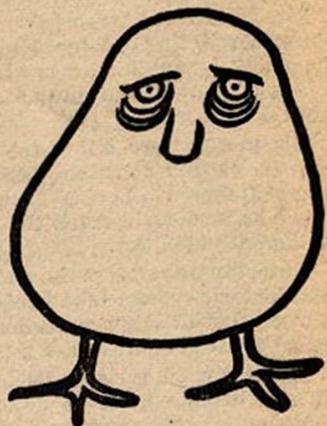


The Realist



Remember, Next Tuesday, Get Tufts!

by John M. Anderson

The election of former movie star George Murphy to the Senate of the United States in November, 1964 suggests this question: Why can't Elizabeth Taylor be President?

Quite simply, she probably can. It may take an election or two. But if a faded box office attraction can be elected United States Senator from the most populous State in the Union, surely the nation's number one box office attraction should be a favorite in the run for the White House.

Will Miss Taylor enter the race? The answer probably depends on the answer to another question: Will movie actor Ronald Reagan be elected Governor of California in 1966? If Mr. Reagan succeeds, Miss Taylor must be considered a serious presidential candidate. In short, a new era in American politics may depend on the success or failure of Ronald Reagan.

Who's behind Ronald Reagan? What are his chances? If he wins, what are the implications for government in America?

On November 3, 1964, a small cross-section of the Hollywood community gathered at the Beverly Hills home of motion picture producer Joseph E. Levine.

Those present included actor Steve Reeves, director Stanley Kramer, screenwriter Abby Mann, lawyer Norman H. Garey and actress Carroll Baker. They were all, as Miss Baker would probably say, "just good friends."

They had come together at Joseph E. Levine's prophetically insistent urging, to watch the 1964 election returns.

"Don't be late," he had said to each of them. And when they arrived, Levine was already hunched over on a stool in front of the world's largest television set, eye to eye with David Brinkley.

Almost immediately, it was apparent to his guests that Joseph E. Levine was interested in only one contest: Pierre Salinger versus George Murphy. Throughout the evening their tight race for one of California's U.S. Senate seats was the sole concern of Levine and, eventually, his guests.

-(Continued on Page 2)



Ronald Reagan and Friend

GET TUFTS!

(Continued from Cover)

Finally, when it became clear early in the morning of November 4 that George Murphy was going to win, Joseph E. Levine turned to his guests and asked, with a sort of smiling, far-away look, "What does it mean, what does it mean?"

"His guests were either too tired or too puzzled to answer. It didn't matter, because for the next three hours Joseph E. Levine answered his own question. What he said could mark the beginning of a new era in American politics.

Unfortunately, there is no complete record of his now historic speech. Like Lenin's speech at the Finland Station, Levine's interpretation of the Murphy victory called for a revolution, not a transcript.

But this much is clear: Levine was the first to identify and explain what he describes as "the persistent affection for that amalgam of value and virtue we know as Hollywood."

Having identified this affection, he recognized the more important fact that it furnished a unique base for political power, a base of nostalgia and dreams, resurrected and ever new for the young on the late Show.

In short, what Levine proposed was a new base of political power, unaffected by the vagaries of international affairs, the state of the economy, or social pressures, and the many problems of humanity which restrict, motivate, and challenge government in America.

To mobilize that "persistent affection for that amalgam of value and virtue we know as Hollywood," Levine proposed the "Committee for Hollywood Victory."

Today, the CHV is perhaps the most important force in California politics. Since California is the largest of the American states, the Committee for Hollywood Victory must be called an important force in American politics.

That this new force should emanate from Joseph E. Levine is not surprising to his closer friends. As one of them remarked recently, "Joe has always thought of his first two big movies, *Hercules* and *Hercules Unchained*, as essentially political statements in the symbolic mode."

Indeed, when we talked with Levine one recent afternoon his political sophistication was apparent.

"I didn't get involved in politics because I was tired of making pictures. Hell, the business has been good to me, and I could go on making four or five a year. But what good are movies if we have to submit them to some bureaucrat in Washington? Getting involved in politics is no longer a hobby, and a lot of people are going to have to get involved if Hollywood is to remain free."

A lot of people are taking part, at least in California, and at least for the Committee for Hollywood Victory. According to experienced observers, their effort is surpassing every California political effort of recent years. It's likely to make Ronald Reagan, Hollywood actor, the next Governor of California.

The Committee's decision to support Ronald Reagan was made at a now-historic meeting at Joseph E. Levine's home in January of this year. By then, the CHV had grown to include Dennis Day, Tommy Sands, Caesar Romero, Jan Garber, Charlotte Greenwood, Yvonne DeCarlo, and Molly Bee.

Each of the Committee's new members shared a recent, common experience: listening to Joseph E. Levine describe the possibilities for Hollywood in American politics, and deciding to take part.

Having this much in common, their almost immediate disagreement at the first "candidate meeting" is somewhat surprising. Though information is scarce, it seems the CHV found itself divided between Ronald Reagan and Bing Crosby.

Actor Steve Reeves led the argument for Crosby. He said Crosby had no enemies. He talked generally of the part Crosby's handsome family could play in the campaign. Actress Molly Bee is supposed to have suggested "Bing Crosby Is Going Your Way" as a campaign slogan. Stanley Kramer said that "the current socio-economic" forces at work in American life would benefit Crosby.

Speaking for Ronald Reagan, Dennis Day argued that since Reagan had no executive experience, he was "more in the actor-Hollywood tradition." Screenwriter Abby Mann said then, as he has since, that Reagan will "project" better into public affairs because of his well-known work for Barry Goldwater.

When it was clear the Committee was divided, Levine is supposed to have risen from his chair and asked what has become the most celebrated question in the CHV's brief history.

"What do people think of when they think of Hollywood?"

Some have suggested that this one question at this particular point in the Committee's discussion assures Joseph E. Levine a place in the history of the American nation.

For the immediate and obvious answer was "divorce." With that answer it was clear Ronald Reagan had to be the CHV candidate. He's divorced, and best of all, he's remarried.

With one question, Joseph E. Levine focused attention on what may become an indispensable political asset in the years to come.

In retrospect, the CHV's choice for Lieutenant Governor followed logically from its selection of Ronald Reagan. Actor Reagan is steady, faintly somber, and nearing his 60th birthday. When the Committee began discussing candidates for Lieutenant Governor, it was decided almost immediately he should be youthful, dashing, and someone who, in Levine's words, "would inspire the young people of California."

Having set the qualifications, the Committee agreed at once on Tab Hunter.

Jan Garber claims that Hunter may be the greatest vote-getter in the history of the State. "Today, the

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voters want youth, glamour, a little gaiety. Look at Ted Kennedy, or Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana. Tab Hunter is going to be a real winner."

The decision to back Tab Hunter apparently took less than an hour. But selecting a candidate for Attorney General required two meetings of the Committee and indicates a possible source of friction within the CHV in the years to come.

It appears that Levine was adamant from the start in his support of Leon Ames. Although he is reluctant to discuss the dispute, Levine apparently believed that Ames, the star of stage, television and, in the movies, of *Life With Father*, would simply "seem" like an Attorney General to the average California voter.

Only Yvonne DeCarlo sided with Levine. The other members of the Committee were insistent that the

(Students of American politics would be wise to watch and see whether Ed Sullivan, Hugh Downs, Bert Parks and the other leaders in the television industry get behind the CHV candidates.)

The disagreement over Attorney General continued in the Committee's third "candidate meeting." When it was clear that neither Jack Webb nor Leon Ames was acceptable, actor Steve Reeves suggested, rather offhand, a name that will probably be a power in California politics for years to come: Sonny Tufts.

Immediately the Committee members realized Tufts' potential. His similarity with Senator George Murphy was obvious. Neither has made a picture in recent years, but both appeared frequently on the *Late Show*. Both had business experience. In addition, "Sonny" was easily the most appropriate name for a California official since the days of Los Angeles Assemblyman "Orange Juice" Jackson.

With the CHV now solidly behind him, and his campaign slogan "Get Tufts" already popular, blond, rugged Sonny Tufts has an even chance of heading California law enforcement for the next four years.

Having selected a candidate for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Attorney General, the CHV, at least officially, has decided to wait until the beginning of next year before making further selections. But names are being mentioned—Pat O'Brien, John Ireland, Harry Ritz, Tony Martin, Richard Beymer, Dan Dailey, Phil Harris—and the Committee may have made a number of secret selections already.

The CHV is working through the Republican Party. There seems to be no disagreement with Levine's contention that "the Committee needs the GOP, and the GOP needs the Committee." At first, it might appear that the CHV is merely picking over a decayed body. But if the Committee continues to flourish, it will be the greatest boost for the GOP since Dwight Eisenhower decided he was a Republican.

This much is certain: Both the GOP and the Committee for Hollywood Victory will share the spotlight of a Ronald Reagan win in 1966.

What about the day-to-day operations of the CHV? What's behind its recent tactical success in electing Wendell Corey to the Santa Monica City Council? Why is Reagan rated so high by the pollsters?

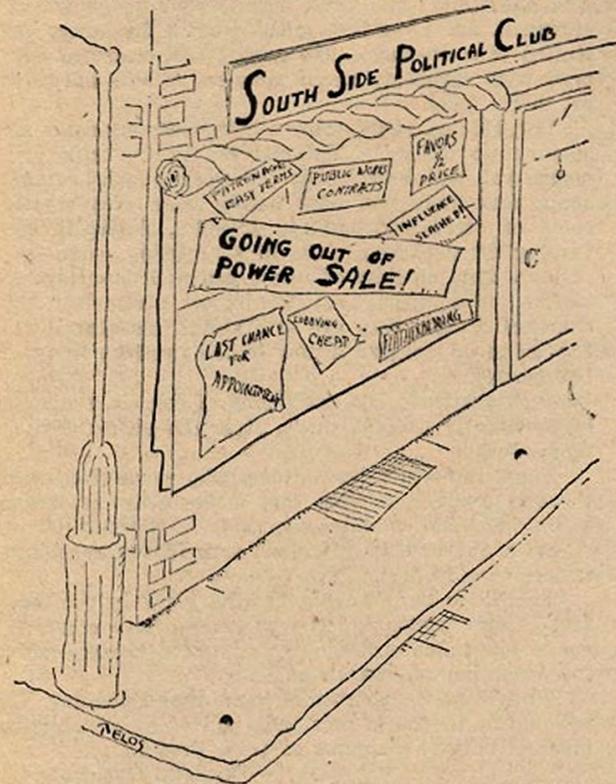
One explanation can be found in the work of the Committee's two full-time staff aides.

Shortly after its first "candidate meeting," the Committee hired Press Secretary Bix Ryan. He reportedly earns \$25,000 a year, and has been left with, as he says, "a general responsibility to cast Hollywood as the community of new statesmen, leadershipwise."

Richard Combo, a former longshoreman and interior decorator, is Ryan's assistant. He has the awesome task of mobilizing the vast resources of adulation that have been lavished on Hollywood over the years. To date he has been so successful that the CHV faces the unusual problem of too many volunteers and not enough jobs. Combo's approach was direct and almost immediately effective. He assumed that if an individual wrote a fan letter to a movie star, he would be willing to vote for that star if he or she were on a local ballot.

But since it was obvious every Hollywood star wouldn't be able to run for public office in California in 1966, Combo devised a technique or formula for detecting what he describes as "latent political love."

By using this formula in analyzing the several hun-



best-known "cop" in or out of California was Jack Webb, *Dragnet's* famous Sergeant Friday. Dennis Day, for example, argued that Webb was admired by "nine out of ten Californians."

But Levine countered that since *Dragnet*, Webb had appeared as a saloon keeper, a veterinarian, and a Marine drill sergeant. He said that Webb's image was "mixed."

But the majority of the Committee continued to support Webb. Though they deny it today, it seems clear that Levine and DeCarlo were bothered by the fact that Webb is essentially a television, rather than a movie, personality. In opposing Webb on that ground, Levine and Miss DeCarlo are reflecting the continuing resentment in Hollywood against the television industry.

This resentment, this bitter memory of empty movie houses while crowds gathered in front of appliance stores to watch Uncle Miltie throw a pie, could be a source of conflict within the CHV in the years to come.

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dred million fan letters received by Hollywood's stars over the past five decades, he has managed to discover an abundance of CHV volunteers, most of whom have never before been involved in public affairs.

The Combo Formula is a process of comparing key political words or phrases with the content of a given fan letter. For example, the phrase "crystal clear" or an accepted variation is a virtual mainstay of most political speeches. The Combo Formula provides that if "crystal clear" or a variation accepted by Combo appears in a fan letter, then the writer has "latent political love."

As one might expect, Deanna Durbin, Jane Powell, and the late Jeanette MacDonald fans have been found to be among the most active volunteers for the CHV.

We visited Combo recently at his unusual office, a huge airplane hangar not far from the MGM studios. We found Combo seated on a stool near the center of the hangar, surrounded, except for a passageway to a door at the side, by what appeared to be several thousands bales of what we soon learned were about 38 million old fan letters.

It seems that every day for the past four months, big moving vans have been emptying their cargo of letters into various parts of the hangar. The day we

Diogenes Department

"The credibility gap is a problem. It is getting so bad we can't even believe our own leaks."

—White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers
in a speech to the Natl. Newspapers Assn.

visited with Combo, a big van from the old Republic studios was moving in to leave an estimated 1.3 million letters in praise of such old favorites as Johnny Mack Brown, Hopalong Cassidy, and William Desmond.

No sooner had we identified ourselves when Combo grabbed at a faded, handwritten letter on the floor near his stool, and said, "Just listen to this. It's to Hoot Gibson. It's some kid's letter and he says he admires Gibson because the kid's mother says—now get this—that Gibson's got 'good posture in the saddle.' Now 'posture' is just about the biggest word in politics these days. I don't see how we can pass this kid over when we're looking for volunteers."

We wondered if the letter-writer might not be hard to find. (His praise of Mr. H. Gibson was dated July 2, 1937.) But Combo said he'd been quite successful in locating those he really wanted for the CHV.

The enthusiasm of Combo's volunteers is understandably keen. The Committee has come a long way since Joseph E. Levine asked in November, 1964, "What does it mean, what does it mean?"

And the outlook is bright. Every election year there is talk of a "new Lincoln." With Raymond Massey waiting in the wings, that talk can, in a certain sense, become a reality.

But individual victories are not crucial in CHV plans. The Committee seems to be seeking power apart from personalities. As Joseph E. Levine said recently, "We want to elect Hollywood, not candidates. We want to win a mandate for the stars!"

