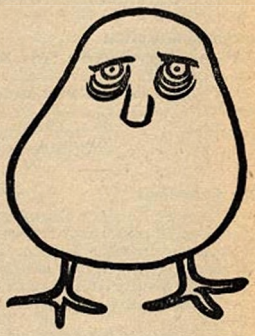
The REALIST Issue Number 28 - Aug, 1961 - Page 01
scans of this entire issue found at: http://www.ep.tc/realist/28

freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



August, 1961 | 35 Cents | No. 28 | *the magazine of yellow journalism*

(special note to disgruntled sewer workers and violent magazine readers)

CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING

Feature Article:

I Was a Teenaged Senior Citizen

★ ★ ★

Exclusive Exposé:

Playtex Living Bra Dies of Malnutrition

★ ★ ★

Picture Story:

Does Space Actually Have a Finite End?

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THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

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scans of this entire issue found at: http://www.ep.tc/realist/28

SIR REALIST:

Logical Question

Please send me your "five best issues" for $1 as you advertised. . . . By the way, which were your five worst issues?

Fred Cherry
Brooklyn, N. Y.

An Appraisal

Your April issue is a blur of assininity, thousands of words of mostly kiddy-stuff humor crowding two tiny islands of sense, the Interlandi cartoon and Bob Abel feature ("A Quarterly Report on Some of the Crap that's Been Going On").

John Wilcock's "Columny" is a boy playing with square marbles. His combing out of the Sullivan-Wilson-Kilgallen nits in the Broadway shampoo for *Realist* readers is like the Department of Sanitation sending us back samples of our garbage special delivery.

"Psychita" is kitch wanting to be Krafft-Ebing.

If Jim Higgins "is part H. L. Mencken, part Mort Sahl," Barry Gray is all Pascal. The writer of this bitch note heard Jim at a kind of miracle rally in New York to form an anti-Franco force—and the bearded Higgins with the Irish juice running in him cleverly mephistoed close to $1000 out of the audience. Moral: Find more good meetings for Higgins.

Your Eichmann joke will be funny the day shrimps learn how to say Kaddish.

Send your "Coon to the Moon" line to Martin Luther King, see if he cracks a rib laughing.

When did you change from the *Realist* to the *Pratfall?*

Sidney Bernard
New York, N. Y.

Editor's note: Since the above reactions are purely subjective, it would be senseless to defend my judgments. Just for the record, though, I would like to point out that the joke about the NAACP wanting to integrate outer space was printed as an example of jimcrowism at Mississippi Southern College and that it appeared within the context of an article critical of the mode of thinking which breeds hostility—of which the 'humor' was just another vehicle—toward an undeserving target. Moreover, the identical gag can be related with compassion—it depends on who's telling it, and to whom—so you can complain all you want about the "Coon to the Moon" line, Mr. Bernard, but the jig is up.

Hyperdevout Cynic

One thing that really hit me in issue #23 was that story of the Negroes in Haywood and Fayette counties. I never realized that they were in such a situation. It really got me, as nothing had in the past. Not only did I send in $10, which is more than I can afford, but I also volunteered my services in trying to get something going here at the University of Vermont. If you knew me, you would know that it really takes some doing to do that. But cynical as I am, and I am a hyperdevout cynic, I hate to see those animals who call themselves human beings (while trying on their sheets for the next Klan meeting) prove that my cynicism has a real basis. Cynical as I am, I don't mind proving myself wrong occasionally. So I am going to do all I can.

Kim A. Boriskin
Burlington, Vt.

P.S. I have been running through some back issues. . . . I see a "definition" of Yom Kippur, *viz.* Instant Lent. That's funny, because I always thought that Lent was Yom Kippur on the installment plan.

Compound Prejudice

Not only will Sammy Davis, Jr. be discriminated against in the next election because of his *religion* (issue #22) but also because of the fact that he married a *foreigner*. The America-Firsters and know-nothings will strenuously object to his candidacy.

Don Fulsom
Syracuse, N. Y.

You Asked For It

A reader . . . has told us about an excellent piece you had published called "Churchman" (issue #23). We would be grateful if you could send us a copy of it. She said it was "too funny," so we can't resist writing you for it.

Edna Johnson
Managing Editor
The Churchman

Sour Grape of the Month

The N. Y. Daily News this month queried the man on the street about the Russian cosmonaut's orbit 17 times around the earth. Responded one:

"I personally think they orbited a man, but I would like to see more evidence of re-entry and landing. I still have some doubt about the first shoot as well as the second. We will definitely catch up in a year or two. They don't frighten me. I think it is basically a manifestation of their inferiority complex — making missiles instead of refrigerators."

What They Say About Dixie

Let me say that I think the Dave Berkman article ("College Teacher in Mississippi") is one of the timeliest that I have ever seen on the subject which he treats. I shall start a movement immediately to see that copies of that issue are sent to all the faculty members of certain colleges in Alabama and Georgia.

Mrs. Daisy F. Balsley
Winston-Salem Teachers College
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Illegitimate Words

I enjoyed and appreciated tremendously Dave Berkman's notes on the un-teaching of English ("Mass Media and Education," issue #26), being a disillusioned ex-professor of that language myself. The fight is a long and hard one, and Mr. Berkman's magnificent indignation will, no doubt, bring in inane accusations of "stuffiness" and the like. After my closing comment, he may wish to accuse me of the same, but I do implore him to note that the preposition that rhymes with "threw" is correctly spelled t-h-r-o-u-g-h. *Thru* (p. 20, para. 5 of his essay), like *Nite* and *Bar-B-Q* and *E-Z*, is a bastard word spawned for the aid and comfort of imbeciles.

William D. Wells
New York, N. Y.

Big Brother Is Watching

You once accused me in print [issue #20] of being too cheap to subscribe. It really wasn't that (entirely); it's just that I like to back a winner. You've finally won, so here's a $5 check. Since regular subscriptions are $5 for 20 issues, and back copies go at 5 for $1 (or $5 for 25 issues), I'll subscribe to back issues, one month behind.

George N. Krassner
Rochester, N. Y.

Date Nut Loafer

Re "Malice in Maryland" (issue #23) wherein the claim is made that 68 million Americans do not attend any church. If you run across one female type, age 20-24, kindly pass the good word to me.

Bob Goldblatt
Jamaica, N. Y.

Editor's note: Screw you, pal; I'm looking myself.

And Then What?

I would like to suggest that the *Realist* organize a peace corps from U.S. Peace Corps rejects. . . .

Alton T. Lemon
Philadelphia, Pa.

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editorial type stuff

Sorry, Right Number
(a tale of two phone calls)

The trouble with newspapers is, they keep giving you all these weird little journalistic signs of the masochistic times—and then they never follow them up. Let us take, for example, a couple of magnificently significant stories—these were actual news items—and let us follow them to their fatalistic conclusions.

News item: Two hundred women students at an ivy-covered college have been offered insurance policies against pregnancy. Payments and all matters connected with the policy would be handled in the "strictest secrecy." Any policy holder, discovering that she was going to have a baby, would be paid $700.

(SCENE: A sorority house at an ivy-covered college).

"Georgie, it's okay, you don't have to—you know—this time."

"What do you mean?"

"You said yourself it's like shaking hands with gloves on, that way."

"Well, unless you go out and get fitted—"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that."

"I told you, just get a ring and tell them you're *married*, if you're so embarrassed."

"It's not that, Georgie, it's just that—you know—it would take away all the spontaneity and everything."

"Well, we have to use *some*thing. I mean you don't want me to start taking chances, do you?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, Georgie. I took out this special accident insurance policy . . ."

* * *

(SCENE: Several months later — the telephone rings)

"Hello."

"Georgie, I have to talk to you."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm late—I waited ten whole days before I called you—I didn't want to worry you if I wasn't sure."

"Oh, geez, does it have to happen during finals—"

"I'm sorry, Georgie, I know how busy you are studying and everything."

"That's all right. I'd want to know, of course."

"Georgie, what are we gonna *do?*"

"We'll figure out something — at least you're insured."

"That's what I have to tell you, Georgie. I was also late paying the premium."

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor
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News item: President John F. Kennedy and Premier Nikita Khrushchev look with favor upon a proposal for a direct telephone line from the White House in Washington to the Kremlin in Moscow. Both leaders feel this might prevent accidental nuclear war. A direct telephone line is necessary because in this electronic age the guidance systems of missiles are not completely reliable and, in the event of an accidental firing, every second counts. For example, it would take approximately 33 minutes for an Atlas missile to travel from Vandenberg Air Base in California to Moscow. The distance between Moscow and the east coast of the United States can be covered in even less time.

(SCENE: The White House)

"Okay, Mrs. Kennedy, where do you want it installed?"

"I think it'll go nice right here in the baby's room."

"Ain't you afraid it's gonna wake the kid up when it rings?"

"Well, we hope it never *will* ring, you see."

"Oops, I put my equipment down on these diapers."

"Oh, that's all right, they have to go to the laundry today anyway."

"Now here's the phone. Turquoise, like you ordered."

"Yes, the color is lovely, but I'm afraid you'll have to make another trip. I specifically asked for the Princess model."

* * *

(SCENE: Several months later — the telephone rings)

"Hello."

"Jack?"

"Speaking."

"Hi, this is Nikita."

"Niki, how are you?"

"Oh, can't complain. How's yourself?"

"Vigorous as ever, thanks. How's the family?"

"Everybody's just fine. Except Nina, she has a little cold. We have these sudden changes in the weather here, you know. How are Jackie and the children?"

"Well, we're having a little trouble with Caroline. My brother Bob thinks it's sibling rivalry."

"Probably it's just a phase she's going through."

"Yeah, kids."

"Listen, I'll tell you why I called. Your boys in the Strategic Air Command will be seeing something on their radar screens, and I just thought I'd let you know that it's because we set off a test missile with an atomic warhead and our guidance system went slightly out of whack. So please don't think we're starting nuclear warfare against your country."

"Well, gee, Niki, I certainly appreciate your taking the trouble to call."

"No trouble, Jack, no trouble at all. Because otherwise you might think it was a sneak attack."

"Of course. This way, not only do I have time to speed our Civil Defense forces into action, but you don't have to worry about any massive retaliation on our part."

"All right, Jack, swell. I won't keep you, then; I know you must have things to do."

"Right, Niki. Thanks for calling."

"Give my regards to Lyndie and Lady Bird."

"Will do."

"And remember—don't call us, we'll call you."

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The Naked Emperor (Continued)

EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
OFFICE OF CIVIL AND DEFENSE
MOBILIZATION
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

July 12, 1961

Dear Mr. Krassner:

We were pleased to receive your letter posing the challenging question, "What would happen to our nation's economy if everyone stocked a two-week food supply?" The interest you have shown in giving your readers the facts on this important situation is to be warmly commended.

In order to cover your inquiry completely, let's look at the present status of our home food stockpiles, determine the needs of our population, and then proceed to find out what the effects on the economy would be if the necessary preparations were made.

The Office of Civil Defense Mobilization and various other Federal agencies dealing with civil defense have been concerned for a number of years with the apparent indifference of the American public with respect to preparations for a possible national emergency. Latest estimates disclose the fact that an infinitesimal fraction of our population has adequately stocked home shelters. Although exact figures on food stocks in the home are not available, recent assessments show a three to four day supply providing the minimum caloric requirements (2000 calories per day, Institute of Home Eco., United States Department of Agriculture) throughout the country.

Going a step further in our analysis, we find that sufficient stocks may be built up for less than one dollar per person for each day's shortage through regular purchase of staple goods and that careful rotation, at least once a year, can keep the home amply supplied while minimizing spoilage.

