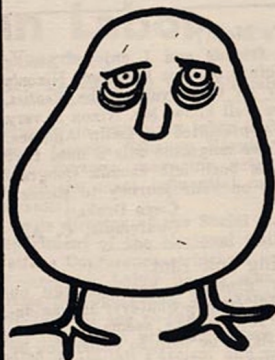


# freethought criticism and satire

# The Realist



April, 1959

35c

No. 7

## The Contraceptive Conflict

### Don't Read This

No, don't read this if you have already subscribed to the *Realist*.

But if you are not yet a subscriber, then read on, oh, potential one, read on.

There is a dogmatic principle in the Psychology of Advertising that it is an unwise practice to give people "something for nothing."

Since the *Realist* is devoted to opposing all kinds of dogmatism, it's only natural that we should deliberately decide to go against the grain.

Therefore, this sample copy is being sent to you with our compliments—in the hope that you will return the compliment by using the coupon below.

The Realist, Dept. 7  
225 Lafayette St.  
New York 12, N. Y.

Enclosed please find (check one):

- ( ) \$3 for a 10-issue subscription.
- ( ) \$5 for a 20-issue subscription.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

- ( ) Check here if you are also enclosing \$1 for six back issues of the *Realist*.

The fact that birth control products must be sold ostensibly "for the prevention of disease only" or as means of "intimate feminine hygiene" is a legalized monument to our national hypocrisy.

And the fact that two New Jersey drug-store clerks have been arrested, found guilty, and fined \$100 each for selling contraceptives—as such—indicates that the conflict in this country is more than just theoretical.

The conviction is being appealed this month, as is a case in Connecticut—one of two states where every time a husband and wife have sexual intercourse in the privacy of their bedroom, they are breaking the law if they use a contraceptive.

There are eighteen states which have laws forbidding the sale of contraceptives. In New Jersey, the 90-year-old statute permits them to be sold only "with just cause."

Last September, a plain-clothed policeman walked into the Kinney Building Drugstore in Newark. He asked for a pack of contraceptives. The clerk asked him, "What kind?" The man answered, "Trojans." The clerk told him the prices, the man purchased the cheaper package, and left.

Shortly after, a matronly-looking policeman, also in plain clothes, came in and asked another clerk for contraceptive jelly. Question: "What kind?" Answer: "Orthogynol." She made the purchase.

She then asked for a No. 70 diaphragm. "Sorry," she was told — in keeping with a federal requirement — "not without a prescription." Whereupon she left.

A little while later, the two clerks were arrested by a uniformed policeman.

(Continued on Page 9)

# Sir Realist:

## Dick's Mom?

My friends and I enjoyed seeing the picture of Vice President Nixon's mother on the cover of the *Realist*. As you well know, Mr. Nixon is very much appreciated in Latin America. . . . Your magazine fills a need that had long been left vacant. Congratulations on your journey to success.  
Cisco Drake  
Guatemala, C. A.

## Walking Ink Blot

Your grotesque hatching egg on the front cover—whatever it was designed for, no one seems to understand—is of no help to either you or the cause . . .

Fred Berry  
Plymouth, N. H.

## A Clarification

My husband and I have thoroughly enjoyed every issue of the *Realist* and want to congratulate you on your courageous, witty and ever interesting publication. Of course we are not surprised at its high quality, having seen your byline in both *Mad* and *The Independent* . . .

As more tangible evidence of our appreciation, we are enclosing a contribution, which is much smaller than we wish we could make. We meant to contribute earlier but were prevented by heavy end-of-the-year expenses, including not merely "green Christmas" spending but also contributions to everything from the NAACP to the Phoenix Defense Fund . . .

I want to make a brief statement, not exactly of defense but of clarification—I know Mr. Dunsany had no intention of disparaging Ethical Culture (see issue #5, "The Tolerant Pagan") but I fear that his characterization of members of Ethical Culture Societies as "Fifth Amendment Atheists" may be misleading to readers who are not familiar with the nature and achievements of the Ethical Movement. Theists, as well as agnostics and atheists, are welcomed as members. According to the American Ethical Union in a pamphlet entitled "Do You Know the Ethical Movement?" membership does not depend upon either acceptance or rejection of God. The pamphlet states:

"The Ethical Movement holds that, although the universe which we all share speaks to us in different accents and tongues, no one can be sure, or prove to others, which one is true. The Ethical Movement, therefore, is

uncommitted on theological and metaphysical questions. Whether one does or does not believe in God, prayer or immortality, is one's own affair."

As its name indicates, Ethical Culture holds ethical human relationships to be of supreme importance in life. However, it differs from more orthodox groups in that it does not believe that man knows all he needs to know about moral principles and merely must try harder to put them into practice. Instead, man seeks ever higher ethical insights. He has the capacity for growth in moral sensitivity, so that he may create a more ethical society in this complex technical age. Thus he is responsible for the "culture" as well as the practice of his ethics.

Since the first Ethical Society was founded in New York in 1876 by Felix Adler, the Movement has spread over the entire East Coast. Vigorous societies are also in existence in Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles and Pasadena. Although Ethical Culture Societies are admittedly tiny in comparison with major Protestant congregations, their achievements are by no means negligible, particularly in the field of education.

The Ethical Movement was a pioneer in establishing free kindergartens for underprivileged children. These kindergartens grew into the Ethical Culture Schools. There the pioneer spirit continued, for these schools were the first to introduce manual training and student government, as well as the study of such subjects as human relations and comparative religion, in high schools. National organizations started within the Ethical Movement include the Legal Aid Societies, the Visiting Nurses Association, the Free Kindergarten Association, and the Child Study Association of America.

Incidentally, the non-creedal Ethical Culture Sunday Schools provide a solution to the problem of religious education for the children of atheistic or agnostic parents . . .

Letha Curtis Musgrave  
Glendale, California

P.S. It is interesting to note that "Sir Realist," symbol of so articulate a magazine, has no mouth. Might this mean that he believes in action instead of talk? At any rate, he cannot be held back from achievement by preoccupation with oral gratification.

## Ask And Ye Shall Receive

As a teenaged *Realist* reader, I enjoyed your editorial in issue #6 about Cinerma 16 and your encounter with teenaged Nazi Jack Kaae. How-

ever, besides relishing Herr Kaae's final noble gesture of benevolence towards you, I must confess I took a more selfish interest in the narrative.

You see, I had wanted to join Cinerma 16 this year but the \$14.50 membership fee was a bit too stiff for my 16½-year-old resources. Now, having noted that young Kaae was your invited guest, I wonder if you could extend an invitation to me for a future Cinerma 16 presentation. While I cannot claim to possess a twisted Nazi mind, I'm sure you will agree that this does not necessarily render me incapable of appreciating the truly constructive efforts of this unique film society. How about it?

David Himmelstein  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Editor's note: Okay, your aggressiveness has paid off. But don't you have an older sister, maybe? Especially one who can type, file, etc.*

## Gosh-All-Hemlock

In his "Modest Proposal" for February, Mr. Putnam says, ". . . let it be known who is responsible for 'Relief is just a swallow away!'"

It was Socrates.

G. Maximus  
Fort Lee, N. J.

## Word-of-Mouth Advertising

A near-dear friend offered me a copy of the *Realist* . . . it is the most unique, most worthy satire-and-sense publication printed today . . .

Chaim Rose  
Adult Education Director  
Miami Beach Chantauqua

## On The Road

The midwestern Bible Belt is a fascinating place to travel through . . . We passed through one town with 20,000 people and forty different Protestant churches. Some towns had benches by the bus stops with things across the back like: God Is Love; Love Thy Neighbor; Trust In Jesus. The benches were chained down . . .

Nancy Fisher  
en route to Nebraska

## Apothegmatically Speaking

Your journal the *Realist* is progressing nicely. There are many fine articles contained therein which we approve of heartily.

The banner article in the February issue, titled "The Act and Art of Non-conformity" by Louis E. Lomax, is a scholarly presentation on the subject. However, this humble being would like to suggest that all readers are not scholars and that simple pithy words instead of "apothegmatic" expressions have a much greater mean-

ing to the reader. I did not know the meaning of such words as "apothegmatic" and "hyperbolean" — I had to look them up in Webster's Dictionary . . .

Frank Newton, Preceptor  
Harmony Buddhist Mission  
Clarksville, Ark.

### A Sib Reaction

In the poem *Jabberwocky*, Alice read: "Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe; All mimsy were the borogoves, and the mome raths outgrabe."

Louis E. Lomax, in his article on non-conformity, must have been guilty of 'outgrabing' when he wrote "peace is the sib of war," as none of my dictionaries define the word "sib." Even my hefty Webster's University Dictionary Unabridged does not contain it . . .

Back about fifty years ago one of my favorite cartoon strips was Mutt and Jeff. Mutt was always trying to show Jeff up and one day he decided to make up a lot of strange words and impress Jeff. After he finished recounting an imaginary exploit, Jeff said, "That's all right, Mutt, but what about the klopff?" Mutt then saw that Jeff was on to him. Mr. Lomax, what about the klopff?

Alfred Hengst  
Exeter, Calif.

*Editor's note: The klopff, obviously, is simply sesquipedalianism.*

### Keeps Elephants Away Too

Perhaps Reginald Dunsany is a bit over-predjudiced on the effectiveness of Catholic prayer in thwarting catastrophe. He has an embarrassingly negative approach to the phenomenon of Divine Intervention and, referring specifically to the "tragic Chicago fire" (see issue #6), it seems to be his implication that 85 years of prayer to the Virgin Mary proved inadequate to prevent the terrible holocaust.

If Mr. Dunsany were as tolerant a pagan as he professes to be, even he with his limited insight could see that the nuns, through prayer alone, were overwhelmingly successful in warding off fire for 85 years. Give credit where it is due. Only the Lord himself knows how much sooner the disaster would have occurred, were it not for unified Catholic prayer.

Nicholas L. Falasca  
Parma, Ohio

*Editor's note: Mr. Falasca's tongue is in his cheek and all's right with the world. That the nuns depended on "prayer alone" is evident in a report by the National Fire Protection Association. "No one in the school," it states, "telephoned the fire department."*

# The New Fascism Of American Labor

By William D. Yeager

"Do I think America could go Fascist? Yes—but we wouldn't call it that."—Huey Long.

TEAMSTERS' UNION chief Jimmy Hoffa, whose 'persecution' by the Senate Rackets Committee is continuing with the joint blessing of the National Association of Manufacturers and the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (see issue #3), found himself again blockaded by Catholics last month on the island of Puerto Rico.

The ACTU had been complaining about the failure of the AFL-CIO to organize Puerto Ricans back in New York. But Hoffa met only opposition from Catholics when he sent his men simultaneously to organize Puerto Ricans at home in their own island.

Hoffa's men called on the Bishop of San Juan, James P. Davis, but were told that "you are going too far, too fast, and you are too rough... you are neither liked nor wanted. The people here are afraid of you." Later, the elected Governor, Luis Munoz Marin, who takes pride in his "Operation Bootstrap," under which he attracts with low wages industrial operators from the states, gave an 85-minute interview rebuking the efforts of the Teamsters to organize unorganized Puerto Ricans.

Many who disagree with the strong-arm and sometimes corrupt tactics of the Teamsters, as disclosed in the Senate hearings, find the tactics not too different from those used by other unions which are in good standing in the AFL-CIO and have the blessings of the ACTU.

Others have serious misgivings about the intervention of church leaders, either directly as in Puerto Rico, or indirectly as accomplished thru the Church's influence on Senate Rackets Committee counsel Bob Kennedy.

Under the National Labor Relations Act, labor organizations have become, in a certain sense, arms of the government, which under our traditions should not be controlled by the church. The power of the government is put behind the unions by its protection of closed shop and union shop contracts. The "checkoff" of union dues in such contracts is, to all intents and purposes, a form of taxation by the government of everyone who wants to work in unionized industry, for the benefit of the union. This is one of the things that has changed the face of labor in the last generation and made it a cumbersome bureaucracy.

The principal representative of the

hierarchy in organized labor is Monsignor George Gilmary Higgins (to whom Fortune magazine refers as one of the most influential men in its ranks).

He is director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference—which is another name for Labor liaison man. He misses no opportunity to advance the principles of the so-called Social Encyclicals. These principles were embodied in Italian Fascism and rather less completely in Roosevelt's National Industrial Recovery Act.

Father Higgins has often praised proposals made by Walter Reuther for a modus vivendi between Capital

### Straws In The Wind

A survey by the National Labor Service this month showed that most local union leaders would bar atheists and Socialists from teaching in colleges.

and Labor leadership. Reuther is a Lutheran but was deeply indebted to the Catholic bloc in his United Auto Workers for his original election as its chief. In December, Higgins praised a series of articles by Max Ascoli, editor of *The Reporter*, advocating a system of "loose corporatism" for the solution of labor problems.

Father Higgins is utterly frank, on occasion, about his efforts to increase church influence in organized labor. Commenting on a recent book by American Jewish Congress attorney Leo Pfeffer, he took exception to a statement that the influence of the Church "in the growth of the American Labor movement was largely unintended and indirect; it resulted simply from the fact that the discipline that Catholic workers learned in their churches could practically be transferred to their union hall."

Contradicting Pfeffer on this point, Father Higgins says that he overlooks "very considerable amounts of specialized work that the Church has done, in an organized way, to educate the people of America in the principles of sound and wholesome trade unionism."

On the other hand, he praises a recent book by Marc Karson of South-

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## EDITORIALS

### Growing Pains

Perhaps in keeping with the main theme of this issue, the *Realist* is late this month. But although there was no March issue, subscriptions, figured by number, will not be affected.

For one thing, we began our advertising campaign—and the deluge of new subscribers was gratifying—but unprepared for. One such new subscriber, the owner of Frank's Poultry Farm in Montgomery, N. Y., wrote to us:

"I am more than pleased to have discovered you. Being a poultry farmer, I receive numerous magazines with chickens on the front page, but it is needless to say that the chicken on the *Realist* is most welcome. I have had lots of problems raising my chicks and you'll probably experience the same. Good wishes to the *Realist*, and may the chick grow and crow longer and louder than all others . . ."

Mr. Frank is right, of course, about the problems. Such things as poor service from the printer, including the loss of a manuscript (we got the carbon copy); being 'evicted' from the office we were subletting, due to lack of space (we found larger quarters in the same building); and days wasted in a courtroom, for a case that has yet to come to trial. Which calls for a little background explanation.

A magazine called *Progressive World* had collected some \$21,000 for the purpose of erecting a building in Clifton, N. J. But there had been a clandestine plan to take the publication from its founder, the late William McCarthy, to California. When this move actually occurred, contributors to the building fund were given the opportunity to re-assign their donations for the purpose of starting a new magazine. Namely, the *Realist*.

More than \$6,000 was re-assigned by those who couldn't believe the accusations of dishonesty being hurled at McCarthy by the California cabal, under the leadership of the former governor of that state, Culbert Olson. Moreover, Olson's own attorney, Walter Hunziker of Paterson, N. J., resigned when he discovered that Olson had deliberately lied under oath when he swore that McCarthy had stolen \$7,000 from the building fund.