That mandate may not be far off. There are an awful lot of fan letters in that old airplane hangar out near MGM.

Editorial Giggies

A Thanksgiving Message

This is National Platitude Month.

The Chief Platitude will be the word God. Never once will anyone say what he *means* by God—somehow that would spoil the effect—the important thing is to *say* it.

All the media of modern mass communication will be cooperating in a combined effort to help us keep fooling ourselves that not only is there Somebody Up There, but what's more, He Likes Us.

And so, boys and girls, here is your homework assignment. After you have gobbled down the turkey and stuffed your stomach with stuffing and crammed your craw with cranberry sauce, turn on ye olde television set to the news.

Yes, kiddies, you will learn how traffic accidents are keeping up with the National Safety Council's estimates, you will learn about the world's latest trouble spots, and there will pass before your eyes various spots of strangers' personal troubles, fleetingly disturbing the tired tranquility of your living room.

And then, oh fans of irony, you will observe films of the usual throngs of worshipers streaming into churches because they are so grateful that they didn't happen to be included in any of the previous items of bad news.

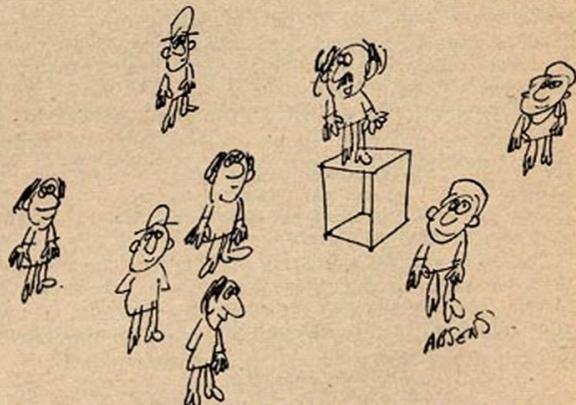
Such gratitude is a cacophony of conceit, a display of profoundly profane pride. It is the ultimate flight from reality.

There is no one, but *no* one, who would deny that there is a power, a force that makes grass grow and babies bawl and satellites soar. But on November 24th, America, quite officially, will act as if that power *knows* it does these things.

There are those among us who glory in the mere fact of our existence, but who neither give credit to, nor place blame—consciously or unconsciously—on a force that has no awareness.

We will be the spectators, come that Thursday. We will all sit in the grandstands and enjoy watching a gigantic nationwide game of Let's Pretend.

—Reprinted from issue #4



"... What would you like to hear today? ... Any requests? ... How about the rich brave swine and the angelic worker? ..."

Veterans of America, I Salute You!

by Rick Rubin

Annually, on November 11th, it is our duty as Patriotic Citizens to salute and honor American Veterans of All Our Wars, the brave men and women, whether clerk-typists in Korea or expert infantrymen in Kansas, who have actually or potentially defended our American way of life, our liberty and pursuit of happiness.

Personally, I take this day very seriously. I feel that it is one of the more significant of our American holidays, and each year I try to pause and remember one or more specific group of Veterans.

I say specific because, after all, as of July 1966 there were more than 22 million Veterans in the country who, together with their immediate families, made up two-fifths of the population of these several states.

That many men can't really be contained in a single mind; you can't salute them all at once. A person needs something more concrete, and it is to this need that I address myself.

For example, one of the groups I delight in honoring is the Veterans of the 25th U.S. Infantry Regiment (Colored), six of whom, in 1906, had won the Medal of Honor. On August 3rd of that year a dozen or so members of this organization, angered by the treatment they had received from the (White) citizens of nearby Brownsville, Texas, made what has been described (by White people at least) as a shooting sortie into the town, killing one citizen.

Whether any man of the 25th Regiment had ever been killed by the citizens (White) of Brownsville, I can't say, but that no one had ever been convicted of doing so I am reasonably certain.

The soldiers returned to their post unobserved, and during the subsequent official investigation not one of the one hundred and sixty men of the three (Colored) companies would inform on his fellow soldiers.

On November 5th of that year the President of the United States, one T. Roosevelt, discharged "without honor" every man of the three companies, observing that if no one admitted guilt, all of them would have to pay the penalty.

The discharge without honor meant that all pensions and payments were forfeit, including those of the six Medal of Honor winners, and though a controversy of sorts raged for several years, none of the men were ever reinstated or given a pension.

And so, each year, I salute the Veterans of Brownsville, while searching history for any record of a Regiment

of soldiers (White) being discharged because one of their number killed a citizen (Colored).

Would it seem too unsophisticated if I admitted that I often salute those first brave volunteers to battle the Fascist enemies of Democracy, whom we later so bloodily fought? If I salute the first Americans to die under the impact of Hitler's bullets, to be blown to heroes' graves by Mussolini's airplanes? American Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade of the Spanish Civil War, I salute you on Veteran's Day. If I had any jobs to offer, I'd offer them, lest you all starve to death, those who haven't already.

I salute those other unlucky Veterans, the Communists and Socialists and German-American Bundists, the homosexuals and psychotics and other disreputable types, who were drafted into



the Army of the United States in time of war, and were then found out, though not necessarily actually convicted of any crime, and discharged under circumstances less than "Honorable" to hunt for jobs as best they knew how.

I salute the Veterans of Coxe's Army, who, in 1894 marched on Washington, D.C. to petition for relief legislation and bonuses for Veterans, but were not permitted to present their petitions, were instead rushed by guards, shot and injured, and saw their leaders arrested for the crime of trampling on the grass.

And I do not forget to honor the Veterans Bonus Marchers of 1932. When several policemen were injured while evicting them from vacant government buildings where they were living, and in the process killing two of their number, the Army was called in by the President, Herbert Hoover—an Army which, led by General Douglas MacArthur, advanced with machine guns, tanks, tear gas, drawn sabers and fixed bayonets, in full battle dress.

General MacArthur observed that the marchers were "animated by the

essence of revolution," and further commented that if Mr. Hoover had "let it go another week, I believe that the institutions of our government would have been severely threatened."

Prophetic words, in that they might easily have been applied to The General himself, by President Truman, on the occasion of the President's converting the General, some years later, into yet another Veteran.

So, to be fair, I salute not only the bonus marchers of 1932, but the soldiers who attacked them, and subsequently became veterans themselves, and further still, I salute Veteran Douglas MacArthur.

I salute the Negro combat troops of World War I, who served with French Divisions overseas, so as not to cause trouble, and won many a citation for bravery under fire. Perhaps the only Veterans of our history, who, as an ethnic group, not only had to learn foreign weapons and foreign military organization, but perhaps even a foreign language, just to serve their country in its own Army in time of war.

And I further salute some of them who returned home and were among the seventy Negroes, including several soldiers still in uniform, who were lynched during the first year of the post-WW-I period. Yes, I do salute them, for even if they had learned uppity ways from those un-American Frenchmen, they were themselves American Veterans none the less, and therefore worthy of our attention.

Of course, the first Veterans I hail each year, are my own comrades in arms of the Korean Police Action, who, if they were somewhat less than totally successful as soldiers, were less successful still at one other endeavor, that of draft dodging—although many no doubt now march with one or another Veteran's group in the parades that stir us so on November 11th.

Then I move on to other defenders of the American Dream. I think long on the Nisei members of the 442nd Infantry Regiment and the 100th Battalion, who voluntarily joined the Army out of concentration camps scattered across California and Utah and Idaho, won five Distinguished Unit Citations with the Fifth Army in Italy and the Seventh Army in The Rhineland, and are said to have been the most decorated Regimental Combat Team in the Army.

Then they returned home, some of them at least, to such places as Hood River, Oregon, to find that other Veterans, the American Legion to be specific, did not want a bunch of lousy Japs repossessing their lawful homes and farms. Or to find the beneficent government they had served so voluntarily and well prepared to pay depreciated 1945 prices for their cars and equip-

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ment and other possessions, confiscated in 1941.

I salute the American Legion itself, first Veteran's group to use that soul-stirring term, "One Hundred Percent American."

I salute American Legionnaires who castrated, hanged and then shot full of holes one Wesley Everset, from a railroad bridge near Centralia, Washington, on Armistice Day, 1919, and thereby defended the American Dream against the eight-hour day and other such foreign inspired Wobbly demands.

I salute sharp-eyed American Legionnaire Homer Chaillaux, a Veteran and erstwhile Los Angeles postman, who reviewed a Legion pamphlet written by one C. LeRoy Baldrige in the 1930's and printed as an official document by The Americanism Committee of the New York Department of the selfsame American Legion, entitled "Americanism: What Is It?"

Citizen and Legionnaire Chaillaux found that the pamphlet contained too much emphasis on freedom of speech and too little on the fundamentals of religion. In addition, the paper was manufactured in Japan, and the American Eagle on the cover was printed in red. He forced the pamphlet, clearly un-American, to be withdrawn.

I salute other defenders of the American Way of Life, the Military Order of the World War, a group of former WW-I officers who, in their National Bulletin reported that the A.C.L.U. actually "believes in rampant free speech." The M.O.W.W. were against that sort of thing, as you may well imagine, and vowed to defend America against such rampartness.

I salute not only organizations, I salute individual Veterans as well. I salute a man who, as a Colonel, shared with Ethan Allen leadership of the expedition that captured Fort Ticonderoga in 1775; who later in that year led the capture of the fort at St. Johns, and in 1776 almost captured Quebec; who attacked the British on Lake Champlain with a fleet of leaky small boats, and in 1777 repulsed an attempted invasion of Connecticut; who was in the thick of the fighting at Saratoga, wounded, leading his troops; who

commanded Philadelphia in 1778, West Point in 1780, and went on to become one of America's best known Veterans.

Colonel Benedict Arnold, I salute you. I hail Private Edward Donald Slovik, called Eddie, who was one of the thousands of American soldiers who have been tried and convicted of deserting in the face of the enemy, but the only one since 1864 to be executed for doing so, and thus, on January 31, 1945, he was shot to death by a firing squad and rushed into Veteranism in plenty of time for the Veteran's Day activities of November 11th of that year, and subsequent years.

I salute Colonel Charles R. Forbes, head of the Veterans' Bureau under President W. Harding, who, during an investigation after Harding's death, was found to have operated a gigantic swindle, which in less than two years had milked the Veterans' Bureau of more than two hundred million dollars.

At a time when disabled Veterans in hospitals lacked bandages, bedding and drugs, Colonel Forbes condemned carloads of these items and sold them off at a fraction of their cost in return for a rake-off. I am only sorry that I know nothing of the Colonel's war record, for I imagine that would be worth celebrating as well.

I salute too, though perhaps illegally, the Veterans of U.S. Military Actions other than declared wars: Hawaii 1893, China 1900, Panama 1903, Dominican Republic 1904, Nicaragua 1911, Mexico 1914, Haiti 1915, Mexico 1916, Dominican Republic 1916 . . . who got killed just as dead, wounded just as painfully, but somehow, by some oversight, are not included in Veteran's Day festivities, got no G.I. bill, no homecoming parade, no later Veteran's special bonuses or even so much as a casualty statistic in the World Almanac.

I salute the men who fought to destroy the dictatorship in Cuba, the Anti-Batista fighters, now no more able to get a good job than those earlier anti-Fascists, the men of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. I salute the Bay of Pigs invaders, who, if they weren't either Americans or in the American Army, at least took our pay and did our work, however unsuccessfully. I salute the former officers and men of the Revolutionary War who participated in Captain Daniel Shay's Rebellion of 1786, an attempt to overthrow



the government of Massachusetts by force.

If I could locate the appropriate information I would salute the members of an alleged special group that is supposed to have spent World War II somewhere high up in Colorado, having been adjudged by the Army as too subversive to be of any use, but not subversive enough to kill or kick out or simply not draft in the first place.

I salute Veterans of the Revolution (American), who knew that it was right and proper for a people to throw off the shackles of an unjust government, controlled elsewhere, and I salute the men of the Union Army in the Civil War (American), who knew that it was wrong and unlawful for a people to throw off the shackles of an unjust government, controlled elsewhere.

I salute American Veterans who invaded Latin American countries to protect them from outside intervention, then invaded again to intervene on behalf of American property rights.

In fact, I stand ready to salute any group or individual Veteran who fits my peculiarly warped view of defenders of the American Dream, as soon as I come across information on him or them.

I salute those first Americans to die for their country, the American Indians. I salute those Pilgrims, Puritans and Protestants who killed them, and were killed by them, and thus became the second Americans to die for their country. I salute the latest American posthumous veterans, the soldiers and airmen and sailors in and near Vietnam, who are dying for some country, I'm not quite sure whose. Nor do I slight the American boys in The Congo, in Korea, in Formosa and Spain and Morocco, nor the military advisory groups in dozens or perhaps even hundreds of other countries, all dying or at least ready to die, without benefit of declared war or G.I. Bill of Rights, in defense of freedom and the local USIS library.

Veterans of America, myself included, I salute you!

Report from Cuba

by Laurence Henry

"Those sons of bitches may be certain that they will not take us by surprise. We regard the Pentagon chiefs as a gang of soulless reactionaries, fanatic bandits, unscrupulous criminals and, in addition, cowards. If they dare attack us we shall fight them without truce or mercy to the last man, while there remains in the world a single people fighting with weapons in hand."

These words of Fidel Castro were triggered by an American marine from Guantanamo Naval Base who shot and killed a Cuban soldier, Luis Ramirez Lopez, who had just celebrated his 22nd birthday and served only 11 months in the Cuban army before he was gunned down from the rear.

He was single and in civilian life he did construction work. Mrs. Idelesa Lopez, his mother, had a premonition that she would never see her son alive again. She had told him that she needed him at home. "I know, mother," he replied, "but the revolution needs me more."

Guantanamo, sitting close to the windward passage, was annexed by the United States in a 1903 treaty. It is 50 miles from strife-torn Haiti representing a jump-off point linking the Atlantic and the Caribbean. Experts know the value of Guantanamo as the best and largest sheltered bay in the world having a narrow entrance into a harbor that is 4 miles wide and 12 miles long.

It is strategically important to the United States because it provides a military station to many of the potential trouble spots in South America and Vietnam. For several years the Cubans have refused to accept from the United States hundreds of thousands of dollars back rent for Guantanamo, claiming that the land is illegally occupied.

Havana, usually holiday-like in atmosphere, became somber and mean. People walked the streets. Young couples strolled the Malecon in the blue shirts, green trousers, and colt 45's of the militiana.

