his own against these superior numbers, Frank ran, looking for friends. After getting around the corner, he slowed to a walk. Then, suddenly, a student he didn't know ran up to him and said, "You better get back to Melrose Hall. They'll be looking for you. Your roommate's dead."

"I laughed," Frank Wasserman said later. "I was sure it was a joke. They wanted to get me back to the Hall to make a target out of me again. I was sure of it. I said, 'Come on, you're putting me on, fellow.'"

The other student was pale and sober. "It's true," he said glumly. "Marty's dead. He just got shot on Cumberland Avenue."

Frank Wasserman suddenly felt a chill of certainty, and heard himself saying, "Really? Really?" But the other's face had already told him.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you marked with the mark of the beast?
Come down Daniel to the Lion's den
Come down Daniel and join in the feast . . .

—T. S. Eliot, Murder in the Cathedral

Cumberland Avenue, when Marty Goodman arrived there shortly after four, was midway between a carnival and a nightmare. Buses, cars and trucks were stalling and somewhere between 400 and 500 students were raining snowballs on the entire scene, while the wind whipped and howled and snow continued to fall.

In one of the stalled trucks, William Douglas Willett, Jr., of Greenville, Tenn., fretted and fumed. He was lost. Trying to save time in the heavy snow, Willett had taken a new route through Knoxville and now he was on a street he didn't recognize and snowballs were going *thump, thump, thump* in unending hammer blows on his windshield and he was afraid the windshield might break at any minute, and then, suddenly, the cab door was torn open and a dozen grinning faces appeared looking in at him.

He opened his mouth, angry and frightened, to warn them not to go too far, but before he could say anything

they began to dump pounds of snow all over him and his seat and he was hit in the face repeatedly and he reached in his glove compartment and took out the pistol provided by his company.

The students saw the gun and Willett made a threat—nobody ever remembered his exact words—and somebody (Willett later said he thought it was Marty Goodman) threw snow in his face and he got out on the running board and somebody else threw snow in his face and then he fired the gun, twice only.

For one stark moment, nobody moved.

The echo of the shots hung in the air and all the laughing and shouting stopped and every student held his breath to see if he was hit anywhere and then Marty Goodman crumbled and fell hard like a tree and lay still in the snow with a red stain spreading in the snow around him. The other shot had gone completely wild, but this one hit Marty Goodman in the right eye, crashed through his brain, and exited below the left ear.

With a shriek the students charged Willett. According to some witnesses, as many as 20 students landed in one pile on the truckdriver, dragging him to the ground, kicking him, hitting him, screaming. A girl student screamed, "Don't kill him—he didn't know what he was doing!"

Willett was finally released and allowed to return to his cab, and the police were called at 5:39, one hour and nine minutes after Mrs. Lawson had made her charge, to the hospital staff, that the students had killed her husband.

Marty Goodman's body was carried into Evan's Sundries, a drugstore half a block away. He was breathing. A student named Ken Elrod, 18, from Nashville, gave mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. When the ambulance arrived and Marty Goodman was lifted for the second time, his pulse stopped. Ken Elrod rode in the ambulance to the hospital, but he was not surprised when the doctor in the emergency room, at 6:04 p.m. pronounced Marland Joseph Goodman, 18, a boy who liked folk music, dead on arrival.

"According to the law of retaliation which is deeply rooted in human feeling, a murder can be atoned only by the sacrifice of another life; the self-sacrifice points to blood guilt. And if the sacrifice of the son brings about reconciliation with god, the father, then the crime which must be expiated can only have been the murder of the father . . ." —Sigmund Freud, Totem and Taboo

The snowballing continued, with greater frenzy. The first two policemen on the scene, Detectives Robert Chadwell and Gene Huskey, were snowballed while helping to lift Goodman's body into the ambulance.

Chadwell sounded off to the first reporter he saw. "They have no respect for an officer," he said, "or for anyone else. They don't act like students. They act like a bunch of idiots. One of the snowballs hit me in the back of the head and it hurt for 30 minutes or longer."

William Douglas Willett was taken to police headquarters and questioned by Inspector Fred Scruggs. Willett was "crying like a baby," Scruggs said later, and kept repeating, "I didn't mean to do it, I didn't mean to do it."

Scruggs learned that Willett was employed by Bird and Cutschaw Produce Company of Greenville, Tenn., and had been driving a load of fresh-dressed poultry

to Cincinnati, Ohio. Examination showed that Willett had been bruised on the left temple, nose and mouth by snowballs, and that his left eye was swollen.