Additional spending on food products to fill the 10 to 11 day gap in our present home food stocks would be approximately 2% of the amount presently being spent on food and tobacco in one year (latest figures on food consumption, $82,980,000,000—Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1960). We may expect, then, that spread over a one or two year period, this additional amount would be absorbed naturally, minimizing price spiral and the creation of new businesses. The alert retailer, conscious of his customer's needs, may be depended upon to recognize the temporary increase in sales and adjust accordingly.

If, as a result of urging by authorities, the public should converge on retail stores to stock up, the ten day supply on hand (estimate, George H. Goldsborough, Agricultural Marketing Service) would be sufficient. To assure equitable distribution, however, government regulation of the program might have to be implemented.

An appreciable dip in the sale of other goods or a reduction in savings is not expected. Of course the manner in which the pay check is spent is a personal decision, yet it seems that the estimated one dollar daily per person could be reconciled with the family budget while allowing a wide degree of flexibility in adjusting other purchases and savings.

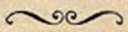
We have tried to anticipate the various components of your inquiry, Mr. Krassner, and hope that our reply has helped to abate the curiosity and misgivings of you and your readers. To aid you further in pursuing matters we may have overlooked, you will find the enclosed pamphlet, "Food Stockpiling for Emergency Shelters," useful.

Sincerely,

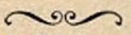
/s/ F. L. Parnell
Deputy Assistant Director
Food and Water

Excerpts from 'Food Stockpiling for Emergency Shelters'

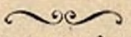
Costs of food for shelters should not be so high as to adversely affect the acceptability of the shelter program. On the other hand, neither should shelter diets be so austere that they may fail to sustain morale of the shelter occupants.



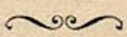
It is desirable that foods be entirely edible to minimize the problem of garbage disposal and save space.



While milk, soups and juices are nutritious, a reasonable amount of "chewy" and "bulky" foods are needed to add roughage and variety to the meals.

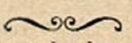


For adults, the source of calories during short periods is not as important as having familiar foods and beverages to ease tension and satisfy hunger. For children, the assortment of foods should receive greater attention.

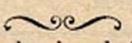


There should be included, as required, special milk or strained, chopped, or other special foods for infants, toddlers, older persons, diabetics, invalids, and others on a special diet.

It is desirable to rotate canned foods at least once or twice a year and foods in paper cartons (without added protection) at least every 3 months. This will ensure having a reserve supply of food that has not lost quality. As food from the reserve shelf is used for meals or for any unexpected guests, it should be replaced.



Hospitals, factories, schools and other large buildings that have feeding facilities could establish and maintain stockpiles of food for the employees and others who may be in such buildings at the time of an emergency. The selection of foods can vary depending on what can be used at the facility, the funds available and the composition and preferences of the group to be served.



Menus should be developed to provide three acceptable meals for each day of a seven-day period. The series of menus can be repeated for the second week of the emergency priod. Every reasonable effort should be made to reduce the number of separate food items required for the rotation stockpile. One-dish items may be included for several meals and the same meats and other items can be repeated on different days and still avoid monotony.

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The feasibility of rotating the more promising food items must be checked with the Cafeteria Manager. Canned meat items, prepared biscuit mix, and soda crackers would be desirable for any stockpile but are difficult to rotate. Because of the relatively high cost per unit of canned meat products, there is a question as to whether they may be rotated on a competitive price basis with the fresh product.

If the temperature in a shelter can be kept below 70° F, and the relative humidity less than 50 per cent, the rate of food deterioration is reduced and inspections could be less frequent. For most shelters, special equipment to control humidity would be required.

Many people will want more than a strict subsistence diet in their shelter. The variety of foods that would have a relatively long storage life in shelters is quite limited.

Fluctuating temperature, together with high relative humidity, result in condensation of moisture and rusting of tin cans. Other factors being equal, the shelter life of most foods is generally cut in half by an increase in temperature of 18° F. By using this rule of thumb, six months of storage at 106° F. is equivalent to 12 months storage at 88°, 24 months at 70, 48 months at 52, and 8 years at 34 degrees.

Though refrigeration could be used to extend the storage life of foods in shelters, it is not considered to be practicable to provide refrigeration for most shelters. The costs of refrigeration in a shelter for a food stockpile could amount to substantially more than the value of the foods stored.

A compressed cereal bar has been developed that can be bulk packaged and eaten with cheese, jam and peanut butter; served with milk as either a cold or hot cereal; or mixed with hot soups, gravy or sauce as an entree for lunch or dinner. Although this type of food product is relatively inexpensive, it is still in the developmental stage and does not have general public acceptability.

Morality On The Meat-Block

From an ad in Supermarket News:

Every morning, you go over your display case carefully. You take out any cuts of beef, veal or lamb that show the SLIGHTEST loss of bloom and convert it into:

Ground Beef Patties Ground Chuck Patties
Ground Round Patties
Chopped Sirloin Steaks Veal Choppies
Lamb Patties Mock Chicken Legs

These Hollymatic-formed meat products are then sold at the same retail price as the original cut, or at a slightly higher price, and into your case go fresh, new cuts. Following this procedure assures you of having only fresh meat on display. It means, too, you are building more CUSTOMER CONFIDENCE. And nothing creates the impression of QUALITY like freshness.

If you talk SALES and PROFITS — Hollymatic [manufacturer of automatic meat-forming equipment] talks your language.

'NEXT WEEK: EAST (BER)LYNNE'

From the Los Angeles Herald-Express:

LAS VEGAS, Nev., July 28 (UPI)—Plans for a 5000-man militia to repulse an estimated million Southern Californias whom officials think might plunder Nevada in the event of a nuclear war were unveiled yesterday.

The proposal was made at a civil defense meeting attended by nearly 400 business and industrial leaders.

J. Carlton Adair, plans and programs officer for the local civil defense organization . . . said that if Nevada is not hit by heavy radiation or a thermo-nuclear bomb at the same time as California, "a million or more persons might stream into this area from Southern California. They could come in like a swarm of human locusts and pick the valley clean of food, medical supplies and other goods. Our law enforcement agencies are not numerically equipped to handle such an influx of humanity so we have drawn up plans for a militia."

Brig. Gen. J. T. Roberts (USA ret.) advised Las Vegas residents to build bomb shelters in their backyards.

Roberts also had a word about the neighbor problem.

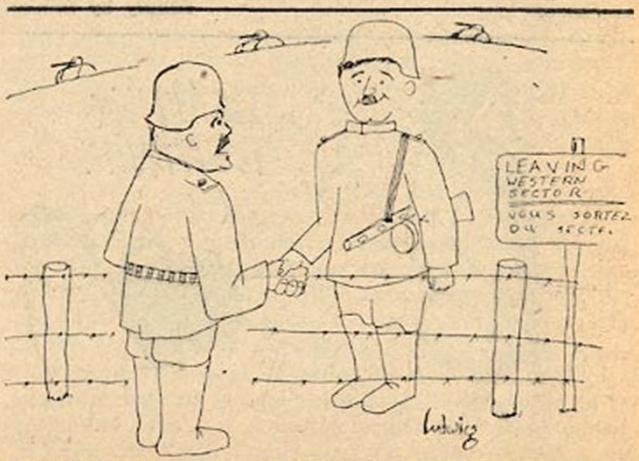
"If the builder takes a shotgun into the shelter with him as I advocate to protect the family, the head of the family must be prepared to repel invaders—even those who come from across the street."

what's the catch?

by Marshall E. Deutsch

(Catches are on Page 23)

1. No two snowflakes ever have the same pattern.
2. Three University of Mississippi physicians found that injection of hydrogenated ergot alkaloids into a few score of patients caused statistically significant decreases in blood pressure. By use of repeated injections, they were able to maintain the lowered blood pressure for as long as 143 weeks. Therefore hydrogenated ergot alkaloids are effective in reducing blood pressure.
3. Two plus two always equals four.



"Afrika Korps, 1943—no? Ach, maybe Belgium, 1940 . . ."

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Would You Believe It—
I HAVE A CULT . . .

"Forbidden Secrets of the Masters," warns the circular letter from the Aquarius School of the Masters in Santa Ysabel, California, "will be sent to you with the clear understanding that you will *not* try to use them for any purpose which is forbidden by law or conscience! You should *never* attempt to use any *sacred knowledge* purely to satisfy sensual, lustful or purely selfish desires, or to gain any unethical advantage over another person."

Of course, the invitation is not being extended indiscriminately. "You were selected," the letter explains, "because of your past study and application of the Higher Laws of Life which you have learned through your search for the *real truth of life*. Rest assured that such diligent effort does *not* go unnoticed or unrewarded."

(No sir, not while mailing-list firms are busy compiling all those sucker names; rest assured.)

The Forbidden Secrets are revealed in a series of ten monographs:

1. *The Sacred Circle.* "No evil, no illness, no accident . . . can penetrate the *sacred circle*. Whole villages have died of plague, but the Masters living nearby were unharmed. Robber bands and marauders roam the plains of India and China, but Masters are *never robbed!* Evil *cannot touch them!*"

2. *Commanding the Cosmic.* "Instant healing; Wealth whenever needed. A life Companion, Love, Happiness. The Cosmic *cannot refuse!* Warning: Be sure you *know*—and *really* know—what you want, because you will get it, regardless of whether it is 'good for you' or not!"

3. *Riches Without End.* "What would you do with *ten thousand dollars?* Could you use it *wisely?* What about a *hundred thousand?* Would you throw it away to gratify your vanity, lower senses and animal desires? Or would you use it in such a way that the world would be made *better* because you were given custody of that much? Do *not* use this Forbidden Secret until you are *sure!*"

4. *Cosmic Communication.* "All 'discoveries' and inventions have existed for eons of time. Man *re*-discovers—he does *not* discover. Inventors have learned . . . how to 'tune in' on the Cosmic Mind where *all knowledge* exists. Radio, television, Atom Bomb, H-Bomb—these are not 'secrets' controlled by men! Seek what you will and you *will* receive it!"

5. *Beyond the Veil.* "Can man safely 'travel beyond the veil,' and actually experience what so-called death is like? Forbidden Secrets of the Masters are safe! It is up to *you* whether you wish to *use them* or not! The *knowledge* is ready!"

6. *Cosmic Travel.* "What a priceless *secret*—to hear, to see, to *know*, instantly, what loved ones are doing, saying, even thinking! . . . How wonderful to know if a son, a daughter, a husband, a wife, a sweetheart or a friend needs help! Then to use other Forbidden Secrets of the Masters to help them! . . . Distance does not exist in the *cosmic!* One mile or ten thousand miles—it makes no difference!"

7. *While the Body Sleeps.* "Where are you when you are asleep? . . . Cosmic Forces heal during sleep—if you 'sleep in the arms of the Masters!' Total sleep . . . necessary in order to retain or *regain* youth . . . what peace, what joy, what *complete tranquility* is yours. . . ."

8. *Cosmic Control.* "What happens when you *think?* What terrific force is unleashed? What can that force do? Can you unwittingly hurt one you love simply by *thinking?* The world should know of this! Yet, wrongly used, it might not be well! Nevertheless, it is better to *know* than to stumble blindly into *destruction!* By Cosmic Control, you heal or hurt! How *much* depends upon training, but *always* either one or the other!"

9. *Love Everlasting.* Use this Forbidden Secret with due care and discretion! Attract and hold the love of whomsoever you will—but only for the highest purpose! It is not well to 'trifle.' You can readily see why Forbidden Secrets of the Masters must still be 'forbidden' to some! Those living only for the 'pleasures of flesh' might seek to use them wrongly."

10. *Life Everlasting.* "Is it necessary for man to die? What is the purpose of 'death?' Why do Masters live so long? Is 200 years 'too long' to live? . . . Did anyone ever live for five hundred years? The Bible says *eight hundred—and more!*"

These Forbidden Secrets, the letter points out, "cannot be bought and sold like eggs, butter, and grain. This Ancient Wisdom is not 'property' that can be traded in the marketplace. They are *not* intended for 'everybody.'"