I wanted to know what was happening but, it would have been disastrous to consult the A.P. or U.P.I. news services whom the Cubans considered as United States agents. Instead, I headed for the home of Robert Williams, militant Afro-American exile who, until recently, lived in Cuba. He greeted me at the door: "Brother, they killed another Cuban soldier. Shot him in the back and that soldier had been told not to fire."

I was as stunned as the mixture of people who had gathered at Rob's house: several African students, Americans, Canadians and Cubans, all concerned with the killing. Ramirez represented the ultimate in atrocities committed by the Yankee. We all talked, huddled around the radio, waiting for reports of the shooting from C.B.S. in Key West. The report was very brief, casually indicating that something had happened in Cuba but they did not know what.

My mind thought back to the letter from the State Department saying that the Government could not protect me in Cuba. I also remember my reply: Protect

me in Cuba? That's a joke. You don't protect me in Mississippi.

Things were extremely serious. I kept thinking the entire matter was a hoax. It was so absurd that a United States marine would shoot and kill a Cuban soldier; not a soldier standing guard in his own nation.

A rasping voice broke my thoughts. "The people are not going to take this. Ramirez is the fourth known killing." The broadcast continued denials, accusing Fidel of whipping up hysteria among the Cuban people.

Atrocities by Guantanamo Naval personnel are well known to the Cubans and read like tales from a 75c bondage novel. There had been shouts of obscenities, rock throwing and rifle fire. On one occasion a group of drunk U.S. marines drove a jeep up to the American perimeter, pushed out of the back seat a young Cuban girl, 15 or 16 years old.

They stripped her naked. Cuban soldiers watched from their side of the fences, filming the entire affair, as the Yankee warriors fondled, poured liquor over her body, and sexually abused the girl. Finally, they threw the girl on the ground and gang-raped her.

Cubans now have a bitterness for Guantanamo. Fidel often reminds them of how things were:

"Before the revolution, in Guantanamo, we remember that some people in that region were so ingratiating that they not only once supplied the marines with brothels but with their own daughters. In Guantanamo many stories are known about all this and about the wild parties that would go on there. Many people sent their own daughters. No more."

Jose Ramirez Reges, then Anres Noel Larduct, and Ramon Lopez Pena were shot by U.S. personnel at the naval base. Inside Guantanamo Naval Base, Ruben Lopez Sanariego was discovered on October 15, 1961 with his body bearing signs of torture. Fisherman Rodolfo Rosell Salas was brutally murdered in July 1962.

The 1961 killing was done by a Congressional Medal of Honor winner and resulted in the forced resignation of 12 naval officers. Today those servicemen are under threat of prosecution for treason if they talk.

Cuban soldiers have been itching for a chance to avenge those atrocities. But the word has been given from higher up not to provoke the Yankee. Fidel has clearly stated:

"We do not want a war that would cost our homeland and people countless sacrifices in human lives and material goods. But we are not ostriches who believe that imperialist aggression can be prevented with emotional calls to reason, right and peace. Hitler's Nazis were not stopped by similar exhortations. These Neo-Nazis will not heed such arguments either."

Opinion varied concerning what response Fidel should take and whether his militant stand really meant that the policy of those who advise Fidel would allow him to be violent towards the United States. Someone in the room called Fidel a Caribbean Martin Luther King, adding: "He loves the Yankee so much that he told the Cuban soldiers to be non-violent, even if it kills you."

An American Negro uttering the Russian's peaceful coexistence line stated emphatically that the Cubans had done the right thing by not firing back. That conversation went on all night.

I went back to the Habana Libre Hotel with the tales of provocation vivid in my mind. I thought about a

meeting that I'd had with a blond blue-eyed society boy in a Philadelphia suburb. He had recently been discharged from a hitch at Guantanamo. In the course of our conversation he told of the hate servicemen have for those "Commies."

To sneak off the base to plug one of those bastards would be ridding the world of a disease. Such an incident could easily be the spark that sets the flame of World War Three. As I got on the elevator the operator said to me, "They kill us here, like they kill you in Mississippi." I nodded yes.

That night I slept fitfully. Loudspeakers constantly kept the public informed as to the developments. Early in the morning I went back to Rob's house. The morning C.B.S. communique admitted that someone had been shot and killed on the American side of the frontier.

Immediately I telephoned the Cuban press section to get briefed. They were not talking. I begged for permission to attend the funeral in Santiago de Cuba. No seats were available on the plane. That afternoon, along with some Cuban workers, I watched on television Raul Castro, Minister of the Revolutionary Armed Forces, deliver the funeral oration. They were kind to me translating the important parts of his speech.

"We are tired," Raul said. "We are not going to take this any longer. We are going to hit the Americans where it hurts [applause]. We are going to extend aid to revolutions in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. This is the last time that a Cuban will be killed. The next time, we will fight."

A Cuban sarcastically laughed. "The next time?" Viciously he kicked a chair and stormed out.

The days that followed were frantic. Gun emplacements were dug along the beaches, heavy armament was put into sight, and an air of readiness was felt everywhere. There were denials and counter-charges. The State Department charged the Cubans with eleven provocations:

"On May 21, about 7:10 P.M., an armed Cuban soldier was observed within the boundaries of Guantanamo Naval Base. A warning shot fired by a U.S. guard was ignored by the Cuban. When the infiltrator ignored the warning shot, a second shot was fired wounding the Cuban."

At a press conference held by the Cuban government I listened as Commandante Demetra Montsenery emphatically stated:

"It was still light when Ramirez was supposed to have leaped over 3 barbed wire fences, one and one-half meters high, climbing over two other barbed half meter fences on the American side. That point is strongly patrolled and guarded. Next, the wound was mortal. It shattered the upper portion of his lung rupturing the aortic arch which caused his instant death."

The conclusion is obvious.

After the press conference I went to the post where the soldier had been killed. His friends still stood guard in the blood-stained trench where the soldier had fallen. I questioned one of the soldiers.

Interview with Eusiquio Bochet 23rd Frontier Brigade

Q: Which outpost is this you are in facing the Guantanamo American Naval Base?

A: Outpost number 65.

Q: Where were you at the time soldier Luis Ramirez Lopez was shot?

A: I was to the side of him in the dugout.

Q: When soldier Ramirez fell wounded?

A: The *compañero* who was then here is he (pointing at Arael Manon, 19). I was at the peerhole. Then they were out there in the dugout. When I heard the shot, I ran here and found Ramirez.

Q: Did the wounded soldier Ramirez say anything at that time?

A: I do not know.

*Q: What did the *compañero* standing next to him say that had happened?*

A: He told me that they had taken a shot at us from the interior of the Base.

Q: Are you accustomed to going down through the barricades, or would it have been possible to do so with the fence obstructing it? Are you in the habit of doing that or not?

A: We are not in the habit of doing that. Nor would we ever do it.

*Q: What is the name of the person standing next to soldier Ramirez when the shot rang out and the *compañero* fell?*

A: He is *compañero* Anael Manzo.

Q: How long have you been in the Cuban Army?

A: Two years.

Q: Where are you from? What province, what region?

A: Oriente.

Q: The U.S. Department of Defense offered a version that the Cuban soldier Ramirez had abandoned the dugout and that after jumping the barbed wired fence had infiltrated himself into base territory. What do you think of that?

A: I do not agree with that. Because if we were here, we could never have done that. We did not answer their aggressions. We have never answered their aggressions. How could we have done what they said? How could we ever jump like that? It is clear that they just told a lie.

Q: Since you were also in the dugout, you are positive he never abandoned it?

A: He did not abandon it. It was a cowardly attack. Imperialism does not fight face to face but from behind. Our *compañero* was killed treacherously.

Q: Have you ever been also subject to provocations during your guard duty periods, subject to threats, shots, on the part of American soldiers?

A: Yes! Many times. Not shots in my case but profane language, oh many times, they yell "Your mother is a whore" and so on. . . .

For a long time alert political analysts recognized from the tone of Fidel's speeches, particularly those of April 17 and May 1, that something was drastically wrong between the United States and Cuba.

They knew that Cuba was in economic and industrial trouble, and that Fidel was attempting to bolster his popularity with the common people.

They knew that an incident between the U.S. and Cuba would serve to drain the constructive energies and monies of the Cuban people; U.S. participation in Vietnam made it difficult for a full scale international incident to be initiated now.

In a well-timed move the State Department charged that "six Cuban soldiers infiltrated the perimeter of the Naval Station of Guantanamo on Monday night and exchanged gunfire with the sentries. The defenders of the station returned the fire. The Cubans then aban-

done the territory of the base, apparently without suffering loss."

Fidel appeared on television, angry:

"No one could believe a raid by six Cuban soldiers within the perimeter of the Base could have any logic or any kind of objective. We can only categorically affirm that no such incident of this or any other kind has been caused, either before or now, by Cuban soldiers who guard that territory."

Dean Rusk said that he would send Fidel a note of protest by the Swiss Ambassador. Very politely, without Sunday school language, Fidel advised the U.S. Government not to bother to present any diplomatic notes. The note never arrived, but a U.P.I. dispatch from Dean Rusk said, "The Cubans must stop those incidents by remaining outside the zone. It would be better for all concerned."

Fidel did not take kindly to Dean Rusk's suggestion:

"We are not going to abandon the custody of our territory in the vicinity of the Base, which is what Dean Rusk virtually demands. What we are going to do is place immediately our Revolutionary Armed Forces and the Cuban people on a State of Alert.

"We hope that, if the Government of the U.S. and the clique of gangsters and murderers who govern that country have already plotted or decided to carry out aggressions against our country, they will not be too cowardly to make up their minds once and for all.

"We believe that indeed what is best for the interest of mankind is that Yankee imperialism ceases its criminal aggressions. The peoples of the world must decide to halt or destroy it at the price that may be necessary."

Fidel, once Russia's Caribbean fall guy, served notice on the world that he is his own boss. What he had done in this crisis was to unify the entire socialist bloc, putting them solidly in his corner with agreements of help to fight the United States.

Not only did this crisis provide the Cuban people with a national dignity, but showed the world that no one, not even Russia, could make a promise to the United States to control Cuba so that she would not make trouble.

Fidel's militant stand caught the Russians completely off guard. At their Embassy they were wringing their hands wondering what Castro's unpredictable Latin temperament would make him do next. For the first time since the supposed China-Cuba split Fidel had sided with the militant Chinese ideology, chucking Russia's peaceful coexistence.

No government leader to date, except Fidel Castro, has ever told the United States to come on down and fight. No government has ever had the United States in a cowardly posture without the United States Government retaliating. Cuba called the bluff of the U.S. and got away with it.

This neo-independence of Fidel, his arrogance towards the United States and his annoyance with Russia's bear-hugging affections, makes him extremely expendable to both parties.

The Luis Lopez shooting, linked with the once-a-month assassination attempts, are symptomatic of the fast, radical and somewhat peculiar changes taking place in Cuba, changes which are designed by hook or crook to rid the island of the bearded genius who has become an impetuous nuisance.

How Policemen Cop Out

by Gerry Nadel

They nailed Christ on a bum rap. If the Escobedo and Miranda rulings had been standing in the year 32 A.D., that boy might be alive today.

Let's examine the evidence. There wasn't much against the indigent carpenter from Nazareth hauled before the bar of justice without benefit of counsel. The miracles in question could have been rationalized away as unusual natural phenomena. The only case left would have been formed from Christ's own admissions on the Messiah charges. And since those admissions were put in the record without access to legal aid, under Escobedo they're inadmissible. Case dismissed.

Win a case, lose a religion.

Speaking of Escobedo . . . some of my best friends are cops. In these pages that's more or less a rash admission, but there it is. I like cops.

By profession I'm a newsman, currently with a leading New York radio station. One way or another, I come into contact with a lot of policemen. They're generally a good, earthy bunch of guys. As two somewhat symbiotic breeds, we get along fine.

They don't like the Escobedo decision, or Miranda, or any of the other recent Supreme Court rulings on confessions and right to counsel. They're gradually learning to live with them . . . but that doesn't mean they like them.

They're tradition bound, let us say, and aren't happy with being forced to look for new investigative techniques now that the padlock has been put on the squeal room.

Some are pretty forthright in their opposition to this new turn of events. They write letters, or sign petitions, or picket. They draw their inspiration from the *Daily News* editorial page which recently featured a pertinent cartoon.

It showed a rather brutish gentleman just arising from his task of dispatching a fair maiden, who lies dead with her skirt hiked midway up her pleasant thighs. The murderer, a blood-dripping dagger grasped in his hand, faces Earl Warren who—a hushing finger to his lips—is saying: "Shhh, mum's the word." (In this case, one picture is worth 61 words at most.)

Some of your friends in blue are not nearly as forthright as their letter-writing, petition-signing friends. They've included themselves in some sort of bureaucratic evolution which has led from LaGuardia reading us the funnies to our Police Department telling us fairy stories with appropriate morals.

Following are a couple of examples, but because some of this is privileged information, I'll have to leave some details vague to keep a couple of asses, including my own, out of various slings.

Item: The police picked up a Puerto Rican fellow at the scene of a stab murder. The bulletin came over the police teletype, and our news staff and the local wire service bureau immediately jumped on it.

At first there was hardly any information at all on the case, and it stayed like that for five hours. The cops at the precinct in question had their explanation.

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Seems, they said, this guy couldn't speak English too well. Under the recent Scotus rulings, a suspect must be informed of his constitutional rights to counsel before questioning. The cops claimed they needed an interpreter to make sure he understood his rights. But, they insisted, they just couldn't seem to locate one.

They looked for hours—five, to be exact—while all the while the prisoner sat in his cell maintaining his constitutional silence. The cops steadfastly upheld the Scotus ruling to the letter, delaying interrogation. In fact, as one police captain righteously put it: "We were afraid to even ask him his name."

So, for five hours the story was flashed across the city—police had a murder suspect caught apparently redhanded, but they were frustrated in all attempts at questioning him because of the procedure made mandatory by the new Supreme Court rulings. The cops eventually found a Spanish-speaking patrolman, the prisoner's rights were explained to him—he waived them—and questioning, at long last, began.

All in all it was a fetching little moral tale, designed to show the frustration and impotence felt by Good Honest Cops forced to deal with an *ad absurdum* example of the situation brought about by the legal wool-gathering of those Nine Old Men in Washington who, after all, deal with law only in the abstract and not in its day-to-day squad room reality.

A touching good story indeed, Officer Krupki. Except, just about none of it was exactly true.