Actually, that amount had been used to purchase land—the contract for which had been signed by Building Committee members Henry Cox and Henry Overeem, Jr.—who also signed the check—and who both subsequently denied any knowledge of the land purchase, thus padding the libel spewed forth by Olson, chairman of the committee.

The *Realist* Association is suing for its small share of the fund, the \$6,000 with which this magazine was supposed to have been started. Some readers have been under the misapprehension that we have been functioning on that money from the start. Not so.

The only 'fund' that has enabled the *Realist* to continue publishing is that derived from subscriptions and contributions. The editor has not received a penny in salary, and has lent the non-profit corporation over \$1,000 out of his own savings. This is mentioned neither for glory nor for martyrdom. We're just stating the facts, ma'am.

Meanwhile, the entire \$21,000 building fund is tied up in a New Jersey bank, where it will remain until the case is settled. And the delay is due only to Olson's stubborn refusal to settle, despite advice to the contrary by his own attorney. (His second attorney, that is.)

For Olson—whether it be senility or self-justification of greed that drives him—is determined to continue his

slander of McCarthy, who cannot answer from the grave.

Yet one can't help feeling sorry for Olson. He was just a lonely old man, sitting there in his blue serge suit, looking for all the world like a politically-appointed court attendant who needed only a large lapel button reading "Ex-Governor" to complete the picture.

Book publisher and editor Lyle Stuart, who is a member of the Board of Directors of the *Realist* Association, was with me. As a sort of compassionate gesture, he said, "Governor Olson, come sit with us and talk, we won't bite you." Olson refused. He had his guilt to keep him warm.

### Where Hate Ends . . .

Seven nights a week, from midnight to 5:30, radio station WOR in New York broadcasts an off-beat conversation show moderated by Long John Nebel. A few months ago, they were talking about whether or not hate-sheets should be barred from the mails.

We sent a telegram, asking: "Who would decide where hate ends and valid criticism begins?" The telegram was read over the air, but it went unanswered. But the question is an important one.

For example, the N.Y. *Herald Tribune*, in a recent two-part series on hate-sheets, included *Christian Heritage*—which actually is a magazine edited by former priests and monks whose only purpose is "to combat the false doctrines and superstitions" of Catholicism.

Or take the Boston *Pilot*, an official Catholic daily newspaper which referred to Protestants and Other Americans United for the Separation of Church and State as a "hate group" because POAU protested the attaching of a St. Christopher medal to a Vanguard rocket.

And another official Catholic daily, the San Francisco *Monitor*, branded as "hate-mongers" the advocates of California's "Proposition 16"—a bill which would have resulted in the taxation of parochial schools.

The bill, incidentally, was defeated. Among West Coasters, there was a gag going the rounds that Pope Pius' dying words were, "Vote No on 16."

Current laws ban only literature which directly incites to three crimes—arson, murder and assassination. The Post Office has no authority to stop distribution of a piece of mail unless it can establish before a court that the literature is capable of inciting to violence.

But now there are several bills before Congress which would exclude from the mails anything that would produce ill will on religious grounds. Since some of the articles in a magazine like this are bound to create "ill will" among religionists, such bills, if passed, could promptly put the *Realist* out of commission.

For instance, we received a letter from Charles H. Ziegler of Milwaukee, which reads as follows:

"On January 18, I was called before the executive board of Wisconsin Motors Corp., CIO local No. 283. They showed me a December issue of the *Realist* with my name and address on it. I being an employee of Wisconsin Mo-

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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tors, they said I was discharged because this magazine had a poem in it that as much as called the Virgin Mary a whore.

"I stated to them that the *Realist* came through the mail and I had a right to read it. They finally withdrew the discharge, but stated that if the *Realist* was again found in the shop, I would surely be discharged from my job. If this should happen, would I have a case for suit?"

We wrote to Mr. Ziegler, telling him to contact his union officials. We also gave him the address of the Wisconsin Civil Liberties Union. The next week, he wrote:

"I spoke on the phone to the assistant head of CIO regional office No. 10 about my case, and he said he would talk to the CIO executive board and put them in their place. He must have done so, for when any of them see me, they raise their left hand and say 'Hello, Charley.' What can the Civil Liberties Union do for me in my case? I would not know what to write them, as long as I was not discharged, only threatened."

Undoubtedly, then, the Wisconsin Motors Corp. would label the *Realist* as a hate-sheet.

The fascinating fact, though, is that virtually all the hate-sheets have a strong religious orientation. Scriptures are often quoted, along with such slogans as "Keep Christ in Christmas."

A recent guest on the Long John happened to say "Oh, God" during the course of a conversation, and Long John immediately asked her to be more careful.

It wasn't that she was violating the FCC code which forbids personal messages. It's just that Long John doesn't want "anything about religion" to be brought up on the program. He insists that he doesn't want to offend any of his listeners.

We have been on the show three times, but each time, Long John's "ground rule" emasculated any discussion of the *Realist's* irreverence. The irony is that—twice—he has had hate-mongers on his show, and the highly offended listeners kept Western Union operators busy all night long.

On the other hand, Henry Morgan had his production assistant call us in regard to a possible appearance on Morgan's local TV program. We were on the phone for about half an hour. "Let me assure you," she said, "if you had been a hate-monger, this would've been a very short conversation."

Nevertheless, we congratulate Long John for having had the guts to give his microphones to the hate-mongers. We have always felt that in a democracy, the most effective way to fight ideas we loathe is to let them be revealed for what they are.

And the hate-sheets are revealing, indeed: both *Common Sense* and *The Cross and the Flag* have reprinted an article that originally appeared in the *Economic Council Letter*. Its title:

"MENTAL HEALTH"—  
 A Sinister Marxist Weapon!

### The Birth Control Controversy

... The trouble is, in life, not with the bad men  
 But the fact that everybody's good  
 And all the good men disagree ...

—Steve Allen  
*Wry on the Rocks*

It would seem on the surface that the Catholic Church ought to be most willing to permit non-Catholics to practice birth control without interference, if only because the Catholic population would thereby become proportionately greater. But there are other factors to be considered.

1. In predominantly Catholic countries such as Spain, there is no real conflict, but since the Church wants to be consistent, it must make the rule universal, insisting on

its application even in a pluralistic country like the United States.

2. The difference between Roman Catholicism and other religions in the U. S. is maintained almost entirely on the theoretical and political planes. Actually, birth control practices of Catholics and non-Catholics don't differ much, if at all.

Birth control clinics report that they are patronized by as many Catholics as Protestants—perhaps more. And a recent census survey indicates that Catholic families are no larger than those of Protestants.

The fight against non-Catholic birth control, then, may very well be based on a fear that the practice, especially if publicly proselytized, will appeal to Catholics.

3. No matter how much intellectualization goes on in the minds of the Catholic Hierarchy, their masochistic celibacy is bound to reflect itself in sadistic sex policies for others.

None of this is to say, however, that the Catholics are insincere. Unfortunately, they seem to be most sincere. Harry Kursh's article in this issue, "Birth Control in Puerto Rico," is a potent illustration of the thesis that the conflict is not a battle between the Good Guys and the Bad Guys, but rather, between the Good Guys and the Good Guys.

### Mr. Murrow and the Call Girls

There was a time when people would listen in on the police-radio to find out what was going on. Now the police listen in on the people-radio. New York Police Commissioner James R. Kennedy and his "shoo-fly" cops found it necessary to tune in Edward R. Murrow last month, in order to learn all about a new version of *Person to Person*.

"The subject of the following program, 'The Business of Sex,'" said the announcer, "is addressed to adults and is recommended for adult listening only." It was all right for children when Murrow showed the seamy side of nuclear power. And it was all right when he showed the seamy side of the internal security system. But when he shows the seamy side of sex, that's a whore of another color.

Such inconsistency is not uncommon. A new publication, *Sex & Censorship*, has an article with the sarcastic title, "We Gotta Protect the Kiddies." On the front cover of the magazine, however, is the notation, "For Adults Only."

In a society which promulgates love without sex, it should not have come as such a surprise that sex without love often provides enough incentive to swing many a contract the sex-supplier's way. Interestingly enough the objection to the disclosure—that private relations have become an integral part of public relations—came chiefly from two corners, the National Association of Manufacturers and the Catholic Church.

Both groups questioned Murrow's motivation. And both charged that his real target was big business. Paradoxically, the Church was particularly embarrassed, to quote the *Tablet*, "that an astute member of the faculty of Fordham University saw worth in participation in the bizarre program."

For on the program Father Benjamin Masse, associate editor of the Catholic weekly, *America*, had said that there was a suggestion "that this immoral conduct has become something of a pattern. A more or less accepted way of doing business, that even otherwise good men are obliged to follow or at least to wink at if they would remain competitive.

"To the extent that this is true we are confronted with a type of unfair competition more vicious than anything forbidden by state or federal law. Indeed, we are faced with a threat to the whole moral fabric of business. The spread of this filth and hypocrisy means the end of ideal-

ism of any kind. It means that the honorable activity of supplying the material and cultural needs of the community for a legitimate reward degenerates into a lustful, uninhibited pursuit of money."

Is it the end of idealism, though? We are but waiting for Jimmy Hoffa to come forward in an altruistic attempt to unionize the girls.

### The Televised Generation

A network TV program entitled "Generation Without a Cause" was presented on two consecutive Sundays last month by the Prudential Insurance Company of America.

"The many studies of today's youth," said newsman Walter Cronkite, "show the large majority to be security minded . . ." Soon after came the commercial. Its main sales pitch: security.

Dr. Richard McCormick, a professor of History at Rutgers University, pointed out "the lack of radicalism on our campuses today." But he didn't say that potential employers and the U. S. Army and the colleges themselves, during this past decade, have discouraged and suppressed—even punished—many forms of undergraduate radicalism.

Students are well aware of it, though, which is why they are so cautious. One student told how no one would sign a petition to stop nuclear testing—not because they wanted nuclear tests to continue—but "because they're afraid that—well, that this is a Communist-front organization. It so happens to be an organization that got the Nobel Peace Prize . . ."

The second week's episode concerned "one young man who is in sharp conflict with the conformity and apathy of his generation." But the young man's rebellion, expressed in his own words, was merely this: "It takes a lot of courage today, to say that you don't want a two-car garage and a ranch house in suburbia with a white picket fence around it."

However, one of the 'bit players'—apparently a roommate of the alleged rebel—suddenly began to steal the show. "You see," he was saying, "I finally got to the position where I can't buy any absolutes. I think I'm in a fundamentally ridiculous position. That's life. It's an idiom. It doesn't make any sense. I can't buy God or first cause or any other kind of explanation. I don't have the mind that's built that way."

"I think people have faith because they need it . . . You're born and there's no answer to why—and you die and there's no answer to why—and there's the whole stretch in between that you have to fill up somehow."

While all the other students seemed to be taking themselves with a deadly seriousness, this one had a sense of humor. He didn't tell any jokes; he simply displayed a certain kind of perspective . . .

"Granted, I don't go around all the time feeling that I'm in the midst of an idiom—but it's prevalent enough. I look at New York. Now here's a city—I mean, it's been built up in two hundred years by people who have no idea about why they're alive. Did you ever look at New York and realize—I mean, why is it here?"

"It was built by workmen who just worked—every day—putting bricks on top of bricks. And here's—they're dead—and here's New York. And God knows what we'll build next. But there's no reason for it. And I feel that way enough that I can't buy any absolute values."

"So what I do is look inside myself and find what relative values I believe in, and try and understand myself—the best I can—so I can see why I believe in them."

This young man was representative of the *real* rebels of his generation. And they *do* have a cause: to not accept the values of their elders, who spout platitudes about "spiritual values" and then scream their materialistic heads off on *The Price Is Right*.

### The Anxiety of Public Piety

While children in the suburban New Hyde Park public school district in New York recite in unison 'this month: "Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence on Thee, and we beg Thy blessings upon us, our parents, our teachers and our country"—the first case challenging the constitutionality of the prayer is pending in N. Y. State Supreme Court.

Five property owners—a Unitarian, an Ethical Culturist, an Orthodox Jew, a Reformed Jew and a non-believer—have brought suit to end the practice, which, they say, has caused divisiveness among the pupils.

Says School Board President William Vitale—revealing himself as a master in the art of superficial thinking—"I can only conclude that this suit is a premeditated act to undermine the American heritage. This is not a religious issue. It's simply a matter of giving our children additional moral and spiritual help and recognition of God."

On a higher level of education—but a lower level of tolerance—four Texas state representatives this month planned to introduce a bill requiring an oath from teachers in state schools and colleges affirming a belief in a supreme being. The oath would have to be taken annually ('cause everyone knows what a difference a year makes).

"If they don't believe in a supreme being," said Representative Joe Chapman, "they should not be allowed to teach. I have a suspicion a great number of atheists are Communists."

(Chapman himself is an avid segregationist. He was the leader of a group of legislators who a few years ago caused a Negro girl to be dropped from a University of Texas light opera presentation.)

If there really were a God able to be conscious of these goings-on, He would soon become sick to His heavenly stomach at all the goddamned sycophancy carried out in His name.

### Food With Strings Attached

There is a new form of so-called 'sick' joke that teenagers are telling. It's the "that-went-over" variety. Samples: "That went over like a pork chop in Israel." "That went over like Mother's Day at an orphanage." "That went over like a booby prize in a CARE package."

The U. S. sends foods and goods at the rate of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth every year to foreign countries, and although CARE distributes some of it—they have repeatedly asked for more—most goes to church organizations. And the great bulk of it goes to Catholic welfare groups and missionaries.

The Catholics in turn distribute food where it will do them the most good, as a letter to the *Realist* from an American in Colombia pointed out last month. In India, Prime Minister Nehru has complained that it is distributed only after mass on Sunday. And POAU's newsletter suggests it might have helped win some Italian elections for the Catholic Party.

Meanwhile, in Charleston, West Virginia, surplus food is distributed to needy miners through a Protestant Gospel Tabernacle. People are told to wait in pews, and those sitting in the front row are served first. "While the food is being packaged," the relief recipients are treated to a sermon.

Lawyers interested in the separation of church and state feel that the necessary distribution of federal surplus commodities unnecessarily through churches and missionaries is one of the grossest of the unconstitutional federal subsidies now being given to religious groups.

It is the booby prize in the 'CARE' package, second only to Strontium 90.

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## A Nation's Hidden Courage:

# Birth Control in Puerto Rico

By Harry Kursh

SAN JUAN—It might seem out of place to begin a factual report with a sentimental vignette of human relations, but the story I am about to tell is an important link in the chain of events bearing on the birth control problem, not only in Puerto Rico, but in just about every underdeveloped country in the world.

One day, more than a generation ago, public welfare workers here in San Juan were faced with a fairly common question: What to do about a bright, charming, dark-eyed little boy who had suddenly become an orphan?

Ordinarily, there would not be much of a problem. Just send the boy to an institution. But the Puerto Ricans are no ordinary people. When it comes to children they are extraordinary. They love children with such a deep, genuine warmth that in an otherwise cruel and frigid world it is probably embarrassing to God.

This boy was embarrassing to public welfare workers.

He was bright beyond his years. He was sensitive, emotional and affectionate, and had dutifully absorbed the religious training of his parents, Catholics. None had the heart to place him in an institution, where he might become just another cipher and where his promising intellectual potential might get left at the post.