The coupon explained: "The series of monographs described are reserved for those who donate $10.00 or more" and who would sign the following pledge:

"Yes, I promise to use Forbidden Secrets of the Masters for good and honorable purposes *only!* I am sincere, and I gladly enclose the amount checked below as my *donation.* . . ."

Dr. Merle E. Parker, who signed the letter, "Yours for *complete unfoldment*"—referring to the recipient's billfold, apparently—added this note of sympathy:

"If, after thoughtful consideration, you feel that your Higher Nature is not sufficiently developed to use these Forbidden Secrets in accordance with the *high standards* recommended, please do *not* request them. If I have not heard from you within a reasonable length of time, I will understand."

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core and surface

by Lawrence Barth

Why Biology?

Raising my head from the eyepiece of a microscope, or sitting in the dark watching a jar of small jellyfish flashing their blue light, I ask myself, What made biology your hobby? Why not stamps, why not collecting antique rockers?

Biology isn't a popular interest for the layman in America today, as it has been in England for a century or more. True, we have a few isolated "nature study" groups, but they tend toward a "What species of bird is that?" lore. Why is my interest of a different color?

The answers to that come to me piecemeal, and then only because I'm standing with, say, a salamander actually in my hand and his motion of life is prodding the chambers of my brain. I want to project a few of the high moments I've had with biology, some of the special animals and functions I've peered at, and see what these lead to in the realm of thought and querying. I'm not discussing this because I'm trying to push my hobby onto you, but simply because I think that reaching into the waters of life-science can help us to live more deeply and joyfully, when as a human race we seem bent on blankness, pain and suicide.

The welter of biological visions is so enormous in my memory that I must plunge in anywhere. Nematodes, for instance—tiny roundworms, usually visible only with magnification, yet filled with complex organs. They're found in us and other animals, in plants, soil, water. In a mood for almost laughable special detail, one can learn that a certain species has been found nowhere but on the felt mats on which Germans put down their steins of beer. In an esthetic mood one can admire their grace-filled rapid twisting in water— a natural motion that recalls Hogarth's line of beauty.

Snail eggs under the micro lens allow you to look through their skin during the early stage. As that blob of tissue slowly adds more and more cells it turns, turns, like the earth itself, in its prison—until an eye becomes clear, a primitive shell builds up and eventually a pinhead-sized snail is on the slide, with each internal organ in place and shaped as it should be. And that puts before you one of the deepest and most exciting puzzles—how do its reproductive cells develop into a snail only—not a mouse, not a flea?

In some way genes do it, we've known for a while, and now it looks very probable that the units quietly exercising the needed control are large molecules of the chemical DNA, of which genes are mostly composed. Somehow (again, puzzles for future disentanglement) these molecules, long patterned chains embracing each other, say the word: mouse, flea, snail—and nothing else.

Here we're at not only the molecular but even the atomic level of a living animal. How slowly all this knowledge accumulated, how dull some of the minute discoveries seemed when the sciences of genetics and embryology were new and bare; how necessary each one is to the thrill of a breakthrough is understanding many decades later!

This world of molecule patterns dictates some strange shapes in animals: the protozoan Gonyaulax, for instance, whose single cell looks like an elaborate suit of armor patterned with a system of ridges and pores; the radiolarian protozoa, which extract silica from sea water and construct intricate cases of latticework and stiff spines; the squids, with their tentacles, large humanlike eyes and their appearance of being constructed backwards; the blobby transparent comb jellyfish, walnut-sized palmfuls of nothingness, it seems, until you soak them in a harmless stain that shows they too have organs.

Somehow, somehow . . . and in one human sperm or ovum there is enough DNA to codify the information in approximately a thousand large textbooks. The possible combinations within these molecules run to many billions. One pungent hope in our future (if we have a future) is that someday we will make the breathtaking emergence into understanding the science of protoplasmic shapes from the ground up. We have little hints now from studying the way crystals are formed, from the prevalence of spirals in nature, and from the fact that strong radiation can change standard animal and plant shapes. Morphology is only beginning, and suggests fantastic possibilities for improvement—or, if the human race fails to become rational—for degeneration.

A clam worm swims about in a dish of water in front of me. When it stops, I study the vein along its back, how it contracts and relaxes, contracts and relaxes, being in a sense a heart itself. Here too, in the swimming and the vein movements of Nereis the clam worm is the exquisite beauty of free wavelike motion. Let people who think that Nereis (and many such animals) looks "horrible" change their conditioning by watching it! The motion will help make that change; so will a study of the parapods, the dozens of swimming flippers along the worm's side, which serve as gills at the same time. It looks "crawly" when it swims, someone will say uneasily. The psychology of such disquiet seems to lie not only in a phallus-fear of worms that results from our antisexual society, but also in the uninhibited natural motion itself—a reaction coming, clearly, from the same source.

Dolphins: I can't claim any personal experience here, but I can consider with excitement the implications of the statement by neurophysiologist John C. Lilly. At first this playful fish seemed simply an amusement for tourists, a sort of aquatic pet dog. Now Lilly says that the dolphin has a brain 40 per cent larger than man's, and that this brain is just as complex in its functional units. Dolphins learn rapidly and can produce thousands of different sounds. Lilly is now trying to teach some of them to talk.

If they grew—perhaps with our genetic help?—something as functional as the human hand, and were given a complex underwater environment and instruction in using it, would a sort of aquatic human being develop? Even now Dr. Lilly believes that—if his criteria for their intelligence are correct—"man's position at the top of the hierarchy begins to be questioned."

One of the most fascinating mysteries is that of regeneration and reorganization. Certain species of the primitive animal, the sponge, show this in an experiment in which the living sponge is forced through very fine silk. This causes its cells to separate and come through individually, or sometimes in very small

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groups. The dissociated cells move about on the bottom of a plate of sea water, and when they touch each other, adhere. Small masses of the cells are formed in this way, and finally these masses align themselves into new, complete sponges with all the proper organs of the animal properly in place.

A. A. Moscana has taken kidney tissue from a chick embryo, tissue consisting of a great many tiny tubes, and disorganized it by an enzyme treatment. Higher types of animals such as birds show little regenerative ability compared with more primitive types, yet in this case too the wandering kidney cells not only clumped themselves together, but eventually lined themselves up into small tubes again, as in a normal kidney.

Heart tissue dissociated into individual cells has coalesced and begun rhythmically contracting and expanding; and Paul Weiss at the Rockefeller Institute has succeeded in separating the cells of embryonic chick skin, to see it not only clump together to form skin again, but even create the basic structures from which feathers develop.

Here once more we're at a near-basic level of life processes: various forms of energy, various chemicals, certain atomic and molecular actions, certain mechanical motions combine in an extremely elaborate action (shall we call it the dance of life, after Havelock Ellis?) that results in the formation of a predictated structure. This is the sort of mystery about which man in his nonknowledge and awe used to say, "God creates it" and let it go at that. I find following (as best I can) the scientists' explanations and speculations considerably more fascinating than that lazy little theologism.

Biology is something one can work at in a practical way both summer and winter. Especially with the help of the biological supply houses, the variety of animals, living and preserved, is endless: the protozoa offer hypotrichs, stentors, euglena (green, with a red eye spot, and subject to debate as to whether it's primarily a plant or an animal), euplotes (its coordinating fibers —precursors of nerves—have been cut experimentally, though it's barely visible), didinium, spirostomum. (With this last I've done a good many absorbing homemade experiments, and observed under the micro its regeneration from a small fragment.)

There are rotifiers, leeches, daphnias, hydras, gastrotrichs—all small water animals engrossing to observe; and salamanders, frogs, snakes, insects, crustaceans and the whole sea world. The realm of function (and color) inside a sheep eye can be explored with dissecting knife and scissors; the development, stage by stage, of the chick embryo can be followed under the microscope (now blessedly inexpensive compared with thirty years ago).

And even if one doesn't want to work with the specimens themselves, books like Buchsbaum's *Animals Without Backbones* are wonderfully stimulating—for animal beauty as shown in its excellent photographs as well as for physiological details and theory.

The problems of biology need not be for professionals alone. There are many puzzling areas to which a searching layman can add some piece of information or a fresh approach. Zoologist Norman Berrill says in *The Living Tide*, "The distinction today between professional and amateur and the current belief that science is purely a matter of white coats and laboratory benches are things to be deplored, for it is outside the ranks of the orthodox that new visions arise."

An animal in my hand, a thought process; no experiment here; I merely pick up a crayfish. This small relative of the lobster dislikes my action and curls inward in its anxiety, head toward tail. I'm reminded by this of many things: how all animals contract in a situation that threatens them—even a protozoan.

The threat may be that of cold air, and the function (not the "purpose," as good biologists realize always more clearly!) of the contraction is keeping warm enough to survive. I remember, for instance, poking through garden trash in cool April, finding a gray pellet the size and shape of a pea. It had segments and looked organic, yet I couldn't think it was a seed. I let it lie in my hand and took it over into a patch of sunlight. A minute passed. Two. Nothing happened. Three —with almost a snap of suddenness the little ball uncurled, and there was a sowbug, ready for the season.

I'm reminded too by the crayfish's curl how almost everything in nature tends to curve. Think of the human body—there isn't a straight line in it; not even the sides of the front teeth, not even the thigh bone. Nor is it enough to say that things tend merely to curve. They tend to become circles, ovals, tubes, spheres, essential roundnesses of all kinds: the head, eyes, sinuses, eardrums, outer ears, breasts, nipples, blood vessels, intestines, nerves, vertebrae, testes, bladder, glands—it goes on and on. The human ovum is a sphere, and when its primal cell multiples many times it becomes the blastula, a sphere again, this time of tissues—which then collapses on itself and begins to build the human body. Virtually all the bacteria, protozoa, spores, seeds and fruits fall into a curved shape.

And we look finally to the sky and see rounded planets, moons and suns, and roundish orbits; we see the curved "curtains" of the Northern Lights, the rounded Owl Nebula, Ring Nebula, star clusters. And our minds move on to those circular forms we call spirals. These too occur throughout nature, in animals, plants, crystalline formations, tornadoes, waterspouts, sandstorms and the galaxies. And the basic unit of DNA consists of two chainlike molecules coiled together in a helix.

We're down to the molecules again. It's hard to believe, but with the electron microscope the molecules of a virus protein crystal have been photographed, and these molucules are rounded. Still harder to believe, but true, atoms themselves, in a platinum crystal, have been photographed with an ion microscope; the atoms are round, and their pattern in the crystal is a rounded one.

From all this we catch a glimpse of the fact that throughout nature—including man—there are certain common functioning principles. He who dips into biology more deeply than he did in his schooldays will be likely to brush aside the human race's stiff habit of keeping ideas, feelings, functions, energies, forms of matter—and forms of human conduct—each in a padlocked pigeonhole. The merging and interpenetration of all things is one of the true facts of life that we've become almost unconscious of—and we suffer for this, personally, socially.

Delving into biology can do more: it can make clearer the fact that we live in a universe which runs without inherent purpose, can help to remove our *fear* of such a status, and help us become friends with it. It can incite us to create our own human purposes, basing them in that which we sometimes fear as much

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Rumor of the Month

Pope John XXIII has granted a special dispensation for unwed Catholics on the relief rolls in Newburgh, New York, which will permit them to undergo abortion without theological penalty; the ruling applies only to pregnant women.

as we do pain: pleasure.

In this gray day a mechanistic approach to living has largely turned the beautiful thing that is science into a blackness run by the military; it has brought us farther and farther along the road of social dementia until we're confronted with the great wipe-out. In the face of this, biology can help bring the *feel* of livingness, of life for life's sake, back into our armored bodies and death-directed thinking. The more vividly such a pro-life atmosphere is established (restored, really), the more widely is it likely to spread. Even the most irresponsible scientists, the most psychotic-sounding politicians and militarists, are not finally completely immune to it. Somewhere deeply hidden even in these is a spark of life-for-life's-sake, as it is in all neurotics.

