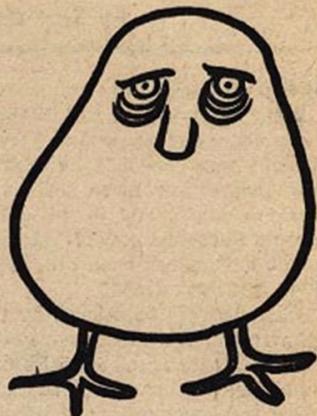


The Realist



Birth Control for the Poor

by Gerry Nadel

I don't know about you, but as a die-hard trivia fan I used to have Robert (Believe-it-or-Not) Ripley on my back. One Ripley cartoon has stuck with me, the one about the marching Chinese. Seems Ripley had this dream about a great line of Chinese marching endlessly across the horizon. When he woke up he slide-ruled it out mathematically.

The way he figured it, if the entire population of China started to march past a given point in a column 8-abreast, the end of the column would never pass the starting point. The Chinese would just be reproducing themselves too quickly. As Ripley figured it, those brand new little Chinamen would hit the ground marching, so to speak, adding themselves to the end of the column. So the line, obviously, would never end.

Talk about your yellow peril!

The idea is intriguing. Ripley doesn't make too clear how all that reproducing would get done. He figures his Chinese to be moving along at standard march rate, and he doesn't allow any time for rest stops.

Velly crever, those Chinese.

Might be where the KKK-ers got their ideas about what went on during the Selma-Montgomery march.

But, it wasn't a very good Believe-it-or-Not item, because it isn't too hard to believe, especially now when there are a helluva lot more Chinese to join that parade. In fact, there is just a helluva lot more of everybody now despite our best Malthusian efforts to the contrary.

The population explosion has done exploded. The fallout has scattered little pieces of humanity all over the globe. Some say the explosion actually was an illegal, surreptitious atmospheric O (for orgasm)-Bomb test.

Yet *Time*, the weekly humor magazine, can assert that as far as this part of the globe is concerned, "the great American baby boom is over."

No more booming, Mr. Luce? How about banging?

(Continued on Page 18)

The Wedding Night Special

by Tad Richards

"This is Walter Cronkite at Marriage Central, continuing CBS News' historic coverage of the Luci Baines Johnson-Patrick Nugent wedding festivities. We'll be covering the entire evening for you, with all of CBS News' crack team of reporters and cameramen following the young couple every step of the way. I'll be here all evening as anchor man until the consummation is finally reached, coordinating the coverage and bringing you interesting sidelights on this great story. Right now, we'll go to Roger Mudd at the wedding reception."

"This is Roger Mudd at the White House, and this is really a gala affair—certainly *the* event of the Washington social season. The music you hear in the background is that of Freddie and the Dreamers—The American Federation of Musicians has lodged a strong protest against the hiring of British musicians for such an important state function, but Luci Baines Johnson Nugent, as we all know, is a very determined young lady, and what she wants she generally gets. Nevertheless, in one of those charming, impulsive gestures which so endear her to everybody, she elected to compromise with the Musicians' Union by also engaging a domestic group, Jay and the Americans. Luci's father—the President of the United States, but tonight just like any other proud father—is entering completely into the spirit of the occasion, and is right now out on the dance floor doing the Jerk. We don't see Luci right at the moment, but we've been informed that she's over in a corner with her mother exchanging a few last minute confidences and, we can presume, receiving some motherly advice. Yes, here they come now, and we'll be talking to Mrs. Johnson momentarily. We'll go now to Harry Arouh on the other side of the dance floor."

"This is Harry Arouh. Lady Bird and her daughter, Mrs. Patrick Nugent, have emerged from a side room in which they've been discussing—well, perhaps we'll have a chance to find out now. Mrs. Johnson could you

(Continued on Page 14)

Co-Existing

by Saul Heller

Beastly Suicides

Sixty whales tried to kill themselves recently off the rocky shores of Marathon, Florida. If this mass suicide attempt was provoked by disgust at human antics, it may foreshadow more serious developments. What if cattle decide to end it all, and bump heads until they become uncooked steak? What if chickens and turkeys follow suit, pluck each other's feathers and jump into their masters' ovens?

Would people be stirred by these subtle rebukes into behaving in a manner more acceptable to animals? Or would they go right on poisoning the atmosphere, food supply and water of animals as well as people, discouraging the lower orders of life from going on preparing to become victuals for ungrateful humans?

The business warrants some investigation. Maybe the Beastly Division of the UnAmerican Activities Committee could look into the matter. What could be more unAmerican, and more subversive to our way of life, than for animals to kill themselves before we get around to killing them?

Benefits of Pollution

Our expanding economy is generating increasing amounts of air and water pollution, says Dr. Edward T. Blomquist, Federal air-pollution expert; the genetic effects of such pollution can only be guessed at, he adds.

Since the tendency is for a species to adapt itself to changes in the environment, chances seem pretty good that people will become even better adapted to pollution than they are now. The following excerpts from a letter by a public health official to his former truant officer, written in 2066 A.D. and made available now by an unemployed ESP technician, provides glimpses of what can be expected:

Dear Mr. Cooperstein:

It's good to hear that you are in great shape, aside from your heart, lung and liver trouble.

I'm continuing my studies of U.S. public health practices in the 1960's. Although air and water pollution were satisfactorily advanced by that time, they had not become ubiquitous. Many areas remote from the big cities were deprived of its benefits. People in these regions were not only subjected to sterile, unpolluted air—they seemed to think it was preferable and healthy.

In our day, thank God, we know better. We have our underprivileged areas, of course—you and I came from one—where construction and transportation difficulties due to our little nuclear trouble 20 years ago have prevented the degree of urbanization needed to generate satisfying amounts of smog. Inhabitants of these parts, however, are no longer exposed to great hardship, due to our smog tanks.

You live in a big city now, and aren't forced to travel around, as I am, so you are no doubt unfamiliar with developments in the hinterlands. For people in these relatively pure-air zones, smog tanks provide the breath of life. Every few hours, they don masks connected to

these pressurized tanks and take deep breaths of health-giving, polluted air, acquiring the energy to carry on until the next refreshing pause.

What a blessing it is also to have bottled polluted water appearing on the market. I will bring you some on my next visit. We need it in outlying areas because tap water is most unpleasantly pure.

The bottled water at the town I am staying is delectably spiked with generous quantities of detergent, sewage, chemical wastes and pigeon droppings, and is really delightful. I didn't really appreciate the bottled water fully until I was forced, while camping out on my vacation, to drink spring water for a week. My associate and I were at our wit's end, wondering how to down it without harm, until he got the great idea of mixing the dreadful fluid with some cow dung, making it fit for human consumption. The thought keeps haunting me—*what if the dung hadn't been there?*

Went to a showing of a movie made before the first nuclear war. Bizarre. One of the most curious things in the movie is the absence of litter and dirt. Never does one see an over-full garbage can, banana skin, dog-shit or other refuse so closely and warmly associated with life in our country. It requires a strong stomach to sit through such sanitary sequences.

The scenes, I understand from my researches, are not really true to the life of the time. Streets, parks, beaches and other public areas in big cities were actually full of litter. Sanitation men cleaned infrequently, to maintain the litter at satisfactory levels. People rarely washed their cars. Restaurants, especially cafeterias, were dirty to please the most fastidious modern.

Dogs who didn't defecate on the sidewalk were patiently re-trained by their masters until they had acquired this essential skill. People who accidentally flushed urinals after using them were glared at. So we can see, even in those relatively primitive days, insight was dawning on Americans that dirt and filth have life-giving, precious qualities.

Why people with such a properly respectful attitude to uncleanness in everyday living should shrink away from it in the cinema is hard to understand. It must have had something to do with that degenerate phase people were flirting with at that time . . . what was it called? . . . ah, yes . . . *sanity*.

And Now—People Food for Dogs

American dogs can now eat *People Crackers*—tasty crunchies made in the likeness of people dogs like to bite: cops, milkmen, burglars and dog-catchers. Ad copy on the package explains that it's only fair to provide such a product for dogs, in view of the fact that people have been chewing animal crackers for years.

While the idea seems cute and harmless, certain possibilities should have been investigated before the product was put on the market. Is the manufacturer certain that encouraging dogs to eat crackers resembling people may not possibly stimulate dogs—some dogs, at any rate—to toy with ideas of munching real people?

If dogs do get such ideas, can they be counted on to restrict themselves to dining on the few expendable types—mailmen, police, etc.—they've been conditioned to chomp on by proxy, or will they perhaps extend their appetites to people in general?

Can the manufacturer be considered an accessory to

gustatory homicide if dogs fed on *People Crackers* graduate to the real McCoy? More specifically, can the manufacturer be held liable for damages? Is the company in a financial position to pay for reconstruction work on people who've been chewed up and need extensive repairs and replacements?

If dogs get used to eating people, and refuse all other food, how will their masters gratify their pets' new food habits? Will it be possible to buy canned people—"People in Parts," say—to give to dogs? Can the cost of such canned food be kept down to reasonable levels?

Will it be possible to get a law passed permitting the processing of persons for such purposes? People are done in for so many reasons these days, with perpetrators incurring no punishment, that it's hard to see what objections could legitimately be raised against the practice. Maybe we could import Viet Cong canned people, with LBJ's personal endorsement—"They're good!"—to start the ball rolling.

If pains are taken to spare innocent people, the business will be more ethical than many other types of mayhem we currently give our blessing to. At any rate, it's worth some thought, but every sensible dog should take a minute, before he starts on his first *People Cracker*, to ponder the risks of getting addicted to people.

Musical Links to Crime

Something like 25% of 3,300 ads for a Rheingold music festival disappeared from New York subways during the summer. The company, logically enough, concluded that subway riders swiped the ads to keep themselves posted on festival performances.

The interesting thing about the whole business is that so many music lovers should be crooks. The only alternative to this rather unpleasant possibility is that many crooks are music lovers.

A conversation I overheard at the opera some time ago supports the second interpretation. *Madam Butterfly* was being performed, and two tough-looking characters seated near me seemed so strangely out of place that I eavesdropped more carefully on their conversation than I normally would. I quote it, as well as I can remember:

Gimpy Joe: "Now, in Act I, dis guy Pinkerton, he lays a Japanese broad . . . She's just a kid, see? Don't know from nuthin' . . . Say . . . get a load of dat guy's wallet . . . Maybe when dis act ends we can lift it . . . Not before, ya unnerstan'?"—the music at the end of Act I is outa dis woild . . . The goil loves dis low-life,

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see, but later on . . . geez, I won't spoil it by tellin' ya how it ends . . . Don't forget now . . . we got anudder important errand dis evenin' . . . We gotta bust Pinky the Walrus in the teeth . . . One good swipe wit dese brass knuckles should break his thievin' jaw . . . Ya see him? Foist row . . . the bald-headed geezer . . . He welched on a pay-off to Mozart the Pig . . . Let's get him at the end of Act III. It would be crool to give him the treatment before he hears the whole opera . . . (*Curtain goes up for Act I.*) Let's relax now, One-Eye . . . Remember . . . don't say a void while the music is on, or I'll clout ya one . . ."

Truth and Consequences in Packaging

LBJ, in a message to Congress some time ago on consumer interests, stated: "American industry has made enormous strides in providing attractive and informative packaging. American manufacturers . . . know that packages which accurately and fully describe their wares are the best salesmen."

No supermarket shopper who bothers to read the labels of packages will consider this statement of LBJ's as anything more than a generous fiction. The idea of providing accurate information on packages is, however, a fascinating one, even if attempts by Congressmen to get it there have never succeeded. Some notion of the possibilities the idea opens up may be glimpsed in the following suggested copy for package labels. The author offers it gratis to advertisers, in case any of them is sufficiently daring, civic-minded or moronic to take LBJ seriously.

Frozen Chicken: Frozen chicken in general, and our brand of chicken in particular, is often infected with salmonella bacteria. We pass this information on as a public service. If you must eat frozen chicken, our brand is not the worst. A good antidote, if trouble is encountered, is to drink large quantities of lukewarm water to which salt or mustard has been added. The antidote should be taken within sprinting distance of the bathroom.

Eggs: The AMA advises American adults to eat no more than four eggs a week, due to their extremely high cholesterol content. If this seems unduly restrictive, forget cholesterol and concentrate on more important worries. Consider your chances of getting into an auto accident, which get better every year. Think how silly you will feel when a car smash-up brings you to heaven's gate, and you brood, during your passage, over how much eating pleasure you passed up fretting about cholesterol's hazards.

Bread: Is our bread good? Frankly, no. Packaged bread is almost invariably stale by the time it reaches the consumer. This is an unfortunate necessity of the business. The typical manufacturer would go broke if he had to make daily deliveries of fresh bread to stores.

The manufacturer must not only sell mostly stale bread—he must take pains to prevent his fresh loaves, on the days they are delivered to stores, from competing with the stale left-overs. Few customers realize how much ingenuity is necessary on the part of manufacturer, supermarket manager and his employees to achieve this.

Coded numbers are used to conceal the date of baking from the customer, and reveal it to the store manager, so that employees can successfully cache fresh loaves in the least accessible areas. Calcium propionate is added

to make stale bread as soft as the fresh kind, to fool the more sophisticated shoppers. If you must eat fresh bread, get it at a bakery.

For the best in old bread, we recommend our brand. Honestly, it's the tastiest stale bread on the market.

Dry Cereal: Is our package full? Of course not. Competition forces us to cheat a little. Don't you?

If you have a tendency to pass wind, the BHA in the packaging material may accentuate it. To avoid being hoist by your own petard, open windows wide before starting to eat, particularly when you have company. A good deodorizing spray should be kept within easy reach. Spraying should, of course, be unobtrusive if guests are present. Avoid spraying deodorizer into the cereal.

Detergent: Why do we package our product in an odd weight, like 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ oz.? We do it, gentle user, to make computations difficult. Frankly, we don't want housewives readily figuring out how much our detergent costs per unit of weight. How many housewives can work out the relative costs of two competitive brands, one priced at \$1.63 for 9-7/16 oz., the other at 99 cents for 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ oz.? Don't blame us, dear consumer; it's the American way. If we exposed ourselves to genuine competition and free enterprise, our free enterprise system would quickly go under.