We'd run the story on the air for a few hours when we got a call from the Assistant District Attorney of the borough where the pinch was made. He was a bit embarrassed. Maybe he saw his case against the guy endangered by police shenanigans. But in any event he spilled everything off the record. Legally speaking, he said, the police story was a crock full of apocryphal.

The cops who were supposedly afraid to even ask the prisoner his name, said the assistant d.a., didn't really *have to*. They'd known it as soon as the suspect was booked, mugged and searched. But even granting that the name stuff was meant only figuratively, the rest of the story had a few flaws too.

Like there shouldn't have been any delay in finding an interpreter. Interpreters, said the assistant d.a., are always available to the department at any time. And besides, it turns out that the suspect could speak pretty decent English in the first place. Otherwise they would have needed an interpreter to question him altogether *anyway*.

If there was any delay it was for another purpose—either to put the prisoner in a more psychologically malleable mood for questioning and/or to give the wire services their moral tale for the day.

Scratch one tear jerker, authored and edited by the New York Police Department.

Item: We had a rape murder case. This is not unusual. We're always having rape cases. This is a very horny city. It used to be very easy to cover one. We'd know right from the first bulletin that George Whitmore would be charged with it.

But this particular case was particularly nasty. A little 6-year-old girl, Beverly Fowler, had been found raped and murdered behind a garage next door to her home. Police soon nabbed a 15-year-old suspect who lived in the same neighborhood. He had a previous record of sex offenses, and was at the time awaiting

Juvenile Court action on an alleged sodomy offense involving a 5-year-old boy.

Police spent the morning trying to figure out how to hold him without actually charging him with the murder, since they didn't have enough evidence yet to make it stick. They finally decided to hold him on a technicality connected with the sodomy charge.

There's some speculation that if they can pin the murder on the boy, the authorities will reduce the sodomy charge to "following too close." Both cases, by the way, are still pending.

The boy was picked up and hauled in. But once again, there was nothing but silence from the precinct house for hours. Once again, the police blamed the delay on the Scotus decisions. They said they were just sitting around looking at the walls. The boy had insisted on his right to a lawyer, and they couldn't question him until an attorney was found.

This story held for about 6 hours. The boy was picked up in early afternoon. There was nothing to be had from the precinct house until well into the evening.

Then the phone rang.

It was an attorney, Marjorie O'Connell.

Seems the boy had a lawyer after all, and she was it. In fact, she said, she'd been with the boy all day. She'd been in court with him early that afternoon on the sodomy case, and had been standing by all afternoon when it became evident that the boy was going to be picked up for the murder. She had seen the boy in late afternoon, but even after she had, the police story remained the same: no questioning yet because no lawyer.

Once again the reason for the delay wasn't quite as the police wanted us to believe. They were just holding off any comment until they were sure that they had some sort of charges they could hold the boy on and until they'd investigated all the legal ramifications.

What's disturbing here and with the other case is not that New York's Finest chose to tell a fib, but the particular fib they chose to tell.

There's nothing particularly startling about police fabricating a cover story when they have to play for more time. The story is generally along the lines of not having the man on the case available for comment when you call . . . or having the suspect, and the case moved over to headquarters—where if you check you find that nobody seems to be able to locate the men working on the case.

But the Scotus cover stories were another thing altogether. Instead of a simple no-comment, the police decided to make a little propaganda against something they weren't particularly happy about.

It's sort of a sad situation actually. These weren't the only cases where the police came up with Scotus Fibs for propaganda purposes, and when they do come up with one where the Scotus ruling may have *really* hurt their efforts to do justice, it will be that much harder to believe.

It's like that time when the Air Force was called in to spray those mosquito breeding grounds in areas of Texas that were being plagued with encephalitis. After the spraying the fliers released a statement saying that they estimated about 80% of all the mosquitoes in the area had been killed.

We immediately called the Associated Press to find out if it was by body count. . . .

OFFICE PICNIC

(Continued from Page 23)

Sherill, you go too fast. Nothing personal but you shake a person out before his time.

Dear, the more I write what was to be a goodbye for your own good the more I am changing my direction. Maybe I could indeed teach you some quote old positions unquote and other things from my *Book Of Knowledge* which are even too old for the antique shops? You can break the world's speed record with anybody but with me you could swim slowly if you picture what I mean and I do not think it would hurt your soul. If you want to know the full story, by me it seems that today's history is pretty shitty compared with mine. Yes you read the word right.

In my time there was a Roosevelt, a Joe Louis, a LaGuardia. In your time what have you got? You had yourself a Churchill but a used one, a symbol. The man you had, JFK, was murdered and that in a way is your sin. In and out, Sherill. But I am getting away from the road.

Yes the more I think it out the less I feel like you handed an old horse a last gallop. The more I think the more it comes out that we at least broke even and maybe you got a little bit the better. Do I begrudge you? Oh, no, no, no. Plum, I want to give to you. And I think when Alice your Roommate goes to the mountains as you mentioned she had plans you should think over if you want company.

In a non-egotistical way I could be a Godsend to you. My advantages? I walk around with the entire

Book Of Knowledge (long out of print edition with thick blue covers and paper that cut fingers). What if I take a few minutes to rise and shine? So what? You can stay and wait like you wait for rain. You learn more waiting for the rain than in the New School.

Sherill, forget the apology in the first part of this letter. I should start over but will not as it is very late, I want now to take a shower. Before I planned not to just to preserve the leftovers but now I will take my old body to the sprinkles. I will wash you away but assured that we will lie together again until the time naturally comes for our pathways to part. I wish you could be in there with me in the stall along with my shampoo. *Boy would we soap each other good.* I wish the damn weekend was done.

Rest well, my beloved student. I, your stallion, beat clods of earth and whinny at the gibbous (spelling) moon. You, softness, relax. Take life easy. Get ready for our next *gossamer fornication*. (Which of your athletic friends talks like that?)

The Fleet messenger who brought you this also delivered a package marked Open Second. Now open it. Compliments of me, I am sending you a red truck. Some day red trucks will hurtle along with rubber wheels singing on the asphalt pavements as they carry needed provisions to hungry minions while they sleep and dress in the hamlets of this burgeoning land.

You are delicious. It is nice to meet a real person.

Most Sincerely,

Your Own Bald Mr. X from Data Processing
(As If You Didn't Know.)

Look Back in Apathy

Should Dinky Town ever be noticed for any special characteristic making it stand out from the hundreds of other communities next to big universities, it will be because it is the largest, most apathetic bohemia that ever mushroomed.

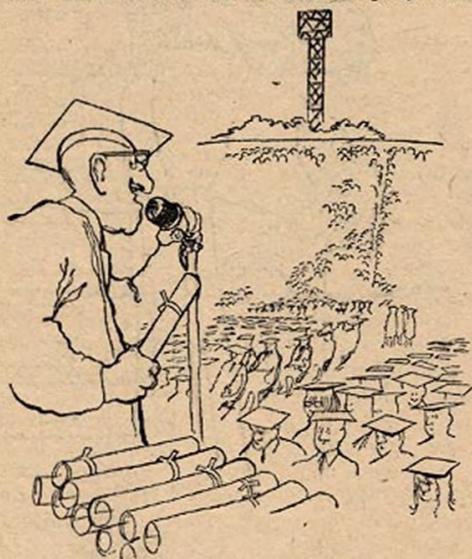
Dinky Town and its sister neighborhood across the sprawling University of Minnesota campus, Seven Cor-

ners, make up the student quarter in Minneapolis.

Even though Minnesota's is only the third largest university in the U.S., the Minneapolis campus, with its 49,000 enrollment, makes up the biggest single student population in the nation. More than twice the size of Berkeley, and with a much higher student-to-teacher ratio, you might expect trouble. Not true.

The concept that a student revolution is sweeping the country is evidence only of the multitude of slow news days. During the recent nation-wide demonstrations against the war in Vietnam, 300 people marched in Minneapolis—that's almost the number of counter-pickets New York's 20,000 marchers drew.

—DICK GUINDON



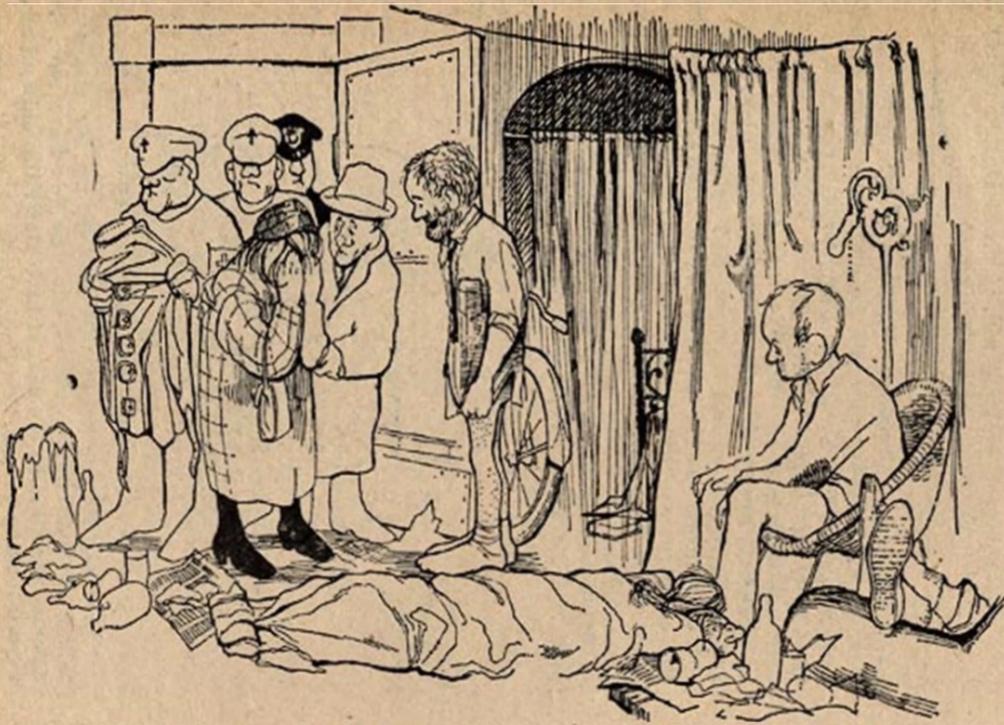
"Now stop being silly! Come up here and take your diplomas!"



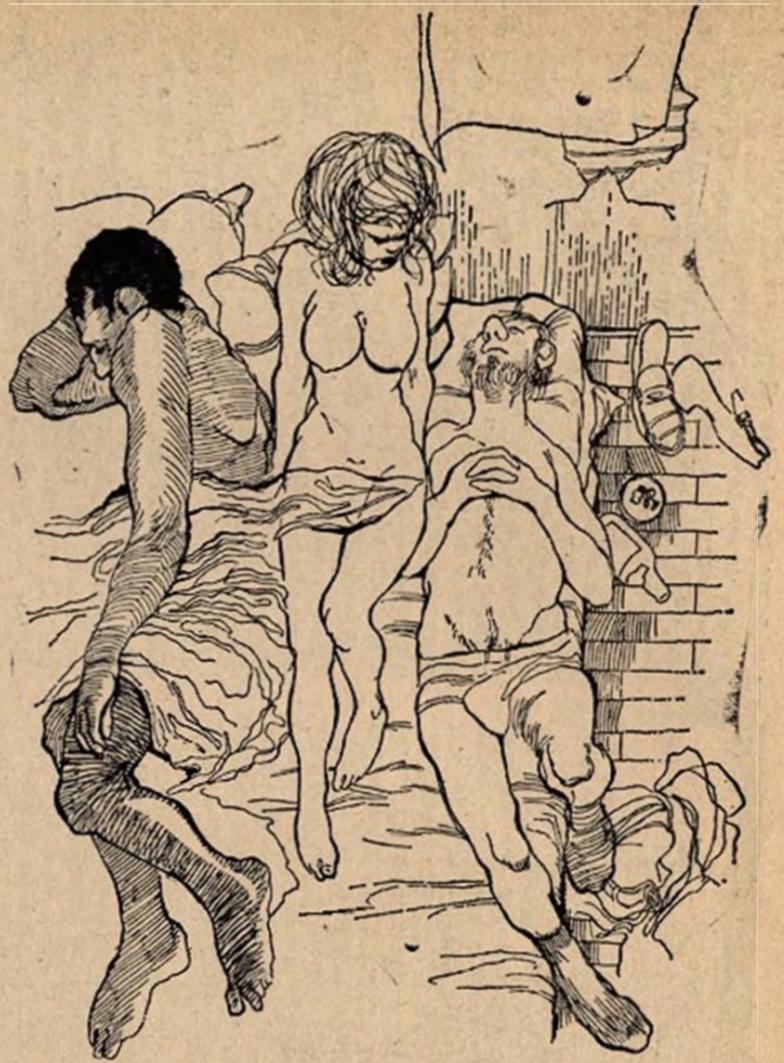
"As I see it, our generation is fighting for the same things our parents wanted at our age and have now. We demand our place in the shade! Live slow! Die old and have a good-looking corpse!"

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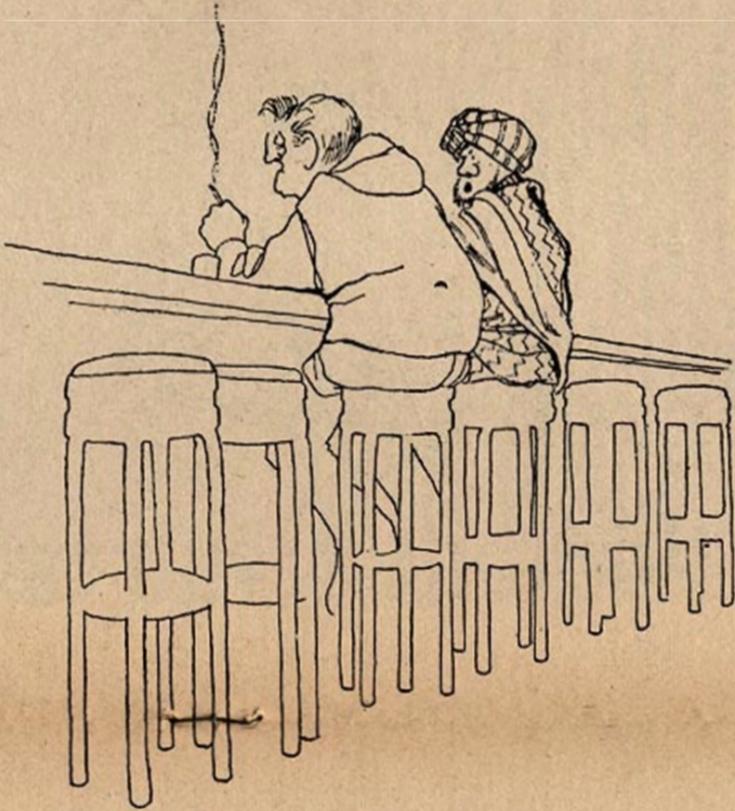
11



"You must be Jim's parents, right? . . . Betty's parents?
 . . . You're Lorna's parents, aren't you? . . . Close?"