It was decided that a good home with fine, gentle parents had to be found for him. But there was little time to act. In a matter of days the boy was expected to arrive in San Juan from the United States. If they were unable to find him a suitable home upon arrival, he'd surely be sent to an institution.

Suddenly, one of the welfare workers thought of a certain doctor, in his late forties, married a number of years, inordinately fond of children but unfortunately childless. He and his wife had a lovely home and would make ideal parents for the boy.

The doctor was asked: "Would you take the child? We can arrange immediate legal adoption."

"Gladly," said the doctor, "but at my age I do not think it is wise. Such a boy needs young, energetic parents. My wife and I are now too old to raise a child."

"But this boy needs someone like you. Our reports show that he has an unusual I.Q., in the range of 140, and loves dogs, just as you do, and—"

"I'm sorry," the doctor interrupted. "I just can't do it."

Disconsolate, but not entirely des-

### About the Author

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His articles have appeared in *Redbook*, the *New York Times Magazine*, the *Toronto Star Weekly*, the *London Evening News*, and many other magazines and newspapers.

pairing, the welfare worker left the doctor's office to dream up a plan. A couple of days later, the boy arrived and was met by the welfare worker, who by now was determined to see that he would not spend a single hour in an institution. Promptly, she took the boy to the doctor's office.

The doctor was an extremely busy man. In addition to having a private practice, he was a public health official and a conscientious one. He had an enormous responsibility and worked incessantly, assiduously, to fulfill his obligations.

This day was no exception. He was in conference with a number of other doctors and officials when the public welfare worker—a pretty, young, unmarried girl who had recently entered social work—arrived with the boy.

The boy, some six years old, had been scrubbed and cleaned until his cheeks shone like freshly rubbed apples. His lively, dark eyes were constantly moving, drinking in his new environment, ever sparkling with glee as men and women came over to pat his head, to engage him in cute talk, or merely to hold him and caress his soft face.

The young social worker sat the boy in an oversized armchair in the doctor's massive waiting room, went over to the secretary and requested that the doctor be informed of the boy's arrival, almost as all this had been prearranged.

Alarmed, perhaps upset as well, the doctor came out of the conference and met the social worker in an adjoining room. Careful to keep his voice down, the doctor said: "Why did you bring the boy here? I told you I could not—"

"But just for a day or two, doctor," the social worker pleaded. "We do not have the heart to put that sweet thing in an institution. If you will take him to your home, please, just to give us time to find parents for him. I'm sure we will succeed."

The doctor stepped over to the door, opened it slightly, peered through the crack at the boy, gently closed the door, then turned and said, almost sadly, "Well, just for a day or two." And he quickly returned to his conference.

Later that day, the doctor took the boy home in his car. He placed the boy alongside him on the front seat, but pretended to be completely disinterested. The boy chatted and laughed all the way, and when he was silent, he merely sat with a smile on his face.

Every time they passed a residential street, the boy would jump up, point and shout: "Is that our home? Is that our home?" Whenever he saw a dog in the street, he would cry out with glee, "Our dog! Our dog! Our dog!"

The doctor would shake his head. "No, not our home," he would say. "Not our dog." But when he caught himself repeating the possessive "our," as if he had already adopted the boy, he quickly became silent.

At home, finally, the doctor's wife received the boy with affection. When the doctor's dog came bouncing in through the kitchen, boy and dog met simultaneously midway in a gentle crash, and while the dog was licking his face, the boy cried out, "Our dog. Our dog. I love him . . . Mmmmm . . . I love him." The doctor and his wife exchanged glances in silence, then escorted the boy to his room.

Later, at dinner, just as the doctor and his wife were about to start eating, the boy asked timidly, "Papa, aren't we going to say grace?"

The doctor flushed. He wanted to tell the boy that he was not "Papa," but instead he slowly lowered his head and began a grace that he had not said or heard since he was a boy. The doctor and his wife were not regular churchgoers, and religion in their home, without children, was rarely a topic of conversation or matter of practice.

That night, the doctor's wife took the boy to his room and prepared him for bed. When the boy had gotten into his pajamas, the doctor said good-night and turned to go.

"Papa, Papa," cried the boy. "Aren't you going to pray with me?" The boy dropped to his knees, folded his hands over the bed, lowered his head and began praying. Just as he finished saying, ". . . and God bless Mama and Papa," the child looked up

at the doctor, apparently unwilling to end his prayer with an "amen" until the doctor joined him. The doctor felt his flesh tingle, then suddenly dropped to his knees alongside the boy and his lips moved in prayer, almost inaudibly.

In the morning, the doctor told his wife that it was too much. The boy had to go. If he were to stay longer it would become increasingly difficult to take him from the house. Another emotional shock of losing "parents" might prove disastrous for the boy.

That morning, the doctor's wife, tears in her eyes, dressed the boy, escorted him to the doctor's car and waved them off. She stood there in silence as the car disappeared down the street.

In the car, the doctor sat erect behind the wheel. His face was grim and the boy, sitting there glumly, said nothing, completely unaware that the doctor was not driving directly back to town. He was going around in circles, for in his mind there was great emotional turbulence.

There was something about that child that he really loved. He wanted the boy, really wanted him. But was it fair, a man his age, who should have grown children by now? There is a proper time for having children and beyond that time one should forget about it.

Suddenly, the doctor stopped the car, backed up, turned around, stopped again, took a deep breath, beamed, patted the boy gently on the head and said, "Son—we're going home!" Singing nursery songs together, the doctor and child went back, and the boy, his "son," remained for good.

No matter how much science you put into sociology, politics or psychology, in an attempt to predict or control human behavior and establish working laws, in the final analysis, as so often happens, the application of the "law" is modified, inverted, distorted and retarded by an ordinary mortal, a human being subject to human frailties and caprice.

In this case, the love of a man for a child virtually affected the course of a nation.

For it happens that just about the time the doctor pursued the dictates of his heart instead of cold rationalization, a law—the first of its kind, and quite radical for a country that is 90 per cent Catholic—was passed to offer birth control advice and assistance to all the people of Puerto Rico. To pass this law in the face of traditional church opposition took great courage.

As a matter of fact, it took the kind of courage that meant risking

## The Catholic Druggist's Handbook

The Daughters of St. Paul have published "A Guide to the Problems of Pharmaceutical Ethics," with a foreword by newly-appointed Cardinal Cushing, "prepared especially for the Catholic associated with this field . . . [but] universally applicable."

"The number one moral issue in Pharmacy," states the booklet, is "cooperation in the sale of contraceptives . . ."

"Pleasure has no meaning in itself . . . No matter how cogent the arguments for contraception seem to be, the answer is not to violate the natural law. Rather, the proper solution is to be found along various lines such as prudent self-restraint, trust in Divine Providence, social and economic reform and advances in medical science.

"Moral theologians universally and unanimously insist that those responsible for the sale of contraceptives are guilty of serious sin . . . the seller cannot throw off responsibility for cooperating in the sin of the buyer."

a jail sentence. At the time, Section 268, Law 33 of the Puerto Rican penal code classified as a felony any willful writing, composing or publishing any notice or advertisement of any medicine for the prevention of conception or for offering services to assist in the accomplishment of said purpose.

But in 1937 that law was repealed, and Law 166 was passed, authorizing contraceptive services in public health.

Law 166 was just what was needed to help elevate the standard of living by keeping the birth rate down. Brave—and jubilant—public health workers were prepared to do everything in their power to encourage Puerto Ricans to come to the clinics for birth control advice and actual assistance in the form of free contraceptives.

The doctor who had adopted the child was the one who was principally responsible for the application of the new birth control law. He, too, had been among the jubilant ones. But after he had adopted the child, his new-found love had a lasting effect on his behavior as a public health official. He got "religion."

Although he did nothing actually to interfere with the law, it was almost rendered sterile simply because he did nothing. Consequently, over the years, the birth control law was scarcely effective. For one thing, little or nothing was done to reach those who needed it most in Puerto Rico, the *jibaros*, the country folk (peasants and farmers) who lived far from birth control clinics in towns and cities, and who lived under such crowded, sub-human conditions (in one-room crates that passed for shacks) that

And if there was any doubt about the euphemistic purposes of contraceptives, the late Pope Pius XII cleared that up in an address to the International Convention of Catholic Pharmacists.

He pointed out that "the moment a preparation—by its nature and the intention of the customer—is meant to be used for an immoral purpose, no matter what the pretext, you cannot allow yourselves to cooperate."

Attorney Emil Greenberg, general counsel to the N. Y. State Pharmaceutical Society, told the *Realist* that the Catholic position is "not inconsistent with the law," which, generally speaking, requires a pharmacist to stock and sell products related to acute emergency illness.

sex was about their only form of diversion.

The continued outpouring of babies was almost inevitable.

This was bad in many ways. For one thing, the law notwithstanding, Puerto Rico went on struggling for economic air under a rising mass of population. For another, many Latin American nations which had looked upon the daring birth control law in Puerto Rico as a pioneering experiment that might set the pace for them, were disillusioned.

Thus, for the past generation, there has been a birth control law in Puerto Rico, but no birth control. The same law is still in effect, but there has been a slight change.

Soon there may very well be birth control in Puerto Rico, thanks to the unceremonious (almost secret) development of a contraceptive drug which can be taken in the form of a pill, and thanks again to the courage of many Puerto Ricans who, still in the face of severe opposition, were willing to risk experimentation.

In the second and final part of this article next month, I will tell the story behind the birth control pill, who was responsible for it, how it was developed, how it was used on human guinea pigs — and exactly how it works, revealing the name under which the same drug is sold commercially for other forms of therapy.

And the pill does work. I have been told that it is 100 per cent effective. When the birth control pill is finally reported on by scientists and made commercially available, it may prove to be the political and sociological A-bomb of this age.

(Continued from Cover)

The pharmaceutical grapevine in that city has it that "a Catholic organization" was behind the arrest, the purpose being to "scare" others. One druggist in a predominantly Catholic neighborhood told the *Realist* that a local priest had actually requested, "Would you please keep the Koramex jelly out of your display table?"

The druggist—knowing who his customers are, and therefore surmising the reason for the priest's request—refused, saying: "What's the matter, can't you keep your own parishioners under control?" The priest quickly departed.

Another druggist said, "After all, it's not *my* fault these products kill sperms as well as germs."

Previously, a "detail man" (distributor) from the Youngs Rubber Corporation (which manufactures Trojans) had been warning pharmacists to tell their clerks that if anyone asked for contraceptives, he should be told, "Oh, you mean prophylactics, don't you?"

The detail man never got around to the detail of warning the manager of the drugstore where the double arrest took place.

A *Realist* reporter interviewed a Youngs Rubber spokesman. They are fighting the conviction of the two clerks, he said, "to protect the interests of the public and the pharmaceutical profession."

He was asked about the "prevention of disease" legend imprinted on his company's product. He replied that this, after all, is the "traditional" use to which prophylactics are put.

"Oh, come now," the reporter unintentionally punned.

Well, of course, said the spokesman, if a couple doesn't have the will power to abstain from having sexual relations, and they wish to avoid a pregnancy, it can be used for that purpose.

"Are you saying that an unwanted pregnancy is a disease?"

Well, of course, said he, if you use

### Free Plugs on Italian TV

Contraceptives are freely sold in England and other predominantly Protestant countries.

Although birth control is illegal in Italy, the law does not forbid devices sold for the prevention of disease. Condoms can therefore be sold, and the names of their manufacturers can be advertised, since the companies make other products.

The names of manufacturers of male contraceptive devices are thus openly advertised at soccer stadiums and are seen, via television, by millions of viewers each week.

## The Rubber Check

Fred Kenyon is a young actor—talented, but, as the phrase goes, "between shows." Needing a bit of "stop-gap employment" he got a job through the New York Times, as a "shopper" for a pharmaceutical association.

His specialty: going around to drugstores and pricing condoms.

Here is an example of how much the mark-up is on such products. He purchased a package of Ramses—which are 'supposed' to sell at \$3 for 12, there being a myth that this particular brand provides more sensitivity than others. Kenyon paid only 75c for 12.

"And the druggist was still making a profit," he told the *Realist*—"they weren't doing me any favors."

The purpose of the pharmaceutical association is to serve as a nucleus for druggists who fix prices and promise not to undersell each other. Kenyon's job was to see that they stuck to their honor-among-thieves.

When he first started he was shy and he giggled nervously. With experience, though, he got to the point where, in a drugstore full of women, he could say in a loud, clear voice: "How much is a package of Sheiks, please?"

Kenyon is a method actor.

that terminology, then it would be true.

Apparently, the terminology can be stretched as easily as the rubber upon which it is stamped. Depending, that is, on which state you happen to live in.

In Massachusetts, in 1940, there was a case in which the defendant was prosecuted for violating the anti-contraceptive statute. He was acquitted on the theory that the same condom which would prevent conception would also tend to prevent the spread of venereal disease.

The court held that the legislature did not intend the statute forbidding the sale of contraceptives to permit the uncontrolled spread of diseases.

But two years prior to that, the very same court had tried a case in which the defendant, a doctor, was found guilty of violating that very same statute. Today, still, a physician in Massachusetts is breaking the law if he prescribes a contraceptive for a married woman, even though her pregnancy would result in certain death.

Here, the court held that no exceptions would be implied by the statute where none were furnished by the legislature.

The case was appealed to the U.S.

Supreme Court, but it was dismissed for lack of a substantial federal question. Reason: the appeal had been made on behalf of the physician and not the patient, whose life was allegedly in danger as a result of the statute.

In 1943, the Supreme Court ruled similarly on the Connecticut statute, holding that here, too, since it was not the doctor's life which was involved; he had no standing in court to raise the question of constitutionality.

Legal matters aside for a moment, the human tragedy in this whole story is the estimated six thousand deaths resulting each year from abortions. It is sadly ironic that the two primary sources of referrals to abortionists are the local druggist and the general practitioner.

In the case now pending before the Connecticut State Supreme Court, the plaintiffs—having been defeated in a county court—include:

A married couple who want to prevent conception until they are "economically able to support children"; a housewife whose four previous pregnancies resulted in the death of all the babies within 48 hours of birth, and for whom further pregnancy "may result in emotional unbalance"; and two couples (with a total of seven children) who claim that conception would result in almost certain damage and possible death of mothers and babies.

Also a doctor, C. Lee Buxton, Chairman of Yale Medical School's Department of Obstetrics & Gynecology—who contends that under the law, he faces the loss of his medical license if he fulfills his professional obligations to patients by giving them advice on birth control.

This case, along with the New Jersey challenge, may well turn out to be the Scopes Trial of our time. The "just cause" is freedom, pure and simple.

## Remembrance of Things Past

The American Express Company hired a market research firm this month to test public reaction to a new symbol: the profile of a trojan soldier—which also happens to be the symbol of a condom, Trojans.

The company wants to have a symbol that represents "masculinity and strength" and so the female interviewers have been instructed to question men only.

There seems to be a fairly consistent reaction to the symbol so far. Whenever an interviewee is asked what it reminds him of, he just stands there and smiles.