Would an approach of this kind hurt business? Hardly. Imperceptive users would go right on not reading labels, so they wouldn't mind. Intelligent ones would be so flabbergasted at being taken into the manufacturer's confidence that their venom would be drawn. Users of all kinds would go right on being users, for a very simple reason: consumers must consume.

The Perils of Being Annoyed

One of the pleasures of staging a parade is the knowledge, warm and comforting, that it will stop traffic and annoy drivers, pedestrians and shopkeepers. For a long time, paraders have been content with achieving these modest objectives. Recently, a more ambitious parade, mounted by the Veterans of Foreign Wars in New York City, succeeded in irritating a much wider range of targets.

The parade, prolonged past midnight, with a route along Fifth Avenue, was shrewdly calculated to incense people with enough money, influence and power to make it really worth while. A gratifying number of protests from citizens whose sleep had been fractured flooded the City Hall switchboard the following morning. The matter should have ended there, and in normal times, it would have. But the tempora and mores are out of joint.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars were "openly insulted" at newspaper stories reporting that New Yorkers had been annoyed by the late-hour parade. Former VFW commander-in-chief Louis G. Feldmann threatened not to come back and annoy New Yorkers in the future, conjuring up a spectre of deprivation that evidently frightened Mayor Lindsay. Lindsay, who recognizes the importance of discomfort in maintaining the city in working order, made appropriate apologetic sounds, covering the bad manners and deficient patriotism of protesting citizens.

Feldmann, speaking for VFW patriots, among them Mississippians carrying the Confederate flag, expressed

anger that he "didn't see anybody break an arm saluting the flag." Which flag he referred to wasn't specified. Feldmann also complained that "a lot of people don't take baths"—a non-sequitur that seemed to be called for by the scarcity of sequiturs. He had difficulty, he added, "telling the difference between the boys and the girls"—a more serious irrelevancy, indicating a need for either an oculist or a psychiatrist.

The significant thing about this exhibition of Cro-Magnon intelligence in action lies in the pattern it illuminates. Excessive timidity by some, encouraging over-aggressiveness in others, is promoting a state of affairs where people with complaints are better off containing their grievances, than sounding off and getting them topped.

In cafeterias, when I dare ask for a clean plate in place of the one I've been handed, the resentment that flares makes it seem preferable to chance the lesser



fury of bacteria. Cops who stop traffic violators have gotten shot, or started riots. People who complain to neighbors about noise, risk getting beaten, stabbed, murdered or otherwise inconvenienced.

What this may well mean is a revolution in manners and etiquette. It may call for apologies to the person who steps on your foot, and compensation for the driver who runs you over.

Annoying people was formerly a measure of status. These days, status is beginning to be measured by the ability to generate *apology* in people you've annoyed the hell out of.

Sex in the Dark

A sharp rise in births in New York City nine months after the 1965 power blackout has attracted national attention. Considerable theorizing has been going on over why an above-normal number of conceptions should have taken place during the blackout. Among the more interesting speculations is one offered by an official of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, who comments:

"Sexuality is a very powerful force, and people would normally indulge in sex if they didn't have anything else to do. All the substitutes for sex—meetings, lectures, card parties, theaters, saloons—were eliminated that night. What else could they do?"

The Planned Parenthood Federation is on pretty safe ground when it refers to sex as a very powerful force. But when it goes on to infer that this mighty force can be deflected by a 100-watt lamp, driven into the ground by a TV commercial, aborted by the possibility of going to a lecture, and scattered by the winds by an invitation to a card party, it reveals a good deal more about the Planned Parenthood Federation than it does about sex.

The PPF brand of sex can hardly be called a *drive*—it sounds more like a *putt*.

Brown Rice, Yellow Journalism & a Pinch of Red Baiting

by Mike Gershman

"Mike, some broad in Jersey died from your diet."

That was my introduction to the fact that Mrs. Beth Anne Simon, a 24-year-old resident of Clifton, N.J., had died on Wednesday, Nov. 10th, 1965 after pursuing a macrobiotic diet for 9 months. I got the call because at the time, I was publicizing a book on macrobiotic foods called *You Are All Sanpaku*.

My first reaction to the news was one of horror at the death; my second, one of curiosity as to how deeply my client was involved. For the next week, I read every newspaper in the New York metropolitan area to see how the death was covered and, during that time, got a quick course in irresponsible journalism as it is practiced today.

Here is the story in my best neo-Joe Leibling manner:

The *Paterson Morning News* first published the news on Nov. 11, under the headline, "Saddened Father in Warning to Others" relating a story that New Jersey attorney Samuel Weiner, father of the dead girl, had dictated to them.

Mr. Weiner is not one to leave the press to its own devices. It is understandable that he was upset and understandable also that he took it upon himself to gather facts for the *News*. The way the story developed, it's a good thing that he did since initially, the New York and top Jersey papers hardly noticed the death at all.

At any rate, Phil Bailey, a *News* staffer, led with: "A saddened but determined father told the *News* Wednesday night that the death of his daughter . . . was the result of her belief in a Japanese diet cult."

(Keep your eye on that phrase, "Japanese diet cult." It keeps recurring. What the words connote, to me, is either a scheme of the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu or a devious Red Chinese plot to subvert the U.S. with brown rice.)

The story continues, quoting Weiner: "What we want to accomplish is to keep people from falling victim to this philosophy and diet."

Just who "we" is, is never made clear. It could stand for the New Jersey Bar Association, the AMA or the 1931 graduating class of P.S. 26. What it implies is that Mr. Weiner is the head (self-appointed on the basis of grief) of a substantial group of citizens who are going to crush this sneaky Red plot by God.

What Bailey's story failed to divulge
(Continued on Page 7)

by Charles Simon

The first thing: On the morning of my wife's funeral, two detectives came to the house to get their records straight.

"It says here that this microbiotic (sic) diet is a protest against government policy in Vietnam. That true?"

"No."

"Didn't think so. What in the hell is it?"

So we straightened the records. That night at 10 I answered the phone. It was so-and-so, a reporter. He informed me that the local papers had been saying slanderous things about me, and he wanted to give me a chance to defend myself. I said that I had nothing to say.

I didn't really realize until then that the thing was being used by the papers. I guess I had heard some of the relatives bitching, but it didn't register. I wasn't surprised, but I was surprised.

At any rate, if there was anything I learned from Ohsawa, it was not to defend myself (a teaching that he was later to violate himself, so sometimes I have been led to think they all do. If you are looking for The Man [Who Won't-Cop-Out—for example], it is always yourself. Everyone cops out until You stop. But now it is unified.)

The phone rang again. I answered it again. It was a reporter who wanted to know if it was true that I weighed 75 pounds.

The *Journal American* called at 3:30 in the morning. They hoped we didn't mind but they had a few questions to iron out before they went to press. I was polite.

My father was trying to induce this frowsy blond to leave the house. I had
(Continued on Page 9)

by Robert Christgau

When I first became involved with the Beth Ann Simon story I was working for the Dorf Feature Service in Newark. Dorf does suburban news and high school sports for the *Newark Star-Ledger*; at the time, it also did some Jersey work for the *N.Y. Herald Tribune*.

When I came in at 5 p.m. on Thursday, November 11, there was a 4-paragraph story detailing Beth Ann's death on the front page of the *Newark Evening News*. I laughed. I had been expecting such a story ever since I learned of the diet a year before.

But beneath my mask of cynicism I am a maudlin fellow, as Mr. Gershman has so cleverly perceived, and when the *Trib* called around 8 for some supplementary material — Joseph Hixson's story for the first edition had been eclipsed, the *Trib* felt, by Maggie Bartel's work for the *News*—I was scared shitless. I find it hard to imagine that even Miss Bartel, a real pro, enjoys talking to close relatives of the just-deceased. I detest it.

So I did the usual things.

I called the Clifton cops, who, as usual, were totally uncooperative (which is why Samuel Wiener had to break the story himself).

I wormed Dr. Van Vooren's name out of the Medical Examiner's answering service and called him. The doctor told me Beth Ann had died of malnutrition. There were no maybes. He said the only thing comparing to it in his experience was the concentration camps at the end of World War II.

He was remarkably talkative, but he didn't give me enough, so I gave one more try before getting down to the dirty work by calling Irma Paule at the Ohsawa Center in New York. Miss Paule is rarely out of the center at 8:15, but I was unlucky—she wasn't in. In any case, that's what I was told.

That left an unpleasant choice—the Wiener home or the Simon home. I knew Samuel Wiener had been in contact with the papers, so I called him. We talked for half an hour. The two-take story I sent to the *Trib* arrived too late to do any good, but I got a bug up my ass about the idea of a girl dying of the need for an absolute.

The bug eventually produced the "Sunday magazine piece" to which Mr. Gershman refers. Wiener was delighted to talk to me because I was the first reporter he had encountered who knew what macrobiotics was. And that is significant.

The Beth Ann story was a juicy one. In addition to the beatnik angle (titillate the hoi polloi) it boasted a

Editor's Note

"Inspectors of the Federal Food and Drug Administration raided a Japanese cult diet store on the lower East Side late Wednesday night," began a report in the *N.Y. Times* on June 3rd 1966, "and seized a quantity of 'misbranded' foodstuffs allegedly used in 'Zen macrobiotic' diets."

"The raid was made at the Ohsawa Foundation . . . and led also to the seizure of promotional books and pamphlets. The authorities stressed that while the foods themselves did not cause any harm, the diets were dangerous [and] had caused deaths by starvation. . . ."

The three articles on this page provide the story behind that little news item.

community leader victimized by bizarre tragedy and had a mysterious Oriental flavor. It was a human interest story as opposed to a news story.

Human interest may not be as important as the price of oil in Kuwait, but it seems to me a legitimate journalistic aim. It is not the same thing as sensationalism. The distinction is not always clear, but Mr. Gershman would have done well to try to keep it in mind.

Unfortunately for this story and stories like it, reporters are pedestrian souls and to an extent they mucked it up. For one thing, they lacked the proper sympathies. Also, the encyclopedic backlog of information with which rewrite men unconsciously double-check things was absent—hence, the egregious error about the raw carrot.

(The business of kasha being a Russian grain was probably the work of some rewrite man who thought his readers wouldn't know what kasha was—my editor had to describe it as "Jewish.")

Considering these difficulties, I think the papers did a remarkably fair and accurate job with the Beth Ann story, and in this I have the concurrence of everyone who is familiar with the details, including Paul Klein, who clarifies the truth toward the end of Mr. Gershman's piece, and Charlie Simon.

There is one exception. The macrobiotic people all feel they have been massacred. This is reasonable, since they have. But they have been massacred by facts. And the massacre has had no practical effects. For the faithful continue to flourish in adversity, and lo, they increase their number.

Irma Paule now demands releases from those seeking her medical advice. A letter from Ohsawa which claims Beth Anne and Charlie were on drugs while they were on macrobiotics (a blatant lie) is circulating. The macrobiotic people, even its PR men, have no legitimate complaint, at least not until they get busted by Food and Drug.

Inaccuracies in reporting are an unfortunate inevitability in the newspaper business. So are crudities of interpretation, especially in a story like this one. Since Mr. Gershman, ex-newspaperman and macrobiotic expert, has one foot planted in a jar of printer's ink and the other in a bowl of brown rice, one would trust him to avoid both pitfalls, especially as he had no deadline. But he doesn't.

Like Mr. Gershman, I am a great admirer of A. J. Liebling, though I never knew him well enough to call him Joe or to misspell his last name with impunity, perhaps it is just my maudlin temperament which makes me feel that the association of his name with a piece of illiterate trash like Gershman's verges on blasphemy.

He faults the papers for inaccuracy, yet there are more inaccuracies in his 3,000-word critique than in the reams of copy to which he refers. He faults them for unfair angling, yet his own angle makes him blind to the realities of the newspaper business. In roughly his own order, viz:

- Beth Ann used no "e" in her middle name. She died Tuesday, November 9th.
- Samuel Wiener spells his name with an "ie," not an "ei."
- Only someone who could concoct the schoolboy metaphor in Mr. Gershman's parenthetical 8th paragraph is capable of believing the phrase "Japanese cult diet" to be anything but accurate newspaper shorthand. Macrobiotics is a cult. Merriam-Webster, definition 2b: "Great devotion to some person, idea, or thing, esp. such devotion viewed as an intellectual fad."

The obvious religious overtones are perfectly apropos: Ohsawa calls eating "the sacred act" and advises "prayer and fasting" to cure all ills. Only macrobiotic people would disagree, and the papers could hardly have been expected to write from their standpoint.

Macrobiotics is also Japanese. And it is also a diet. Once again, the cultists would disagree—macrobiotics, they insist, is universal and a way of life. But newspapermen have to convey essential information in minimal space. The phrase accurately describes the three most salient aspects of Ohsawa's way. I defy Mr. Gershman to do better.

• Samuel Wiener did not consult Duffy about Beth Ann because he regarded both daughters and their husbands as responsible adults who were temporarily beyond help. He thought he might save his grandson, Eric, who weighed 8 pounds at birth and 10 when Beth Ann died three months later. He did persuade Paul and Wendy to take Eric to a doctor when Beth Ann died. (The doctor could find nothing wrong with Eric except his weight. But Wendy does not feel he was healthy at the time.)

• Gershman stresses the fact that the Medical Examiner was unsure of the cause of death. Dr. Van Voreen expressed doubts because his original report was tentative. But as an ex-newspaperman, Gershman should know that all Medical Examiner's reports are tentative as far as newspapers are concerned—a complete one invariably takes from 3 days to a week. In this case it took over two weeks.

Gershman might also have picked up the phone and found out what Dr. Van Voreen's final verdict was, as I did. Malnutrition. (The other viable possibility is scurvy. Drugs completely discounted.)

• Beth Ann's death was not the first one attributable to macrobiotics. It was at least the 7th. (Ohsawa is reported to have once told a companion, jocu-

larly of course, that he had killed thousands. This is likely as false as most of his other pronouncements.)

• Ohsawa never expressly forbids consultation with a doctor, but he does say the efforts of Western medicine to analyze disease are "wasteful, superfluous and often misleading" and advises the macrobiotic person to "dispense with his doctor." That would seem quite strong enough, and hardly renders Samuel Wiener's misunderstanding nonsense.