I'm not suggesting that the study and sensing of biology is a savior. But without sentimentality one can call it considerably more than an intellectual pleasure—it's a yea-sayer.

One Potato, Two Potato, Three Potato, Four . . .

When Pope John XXIII issued his second Encyclical it was intended especially for the clergy, asking that they imitate St. John Vianney, curator of Ars, in France, who died 100 years ago. According to reports in the Catholic press, the Saint was known to his schoolmates as "the most unlearned but the most devout seminarian in Lyons."

At a retreat which he attended, one of his fellow-priests told the bishop he thought John was mad. But the bishop replied that he wished "that all my clergy had a small vein of the same madness."

After a short period as vicar, according to the same sources, John was assigned to Ars. "A strange series of phenomena began — noises and voices in the rectory, violence to himself, and the burning of his bed. They continued thru the rest of his life, and he calmly attributed them to the Devil. . . .

"For his first six years he lived on little more than potatoes, boiled in a pot at the beginning of the week and parcelled out for the next seven days. He waged unrelenting war against drunkenness, dancing and swearing and soon became known for sanctity and eccentricity. Some called him a fanatic, but the townspeople defended him."

Although these townspeople didn't know their Ars from their Elbow, they were nevertheless wise in defending the curate, for the little town of 230 people was changed into a booming tourist attraction. According to the official Catholic statement:

"As early as 1827, persons from outside Ars were seeking his advice and by 1830 the number of daily visitors reached 300. At Lyons, the railway company opened a special booking office, selling eight day round trip tickets to Ars, for the crowds who flocked to his confessional made it impossible for anyone to hope to see him in less time than that. In winter, he spent 11 or 12 hours daily in the confessional, and in summer up to 16 hours.

"His knowledge was more than natural, for he was able to correct his penitents in the number of their sins, to remind them of sins they had forgotten to mention and to give advice on matters about which he had no natural means of knowing the circumstances. He even won a reputation for working miracles."

All his life, the curate-saint practiced chastity to a heroic degree, said Pope John. Such an example is worth recalling, he explained, because in some places priests are obliged to live in an atmosphere of excessive freedom and sensuality in which they are easily tempted by dangerous forms of activity.

The Pope exhorts all Catholic families to give their sons with joy and gratitude to the service of the church in the priesthood. And he urges all his priests to pattern their lives after that of the little *Cure d'Ars.*

Somehow, at least in this area, it is a little difficult to take Pope John seriously. Rather, he evokes vaguely pleasant childhood emotions. Perhaps this may be due to the little-known fact that he is really the reincarnation of Curly of The Three Stooges.

Neo-Genesis

Man heard the thunder
And he asked
"Why?"
But there was no answer;

Man saw the leaf
And he asked
"How?"
But still no answer;

Then Man feared for He knew
There could be no response.
Man said, "Let there be god."
And there was.

—STEVE PITTEL

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scans of this entire issue found at: http://www.ep.tc/realist/28

The Day That Original Live Drama Replaced Re-Runs (the Summer Stock of Television)

or, The Livestock Players in 'Cultural Wasteland'

by Bob Abel

Announcer: Good evening, this is your television host, Newton N. Minow, welcoming you to Cultural Wasteland, a program dedicated to the replacement of sex and violence with culture and public service. Tonight we are pleased to present The Livestock Players in a modern Greek tragedy by Paddy Chayefskis, combining the precious elements of literary discussion with political education. And now, the Federal Communications Commission is pleased to present a television premiere: "Arty." The scene opens in Washington, D.C. A Senate subcommittee investigating the infiltration of artistic freedom into contemporary literature is in session. Arty Crafty is on the witness stand. The Senators, knowing they are being watched by millions through the miracle of video, ignore his testimony and play instead to the living-room galleries. . . .

Arty (speaking in fluent Bronx): So anyway, I've been reading this book called *Tropic of Cancer*. It's a pretty dirty book, you know. I mean he keeps describing the way he makes it with all these chicks, see. But there's a lot of philosophy and stuff, too.

Sen. Frank J. Lausche (a low-pitched Ohio Democrat): That's all very well, but our military leaders are being muzzled by repeated attacks on their public statements.

Chorus: Say it isn't so! Say it isn't so!

Sen. J. W. Fulbright (a smooth-singing Arkansas Democrat): Our military leaders have been sponsoring radical right-wing speakers who equate social legislation with Socialism and the latter with Communism.

Chorus: What else? What else? Wha—at else?

Sen. Strom Thurmond (a strident South Carolina Democrat who hums his lines): The implication of this statement goes far beyond a mere attack on our military leaders, it seems to me (*hum, hum*). This is a clandestine assault on the fundamental foundations of our republic (*hum, hum*). It is a smear campaign, utilizing innuendo based on unsubstantiated allegations (*hum, hum*).

Arty: Like, listen to what this Karl Shapiro guy says. (*Reading*) "I call Henry Miller the greatest living author because he is." And "Miller is accurate and poetic in the highest degree; there is not a smirk anywhere in his writing. . . ." See, it's this Shapiro character and other kooks who are calling *Tropic of Cancer* a classic. And maybe they're right, because it *is* hard as hell to get through. That's the way *all* classics are. I couldn't get through *Exodus*, for instance.

Chorus: John O'Hara is more than suggestive! John O'Hara is more than suggestive!

Sen. Fulbright (*con fortissimo*): All I meant to suggest is that our military leaders may not have the broad background which would enable them to relate the various aspects of the cold war effort. That's all I meant to suggest.

Sen. Thurmond (*con falsetto*): I repeat—this is a clandestine assault. Absolutely clandestine!

Rep. Dale Alford (a comic basso congressman from Arkansas who has managed to gain entrance to the Senate floor by mounting an aria): I call upon the voters of Arkansas to retire Senator Fulbright from public life! I find it truly shocking that they are represented by one who would attempt to discredit the professional officers of the armed services for their strong stand in support of the Constitution and their opposition to internal Communistic subversion in the United States.

Chorus: Subver—jhun! Subver—jhun! The danger is subver—jhun!

Arty: Anyway, the thing about *Tropic of Cancer* is, it drags whenever this guy Miller isn't making it with some chick. You know—long, long paragraphs where nothing happens except the author talking. A real drag.

Sen. Lausche (slightly out of tune): We must not —repeat: *must not*—frighten our military leaders from speaking about the goodness of our nation. They should not get mixed up with party politics or controversial domestic issues, but let them speak out for the virtues of our system of government and let them point out the evils of Communism.

Sen. Fulbright (in martial voice): It is not in the tradition of this country for the military to educate the public on political issues. The probable net result is a condemnation of foreign and domestic policies of the Administration in the public mind.

Chorus: We *are* the public mind. And we are *not* confused.

Arty: Now I'm also reading this book called *The Carpetbaggers*, by this Harold Robbins guy. And I mean this one has got *every*thing. The hero makes it with his step-mother. And the heroine does it with her step-brother. Also there's a couple of lesbians who are just about always doing it. And there's a big faggot scene. And a wild scene in a cat-house. But I mean *The Carpetbaggers* doesn't use all those dirty words like *Tropic of Cancer*, you know what I mean?

Sen. Fulbright (scat-singing): Much of the Administration's domestic legislative program, including continuation of the graduated income tax, expansion of Social Security and federal aid to education would, under the philosophy dominating these meetings, be characterized as steps toward Communism.

Arty: And *The Carpetbaggers* has this guy who gets castrated. And another guy is skinned alive. And there's some wild killings—in an ant colony, and another guy gets skinned alive.

Sen. Fulbright: This view of the Communist menace renders foreign aid, cultural exchanges, disarmament negotiations, and other international programs as extremely wasteful, if not actually subversive.

Chorus: The danger is from within! If we can win within—we can win without!

Sen. Lausche: We must not crucify the military on a cross of right wing conservatism.

Sen. Fulbright: We must not be soft on captains and colonels.

Arty: And there's this guy who gets lashed with a snake whip. And in another place a character gets

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Trial By Prejudice

by William Worthy

Just after the April invasion of Cuba when the American Society of Newspaper Editors met in Washington, CIA chief Allen Dulles was among the top Administration officials to conduct two eight-hour days of not-for-attribution briefing. Since I was not present and am not bound by the secrecy rules, I am free to attribute.

When asked how the CIA gathers information from around the world, Mr. Dulles volunteered that, among other sources tapped, the CIA questions returning U.S. correspondents. "Debriefed" is the word used in the spy trade.

After my return from China, I met, socially, a man who worked in Europe and North Africa for the National Security Agency. Long aware that some of my colleagues submitted to debriefing, out of curiosity I asked this man what the CIA would pay for a debriefing on China. "Oh," he airily replied, "ten thousand dollars—out of their petty cash drawer."

I gulped at the size and ease of the temptation, but that's as far as it went. I've never had to lie awake at night wondering if persons whose professional respect I value would one day uncover a $10,000 skeleton in my journalistic closet. As the CIA has become more reckless, more extremist, more dangerous, I have reveled in my freedom to criticize this high-ranking corrupting influence in today's world, although I must admit most Americans in my lecture audiences across the country obviously did not believe my reports of CIA activities in China and Eastern Europe until after the U-2 incident.

Yet, to be honest, I was tempted not to speak recently at a meeting of the Committee to Defend Francisco Molina. When the chairman of this committee, Mrs. Deidre Griswold, got me out of bed one midnight with an urgent request to speak, I thought of all the plausible reasons to decline. Isn't there a limit to the number of causes that any of us can support? Why didn't Molina and his "hot-headed" fellow Cubans have the good sense to get the hell out of the El Prado Restaurant instead of allowing the well-armed counter-revolutionary thugs to pick a fight? Why not limit yourself to "respectable" liberal causes at a politically safe distance—causes such as the Freedom Rides in Mississippi or frame-ups of sharecroppers in Tennessee or Georgia? Above all, I told myself, I just didn't have time.

But the plight of Francisco Molina has a haunting quality to it, and I finally had to say yes. In terms of the quality and scope of the injustice already done to him, the Molina case has the muted tones of a one-man Scottsboro case—with important differences in a smoother official operation, in a federal as well as a local angle, and in the response of a country no longer capable of mass moral indignation. I decided that if my conscience was at the mercy of some minor personal inconveniences, then I too would be corrupt, even without benefit of Allen Dulles' ten thousand easy dollars.

As I cite the highlights of the 1931 frame-up of the nine boys in the Scottsboro case, I will leave it to your imagination to draw the parallels in the Molina case:

- the parallels for the general public at a time when anti-Cuban emotions are as inflamed and irrational as were the racist emotions in that medieval Alabama community thirty years ago;
- the parallels for the judicial integrity of Judge Mitchell D. Schweitzer, under heavy psychological and patriotic pressure from above;
- the parallels for Alexander Herman, the prosecutor who acknowledges extra-legal influences on his official conduct;
- the parallels for the false prosecution witnesses whom the CIA flew in from Miami and our million-dollar invasion base in Guatemala;
- the parallels in this sick and twisted country for Jews and Negroes who fled to New York precisely to escape kangaroo tribunals in their home communities.

Before he died 8 or 9 years ago, Haywood Patterson, one of the nine Scottsboro boys, dictated a deeply moving book on the case. Let me quote his opening words:

"The freight train leaving out of Chattanooga, going around the mountain curves and hills of Tennessee into Alabama, it went so slow anyone could get off and back on. That gave the white boys the idea they could jump off the train and pick up rocks, carry them back on, and chunk them at us Negro boys. The trouble began when 3 or 4 white boys crossed over the oil tanker that 4 of us colored fellows from Chattanooga were in. One of the white boys, he stepped on my hand and liked to have knocked me off the train. I didn't say anything then, but the same guy, he brushed by me again and liked to have pushed me off the car. I caught hold of the side of the tanker to keep from falling off. I made a complaint about it, and the white boy talked back—mean, serious, white folks' Southern talk. That is how the Scottsboro case began—with a white foot on my black hand."