(LABOR: Continued from Page 3)

ern Illinois University for recognizing that the Catholic Church in the U.S. "practically, directly, and systematically, influenced the American labor movement to turn its back on socialism." The difference between the Catholics and the now long-defeated and forgotten Socialists in the American labor movement is the same as the difference that existed in Italy between the Socialists on the one hand and Mussolini and Cardinal Pacelli (later Pius XII) on the other.

This may sound like the rehashing of old disputes. But it is unquestionably a current problem. Writing in the Washington Star, Bernard D. Nossiter says that:

"The faint outlines of a new politico-economic structure are beginning to emerge. Blurred images are showing up in papers and talks, private and public, of some of the most original minds in the corporate, union, and academic world. The movement is so embryonic that it doesn't even have a name. A working tagline, supplied by John Blair of the Senate Anti-trust Sub-committee, is 'corporate syndicalism'."

Nossiter thinks that the "outspoken exponent" of the principle is Arthur Goldberg, general counsel of the predominantly Roman Catholic United Steelworkers Union and special counsel to the AFL-CIO. He mentions a speech of Goldberg's of last November in which he urged regular meetings between "labor" (meaning the labor bureaucracy) and management, perhaps at the United Nations General Assembly.

In a recent article in the Saturday Review, Meyer Kestnbaum—president of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, and former aid to President Eisenhower—says that "wise business men and wise labor leaders recognize that there is no real conflict of interest." But this is directly contrary to the

### Necrophilic Loyalty

Joseph R. McCarthy is the James Dean or American conservatives. This month *Aware, Inc.*—"An Organization to Combat the Communist Conspiracy in Entertainment-Communications and the Fine Arts"—cordially invited the "liberty-loving" public to attend a reception in honor of his widow.

"Mrs. McCarthy will be introduced by J. B. Matthews," said the invitation. "She will speak briefly and afterward will be happy to greet you in the receiving line. The reception will be followed by **COCKTAILS AGAINST COMMUNISM.**"

## A Selection From The Bosses Songbook

(Songs To Stifle the Flames Of Discontent)

To the tune of Jesse James:

Jesus Christ was a man, an honest working man,  
A carpenter true and brave.  
He told all the rich to give their money to the poor,  
So they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

CHORUS:

Jesus had no wife to mourn for his life.  
And he needed a bath and a shave,  
But that foe of the proletariat,  
Judas Iscariot,  
Laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

Born in 29 B.C., in a barn in Galilee,  
Bathed in his unwed mother's tears.  
He fought the ruling classes  
And preached gospel to the masses,  
And antedated Marx by 1800 years.

Judas was the guy, the lousy labor spy,  
A stoolie for the Roman boss.  
He drank Jesus' blood and he ate Jesus' body,  
And he nailed Jesus Christ to the cross.

With thieves on either side,  
Jesus Christ was crucified,  
And tears filled Mary's eyes.  
But his last words to you and me  
From that hill on Calvary  
Were, "Don't pray for me—ORGANIZE!"

theory of the defeated Socialists in the labor movement. They contended that the interests of Labor and Capital are basically opposed and that a "class struggle" must continue which will eventuate in democratic government control of industry.

Father Higgins has said that the proposals of Reuther, which correspond to those of Goldberg and Kestnbaum, could almost have been written by a Roman Catholic priest. In this he is quite correct. In the encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, Leo XIII said that: "It is ordained by nature that these two classes [Capital and Labor] should exist in harmony and agreement, and should, as it were, fit into each other so as to maintain equilibrium in the body politic."

This clearly expresses the Church's opposition to the Socialist theory that Labor and Capital are in perpetual conflict and that democratic government must eventually control the economy.

Since the Middle Ages, the Church has recognized that its principal antagonists in the struggle for world sovereignty are the governments of nations. It was the German princes who were mainly responsible for the rise of Luther, and for the growth of Protestantism.

The Church seeks for itself the

control of as many fields as possible, such as domestic relations, divorce, etc. It also seeks the right to "judge the civil order" in fields which it does not control, enforcing its judgments by excommunication of public officials who resist them.

But the Church's efforts to strengthen itself are sometimes indirect and take the form of attempts to weaken the national government or prevent it from obtaining new powers.

Therefore it is natural that the Church should oppose the trend toward government control of industry and seek to have it vested instead in a partnership between Capital and the labor bureaucracy. The Church, in turn, will seek to extend its high degree of influence—in the ranks of both Capital and Labor.

Referring to Goldberg's and Kestnbaum's suggestions, Nossiter says in the Star that "suspicious academics are worrying about this soft sell. To put it bluntly, they fear the general public is being ganged up on."

Nossiter seems to have analyzed the situation correctly, except that he fails to mention the important role of the Catholic Church in the drive toward "corporate syndicalism"—which is just another way of saying Fascism.

## Psychological Aspects Of Discouraging Contraception

By Albert Ellis, Ph.D.

The mere fact that conditions are intolerable, said Raymond Postgate a quarter of a century ago, does not mean that human beings will not tolerate them. Truer words were rarely spoken—particularly in relation to the discouraging or banning of effective contraceptive techniques in most American communities.

Whereas we are freely permitted to purchase bathing caps, gloves, raincoats, sunglasses, we are seldom given equally free access to a mechanical contrivance of far more protective importance—the condom—and are, instead, in many regions virtually or literally forbidden to buy it anywhere.

And where toothpastes, cold creams, hand lotions, and other mild necessities of modern living are urged on us from every other magazine, newspaper, billboard, radio, and TV ad, public displays of vaginal jellies, creams, suppositories, and foam tablets, whose use is surely a grim necessity for the continued well-being of millions of Americans, are conspicuously absent.

Thus, with stoicism that to a Martian would appear truly incredible, do we continue to tolerate the intolerable.

The physical, social, economic, and political evils of our myopic attitude toward the dissemination of contraceptive information and material are many and varied; but these shall not be my province in this essay. Rather, as a psychologist, I shall briefly try to delineate some of the more significant psychological aspects of discouraging effective contraception.

To begin, let me say that when laws and practices operate in any society, such as our own, which hinder or ban the distribution of birth control methods which are most medically recommended, only two main results can ensue: either these laws and practices will actually serve their intended restrictive purpose or they will not. In either event, I contend, they will be psychologically pernicious.

Take, first, the assumption that anti-contraceptive rulings do work—which, of course, to some extent they inevitably will.

If a state, such as Massachusetts, clearly prohibits the sale of condoms and of vaginal jellies, or if a city, such as New York, makes them available only to presumed adults, who must get them in drugstores and who are sometimes required to have a physician's prescription, at least some men and women, obviously, will wind up by not buying and/or using these contraceptives when, under more lib-

eral rulings, they would have done so.

This means—as even a cursory look at the matter will soon show—that the non-contraceptive users in such a region will have to refrain from sex entirely; or risk unwanted pregnancies; or have sex relations only with individuals who are sterile or beyond child-bearing age; or resort to prostitutes; or practice non-coital instead of coital sex relations; or have unusually large families; or

**Definition Of The Month**  
**DIAPHRAGM: a thinking man's filter.**

resort to some other kind of behavior than the usual twentieth century practice of having intercourse using a condom or a diaphragm-and-jelly combination.

But virtually all these substitutes for contraceptive-protected coitus are psychologically dangerous.

Thus, complete or relative sexual abstinence, particularly on the part of young married couples, will almost inevitably lead to a considerable degree of tension, irritability, sex antagonism, and emotional disturbance on the part of the abstinent individuals.

Having intercourse when one knows one is risking an unwanted pregnancy is, especially in the case of the female partner, a distinctly joy-destroying and anxiety-provoking experience.

Waiting for oneself or one's partner to become sterile before having regular sex relations with him or her is almost always a most impractical and frustrating plan of achieving satisfaction.

Resort to prostitution by males who would not want to impregnate their sweethearts or wives is another quite joyless "solution" to the sex problem.

Practicing non-coital instead of co-

ital sex relations is probably one of the better answers to the question of how to have non-procreative sex activity without contraceptives; but it is a distinctly limited answer to many individuals, who will hardly achieve maximum fulfillment in this manner.

Having unusually large families would work for some married couples—though not too many these days—but would be just as likely to create immense psychological hazards, in the form of additional child-rearing responsibilities, for such couples.

Just about all the practical substitutes for coitus with contraception are, then, psychologically hazardous—quite apart from the immense other disadvantages which they usually have. Which means that if anti-contraceptive laws and rulings actually worked very well (which, fortunately, they usually do not), I and my fellow psychotherapists would benefit considerably from an increased patient load (assuming that we are not already overloaded in this respect); but any other human psychological benefit is exceptionally difficult to imagine.

Now let us assume the other side of the two-possibility story that we are considering: namely that anti-contraceptive laws and customs remain, as they presently exist, on the statute books and in the local mores, but that they are not overly-effective in actually restraining people from purchasing and/or using birth control devices.

The dire psychological results that then follow—and, in point of fact, have already followed in most parts of these United States—are of the following order:

1. Widespread hypocrisy, lying, and other forms of dishonesty inevitably prevail. Users of contraceptives know that either they are not permitted to purchase them or that it is not "nice" to do so; but, of course, they still utilize them by the millions. Druggists and other store-keepers either sell them surreptitiously or dispose of them much more loosely than they are ethically supposed to do. Both the dishonest purchasers and sellers tend, naturally, to hate themselves and to become anxious or depressed.

2. Deep-seated feelings of guilt and shame are rampant. Those who use contraceptives feel that they are wicked and sinful for flouting the rulings of their church or state; that they are thoroughly "unromantic" for using mechanical devices instead of letting nature take its "natural" course; that they are incompetent to use many contraceptives properly

(mainly because they have not had sufficient open and above-board practice in their use); that, as noted previously, they are hypocrites; that they really should be ashamed of themselves, in some instances, for being so irrational as to be ashamed to use contraceptives; and so on and so forth.

3. As a result of their deep-seated feelings of guilt, shame, inadequacy, and incompetence in regard to their utilizing contraceptives, myriads of males and females acquire all kinds of fairly classical neurotic symptoms: such as acute feelings of discomfort, depression, and anxiety; severe cases of impotence or frigidity; avoidance of members of the other sex or of sex relations; psychosomatic symptoms, etc.

4. As a result of their confusion and shame regarding the use of contraceptives, many or most actual users are far less effective in their employment of these techniques than they would otherwise be.

Thus, those who half-heartedly rather than fully accept mechanical birth control techniques will frequently be ashamed to go into a store to purchase them; will sometimes not use them at all after purchase; will employ them carelessly rather than painstakingly; and will frequently employ the less effective ones (such as easy-to-insert suppositories) rather than the more effective ones (such as diaphragm-jelly combination).

Then, partly or fully realizing that they are not actually facing the contraceptive issue squarely, these originally guilty persons will become secondarily even more ashamed of their own inconsistent and inadequate behavior; and the psychological consequences of their double-barreled feelings of shame may well be disastrous.

5. When mechanical contraceptives are technically banned or discouraged but are still employed in an irregular, hit-or-miss manner, relatively many unwanted pregnancies will of course occur. In the event of such an unwanted pregnancy, in or outside of marriage, the two partners to the pregnancy will frequently loathe themselves; dislike and be irresponsible parents to any resulting offspring; hate their mates for being partner to this "crime"; and sometimes wind up by hating all members of the other sex or all kinds of sex relations.

6. Similarly, when unwanted pregnancies lead, as they most often seem to do in the United States, to criminal abortions, both partners, especially the female, will frequently tend to

be guilty, self-hating, hostile to the other, and antagonistic to future sex relations. Here again, since this is not my province, I deliberately make no mention of the physical, social, and economic disadvantages that almost always accrue from unwanted pregnancies and abortions. But, as a psychologist, I must certainly emphasize the mental-emotional hazards and liabilities that are concomitant to these other evils.

Lest my foregoing points seem too theoretical and academic, let me give a case in point—a fairly typical case of a neurotic patient. A thirty-three

### The Price of Carelessness

One of the tragic results of an anti-contraceptive culture is brought to mind by a recent cartoon, which depicts a modern variation of an old theme. An irate middle-aged man is pointing at a manned rocket almost ready to take off for somewhere in outer space; a frightened young woman—obviously his daughter—is carrying a baby and walking toward the ship.

There were 55,000 born-out-of-wedlock youngsters on the Aid to Dependent Children public relief rolls in New York City last December. During that month alone, they accounted for \$2,900,000 in relief money.

That figure does not include: (a) administrative costs; (b) money spent on other out-of-wedlock children receiving aid in foster homes and institutions under other welfare programs—in September, there were 13,000 such cases; (c) money spent by the Welfare Department for the birth of illegitimate children—last year, the department estimated it spent \$120,000 for the hospital care of about 6,000 unwed mothers.

Total cost for the year: \$41,000,000. The money comes from federal, state and city taxes.

year old mother of three children came to see me because she had been advised not to have any more children by her family physician and yet she and her husband were having intercourse regularly with only the slightest and most irregular contraceptive precautions. Naturally, she was nervous and depressed.

"Why," I asked this woman, "don't you get fitted with a diaphragm, and use it all the time?"

"Oh, I've had one for a long time," she replied, "but I very rarely use it."

"But why don't you use it?"

"It's really hard to say. I—I guess I just don't like to touch myself down there. I never have."

"Do you think it's dirty or messy?"

Is that why you don't like it?"

"Yes, that's it, I guess. I just was brought up that way."

"But you did use the diaphragm for a period of time, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes. And I think I was getting used to it, and not minding it, really."

"But then—?"

"Well, then, my doctor got after me, and asked me when I was going to have any children, since I wasn't eager to have any at the time. He's very strait-laced, you know, and a good church member, and thinks that sex is mainly for having children, not just for fun—even though now, of course, now that he doesn't want me to have any more children, he thinks it's all right. But at first he was very different, when I didn't have any."

"So he sort of talked you out of using the diaphragm very regularly?"

"Yes, come to think of it, I guess he did. And my husband, too, he was a little uneasy about our just having all that fun with no consequences. So I sort of gave in to them and used it less and less. And then, of course, the business of it being dirty and messy to touch myself down there—that came back again, and now it's worse than ever."

"But your husband doesn't want any children, any more of them, now, does he?"

"Oh, no. He goes right along with the doctor. And he thinks we have enough, anyway. He didn't want not to have any at first, but he now thinks three is plenty! In fact, I think he could do without one or two and not miss them too much."

"Well, if you aren't using the diaphragm right now, how is it that he doesn't use a condom?"

"Oh, he never has; absolutely never."

"You mean he objects to wearing them—it dullens sensation, or something like that?"

"No, I don't think so. He never has any trouble getting excited and can even have an orgasm when we are petting with our clothes on."

"Then what's his objection?"

"He just can't face a drug store clerk and buy any. He's tried a few times, but never could make it. And he even doesn't want me to do it for him. Says it's just not lady-like; and what will our local druggist think, anyway, if I always do the buying."

"So you're afraid to touch your genitals and he's afraid to purchase condoms openly?"