• The fact that Beth Ann was pretty (and according to most reports, she was) is not irrelevant—no more irrelevant, say, than her education or that she was an artist—nor is it designed to promote sympathy for her father. It is designed to increase "human interest" and make her more real to the reader. In any case, I can't see anything especially "irresponsible" about a newspaper story designed to evince sympathy for a dead girl and her bereaved father.

• I see no reason to expect the translator of a book which has been indirectly indicted for a girl's death to be any more objective about it than the person who made the indictment. I would expect them to be equally subjective.

• The context of the quote from Friday's *Post* shows the reporter was using the Vietnam protest conjecture as an especially silly example of the misunderstanding to which Charlie had been subjected since Beth Ann's death. No "credence" was implied.

• The Simons were not "drug addicts of long standing." They had been using cocaine for several months before going on the diet but apparently were not addicted, since they suffered no withdrawal when they stopped. They had been using marijuana for many years, regularly for two, but marijuana, of course, is not addictive.

• The inconsistent interviews with Charlie all happen to be accurate—he kept changing his mind.

• If the *Telegram* had not put quotes around "health foods" it would have implied that macrobiotic foods had "health" value, an implication it understandably wanted to avoid.

• The New York papers stopped carrying the story for a simple reason: it was dead. The Jersey papers continued their coverage because the Grand Jury convened in Paterson, where Samuel Wiener is something of a wheel. The *Times*, though, did run one relevant story after the furor had died down. It recounted the testimony of Samuel Wiener before a New York State legislative committee investigating the diet, and listed two more macrobiotic deaths. I wonder how Mr. Gershman missed that one.

• Finally we have the sad tale of how the New York papers passed up the chance of putting a reporter on the macrobiotic diet for two weeks when

Mr. Gershman began to publicize *You Are All Sanpaku*. If Mr. Gershman does not know what happens to releases by unknown PR men on the unknown works of unknown authors, I will inform him: they are thrown in the waste basket. Especially if they are ludicrous. It would have been a much better gimmick if Mr. Gershman had gone on the diet himself. And perhaps the world would be rid of one more PR man.

For what is remarkable about the two accompanying pieces is how Charlie Simon, ex-"drug addict of long standing" and general badnik, manages to write a fair and lucid account of his experiences, while the professional man of words, Mr. Gershman, concocts such hogwash.

I believe Charlie is ultimately disconnected from reality; that is to say, on a very deep level he is solipsistic and doesn't believe in anything but himself and God. I think this is silly.

Yet Mr. Gershman, who would seem to be quite down-to-earth, is either a liar or has limited perceptual power (I prefer to believe the latter) while Charlie, who is not all there, puts it down the way it was without malice or inaccuracy. It makes you wonder.

GERSHMAN

(Continued from Page 5)

was the fact that on Nov. 3, 1965, seven days before his daughter's death, Weiner wrote Bill Dufty, translator of *You Are All Sanpaku*, as follows:

"I have read your book, *You Are All Sanpaku*. I am particularly interested in getting information with respect to children who have been raised from infancy—i.e., immediately upon being born—on the Macrobiotic Diet. I would [like] to have some information as to where there are such children that I may actually contact and see for myself."

So here is a man pictured in the story above as frantically concerned over the death of his daughter. Yet, knowing that she was ill (the story says he visited her apartment "a month ago"), he asks the author of the book that may have led to her death, not to help Beth Anne, but rather to help a child, specifically his granddaughter, the daughter of Beth Anne's sister.

To continue with the *Paterson News* story, it goes on to note that the diet espoused in *You Are All Sanpaku* consists of natural brown rice "and kasha, a cereal which originated in Russia." (This morsel indicates that Russia and Red China have healed their ideological split and are working together to subvert the U.S. with wheat products.)

The story continues with the information that Beth Anne wrote George Ohsawa, Japanese author of *Sanpaku*, and got the following reply: "You are

one of the lucky people in the world. Stay on diet 7 and you will get well."

This is pretty damning evidence by itself. However, circumstances are mitigated by the fact that this letter was undated as well as by the fact that the morning she died, Beth Anne Simon read a letter from Ohsawa which scolded her and her husband for using salt on the diet the way narcotics addicts use cocaine. This letter wasn't made public until 6 days later, and then only in conversation between Bill Dufty and Charles Simon, husband of the dead girl.

Simon told Dufty that the moment he mentioned this second letter from Ohsawa, a police officer snatched it from his hands and refused to release it until after the Grand Jury investigation had been completed.

At this point, things looked grim for Dufty, so I arranged an interview for him with Murray Zuckoff of the *Paterson Call and Bergen Record* (jointly owned). During their discussion, Zuckoff confirmed the rumor that Beth Anne Simon and her husband had been cocaine addicts.

He also relayed the information that the Passaic County medical examiner was not sure that Beth Anne had died of malnutrition as her father had charged. Zuckoff conjectured that some disease resulting from cocaine addiction might have been the actual cause of death.

The first New York paper to pick up the story was the late *Journal American*. The *Journal* (11/11) ran the story under the byline of William J. MacFadden. Headlined, "Girl Dies, Cult Diet Assailed," the story led with: "A grieving father denounced the teachings of an Oriental cult [that phrase again] today for the starvation death of his young daughter."

First, since the medical report was not to be released until a week later, blaming the death on any one cause was premature and misleading. Secondly, one gets the impression that the girl was starved to death against her will since the headline fails to mention she had taken on the diet by her own volition.

The *Journal* quotes Weiner as saying: "This diet is the cult of thousands throughout the world. . . . It must be broken up before others die like my daughter." If the diet is "the cult of thousands" and if this is the first death attributable to it, doesn't it seem premature to condemn the diet?

Then the *Journal* quotes Weiner on the diet thusly: "It consists of one raw carrot a day." From his letter to Dufty, one must assume that Weiner read the book. Had MacFadden taken the trouble to read *You Are All Sanpaku*, he would have found a specific indictment in the book against eating raw vegetables in any form.

Weiner also says, "No one on the

diet is permitted to see a doctor." This is nonsense. The book says that every man has the capability of being his own doctor, once he knows his own body.

The *Journal* then prints quotes from Weiner that had already appeared in the *Paterson Evening News*. Since he is exploring a death that occurred under shadowy circumstances, it would seem incumbent upon a reporter to get his own quotes and facts.

Incidentally, the story was yanked from all later editions of the *Journal* that day, although it was previously deemed important enough to get the left-hand lead on page 3 of the first edition. One can surmise that the editor saw holes in the story and decided, belatedly, to save the paper embarrassment.

The *N.Y. Post* then jumped, or rather limped, into the fray. Their story was headlined, "Malnutrition Kills Dieting Woman." Since the Passaic County Medical Examiner's office had, by this time, made known its uncertainty as to what caused Beth Anne's death, the very least the *Post* could have done was to throw in a face-saving "Reportedly" or "Allegedly."

The story proceeds in the best tradition of daytime TV soap opera. It begins: "For nine months, pretty Mrs. Beth Anne Simon, 24, lived on an austere diet that limited her, on a typical day, to one raw carrot and some dried beans and rice."

The opinion that she was pretty is irrelevant and designed to promote sympathy for her father. (Not only that, it's questionable whether she was pretty.)

Secondly, who knows what her diet was like "on a typical day"? Only her husband, and the *Post* didn't bother to interview him. They rewrote the Jersey stories, threw in that great opening sentence, and then repeated the error of the raw carrot.

The only afternoon papers to give the facts objectively at this point were the late *World Telegram* and the *Bergen Record*. The *Telegram* had a sparse but accurate account, and the *Record* ran a cut-and-dried UPI story.

On Friday, the *N.Y. Times* deigned to pick up the story (a little bit late, but that's the *Times* for you). The headline ran true to previous form: "Cult Diet Studied In Jersey Death." At least the *Times* volunteered the information that, after examining Mrs. Simon, the assistant medical examiner of Passaic County "found no obvious reason for her being underweight."

The supreme irony of the *Times*' story is the using of the term "cult diet," because 3 inches from this story, they published a picture of artist Alexander Calder and his 2-year-old grandson, Alexander Rower. The latter is the obviously healthy son of Howard Rower, head of Infinity Foods, a dis-

tributor of macrobiotic foods; child, mother and father are all on the diet.

That morning, the late *Herald Tribune* carried a fairly truthful account, except for the headline, "Dieting, Dies Of Malnutrition." (Good thing that comma's there or the reader would be lost completely.) Also, at this time, it still had not been determined what caused Mrs. Simon's death.

Surprisingly enough, the *Daily News* ran the most objective account of the story in the New York morning papers. Except for a headline questionable on grounds of taste ("Too Much Die In Zen Diet?"), the *News* ran the facts, concentrating on the dead girl's husband: "Charles Simon, 24, gaunt, hollow-eyed and painfully thin . . . still clinging to the Oriental diet that apparently killed his brunette artist wife."

The *Paterson Morning Call* saved the honor of the morning papers by headlining: "Diet Or Disease Cited In Death." He quoted Dr. William Van Vooren, Assistant County Medical Examiner, as saying: "It is unusual not to find a cause of death in a person who dies like that wasting away to nothing. She had to have some serious disease that was not treated. That's why we're waiting for the final autopsy."

Now, why didn't the New York papers bother to question this man before establishing malnutrition as the cause of death? Would it have been so difficult to pick up a phone and call the medical examiner specifically assigned to discover the cause of Beth Simon's death?

The *Paterson Call* was also the only morning paper to get in touch with Bill Dufty, who was the recognized authority on *You Are All Sanpaku*, since he translated it. (The actual author, George Ohsawa, was in Tokyo and would have been difficult to reach.) It also seems logical, from the standpoint of a newspaper, that the translator of the book would be more knowledgeable and objective about its contents than a father overcome with grief about his daughter's death.

Also, with all the interviewing that had been going on since the story broke, no paper had disclosed the fact that Beth Simon had a long history of drug addiction.

With draft-card burning and protest marches all the rage then, it seemed only a matter of time until the diet would be linked to the anti-war-in-Vietnam protest movements. This happened, and was reported by the dead girl's husband, Charles, in Friday's *N.Y. Post*.

Speaking of a detective who had questioned him, Charles said, "One of them had heard the diet was a protest against the war in Vietnam." To give credence (and newspaper space) to such a conjecture seems irresponsible,

to say the least; however, it was in keeping with the page one headline the *Post* ran: "The Girl Who Dieted to Death. Story on Page 5."

The *Post* did earn some Brownie points for revealing the fact that the Simons were drug addicts of long standing. They quoted Charles as saying: "We were desperate. Drugs had led us from a feeling of religion, yes, to a dissipated, exclusive life. The idea of getting up without 4 or 5 cups of coffee and some cocaine was unthinkable."

This revelation of the Simons' addiction really changes the complexion of the story. Cocaine is noted particularly for its deadening effect on the appetite, which might explain Beth Anne's starvation diet. It is also quite possible that she was dying from cocaine addiction before starting on the macrobiotic diet. Since I once earned my living as a headline writer, something on the order of "Husband Bares Drug Past In Wife's Diet Death" occurred to me immediately, not only to grab a reader's attention, but also to add something vital to the story.

The *Post*, however, headlined its account with, "Behind The Fatal Diet: Quest For A New Life." Thus the fact that Beth Anne had been on drugs did not change the "fact" that the macrobiotic diet caused her death.

Since the *Post* had not seen fit to interview the medical examiner, but rather printed the day-old supposition that "The assistant medical examiner of Passaic County has ruled that her death resulted from acute malnutrition," they must be faulted for laxity, if not downright inaccuracy.

Friday's *Journal American* carried an interview with Charles Simon also. Strangely enough, nothing of his (and his wife's) addiction to cocaine came out in the story. Also, Charles defended the diet, an angle completely lacking in the *Post* account. How two newspapers could interview the same person at pretty much the same time and get two completely different stories is baffling.

Anthony Prisenrdorf of the *World Telegram* spoke with Dr. Morton Glenn, President of the American College of Nutrition—the first time that a journalist on the story saw fit to interview a person connected with the study of nutrition. However, the fact that Dr. Glenn's stomach is hanging over his belt would seem to indicate that his word on matters nutritional is not all it could be, especially in view of his authoring a book called *How To Get Thinner Once And For All*.

Saturday, the *Times* got the booby prize again for saying: "Mr. Simon visited a physician and then said he was determined to stay on the diet." The *Daily News* headlined emphatically that morning: "Jersey Man Ends Diet Cited In Wife's Death." Monday the

Times did an about-face and headlined, "Husband Switches From 'Diet Death.'"

The *Times* and the *World Telegram* carried reports that members of the Health Department had visited the Ohsawa Foundation with an eye to banning the sale of macrobiotic foods available there.

The *Telegram* led with: "The city is powerless to embargo special 'health foods' provided they meet certain requirements." Those quotes around health foods strike me as being an editorial weapon rather than objective information.

The *Telegram* also stated without equivocation that "The Passaic County medical examiner's office ruled following an autopsy that Mrs. Simon died of malnutrition and emaciation." Obviously, no one at the *Telegram* had bothered to read stories the Jersey papers had run which clearly underlined the medical examiner's doubt as to the cause of death.

I grant that my history of the Sanpaku Caper was done at leisure rather than under the intense pressure of newspaper deadlines; however, the newspapers handled this early stage of the investigation with sensationalism, poor medical reporting, misleading headlines, poor interviewing, a minimum of initiative about questioning knowledgeable persons on the diet, and an unfortunate habit of reprinting one- and two-day-old quotes from other sources.

At this point, the Passaic County Grand Jury began hearing witnesses on Beth Simon's death (only on Wednesdays). On Thursday, Dec. 9th, the *Bergen Evening Record* ran an 8-column story under the headline, "Fad Dieter Wouldn't Change, Jury Told." The story began: "It was not the macrobiotic diet that caused the death by malnutrition of a 24-year-old Clifton woman, but perhaps her extreme adherence to it, the Passaic County Grand Jury was told yesterday."

The story paraphrased testimony given by Paul Klein, Beth Anne Simon's brother-in-law. The fact that George Ohsawa had written Beth Anne and told her to stop the diet was finally revealed, fully one month after the information was available.

The story went on to say that Klein "portrayed Mrs. Simon as a woman who suffered guilt feelings which may have unconsciously motivated her to desire death. He said the cause of guilt feelings may have been her past use of drugs."