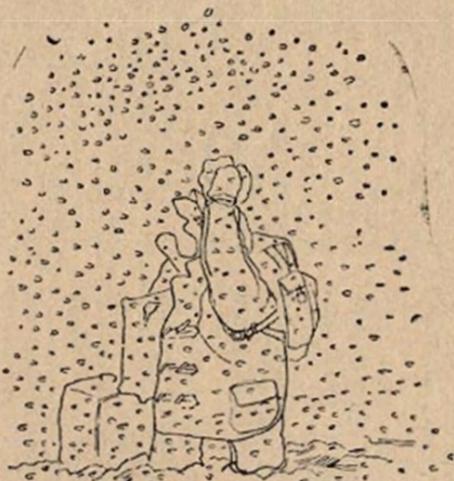
"Sometimes I think of Minnesota as one huge posse of screaming farmers who have surrounded Dinky Town with spotlights and sound trucks. And I hear them yelling, 'Throw your books down and come out with your hands up!'"



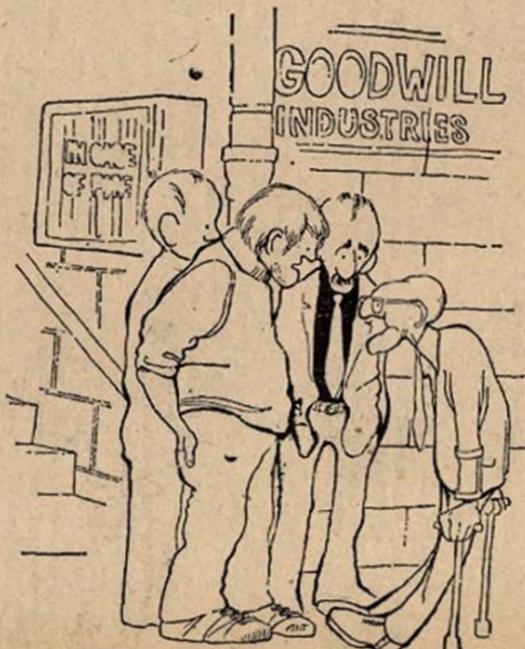
"Poor? You? Baby, until you start pretending you're an exchange student because all you've got to wear is the bedspread from a furnished room, you don't know the meaning of the word poor!"



"Christianity? Sir, I haven't even accepted Western civilization yet."



"Dinky Town, I'm going to beat you—you fickle bitch! I'm going to beat you, Dinky Town, and do you know how? I'm moving to Des Moines!"



"But who hires us—the spiritually handicapped?"



"Gee! The Playboy Philosophy sure makes good sense, don't it?"



"You know who you are? You're me four years ago, come for an education, new to school, so clean, so neat—kiss me, for Chrissake!"

No, Virginia

by Alan Whitney



The Looming Crisis

The Sealtest cottage cheese peddlers are running this big contest in which the first prize is "Dinner for Two at Any Restaurant *Anywhere in the World!*" What happens if I win and decide on Peking?

On This Corner . . .

There's only one way to keep boxing from dying of sheer public indifference: Rope off a block of Lenox Avenue and match Cassius Clay against a white cop.

Buffer Zone

A few days after the big blackout in New York, Murray Kempton's column in the *World-Telegram* was entitled "Impeach Con Ed" and presented the heretical thesis that the conduct of public utilities is not always guided by the Great Switchover in the Sky. On the facing page, in the first edition, was a large ad from Con Ed suggesting that the blackout had provided a rather pleasant departure from the lethargic routine of metropolitan life. In the second edition the ad had been moved 20 pages away from Kempton's dissent.

Advance to the Rear

On the day after the first air raids near Hanoi and Haiphong, it was announced that we had destroyed 80% of North Vietnam's oil. Three weeks and many raids later, Cyrus Vance of the Pentagon put the figure at 67%. If the trend continues we may eventually learn that in fact the Viet Cong has captured Texaco.

Rumors of the Month

The recent weakness of rubber stocks in Wall Street has been caused not by increasing use of The Pill, but by declining sales of hose in the wake of the Supreme Court decisions on police interrogation of suspects.

* * *

If Johnson's doesn't pull out of Vietnam by Veterans Day, the peace movement will mark the occasion by revealing the name of the unknown soldier.

The Pun-dit

Robert W. Bliss, co-publisher of the *Janesville, Wisc. Gazette*, thinks highly

of Alice Widener's rightist political columns, and he told her so in a letter which her syndicate reprinted in an ad in *Editor & Publisher*. Bliss was especially impressed by Mrs. Widener's "revelation of 'black power'" in a civil rights conference in Chicago. He goes on to say: "Through this sharp spade work, you have been the first to uncover what 'black power' can mean to American freedom."

Dr. Ike's Snake Oil

I had never quite been able to believe that Eisenhower was actually President, even though I, and the country, somehow managed to live through those eight implausible years. I had always thought of Ike, rather, as a modestly successful Nebraska druggist whose political zenith was the second vice-presidency of the local Lions Club.

He had all the credentials—the frog-like grin, the strangled syntax, the vague, porous Protestantism that permits newsstand censorship in the afternoon and attendance at a Legion stag party the same night.

Then how come he *wasn't* a Nebraska druggist? The answer, I have come to think, is that Eisenhower has a brand of idiocy so spectacular that Nebraska couldn't contain it—a special zaniness that was inevitably destined for national exposure.

The difference was epitomized in a wire the General sent to the Pennsylvania Republican Platform Committee, advocating universal military training as a solution to the crime problem. It was, of course, just the kind of suggestion you would expect from a Nebraska druggist. But only Eisenhower would have made it just ten days after ex-Marine Charles Whitman had dispatched 15 fellow Texans in 80 minutes, thus breaking the national civil homicide record previously held by Howard Unruh, a veteran of World War II.

The White Berets

Mandrake is a fag, and you don't have to hold the paper up to the light to discern his true orchid hue. The evidence is plain: all the other magicians have beautiful girl assistants, but this guy uses a large, muscular, scantily clad male.

However they may view Mandrake's sex habits, though, men of good will applaud him as one of the few comic strip characters who employs a Negro—or, indeed, who has any contact at all with members of that race. Militants may argue, of course, that Lothar is essentially an old family retainer and therefore stereotyped. They would do better, it seems to me, to worry about the fact that this universal form, directed mainly at children, is the most segregated medium of communication in the country.

The movies, TV, radio, the theater, all treat with Negro subjects at least

now and then. So do books and magazines and the non-comic pages of newspapers. Hollywood used Negroes 30 years ago. So they were all maids, porters and musicians; not even these standbys appear in the comics.

There are exceptions, of course. I know of two. *On Stage*, the soap opera for hippies, had a Negro voice coach in one episode about three years ago. Since then, more widespread integration has emerged in—you should pardon the expression—*Steve Canyon*, a strip previously indistinguishable from an Air Force publicity brochure. When Canyon goes to a basketball game, some of the players are Negroes. When he's on the derring-do circuit, some of the American troops he encounters have what some of the Negro papers still call "sepia" skin.

Terry covers much the same geography as *Steve Canyon* while the two authors vie to see who can kiss the military ass most ardently, but the



former never comes near a spade. His Air Force is not only all-white, but tends noticeably toward the Nordic.

You can understand why some strips would be pure Caucasian. *Peanuts* is obviously set in an upper neurotic suburb where the only Negroes would be domestics or visiting laborers. They're around, but since adults are never shown in the strip, we don't see them. *Buck Rogers*—if he still exists—lives in the 25th Century, and by that time intermarriage will have erased all racial lines.

But what of *Gasoline Alley*? This is an old community, obviously long overdue to become what is euphemistically called a "changing neighborhood." And how about *Dick Tracy*, set in a large city where there aren't even any Negro muggers? I should think the White Citizens Council, if no one else, would complain about this gross departure from statistical verisimilitude. Come to think of it, I may have hit upon the reason for Tracy's increasingly frequent trips to the moon. He wants to have a refuge when the bronze hordes can no longer be held at bay.

The ultimate irony in this whole area is *The Green Beret*, a new strip devoted entirely to propagandizing for



the Great Society's war against the Little Society in Vietnam. The soldiers shown therein are comically tight-lipped and uniformly Anglo-Saxon. There has been some talk about the high proportion of colored gentlemen among our troops over there, but it evidently hasn't reached the ears of authors Robin Moore and Joe Kubert. Even their Vietnamese look white.

Metaphor Salad

Congressman Emanuel Celler (D-Brooklyn), more a philosopher than a gourmet, announced on a radio discussion program that "You can't mix war and peace any more than you can mix oil and vinegar."

George Hamilton Dept.

The left has been understandably outraged by the fact that the nation's otherwise underprivileged have been excessively endowed with the privilege of bearing arms in Vietnam. Some attribute it to pure contempt for the lower classes on the Administration's part. But I think it's more a matter of fear of the middle and upper classes, sometimes called the opinion makers. Start sending the college draft-dodgers over there and soon those ominous telegrams will be arriving at the homes of doctors, lawyers, Kiwanis Club presidents, newspaper publishers, bankers and real estate operators. And when that happens, Dr. Gallup is likely to notice a precipitous drop in the popularity of the war.

Extra Legal

How can they possibly re-try Dr. Samuel Sheppard without Dorothy Kilgallen around to prompt the judge, the jury and the lawyers for both sides?

Technical Knockout?

I'm not drawing any conclusions here, just reciting a chronological series of facts:

- Some years ago Dr. Joyce Brothers, the pop psychologist, won a lot of money on a TV quiz program.
- Shortly after that, it was discovered that the fix was a frequent guest-star on such programs.
- This past summer Dr. Joyce Brothers was playing shrink on a radio phone show.
- A lady called in and asked Dr. Joyce

Brothers what famous event in boxing occurred on July 4, 1919. (The answer, easy for boxing fans, is that Jack Dempsey won the heavyweight championship by knocking out Jess Willard.)

• Dr. Joyce Brothers made no attempt to answer, and within a fifth of a second had firmly changed the subject.

The Two-Year Plan

A lot of my fellow malcontents are already looking forward to the 1968 election with a sense of despair. They figure that Bobby Kennedy won't be ready to make his move, and the choice will be between Johnson and an even more escalatory Republican.

So I'm happy to announce that I'm working on a grand solution to the problem — a right-wing peace candidate. I'd like to hog the credit for this inspiration, but fairness compels me to acknowledge that I was put on the scent by Walter Trohan, the venerable, not to say petrified, chief of the Washington bureau of the *Chicago Tribune*. Trohan is no further to the right than the next guy, who in this instance happens to be Robert Welch.

Trohan wrote a column recently comparing several aspects of American and Russian culture and finding ours wanting in every instance. For one thing, the Russians are cracking down on swearing in public. For another,



"Russian literature is far cleaner than that common to most current novels in America. Pornography is not tolerated." Furthermore: "In America the police are being weakened and in Russia their hand is being strengthened. Police here are accused of brutality, savagery and cruelty. . . . In Russia police and courts are being given broader powers to fight crime."

Good enough, Walter, but you've only scratched the surface. If we're going to sell the right wing on a rapprochement with Russia, there's a lot more ammunition that we can use.

There is, to the best of my knowledge, not a single uppity nigger in Moscow. There are some Jews, but the government harasses them enough to keep them from taking things over. There are very few Roman Catholics, which would have been a major problem a while back but is now a good thing. Conservatives are getting tired of priests leading civil rights marches and forgiving Christ-killers, and now

there are rumors about how The Pill is going to be okayed and next year the nuns are going to wear miniskirts.

Did you ever hear of an airline strike in Russia, or a subway walkout, or any other kind? How many Muscovite relief clients drive Buicks? Can Puerto Ricans vote in Pinsk?

The place is a YAF paradise, man. No ADA. No ACLU. No Wayne Morse or Walter Lippmann. Not even a Norman Mailer.

The product is surefire, and if we start now we should have no trouble selling it throughout the American heartland. By the time our left-right pincer movement gets in full swing LBJ will have scars on his scar.

I'm only worried about one thing. When our right-wing Russophile gets into office, will he take us in to war against Albania?

Dropout?

I saw a girl on a Saturday night walking down the street in beat-up sandals, no socks, wrinkled jeans, and a sweatshirt bearing the great seal of the Fashion Institute of Technology.

Impeachable Source

My nomination for the ad least likely to convince the customer is one built around the question: "If *Time* says this Sonuswitch can turn on anything electric by clapping hands, who am I to be skeptical?"

If *Time* said that December was going to follow November, I would consult at least three calendars before even entertaining the possibility.

Man Overboard

From the *Times* financial section:

"In a surprise move, Edward L. Cushman, vice president of the American Motors Corporation, resigned yesterday. Mr. Cushman, 51, said his resignation has nothing to do with the company's declining position in the auto industry. 'I think the company has a bright future,' he said in a telephone interview. . . ."

No wonder they made him resign. The guy is stupid.

The Greener Grass

From *An Anthology of Scandinavian Literature*:

"When I smell a green leaf, dazed I forget poverty, riches, friends and foes."

Be the first on your block to push green leaves from Scandinavia.



“Blood Brother’ Denies Beating Wife While Under LSD”

by Dave Berkman

George Washington is the Father of Our Country. American know-how has given us the highest standard of living in the world.

The New York Times is the Paper of Record. These are truisms.

I am such a firm believer in the last, that I pay a buck a month extra to have the *Times* delivered to my door, and get up an hour early each morning to wade through its ponderous mass, so that I can emerge from my house secure in the knowledge that I have experienced not mere fragmented fast—but The Whole Truth.

That the mission of the *Times* is not merely to report, nor even to report all, but to report all with accuracy guaranteed down to the last scintilla, is made clear to me everytime I spot one of those frequent paragraphs which let me know that, “In the early editions of yesterday’s *Times*, John A. Jones was listed as one of the 72 executives promoted to a vice-presidency by the Pernicious Anemia Corporation. It was John B. Jones who was named to that position.”