Back at the university, the snowballing was still going on. John F. Roth, a welding truck driver, called police to complain that students on Cumberland Avenue snowballed his truck, jerked open the door and covered the front seat with snow "with me in it."

Dean of Students Charles Lewis had finished his conference with the student leaders about fees and was about to leave when word of the Goodman shooting reached him. He went at once to the Student Center, where there were more telephones than in any other campus building, and began trying to handle the situation.

Dean Lewis, first of all, was concerned to authenticate the identification of the dead boy. Five years earlier, while he was Dean at the University of North Dakota, a mis-identification had been made of a student killed in an auto accident—it turned out later that the student had exchanged wallets with another student for some inexplicable student joke—and the wrong parents were notified that their son was dead.

Dean Lewis, therefore, began a search for someone who could positively identify the body as Marland Joseph Goodman.

Phones in the Student Center rang continually and nobody was quite sure that Willett's second shot hadn't hit another student. It was chaos. Julian Harris, the PR man, could not get back to the university in the storm, but Dean Lewis directed all reporters to Harris' home phone number.

A search of the Records Department revealed that Marland Goodman had an uncle, Prof. Fred Blumberg, on the faculty of the English Department. Dean Lewis contacted Prof. Blumberg and told him, gently, that his nephew might be the boy who was shot. Prof. Blumberg agreed to go with Dean Lewis to the hospital to identify the body.

The drive through the increasingly furious snowstorm was painfully slow, and both men were too emotion-torn to speak much. At the hospital, the identification was brief.

"Yes, that's Marty," Prof. Blumberg said, when the body was shown.

"I remember that moment every day," Dean Lewis said a month later, "and I think I always will, as long as I live."

The sheet was drawn back over the dead boy's face, and the two men walked silently out of the hospital and back to their car to begin again the painful 5-mile-an-hour drive through the still-falling snow.

It was 8:30, and back at the university the snowballing was finally ending, but the incident was far from over.

Frank Wasserman returned late that night to the room he and Marty had shared. He looked at Marty's guitar, Marty's books, Marty's sheet music, Marty's records, and started to get undressed for bed. He found that he couldn't sleep in that room.

You read about hundreds, thousands of corpses in the Congo or Vietnam or West Berlin and it means nothing; a boy shares your room for a few months and then suddenly he's not there and it means something more than you can ever speak.

Frank Wasserman put his clothes back on and got

out of that room, fast. He stayed in the room of another freshman, Jack Topchick, of Passaic, N.J. that night.

At the same time, approximately, a man named Walter Lee Yow was checking into the Salvation Army shelter in Knoxville. His head was bothering him, and he complained about being hit, while driving a truck down Cumberland Avenue, behind the ear, by a particularly hard snowball with ice in it. Neither the police nor the university were to hear about Mr. Yow until the following day.

February 2nd began as sheer hell for Dean Lewis and Julian Harris. Local reporters, hearing about Lawson's heart attack, grew increasingly hostile in their questioning of university officials.

"I could feel an ulcer starting as soon as I heard about Lawson," Harris said later, "and each reporter made it grow a few millimeters."

It would have grown even faster if Harris had known that Walter Lee Yow awoke that morning, in the Salvation Army shelter, with his head hurting even more, and called the police to volunteer to testify for Willett. "He shot in self-defense," Yow said. "Those students were completely out-of-hand." Yow agreed to come down to headquarters to make a statement, but said he wanted to see a doctor first.

Dr. Henry Christenberry was the doctor to whom Yow went. A genial 53, he is a native of Knoxville, although he studied at the NYU-Bellvue medical school. Examining the wound behind Yow's ear, Dr. Christenberry decided that it might be serious. Yow suddenly stood up and began walking about agitatedly, complaining of the pain, and then, very slowly, sank to the floor in a coma.

"Ken, come in here!" Dr. Christenberry shouted. His brother, Dr. Kenneth Christenberry, 49, rushed in from the adjoining office. The two doctors worked over Yow's body for half an hour, administering oxygen and adrenalin and then, desperately, massaging his heart. It was no use. At 4:30, they pronounced him dead "of multiple concussions and brain damage."

The University of Tennessee now had three corpses to explain.

And now that the fury of the students was exhausted, the fury of the townspeople began.

"Passion, I see, is catching . . ."