Well, none of the New York papers which had lapped up this story a month ago thought this testimony was important enough to print. In fact, throughout the Grand Jury investigations, none of the New York papers printed another word about Beth Simon until the *Herald Tribune* ran a maudlin Sun-

day magazine piec eby Robert Christgau in January.

The investigation of Beth Simon's death has just been completed, and one (count 'em, one) New York paper chose to print the results, the *News*. None of the others thought the story was important enough to print even though months before it rated big headlines, pictures, etc. The *Herald Tribune* had seen fit to do a Sunday magazine piece on the death before the results of the investigation were in, but did not choose to follow up when it was completed. Why? The *Telegram, Journal, Times* and *Post* decided not to follow up the battery of stories they ran earlier. Why?

It's even harder to understand this oversight considering that the Passaic County grand jury urged state and federal action to regulate the further distribution of macrobiotic diet information. That's a pretty juicy story, even though the jury found no criminal responsibility for Beth Simon's death.

When I started publicizing *You Are All Sanpaku*, I offered every New York newspaper the opportunity to put one of their reporters on the diet under supervision for a few weeks so they could judge it objectively. None took up the offer. Yet, they were quick to print "cult diet" a month later after Beth Simon died. And, paradoxically, they ducked following up the story when sworn testimony was given for months in public on every aspect of Beth Simon's death.

Bill Dufty and George Ohsawa may be outright quacks, Communists, sex perverts or what-have-you. In any event, their concept of nutrition should be fully studied before medical and journalistic conclusions are drawn as to its value.

There is a great hue and cry about the disappearance of newspapers in New York. If our journals continue to handle stories the way they mismanaged the death of Beth Anne Simon, they will not be missed.

SIMON

(Continued from Page 5)

never seen her before, but I prevailed on him to let her stay and say what she wanted. She was Maggie Bartell, a reported with a reputation for getting into places. I gave her an interview. She was very nice.

There was a photographer who took 300 pictures of me, and published one in which I appeared sanpaku.

I decided to be as helpful as possible. Someone printed that for a year we had eaten nothing except one bowl of rice, one carrot, and dried tea (tea prepared without water; you eat the leaves dry). There were many calls for verification of this point.

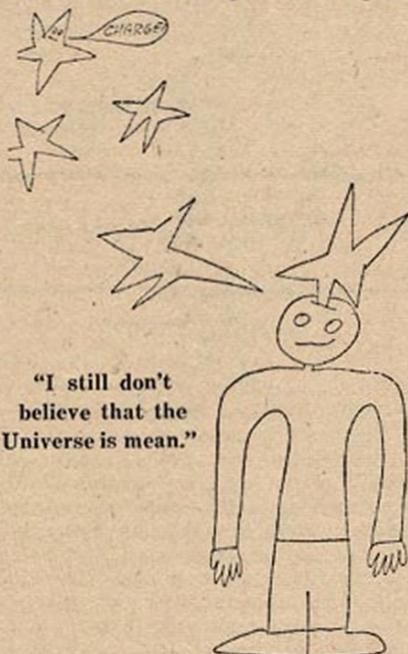
Reporters asked the most interesting questions in the most interesting syn-

tactical arrangements: "Is it true that you really lived in Greenwich Village, Mr. Simon?" I clearly stated my exact address to them all. Yet only 2 or 3 articles out of them all either did not imply or sought to reverse the implication that we lived in the Village.

And one of these papers — after printing that "Mr. Simon wishes it to be clear that, although we have published the reverse, neither he nor his wife lived nor did they ever live in Greenwich Village. We stand corrected"—went on to give my address as Greenwich Village (on the coda, where it says, "Oh yes, and by the way, so-and-so is the nephew of so-and-so and has lived the last 40 years among the Lower Manhattan Aborigines).

"Greenwich Village" explains everything to the New Jersey mind.

Like the doctor who explained an interesting phenomenon: I was telling him how, when I kicked the sugar habit (by the process of "cold brown rice"), I got very hung up and sick so that if a sugar truck passed the apart-



ment while I was asleep even, I would be irresistibly drawn to the window. I had a witness to this event, whom I would call to "C'mere quick" for verification when it happened; unfortunately she died.

Anyhow, this doctor pronounced the thing "psychic" and changed the subject. But he was kind enough to explain it to me: Sugar addiction was impossible as sugar was not a narcotic. He himself could stop eating sugar any time he wanted to.

As "psychic" explains everything, I now do live in Greenwich Village. I cannot begin to communicate to you my gratitude to God for having taken me in hand and explained it all to me, step by step; I can only communicate this gratitude directly: Him.

Time magazine called just after everyone had finally gotten to sleep. My mother shook me, *Time* was on the phone, did I want to talk to it? Of course, I got up. *Time* had a smooth female voice that hoped I wouldn't mind answering one simple question: What had my wife and I read? They wanted a simple answer to put in italics and parentheses in "Milestones." *Zen Macrobiotics* was my simple reply.

A magazine from Tel Aviv called. A letter arrived from Tel Aviv, offering Ultimate Truth for Jews only. And a Tokyo representative.

Then I talked to a nice guy, and I decided to tell him, as completely as the situation allowed, what had happened. There was one outstanding question: Why did Beth Ann go on the diet? Me, they could understand. I was sick and crazy. But why Beth Ann? So I told him a bit about the drugs. How fucked-up she was.

Once I thought I was dying on 14th Street. We were taking a walk because there was nothing else to do. The 5th month or thereabouts. It was excruciating; I was so exhausted I knew I was dying. I didn't know what to do. I felt at least I should be home to die. So I told her. She said, "So what? You're already dead. This is as good as home." She was right, as usual.

A few days before she died, she told my mother that I needed a good shock.

The drugs, of course, didn't explain a thing. I had not browbeaten her into starving to death; and if she had taken drugs, it was not because I had forced her to. But the drugs were out. I heard a conversation about us in a store. The people couldn't blame Macrobiotics; we were junkies.

An article came out: Charlie Simon is mentally disturbed. He says things to shock people, to make excuses. He should be locked up. Therefore, anything he says about drugs is probably a lie. He's a stone square, I know.

As a consequence I myself no longer know whether or not I have ever taken drugs. Or had a wife who had taken drugs. Or had a wife.

The Grand Jury had a Hearing. I was a key witness. I went with my mother and a lawyer. The ladies and gentlemen of the press wanted to take our picture. My advisors were against it. We asked the photographer if he wouldn't mind if we didn't, just this once. Well, he didn't know. You see, he had this assignment, and...

He took my picture, posing with the lawyer in a parody of the picture of the Hell's Angels' Kiss, tongue to tongue (see issue #64).

They asked some interesting questions: How did I know the letters from Ohsawa (Poppa-O) were really from Ohsawa? Had we been initiated into any Zen Buddhist routines? What was the Secret Handshake? What was, in my opinion, the cause of my wife's death? What was the direct experience

of the Infinite like?

I answered to the best of my ability. No Zen. No handshake. Her will (it would have been pointless to have pointed a finger at Ernest Hemingway). And I explained, or described, to them—again to the best of my ability—a DMT hit. The logical conclusion, which was not reached as such by them, would be perhaps to consider the outlawing of guns because people have shot themselves.

A cub reporter from a local newspaper came over. Two of my lawyers were present for the interview. They knew the young man's boss on a first name basis, they were old timers, so he'd better watch his ass. I found it embarrassing to have people speak for me, especially when they weren't representing my views.

I began hearing about a reporter named Christgau. He was writing an article for the *Tribune*. I could expect to meet him. I got two distinct impressions: The first was that he was afraid of me; the second was that he was in love with Beth Ann.

Bit by bit I got a clearer picture of him from my friends whom he had been interviewing. I felt him circling me like a moth, closing in. I waited for him, determined to win him away from the influence of the forces that wanted me destroyed—even if it took 9 hours. It took.

Another reporter called. He wanted to clear up all the unfair things and factual errors that had appeared in his paper. He wanted to give me a chance to defend myself. I told him that I would not defend myself, but that I would be glad to provide the true facts. He would be over in half an hour.

Now let me describe the setting: My friend was with me. We were playing the flute and drums, and we had 3 candles lit on the coffee table. When the reporter arrived, he pounced on the candles like a panther: "Aha! That part of the ceremony?"

"No." The poor fellow was crestfallen. "You do these?" He gestured toward the paintings in the room.

"Yes."

"Well, at least you got something."

"Thanks. By the way, I never lived in Greenwich Village."

"But we were told. . . ."

"Consider the source." Said I.

"Then you're not a beatnik?"

"No. Of course not."

"What should I say you are?"

"A serious artist."

"You know, I'm beginning to think that maybe you're not Svengali after all. You didn't beat her into it, huh?"

"Not a bit of it."

He listed the various jobs I had had, so the public should know that I was not totally bad. Then Sujun came in. Sujun listened a bit; then he proceeded to put the reporter down. He

told him that he was totally incompetent to treat the subject objectively, since he was going to write his own story anyway. "There's too much of you in it," Sujun said. "You wrote the story before you came here. Now you can say you've been here so you know first hand."

Our reporter was hurt. "You wait and see what kind of article I write. It's not going to be what you think. I'm going to be objective, frank. I'm only going to say nice things about Charlie. You wait and see." And he popped another pill, seventh by actual count.

Sujun let him off the hook, and he went into the night to write. He was true to his word. He said only nice things about me. But the next day, in an article in the same paper, they pointed out that Beth and I had lived in Greenwich Village.

My father kept saying, "Let's end it." "Enough is enough," is the way my mother put it.

She called up and told me she was going to sue the *Tribune* if they didn't publish a retraction. It seems that I was referred to as a bum; in fact, "the most conspicuous bum in New Jersey" (a title which, with all due respect, I

cannot accept. I am but an humble artist).

But she's really mad at Christgau. She thinks that if he was quoting someone, he should have used quotation marks. And if he made up the catchy little phrase himself, then he should be sued for every penny the *Tribune's* got.

Unfortunately, the article was printed with my signed approval. But then I could have been still technically in shock when the confession was beaten out of me.

One thing about the Christgau article, though; he gives the impression that I had told him that I had been addicted to heroin. This impression should be reversed. I had been addicted exclusively to sugar. There are no two things the same in all the universes.

Today, while talking to a reporter, I was told that I would never write any newspaper articles. (I was explaining the unfrenic philosophy as simply as possible.) But everyone understands me who understands the truth, even when I speak in parables. Perhaps it is just a mirror of my lack of desire, a materialized insurance that They won't make me do another thing that I don't want to do. When I want what God wants I am immeasurably fulfilled.

Who Killed the Herald Tribune?

by Alan Whitney

The *New York Herald Tribune* was killed by grasping pressmen, abetted to some extent by stupid publishers.

This widely accepted summation is an example of what John Kenneth Galbraith calls the "conventional wisdom"; it is what some of my best friends would describe as crazy talk for the goyim; it is what my Anglo-Saxon grandfather would have dismissed as horseshit.

The *Trib's* death was indeed a tragedy. It had been, at times, one of the country's best newspapers, at the end, it was probably the hippest.

The pressmen were, of course, self-seeking and blind to the social consequences of their actions. If they were altruistic intellectuals they wouldn't be pressmen.

The publishers were certainly inept and vacillating. What would you expect from businessmen who have never indicated any clear grasp of the fact that their product was something quite different from a detergent?

The surface facts of the *Trib's* terminal illness are fairly simple. That morning paper, plus two afternoon ones, the *Journal-American* and the *World-Telegram & Sun*, had all been losing large amounts of money for years. They decided to combine their

operations and though nobody talks about this part of the merger any more, one paper was killed right at that point. The idea was for the two p.m. blats to combine into a single *World-Journal*; the *Trib* would continue as a morning sheet and all three diverse organs would somehow fit into one big Sunday jockstrap called the *World-Journal-Tribune*. The unions, not surprisingly, reacted by doing what they could to save jobs and to get maximum severance benefits for the thousands of their members who would be out on the street. When a man with a family has been making a decent living as a typographer for 30 years, it is hard for him, at 50, to accept the suggestion that he switch overnight to some currently more thriving field like napalm manufacture or door-to-door deodorant sales.

So there was a strike, and after it had gone on for nearly four months, the merged publishers announced that they were folding the *Tribune* for good.

If this were an isolated instance, there might be some good in trying to weigh, in 20 times this much space, all the mistakes of the unions and the publishers and decide which must bear the greater blame. But to do so would be a waste of time, because the death of the *Herald Tribune* was just another example of what inevitably happens in

a society in which the exchange of information and ideas is made dependent on modern capitalist economics.

Newspapers have been dying like flies, not just in New York nor even in the United States, and not just in the 1960s. And magazines have been going with them.

There are now four papers left in New York City. This represents a 50 per cent shrinkage since 1937, when there were eight. But the eight were only slightly more than half the 15 that were being published at the turn of the century, and the period from 1900 to 1937 was not one in which unions were precisely getting everything their own way.

What's happening in other cities? Just after World War II, Los Angeles had five dailies. Now, in the face of the city's enormous growth, there are two. Chicago had five papers after the war and now has four, but they are owned by two corporations, so that the number of voices has been cut from five to two.

The picture is much the same in Detroit and San Francisco and practically everywhere else. Similar trends, in fact, are visible in London and Paris.

Then there is the magazine field. *Collier's*, *Coronet*, the *American* and the *Woman's Home Companion* have been major casualties in a parallel trend toward monopoly in periodical journalism.

It should be clear even to a *Journal-American* reader, then, that a plague so endemic in time, space and genre cannot realistically be blamed on the frailties of the bosses or the workers.

Then who are the culprits?

The readers? Have they simply lost interest in newspapers as television has claimed more of their time? No. The total circulation of American dailies has been rising even as the number of them available has declined.

Shall we blame laxity on the part of the monopoly watchers in the Department of Justice, who have the duty of opposing unjustified mergers in the courts? Not really. It is reliably estimated that the three papers which proposed to merge in New York were losing a combined total of \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 a year. Should the government have told them to go home and lose some more? Even the *Tribune's* John Hay Whitney, who has considerably more bread than Alan J., could not have kept throwing it away at that rate for long.

We get closer to the real root of the problem when we examine the role of the advertising agencies in the industry.

To say that newspapers are handled by the economy as if they were bars of soap is to understate the case. A newspaper (or mass magazine) is unique in having to sell itself not to one set of

customers but to two—the readers and the advertisers.