Two years later, when a courageous judge of the

diabolic dialogues:

Castro and the Stevenson Convertible

SCENE I

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

SCENE II

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

SCENE III

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

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Alabama Circuit Court, Judge James E. Horton, reversed the second conviction of Haywood Patterson, he summed up what had transpired:

"On March 25, 1931, the prosecutrix, Victoria Price, and Ruby Bates, her companion [both white], boarded a freight train at Chattanooga, Tennessee, for the purpose of going to Huntsville, Alabama. On the same train were seven white boys, and twelve Negroes, who it appears participated or are charged with participating in the occurrences on such train. All were tramps or 'hoboing' their way upon this same freight train. . . . There have been two trials in this case; one at Scottsboro and the other the recent trial at Decatur. The trial at Scottsboro was reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States, who declared the defendants did not have the assistance of counsel. The motion in this case is upon the result of the trial at Decatur. The evidence at the trial at Decatur was vastly more extensive and differed in many important respects from the evidence at Scottsboro. . . ."

In the first trial, as Haywood Patterson tells it in his great book of social protest: "The girls got up and kept on lying. There was only one thing the people in the courtroom wanted to hear. Bailey [H. G. Bailey—the prosecutor] would ask, 'Did the niggers rape you?' 'Yes,' the girl would answer. . . . When Bailey finished with me he said to the jury: 'Gentlemen of the jury, I don't say give that nigger the chair. . . . You know your duty. . . . All I can say is, hide him. Get him out of our sight. . . . They're not our niggers. Look at their eyes, look at their hair, gentlemen. They look like something just broke out of the zoo. *Guilty or not guilty, let's get rid of these niggers.*'"

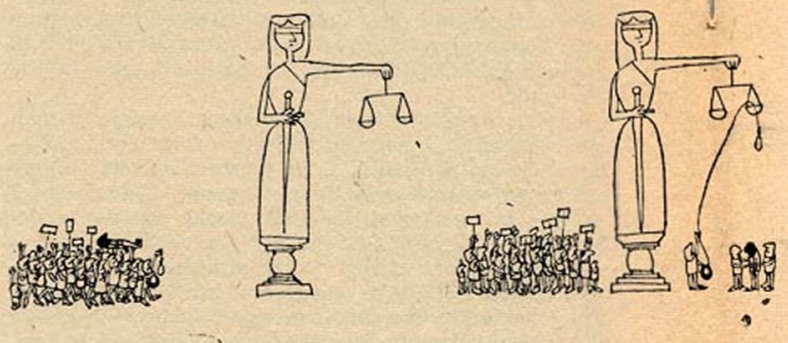
I was in Cuba last September when the little Venezuelan girl was killed in the El Prado Restaurant free-for-all. For quite some time I had no clear idea of the facts about the man popularly suspected of firing the fatal shot. But at that distance, 90 miles from our shores, I was appalled at the hasty "trial" and conviction of Francisco Molina in the New York headlines. The Alabama dailies did no worse in 1931 in convicting the Scottsboro boys. The loaded physical descriptions of Molina by the press in general and by federal and municipal spokesmen were as designedly inflammatory as was the courtroom description of the Scottsboro boys that I just quoted by that Deep South prosecutor.

This comes as no great shock to a Negro, except for its virtual unanimity in the Molina case. By the time I entered kindergarten in Boston at the age of four I knew, from dinner table conversation, that the U.S. is a barbarous country so far as the physical, psychological and economic mistreatment of minority groups is concerned. The North as well as the South will readily utilize any crude or slick tactic to convict defenseless defendants whose religion, race or national origin deviate from the Anglo-Saxon norm.

Three Negro lawyers who have served as deputy assistant district attorneys right in Mr. Herman's own office have told me about the conscious policy of assigning Negro prosecutors to try Negroes accused of murder and other serious crimes. The purpose is to increase the chances of convictions by the subtly influenced and unsuspecting jurors. Similarly, when a Cuban is on trial, it's subliminally helpful to the prosecutor to have a Puerto Rican assistant or Puerto Rican detective present in the courtroom.

These three Negro prosecutor friends told me further of a special room in the D.A.'s office where members of the staff can secretly watch a defendant as he confers with his lawyer and with relatives. If I recall correctly—and on this point I am not 100 per cent positive of my memory—the prosecutors can also eavesdrop on these supposedly private and privileged conversations.

The three friends have also given me countless illustrations of what I have learned independently on my own: namely, that New York cops are the most brazen, most gratuitous, most insulting liars in the world. And in this city's five boroughs not a judge or



2. 2.

a prosecutor has the guts to cite or jail any of these official perjurers.

Earlier, I referred to the differences between the Molina case and the case of the nine Scottsboro boys. Again let me quote from Haywood Patterson's story as he and his co-sufferers languished in jail:

"Mail and money was coming to me from Nancy Cunard, of the [Cunard] ship lines. She sent $25 a month. Kay Boyle, an American writer living in France, she sent letters and money and pictures of her family. From people all over money was coming in, so we fellows didn't have to depend on the witched-up stews the prison served as food. . . . We heard big shots like Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann come out for us in Europe. We didn't know who these people were but figured from the way Alabama papers quavered about it that they had say-so."

Where, in 1961, are the big names in the defense of Francisco Molina? Where are the worldwide demonstrations? The answer is fairly simple.

First, the general dulling of the conscience of mankind which apparently began in World War II when the Allied Powers joined the Nazis in saturation bombings of civilians and when a cocky, insensitive president unleashed two bombs on a yellow-skinned people.

Second, if we look only at our hysteria over Cuba, the enormity of the mind-manipulating campaign against Fidel Castro and his supporters has scared off otherwise decent persons.

The average white liberal in this country wants to shut out of his mind the facts in the Molina case; if informed, he might feel guilt-stricken to have remained silent while a man was tried for first-degree murder in a transparently accidental shooting. Have

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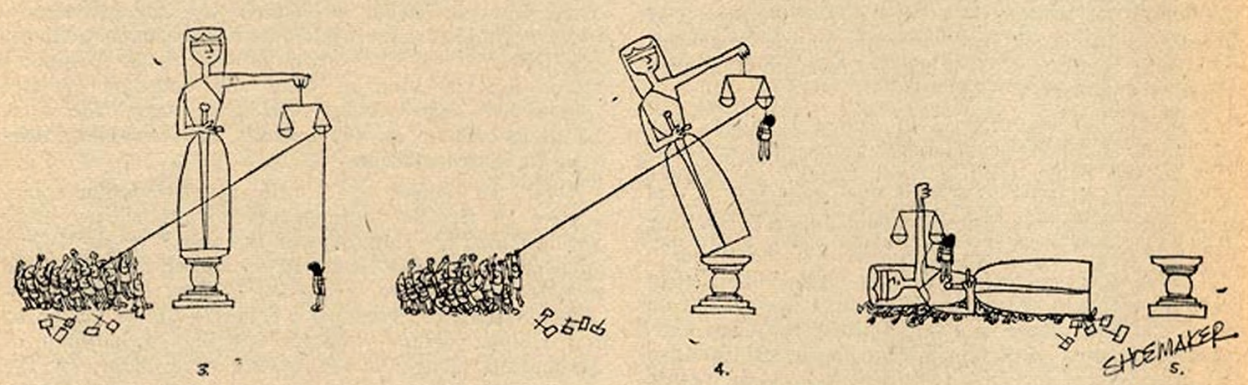
we conveniently forgotten our pious lectures to the Nazis at Nuremberg about the virtues and inescapable obligation of individual responsibility while one's government is committing crimes?

During the Scottsboro case even lowly persons in the most unlikely places were moved to compassion. On page 43 Haywood Patterson cites the case of a prison guard:

"One of the guards was a friend of ours, very good about wanting to help us fellows. . . . The evening came when this fellow, he wanted us to sing a song for him and we raised our voices:

Let's go down to Jordan,
Let's go down to Jordan,
Hallelujah . . .



3. 4. 5.

"Then he left us to go home to Hartselle. About an hour later the guards came to our cell door and said, 'You remember the boy you just sang some songs for? . . . He's dead. He just gone home and killed himself.' . . . He was like many nice Christian white folks there who didn't like what was going on."

Since I know something first hand about the uniformed and corrupt bullies who guard Francisco Molina at the Tombs prison in New York City, I feel safe in assuming that towards Molina they are more royalist, more anti-Castro than the CIA, more punitive and vindictive than prosecutor Herman, more belittling of a prisoner's human dignity than the wretched guards on Southern chain gangs. None of them that I've ever met would ever have the sensitivity to commit suicide as a nudge to the conscience of persons in high places.

Even the U.S. press coverage of the numerous Scottsboro trials and appeals was more factual and more extensive than the coverage of the outrageous Molina trial. On November 30, 1933, for example, the New York *Times* devoted a full page to the text of Judge Callahan's biased charge to the jury in which he said that "the law does not require corroboration" of the rape testimony of prostitute Victoria Price.

In the Molina case a prosecution witness who faced sentencing on a narcotics charge testified about an "understanding" with the District Attorney. Another prosecution witness testified that the District Attorney had threatened him with deportation unless he testified against Molina.

But the striking parallel with the Scottsboro boys came when the star prosecution witness in both cases repudiated previous testimony. Let's go back to March, 1933, to the second trial of Haywood Patterson. His defense attorney was Samuel Liebowitz, who is now the prosecution-minded, conviction-minded, headline-seeking judge in Brooklyn. Patterson tells about it in his own way:

"It was a big sensation when Ruby Bates walked into court and Liebowitz called her for the defense. Right off she changed her story from what she gave at Scottsboro. . . ."

Likewise, the Molina case.

Prosecutor Herman, stunned, tried to ridicule Humberto Triana's repudiation of his perjured testimony. Exactly the same thing happened in Alabama, as Haywood Patterson continues:

"Attorney General Knight, he tried to break her story but he couldn't. He tried to show she was bought by the defense but he couldn't shake her story she went to New York on her own to find someone to tell the truth to. By the thought nine of us would go to the chair for nothing at all she had been bothered in mind. She went to New York to a big-shot minister, Harry Emerson Fosdick. Fosdick told her to go back South and get into the trial, she should tell the truth. He arranged with some minister in Birmingham to slip her into court."

Earlier, Ruby Bates—tramp, hobo, prostitute, just like her unrepenting friend Victoria Price—had written a long letter to a sweetheart admitting her false testimony. Like the fortuitous capture of false witness Humberto Triana among the invaders of Cuba, it was a divine miracle that her change of heart—her twinges of guilty conscience—ever came to light. For she gave her letter of confession to a young man to deliver to her sweetheart. On the way, the carrier got into a fight. He was arrested, and the cops found the letter on him. Somehow the defense learned of the letter and demanded copies. Arthur Garfield Hays reproduced the letter in his book, *Trial by Prejudice*—a book that needs to be brought up to date with a recital of the Molina case. The letter said in part:

". . . those policemen made me tell a lie . . . those Negroes did not touch me . . . i was drunk at the time and did not know what i was doing i know it was wrong to let those Negroes die on account of me . . . i was jazzed but those white boys jazzed me i wish those Negroes are not Burnt on account of me . . ."