—Shakespeare, Julius Caesar

The Knoxville *News-Sentinel* editorialized that night: "Yesterday's terrifying demonstration by temporary maniacs must never happen again." The people of Knoxville were even more emphatic, and their letters poured into the papers.

Sam T. Hodges of 712 Boggs Avenue wrote:

The only surprising thing about the shooting of a student in the customary snow riot of educated hoodlums on W. Cumberland was that it took so long to happen.

The conduct of these mobs is evidence of the vast difference between education and intelligence. . . . The conduct of many of those students is nothing short of heathen idiocy. They show a complete lack of normal human sympathy for persons already in serious trouble.

Manning B. Kirby, Jr. of 8021 Hayden Drive wrote:

I have no hope that the students involved in the snowballing who read this will be in any way moved by it. I know they are rude and ruthless, completely selfish and vicious. . . . I am completely fed up with the homes that instill such selfishness in them. I am fed up with the university officials who cannot at least provide safe conduct through the campus.

Mrs. Maie Roberts of 2441 Woodbine Avenue wrote:

Trying to bring a huge truck safely over snow and ice through a blinding snowstorm is cause enough for distress without having a bunch of wild men, operating under the name of students, attack you for the thrill of seeing your distress.

Mrs. W. G. House of Loudon, Tenn., wrote:

It seems that Webster didn't provide a word to define the disgust, nausea and heartaches that describe the incredible acts of the students at the University of Tennessee. Not only the students are to blame, but what about the staff in charge? . . . One cannot possibly believe that the heathen manner of these students continued while the ambulance attendants were trying to place a dying student in an ambulance. This is proof that they had no love or respect even for a fellow college mate.

Mrs. J. L. Hans of Rockwood, Tenn., wrote:

I think the crowd of boys who went into the snowballing incident should feel that they have the blood of three people on their hands. Instead of the truck driver being charged and under bond, they are the ones who should be charged.

The truck driver was only doing what anyone would have done under the circumstances. He was only defending himself.

B. J. Pritchard of 5613 Scenic Hills Road wrote:

The truck driver will have to pay for the rest of his life with grief, if not in prison, and from his appearance he's the kind that will. Had it not been for this, he would probably have worked hard the rest of his life and harmed no one. He wouldn't have been a doctor or lawyer like so many of the students, but he'd have been a good man, and that's what counts, so they say.

He'll be tried and probably convicted of murder or something. But what about those who caused the whole thing? They're the guilty ones. Three deaths they caused and not enough humanity about them to cease their inhuman activities after they saw what they had done.

And a student named John S. Moak replied in kind, much to the distress of the university officials:

I can guarantee, although not personally, that if the courts take your prejudiced view concerning the truck driver that this campus may literally erupt!

One of my reasons, in fact the main reason, I write this letter is that perhaps I feel that my life is quite cheap if a man can kill "one of my kind" and get off scot-free.

Dean Lewis, sensitive to the town's emotions, warned students not to write any more such inflammatory letters, but angry correspondence from townspeople continued to pour into the *News-Sentinel* for two weeks.

On Wednesday, English 112 met without Marty Goodman. Mrs. Nancy Fisher, the teacher, found that she couldn't remember what young Goodman had looked like; he hadn't particularly distinguished himself in that class. Returning the mid-term papers, she found

Goodman's and saw that she had given him the A he had hoped for.

Meanwhile, a committee was started in Greenville, by Willett's employer, Cutshaw, and \$100,000 was raised for Willett's defense. Knoxville Police Chief French Harris learned that Willett, a farm boy, was very popular in Greenville, and that his reputation with employers and townspeople was excellent.

"I can understand how that farm boy felt with all those kids throwing snow and ice in his face," Chief Harris reflected to an inquirer. "I can understand the kids, too," he added. "They were just having fun. It's terrible, terrible for everybody."

But Chief Harris was already ordering a skeptical re-evaluation of the Walter Lee Yow death. It seemed unlikely, Harris felt, that a truck driver, such as Yow claimed to be, would be staying at a Salvation Army shelter.

A check of trucking lines that pass through Knoxville failed to reveal any Walter Lee Yow among the employees.

Harris then ordered a check to determine if Yow had entered Knoxville by any other means. A bus driver was finally located who positively identified Yow as a man who had ridden into Knoxville on his bus on February 1st at 2 p.m. The bus had not passed anywhere near Cumberland Avenue.

Where, then, had Yow received his injury? Why had he lied about it? Where did he come from, and what were his motives? Chief Harris has learned a few things, but the major mystery remains.