When the *New York Mirror* folded in 1963, it had a circulation of more than 800,000, third highest in the country. It was, in other words, being purchased every day by more than 10 per cent of the population in the area where it was available. A soap or a cigaret or a soft drink with this kind of popularity couldn't conceivably go out of business. But the *Mirror* folded because it didn't sell advertising nearly as well as it did newspapers. The better part of a million New Yorkers wanted to buy the *Mirror* every day but the advertising agencies wouldn't let them. It comes down to that.

The *Herald Tribune* had a circulation in excess of 300,000 before the last strike began. It seems to me that if that many people want to read a newspaper they ought to be able to. Even 100,000 ought to be a viable circulation figure. If it isn't, then the economic system that prevents it from being should be changed.



The agencies did not, of course, kill the *Mirror* or the *Trib* just to be mean. They killed them as part of what they take to be their duty to their clients. As the advertising industry has become more and more highly organized, it has become exquisitely selective. A vast computerized study is undertaken which indicates that for each dollar spent in the *Daily Distributor*, 1.357 cases of Comfy tampons will leave the shelves; the corresponding figure for the rival *News-Trombone* is only 1.352. Forget the *News-Trombone*.

Around the turn of the century, there were hardly any advertising agencies around but an awful lot of newspapers. The growth of the former has been pretty directly proportional to the decline of the latter.

The point needn't be belabored, but what the agencies do to the publications that survive is worth a word, too. When *Collier's* magazine folded (with a circulation way up in the millions) the mass weekly and bi-weekly field was left to *Life*, *Look* and the *Saturday Evening Post* (which, with an even larger number of readers, continues to lose money).

Some of the things that the survivors have done to avoid going the way

of *Collier's* can only be described as sickening. A year or so ago *Look* ran an article about the truth-in-packaging legislation still pending in Congress. The author was none other than the president of General Foods, and he didn't seem to think it was such a good idea. But the absence of objectivity wasn't *Look's* primary sin. Copies of the article were run off and sent to every food manufacturer and distributor in the country by the magazine's advertising sales staff. The message was clear: We're on your side, now wheres the payoff?

At this point I want to be put in a word from God, otherwise known as the late A. J. Liebling. It was he who emphasized another deadly way in which capitalist economics impinges on the industry. Imagine a town of 700,000 population in which there are two papers.

The *Daily Zither* is doing very well but the *Herald-Screech* is just about keeping its masthead above water. The owner of the latter paper is getting on in years and is disposed to sell out. He is approached by a public-spirited citizen of some means who offers him \$5,000,000. Almost immediately the *Zither* will bid about twice that much for the *Herald-Screech*, which will then vanish in a "merger."

And why can the *Zither* pay so much? Because it is buying a monopoly that will enable it to get back the money fast from advertisers and readers who will have nowhere else to go. Our economy, in other words, places a lower value on a going newspaper with headaches than on a dead one that isn't going to cause its rival any more trouble.

Now that we know what the real problem is, what should we do about it? Tell the admen to be good guys and spread their money around so that more voices may be heard in daily and periodical journalism? An obvious waste of time. If they had consciences they would long since have given up pimping and turned to productive, non-parasitical work.

What needs to happen is the development of whole new economic bases for publications.

The one probably least likely to be adopted is direct ownership of papers by governments — federal, state and municipal — with their operation entrusted to an independent authority like the BBC. No doubt this would be stoutly resisted by those who fear that such papers would become so many Pravdas functioning only to keep politicians in power. That would be a real problem. At the same time, I think the tapes would prove that city-owned radio station WYNC consistently handles the news more objectively than any of its major commercial rivals.

If the government is not going to become a publisher it might well be—
(Continued on Back Cover)

THE WEDDING NIGHT SPECIAL

(Continued from Cover)

disclose a few of the words of motherly wisdom you've just been imparting to Luci?"

"Well, of course I've spoken with her about the things that are dear to my heart—the importance of her and Patrick keeping America beautiful, and . . ."

"Did you give her any advice that would be specifically relevant to the wedding night, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Well, of course, all my recent experience has been with Lyndon, and that is an experience of such a unique calibre that I hesitate to even consider that I could give much advice that would apply to any other situation."

"What wedding present are you giving the young couple, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Why, I've given them a li'l old thousand-acre ranch in Texas and sixty tenant farmers, for a place to vacation and get away from the world."

"Luci—Mrs. Nugent—in view of the current sexual revolution, and the fact that most young girls today are not virgins at the time they marry, would you confirm your status in this area for us?"

"Well, actually, the most current polls have shown that 55% of all American girls are still virgins at the time they marry, and that was considered a landslide when Eisenhower won over Stevenson in 1952. . . ."

"And, right now, Luci and Pat are slipping away from the gathering here, and in a moment a limousine will be taking them off in the night to their hotel room, where our CBS cameras will be waiting for them. The celebrating here will go on far into the night, but we'll return you now to Marriage Central and Walter Cronkite."

"Thank you, Roger, and back here at Marriage Central, as the moment of consummation nears, our CBS Countdown is set at C minus 60 minutes and counting. And while we're waiting to take you to the Nugent hotel room and Morley Safer, here's an interview we filmed earlier with Father Miley, one of Luci's closest spiritual advisers, who helped her a great deal with her decision to convert to the Catholic faith. . . ."

"Father Miley, is it true that President Johnson himself had a great deal to do with his daughter's conversion to Catholicism—that he figured that if Luci were a Catholic, she would not be allowed to employ any means of birth control, and that therefore she would be less likely to do any fooling around?"

"I don't know if that's quite true, in so many words—after all, there were all those Secret Service men—but you remember that the President did say that he would never trust a man unless he had his pecker in Mr. Johnson's pocket."

"As opposed to Luci's? Then you do think that was a major factor?"

"Well, you have to take into consideration the political implications, also—but politics are really out of place when discussing so deeply personal a situation as an impending marriage."

"Yes, we at CBS have been deeply moved by the sentiment and non-partisan spirit that has permeated the whole affair. It's the personal touches that have so captured the imagination of the American people. For the first time, we've been able to share in the poignancy of a father seeing his little girl becoming a woman, the radiant happiness of the bride-to-be approaching her

wedding day—and her wedding night. And we've considered it a rare privilege to be able to bring the great American public all of these insights into history. That's why we're so honored that you've consented to let our CBS cameras into the confessional this afternoon when young Pat Nugent makes his confession."

"Yes, he's a fine lad, such a good sport, and such a fine character. I believe that sounds like him now. . . ."

"We're here in the confessional booth, waiting for Patrick Nugent to appear. By use of our CBS split-screen process, we'll be able to see both Father Miley and Pat Nugent at the same time, although they, of course, in accordance with the traditional custom of this time-honored Catholic ritual, will not see each other, and the sanctity of the confessional will be preserved. You know, there was a very interesting technical problem involved in lighting the darkened booths enough to permit the use of television cameras, while still retaining the proper religious atmosphere. We finally solved it by creating a super-confessional booth, 8 feet high and 18 feet deep, to allow for the proper placement of lights and cameras—and yet, as you'll see, we've managed to do it without sacrificing any of the traditional spirit. We're ready now with Patrick Nugent's confession. . . ."

"Father, I have a terrible sin on my conscience. I hardly know how to begin, but lately thoughts have been sneaking into my head—I try to stop them, but I don't seem to be able to shake them. Terrible, sinful, unpatriotic thoughts about the war in V—"

"Wait, you fool! You're on television!" (*Whispered, as is the rest of this exchange.*)

"My God, you're right! I'd better . . ."

"That is indeed a most grievous sin, my son, and one that we must talk about and purify your soul of, but for now . . ." (*End whispering.*)

"Father, forgive me, for I have sinned."

"Yes, my son?"

"I have had lewd thoughts about my bride-to-be."

"Yes, my son?"

"The worst sort of lewd and lascivious fantasies, Father! You wouldn't believe . . ."

"Try me, my son."

"I imagine myself alone with her . . . getting away from the Secret Service agents . . . taking her to a motel . . ."

"Yes, my son? —Yes? —Yes?"

"And then . . . I imagine myself unbuttoning her blouse . . . slipping off her skirt . . . unhooking her bra . . ."

"Go on, my son! Don't stop now! What then?"

"Then I imagine myself turning on the radio . . ."

"What about her pants?"

"Ah, yes, her pants. And then I imagine myself dancing the frug with her in wild, naked abandon! And then . . . as we reach a peak of ecstasy and desire . . ."

"Yes? Yes?"

"As the culmination of my fantasy nears . . ."

"Yes, my son? Yes?"

"She turns into a bird."

"Oh."

"You sound disappointed, father."

"What? Oh, no, not at all. But that final stage of your fantasy shows beyond a shadow of a doubt that your heart is pure and your conscience must be clear."

"Thank you, father. . ."

"This is Morley Safer in the bridal suite reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Nugent. The happy couple have reached the bridal suite at C minus 30 and counting, and now Patrick Nugent is carrying his bride across the threshold, and the final phase of our Operation Wedding Night is under way. Mrs. Nugent, are you at all apprehensive?"

"Oh, no, not at all. I'm not one of those Nervous Nellies who shy away from action when the time comes to take it decisively, and that time has undeniably come."

"Do you plan, then, to take the initiative in unilaterally waging a piece offensive?"

"No, I don't think that will be necessary. It seems to me that any such settlement can only come about if both parties act in good faith, but I expect that we'll have no difficulty in negotiating something."

"Mrs. Nugent, do you expect to have children right away?"

"No, we're both still very young, and besides, we thought we'd wait until the world situation gets—till we're a little older."

"In that case, do you or your husband plan to take any precautions?"

"Oh, no, we couldn't do that! We'll just be using the rhythm method. You know, that's one of the funny little sideights to this whole affair—this isn't one of my safe periods, and if it weren't for you fellows we'd probably put off—oh, you know, the honeymoon until later on. But you'll have to excuse me now while I change."

"And that was Luci Baines Johnson Nugent—a courageous girl, a great sport, and a daring gambler—just like her father. Now we'll be talking to Patrick Nugent, the young bridegroom. Mr. Nugent. . ."

"Just Pat."

"Where?"

"No, I mean, just call me Pat."

"Oh, all right. Pat, does it feel at all strange now to be a part of the Johnson family?"

"No, not at all, really. I've always felt I was a part of the Johnson family. I mean, in a larger sense, we're all part of the Johnson family."

"What techniques do you plan to use tonight, Pat?"

"Well, I don't think *technique* is too important on your wedding night. What really matters is the sincerity you put into it."

"You don't feel, then, as some psychologists have suggested—that successful performance on the wedding night is one of the most important keys to the success of a marriage?"

"I feel that if two people love each other, and respect each other, and get along well with each other's families, that's the main thing. And if you love each other enough, then you're bound to perform well. I mean, it's a simple enough thing to do—how much technique do you really need? You just—what was that? Excuse me a minute, fellas. . . Mrs. Dickerson. . ."

"It appears that there's been an accident of some sort—Patrick Nugent is heading for the bathroom, and now the house physician is coming through. . . Pardon me, doctor, has anything serious happened in there?"

"Later, later—I'll have to examine her first. There's no cause for alarm."

"We'll have to wait a while for further developments, but as the doctor said, there is no cause for alarm at this time. We repeat, *there is no cause for alarm at this time*. Meanwhile, while we're awaiting further developments, let's take a look around this magnificent bridal suite. We're in the sitting room, of course—once they go into the bedroom, no reporters will be allowed, out of a perfectly natural respect for the privacy of the young couple at such a personal moment. Not only that, but for this stage in the program the three networks have pooled their resources, and there will be only one set of cameramen in the room with them, and we'll be describing all the action to you from monitors out here in the parlor. With all the technological resources at our command, however, we should be able to bring you some pretty spectacular pictures—incidentally, this program will be seen simultaneously throughout the entire world via Early Bird, and a special hookup will be beaming it directly to our boys in Vietnam. For the actual moment of consummation itself, we'll have our isolated camera instant replay technique, featuring an exciting new innovation of a newly designed extreme closeup lens for the isolated camera."

"The whole suite, as you can see, has been redesigned in Western style, with a genuine set of horns from a Texas longhorn adorning the headboard of the bed."

"Now there seems to be another disturbance—in the hall outside a group of militant Negro pickets have gathered and are marching back and forth outside the door, shouting 'Black Power!' What poor taste some people have. Now the commotion seems to have subsided, and we're informed that the pickets have been removed by the police. What's that? Excuse me. . . Correction—we are now informed that the pickets have been shot by the Secret Service. Well, it shows what can happen when a group of extremists take over a noble cause like civil rights, preaching their doctrines of black separatism. . . although, come to think of it, this wasn't exactly separatism. . . well, anyway, there's nothing else new here, so we'll return you to Walter Cronkite at Marriage Central."

This is Walter Cronkite at Marriage Central. We're now at C minus 20:16 and holding. Our reports are that no serious malfunction has been reported—there appears to have been a mechanical difficulty in the shower at the Nugent suite. Somebody in the next room flushed a toilet and the cold water pressure in Mrs. Nugent's shower was suddenly cut off, releasing a stream of scalding water onto her nude skin. Fortunately, she was able to hop out at the first blast of the hot water, and so escaped serious scalding, but in doing so, she broke the glass door to the shower and cut her arm slightly. The house physician arrived on the scene moments later and Luci was treated for shock and minor cuts. Unfortunately, CBS cameras were not allowed to be set up in the Nugent bathroom, and so we're not able to bring you this action live; however, we should have a further report momentarily. Meanwhile, we'll bring you a special interview filmed earlier in the week. We take you now to Peter Kalischer in Houston, Texas."

"This is Peter Kalischer, in Houston, Texas. We're talking to Jim Winfield, now a certified public accountant in Houston, but just seven years ago the hometown boy from a small town, who was the first boyfriend of

the girl next door. The small town was Johnson City, Texas, and the girl, Luci Baines Johnson—then the 12-year-old daughter of the Senate Majority leader, but now the radiant 19-year-old beauty in the flower of her young womanhood, the daughter of the President of the United States but a star in her own right also, and now the principal figure in the greatest romantic story in many years. Mr. Winfield, what are your recollections of Luci as a youngster? What kind of a wife do you think she'll make?"