Well, Judge Horton spoiled his political future by throwing out the second conviction of Haywood Patterson. He was defeated in the following election for Circuit Court judge. He must have known beforehand the likely political consequences of fair play and honor in that charged situation. But, prosecutor Herman and

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Judge Schweitzer, that Alabama judge *also* knew what apparently you two gentlemen have forgotten: namely, the inevitable self-destruction that flows from contrived injustice. Even Ruby Bates, low whore that she was, seemed to sense the stern moral penalties of railroading innocent persons. On that crucial ethical point, here is what Judge Horton said at the beginning of his lengthy, majestic decision:

"Deliberate injustice is more fatal to the one who imposes than to the one on whom it is imposed. The victim may die quickly and his suffering cease, but the teachings of Christianity and the uniform lessons of all history illustrate without exception that its perpetrators not only pay the penalty themselves, but their children through endless generations. . . . The law wisely recognizes the passions, prejudices and sympathies that such cases as these naturally arouse, but sternly requires of its ministers freedom from such actuating impulses."

Haywood Patterson said of Judge Horton: "His decision made me feel good. I saw there could be white folks in the South with a right mand." In slightly revised phraseology I hope that Francisco Molina will be saying the same soft words about Judge Schweitzer after the judge rules on the motion for a new trial.

I am sending copies of this article to Judge Schweitzer and to prosecutor Herman. I doubt that, on sober reflection, either man would prefer the transitory, fleeting approval of the primitive ideological fanatics and assassins in the CIA to the permanent ill repute of posterity. During the April invasion of Cuba, the CIA agents in charge showed their total contempt for even educated, English-speaking, American-trained Cubans by locking up the Cuban counter-revolutionary leaders, at gunpoint, in a Florida shack and issuing battle communiqués in their name, unbeknown to them.

All my intuitive faculties tell me that those same agents who have worked with Mr. Herman in the Molina case have equal contempt for the prosecutor, a member of a minority group in many ways more despised than Negroes or "sweaty, lazy" working-class Latins such as Molina. The CIA agents will use Mr. Herman for their nefarious international purposes, and then call him vile anti-Semitic names behind his back. Mr. Herman's boss, Frank Hogan, a devout Catholic, should know that bigotry aimed at a swarthy, defenseless Latin or a Negro or a Jew usually spills over in the direction of Catholics. There is no limit, once the poison breaks through the dikes.

In his better moments, Judge Schweitzer must recall and aspire to the courage of a Judge Horton or to the towering greatness of a Justice Brandeis or a Justice Black.

In *his* better moments, Mr. Herman must know that justice, and not a vulgar professional passion for a high percentage of convictions, motivated great prosecutors such as Attorney General Frank Murphy and a former California attorney general named Earl Warren. In terms of ultimate political rewards neither Frank Murphy, a near saint, nor Earl Warren paid a heavy price for their devotion to the rights of the accused. But even if they had paid a stiff price, they still had to live with themselves.

In spite of all I've said, I have no right to place all the **moral** burden on two local specimens of human frailty. If Molina has suffered injustice—and he has—it's because we are all unjust. We are all more or less content to earn a tainted living in a profoundly unjust and unbalanced society. Only the rare jurist, rare prosecutor, rare individual rises above the saturating injustice and corruption. (Recently Rick Gregory, the Negro comedian, has put into words a long-nagging doubt I have had about the end-product of the civil rights struggle. In a joke brimming with symbolism, Gregory tells about sitting in at a lunch counter for six months: "Finally, when it was integrated, they didn't have what I wanted!")

To speak in revolutionary terms—the only terms that make sense if we are to survive—we must individually and collectively create the kind of social atmosphere in which a North American prosecutor, however ambitious or ruthless he may be, cannot suborn perjury in a criminal or a political trial. We must strive for the kind of calm and detached judicial system in which a Judge Schweitzer would feel compelled to lock up any CIA agent who dared to intervene in his courtroom.

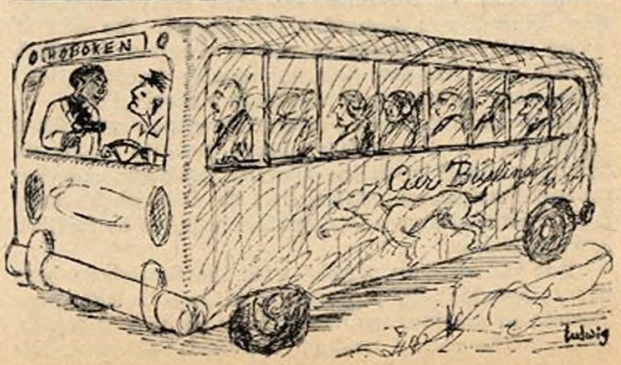
With an humble eye on the revolutions for social justice in the newly independent nations, we must revolutionize the thinking and the values of our fellow countrymen so that they will no longer tolerate those monstrous lily-white, white-collar, class conscious, socially insensitive "hangmen's juries"—better known as blue-ribbon juries — whether it's in the borough of Manhattan alongside the Statue of Liberty, in the town of Scottsboro, Alabama, or in the feudal area of Jackson, Mississippi.

The test of everything is its durability. The case against Francisco Molina will not endure, it cannot endure, because of the dead weight of falsehood and prejudice.

Indeed, the prosecution's case has already fallen apart. I doubt that Francisco Molina is trembling in his cell tonight. But I have no doubt that a certain Manhattan prosecutor and his CIA buddies are trembling tonight because the case is being more and widely exposed and because they know that many Americans, true to our best traditions, do not believe in framing innocent men.

Nothing is ever settled until it is settled right. Judge Schweitzer and Mr. Herman, the Molina case will never be settled; it will continue to haunt you gentlemen, until you set Francisco Molina free.

(See editorial postscript on Page 23)



"Drive to Monroe, North Carolina . . ."

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the savage sound

by James Higgins

I sat down to write about a column of Eric Sevareid's in the *New York Post* in early summer, a column that floored me with its savage ring. All about "showdowns" and "final stages of long struggle," "willingness to fiight," "cannot afford to lose," and so forth. There seems to be a time schedule in these things; if one had a prophetic sense, the exact period when such-and-such a reasonable man or group would go over to the enemy—that is, irrationalism—could be predicted. Ten days after the Sevareid column, Adlai Stevenson had this to say at the National Press Club in Washington:

"I must say that when I came back from Latin America a year ago I was shocked by the extent to which the proportion of the national budgets went for military expenditures. This time I felt somewhat different. The problems of internal security are very great. For the most part the military, which has often been the bulwark of dictatorship and often been the instrument of dictatorship, are showing increasing signs of responsibility, of democratic conviction. And of course, in a number of countries at least they represent the conservative solid secure foundation of any regime."

This is pretty close to home, this definition of the military as the defender and protector of the democratic faith, and this capacity to overcome in a year's time (much of which period has been spent as an official of the government in power rather than as an outsider) the shock induced by the fact of great military expenditures.

Almost two-thirds of the annual budget of the United States, a total of about $50-billion, is devoted to military purposes. So naturally if a man accepts this, justifies it to himself, finds it necessary as a defense of a rhetorical democracy, and comes to rely upon the military character for wisdom and guidance, he is likely to discover that he has been all wrong in thinking that the military elsewhere gets too much money or is a bulwark of dictatorship. Will it be possible before too long to require the military here to uphold constitutional law and order by combatting Negroes who seek to defend themselves against the attacks of organized white supremacists? The question always seems at last to resolve itself to: Which side are you on?

The gap in understanding is widening; communication is becoming more difficult. Bill Worthy tells (issue #27) of not being able to understand most of the well-educated white intellectuals with whom he associated in Washington for a few days at a conference on "The American Character" sponsored by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, an arm of the Fund for the Republic. Nor could the others understand him as he spoke of the mood and mind of thoughtful Negro Americans, of which he is one. The difference is largely one of environment, that much is clear, as jazzman Julian "Cannonball" Adderley was trying to point out to Mike Wallace a while ago on *PM East*. There is more than one America, depending on the color of your skin and the amount of money you have securely at your disposal.

More and more it is becoming evident that "you" and "I" live in different worlds and that we really do not speak the same language. More and more, too, "I" am getting to feel that "your" language is dead, that there is death in it, that it will be the death of "me" unless "I" am able to replace it with a language that is of the immediate present, that springs from the nature of life, that has established contact and is sensationally free at the same time. I am speaking, of course, of a lot of "me's." Cuba seems to have brought us together one way and another. And also to have sharpened the problem of communication in the family, work place, bar, bus, courtroom, barber shop and along the sidewalks. Lines being drawn, environments taking hold.

All at once I start thinking of Hemingway, the style supreme. For many years he lived in Cuba, not far from Havana, if I'm not mistaken. All the while, the Cuban people were denied life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, not to mention food, clothing, shelter and medicine. Then they changed things. They destroyed the heaviness that was weighing them down. They released themselves with so strong a sound that, like that famous shot, it was heard 'round the world.

And then they began to build, sing, dance, talk, to create dreams and start realizing them the next day, to plan, laugh, enjoy, to suddenly find that once they had knocked down certain artificialities, there were no longer any reasons whatsoever for not loving and helping one another. They broke through into the open and life became possible, that is, full of possibilities, real ones. And it was at this moment in the history of Cuba that Hemingway, as far as I can gather, left the island. At any rate, he finally went away from Cuba and died by his own hand.

I had been interested in photographs of him in recent years, not only because he was a celebrity but because for many of my generation he had been a hero and model. For a time. He was an appealing, proud, determined, workmanlike writer who appeared to have solved the dilemma of balancing his being in life and in art too. He made a big point of living, or at least of keeping active. But I began to see after a while that this was all pretty wilful, both the craft and the activity, and that he was haunted, in a way, by the fear of failure. *The Undefeated* is the definitive Hemingway story.

You remember how it ends, with Manuel on the operating-table, dying, worried about two things? He is aghast that his friend, picador Zurito, holding up the scissors, might be intending to cut off Manuel's coleta; and he wants to be reassured, over and over, that "he was going good," that it was simply bad luck which had led to the goring. There is a passage, midway through the story, when Manuel is in the ring with the bull, which refers to a few comments jotted down by the critic of *El Heraldo*, who is drinking warm champagne from a bottle: ". . . the aged Manolo rated no applause for a vulgar series of lances with the cape. . . ."

The Undefeated is the first story in the volume, *Men Without Women*, published in 1932. For some reason I opened immediately to this story one July morning about three o'clock when I got home from work with Hemingway's death on my mind. There is

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no question about the strength and cohesion of the style, which is architectural, the performance of a master builder. But in the long run it did not sustain him; it did not change enough, as, say, Frank Lloyd Wright's style, always magical, shifted over the years until toward the end he designed in sketch that unusual mile-high myth of a structure, "touching heaven and earth."

Maybe I am all wet about Hemingway. Maybe the impression I got from the photographs, that of a stunned bull, a man with a spell woven around him, was not due, as I suppose, to the dawning sense that he had mistaken the relationship between art and life, that it was not life which should support art but art which should be directed toward making the fullest kind of life available—that is to say, the life opened up by the Cuban Revolution. Maybe Hemingway in those photographs was already wasting away from some disease of which the public doesn't know anything yet.

But there's no harm, anyway, in my hypothesizing that his tragedy was in his love affair with his craft, by which he struggled to enchant himself, style being the method he chose to fabricate an inhabitable castle of dreams wherein he might dwell apart from ordinary life. It *is* an enchanting style, too. Remarkably so. He was a man of tremendous will and exacting integrity as far as language went; you can feel the pressure on the words in almost everything he wrote, the passion to be, above everything, just right. That is, to have it all fit so correctly down to the last detail that there would be no escape from this written wonder—as there turned out not to be. Air-tight. No exit. Walled-in.

What must it have been like, the years he lived in Cuba? I picture him in this big quiet house, the isolation and distinct coolness of which was a rough replica of his style, set apart from his country and countrymen but not in touch with what was stirring, if only faintly in the beginning, in Cuban fastnesses, his fame growing in his homeland as his defeat as a person became more evident in the writing, as the writing itself, the style, took possession of him and did him in.