"Yes. Sounds crazy, doesn't it? But that's the way it is. And until you get at least one of us to lick

## AN OPPOSING VIEWPOINT

A Catholic doctor—A. F. Sava, M.D.—has the following to say about birth control, in a booklet put out by St. Anthony's Guild:

"We would not be considered very sane if we were to use our eyes as pin cushions. The misuse of any of our bodily functions is as punishable as the breaking of a law of the city or state; it is simply not possible to escape punishment for such misuse.

"This is especially true of birth control practices. Every doctor knows that when people have practiced contraception for a time, there often is a loss of the ability to establish a pregnancy after the decision is finally made to 'start having a family' . . .

"How often a family doctor discovers that the basis of misery in a home is this very fact: the woman has lost her dignity and seriousness and at last revolts at her being regarded as a plaything. This is the beginning of the end as far as family happiness is concerned.

"Nervousness, irritability and sleep-

this thing, we're licked ourselves. I'll just get pregnant any day now—and that will be perfectly awful!"

Fortunately, I was able to get both this woman and her husband over their silly fears of purchasing or using contraceptives and their case was solved. But what about the millions of couples who do not go for psychological help and who live with a similar problem all their reproductive lives? What is their sexually prudish and hypocritical society doing to them—and they to themselves?

From the foregoing discussion, it should be obvious that whether or not anti-contraceptive laws and rulings are actually effective, in the sense of their literally forcing people to forego non-procreative sex relations, they inevitably lead to grave and great psychological dangers. The effective squelching of birth control information and practice virtually always has perfectly horrendous psychic consequences; and the ineffective or half-assessed discouragement of recommended contraceptive techniques is equally bad or worse. You put up your money and you take your choice—of evils.

The only sane solution to the problem is patently for all American (and other) communities to aid, abet, and encourage the widest and freest possible dissemination of contraceptive knowledge and instrumentation. When are we going to tolerate that kind of sanity instead of the intolerable contraceptive hypocrisy which is now so rampant on a field of red, white, and blue?

lessness cannot be treated with a mere sedative, especially when those disturbances are the result of an inner rebellion at the thought of being reduced to a mere gadget only a few months or indeed a few weeks after that wonderful wedding, that wonderful honeymoon which was 'never going to end.'

"It is just as difficult to restore to normal the sad, disturbed person of 'the sweetest girl in the world' to the point where she and her husband again tolerate each other. Everyone knows what happens to gadgets. They soon lose their attraction and the moment another comes out on the market, the first one is cast aside.

"So it is with the husband who joined in destroying the dignity of his young wife. He feels an urge to direct attention toward the new and potential gadget. This is especially true when the 'new interest' agrees with the wanderer that he has had a mean deal from life . . .

"On the other hand, the man and woman who live respectful and respectable lives with regard to their marital practices, are very rarely the cases that have to be given nerve tonics . . . Her self-respect has not been compromised by unclean marital practices and she can always hold her head high. The most placid women I know are mothers who do not condone contraception . . .

"What the Church demands is that the sacred relationship that exists between husband and wife be kept clean and not violated by misusing the woman who has the high status of wife as if she were a woman of the gutter . . .

"It has been a privilege and an enlightenment to talk with patients who for one reason or another have abstained from exercising their marital privileges for periods of from a few months to years. During these periods, abstinence was based upon personal choice . . .

"This self-control has not once been responsible for 'nervous breakdowns,' nor did it ever contribute to ill health. No one who has ever treated a patient and who is truthful could say the same for birth control through contraceptive practices.

"The above sounds as though this writer took no stock in the modern concept of so-called psychiatry. That is correct . . ."

## Now Then . . .

A total of approximately 15,000 extra copies of this issue of the Realist has gone into the mail.

Contributions to offset the cost would be much appreciated. The Realist Association is a non-profit corporation, and donations are tax-deductible.

We wish to thank the following persons for their contributions this month:

Anonymous \$10; Anonymous \$16; J. M. Chadwell \$1; Philip J. Glasner \$7; Alfred Hengst \$2.50; Paul I. Lewis \$6; Mr. and Mrs. Brian Musgrave \$3; Mr. and Mrs. Donald I. Payne \$10; Frank Pinkner \$2; Jesse M. Poole \$3.

## Brother Killer

Congressman James B. Utt of California has introduced a bill "for the relief of" Andrija Artukovic, alias Alois Anic. It would legalize his illegal entry into this country several years ago. He was Alois Cardinal Stepinac's right-hand man in the government of Yugoslavia when that country was ruled during World War II by the Vatican-Italian-German alliance.

Recently, a federal court commissioner held that the Yugoslav government may not extradite him, being unable at this late date to adduce sufficient evidence of his personal guilt for thousands of alleged murders. Artukovic is still subject to deportation because he perjured himself to get into this country, where he remained in hiding for years.

Utt's bill would make it possible for him to become a citizen in good standing. He is already a member in very high standing of the Knights of Columbus who have backed him and paid for his defense.

## QUESTION

if the nudist  
is so liberal minded  
and never embarrassed  
why was my friend  
denied admission  
to their colony

could they be so  
narrow minded  
as to refuse  
him the right  
to run around in the nude  
simply because  
he is a  
serbian hermaphrodite?

—Jon T. Griffith  
in "The Naked Ear"

## The Purpose of Life

By F. P. Wortman

Admittedly, most energetic individuals have a 'purpose' in their efforts. It may be toward some ideal accomplishment, or possibly spurred by greed, but there is, nevertheless, purpose.

However, what we are discussing here is the purpose of Life itself. If not spontaneous, but given by some giver, what was the intent, the purpose of the giver?

Seventy-five years ago, the common explanation was that man had been created by a God for His own glory, to have man worship, praise, kneel, sing psalms, accord adulation. That was the purpose, that was the plan that first day in Eden.

The ministers further explained that the Divine Trolley had slipped, and that man had failed to work in harmony with the plan—that rather than bestowing praise and glory, he had devoted himself to his own affairs, neglecting the giver of life.

Such an explanation nearly made the creator a coxcomb. As well have Edison invent the phonograph merely to sound off, "Great is Edison!" If praise does not come voluntarily, it is hollow. To create manikins in order to have them monotonously repeat stock phrases of flattery, as in books of prayer, would be ignoble, unbecoming even a barbarian chieftain.

The story from Asia Minor of the haphazard creation of this small planet as center of the universe, older than the sun, hooded by a solid firmament, all the water gathered into one place, the stars mere feeble lights—is no longer read by thoughtful people.

Only the ignorant still believe that the race proceeded from a pair of innocent ignorami, in whose easy reach fall temptation was placed, and that reaching into the tree of Knowledge was the supreme crime that by attainder of blood damned all the unborn.

When pondering the purpose of life, usually only the human animal is considered, but life is manifest in thousands of forms. Hardly has man any faculty that some other animal does not have far superior to him, with exception of the reasoning faculty, which is too often lamentably weak.

The student of biology and natural history recoils in a sort of moral horror at the discovery that our globe is one vast arena throughout which life lives on death, that the majority of living species is carnivorous, swifter on wing and foot, superior in strength and cunning, and if these would live, they must live by tearing and rending the quivering, bleeding flesh of the unoffending.

The seas cover most of the earth, and the thousands of its species all die by violence. On land, rarely does man or other animal pass out from failure of his vital force, from the flickering of the candle; nearly every living thing sinks from attack of some other living thing.

The foes of life may not be large; they may be but small parasites that live on and in the bodies of their betters, or they may be unseen assassins of infection, microscopic millions, hostile, virulent invisibles. There are the white blisters of leprosy, and the carnivorous cancer cells, the victims of which can only watch and wait.

In numbers exceeding by billions all other forms of

(Continued on Page 23)

## Taboo Or Not Taboo

By Arnold Bruce Levy

That naughty little nymphet Lolita slyly edged her pretty little way into British politics last month. Her name echoed and re-echoed in the staid House of Commons, helped carry a very much liberalized "obscene" literature bill to the threshold of victory, and became an important side issue in the first primary election in modern British history.

Like her blue-nosed American cousins, the English have their petty, priggish "obscene literature" laws which, up until some twenty years ago, encompassed the suppression of everything controversial—from a collection of extracts from the Bible, to some rather innocuous little Sunday School sex manuals.

From the 1930's on there were relatively happy signs, literature-wise, that John Bull had really matured out of his knee-pants. For example, the American-suppressed collection of Edmund Wilson short stories, *Memoirs of Hecate County*, was published in England without fanfare, publicity, or, for that matter, astronomical sales.

Then, suddenly, in 1954, the book-burners crawled out from under their little rocks and promptly pounced on five legitimate books. When the smoke finally cleared, the scorecard stood at two acquittals, two convictions and one hopelessly confused jury.

Also in the wake of the hullabaloo, there was a mad, Xmas-like rush on the bookstores by lip-smacking, bulgy-eyed Englishmen, all lusting after the five spotlighted titles. This, of course, promptly emptied the dealers' under-the-counter shelves of the offending titles at a handsome profit all around.

Infuriated by politicians' meddling in the literature field, the British Society of Authors—led by T. S. Eliot, E. M. Forster and politician-librettist Sir Alan Herbert—initiated a knock-down, drag-out fight for reform.

The liberalized bill was duly introduced, but neatly side-tracked to a committee where it took two long years to hold hearings on it, and where Lolita's name popped up again and again. Reported out of committee at last, it floundered in legal limbo for a year as the conservative Conservative leadership just couldn't find room for it on the calendar.

Irked by the flim-flam inflicted on this piece of proposed legislation, and what with a special election in the offing, Sir Alan announced that he would run as an independent candidate in the marginal district—this of course splitting the Conservatives' vote and giving the district to the Laborites on the proverbial silver platter.

In a matter of days, the hopelessly pigeon-holed bill found itself placed snugly on the calendar, and Herbert quietly withdrew from the election, his mission nicely accomplished.

Although it has more hurdles to jump, the bill, at this writing, is on its way to probable passage—and with it the most certain emancipation of poor little Lolita, an outcast in the British Isles since 1956.

That was the year in which the Nabokov novel found its way onto the official British blacklist. A London gumshoe, sniffing for smut in bookstores, chanced upon the

(Continued on Page 23)

**Existentialist Nursery Rhymes**

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds—gift of charity;  
She would've had bread, but the high cost of wheat  
Was maintained by a something called parity.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Earth,  
How to measure what you're worth;  
Will they see you from afar,  
Breaking up just like a star?

—Stan Ross

**Pius XII—Requiescat—Sed Non In Pace . . .**

# A Conference In The Hereafter

By Muriel I. Symington

On the morning of October 6, 1958 the Big Chief was staring morosely at his TV screen, tuned into Rome, witnessing the debarkation of Cardinal Spellman at the airport. With an expression of extreme distaste He reached for a large bottle of tranquilizers on His desk.

Following the news from Castel Gandolfo the Chief had summoned an emergency conference for 10:30 that morning. When the last conferee had arrived, Gabriel ushered them in and they seated themselves at the conference table. Present were Jesus, Peter, Lucifer, his former enemy the Archangel Michael and Abraham Lincoln.

The Chief rose, cleared his throat and took another tranquilizer. "Good morning. We are faced with a grave emergency, Comrades. Pius XII the 261st pope is dying.

"You will recall our biggest factional dispute," He continued—"the hot war between Michael and Lucifer when in defeat Lucifer and his adherents defected from Heaven and established the region variously known as Sheol, Hades, Hell or the Underworld. Long ages ago, at its inception, its horrors merited the reputation it still has among the misinformed on Earth. To this day, Dante's version of this region has been publicized by clergy of the Roman Catholic faith. The success of this astute device for extracting money from the faithful has never been equalled in the annals of fund-raising. In common justice he should have been canonized as St. Pecunia.

"Jesus convinced Me that we should make Lucifer's domain a place of light rather than of heat—to make it a reformatory and not a region of eternally cruel punishment. Lucifer agreed with our plan and since 'time heals all wounds' he made his peace with Michael, who agreed to serve as consultant on this project.

"This project has succeeded beyond our wildest hopes. Millions have been released to us here and there has not been one recidivist among them. But one class eligible for Lucifer's bailiwick kindled a final rebellious spark in Lucifer's bosom . . . now I'll give Lucifer the floor to speak for himself."

LUCIFER: "Sir—Your commendation is deeply appreciated. Laymen presented no extraordinary difficulties. But with honorable exceptions, the clergy of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal communions—especially the Big Brass—were such tough assign-

ments that after some experience with Roman Catholic cardinals I told you that I drew the line at popes. Furthermore I always understood that they were the responsibility of Peter . . ."

At this point Jesus asked for the floor.

JESUS: "The association of Peter with the Papacy is no fault of his—a misunderstanding concerning the words 'Thou art Peter and upon this

## Double-Take Department

Jack Paar, talking with Jim Bishop about his trip to Cuba:

"All over the Batista home — statues of Lincoln and Jesus Christ. Lincoln was his favorite."

Rock will I build my Church.' It was to be a spiritual symbol and Peter so understood it. But the simple faith of Peter the humble fisherman was subverted through the centuries by a succession of ever more ambitious materialists. They took Peter's name in vain and proclaimed a simple fisherman-apostle the first pontiff of what they were pleased to call the 'Roman Catholic Church' declaring it to be 'The One True Faith' and every pope the 'Vicar of Christ on Earth.'

"With the passage of centuries these self-appointed Vicars of mine have surrounded themselves with such pomp and circumstance as to earn the envy of Emperors. With few exceptions these popes were of the world worldly, many of them morally so corrupt that I cannot blame Lucifer for his rebellion in declaring his inability to effect their collective reformation. Nevertheless these popes were never Peter's responsibility.

"Faced with this dilemma, Father, you established a middle region—Purgatory—exclusively for popes. Now that the number of these Purgatorial exiles will soon be increased to 261, you are evidently resolved to settle this problem for all time."

Fortifying Himself with another tranquilizer, the Big Chief proceeded to outline His plans:

THE BIG CHIEF: "Up to now I have tolerated the Purgatorial status quo for a very good reason—the pres-

ence there of 36 individuals known to history as 'anti-popes.' These were illegitimate claimants of or pretenders to the papal throne. The bitter internecine struggle for power between these 36 and the 260 self-styled lawful pontiffs has so engaged them that our Purgatorians have had neither time nor energy to plot our undoing.

"But anticipating the arrival of Pius XII, I have studied his dossier which I found revolting and revealing. But since Pacelli is a skilled diplomat I showed his record to an expert on devious diplomacy, Comrade Macchiavelli, now resident here. His shocked reaction convinced me that Eugenio Pacelli will be an uncontrollably dangerous influence in Purgatory.

"During six years of his pontificate Adolph Hitler was the scourge of Europe. Pius XII did not excommunicate this monster. During World War II he remained *officially* and with consummate hypocrisy 'above the battle.' Only after victory destroyed it did this wily pontiff condemn Fascism.

"Pacelli will arrive in Purgatory infected with illusions of grandeur. This is understandable from his point of view. For no pope in history has ever enjoyed such support from the Christian non-Catholic world. Non-Catholic statesmen have vied with each other for his support. 'The Pope of Peace' indeed! But only the 'peace that passeth all understanding'—the dark peace of totalitarian Vatican hegemony over the entire world.