"Wa-al, of course I never did think about her too much like that—we were just little scapers at the time. But I reckon she'd be right smart, at that. She was a real nice girl—real cute, real nice personality, real affectionate."

"What did you do on your dates back in those days?"

"We didn't rightly have what you'd call dates—we'd just sorta go out walking together . . . or take rides together . . . down by the creek . . . back of the barn."

"Oh? What did you do back there?"

"Well, you know how it is—kids and all . . . we kissed a little . . ."

"Anything more?"

"Well, now, that would be right ungentlemanly of me to go on talking like that about a lady, wouldn't it?"

"That's the attitude of a real Southern gentleman, Jim, and I'm sure you'd be right under normal circumstances, but this is such a special event—the special Wedding Night Telecast, and the eyes of the world upon us . . ."

"Well, shucks, there ain't that much to tell. We never did do too much . . . she let me feel her up a few times, maybe."

"Would you say she was responsive? Do you think she'll satisfy Pat Nugent in that way?"

"Well, I don't know Mr. Nugent, of course, and I don't know that much about yankees, but I guess she's responsive enough."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Winfield. This is Peter Kalischer in Houston, talking with Jim Winfield, Luci Johnson's—Luci Nugent's by the time you hear this—first boyfriend."

"Not quite the first, actually. There was a little Mexican boy she used to go around with for a little while."

"What happened to him?"

"We-ell. . ."

"This is Peter Kalischer in Houston, returning you to Walter Kronkite."

"We've now received definite confirmation that the malfunction is only a minor one, and there's no danger of the project being scrubbed. We should be ready to resume the countdown any minute now, so we'll go back to Morley Safer in the bridal suite."

"This is Morley Safer in the bridal suite, and joining me now for this last part of the evening is Bess Myerson, who'll be able to give us a woman's point of view on the proceedings. Bess has been in with Luci in the bathroom, and she's here now to give us a report on her condition."

"Thank you, Morley, and the first thing I'd like to say is what a great pleasure, and what a great thrill it is to be here. The word from the bathroom is that Luci is now perfectly all right. Her cuts were all very

slight, and prompt skillful treatment by the marvelous hotel doctor, Dr. Kaufman, who's just the dearest, gentlest little man, we've all been assured that there will be no permanent marring effects—no scars or anything like that. There were a couple of cuts that had to be treated and which might have been disguised for the cameras by makeup, but Luci, in her forthright American way, simply put her foot down and refused to resort to any such subterfuge. Instead, she's elected to wear simple bandaids on both scratches—one on her hand and the other on her hip."

"That certainly is good news, Bess, and meanwhile the countdown has been officially resumed, and we're now at C minus 19:48 and counting. Patrick Nugent has changed into pajamas and a dressing gown and is waiting, like the rest of us here in the bridal suite, and like the whole world watching on television, for his bride to appear. A busboy has just left off a bottle of champagne—and now the bathroom door is opening, and here she is—the blushing bride herself, Luci Baines Johnson Nugent! How about describing her outfit for the benefit of the ladies in our audience, Bess?"

"I'd be delighted, Morley. For those of you who have color sets, you can see that Luci is wearing a pale pink, diaphanous nightgown, floor length and empire waisted, with a ruffled bodice—isn't that about right, Luci?"

"Yes, that's about right. It's a Paris original, from the House of Dior. I was thinking of wearing a more modern, kinkier kind of thing from Mary Quant or something like that, but I think a person on a solemn, almost reverent occasion like her wedding night, should wear something more traditional."

"Don't you think that on a night like this—almost an occasion of state, or at least such a fundamentally and typically American occasion, that everything you wear should be American?"

"I think that everything I wear should be the best, and it doesn't matter what country it comes from."

"Do you agree with your wife about that, Pat?"

"Oh, yes, absolutely. By the way—have a cigar?"

"But I do have an American nighty from Neiman Marcus, in Yellow-Rose-Of-Texas Yellow, that I'll wear . . . well, after . . . for the second part of the night."

"Well that certainly is an attractive nightgown you're wearing now, Mrs. Nugent. You can see the outlines of the band-aid on your right hip through it."

"Oh, do you want to see my band-aid? Just let me lift this up . . . there!"

"My, that's quite a band-aid."

"Yes, isn't it? Now if you gentlemen and ladies would excuse me . . ."

"We're moving back to the press section of the room now, to give the young couple some privacy. The countdown is at C minus 15 and counting."

"Well, Patrick . . ."

"Yes, darling?"

"Well, here we are . . . I mean . . ."

"Yes, dear, I know. After all the publicity, and the tumult, and the ceremony, and the protocol, and the reporters, here we are alone together."

"Just the two of us."

"Yes, darling, at last. Would you like some champagne? . . ."

"Back at the White House, this is Roger Mudd as we switch for a moment to the President of the United

States, Lyndon B. Johnson, sitting like all Americans at this moment right in front of his television set, and at this moment the President is just like every other American citizen in that all he can do is watch and hope that everything goes off successfully for these two young people . . . now back to Morley Safer in the bridal suite."

"Thank you, Roger, and now Pat Nugent is sitting with his arm around his bride as they sip their champagne. You can see them there, looking into each other's eyes, with that special look that only young lovers can share. Now they're putting their drinks down and embracing each other, and it looks like—yes, now you can see Pat Nugent's hand sliding up under the nightgown, past that famous band-aid, and on . . . now he's coming to a stop between her thighs, and stroking gently there. As Pat Nugent said earlier, technique isn't really very important on one's wedding night, but still we might point out to those of you who are interested in such things that Mr. Nugent is using what we might call a medium-direct technique for this stage of the operation. He's not starting off in the most gradual way possible, kissing her hand and all that, or even starting with her foot and working up; on the other hand, he's not going straight for the nitty gritty either. How does that strike you from a woman's point of view, Bess? How do you imagine Luci is feeling about now?"

"Well, if I were in her position, on the receiving end of the same sort of treatment from my loved one—my husband, that is, of course—I'd say that I suspect young Mrs. Nugent is a pretty aroused young woman right now."

"At the rehearsals, of course, before the sacrament of marriage had been bestowed on them, they couldn't rehearse the whole thing; they always had to stop right before the final moment. That must have been something of a strain on Luci, wouldn't you say?"

"Not really, Morley—for a young girl of Luci's character and upbringing, that kind of restraint just comes naturally right up to the time when she's morally freed from it. I'd think, on the other hand, that it might be quite a strain on the young man, with his natural animal instincts."

"Well, we can tell by the way she's digging her fingernails into Pat Nugent's back that she's pretty excited now. We'll try to get you a closeup . . . yes, there's a beautiful closeup on your screens now of the hands of Lucy Baines Johnson Nugent, with that brand new ring on the third finger of her left hand. The countdown has reached C minus four minutes now, and it should be just about time for them to be heading for the bedroom. Yes, they're getting to their feet now . . . in a moment we'll have the opportunity to see what method Pat Nugent uses to get his bride into the bedroom. Will they walk hand in hand? Will he carry her in his arms? They're still standing together, locked in each other's embrace, and now Patrick Nugent is sliding his hands down under Luci's buttocks and lifting her toward him, and now she's wrapping her legs around his waist as they come around past us on the way to the bedroom, and Luci certainly does look ecstatic. Here she comes now . . . how about it, Luci—are you ecstatic?"

"Oh, yes!"

(Continued on Page 23)

A Vision of St. Luci's Day

Why?

Because marriages aren't made in heaven
if there's a war on when you're a megalomaniac
protestant
who's oiled your way president
from some shithole state dropouts' college in Texas.

The president—he's not mine and I hope he's not yours—
is an unwise wizard
a totemistic magic man.
He thinks by officially accepting Luci's
defloration
(grim mare of knight) on August 6th
HIROSHIMA DAY
he can miraculously sweep away
millions marching against THE BOMB & THE WAR
that day.

The wedding party and menu have already been planned:

BILLY GRAHAM will perform
the ceremony
as the pope's sop to

protestant
churches
the pope's already been sopped by Luci
who's switched rather than bitch
ROY WILKINS will be nabobbin along behind
carrying her train
as lbj's sop to the

nigra
community
BOBBY KENNEDY will supply the rice
grown in Saigon backyards
(all the rest in Vietnam has been
napalmed by lbj or liberated by the NLF)
as a sop to the

Irish
mafia
and Joe Kennedy's neo-Nazi business speculations
in fake rice paper human skin room dividers
and they'll all gobble grits and Texas sausages
(lbj should check p. 147 of the Old Testament and
p. 49 of the Koran—
there are specific prohibitions . . .
but after all prexy gets his heart on
funny ways)

and that castrati dupe Luci's marrying will flip out to the
scene as a sop to
Jim
Eastland's
keep-em down on the plantation pogrom.

Meanwhile outside the cathedral
a wedding will take place for real
before thousands of peace people
who are trying to remember the 21-year-old mistake
that happened on a 10,000 degree day in August
before Luci was born
and while her castrati was still sucking. MAO
and HO will send poems for the occasion
and Marguerite Duras and Alain Resnais will read
the opening scenes of "Hiroshima Mon Amour."
The film will show on the motel room wall
from a projector placed behind the bed by an LSD-bribed
maid
and Luci will gang for the choir boys and secret service men
after her castrati blows his openers.

—WALTER R. KELLER

BIRTH CONTROL FOR THE POOR

(Continued from Cover)

The *Time*-scribes (5/6/66) go on to say that the overall number of births in the U.S. during 1965 fell to its lowest level since 1951.

Then, illustrating with a picture of Robert Kennedy and his 9 kids, labeled "out"—and a picture of LBJ with his two daughters labeled "in" (there's that political bias again)—*Time* proclaims that according to the experts, "The number of children one has, has become the subject of fad and fashion."

The word hasn't gotten to 125th Street yet, apparently, and at last word they were still wearing their skirts long and their families large in Bedford-Stuyvesant.

Yes, Virginia, there are some people out there in the Other America who don't read *Time*, or *Vogue*, and who don't know from Margaret Sanger.

Time, the weekly middle-class institution, neglects to mention that while the overall birth rate is declining, there's been no abatement among the poor. And somehow, it slipped *Time's* notice that the number of illegitimate children being cared for by the city welfare department has been rising every year.

Apparently it's a bit uncomfortable for *Time* to acknowledge that those people out there on 125th Street are doing something other than just eating watermelon and rioting.

The best things in life are free, after all, and the best of them are just as available to the poor as to anyone else. What isn't available to them is the information on how to avoid the logical consequences of all that bird-'n-beeing . . . and the logical consequences are running around the streets with runny noses in ever-increasing numbers.

A fellow by the name of William Baird has come up with the apparently subversive idea that the poor have the right to that information and that somebody should take an active role in bringing it to them instead of waiting for them to get out from the diaper-washing and find their own way to it.

For his heresy, Baird has been jailed . . . he's lost a prestigious job with a 5-figure salary . . . he's been bitterly attacked by one of the nation's most powerful charitable organizations . . . and he's been forced to undergo some unbelievable schmuckiness.

Baird is the founder and chief activist of the Parents Aid Society. The Society is dedicated to Baird's one simple belief—that anyone interested in helping the poor has to go to them to do it, not hope to get results by some sort of remote control. He goes to the poor . . . teaches them about birth control . . . helps them decide what they want to do—and when they make their decision he gives them the devices they need.

Baird's organization has as its rallying cry the rather pretentious slogan "To be loved and wanted is every child's birthright." Well, love is a subjective sort of thing. But Baird has his own theories about it. He sees love as a rationable quantity, and believes that the ratio of love per child decreases proportionately to the number of children in a family over the ability to support each child.

Baird wishes to see the poor have the children they

want . . . and *not* have the children they decidedly do not want.

He's set up a birth control clinic in Hempstead, N.Y. That's not his biggest weapon in his fight for family planning. For his particular effort he's gotten himself something he calls his Plan Van. His opponents call it Hell on Wheels. It's a 24-foot long truck, something like an old moving van. Inside it's set up as a classroom, but decorated like somebody's living room.

Baird drives right into the slums to conduct his classes. The van gives him the mobility he needs to take his efforts directly to the poor. He's of the opinion that the people who really need family planning advice the most wouldn't know where to even begin looking for it if it weren't brought to them. He thinks also that many don't have the motivation to go looking at all.

When the van rolls into a neighborhood, its mission is hard to miss. In huge letters on its sides, in both Spanish and English, is written: "Family planning—FREE Information, Instruction, Material."

Baird teaches all the various methods of birth control. His teaching methods won't win him any PTA recommendations. He breaks all the rules. Like, he doesn't say in Latin what can be better said in plain Anglo-Saxon—you'd be surprised at how little Latin is spoken in Bedford-Stuyvesant—so Bill has chucked his multi-syllables for 4-letters when and where required.

He also draws completely detailed diagrams to illustrate how and why the different methods work. He's not a great artist, but he gets his point across.

Of course he's been attacked by more orthodox planned parenthood groups for using gutter language and drawing dirty pictures.

There are also some who say that Baird's work is nothing but a duplication of already existing facilities, albeit on wheels. His critics say that there are many hospitals and clinics equipped to give the exact same service that Bill is giving.

Well, not exactly. . . .

First, there's the old bugaboo of motivation again. How ya gonna get 'em down to Margaret Sanger when they're working all day? Or already have kids to care for? Also, how can you be sure they even know the services *exist*? And, finally, how are you going to get through their fear of the clinical atmosphere?

Baird maintains that the people he's most worried about would never conceive of looking for family planning aid in a hospital or clinic. For them, he said, hospitals are a place where the O.D. intern runs about in a bloody smock, where emergency cases are wheeled moaning into the welfare wards and where doctors run around with a needle in one hand and a scalpel in the other.

And since most of their experience with hospitals has come as welfare cases, they'd never really expect anybody there to be particularly interested in their bedroom problems. For them, hospitals are only for dire emergencies . . . and generally, 'round about midnight, when the lights are low and the blood pressure high, it doesn't seem like *that* kind of an emergency.

As for clinics, an experience there is often nothing less than degrading. Baird tells of women who have come back to him and told that they were questioned in full hearing of waiting patients about the number

of times they have intercourse with their husbands.

Most important, most clinics charge, at least for any prescriptive devices a patient might be given. Baird doesn't charge. He gives at least the first month's supply of materials free, and if necessary he continues to supply for free anything needed in subsequent months. Most of the devices are donated to him by manufacturers, just as they are to the hospitals and clinics that charge for them.