Walter Lee Yow was a "freight handler"—he wandered about the country taking temporary jobs loading and unloading trucks. Evidently, he regarded his job as less dignified than a driver's job and was in the habit of calling himself a driver. He had hitched a free ride on the bus by pretending to be a driver whose truck had broken down in the snow. No such truck was ever found. Had he perhaps wandered out to Cumberland Avenue and been struck by a student snowball? Chief Harris had doubts about it: The bus driver recalls that Yow complained about his head pain when he picked him up outside Knoxville over an hour before the snowballing began.

The mystery of Walter Lee Yow may never be solved. "Maybe he just wanted to get his name in the papers," Chief Harris says. "Maybe he hoped to get the university to pay for his head injury, wherever he got it. Or maybe the injury affected his brain and he really didn't know what happened to him."

Chief Harris shrugged.

"I try to understand everything that comes in this door, but there's a lot about the human mind I'll never understand. Violence always brings out some people who get mixed up in it for reasons you never understand, and you wonder if they understand it themselves."

"Tell me about the rabbits, George . . ."

—John Steinbeck, *Of Mice and Men*

Perhaps we can hazard a guess at Walter Lee Yow's motives. The people who wrote indignant letters to the Knoxville *News-Sentinel* provide a clue as to what drew Yow into the maelstrom of death on Cumberland Avenue. Like them, he saw a great big beautiful orgy of violence and wanted to *involve* himself, to impose

his own meaning upon it.

His head injury gave him his entrance.

Others had to be satisfied with vicariously pulling the trigger for Willett and defending themselves under the guise of defending him, or, like student Moak, threatening riot if Willett's corpse were not added to the previous corpses. In one way or another, every man sees his own image in what happened on Cumberland Avenue.

A few things have been learned about Yow. He was a bachelor, 55, and came from Aubermarle, North Carolina. Natives of Aubermarle say that he was "nice to children" and always gave lots of candy away to the children in his neighborhood when he visited home. But nobody knows where he got his head injury, and nobody knows, for sure, why he lied about it.

The police were still investigating, and so was the university. Dean Lewis said that every student definitely identified as being among the snowballers on February 1 would be suspended.

Chief Harris was not optimistic that enough evidence would ever be collected to place definite criminal charges against any student. "College kids stick together and support one another's stories," he said. "Like police officers," he adds ironically.

The university police patrol Cumberland Avenue in every snowstorm now, but that is probably not necessary. The next "incident" of this sort will be at another university, and will be equally unexpected when it strikes.

The University of Tennessee's students did make the news again before the end of February, however. Eleven of them were arrested on February 23rd for breaking into Chattanooga National Park and stealing a Civil War cannon weighing one half ton. The cannon is federal property, and the crime is a federal crime.

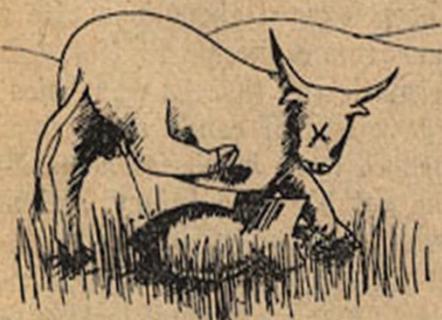
Boys will be boys.

A few months later—on May 28th, 1965—the Grand Jury of Knoxville County convened and heard the case of the State against William Douglas Willett, truck-driver, charged with homicide. After consideration, they refused to "return a True Bill," which means, legally, that the State had not proven an indictable charge. In other words, a case of felonious homicide "beyond a reasonable doubt" was not supported by the facts. In effect, this verdict meant that Willett must be presumed, legally, to have shot in defense of his life. The truck-driver walked out of court a free man, if any man is ever free.

And there it ended.

Why did it all happen? One can only answer as German Chancellor Bethmann Hollweg answered in August, 1914, when von Bülow asked: "Well, tell me at least how it got started?" According to von Bülow's memoirs, Bethmann Hollweg "raised his long, thin arms to heaven and answered in a dull exhausted voice, 'Oh — if I only knew.'"

It snowed heavily again this February in Knoxville — one storm covered the streets for a week, January 28th to February 4th — but there were no snowball fights on Cumberland Avenue. When deaths falls from the air again in this "meaningless" way it could as easily occur among a group of adults, or at a meeting of a government cabinet.