"He believes that he is destined for sainthood on the score of several 'visions' and two 'healings' to which he lays claim. He will be shocked to learn that in the interests of our emergent democracy we have abolished not only the Order of Sainthood but every ecclesiastical style and title. It will further shock him to learn that 260 plus 36 of his brethren are segregated in Purgatory and that he will be just another pope among them. His overweening ambition will not tolerate this. We must cut the ground from under his feet before he plots a crusade to invade us and establish a Society for Propagation of the Faith to subvert us all to Roman Catholicism.

"Wherefore we must establish — immediately—a Commission for Papal Re-Education staffed with experts in their various fields. The staff will lecture only on the Vatican and its pontiffs in the 19th and 20th centuries—the era of increasing enlightenment and democratic progress. For it is in this period that there has been such a startling dichotomy between

the papacy and progress. Let me give one example:

"In 1870, blessed by Pius IX, by a vote of 547 to 2, the Ecumenical Council in Rome established the doctrine of papal infallibility—and this is an age when scholars, philosophers, scientists and liberal churchmen were disclaiming their own infallibility in the light of spreading knowledge.

"At this point I wish to announce that pending your approval I have decided to appoint Abraham Lincoln to be permanent Chairman of this Commission. As the Great Emancipator on Earth he is uniquely equipped to head a Commission which will emancipate 261 plus 36 popes from their intellectual and spiritual fetters."

Without a dissenting vote the appointment was approved so the Big Chief gave Lincoln the floor.

LINCOLN: "Thank you Sir. But may I preface my remarks by referring to one of the two who dissented against papal infallibility. I know that you intently study current events on Earth and are painfully aware of events which have made Little Rock, Arkansas infamous. It may amaze you to learn that an American prelate, Bishop Fitzgerald—of Little Rock!—was one of the two casting the dissenting vote. My authority for this statement is the World Almanac, page 136. For this act I respectfully recommend that Comrade Fitzgerald be appointed a member of the Commission."

"An excellent idea," said the Big Chief. "Comrade Fitzgerald was fortunate to have lived in the 19th century. He was never made a Cardinal but at least his punishment was not rope or faggot."

"As you must know, Sir," resumed Lincoln, "I have a special concern about the Vatican vis-a-vis my former country, the United States. To this I have devoted much time and thought. Of a certainty the Vatican directs its efforts to moulding the United States of America to its heart's desire. To this end Rome has clothed itself in the mantle of devotion to democracy. And lest I be accused of gross injustice in terming this transcendental hypocrisy, I beg leave to prove my charges from papal documents.

"First an Encyclical of Leo XIII 'Libertas Humanum'—1888: And I quote:

'It is quite unlawful to demand, defend or to grant unconditional freedom of thought, speech, writing or worship.'

"Second: Leo XIII in instructions sent to bishops of the U. S. in 1888: 'Although on account of the extraordinary political condition today, it

may happen that the Church in certain modern countries acquires in certain modern liberties not because she prefers them in themselves but because she judges it expedient that they should be permitted, she would in happier times resume her own liberty.'

"Third: Encyclical of Leo XIII—'Longinqua Oceani'—1895:

'It is necessary to destroy the error of those who might believe, perhaps, that the status of the Church in America is a desirable one, and also the error that in imitation of this sort of thing the separation of church and state is legal and even convenient.'

"Fourth: Inaugural Encyclical of Pius XI—'Ubi Arcano Dei'—1922: (On the troubles left by the European War; Their causes and remedies.) In this he indicted democracy, thus preceding the Nazi dictatorships

### RUMOR

Ever since Eleanor Roosevelt started filming margarine commercials, her admirers have been afraid that she would cheapen her dignity in the process. Their fears are unjustified, however, as she will go right on fighting for equal rights—she is currently trying to get the Papermate Pen people to admit that their product writes as well on oleo as on butter.

(Avro Manhattan—"The Vatican and World Politics").

"Fifth: Encyclical of Pius XI—'Non Abbiamo Bisogno'—1931:

Thanking the Fascist regime for what it had done for the Catholic Church: 'We preserve and shall preserve both memory and perennial gratitude for what had been done in Italy, for the benefit of religion, even though no less and perhaps greater was the benefit derived by the Party and the regime' (Avro Manhattan).

"Sixth: Jesuit organ, 'America'—May 17, 1941:

'How we Catholics have loathed and despised this Lucifer civilization . . . This civilization is now called democracy . . . Today American Catholics are being asked to shed their blood for that particular brand of secularist civilization which they have been heroically repudiating for four centuries.'

Continued Lincoln: "I find that these threats to democracy—notably levelled against the United States of America—carry a note more of desperation than of hope. This country was peopled by men and women fleeing from both secular and religious tyranny and Americans today will not suffer its re-imposition.

"When the American Constitution was enriched by the Bill of Rights, the first sentence of Article I proclaimed 'Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' The American people were thus protected against the tyranny of a state-imposed religion and guaranteed the right to practice the faith of their choice.

"The evolution will be slow, but the day will come when the peoples of the Earth will be educated to discard the dogmas of their respective creeds as meaningless, divisive trappings. Reciprocally they will humbly acknowledge that Truth is a diamond with many facets of which no sect enjoys a monopoly.

"Religions will wither away and die to be replaced by a faith shared in common—a faith to free the people and not to divide them. Material and spiritual progress will go hand in hand—indivisible."

As Lincoln resumed his seat, the conferees, led by the Big Chief, accorded his moving address a rising ovation.

THE BIG CHIEF: "Well said, Comrade Lincoln—I fear you are as unorthodox as I have become. I find the word 'religion' increasingly distasteful, even though it is a singularly appropriate description of the various forms which it takes—the word stemming from its Latin root—'religio'—meaning to tie or bind.

"In this connection I should like to make one suggestion before we adjourn. I propose that our re-education course be opened by Comrade Marx with a lecture based on 'Religion is the opiate of the people.' But as we don't want our papal students to die a second death from shock I suggest that a physician be present to administer restoratives as needed.

"We will meet again two weeks from today. The conference will be preceded by some television rebroadcasts of Eugene Pacelli's obsequies and the ceremonies surrounding the installation of his successor.

"You will please come prepared with a list of subjects to be taken up and the names of those whom you feel best qualified to lecture on them. But be sure to inform Comrade Fitzgerald that he is to be a member of your Commission. With all his inside information as a former Roman Catholic bishop, his advice should be invaluable.

"Our conference is adjourned until two weeks from today. Thank you Comrades—and good morning."

The Conference had obviously given the Big Chief a lift—he had lost his grim expression and was apparently in no need of another tranquilizer.

# The Poem That Caused A Campus Controversy

It would have been just about Easter time that the Virgin Mary missed her period. Taking the imagery forward from there, a student at Queens College, N. Y. wrote a poem (see inset) about the thoughts that might go through a girl's mind the night before she was going to have an abortion.

It was published in an undergraduate magazine, *New Poems*. Three days later, the publication was suspended from sale by Dean George Spitz because the poem was in "bad taste."

"Blasphemy!" shouted the Brooklyn Tablet, as the college's switchboard buzzed with complaints, but the Student Association voted 8-1, calling for a rescind of the ban by the Publications Board. The one student who opposed the motion said that the poem would offend those people who believed that Christ was God.

Another student wrote to *Rampart*, one of two undergraduate newspapers, saying that she had bought a copy of *New Poems* before the suspension and was particularly impressed with the poem in question "because it was in a sense saying 'no' amidst a society of 'yesses.'"

"It is a peculiar characteristic of our culture to crucify a Sacco and Vanzetti and to applaud a Billy Graham. I am not concerned with the questions of religion this poem may raise. I am concerned with the question of freedom for all to speak no matter what they might have to say . . ."

Dr. Dwight Durling, of the college's English Department, protested the ban, saying:

"The question is not whether 'Abortion Eve' was in bad taste and potentially offensive to some, as it surely was, but rather how such a student production, if published, should be received.

"I believe I understand the feeling of those whose sensibilities were shocked by phrasing which treated beliefs sacred to them in a neutral spirit of purely literary experimentation as another poem might treat the Greek myth of the birth of the god Dionysus.

"But are we all to take offense where none is intended and to resort to demands for suppression when our cherished convictions are treated by others in ways disturbing to us?

"Moral or religious sensibilities and general good taste are continually shocked by grossly offensive advertising, by virulent journalistic methods, by efforts to impose conformity by coercion, by crudities of popular taste; but reasonable men are chary of suppressive methods . . ."

**Abortion Eve**

Loving is a dying Easter egg.  
 When it's red  
 As a love bed  
 It will be hard boiled.

I loved you  
 Hard  
 With a red, red heart.

The red water boils  
 Under Christ's cross  
 I hung on a nail  
 On my kitchen wall.

A rooster crows  
 To Easter skies,  
 Tomorrow grows,  
 Soon the chicken dies.

Christ rose  
 On Easter morn  
 And Christ was born  
 On a Virgin dawn.

Mary is longer a Virgin.

Christ was killed  
 When He first lived,  
 His love died red  
 As unborn blood.

Christ rose sore  
 As a pregnant whore,  
 His body broke  
 Like an open egg.

A waking egg,  
 Soft,  
 Rose red.

The Virgin Mary  
 Laid a live red egg;  
 My dying baby  
 Is as good as dead.

—Florence Goldberg

"We should not, of course, regard any undergraduate paper as speaking for the college. The college has no one voice, no one opinion or criterion of taste, and would not be a free intellectual center if it had. Surely all the young poets in *New Poems* meant

to speak only for themselves individually, as is the usual way of poets."

As a result of the above-mentioned Student Association's vote, there came a most peculiar method of justifying the suppression. Three members of the English Department (not including the professor just quoted) were called upon by the Publications Board to analyze the poem. The Board said it was "aware of the necessity for specialized training in the interpretation and critical evaluation of poetry before deciding the question at issue."

The English professors' report stated:

"The poem tries to achieve richness through reliance on multiple meanings . . . Because it encourages all possibly relevant interpretations, however, such ambiguity may lead to readings that the author did not intend.

"Thus the poem fails because it does not control satisfactorily the meaning of its symbol . . . To us, the poet tries sincerely to express complicated ideas . . . [but] through inability either to clarify intended meaning or to prevent irrelevant and contradictory interpretations, she is unsuccessful."

From this, the Publications Board concluded:

"Believing that the editorial board of *New Poems* failed to meet its responsibility, the Publications Board rules that the decision to publish 'Abortion Eve' in *New Poems* violates good taste, and the Board continues the suspension . . ."

Explained President Harold Stoke:

"The current issue of the student publication, *New Poems*, includes materials offensive to the sensibilities of many people within and outside the college. The sale of the issue was immediately suspended and the suspension has been upheld and will be maintained by the Publications Board and by the President. The regulations of the college clearly forbid the publication of such material.

"While the college is dedicated, as all colleges are, to the principles of freedom of the press, it also affirms the responsibility of the faculty and administrators to determine what may be published as authorized by or identified with the college."

An editorial in *Crown*, the other undergraduate newspaper, responded in part:

"We have seriously considered the questions involved in this issue. We have tried to put ourselves in the position of those who were offended; had this poem or any other offended our religious, political, racial, ethical or moral sentiments, we honestly feel

## THE PROBLEM OF PROMISCUITY

Last year, the Planned Parenthood Federation of America held a symposium on Simple Methods of Contraception—An Assessment of their Medical, Moral and Social Implications.

Dr. David Sills (Acting Director, Bureau of Applied Social Research, Columbia University) brought up the point that, "Many people continue to object to wider use of contraception, I think, because of its presumed effect upon promiscuity."

Following are some excerpts from the discussion that ensued:

Dr. Christopher Tietze (Director of Research, National Committee on Maternal Health): "What precisely do we mean by promiscuity? It seems to me an utterly unsuitable term to be used for the relationship of a man and woman, not married, which is of a somewhat stable nature and may very well go on for some time.

"When I grew up abroad, I recall, it was perfectly permissible, though not mandatory, to have sex relations with your steady girl friend or boy friend. However, the youth community did condemn true promiscuity—that is, sleeping around with many different persons without forming any permanent attachment.

"It also condemned just as strongly the non-use of contraception. These attitudes constituted, in the opinions of those concerned, part of a moral system."

Dr. Sherwin A. Kaufman (Associ-

ate Obstetrician & Gynecologist, Beth Israel Hospital; Medical Director, Planned Parenthood of Manhattan and The Bronx): "Whenever our eyes begin to light up at the approach of simpler, better contraceptives, the question of promiscuity enters. What we would like apparently, is some Wise One to assure us that when these contraceptives become readily available, there will be no increase in promiscuity.

"We all want a pill or product which is labeled, 'Guaranteed not to increase promiscuity.' This is fine, but actually I think we reflect our own insecurity with that kind of talk. We are, in a sense, afraid of what the community will say—what the neighbors will think.

"It is time we took the bull by the horns. We know this much: that if a simple effective contraceptive, such as a vaginal insert, is placed on the market, it may or may not increase promiscuity. The consensus here is that it probably will not. But we do know that hundreds of thousands of unwanted babies would not be born—in or out of marriage—and

that we may have protested, but we never would have asked for the suppression of the magazine.

"We feel that no possible good can come from such an action, and that the action itself is not the way to solve anything. Instead, what the ban has done is this: it sets a precedent for banning if any group of significant number protests. It also, we feel, injures the college's reputation more than if the magazine had been allowed to be sold. However, the basic, and most important issue, is the fact that the ban, as all censorship does, prevents the reader from making his own decision about an artistic creation . . .

"Suppression of creativity is, for us, infinitely worse than the publication of any poem of questionable taste."

Added a former editor of the paper: "I am not overly sensitive where blasphemy is concerned. I can only remark to the outraged segment of the community that I was unaware that the reputation of the Virgin Mary was so precariously established that it would be impaired by a few lines in *New Poems* . . ."

This month, petitions protesting the ban were signed by over 1,000 students. Asked Father Vincent Brown, Chaplain of the college's Newman Club: "Are those who want the ban lifted making a fetish of freedom?"

if we can accomplish that, I say we are doing a wonderful thing."

Dr. Florence Clothier (Assistant to the President, Vassar College): "I am not an anthropologist; I am not a person representing a religious group, nor a sociologist. I am a psychiatrist who has seen a lot of individual people who, whether married or not, are having babies they don't want, and cannot provide for.

"Are we thinking straight about restricting distribution, if we really want to protect society from the birth of unwanted children?"

"Others here have spoken well on the problem of promiscuity. I don't know whether it is going to be increased or not. All I know for sure is that a lot of extramarital relationships are going on among young people and among those who are not so young. And I know that it is a very tragic thing for babies to be born as a result of this. Isn't it better—and I am putting this as a question, not an opinion—for some of these babies not to be born if these people are going to have relations anyhow, as I suspect they are?"

Dr. Allan C. Barnes (Professor and Chairman, Dept. of Obstetrics & Gynecology, Western Reserve University School of Medicine): "The birth of a child outside of marriage, it seems to me, is a far greater tragedy than a casual, passing relationship between two youngsters. If we can do anything to protect that baby from being born into such a situation, I am all for it."



"The Realist will award \$5 for the best caption to this cartoon."

# The Tolerant Pagan . . .

By Reginald Dunsany

Last month, we reported Pope John's dictum demanding "animosity" among Catholic politicians in their subservience to the "moral guidance" of himself, his bishops and his priests. This month, Senator John F. Kennedy made headlines by demurring.