For all these reasons, Baird has gone out of his way to keep both his clinic and his Plan Van devoid of any hospital-clinic-like touch. You won't find a trace of hospital white paint in either. And that's the reason for the living-room-type atmosphere in both.

The clinic is homey throughout. The dressing rooms and examination rooms are decorated cheerfully and look about as much like a clinic as the *Realist* reads like the *Christian Science Monitor*. The only piece of medical equipment in the place is an examination table. The doctor and nurses work in mufti as do the volunteer staffers—youngsters from nearby colleges—Junior Bairdmen, if you will. They take care of clerical jobs.

Bill gets patients to the clinic from his lectures in the Plan Van. If they seem interested, he makes appointments for them and if necessary, supplies the transportation to get them out to Hempstead. Bill takes care of non-prescriptive cases himself. But most are treated by the physician at the clinic. Doctor Bernard Steinberger donates at least one night a week, without fee, to the clinic and has been doing so for months.

Baird started fighting his crusade two years ago. He comes from that type of crusading family. His brother Robert is the director and founder of Haven, the organization that's trying to get junkies off the habit by treating them on their own terms.

Bill Baird is 33 years old. He's a frustrated physician. He was a couple of years through medical school when he was forced to drop out for financial reasons. He still has hopes of finishing some day. But the med-school gig lasted long enough to get Baird hooked on his obsession, the need for getting birth control information to the poor.

He was working in a hospital. A young woman was brought in, bleeding to death. She'd tried a do-it-yourself abortion with a wire hanger. It worked. She lost the baby. She lost her life, too.

She hadn't wanted to have that 9th baby, but she knew only one way of avoiding pregnancy—abstinence—and her man wasn't buying it. He figured that while he was sharing the same roof with her, he'd share the same bed too. And that was that. And that was why she wound up dying in a hospital ward.

It was then that Baird found his niche in life. After dropping out of medical school he landed a job with Emko Pharmaceuticals. He was taken on as their clinical director, making him the youngest man in the nation to hold that kind of post with any pharmaceutical company.

Baird's job was to coordinate research programs and to go from hospital to hospital, clinic to clinic, teaching birth control with Emko. He was reaching a good many of the people he wanted to reach, and while he was teaching them, they were teaching him a few things.

They taught him, for one thing, that a woman can sour on birth control pretty quickly when it doesn't

do the trick as she thought it would.

The problem, again, was, as Baird puts it, "misconceptions that cause conceptions." A woman would tell her husband to use a rubber. So he would, only he'd see nothing wrong in using the same rubber two or three times.

Other women, a bit more sophisticated perhaps, had heard great things about diaphragms. So they borrowed a girlfriend's diaphragm and tried it out. When their monthlies stopped, so did their faith in birth control.

Then there were the kids who went the Saran Wrap route.

Or the devout believers in the vinegar douche.

Or the young stud who convinced his 14-year-old girlfriend that if they made love standing up in the high school mop closet the law of gravity would take over, it would all run out, and she wouldn't get knocked up.

And the women who came to him and told him about how they used any ruse they could possibly think of to stay out of bed till as late as possible—leaving the mending til midnight, or suddenly getting interested in the movie on TV, or keeping their nose stuck in a newspaper till all hours, or anything that might give them enough time so that the old man would be fast asleep, or have forgotten what had been on his mind earlier by the time they finally sacked out together.

Then, too, Bill, who holds the equivalent in credits of a Masters degree in Biology, went through a brand-loyalty crisis. Emko, the foaming cleanser, is fairly reliable when used properly, but it's not the answer to every woman's problem.

Baird has not to this day lost faith in Emko completely. In fact he urges no one method above another, although he and his physician most often recommend the pill, or an intrauterine device. He says the best method is the one best suited to the woman and the one that is used routinely and every time.

Baird, however, decided that he'd have to tell women about all the various methods open to them. The only problem was that he couldn't ethically make his new pitch on Emko's 5-figure-salary time.

So for a while things got sort of schizophrenic. Baird was moonlighting. He'd go through his Emko pitch and a general pitch for family planning at each hospital and clinic on his company schedule. But in his spare time he'd preach his own gospel.

On his own time, Baird began walking into Harlem housing projects and ringing doorbells. He'd bribe the elevator man to post notices announcing his family planning meetings. On the first round of visits, everything went well. Baird would lecture on birth control, and now, on his own time, he didn't have the obligation to limit his pitch to Emko. He was encouraged.

But on his second tour of the housing developments—that's when the first little bit of schmuckiness started creeping in.

This time, the elevator men weren't quite so cooperative, not even when Baird upped the ante on his persuader. Why? Well, said the elevator men, the "religious people" in the building objected to what Baird was teaching. The lift-*mensch*en were, of course, spelling "religious" with a capital RC.

A Great International Religious Organization also intervened, momentarily, when Baird came up with his next plan. It he couldn't walk into the housing projects,

he'd drive in. He decided to get a van and—modeling his idea on those mobile TB X-Ray trucks—outfit it as a mobile birth control clinic—the Plan Van.

He found just the right kind of truck and dickered out terms for buying it. But when he returned to sign the papers, the seller abruptly told him that he couldn't sell the truck to Baird. Word of the deal had gotten to his parish priest, and the priest had issued his edict: No parishioner of his could sell a truck to a man who planned to use it like Baird planned to use it. How the priest found out about the deal remains a mystery, but one can imagine the scene: "Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. . . ."

Baird bought a different truck.

It was about this time, when Baird bought his truck, that the boom fell but good. The Emko brass summoned Baird back to headquarters for the confrontation.

They gave him his choice—quit running around ringing doorbells or turn in your foam and get out. Curiously enough, the Emko people weren't nearly as concerned about the fact that Baird was pushing the competition along with their own product in his off-duty hours as they were about what they considered undignified behavior for a man in his position.

According to Baird, the sum of their argument was that they just didn't like the idea of their Clinical Director pushing doorbells and asking, "Madam, do you want any birth control today?"

Baird made his choice. He stuck with doorbell ringing.

It may be noted here that Baird is a family man, in spades. He and his wife have four children. Bill sees having a quartet of youngsters as not at all inconsistent with his birth control effort. His attitude is that you should have as many kids as you can support properly. He's been married eleven years, and the last couple of kids were born while he was still drawing that 5-figure salary.

He said, "If I didn't practice what I preach, I'd have eleven kids!"

His wife, Eve, who has to be one of the more understanding of females in the world, concurred with Bill on quitting Emko, and the 5-figure checks stopped coming in. For months afterwards, Baird didn't bring a cent into the house. They lived off his savings. But there wasn't much of that left. Bill had sunk about \$5,000 into the Plan Van and another grand or so into operational cost. His wife brought in some money working at a Long Island hospital as a switchboard operator.

As for Bill, some months later, after he'd consistently been in the headlines in his home county of Nassau, embarrassed local officials found him a job as a night watchman at Creedmore State Hospital. However, he holds it on temporary civil service status, which means that from one week to the next he's not sure whether he'll have a job. Bill works at the Creedmore job from midnight til 8 a.m. and runs his clinic and Plan Van during the day. He'll go for days on-only 4 hours sleep.

One week after Baird lost his Emko job, he got busted.

He was arrested under section 1142 of the New York State penal code, a sort of cousin to Connecticut's Comstock "Anti-Sin Law." It makes interesting reading, stating:

"That a person who sells, lends, or gives away, or offers to lend or give away any instrumental article or any recipe, drug, or medicine for the prevention of conception . . . whether in pamphlets, advertising, or notice of any kind or gives information orally, stating when and where you can obtain information or instruments, or recipes, or drugs or any medicine to prevent conception of a child is guilty under law of a misdemeanor."

It was that kind of law which covered all bases, from a White Slaver to a father telling his kids about reproduction. And it covered Baird too. He found himself interrupted on his appointed rounds in Hempstead on May 13th, 1965. Several minions of the law appeared with the usual handcuffs and paddywagon, and Baird was hauled off shedding pamphlets and condoms to be booked, mugged and jailed. He remained behind bars overnight.

He faced a possible year in jail and/or a thousand dollar fine.



But it wasn't unexpected. Bill had anticipated all along that he'd get busted sooner or later. He includes the rhythm method along with the rest he teaches, but that has done little to placate the people it was meant to placate, especially since many a good church-goer has opted not to play Vatican Roulette when it was explained objectively along with other methods. Bill doesn't particularly hold with the Church position that rhythm is 90% effective when calculated properly. He says that if the percentage is that good it's because the priests are figured in too.

Bill not only anticipated his arrest—he went looking for it. He announced his scheduled Plan Van route in advance to the press, hoping someone would take up his challenge and give him his test case.

He was prepared to fight it, but he wasn't prepared to find himself quite as alone as he turned out to be.

Baird won his case that November. The publicity coming from his arrest had given State Senator William Thompson of Brooklyn and Assemblyman Percy

Sutton of Manhattan the ammunition they needed to get their colleagues to wipe the 84-year-old law off the books. They've both publicly acknowledged Baird's help in that effort.

But Baird himself didn't get any help. Even though the law was repealed during the summer, Baird found himself still facing trial. The Mineola judge scheduled to hear his case ruled that since the law was in force when Baird was arrested, he was still liable for prosecution.

Nassau County District Attorney William Cahn waited conveniently until the day after elections to request successfully that the case be dismissed.

Immediately, the congratulations started pouring in. The Planned Parenthood Federation took to the public prints to congratulate Baird for helping to wage their joint fight to get the law abolished.

Baird wasn't impressed. Particularly, he wasn't impressed by Planned Parenthood's public declarations that they had stood ready to give Baird all the legal help he might need. He says he never received so much as a phone call from them.

However, Planned Parenthood had no scruples about trying to get identified with Baird's fight. There's a certain amount of justice in this, because the organization had been working behind the scenes to affect the repeal of the Anti-Sin Law for some time. It remained for Bill to be the catalyst in sparking the legislative action. Senator Thompson acknowledged this in a letter to Baird.

But, says Baird, there was no *joint* effort, and he's particularly incensed by one letter a friend of his received in regard to a query to Planned Parenthood on their opinion of Baird's case. It's dated June 10, 1965 and signed by a middle-rank official of the organization, Julius Rodman. He wrote:

"I think [Baird] will have very little difficulty since on Wednesday, June 16, the New York State Legislature passed the bill which invalidates the State's 84-year-old law . . . under which Baird was arrested and faces trial."

There's the wind-up. Now the pitch.

"I am sure you have been following the recent legal battles that resulted in our getting the Connecticut Statute [banning sale of birth control devices] declared unconstitutional. While I hesitate to appeal for funds in a straightforward business letter, the legal fees have been staggering and we would be very grateful for any contribution you care to make."

As you may have gathered by now, without too much reading between the lines, there isn't much peaceful co-existing going on between Baird and Planned Parenthood.

Planned Parenthood's position on Baird was stated to me by their national medical director, Doctor Gordon Perkin. He says: "Baird's approach was fine 30 to 40 years ago. He wants to make a martyr of himself like Margaret Sanger did. He's always looking for publicity on the problem. We ourselves are not opposed to him, but we much prefer to operate through boards and committees."

Baird, whose tiny organization has a board of directors as required by the state laws on non-profit organizations, isn't too much of a committeeman. He also isn't too tolerant of Planned Parenthood. He claims

that despite their boards and committees he can reach more people in a day than Planned Parenthood can in a year.

He's exaggerating, of course, but his point is well taken. He is directing his work solely to the people who need it most. Every time he goes out he's hitting a higher percentage of the poor than Planned Parenthood can possibly reach in their clinics.

There's another important point, too: Baird doesn't charge for any of his services; Planned Parenthood does.

Baird is furious about this. He says Planned Parenthood received 12 million dollars in contributions last year, putting it among the nation's top ten charities. He scoffs at the organization's Madison Avenue office suites and fancy clinics, and asks why there has to be any charge at all.

Baird also insists that because they charge and he doesn't, Planned Parenthood is out to destroy him.

He alleges a vicious circle that keeps him from getting financial support for his work, or even publicity. He says they manage to effectively block every avenue.

Baird cites several incidents where, he says, he lost prospective backers because of Planned Parenthood. The backers wanted to check out Baird's reputation, so they went to Planned Parenthood, which could not be expected to give him a glowing recommendation when one considers their recent relations. He didn't get the backing.

As for publicity, the same problem exists. Baird says that he was recently approached by the *Saturday Evening Post* which was doing an article on birth control organizations. But, he says, when Planned Parenthood learned that he was to be included in the article they refused to cooperate unless any reference to him was eliminated. The article went to press without Baird in it.

A similar incident allegedly took place with *Life* magazine. *Life's* writer finally decided that Baird wasn't "well enough known" to do an article about, but he was hooked on the birth control bit, so he's got an article on Planned Parenthood in the works now.

Publicity is important to Baird, not for personal glorification, but as his only hope of attracting backers. As he sees it, Planned Parenthood has effectively blocked off any avenue for support of his organization. He says they're not willing to let one cent of that 12 million go anywhere else but into their own treasury, and that they just don't like anyone working the same side of the street they do.

The problem could be more or less the same with a government grant—Baird's assumption, perhaps untrue, is that any grant would have to be okayed by Planned Parenthood first. There's little chance of a federal grant, at least at the moment, although Alaska's birth control-conscious Senator Ernest Gruening has expressed interest.

There's less chance of a New York City grant, despite Baird's work in the city slums. Mayor John Lindsay's twin brother George is national chairman of Planned Parenthood. The mayor would probably be inclined to let George do it, as far as birth control is concerned.

Baird has gotten some good exposure. Frank McGee did a quite honest reporting job of Baird's work on his

NBC network Sunday TV show. Baird's appearance on the WNBC radio *Luncheon with Mimi* show was a trifle different.

Apparently Miss Benzell and her producer Michael Klepper didn't think that "contraceptive" was a word to bandy about between the paté and the demi-tasse. They warned Baird before air time not to shock the housewives out there with anything stronger than "birth control."

Not being a seasoned performer, Baird forgot himself a time or two. He'd start to say the forbidden word—it would come out sounding like: "Well, I think that a cont . . . I mean, a birth control device . . ." It made for interesting listening.