Read buried items like that three or four times a week and you soon forget that it was this same *Times* which, in the Spring of 1964, scared hell out of us 5,000,000 white folk in this here town, with its 5-column, front-page story announcing its discovery of a secret organization, The Blood Brothers, composed solely of young Negroes single-mindedly dedicated to decimating our members.

Read a few times that it’s not Herbert Smith, of 375 Park Avenue, who received the Pigeon Feeder’s award from the Society for the Spread of Encephalitis, as reported in yesterday’s *Times*, but Herbert Smith of 374 Park Avenue, and you’ll find yourself incapable of recalling the oversight of this esteemed journal of record, in neglecting to retract the Blood Brothers story after other journalistic, as well as police, investigations proved, beyond any doubt, that such a hate group never existed, despite the fact that this *Times* report—and mainly because it was the *Times* which reported it—probably created more racial tension than any other single incident prior to the actual riots of that explosive year.

(In fact, deep in your subconscious, where the repressed memory of it lingers, if you feel any reaction, it’s a feeling of reassurance from the knowledge that even when the *Times* engages in make-believe, its fantasies are as detailed as its reports of the real events; so detailed in this instance, that it’s a wonder that the Blood Brothers story didn’t end up a journalistic marvel as the first complete account of an event before it occurred, since it constituted a do-it-yourself manual on how to organize and train such a group for anyone harboring genocidal instincts.)

Then, of course, there’s another reason why I could forget all about the Blood Brothers and remain true to my truism: Not being a young Negro, the story hadn’t maligned me! While I certainly wouldn’t believe everything I read in the papers, it’s not quite the same thing (and life becomes a lot easier) if you are able to accept what you read in *The New York Times*.

Thus, as with everything else I read in the *Times*, I

had no reason to question the validity of the headline and story on the first page of the second section on Monday, April 25th, 1966, which told me:

3 COLLEGES NAMED IN STUDY OF DRUGS [D.A.] Koota Seeks to Prevent Use of Labs for Manufacture by Students

Kings County District Attorney Aaron E. Koota said yesterday that his office was investigating complaints that hallucinatory drugs had been manufactured or compounded by students in three city colleges. . . .

The colleges . . . are Brooklyn College, Kingsborough Community College and N.Y. City Community College. . . .

Yet, as I left my house that morning, for the first time I felt anything but secure in my *Times*-gleaned knowledge. I couldn’t quite understand how I hadn’t previously known that LSD was being manufactured in a chem lab just a couple of doors from my office, since I’m employed as a faculty member of the second of the three schools named in the story.

The reason I hadn’t known, it turned out, was quite simple: contrary to what the *Times* reported, and as it so quickly could have learned had it made the slightest effort (which, as The Paper of Record, it would seem it was obligated to), there was not the slightest reason to believe that any ever had been. *Our lab simply didn’t possess the necessary equipment.*

(The same lack of any such enterprising student activity held true at New York City Community, where their overtaxed labs are utilized 100% by instructor-supervised classes for the 14 hours that that school is open each day; and at Brooklyn, where every lab is faculty-attended when in use, and locked when not.)

The *Times* has been around for 115 years. Is it unreasonable to expect that some time during this period, when it has become known, and claims it has accepted the reputation and the concomitant responsibilities which go with it, as the most professional of newspapers, that it might have developed at least the degree of sophistication in its handling of news which one would demand of the rankest amateur?

Here are three publicly-supported institutions with some 30,000 students, which, at the very moment this story appeared, were engaged in a desperate fight for adequate funds to maintain their programs.

Here, also, is a politically ambitious District Attorney, in competition with four equally publicity-conscious D.A.’s (New York City, which is composed of five counties, has five of them), who knows that on Sunday, being traditionally the slowest day of the week for hard news, he can garner lots of space—and space vastly disproportionate to the substance of what he has to say—if the reputations he’s fooling with are important enough. (What if a reputation or two is ruined, if mine’s enhanced in the process?)

That no paper, and certainly not the *Times*, is ignorant of the possibility that a public official might sometimes speak from such motives, goes without saying. Only two weeks before, it self-righteously took to task one of Mr. Koota’s confreres for announcing that he was investigating the regime of his opposition party-predecessor, to see if the latter had made appointments to his staff in return for kick-backs.

In this previous case, the *Times* had to report the story, since this other D.A. had made his statement over one of those news-interview shows which fill the radio-TV schedules on Sunday, and the news columns the following day.

In this instance, however, even Mr. Koota must have felt some compunction about naming names, since he wouldn't do so while on the air—filling in this missing information only later while talking to reporters in the hallways outside the studio after the broadcast.

(Here, of course, we have the ultimate comment on the state to which our print media have sunk: there is something pathetic about the spectacle of reporters scrounging around the corridors outside a TV studio,



desperately hoping to pick up a bit of viscera from the skeleton which their electronic counterparts may have missed—though in this case the official turned out to be the reputations of three public institutions of higher learning.)

Was this hearsay worthy of repetition when its originating sources were known to be of such highly questionable authority? The charges originated in a series of anonymous phone calls and letters which the D.A. had solicited the week before. (Koota had suddenly discovered that what Commie-queers did for McCarthy, LSD could do for him.)

Granted, the simon-purity of the prestigious, private colleges from which *Times*-men seem to graduate, but they must be aware that it is not unknown for disgruntled students, outraged at what they regard as an undeservedly low, or failing grade, to make charges against departments or faculty members whom they hold responsible for such injustice.

Didn't it occur to the Gentlemen From The *Times* that the possibility of this being the case, here, was such, that they might have at least attempted to contact the responsible school officials who could have shown conclusively—remember, in our case, we didn't even have the necessary equipment to produce the drug—that the charge was simply without substance. Period.

There are those who would contend that it was the *Times'* responsibility to report what Koota said, simply because his saying it made it news. After all, here is a man charged with investigating crime, telling us he is conducting such an investigation.

But suppose that the head of the Weather Bureau had told the *Times* that, on the basis of two calls, from one Cockey-Lockey, and a Miss Henny-Penny, he was investigating reports that the sky is falling down: here we have the same degree of relevance; but when the *Times*-man looked out of his window (I assume he would look out his window), and saw it wasn't so, would he still consider the weather man's statement legitimate news?

The analogy is valid: our LSD was just as non-existent as the falling sky.

(On Tuesday, a remorseful radio station—WINS—which hadn't even bothered to include the qualifica-

tions the *Times* did in its story, but stated flatly the chemical was being made at the three schools, tried to get off the hook by blasting the D.A. in an editorial in which it pointed out that his job is to discuss pending investigations with grand juries, and not the press. This, of course, ignored the fact that no one forced that station to give the story the prominence, not to mention the hypoing, which it did, in its Monday morning newscasts.)

True, a careful reading of the *Times'* story reveals that they never said we were actually making the stuff, only that Koota said he was investigating reports we were—but who reads that carefully?

(Certainly not even the editors of that station's news department, or of the afternoon daily—the *N.Y. Post*—which also flatly asserted the chemical was being synthesized in our labs—both of which are known to regard The Paper of Record as their least expensive reporter, insofar as no AFTRA- or Guilds-man will supply them anywhere near as much material as they get from the *Times* for only 95c a week.)

Place yourself in the position of the parents whose kids attend these colleges—or the legislator already hesitant about voting us our badly-needed, extra appropriation: can we expect them to make the critical distinctions which trained editors on other news outlets missed?

Ahh, but didn't the *Times* redeem itself the very next day when it gave the same space and placement to a rebuttal, in a piece which began:

3 CITY COLLEGES DEFENDED ON LSD

... the president of Brooklyn College said yesterday that he knew of no evidence that hallucinatory drugs were being manufactured at any of the city colleges in Brooklyn. ... "After specific inquiry ... I can state there is no evidence known to us of any such activity."

After which the *Times* told us Koota was *first launching* his investigation—24 hours after his near-charges of the previous day!

Let's examine the effect of the three elements we have—of the accusation, the denial, and the reality:

Two stories given equal weight, one indicating we manufacture LSD, the other denying it (with the latter story always clouded by the reader's saying to himself, "So, would they admit it if they did?").

In fairness, goes the myth of objective reporting, you take your pick.

The fact that a large part of the public will pick as true the allegation of an occurrence which never had any real existence in fact, is immaterial.

"Joe Blow Beats His Wife," the *Podunk Press* reports on Monday.

Joe, in reality a most gentle fellow, calls the *Press* to deny the charge.

Tuesday's edition tells us: "Joe Blow Denies Beating Wife."

The truth and the lie are, theoretically, accorded equal space (though, if Tuesday's story accomplishes anything, it's probably to let those who missed Monday's paper know that Joe had been accused).

Thus do both our news media, and *The New York Times* (which is, after all, in a class by itself) define their responsibility to report the news objectively.

But then, as our non-existent Blood Brother who, as I recall, was reported to be a faithful reader of *Muhammad Speaks*, would no doubt sum it up, "What else would you expect from the White Devil's press?"

Is Pam Tyler More Gorgeous Than Hattie Mae Brown?

by Bruce Jay Friedman

David is 35, paper-thin, and stands sideways, talking to you as though you have just tapped him on the shoulder. He is a light-skinned Negro, but in his relations with white women, as he says, "I have a lot going for me—the nose, the kinky hair—and I could never pass, unless it's hitchhiking on a dark night in Rochester." He does a little writing, a little hustling; whenever he has some money he drifts off, usually out of the country, to Tangiers, Paris, Toyko.

Tango is younger, darker, taller, and although he teases some of his white girlfriends about their "Masai Warrior" fantasies, he is very much in that family. He wears massive rings, Edwardian jackets, jazz musician shades, and ticks away like a grenade. Give or take a few percentage points for personal likes and dislikes, he is one of the most perfect-looking men in the world. Of late, he has been spending less time in New York's Greenwich Village cafes and more in the upper East Side bars and cabarets.

They do not know one another. They speak, separately, about white women.

David: Wheet is what you call it. You say, "I got myself this wheet woman," combination of white and sweet, you know, the white part of the turkey. "I got this fay chick."

Tango: Let's face it, I don't even know any colored women, that's how long I been at it. I take it back. I know one, a sick-ball-weirdo. She needed a place to live and we wound up doing some sick balling and then we both got evicted. But generally speaking, Pam Tyler is always going to be more gorgeous than Hattie Mae Brown.

David: All kinds of women come on with you. There are a lot of blonde Vampira TV types. Also, girls who have just been divorced from doctors.

Tango: There have always been the camp followers, the white chicks who dig musicians and prefer them to be spades. But the majority is Jewish girls paying back Daddy. One of them once hit up on me and took me back to her tense father. We sat around the living room and then we balled in the car, with him checking us out the window. Later, I said to her, "Okay, I allowed you to inflict a little pain on your father, but never again." And I stuck to it. And there is also the Scandinavian girl who, the darker you are, the more involved she gets.

David: It's something they feel themselves. You just lie back, put on a little performance if you like, and scoop it up. Very often, they got all that marijuana going for them, too.

Tango: A lot of them hit up on you out of hatred, you know, they hate Negroes and ball one every night. They figure a spade is helpless at the point of orgasm and that's when you get to control him. What they forget is they're on the bottom. They take this spade hip-dip back to their secretarial apartment and try to stay a little uninvolved. I involve them right up to their earlobes.

David: You get to where you can tell 7½ times out of ten. There's a certain look they flash you, when they're leaving a subway and you're supposed to get

(Continued on Page 20)

by Mel Jaffe

Bruce Jay Friedman wanted to do a piece about Negro males and white girls. So I asked another friend, Frank, whether he'd talk with Bruce. Frank was hesitant.

It's one thing to toss off profundities among friends over a midnight glass of tea, quite another to be interviewed formally for publication by an unpredictable stranger. Yet Frank was tempted. If the stranger were sympathetic and accurate, it could well be a good thing to air the subject and tell the world how it really is.

His resistance collapsed because I could safely assure him that Bruce is not only an important and perceptive writer, but also an extremely nice guy.

Some weeks later Frank called me. He'd somehow managed to get a galley proof of Bruce's piece and was, to understate it, upset. He felt it was all wrong, almost word by word.

He went over the proof with me, detailing his objections to the monologues attributed to him in his guise as "Tango." To follow Frank's comments, the reader should take a pencil and number each of "Tango's" twelve statements in consecutive order. For reasons to be spelled out later, a close reading and comparison of the matching speeches by "Tango" and Frank will prove unusually rewarding.

1. *Frank:* I go out with white women because they're the only ones that are there. They are where I am. For me to try making it with colored women would be prejudicial because I'd have to go out of my way to find them; they just aren't in the same places I am. It would be as racially prejudicial for me to date colored women as it would be for a white guy who was going out of his way to. Actually, everything in that paragraph is wrong. For instance, it was my wife and I who needed a place to live, not the girl, and the eviction wasn't because of any "sick balling" but because the rent wasn't paid.

2. *Frank:* The Jewish chick wasn't even my girl—she was the girlfriend of the guy who was with me. But the point is that she brought two Negro guys home with her just to bug her father and mother. After we left the house we got into the car and said goodbye. I then informed her that I was aware of what she had done. I told her I hoped she was happy, that I would never be back—and we left. And that's it. The business about balling in the car is ridiculous.

All this has absolutely nothing to do with what I said about Scandinavian girls. What I said was that Scandinavian girls don't as a rule like Swedes and Germans; but any Latin type, any dark type, is all right with them. It's more a sociological than a color difference. From what I've been able to gather from these girls, they don't like Aryan types like themselves because they have a tendency to be boring. Negroes have a tendency to be totally different from Swedes, sociologically and otherwise. Now what does what I said about Jewish girls have to do with what I said about Scandinavian girls?

3. *Frank:* I was just talking about men and women, not something racial, not at all. It was just a philosophical point, in the midst of a long talk about the sexes, about female hatred. It would be wrong to think

this is a common occurrence, or something important. This is something that happened to me once, maybe twice. But a chick may take a white dude home for the same reason. It is a fact that a lot of females approach me or are approached by me, assuming that I'm some sort of animal. Finding this to be untrue, and that I'm human, they sometimes find themselves involved up to their earlobes—in a normal human relationship. But I don't like any kind of racial hassles. That's why, I suppose, I prefer European women to American chicks.

4. *Frank*: Everyone sends out impulses and a white chick who wants me to hit on her does kick them out real strong. One doesn't really know which have and which haven't overcome, which accept you as a person or reject you as an unperson. You have to rely on developed instinct to save yourself some unnecessary embarrassment. It's a male-female thing; it has nothing to do with black-white. But if you're a spade, to spare your feelings you have to be a little more careful, that's all. As for the bit about the sleeping pill and "Christ I need it" and the other non sequiturs—well, they're not worth discussing.