In an interview reported in *Look* magazine, Kennedy said that "whatever one's religion in his private life may be, to the office holder nothing takes precedence over his oath to uphold the Constitution and all its parts—including the First Amendment and strict separation of Church and State."

In what seemed like the rubbing of salt in the wounds of Pope John, Kennedy said that he was flatly opposed to sending an ambassador to the Vatican. A day or two earlier, Congressman Victor Anfuso, commonly a spokesman for Vatican interests, had introduced a bill for that very purpose.

The question now is: What will the Church do about Kennedy? My guess is that it will again dodge the issue, as in the case of Al Smith and, more recently, Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan. But if the Church does not condemn Kennedy's heresy, it may be more interesting than if it does.

The Church may face a split in its American ranks comparable to that which occurred during the last century over the "heresy" of Americanism. There may be some members of the United States Senate who will privately take orders from the hierarchy. But there probably isn't one who will publicly admit doing so.

## EISENHOWER AND THE HIERARCHY

Also, if the Church openly condemns Kennedy's heresy, it may lose the Presidency for the candidates of its faith. But to this pagan, such a loss does not seem serious from the Catholic point of view.

The Church supposedly lost the presidency when Al Smith was defeated in 1928. But under the Presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt, it nevertheless became one of the most powerful political forces in the nation. Its power has not been lessened under Eisenhower.

Jesuit Avery Dulles' Presbyterian father has established a political alliance with the Vatican. While every Catholic member of the Senate is a Democrat, the Methodists and Presbyterians in the administration seem to be jumping over chairs to do favors for the Church.

A good domestic example is the Defense Education Act which went thru at the last session of Congress without much Protestant objection. This was on assumption that it was

not intended to aid, unconstitutionally, Catholic colleges. But after it was passed, the Republican politicians told a different story.

Both the Commissioner of Education and the Undersecretary of Health Education and Welfare have made speeches to Catholic groups telling them that it was intended all the time to be of assistance to Church

## Famous Last Words

Jesus Christ, at The Last Supper: "Separate checks, please."

schools.

Even more direct is the assistance to the Church that would be provided by the proposal sent to Congress a few days ago, with President Eisenhower's endorsement, by his Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Arthur S. Flemming. It would provide for direct payment by the government to banks of 25% of the face amount of sums borrowed for the construction of new college buildings.

The proposed legislation clearly applies not only to publicly operated colleges and those operated by non-sectarian boards but also to Protestant and Catholic religious schools. This is a very long step toward the complete government support of religious education that exists in England, Ireland, Italy, Communist Poland, and other countries where a church-state alliance openly exists. Our constitution is supposed to forbid it.

The amusing part of this episode is that while the name of Arthur S. Flemming, the author of the scheme, sounds Irish, and may well be, the fact is that he is a leading member of the Methodist Church, former President of Ohio Wesleyan University. The Church did not need a Catholic President to get endorsement of this unconstitutional raid on the treasury.

In fact, if Kennedy, as President, had sent such a proposal to The Hill, the Protestants themselves would have

been howling bloody murder within twenty-four hours.

Even more ironic is this likelihood: if Kennedy actually were to become President, he might be not an asset but rather an embarrassment to the Church.

If Eisenhower, like Kennedy, said that "there can be no question of federal funds being used for the support of parochial . . . schools," the Church could reply by way of expletive, as it did to Eleanor Roosevelt in 1949, calling him, "anti-Catholic," or "bigot."

But it is hard to make such a reply to John Kennedy, whose father was a constant visitor to Pius XII, whose mother is a Princess of the Vatican, and who, with his family, has poured millions into the coffers of the Church. It would be even harder to attack him if he were President.

## KENNEDY AS HERETIC

Yet Kennedy's statement conflicts with church doctrine at several points. The very idea that religion is a matter for a man's "private life," that it can be separated from his public duties, that the "infallible" moral pronouncements of the Pope must be subordinated to any mere "man-made" law such as the United States Constitution, that the heretical doctrine of separation of church and state is "infinitely wise" — all these things are clearly repugnant to Catholic doctrine. They clearly separate Kennedy, as similar statements separated Al Smith and Justice Brennan, from the Catholic fold.

To show that Kennedy is now one of the "separated brethren" it is not necessary to delve into medieval theological distinctions. The rule is clearly stated as recently as this month, in an editorial by Chief Editor Monsignor Mathew Smith in the national edition of the Roman Catholic *Register* of Denver.

Father Smith says that "a person who deliberately denies any single dogma taught by her [the Church] cannot be a Catholic."

The doctrines of the Catholic Church leave no room for dissent, or for that "individual moral judgment" which is a comparative virtue of Protestantism, under which individual "believers" may pick and choose even among the dogmas of their particular church.

One may well wonder how it is possible for the Roman Church to be so rigid doctrinally and still have so many millions of members. The reason is that 90% of Catholics don't know what those doctrines are. Of the balance, 90% disagree with some-

part of the doctrinal system but are not aggressive enough publicly to deny them.

It should be noted, in Father Smith's statement, that it is not *disbelief* but *denial* that is interdicted. Kennedy was publicly badgered so much by POAU (Protestants And Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State) that he was forced into the open renunciation that he made in the *Look* article. If he had not done so, the suspicion of dual loyalty would have followed him until election day.

#### EARLIER HERESIES

It is usually simple for the Church to deal with such individual heresies as that of Senator Kennedy. If the heretic is defenseless, the Church may well excommunicate him. If he is important or powerful like John Kennedy, the church disregards his crime, or minimizes it. But the heresies that really cause trouble are those that arise within the official family.

Thus the "Americanism" schism during the latter part of the last century made it necessary for the Pope publicly to chastise Archbishops Gibbons and Ireland. But the two great historical splits in the ranks of the Christian Church were (using Roman Catholic terminology) the Orthodox or Oriental schism and the Protestant heresy. Both of them were commenced by important dignitaries of the Church itself.

A heresy, by the way, is a denial of a truth taught by the Church. A schism is a refusal to accept the authority of the Pope.

The Protestant Reformation, or Protestant Revolution, was commenced by Martin Luther, an important German priest, in the 16th Century. It asserted a series of heresies, including the doctrine of individual moral judgment — the same doctrine that Kennedy has now espoused.

The Oriental schism raged for four or more centuries, but came to a head in the 11th when the Patriarch of Constantinople excommunicated the Bishop of Rome for asserting his supremacy over all the other bishops; and the Bishop of Rome in turn excommunicated the Patriarch of Constantinople for denying his supremacy.

#### POPE'S INVITATION

These are ancient ecclesiastical arguments, but they came into the news again on January 21st when the Pope issued his call for an ecumenical council "to seek Christian Unity." According to the *New York Times*, the call came "as a surprise even to most of the 20 cardinals who were

the first to hear it."

While the Roman Catholic Church does not cease to offer annual prayers, and to bring all kinds of political pressure, to force the "submission to Rome" of the millions of adherents of Protestantism and Orthodoxy (and lately of such groups as the recently separated bishops of China), it has not in recent generations made any serious efforts toward achieving this unity by negotiation.

Even the word "ecumenical" has fallen into disuse in the Roman Church. It means "worldwide" and, before the Oriental schism, was used to describe meetings of bishops of the whole world.

The councils and conclaves of the Roman Catholic Church in recent generations have included only its own dignitaries. It has firmly refused to participate in the Ecumenical Movement sponsored by the World Council of Churches although practically all the Protestant and Orthodox groups belong to it.

#### NON-CATHOLIC REACTIONS

Therefore, while it may have seemed naive, one answer to the Pope's call that went to the root of the issues was that of Ralph Montgomery Arkush, representative of the Russian Orthodox Catholic Church of America (a body separated from the native Communist-influenced sect). Arkush said that "if the Roman Catholic Church wants to be really ecumenical, it should join the World Council of Churches."

Similar reaction came from other Protestant and Orthodox leaders. None of them indicated willingness to participate in the Pope's proposed council. They did not reciprocate the Pope's rudeness by rejecting his invitation outright. But they made clear that they would not, in advance, "submit" to the absolute jurisdiction and totalitarian moral authority of the Pontiff.

A Scottish Presbyterian leader said, "We want a union of Christendom but not on their terms." The Congregationalist spokesman said that "it would have to be two-way conversations." Brooks Hays, President of the Southern Baptist Convention, favored "unity, rather than unification." An Orthodox Archbishop in New York said that "When one side wants to rule the other side, I am sure that the Eastern Churches will not take it."

Reading only the Pope's original "communique," it is quite possible to infer a conciliatory attitude. But that such deduction is not justified appears from statements made almost simultaneously by his associates.

Even on January 21st, the *New*

*York Times* reported that "all authorities consulted" at Rome "made it clear that the Vatican was expecting Eastern Christians to 'return to the common fold,' that is, recognize the primacy of the Pope."

Two or three weeks later, the Jesuit-managed radio at Rome announced that "for the Church of Rome, there is only one road toward unity, namely that which will lead all those who declare themselves for Jesus Christ to professing the same faith and recognizing the same authority."

Namely, John XXIII.

#### SMARTY'S PARTY

In spite of the unanimous adverse reaction of Protestant and Orthodox leaders, the Vatican announced on February 2nd that "responsible leaders of all confessions separated from Rome reacted favorably to the news." Neither the names of the "responsible leaders" nor the texts of their "favorable reactions" were made public. It was hinted that secret negotiations were being conducted and that there were agreements which could not yet be disclosed.

American monsignors were a little more realistic. An article by Monsignor John Cavanagh in the same *Register* above mentioned described the non-Catholic answers quite frankly.

"We might as well face it," he said. "Some people do not like us. Some do not trust us. They cast us in the role of Macbeth's wife . . . She said, 'bear welcome in your eye, your hands, your tongue, look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under't.'"

(In a sense, of course, this attributes to the Pope's critics a degree of flattery not intended by them. One of a serpent's salient characteristics is liness—a quality which rotund Pope John notoriously lacks.)

The World Council of Churches met in Geneva and summed up the Protestant-Orthodox position. It expressed interest in the negotiations but only "on the basis of mutual respect."

By this time, the *Register* and similar Catholic periodicals had abandoned all dissimulation. They made clear that any conciliatory aspects of the Pope's announcement were purely formal. The *Register* said that "there could be no compromise on the doctrines of the Church which are divinely revealed."

If the World Council of Churches expected "mutual respect," its hopes should be dashed by the *Register's* description of Catholic philosophy as one which will "stand for no mental monkeybusiness," and by the editor's assertion that the "denial of infallibility, despite the millions of those who deny it, is childish."

# The West Coast Scene: Two Views

## Los Angeles

By Bennett Karmin

Los Angeles is the largest hick town in the world. If the citizens of Ames, Iowa were given two billion dollars to build a metropolis of their choosing they would construct a Los Angeles.

L.A. is a city divided against itself, without character or identity. Its residents are a potpourri of every nut, malcontent and five-day savior in the nation. When a man feels bizarre and hemmed in by the conventionalities of his tribe he moves to L.A. where he:

1. Founds a religion.
2. Establishes a dietary food chain.
3. Lives with a girl from the mid-West in simple concubinage for less than \$100 a week.

L.A. is two stories high and 5,000 miles wide. Some day the smog will not lift and this prop-city will disappear, like Brigadoon. That will be a calamity—for all the freaks will burst from their balmy cocoon and overrun the world. So you see, Los Angeles, like Bedlam, serves a purpose. It is the nut-hatchery of our hemisphere.

I was in Los Angeles three days and could not find a Los Angelean. Everyone was from Encino, in for the cockfights. It was Mardi Gras time, and all the natives dressed up as San Franciscoans with jacket and tie. This is considered great fun and a good excuse for wearing shoes on Saturday night.

Los Angeles is a city run by a coalition of three parties—The Republicans, The Democrats and The Vegetarians. The Republicans supply the money, da Dems da vote and The Vegetarians the principles.

In ancient Rome when a man committed a crime against the state he was banished—sentenced to exile. In L.A. he has his driver's license revoked. The end result is the same.

They tell me the pace in Los Angeles is slower than in New York. You wake up in the morning and relax. Then you drive to work where you eat a leisurely breakfast by the company swimming pool. After a few hours off for lunch and Mambo, there is the post-meridian siesta, ending in time for cocktails. There follows an informal supper and TV. At such a tempo, Los Angeleans frequently live to be as old as 42.

After 3 p.m., L.A. is a city of mist-ic charm. The neon lights gleam through the haze like smudge pots in an orchid. Airplane pilots know it's there by the hum of the hot-rods. At 8 p.m. on Saturday, L.A. sounds like some enormous beehive.

Los Angeles papers favor the folksy approach to the news. Their stories are chatty without being informative. In an effort to appear colloquial they are often verbose and annoying.

"A funny thing happened to me on the way to the office," is a typical beginning to a news story. Its only point of accuracy is the name and grade of the arresting officer. A conscientious cop with a large territory to patrol can get his name in the paper three or four times a Sunday.

Los Angeles is the Mecca of casual materialism—the Cadillac convertible set. Like Mohammed, Los Angeleans are always running off into the desert to commune with their god. They return tanned and filled with the holy spirit of Old Overholt.

The foliage in L.A. is at once tropical and temperate. A perfectly good spruce is often overshadowed by some vaulting palm tree—the city emblem. Nobody dares touch the palm tree. Like monkeys in India they are allowed to

## San Francisco

By C. A. Holbrook, Jr.

Once again the newspapers are featuring the "local girl makes good" story of a lovely model wooed and won by a Moorish prince. This quaint tale can always be depended on to excite the national pride—one of our own going off to reign as princess in a castle or prized playmate in a harem.

And the concomitant spectacle of some swarthy scion of a parietic camel drover pursuing, with distended cod-piece and extended treasury draft, our sweet, innocent movie starlets and overpriced demimondaines, is one more assurance that the American product is the World's Best.

Our real pride, however, should be in those few canny lasses who evaluate the frenzy with which a True Believer will pursue a thin, tall, blonde, and who succeed in holding out for the highest price.

Even the most obtuse of twentieth-century cocottes must wonder occasionally why these gentlemen, whose ancestry can mystically be traced directly to prehistoric carpet jockeys, who have been educated at the best of British and American universities, and exposed to great doses of our civilization and to the quirks of human nature, have not been able to assimilate the simple fact known to a greater part of the American Negro males, only scant generations from the jungle:

That there is a multitude of young, and middle-aged, and spinsteryish females in this country—short or tall, fat, willowy or thin, big-breasted or mannish, blonde by nature or by artifice—each of whose strongest yearning is to cross the color line and be fattered by a barrel-house king.

What sensual delights these gentlemen can offer the ladies beneath I am unable to say, not yet having found a confidante sufficiently removed from ecstasy to elucidate. But whatever, it's a seller's market, and the boys are really enjoying it.

It would not be meet that I should disclaim all envy, since the spectacle of a little gal playing it up to a buck who just sits there and ignores her, hurts us white boys who still have to say "please." But in this nation of female domination, where matriarchal training starts in utero, it makes me feel good to see the women begging for something even if it isn't me.