Then there was his appearance on Joan Murray's WCBS-TV News Show. Miss Murray, looking for the women's angle all the while, spent copious effort and time eliciting the information from Baird that bra manufacturers are finding a greater demand for C cups since the pill has gone into use. However, there was no problem about using the word contraceptive here. It barely got discussed.

The Telephone company had its own problem with Baird and his reluctance to use euphemisms. Baird

American Medical Association favoring the dispensing of birth control information through hospitals."

Baird opened his own clinic two months after Dr. Collins announced the plans for the Meadowbrook clinic. Baird was not satisfied that the hospital clinic could do the job alone.

Baird also initiated a program of going to local colleges to recruit new volunteers to teach birth control. The Parents Aid Clubs at several Long Island and city schools are something of a revelation to me. In my college days we were the ones who were knocking up the townies, not helping to teach them birth control except, perhaps, in some ancillary fashion.

Early in September Baird struck again. He went looking for a fight with the law, and he got it. As of this writing, he's still enmeshed in staging the same legal campaign he fought last year in New York. About the only difference is the location; this particular fight is in New Jersey. He's going after a law on the Jersey books which is word for word about identical to the New York law he helped overturn last year.

This is how it got started. At the very beginning of September, a Monmouth County Freeholder by the name of Marcus Daley got a lot of attention for his



bought a listing for his clinic in the Yellow Pages. He wanted to put the message "Birth control methods taught free" in the ad. One of the Yellow page fingers that does the walking gestured obscenely toward Bill . . . and the listing for 1965 was "Parent's Aid Society—Reproductive Physiology taught free."

There's a lot of Physiological Reproduction going on among the people Baird's trying to reach . . . but he's not sure they realize that they're capable of anything that takes two words and ten syllables to list. He threatened to take the Yellow Pagers to court. He got the listing the way he wanted it this year.

Baird had another running battle on his hands, this one with Nassau County officials. He was trying to convince them, cajole them, or shame them into setting up a public birth control clinic in the county. The director of Meadowbrook Hospital pooh-poohed the idea—Dr. James Collins serenely told a New York City reporter: "There is no demand for birth control information. The Four Horsemen (death, disease, war and famine) will control this problem." Although he later claimed that he'd been quoted out of context, Collins asserted that it was his feeling that the purpose of a hospital was the curing of the sick and not an information agency or an educational institution.

At Xmas, 1965, Collins finally relented. Baird had been on his back for months. Collins cited as the reasons for his change of heart, "recent world wide interest in birth control, President Johnson's statement on the subject, and the recently expressed view of the

proposal that unwed parents seeking county welfare aid for illegitimate children should possibly be prosecuted under standing but rarely invoked state statutes against adultery and/or fornication.

Daley gave the impression, erroneous as it later turned out, that the county welfare board had already tacitly approved his idea. On September 19th, the Monmouth County Welfare Director issued a statement denying the board had ever approved any such idea, and indicating it wouldn't be approved in the future. So that was that . . . but Baird had already been aroused and had started his campaign.

He'd been infuriated by Daley's statement and he immediately started reviewing the New Jersey laws. He re-discovered the anti-birth control statute and on September 10th he wheeled his Plan Van into Daley's home town, Freehold, started a birth control lesson, and got himself arrested.

He'd informed local police he was coming, and they were waiting for him—about 40 of them, in fact—with shotguns and crash helmets, crouching behind bushes and hiding in doorways, apparently expecting the local townies to rise up in arms at the ghastly spectre of a truck full of condoms rolling into their sinless suburb.

Baird was collared almost immediately and hauled in for a preliminary hearing before a local magistrate who seemed most perturbed by the fact that Baird had shown up in Freehold a few minutes later than the time at which he'd informed police he'd arrive. The magistrate said it was most inconsiderate. Baird pointed out

to the magistrate that most criminals don't inform the local police in advance of the time and place they plan to conduct their evil-doing.

Baird was back in Freehold for his trial before the same magistrate 4 days later. He was promptly convicted. The possible sentence could have been a year in jail and a thousand-dollar fine. The judge satisfied himself that justice was done through a hundred-dollar fine, which was stayed.

Appeal is pending.

The case is playing itself out in much the same way as Baird's earlier case in New York. State political leaders have spoken out in support of Baird. One, Assemblyman Harry Sears of Morris County, planned to introduce legislation to repeal the pertinent part of the statute under which Baird was convicted.

However, the success of the legislative campaign may be a little different because the legislature in the Garden State is a little different in itself from its counterpart in Albany: 68% of the members are Catholic; 80% of the state senators are Catholic.

If success doesn't come through the legislature, it will probably come in the judiciary. I will venture a prediction that Baird will probably lose his appeals all the way up the county court system into the lower reaches of the State court system. When it gets up into the middle range of the State's High Court, the judge hearing his case will probably feel sufficiently confident that he's in a position to, in effect, write new law and throw out the old one.

The precedents are all in Baird's favor. I don't think he can possibly lose.

But then again, we all thought that about Ralph Ginzburg, too. . . .

Baird's basic concern through all of this, exempting the questions of principal, has been one of simple dollar-and-cents economics. Every effort has been a make or break affair.

Baird is broke. Every spare cent he has goes into his clinic and Plan Van . . . and sometimes he chucks in more than he can spare. When I first met him last spring he was two months behind on his mortgage . . . he couldn't meet the liability insurance payments for the clinic . . . he was a month behind on the rent for the clinic . . . and his phone bill was three months overdue. He's breathing a little easier financially now, but not much.

I told Baird's story to Paul Krassner—who, by the way, at the time, didn't know me from Adam—and he immediately asked to meet Baird. About a half hour into that first meeting, Krassner told Baird to charge the clinic rent and the Plan Van operating costs to the *Realist*, which will pay Parents Aid Society's bills until the society is financially able to stand on its own feet by means of a government or foundation grant.

You can help, too, with a contribution to the Parent's Aid Society, Inc., 130 Main Street, Hempstead, N.Y. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Baird himself is still limping along on his wife's switchboard operator salary and his own night watchman salary.

Baird hopes to get the Society well enough established so that he'll be able to draw a small salary, and quit the Creedmore Hospital job. He was offered another clinical director job, but ducked it because he was afraid of conflict-of-interest charges.

Why does he do it?

Baird himself is a complicated man. He's every inch the zealot, and like every zealot he keeps a scrapbook, two of them, in fact—big thick notebooks full of press clippings and items relevant to birth control. He poses for inane publicity pictures: in a Santa Claus suit to give gifts to the children of the poor; sighting down a 2-by-four as his clinic is being built.

It would be very easy to call him a publicity hound . . . and in some ways he is. His justification is that he has to try to hog headlines to attract attention to his cause and perhaps attract some contributions. One Planned Parenthood spokesman attributes his publicity-seeking to a "Napoleon complex."

Baird may indeed get personal pleasure out of the publicity—he certainly isn't doing what he's doing for the money—and his scrapbook is full of items about Bill Baird and his crusade, not Parents Aid Society and its crusade. Bill says it's necessary to personify Parents Aid in him, because he got all the publicity from his arrest and successful campaign to repeal that law last year.

In any event, his motivation isn't important. It's his cause that is. Baird is trying something that badly needs trying. He's taking a whole new approach to a problem that's threatening to smother humanity through its own horniness.

He's taking a chance on something that needs a chance badly. There obviously has to be some sort of psychological quirk in his make-up that permits him to have submitted himself to all the schmuckiness he's been subjected to in the past year-and-a-half . . . but whatever that quirk is, I, for one, am glad it's there.

THE WEDDING NIGHT SPECIAL

(Continued from Page 17)

"That was the voice of Luci Baines Johnson Nugent, heard live on her wedding night all over the world on this historic moment in television history. We're told that back at the CBS studios we've been getting telegrams from church and civic leaders all over the nation, commending CBS for the good taste, delicacy and sensitivity it has used in bringing you this tremendously important moment in American history. Now Pat Nugent is laying Lucy gently on the bed as the moment of consummation draws nearer and nearer—we're at C minus 1:46 and counting—and now he's going over to put his dressing gown down on the chair by the bed, as Lucy lies quivery. And now—"

"Morley! Get your hand off my —"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Bess, I guess I got carried away."

"Try to keep your mind on what we're watching."

"Well, I was, in a way . . . now Pat is back to the bed—he's covering Luci's body with kisses as the countdown continues, and it looks now as if the operation is going to be carried off perfectly right on schedule . . . we're at C minus 55 . . . 50 . . . 40 : : : 30 15 . . . 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 . . . and now . . . wait a minute . . . now Patrick Nugent is walking slowly over and sitting down in the chair, his head buried in his hands. Luci Baines Johnson Nugent has rolled over and is hiding her head in her pillow, her fists clenched tightly, and it looks as though the operation is going to have to be scrubbed at the last second due to a mechanical failure . . . we now return you to Walter Cronkite."

Who Slept With Who During World War II

by Michael Valenti

Now that it has been revealed that FDR had his Lucy and that even Winston Churchill, Britain's watchdog, secretly hankered for Lionel Barrymore's kid sister Ethel, the unexpurgated story of Love in High Places can be told at last. For, even as you and I, the great and powerful of this spinning sphere are not invulnerable to the random shafts of Cupid.

How many are aware, for example, of the true reason that de Gaulle fought his way back into France against 40 German divisions. Love of *patrie*—of course! Joan of Arc complex—*vraiment!*; but the real reason, as all Francophiles know, was that de Gaulle was fighting his way back to the side of the one woman who could make him relax and be his true self—Edith Piaf. Old Paris hands used to see them, in untroubled prewar days, wandering at dawn along the Seine quays, hand in hand, as well suited to each other as hot croissant and Britany butter (*buerre*).

It was about the same time that Joe Stalin and Maria Ouspenskaya were having their thing. Their easy, gay relationship was helped by the fact that there was no language barrier, Maria's father having been a Red Cossack saddlemate of Marshal Budyenny (once an altarboy alongside Joseph Vissarionovich). Stalin used to love to unwind while watching an old print of *King's Row* in the private Kremlin screening room, with Maria faintly protesting that all that makeup made her look too old.

One of history's most maligned men has to be Neville Chamberlain. All those trips to Germany to lick Hitler's boots—or so an unkind world has judged. But the truth is that the whole thing—Munich, Poland, World War II—was a blind to get to see Leni Riefenstahl. It was a fascinating attraction, the chemistry that drew the elegant, severe, sartorially correct, 17th centuryish Neville to the athletic, outsy-doorsy, artsy-craftsy German film documentarist. Chamberlain probably would have given Hitler anything—Czechoslovakia, Danzig, the Polish corridor, France—anything to forestall World War II and keep his private corridor to Leni open.

In what was probably the best guarded secret (on the German side) in that war, we have the romantic figure, Adolph Hitler, linked with a tall, blond, exquisite-looking actress listed in Admiral Canaris' files simply as "Fraulein X." Hitler, always one to give a passion its complete head, really had it for this lady, considering her

the embodiment of Teutonic virtue, Nordic purity and all-around zophtiness. So much so that he couldn't concentrate properly during the battle of Stalingrad, and consequently forgot to extricate 22 divisions—330,000 men—from a trap he had gotten them into in the first place. Like most of his loves, however (unfortunately for all of us), this consuming passion went unrequited. Hitler never invaded Sweden, primarily to spare his lady love's sensibilities, and Ingrid Bergman never beamed Frau Hitler, primarily to spare herself.

On the Allied side, the hush-hush story of the war links Haile Selassie and Britain's Queen Mother. This was hotly denied again and again by Anthony Eden in private sessions of Parliament (against the hoots of the backbenchers, one Cockney socialist in particular), but it is an undeniable fact that the Lion of Judea had his own key to the main gate of Buckingham Palace.

On this side of the Atlantic, despite *Confidential*, most of the hanky panky has been kept under wraps. Except for a few Connecticut motel clerks, not many people knew about the tempestuous *affaire-de-coeur* between Maxwell Bodenheim and Vivien Kellems (they met at a YMHA dance). Or the fact that, when Billie Burke was still in the Follies, Cal Coolidge used to send a dozen American Beauty roses to her dressing room every night with the same enclosure—a blank card. Still fewer people romantically connect the names of John D. Rockefeller, Sr. and Aimee Semple MacPherson, Wendell Willkie and Mother Bloor, Albert Schweitzer and Wanda Landowska ("Al and Bunky" to Yorkville rathskeller pianists), Bernarr MacFadden and Sister Kenny, and Harpo Marx and 43 members of the Phil Spitalny All-Girl Orchestra.

But the best kept secret of our time was Douglas MacArthur's. In his youth he was supposedly engaged to nine young women at one time. (The suggestion was that he was something of a lady's man.) This was pure propaganda, designed to cheer us up in the darker moments of World War II. The fact is there never was another woman in Mac's life, besides Mrs. Mac of course. His was an exemplary life, confined to island-hopping, smoking corn cobs and getting photographed wading ashore wearing shades. No scented billet-doux was ever slipped in with his Daily Official Correspondence File. No woman ever entered his bedroom—except to clean it. Which is why MacArthur never really died—but just faded away.



WHO KILLED?

(Continued from Page 11)

come a printer, pressman, etc. Edward Bellamy, a 19th Century visionary who advocated crazy ideas like Medicare and Social Security, outlined a system under which the government would impartially handle at no charge the mechanical end of any newspaper. The publisher would, of course, have to establish within a reasonable time that a substantial number of people wanted to read his product.

There are a number of other possible approaches that don't involve the government at all.

Why doesn't the Ford Foundation subsidize marginal papers or even start new ones in one-paper towns. Why couldn't the United Auto Workers union start a full-scale metropolitan daily in Detroit, making up any losses out of its considerable treasury?

Why don't Columbia and NYU and The University of Chicago and Northwestern and Berkeley and UCLA publish dailies of general circulation? They would not, I hasten to add, be run by the students. There would be full professional staffs. Abolish the journalism schools and let interested students hang around the paper, just learning at first, then gradually taking on increasingly important work. The papers would be tax-exempt and contributions to them deductible.

There's still another possible solution to the problem, which won't come this year but might before 1984. In 15 years or so it may be technically possible to produce and transmit papers by a remote Xerox process, eliminating practically all present mechanical costs and thus greatly decreasing dependency on advertisers.

I cannot promise that any of these avenues will lead to a journalistic utopia. All I can guarantee is that the present system means certain disaster.