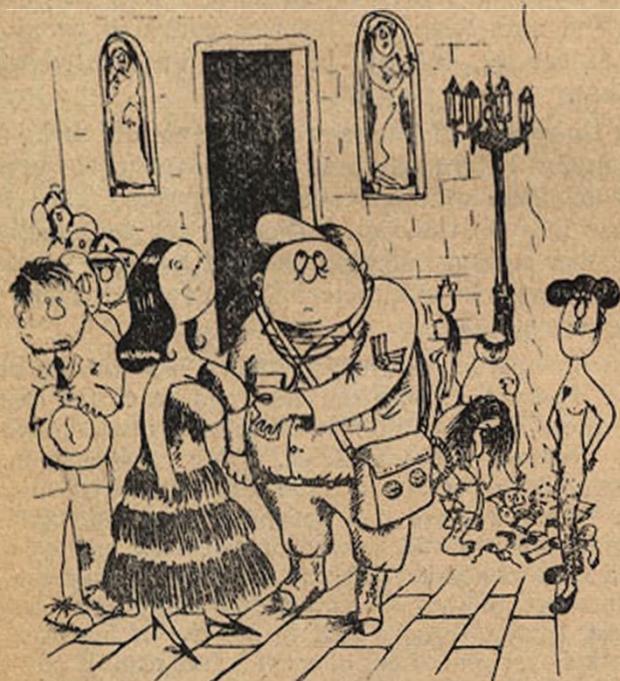


"Two weeks after the crash of a B-52 nuclear-armed bomber and a refueling jet tanker over the southeast tip of Spain, the U. S. Defense Dept. still refused to concede that one of its hydrogen bombs was missing (but) villagers of Palomares, near the crash site, were examined for radiation and many told to burn their clothing."—National Guardian

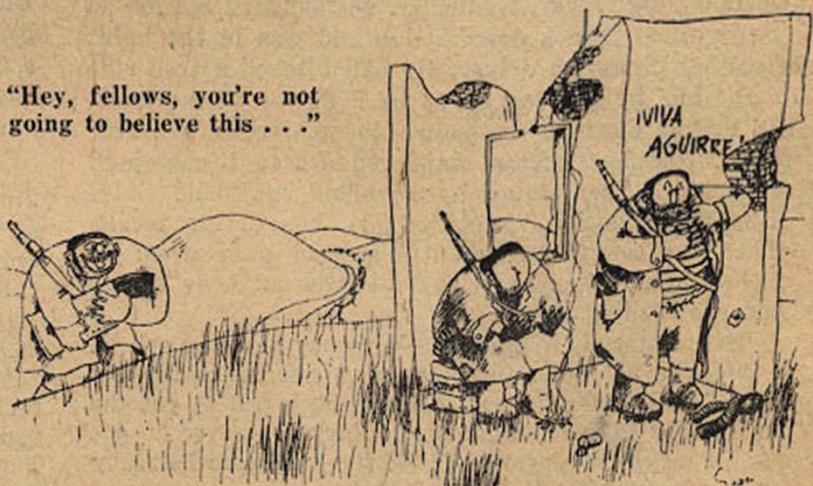


"Don't you folks worry about us none—we're just looking for a hydrogen bomb."

"THE SEARCH"
by J. C. Suarez



"Hey, fellows, you're not going to believe this . . ."



STATUE OF LIBERTY

(Continued from page 10)

nesses such as Duclos."

Michelle Duclos, who, as noted, might be the only one actually guilty of a crime (possession and transportation of dynamite), turned state's witness. She was imprisoned from the arrest in February through the decision in October.

The N.Y. Post, which along with the rest of the press had slandered her at the outset (she was implied to be a traitor, insane and a nymphomaniac), ran an article after the trial describing the judge's favorable endorsement of the girl. (He hoped that from now on "she might identify with a constructive cause or person. . .")

As an incentive for such identification, she was re-

leased from prison and offered a job as secretary in the French Ministry of Finance.

Recently the sentences of Collier, Bowe and Sayyed were reduced, Collier's from 10 to 5 years, with 5 years' probation; the other two were reduced from five years—Bowe, to 3 and 3 years' probation; Sayyed to 18 months and 2 years' probation.

The appeal is still pending.

Postscript: To my knowledge no major newspaper, writer, magazine, radio or TV station has touched upon any of these circumstances—except for the initial sensationalism and the Post's reference to Miss Duclos' fate. Even traditional sources of relatively reliable information were virtually silent. Nat Hentoff, writing in the Village Voice, touched upon the original press treatment, but apparently accepted the basis of the state's case.