Heaven knows how they do it, but every colored boy in every coffee house and bistro has got them lined up. An unprinted but frequently voiced philosophy regarding the racial question in the south has always been to the effect "Give us a few generations and we'll make 'em all white."

I respectfully submit that, given a few extra buses to the local bohemia of our nation, and an undiminishing supply of well-hung Afro-Americans, the national pigmentation is more likely to become that of a heavy suntan.

grow where they please. You find palm trees in the middle of highways, living rooms, stores, garages, temples and occasionally in gardens where they lean precariously over the neighbor's gable.

L.A. is a mammoth juvenalia—a child's town for children. It is a Disneyland with sales tax. When I was in New York they warned me L.A. was fantastic, outlandish, C.B. DeMillish. I vigorously agreed. Imagine my shock when I stepped off the plane and discovered it was all true.

## SURVIVAL

By Harold Fowler

Both the story of Boris Pasternak and the martyrdom of Hungary in 1956 are fighting words in our patriotic vocabulary today. But if we would be realistic, we should ask how these situations look to Russia, our mortal enemy, and whether there is any truth in her viewpoint. For in this atomic age, we can no longer destroy enemies. We can only convert them to friendship and, hopefully, freedom.

Why do we want freedom—to be selfish and greedy?—or to be responsible, to help and share with fellow man? Does freedom mean only the freedom to acquire and enjoy the material benefits of wealth and prosperity? Or does freedom mean the freedom to work for truth and justice and the prosperity of the whole world?

Look at our \$8-billion hoard of food and commodities, some of it already moulding. Look at the way we spend our money, \$5-billion for cigarettes, more for alcohol, and less than this total for education.

Where are the teachers, scientists, engineers, doctors coming from, who can spread over the world and share industrialization and the know-how of the good life? Where are the global businessmen, the global bankers, and the swarms of students studying foreign languages?

The answers are obvious. These basic needs of the world are not coming from the free society. Unfortunately, they are coming from Communism. Man is not becoming moral for moral reasons. He is being made moral, by force.

Hungary, before the war, was a prosperous member of the free society—educated, industrialized, and wealthy. She was also relatively feudal, with wealth concentrations in ownership of land and industry, and she lay on the periphery of Russia. In accordance with her global plan that all who will not share voluntarily must be made to share, Russia gobbled up as many previously free states as she could. She began to bleed them in the common cause.

Individuals not cooperating, trying to hoard property or income, were treated as enemies of the State and packed off to Siberia, if not off with the head. Hoarding is simply illegal in Communism and with its billion people going places in a hurry, there is no time to haggle with anyone who would do it another way.

By contrast, in Capitalism, hoarding is not only legal—the right to own and enjoy property—but something to be proud of, to boast about, even, on Thanksgiving, to thank God for—that he has blessed us so bountifully by comparison with the more than half of humanity which is constantly hungry.

Today, freedom to Hungarians would mean release from forced sharing with fellow man, to join again the booming prosperity of the West, and regain the freedom to ignore fellow man. So Hungary made the effort, relying on our aid, the aid which never came. Russia stepped on Hungary, as on a fly.

Don't misunderstand me. Russia would step on us too, on you and me, if she could, as brutally or worse. For we are all hoarders on the world scene, and hoarding in the Russian code is the capital offense.

We hang and gas and electrocute murderers and kidnapers. But we hoarders are killing and injuring millions,

if not billions, thru gorging ourselves on the profits of our society, which, if shared just in minute degree for investment in world development, would bring all the people of the world up from their hunger and disease and despair.

We have no case to make for freedom before either God or Khrushchev—nor has Hungary, if she would use freedom for no more honorable purpose than do we. Our sins of omission are worse, and more stupid, than Russia's sins of commission.

Boris Pasternak's is a more difficult story, but of similar background. Nobody likes the forced draft of the compulsory society, Big Brother watching from every corner, 16-hour labor for the barest necessities, so that every ounce of excess profit can be plowed back into expansion of the basic plant, so that the barest necessities can be brought to still more people tomorrow.

Nobody, that is, except those at the top, the New Elite, and the dedicated party functionaries up and down the line. The great mass of the people are relatively numb. They work within the framework of each day and their jobs. They are lectured constantly by a tremendous propaganda machine which has as its goal keeping them satisfied with their part in the ideological battle, and in a gradually rising standard of living.

Unfortunately for us, Communism is much more than a billion workers with machine guns at their backs. Communism is a dynamic combination of Science with plenty of 'freedom' to serve—thru learning or work, driving incentives, and punishing fear of failure.

Seeds of freedom are acceptable if they are used responsibly (Russian definition), to develop new praise for overall Communist achievements or ideology, to develop new incentives for additional productivity thru inspiring poetry or literature, or to assist the party line in any way.

But seeds of Capitalist freedom which might fan these laboriously-made latent flames of individual ambition, or which might incite the people to revolt thru basic criticism of the regime, are simply not tolerable. Khrushchev is not going to see his "1984" torpedoed by a poet.

Notice too how many refugees from Communism are educated people, doctors, teachers, engineers, formerly wealthy landlords, or children of these people. These refugees know they can prosper much more outside of Communism than within it.

This brings up the question of our behavior after we have defaulted the world to Communism thru failing to have used our freedom responsibly to develop its full potential.

When we too are ciphers of the 'Holy People's World State,' will we eat our crow in complacency, and sing the praises of the great Nikita who has at last brought us to the service of mankind, or will we sulk and rage at the loss of our luxuries until we too are dragged from our families and sent to dig Siberian coal, or shot?

*Dr. Zhivago* is critical of Communism, but it is just as critical of Capitalism, for it is a book in praise of Christ and the theoretically Christian way of service in love and justice. And while the Russians deny Christ in word, we do the same in deed and in hypocrisy.

While the Russians are brutal to those who interfere with Communism's plan to free the world, we lie back in luxury and greed and let the world starve.

It's too bad Khrushchev didn't print *Dr. Zhivago*, and take 'his' Nobel Prize. In the long run, the shoe might better have fitted us than him. In this realization, lie the best hopes for peace.

## Editorials

(Continued from Page 6)

**Pat Boone and the Back-Side**

While the football teams of some colleges have been guilty of subsidizing students—even if \$300 for laundry expenses is a slight exaggeration—the football team of Columbia University—which has been ‘beat’ more often than its former member, Jack Kerouac—did not subsidize Pat Boone.

If anyone subsidized him, it was the college's Publicity Department.

Boone—who was Arthur Godfrey's protege even before Sam Levenson—is a sanitary rock'n'roll singer who wears clean white bucks and makes clean green ones, not just from vocalizing and movie-making, but also from some eighty products sold by his corporation—possibly the widest range put out by an entertainment personality.

And his book, *Twist Twelve and Twenty*, is a best-seller. In it, Boone—who himself got married 'twist twelve and twenty, and avoided the problem—advises others in that age group against kissing: "I really think it's better to amuse ourselves in some other way . . . I say go bowling, or to a basketball game."

Last month, Boone made *Life's* cover. Inside the magazine, he was pictured in the steam room of the N. Y. Athletic Club, which practices racial and religious discrimination, and to which he nonetheless goes for a workout three times a week.

We would never stoop so low as to even imply guilt by association, but since influential Pat Boone has replaced Jack Armstrong as the all-American-boy, it would behoove him to take a public stand on the matter instead of merely giving out with innocuous confessions, as he does this month in *Motion Picture* magazine, that he was a teen-aged shoplifter.

**The Power of Positive Reducing**

The Peale Brothers—not to be confused with Harry and Burt if you can help it—were working in partnership this month.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and his physician brother, Dr. Robert Clifford Peale, had collaborated on a booklet entitled *Live Longer and Better*—"an interesting NEW approach to the control of body weight . . . offering for the FIRST TIME the COMBINED therapies of a doctor and a pastor . . . the 2-way spiritual-medical method . . ."

They were offering free copies—if you peeled off two dollars and subscribed to Norman Vincent's monthly *Guidposts*—edited "100% for your contentment." (Translated: "adjustment.")

This is probably one of the most unusual package deals offered in a long time. Should any reader of the *Realist* wish to take advantage of it, we would suggest that you keep a diary during your metamorphosis. Later you could put your experiences into book form. We have the title all ready and waiting:

*I Lost Weight and Found God*

**Models Proposals**

(Continued from Page 24)

Vatican rescinds Spellman order excommunicating all Puerto Ricans in N. Y. Archdiocese . . . F.B.I. raids P.R. cache of guava jelly. importer held . . . "Cha-Cha-Cha" not Puerto Rican, declares NBC's Sarnoff as network ban on hot Latin music is lifted . . . handmade lace for lingerie is no longer fashionable, decrees Vogue . . . —and I might say, that is to be explicit with you now, that those immediately concerned with Puerto Rica, that is to say the Department of Defense people

in whom I have the utmost confidence, they know, I am assured, where Puerto Rica is. I have no personal knowledge of its whereabouts and was not aware that it was, until your question to me, a possession of the United States, but Mr. Hagerty assures me that such is the case and you may be confident that the administration will, in every way, on all operating levels, control, as you might say it, the situation, until finalized. Thank you, next question?" . . . rum sales drop . . . "Didja hear that one about the Scotchman, the Irishman, the Jew and the Porta Reecan?" . . . A Department of Defense Communique discounts the importance of establishing a Puerto Rican beachhead on the Eastern Shore of Maryland . . . Alaska protests new Puerto Rican relocation centers at Pt. Barrow . . . Miami and Miami Beach declared open cities by executive order . . . Lynch man found with Spanish Fly in his possession . . . Everything back to normal in New Orleans under Puerto Rican occupation . . . "West Side Story" closed by order of Department of Defense . . . Mayor of Memphis, Tennessee rehearses welcome speech in Spanish . . . Actor-Director Jose Ferrer arrested for failure to register as an enemy alien . . . Nixon appoints Government-in-Exile Cabinet at Montreal meeting: Canada pledges limited aid . . . "New York Times" changes name to "El Tiempo de Nueva York" . . . Desfile triunfal de las fuerzas Puertorriquenas en la Quinta Avenida . . .

**The Purpose Of Life**

(Continued from Page 14)

life is the insect realm. Within it there is never-ending civil war without even temporary armistice. Millions die every hour fro clip and sting and forceps. Some are highly developed and suffer intensely.

Can it be that some intelligent creature being so designed? Was all this purposeful and intentional? Does this creative intelligence sit in an ivory throne on its space island, feasting eyes on universal slaughter and listening to ceaseless cries of agony?

Is it not less fearful to realize that nature through its myriad forces produces cellular and higher developed forms which through compulsion of circumstance war upon each other? The processes are born neither of love nor of hate. Avalanches, storms, exterminations are not freaks of vengeance.

To ascribe a purpose to life is to postulate a monstrous might.

**Taboo Or Not Taboo**

(Continued from Page 14)

Olympia Press edition—then the only edition—of the book. The luckless bookdealer was hauled into court, hat in hand.

The pompous magistrate, hearing that the Paris-published volume dealt with a Little Orphan Annie-type character who is seduced on every ninth page by her step-daddy, delivered a windy speech condemning obscenity in general and *Lolita* in particular. The poor book-stall owner, hoping to get out with a small fine, put up absolutely no defense for the book.

And so *Lolita* was officially banned in England.

And so the book continues on with its checkered career—not banned in Boston, but suppressed in Paris—and a reputable British publisher will risk prosecution by bringing out a British edition. He is also a member of Parliament, which makes the cause celebre even hotter.

The publisher's seat in Parliament will be on the block as he enters the first party primary in British history—with *Lolita* being one of the direct causes.

Not a bad coup for the puberty-stricken miss.

John Francis Putnam's

## MODEST PROPOSALS

### Let Us Declare War on Puerto Rico

The Recession is over. Fact-packed articles in Time and Newsweek prove it, and, if any doubt remains after reading all those columns of sure and skillful prose, there remain the confidential newsletters from Washington, printed in a "typewriter" linotype setting (to give the appearance of breathless immediacy); these rush sheets will tell you, with underlinings in the proper places, that their private sources (in the Senate Office Building barber shop) have it that the Recession is indeed over.

And so it will may be over for all but the more stubborn relief cases, a faceless horde as elusive of statistical encirclement as Coxey's Army.

But what is to stop another Recession? An even bigger one, with stockbrokers falling like huge, flabby hail stones out of the upper reaches of Wall Street? Only a War Economy can maintain the cherished standard of unhappiness we call living—our American Way of Life where the only people you see consistently smiling are those fortunate few gathered gaily 'round The Product in TV and magazine ads. To preserve this, we need a real War Economy; not one of your half-arse defense economies, but an honest-to-goodness mobilization of everything and everybody to back an EFFORT.

Today, only one thing prevents us from setting up a War Effort and that is the fact that War is played for keeps. We cannot afford a Science-Fiction aftermath where you won't be able to tell the surface of the Earth from the surface of the Moon without a program.

But we propose a safe way to do it, so that America can latch on to all that War Effort money without endangering the flora and fauna of the world.

Why not start up a "police action" within our own territorial limits? It would be our own business — no outsiders could legally intervene as we mobilized a full scale war economy to cope with the "exercise." We'd be quite safe from UN interference and even from UN resolutions as in all our Majesty and Might we arose

to solemnly declare war against Puerto Rico.

This would mean immediate mobilization. It would mean nylon shirts and dollar cigars for the latrine maintenance crew down at the munitions plant; it would mean a safe berth for Newspaper Syndicate hacks on the Atrocity Stories Board of the Office of War Information; it would mean a TV network "for-the-duration" telethon on behalf of War Bonds and second-rate talent; it would mean \$200-a-week-part-time-after-school jobs for teenagers.

It would mean that conformity would become fashionable again. And patriotic, too.

Backing the War Effort would mean newsprint rationing with careful allocations made by an impartial board according to merit so that the normal circulation level of the Hearst Papers would be maintained while all egghead paperback books and periodicals would be completely eliminated.

Mother is not to be forgotten in a War Effort either. She'll go back to her supply of olive-drab wool yarn, and start "knitting for the boys" again. She'll feel "wanted" and even "useful" once more, an important gain for the national psyche.

Above all there'll be lots of money, new money, the kind that comes to you crisp from a payroll, giving off that satisfying dry leaf sound as you peel bill after bill off the wad. And the cosmic itch to spend it is bound to save our way of life.

But we almost forgot—until reminded by that classic phrase—"Hey, don'tcha know . . . there's a WAR on!" Only a verbal montage can cope with the rush of history that is upon us now with such grandiose release of the National Energies!

Handy wall chart tells Life readers how to distinguish a Puerto Rican from a Cuban . . . "That Guilty Little Island," coming in next month's National Geographic Magazine . . . busboys and dishwashers wanted: \$150 a week to start, apply personnel mgr., Waldorf-Astoria Hotel . . . Costa Rican Ambassador released after overnight jailing by Kansas City Police, plans official protest . . . Spanish eliminated from curriculum of East Harlem Public Schools . . . Vocalist Andy Russell arrives at Idaho P.R. relocation Center, reaffirms his loyalty to U. S. . . Chrysler Motors Corp. discards name "De Soto" as being "too controversial at this time." Henceforth, car will be called the "Walter P." . . .

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