Much of what I imagine is prompted, I think, by what Wright Morris has to say in an excellent book on American writing, *The Territory Ahead*. (This, and D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*, and William Carlos Williams' *In The American Grain*, tell the whole tragedy. Add Edward Dahlberg's stuff and you have everything required to understand the peculiar fate of the creative spirit here, the natural and [in]human conditions which lie behind Franklin and Lincoln, Twain and Hemingway, Melville and Faulkner, which appalled Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley in their visit disguised as Charles Dickens and sent Henry Miller wandering.)

Hemingway in his magician's castle in Cuba, prisoner of his own devices, spellbound, entranced, sallying forth far from sanctuary, alone in the world, to slaughter in Idaho, which I have always thought of as a desolate place.

I remember now a story I read somewhere or other about a soldier who sought out a Zen master to learn the art of the sword. At the very first moment of the very first lesson, the master called a halt, saying, "But you yourself are already a master." The soldier assured him he was not, that he had never undertaken the path of Zen before. But it turned out finally that early in his career as a soldier he had entered into struggle with the idea of death and had, after the tremendous contest of which we all have a sense, conquered death. So the master said that the soldier had no need to learn the art of the sword or any other Zen art, in that the conquest of death was the basic art by which men learned life itself, that is, learned how to live naturally in the same world with death and all other natural things.

When I read that story I pictured the soldier in his grapple with the awful presence of death, in mortal combat, you might say, with no one to help him. It seems to me this is the Hemingway story. The perfect tension of the style is the clue; also the pressure on the words that I mentioned a little while ago. A truly heroic almost lifelong encounter in which he, not death, was the defeated. He came to grips—which is more than all but a few American writers have done—but his strength, his style, failed him at some stage of the struggle. And he gave up the ghost.

The difference between him and someone like Henry Miller, leaving aside all question of value and achievement, lies in temperament, I think. The conquest of death involves employment, to one's own advantage and at the crucial second, of death's power, the power to negate life. Which is to say that death dies only by the full admission that man, the particular man doing the admitting, is mortal. The romantic temperament cannot bring itself to this admission and thus enters the lists, as did Hemingway, the way I see it, with unrealizable hopes—and it seems sad to him that he should have such hopes and that they should be fated, as he well knows, to come to nothing.

Whereas, Miller writes: "A life without hope but no despair!" Whatever this is, it is not romantic and it *is* modern, it makes it possible to change one's style to fit the immediate circumstances that one meets, it enables one to keep one's wits, even in the most dangerous situation—intimate involvement with a woman, for example, or an expedition deep into enemy territory—and it therefore increases chances of survival by opening up to the senses material, especially human material, that the romantic temperament cannot touch or smell.

I read in the *Saturday Review* that Hemingway in his last years was working on some writing he called *The Land, The Sea and The Air*. It is a beautiful and evocative title but seems to be concerned with a world without people, very unlike the titles, let us say *The Joy of Man's Desiring*, of the Frenchman, Jean Giono, whose books are full of land, air and water. *And* people. It is as if toward the end Hemingway had been moved to create a poem unencumbered with human beings and their relationships, which were to him, I'm guessing, terribly elusive, awfully ephemeral, bound as they were by the significance of the phrase, "Till death do us part."

If, then, he wished to deal with permanency, and did not believe in God, what more logical as material than sea, air and land, which, relative to man, might be called eternal; so, deathless?

His career reminds me a great deal of the marvelous Isaac Babel, boy of Odessa, rider with the Red Cossacks, Soviet artist who told the assembly at the Writers' Congress one year that he had written nothing lately

(Continued on page 23)

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An Impolite Interview With Shel Silverstein

Q. What was the story behind your most famous cartoon?

A. I should ask you what that is, but I know what you're talking about. [*Editor's note: The cartoon shows two men chained to the wall of a prison cell with only one tiny window way above them. They have obviously been there for many years. One is saying to the other, "Now here's my plan." A variation on this theme in a college magazine had one man saying to the other, "Let's be existentialists this week."*] There's no story behind it. I had an idea for a funny cartoon and I drew it. That's it. You ask about the story *behind* it because everybody was, you know, trying to figure out the psychological and philosophical connotations of this, which is a lot of shit, because I don't do stuff that has any deeper meaning than what the stuff shows. My stuff doesn't try to be symbolic; it just tries to be funny, that's all.

Q. But wasn't it later used in psychological tests to study people's reactions to it?

A. Yeah, it's been used in psychological testing; it's been used by Alcoholic Anonymous to describe courage. You do something, you make it simple, and everybody else starts loading it up with deep meanings. Which is okay with me, if they want to do that. Everybody loves Rorshach tests.

Q. In complete contrast to the two men you had in that cartoon, you do a lot of traveling in your work—

A. People say, "Oh, great, you're in Hawaii one minute, and then the next week you're in Africa, and then you go to Paris, then you go to London," and they think it's great. And it is. But the sad thing comes in here—you travel alone. I *tried* traveling with somebody. Sometimes I travel with the photographer, and even that's rough. I tried traveling with a girl, and that was impossible. So you travel alone. And as soon as I hit a place—say I hit Paris for the first time—well, you're alone in Paris. No friends, no contacts, not a long string of people to call up and say, "I'm here." No addresses, even.

So it takes you a few weeks to really get your feet on the ground, to meet people, and even that's really straining, that's really going to all the places and being very forward. In about a few weeks, if you're lucky, you're adjusted and you have a few friends, and maybe you know a girl, and maybe you know a couple of decent restaurants where you like to eat, and you know places that are pleasant to go to. And then a week later you leave town and start the whole damned thing over again. You start maybe a month or two of loneliness before you really *know* it. Of course, by the time you've known it, you've done the work, and they're not gonna pay you for enjoying yourself beyond that time. But it's an irresponsible life, I have to admit that.

Q. Which reminds me—you were supposed to be on a radio panel discussion of satire, and you didn't show up—

A. You miss *one* damned appointment—what happened was, I forgot about it, and I realized it, and by the time I called up, they said the guy who ran the broadcast was down having a sandwich, so I figured it was all over. But I goofed. If I'd have missed an appointment with the butcher, I'd still be all right. But I miss an appointment with a guy on the radio, and you happen to be on the same show, so you ask me about it for the *Realist*, and then all of your twenty-five million readers see it, and I can't vindicate myself. I was irresponsible. I admit it. And admitting it doesn't make it right, either. I missed it with the wrong guy, that's all. You!

Now I'll have to carry this cross around. People will forget my drawings. In fifty years I'll be known as the guy who missed a radio interview, and my drawings, my poems, and the other silly things I do, will be just right down the drain. It's like missing a third strike in a World Series. You ever hear of Fred Merkel? He was a ball player. He made one error in a World Series game and cost his team one inning, and one run, and one game, which turned out to be the World Series, and he's forgotten for everything else he ever did. I'm sure his family doesn't even remember him any more.

Q. You used to sell hot dogs when the Chicago Cubs were playing, and the White Sox. What did you learn about people from this experience?

A. I learned they like mustard. And they like a hot bun. Do you know that? If you steam the bun first, they'll really like it. What I learned from there was, make it fast and then clear out. But I did work five years there, selling hot dogs and beer. It paid my way through school, and kept me going.

Q. Would you describe the whole Wednesday rat-race mystique of cartooning?

A. We don't call it the rat-race, we call it "making the rounds." I haven't been in it for a while, but I started out doing it when I first came to New York ten years ago, as a free-lance cartoonist doing gags for magazines. During the week, you do maybe ten-twelve "roughs"—rough drawings—and then on Wednesday you take them around from editor to editor. And they keep handing them back, so you take them to other editors. By the end of the day, you're tired. It's a lot of fun, though. I looked forward to it. It was the one bit of excitement every week. You'd really know how you stood.

Q. But only on Wednesday, right?

A. I don't know why. Why did God say to rest on Sunday? I mean he could've said rest on Thursday. I once brought my stuff on a Tuesday, when I made that first trip to New York. I was nineteen years old, and I was at the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago, and I was a real hot-shot cartoonist, doing about fifty gags a day. So I decided I was going to New York and try to break the markets. I had a couple of hundred cartoons. I'd been mailing stuff in and hadn't sold anything in about a year, so I figured I'd do it in person.

I got on a Greyhound bus—fortunately, I got a two-way ticket—and I'll never forget, it was a real thing. There were these sailors that were on the bus, and they had a couple of bottles and got really blasted. There's nothing grimmer or grimier than a long Greyhound bus ride, where everything gets sort of greyish-brown after a while, and you keep stopping in these places for rest that you don't really need, and they have these grim wooden places where they have sandwiches wrapped in cellophane, and everything's dry,

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so you get a drink of water and you hang around.

Finally, we got to New York. I had gotten all the information from somebody who'd already been here—the best place to stay, and where to eat—he told me to stay at the 34th Street YMCA, and he said there's a place right across the street where you can eat, and they serve you fried eggs right in the frying pan. So I went there, and I ate fried eggs for three days, from a frying pan. I don't know what day I arrived but it wasn't what the editors call a "seeing day." Nobody would see me at all. And they wouldn't have seen me anyway, because they only see guys who've *sold* stuff.

So finally I went to *Collier's*, and Gurney Williams was the cartoon editor there—he's now with *Look*—and he was like a legend among young cartoonists. I really, physically pushed my way by to see him. And he said okay—I guess he was scared—and he told me to come back after he had lunch. He looked through a hundred cartoons, the greatest ones ever drawn—at nineteen I was doing only great cartoons—and he bought none.

And so I went back to Chicago. I got in the bus, and there was a girl sitting next to me, and I thought, well, at least I'll make out with the girl so it won't be a total loss, you know. Some old Jewish mother had put her daughter on next to me, and she was very worried about her, so she said to me, "Are you Jewish?" And I said, "Yes, I am." So she felt good about that, see, little dreaming of all the consolation I needed for my disappointment. I thought, well, at least something, you know?

So the bus hit out, and about half an hour outside of New York, the girl got car-sick, puked all over my shoulder—she had gone to sleep on my shoulder, and I thought, well, this is the first step; next thing I knew she was puking on my shoulder—and I spent the whole trip ringing for the bus-driver to stop, and she kept puking and moaning, and I kept washing my shoulder off. Just a real mess.

I got to Chicago and I was a complete failure. Not only Gurney Williams, but this girl was vomiting on me. Everything was wrong. There were some pretty horrendous experiences in the YMCA, too. Because at that time I thought this was a place where all the he-men gather. Where *young Christian men* gather, you know. And it's *not quite* that. It makes Sixth Avenue and 8th Street late at night look like a cub scout meeting.

Q. For the benefit of our out-of-town readers, could you be more specific?

A. Faggots!

Q. You covered the last political convention for the Chicago Sun-Times; but didn't you have some previous experience in that field?

A. When I was nineteen or twenty, I was made art director of the Volunteers for Stevenson Committee, with headquarters in Chicago. I was made art director because they had nobody else to do it. And there was no loot. Of course, later it was taken over on a large scale, when the campaign started. But at this time, I was made art director, and I felt very politically aware those few days. I wore a suit and a tie, and I tried to look serious. Then I said, "Well, what do I have to do?" And they said, "You can sit in the lobby of the Conrad-Hilton and draw caricatures." And I said, "Well, how will this help Stevenson?" They said, "Well, anything that attracts attention is good." I went to draw some caricatures, and then I just figured the hell with it. But I'd like to say that I do not associate my leaving the Volunteers for Stevenson with his defeats.

Q. What's your general attitude toward clothing?

A. I like to be pretty comfortable, and a lot of people think this is slovenliness—and they may be right, by their standards—but I don't like to wear ties unless I really feel I'll be embarrassing somebody else if I don't. What you'd probably like now is a real beat statement. You would like me to say, "I dislike ties because I associate the tie with the *noose*, and I believe it is not only choking off *me*, but choking off my *independence*, therefore I wear my sandals and my dirty T-shirt." No, I wear a tie sometimes. I never sleep in a tie; I maintain my independence there. Would you like to know if I wear pajamas or not? I don't. I wear a baby-doll.