5. *Frank*: Let's get this straight. Colored girls can be as attractive as white. But in Arthur's, as well as in almost every other place I find myself in, there are 100 whites to every Negro (who is usually me). Isn't it obvious that I'd have to see many more attractive whites? Of course, there's also something else: I'm raised in a society that offers one repeatedly nothing but Caucasian standards.

As for the tall, skinny Negro model, she herself has said she's not beautiful by either Negro or white standards. And I'm sick of hearing white people tell me how beautiful she is. She's unusual looking, that's all. As a matter of fact, she is delicate, sort of reedy looking, and she is relatively "aware"—whatever "aware" means. As for the reverent state I'm portrayed as being in at Arthur's—forget it.

6. *Frank*: Everybody's got hang-ups. But the hang-ups of Negro girls are so similar to mine that it almost always causes a good deal of friction. I used to go on Negro ferryboat rides all the time when I was a kid in high school. All the colored kids did, that's all, and I was one of the colored kids. What does this have to do with guilt?

There were plenty of good-looking Negro girls on those rides. Because these young girls are Negro they sweat out the whole security and status bit. They were looking for Negro doctors, and any chick who wants security isn't going to go for my life because—security?—there is none. These young chicks just aren't on the scene any more; they found that Negro doctor. Besides, I don't live in that neighborhood any more.

The way things are now, the hardest chick for me to make it with is a groovy-looking spade chick who makes it on the same scenes that I do. The funny thing is it's not because they don't like me. I just represent what they are escaping from. There are a thousand white guys who want them—and they don't need me any more than I need them. I hope all this doesn't sound like a cop-out. I don't have any guilt about what I'm doing. I go out with anybody I feel like.

7. *Frank*: A number of white girls feel that if you talk spade talk, it's a self-put-down. And what they attempt to do, I feel, is to help you get over that—the self-contempt—and I feel they sometimes over-do it. Sometimes I question their honesty when they over-do

it. Then it goes on to sound as if I'm giving instructions for colored hipsters on how to cop. What I was trying to say was if we were white, we wouldn't have to go through—well, worrying about a chick saying: "Nigger, go away, don't talk to me." But since we are colored and not white, you have to be cool—you just don't take the same liberties.

8. *Frank*: I was going to live in Europe. My wife was pregnant when we left the States and when we hit Paris, by way of three months in Scandinavia, I had only four bucks left and the baby was just eight weeks old. I hadn't been able to find work yet. The first place I went in Paris was the American Embassy and they gave me six dollars and an offer to send me back to the States on a troop ship, send my wife to the Swedish embassy and they never made clear what would happen to the baby.

By sheer chance, they were having a sympathy march in Paris that day on the American embassy in conjunction with the March on Washington. Photographers saw ideal pictures for racial protest in me, my white wife and baby. The picture appeared on page two of *France-Soir*. Next day at the embassy, three or four people came running over to us and they said they'd decided to give us \$50 a week subsistence until they could clear passage for all three of us—on the S.S. *United States*, by the way. (This "plan" might not work for anybody else.)

9. *Frank*: I never go to Harlem, except, rarely, on business. But when my wife and I came back from Europe, we lived in Bedford-Stuyvesant. It's difficult to go *anywhere* with a white chick. If you go into a white area they're going to put you through changes because they don't like what you're doing. If you go into a Negro area they take these liberties with you because—I don't know—because they'd like to feel free to make that same step? I don't really know. It could be a jealousy thing or it could be a hate thing because, you know, you're a traitor in a way. But the idea of my going out of my way for that behavior is ridiculous.

10. *Frank*: We were just driving around, not necessarily looking for chicks or white chicks, but just looking at the Village like tourists. We'd be in a sports car, say, and we'd see a couple of Forest Hills-type chicks and they'd be looking into the car and they'd see colored people in there. Then they'd laugh and walk away and their attitude was: "We thought it was people, but it was only a couple of niggers."

It would be wrong to say we were cruising and we couldn't cop and our ego was hurt because they put us down. That's not the point. What I'm trying to say is this: It's the idea of not being human. If you know women and they have any respect for you as a human being, you can believe in that respect. This is their recognition that you're a human being. But by the same token, *anybody* that has respect for you is recognizing you're a human being.

11. *Frank*: What I mean is that I don't really dance well at all. But it doesn't really matter. What does this have to do with natural selection? I happen to believe that it is women, not men, who do the choosing, ultimately. But who wants to be selected as cannon fodder? I don't understand that paraphrase at all.

12. *Frank*: In order to get out of a ghetto you sort of have to be able to survive in your new environment. The murky sort of problem the Negro faces—a good deal of it is in himself—inferiority, superiority and

the whole thing. Part of being a man is knowing how to deal with male-female relationships. The first big move you make as a kid is not deciding about school, about jobs, but is coming to terms with girls and developing in male-female relationships.

For a Negro to come to the experience of white females is almost—well, you have the same adolescent insecurity about it because although they are females like Negro women, your equality as a human being is in doubt. To experience a relationship with a white woman is to help remove that inequality; it helps you function on a par basis with white males. It damn sure isn't an answer to end all answers; it's only a beginning. That's just one of the first problems you have to face. Now I've gone beyond this point, and I'm able to function as a human being, not just as a Negro.

Frank objected to the way he was quoted by Bruce because "Tango" is a monster. Only a monster would ball a Jewish girl under the outraged eyes of her father to help her inflict further pain upon Poppa. Only a monster (or a moron, Frank adds) would undergo those ecstatic changes upon seeing a white woman in a nightclub. Only a monster would return the embraces of white womankind with such cool contempt and hatred. If a beast like "Tango"—that perfect-looking bronze sex God, evil and irresistible—actually exists, all white fathers, husbands and bar mitzvah boys would do well to cloister their women before sundown.

Frank agreed to speak with Bruce precisely because he wished to debunk the monster legend; to protest the not-always-unstated charge that he is nothing but an animal. Bruce, of course, had his own motives for conducting the interview and these motives naturally did not coincide with Frank's. Bruce arrived with his own vision of what he wanted in an article and with confidence in his ability to perceive and organize the *essential* truth of what he heard.

Did Bruce distort what Frank said? Did Frank, upon seeing in cold print the essence of what he said, reshape his ideas? These questions have a certain flashy appeal, but it would be trivial to worry about them. What matters is that Frank, given a second chance at the same interview (that rare chance every interviewee dreams about!) and this time able to read and correct a stenotyped transcript, said a number of illuminating things as he reacted to "Tango."

My own reaction to "Tango" was a low-comedy double-take (yes, it's my friend Frank; no, it isn't at all)—finally seeing him as a robot bearing this message: "Watch out, I'm going to get your white wife, daughter, girlfriend."

However, since "Tango" is a robot, the piece of paper in his black hands must be regarded not merely as the kind of routine threat one has the right to expect from any well-made monster, but also as a statement from the white world that glued him together and sent him. Developed from black negative to white print, the message now states: "I fear the bearer will destroy my white manhood." The message appears complicated, but it's really easy to read.

By contrast, Frank's only point is that he's a human being. And despite its beguiling simplicity, this is a point that probably cannot be communicated at all. To explain your existence is absurd; to justify it is impossible; but to *have* to explain and justify it is dehumanizing. Sensing the seminal defect in his communicative effort, Frank has already become dubious and angry

about his own reconsiderations.

"If I were white," he asks, "would there be any need for all this?"

No. But "Tango" and Frank have to explain themselves.

With his massive rings and jazz shades and a name implying a rhythm rather than something human, "Tango" exists as pop myth (Super Hipster) and a possibility, and he poses an important challenge: What would you do about him? Shoot him? (Indeed, what white judge would look utterly without compassion upon the Jewish father who, in delirium, empties his blazing pistol at the back seat into the squirming heap that is his daughter and "Tango"?)

Frank wears rings proportioned to his big hands, tinted prescription glasses of original design that have so far been imitated by only one Negro musician (Frank sent him to his optometrist), expensive clothes perversely designed to run counter to both tradition and fashion. He exists. And he poses an even harder challenge than does "Tango." You may not go for Frank's life style, but murder as a solution to his existence isn't within the range of rational choices.

"Tango" is easier to think about; his existence can almost, although not quite, be dismissed with familiar Freudian terms (sex as aggression, as a weapon, etc.). Some new framework, perhaps existential psychoanalysis (I am reminded of Sartre's witty definition of sexual desire: "My original attempt to get hold of the Other's free subjectivity through his objectivity-for-me"), may be needed to get rid of Frank's case.

But if we can't intellectualize them away or shoot them or cloister our women from them, we might do well to listen to them. Both "Tango" and Frank do exist (it goes without saying, by the way, that Frank isn't his real name either), each in his own way, if only as spectres on some twilight shore of the white unconscious.

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off, too. They ask you what time it is a lot, right under the clock at Grand Central. Sometimes you're a messenger. They answer the door in something diaphanous when they knew you were coming all afternoon. Sometimes you'll get a note in a restaurant saying, "I'm looking for a *very* dark crayon."

Tango: It's something ethereal. You just *know* after you been out there awhile. You can just walk into a place and tell who'd like to shoot up on you. The way she said "Yes." The way she says "No." There are these waves and white women kick them out real strong. Very often, they just grab your jacket and say, "Hey, you're beeeeyootiful, I never seen anyone so beeeeyootiful, can I fill you with some wine?" She don't see any person, she just sees a pretty nigger and you got that whole Negro superman myth going for you, the super ubbermensch. It's such a bore. You're supposed to ball and ball and ball. Now I am not the best ball in the Western world, because I dig what I'm doing and I don't have to uphold my Negro-ness and, for me, sex is a sleeping bill and I use it to get to sleep. Sometimes I really do hate it when Miss White looks at me like I'm some bronze God and gazes up into these same brown eyes that all us spooks got and says, "Ooooooh, your hair is so bushy." I hate it, but by Christ I need it. I've grown accustomed to it. How-

ever, there is a group of Negroes who've been sucked in by the myth and go around playing King Kong. They walk up to chicks and say, "You do want to ball me, don't you?" The funny thing is, it works, I swear it.

David: You do it for the bread, that's all. I believe that when most little Negro boys masturbate they never have white girls in their fantasies. Later, they start putting them in. It's the bread, and you got to work fast since white women after Negroes are like junkies trying to get back that original high and the thing starts to peter out. Size up your clientele, try for the limit on cash and merchandise. Try to hustle her into vacation trips where you get to go along. One of the best guys I know is 68 and has one leg chewed off and he's been hustling wheat for 30 years. There's one old chick died and left him 17 million as a tribute to that thing he knew how to do. His specialty was insulting them in restaurants and on freighters, and giving it to them in gardens too.



Tango: It is not the bread. Have you ever looked at a white woman? I saw one at *Arthur's* the other night, nibbling on the rim of a brandy snifter. I mean she was saintly, a whole painting thing, only white, not brown. Just fantastically groovy and then some *klutz* come over and took her off. Getting down to it, white women are really gorgeous and it's rare with Negro women. There's this Negro model in Europe, going to be real famous. I look at her and to me she's just a tall, skinny nigger. I dig delicacy, awareness.

David: I know some Negro girls, but like brother and sister, you know. Their reaction when you pick up on a fay broad is, "I just knew you'd do that when you made it." But they get that from reading *Ebony* magazine.

Tango: One thing I can't cope with is hang-ups. If the girl is colored she's got hang-ups and they're the same ones I have so what do I need them for? When a white woman wants to go she goes and she don't have to worry about how to get there. The Negro woman is busy staying alive, developing up to sophistication and I can't wait. Also, the Negro woman is strong, real strong. She knows I'm strong, too, and there's going to be a fight coming. White chicks have made me an egomaniac. They have assumed I am the greatest ball in the world. If it wasn't for white women, instead of the East Side bar scene I'd be down at the post office working nine to five-o. Oh now look, once I got to feeling guilty so I took a special Negro ferryboat ride up the Hudson. So there's this colored girl and right off

it's what does your daddy do. Is he a doctor? Is he with the government? Is he at least with the post office? They're so security conscious so who in the hell needs it. Anyway, now it's too late. Even if I want to hit on one I'll say "Hello" and she'll say, "You talking to me, you bushy-haired Nigger who hangs out with white women?" Any progression in life I get is with white women and not Negroes.

David: Sooner or later, she is going to want you to be very colored. It is your best gimmick and even if you are from Harvard, you must never forget it. Never in public, but instantly upon getting back to the apartment you must start to say "Sheeeee" and "Muthah." Also, saying, "Quick, baby, get up there and roll me a joint" is very good. "You doin' me wrong" works and making a lot of Supremes-type faces, too. Also, three months is the longest she will go without rising up and shouting "Nigger" at you. During a sex scene, she will holler, "You black ape" or "I don't care if you never come back, you black baboon." After all, she has got to milk the thing for what it is. You got to be a little colored for them as part of the bargain. A complaint I've been hearing from white chicks is that the Ivy League Negroes are a drag in the sack, much too polite.

Tango: White chicks do not like you to talk spade to them. In fact, if you do, a lot of them will get up tight. There's one place on 3rd Avenue where I've already hit up on six of the waitresses. My friends and I, we don't come on ostentatious or obstreperous. We don't pinch their ass and say, "Hey, bitch, come over here." We come on with just the normal wariness. Now they're just responding to good behavior, not to Masai warrior appeal.

David: If the white woman has Negroes in her head, why then the Negro has the edge over anyone including the White House cabinet. In Tangiers, the American girl can buy Moroccans in eight sizes for a buck apiece, yet they still prefer a little homegrown spade—and there is three house Negroes over there with legends going for them doing the best business in the Arab world. Chicks come up to them right bold wading through a sea of Moroccans. Only ones who'll hit up on the Moroccans are the ones who came over with Negro boys on Yugoslav freighters and got the crap knocked out of them and the Negro boy has gone off to the Continent to push a little junk so all that's left is a little Arab action.

Tango: If you are tied up with a white woman in Europe, the government will always try to split you up, send one home on a freighter, the other one on some kind of troop ship. And if you are busted, they don't have any dough for you either. So all you got to do is tie in with one of those protest groups and all of a sudden the State Department shows up with a big bunch of money and you're on your way home.

David: A lot of Negroes do white women just for the adventure. That would include your garment district worker who is going to use the stories to amuse the boys at the barber shop.

Tango: When I take my girl back up to Harlem—and I mean she is just too white—someone is going to say, "Hey, man, give me a taste of that," but that doesn't bother me. Once you can show you've gone off and got one for yourself, but you're big enough to bring her back for the boys, for a little inspection, then you're all right with yourself and all right with the world. Downtown is another story. The white guys

can't look at her and say she's a sick pig, a polio cripple and she needs a spade as a crutch. She's too beautiful. They look at me and see I'm not Sambo being chased by a tiger and so they have real genuine disdain. And at least once a month I got to hit some cat in the mouth.

David: The Negro really got into business with white women about ten years ago. Certainly not right after World War II.

Tango: When I first hit the Village we'd drive around in a car making sexy noises. These cute little chicks from Forest Hills would twitch on over, look in, see us, laugh and run the hell out of there. Now that's emasculating and you start out hating white chicks. However, I soon switched over.

David: The weariest man in New York is a porter friend of mine from Jamaica. "All they want to do is fly right at me," he says. "The second I put my clothes on I have to take them right off again."

Tango: A secret about me is I can't dance a lick. But I look better out there on the floor *not* dancing than the white guys who *do*. I believe in natural selection. Wherever I go the women select me as fodder for the cannon.

David: Some tips for young Negroes who are about to go into the white woman game: (1) If you are a buttontown type, the best place to work is for one of the newsmagazines; you will be able to bomb it in there with the Vassar litpac. Otherwise, a drycleaners is a good locale, not being the presser, but the takeover clerk, if possible. Ladies will get to you and start battling the innuendos back and forth and soon you are home. Lunch delivery man is a good gambit, and the legend about bellhops is true. (2) Stay away from beats and whores cause then you got to handle the drug thing. (3) Anywhere from the Hudson to the East River, from 14th St. down to Canal is a good turf. Just go down there and they will smoke you out like Preminger looking for starlets. If not, give a party and serve Ballantine and vermouth. Get a guy named Sabu to play the drums. (4) If there is a pregnancy schtick, beat it to Philly or sneak back down South. (5) Avoid trouble, except that as a Negro you will have built-in detectors. Do not for example, start sounding white chicks in Jackson Heights, Queens.

Tango: In sum, the Negro male has got it made today, because if he has something going for him, he can take off on the white world. And if he has nothing going for him, all he has to do is sit still and be Negro and the white world will take off on him. Nothing can stop the Negro of today, but if he goes with a white chick for a year, that will put him up until he finds out who he is. Let's say he goes to the john, a white guy hits up on his chick, and the chick tells off the white guy. The Negro guy emerges from the john and sees all this and how grand he feels. He used to feel the white man was, how you say, monsieur, *formidable*. And here he sees him getting his comeuppance. That is why so many spades are leaving Harlem and taking the "A" train and coming on down. There was a time when you couldn't just show up on the scene. Now the whole thing is open. All you got to do is slide in.

Epilogue for an Office Picnic

by Harvey Jacobs

Dear And Wondrous Sherill,

It is late Friday night and very quiet on my street. Minutes ago a fire engine went past. What a racket: *clang, bang, reeoww*. It could have woke the dead. The noise of it roused me from a doze. (I fell asleep thinking about you.)

You know that the engines should come to put water on *me*. God, a person never realizes in the morning what stains he will get by the time of dark. About 12:30 when I was undressing I found a streak of green on my shorts. Chlorophyl. I burned with memories.

Sherill let me begin by saying that I frankly am not certain of the spelling of your name. I tried it many ways in practice, Sherril, Sherrill, Sheril, but settled on the one *r* and two *l*'s because it seemed so right. Maybe the double *l*'s standing like tin soldiers remind me of your golden legs and the single *r* of your "center." The curvy *S* is for your soft bosom and the *e* perhaps your head. Silly me. I don't make sense. Honey, I am crazy as a bedbug at this moment and don't you know exactly the single reason. What a *tremendous picnic*.

Yet I am left with a responsibility and must attempt here to communicate with you, love, on a sensible level. Thus:

When I was a youth my Uncle Adolph gave the family an obsolete *Book Of Knowledge*. The volumes filled a cabinet in our living room with the condensed wisdom of ages. They came to my life at a bad time for I was a highly absorbent person. I read the books and learned from them. Not only facts came to me but also the upbeat enthusiasms of the first half of this century. (I have lived 48% of a century.) A solitary child, I read and read and shaped dreams of future conquest. The problem was, since the books were years out of date, all the futures inside them had already been achieved.

"Some day huge trains will streak through the night crossing this great continent on a web of silver rails while belching fire," I would say to my primary school teacher.

"Huge trains already cross," the teacher would say. "They already belch."

"Man will fly," I would say to friends and relatives.

"Man flies," they would tell me and point up at the Hindenburg going toward New Jersey or a two-winger exploring Manhattan.

"You lie like a louse," was my standard response. It is terrible to excite after the fact.

The problem of the *Book Of Knowledge* stayed with me. It plagued me all through school.

"Energy will leap through hot wires to illumine the lamps of America," I would write and get back in the margin "We got that—ELECTRICITY."

You, Sherill are so young it is fantastic. You have a youngish manner which makes you even younger than your years. When we met in the office and I discovered that you did not remember World War II or Hitler and such things as the Battle Of The Bulge and I said jokingly, "Boy, you missed everything," I was

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only half kidding. It is amazing to me (who is still on the fringe of his prime) to talk to a person who is—how shall I put it—ripe in the ovaries who does not recall first hand Pearl Harbor Sunday or *The Shadow* but knows of them only from learning.

Well all right, that is the way of things. It even has a certain advantage. Everything I tell you that is old stuff to me is new and fresh information to you. There is a charm in looking at your face when you hear about trolley cars by way of example. There is a sadness too, for how much of our lives must remain unshared?

The point is, Sherill, by your standards I am something like a cancelled stamp. This is true. We are of different separated generations. By you atom bombs, TV, plastic and Communists were always in the world. I grew without having those. Dear child, last week in an antique shop downtown (I browse) I saw one of MY OWN TOYS, A TRUCK in the window. And I am only in my 40's. Imagine my shock, surprise and horror and also the delight of finding such a buddy. Things move so quickly. Zoom, bang, gone.

Those observations (I am an amateur philosopher as if you didn't guess yet) are bad enough. Consider me even beyond such impossible differences. Me, with



my attitudes. If I was normal I would be rusty for a person like you, a fossil. On top of that there is the *Book Of Knowledge* aforementioned which takes me back another three or four giant steps. I am a dinosaur, Sherill.

You all your educational life hid under school desks in air raid drills and learned about fallout. In my public school we walked in a circle for recess exercise and sang *How Do You Do My Partner* on big holidays. Sure the kids talked of war but war with guns. And me, worse yet, I still talked lances and spears and other implements where one person sticks something into the other.

Ha, ha. I know what you are saying to yourself especially if you are reading this letter in bed. Are you in your PJ's darling the way I tucked you in? I can see you so clearly. And I can hear you saying that I write about spears sticking people for phallic reasons to heat your heart. Not so. Despite your comments relating to the New School course I swear I have no motives toward your sweet subconscious at this time. I do not mean to manipulate your emotions. The contrary.

Still it is so hard to keep physical images out of any note to you as you must understand. I think of your nubile marvelous skin and the way your hair hangs and I feel you all over, even on the insides of my thighs. No, I admit I have not felt as I do for you for a long,

long hour, my love. What am I saying. Never put anything in writing they say. Seriously, I should not call you my love or my anything.

I HAVE NO RIGHT TO YOU!

I wanted this to be a sterile, not juicy suggestive letter. I wanted this document to be against myself. I dipped my pen in gall. Sherill, what happened in Lynbrook not only made the office party the most memorable in my life (I have been with the company 16 years) but was a grand, beautiful and unexpected surprise. General Douglas MacArthur who you may remember led our troops in Korea during the police action on that alien shore once said the fight there was Mar's last gift to an old soldier. Oh boy, if he took Korea that way what shall I say about you? Who's gift to me were you?

How happy you made me. And when you said after, "How fantastic to have done intercourse with a man who saw a dirigible" after I told you about the disastrous explosion of the German zeppelins, think how I felt. And your crack (very clever) about teaching you old positions was pretty frisky too, darling. The truth is those innocent remarks from your lips would have killed me if you didn't kiss me just then. The kiss kept me from melting and dying. If you did not kiss me there would have been one less on the bus back and a dead man in the fields.

Sherill, I should not go over what happened out in that sunny grass. What transpires, transpires. What shall I say? It was a great intermetzo. More than great. I do not know how to face you in Accounting on Monday. Because the truth is I stayed awake wanting you again. And I am logically positive it is *WRONG!*

Of course, I did have something to give you beside the basic "love injection" as we used to say back in Pre-Med. (I once thought of becoming a physician. You didn't know that, did you?) Mostly what I had to give you was a rhythm. A slow rhythm. To be perfectly frank I suppose you chalked the slowness to a vitamin deficiency, heh? Be honest, I saw you looking, you little minx. (Wow, there is an old expression.)

Well here is a news bulletin. It was not senility or fatigue. I can still "flood the bowl" to quote you. It was a purposeful slowness, Sherill, for the sake of itself. You who grew in the razz ma tazz jazz age (see, I can talk hep too) when everything is go-go don't really know the *pleasure of prolongation*. P.R.O.-L.O.N.G.A.T.I.O.N. You come on so fast it is like a ride in the amusement park.

Don't get upset or mad, pussycat, for I am observing *not* complaining. Now all existence seems to be in and out rat tat tat. Before it was unlike that, much easier going and longer lasting. There were rounder minutes. And in the *Book Of Knowledge* there was even more time. Every second of time was floating like a grease drop in coffee.

Did you ever hear about coitus interruptus? (check my spelling Mon. AM) That in the classic version was where they didn't move *at all*. And I mean *AFTER PENETRATION!* Imagine by today's standards, say, shepherds under a sky full of stars (****) locking into one another (FYI, they had co-ed shepherds) and seeing in the heavens a goat, twins, a snake, a virgin, a bull, etc., while doing the coitus interruptus. IMPOSSIBLE. Today it is in and out like a sports car piston.

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Zealots and Short Men

by Joel Lieber

When Paul Krassner heard I was nearly finished with my research on the Napoleonic Complex, he asked if he could have an excerpt for his publication. He had heard that my work on the height-ambition-compensation factor resulted in possibly the most complete catalogue of short men ever accumulated.

I originally refused Mr. Krassner's request because, I told him, it would be necessary to include my many charts and graphs to document the relationship between height and energy-drive-success quotients. However, he successfully convinced me that his readership was not particularly interested in charts and graphs. So I have agreed to provide a sort of *Short Man's Who's Who*, excerpting the more illustrative examples from my work—which is at once historical, contemporary and prophetic.

Everyone knows that apart from Napoleon, history's most famous short man, Julius Caesar, Adolph Hitler and Josef Stalin were also quite moderately sized men. Moreover, according to one biographer, Columbus stood an even 5 feet. On the other hand, think of tall leaders and you think of Lincoln, Ataturk, De Gaulle, Lyndon Johnson and Nasser, all immense men to be sure, but no Napoleons. Consider their short contemporaries and you've got Churchill and Ben Gurion and Khrushchev. Chancellor Erhard is as fat as he is short.

Take public life in today's America. Abe Beame could have been the shortest mayor of New York since LaGuardia. The height of Robert McNamara and Dean Rusk is average; yet they show many of the short man's characteristics. J. Edgar Hoover is not only short but is terribly sensitive about it and tries to keep the fact out of the press. Bobby Kennedy's spare stature is felt by some short-minded analysts to be the chief reason for suspecting that he may be president one day.

Interestingly enough, we have never had a truly short president. Preliminary findings in this area would indicate that in the main the public prefers the appearance of a tall politician to a short one. Jack Valenti, who made the jump from Washington to Hollywood, is somewhat of a rarity in that he is at once short and Texan.

The world of literature? John Keats stood an inch above 5 feet. Somerset Maugham was not much taller. William Faulkner was short, and on the modern scene one must include Truman Capote, Norman Mailer and Paul Krassner, just to name a few. In literature, the trend suggests that the short writer generally feels a compulsion to be more prolific than the medium-sized and tall writer, and to keep his name in front of the public to a greater degree.

Theatrical ranks are notoriously short. Humphrey Bogart was so short that he stood on secret boxes to play love scenes in movies with tall, thin women. The same is true of Alan Ladd. All the men who played gangsters were short: George Raft, James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson. Richard Burton, himself not much above average height, is married to one of the shortest glamour queens we've ever had. But Gloria Swanson is also short, and so is Natalie Wood.

Edwin Booth, Thomaso Salvini and Peter Lorre were short, as are Sammy Davis Jr., Audie Murphy, Arthur

Godfrey, David Susskind and Morey Amsterdam. Paul Anka was short, and still is.

Men who start businesses that become million dollar operations tend toward shortness. One thinks of William Black of Chock Full O' Nuts, Harold Schulman of Canterbury Belts, and Arthur Frommer of the Five Dollar a Day guides. When he died, Billy Rose, who got his start as the world's fastest shorthand-typist, owned more AT&T stock than anyone else in the world. That short man's estate is said to be worth more than 30 million dollars.

Here is a random sample of famous short men from different walks of life: Harry Gold, Phil Rizzuto, Stephen Douglas, Willie Pep, Billy the Kid, Bobby Shantz, Leo Gorcey, Eddie LeBaron, Albie Pearson and Burt Jackowitz.

I have also discovered that short men share many traits in common, the most obvious one being what I call the quality of the zealot.

"You're cute."



In addition, they seem to enjoy watching boxing matches, prefer taller, as opposed to shorter, women, and tend to be unspiritual. They are early risers and a great many of them smoke cigars and go in for bowties.

Random samplings have revealed that certain groups of people, as groups, are short: among these are the buyers of cars costing more than 6 thousand dollars and travelers who fly first-class on airplanes. On the negative side, short men are often poor swimmers, rarely use public libraries and seem to shy away from having mustaches or beards.

As to the prophetic part I mentioned earlier, it is significant that all the Viet Cong are short. Likewise, the 700-million Chinese are also short and those who subscribe to the Napoleonic complex, and who also consider the Chinese aggressive, have ample reason for concern. Nostradamus was nobody's fool when he made that prediction about Asians in the 20th Century.

One last highlight. A little wired-haired terrier won the Westminster Dog Show earlier this year. I am checking to see if the judge who named him best-in-show was also short.