Q. Do you find that people have come to associate your beard with beatnikism?

A. Yeah, but I just have the beard because I think I look better with it, and I feel better with it. It makes me look older; I don't know if that's good or bad. But it's not done out of any *rebellion* or anything. It's not done, I hope, to attract attention. So finally, now, when people ask, I look sort of sad and I say, "It covers the scar." It's a very romantic thing to say, isn't it? But, you know, one thing it is, it's a good conversation-starter. People who might want to talk to you normally, a stranger, and who can't—you know, people are pretty shy and reserved, mostly—they don't want to take a chance on being cut down by somebody, so they might not come up to you without an excuse; whereas, if you've got some lemon meringue pie on your shoulder, or if your fly's open, they've got an excuse to talk to you. They can say, you know, "Your fly's open," or "You've got some lemon meringue pie on your shoulder."

Q. When Lenny Bruce was in town, and he heard about how they couldn't sing folk songs in Washington Square Park, he figured, after listening to them, that it was meant literally—"They CAN'T sing." How do you feel about folk singing?

A. The kids that like folk music, some of them get to be *fanatical* little sons-of-bitches. The folk music seems to be more than just music to them; it's a real statement, it's a protest, it's a real fist in the air, you know? A couple of weeks ago, I was walking in the park—it was Sunday morning, and the trouble was all over; they'd allowed the folk singers to come back in—and this one eighteen-year-old kid is sitting there with his guitar, and on the guitar is a sign that says, "This Machine Fights for Freedom." This is too much—an eighteen-year-old with a freedom-fighting machine. It's a goddam *guitar*, is what it is. It's a guitar, and it don't fight for nothin' — it plays. Unless maybe he swings it, he hits with it, I don't know.

Q. Would you say that Goya's "Horrors of War" is a kind of cartoon done in fine art style?

A. I don't know. I don't like to get involved in labeling. A lot of guys get all hung up on "What is it?" I don't care what you call it. People spend a lot of time in just identifying something, instead of either enjoying it or kicking it in the ass or saying it's good or bad or whatever. But Goya does great stuff. Excuse me—*did*. My God, Walt Disney would turn over in his grave if he heard me say that.

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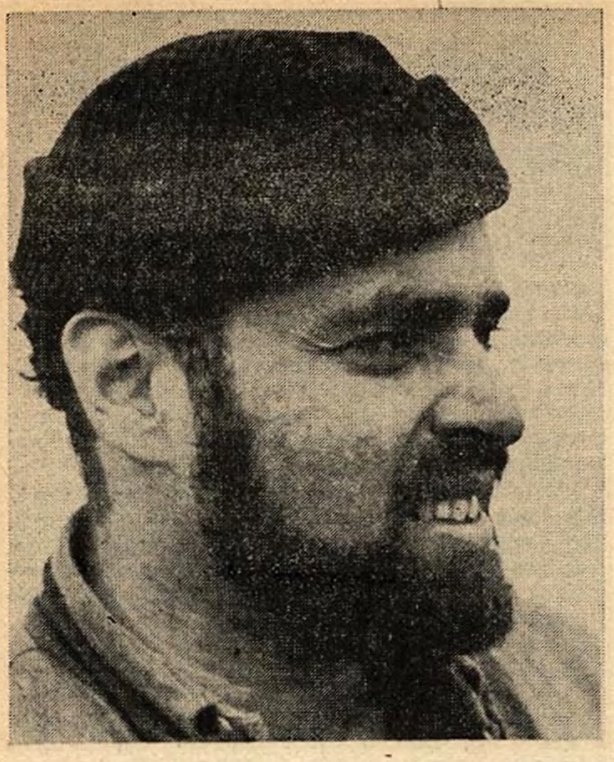

Q. Are your children's books intended for adults, too?

A. I'd like my children's book to be good for everybody. I think that maybe you can find a certain thing that will be appealing to adults, and the kids will love it too. You also find a lot of stuff that comes out that is sort of the precious children's book. It really is for the adult. They have modern-type illustrations— some girl does a series of silly-ass illustrations: she tries to imagine how a six-year-old would draw, and no goddam six-year-old wants to look at illustrations that look like they're done by a six-year-old. So they come up with this modern type of children's book that is a real atrocity.

Q. What about the content of stories themselves?

A. Well, everything is being censored. Even the old stories—it's amazing what they've done—I looked at a modern *Little Red Riding Hood,* and I remember I saw an *old* Red Riding Hood, and you know what happens there: the wolf eats her up, and that's *it.* Red Riding Hood comes in and the wolf says, "Come over here," and she says, "What a big mouth you've got," and the wolf says, "The better to eat you with," and he *does.* But *I* remembered Red Riding Hood—which was *after* this edition—she was eaten up by the wolf and then the woodsman comes in and chops him open, and she pops out. So first, she was swallowed by the wolf; then, the next thing you know, she was eaten by the wolf and chopped open and pops out as good as new; a few years later you've got—she's not eaten by the wolf, but the woodsman comes in and chops the wolf open, and the *grandmother* pops out as good as new. Well, eventually, you're going to have the woodsman come in and kill the wolf before he's eaten *any*body, I guess. And pretty soon, they're going to turn the wolf into a Saint Bernard, and so on.

Q. Are there any other fairy tales which have gone through an evolution like this?

A. I know that in *The Three Little Pigs,* I guess when we were kids, they were eaten up one at a time. The wolf gobbles up the one in the twig house, and he gobbles up the one in the *papier maché* house or whatever it is, and finally he comes to the brick house and he's stymied. He falls down the chimney, and that's it for him. He's boiled. But now what they've got is, each little pig runs to the other's house. So the wolf blows down the straw house, and the little pig sneaks out the back door and runs to the twig house. He blows down the twig house, and the little pigs run to the brick house. I mean the goddam wolf doesn't have a chance. But they're really making it mild on the kids now. Meanwhile, you know, the TV continues to swing —but the're really cleaning up Hans Christian Anderson, all right. And I guess now Goldilocks, instead of just running out, will become a friend of the three bears—they'll all be buddies—and I don't know who these groups are who really get this action done. I know the various Jewish groups, they can kill Fagin and they can kill Shylock—I can see them stopping *The Merchant of Venice*—and then the Italian groups come around and they get *The Untouchables* taken off the air. You got a little group behind everything.

Q. In connection with this whole area of violence on TV, I remember you once did a bit on Roger Price's show, where you were a professional executioner—

A. I did a thing there on a headsman. I wore the mask and everything. It was a headsman who had written a book and was plugging it, and he was pretty pissed-off at the Con Edison Company because everything had gone modern—the electric chair and so forth —and he was bemoaning the lack of the personal touch. He also gave advice to aspiring executioners. "Get in there and swing," and little things like that.

Q. Is your "Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book" for children or adults or both?

A. It's not for children. In fact, children really shouldn't see it at all. It's strictly for adults. It'd be nice if kids liked it, too, but there's really rotten information in it for kids. Things to really mess them up.

Q. Like, for instances?

A. Like "B is for Baby. Picture the baby. The baby is fat. The baby is pretty, The baby can laugh. The baby can play. Play, baby, play. Pretty, pretty baby. Mommy loves the baby more than she loves you." But that's the only one of those I'm gonna do. The other children's books after that will be really straight children's books.

Q. You do most of your work for Playboy magazine; do you personally fit in with the Playboy image?

A. No. *Playboy* believes in being a bachelor, and I don't want to stay a bachelor.

Q. Same with me. You know, when I had to fill out their form—and it said, "Why do you want to work for this Company?"—I put down, "Because I like the irony of Playboy providing financial security for my marriage and family life. . . ."

A. Yeah, the *Playboy* ideal is a bachelor who has a load of credit cards, who is really living in a sharp—ideally, penthouse—apartment, driving a foreign sports car—new—and grabbing off a different girl every night —as long as he *likes* this, naturally, but you know, the idea, of course, is that everybody likes it—and catching all the modern jazz groups in the modern clubs. I don't

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make it in these finer joints; I don't like night clubs. I don't like three-button suits, and vests; I don't quite make it in that real slim look. I wouldn't want a sports car. And I wouldn't know what the hell to do with a penthouse apartment; I've got a nice apartment and I like it. But my clothes fit me—I don't exactly feel like I'm blocking traffic when I walk through the street in a two-button spit—you don't have to weigh twenty-five pounds to be in style.

Q. Do you exploit your professional success in establishing personal relationships?

A. Do you mean that I wave *Playboy* magazine around in front of a girl every time I want to get laid?

Q. I don't know why you apply meaning to these things—I just ask simple questions and everybody always tries to figure out deep psychological and philosophical connotations—

A. Okay, now how do you *exploit*—what do you mean by *personal relationships* with that rotten glint in your eye? You see, your readers—and I hope you print this—they read the inside on everybody, but they never see this rotten, lecherous, drooling *look*—this can't come across in the pages—that comes into *your* eye. So you leer across at me, drooling, saying "personal relationships. . . ."

Q. I just mean that since you're on one of the lower rungs of being a public personality, do you find you make it easier with people? Not just girls.

A. Absolutely. Well, girls are people—can I point that out? But, yeah, you get along better if people like you from the first—if they like you "in front," as they say in the hip circles. If you're doing good work and people really, sincerely like your work, they're going to want to know you and want to like you, right? If they don't even *know* your work, but if they know you're supposedly sort of important, then this is impressive to them, too. This is a real American characteristic, where "success"—just a success; it doesn't have to be a success *at* anything—just being a "success" makes you worth knowing and worth being around.

Q. Okay, finally, what's YOUR plan?

A. Ah, you son-of-a-bitch. You know, wouldn't it be terrible if this is the only cartoon that anybody remembers me for at all? *One* thing! I did that five years ago, and at parties I've got to keep hearing that one goddam cartoon. I'm not really sorry about it. I was at a party not too long ago, and I was standing there, and I was introduced to some girl, and she said, "Oh, you did my favorite cartoon." And my blood just chilled. And I said, "Oh, yes?" and she said, "Yes, and you wanna know which one it was?" And I said, "All right," holding my breath, shaking, waiting for the ax to fall. She says, "The cartoon you did about" so-and-so and so-and-so. And she described one of Feiffer's cartoons.

CULTURAL WASTELAND

(Continued from page 10)

roasted with a red-hot poker. . . .

Announcer: And so ends Act One of tonight's Cultural Wasteland presentation of "Arty." Before we return with Act Two, here's Paul Rand Dixon, host for our alternate sponsor, the Federal Trade Commission, with a word about next week's production—a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta built around the drug monopoly, called "Pfizer Knows Best."

modest proposals

by John Francis Putnam

THE TEN MOST OVER-RATED MEN IN AMERICA TODAY

Some time ago we read somewhere about a list of the ten most over-rated men in America. It had been compiled by somebody like either Harry Golden or Alexander King (both competent to make such a list, if not be included on it). At any rate, we found this to be a fascinating idea, and looked for the list in a more-or-less sketchy fashion in the works of the above-mentioned, but never found it.

Since this is an idea that grows on one, the only thing that remained was to make up a list of our own. The names listed here are not in any order of precedence; the *most* most-over-rated man must ever remain a matter of highly individual conviction, quite beyond our poor power to estimate.

1. HARRY ANSLINGER, because this benevolent and understanding Federal Narcotics Commissioner sounds as if his views on the addict and his problems had been ghost-written for him by Sax Rohmer.
2. WALT DISNEY, because he has made cuteness an acute syndrome and has done more to destroy nature than the Outdoor Advertising Association.
3. CLEMENT GREENBERG, because, as the Joseph of avant-garde art criticism, he still wears the same old coterie of many cholers.
4. HUNTINGTON HARTFORD, because this malicious medici still confuses taste with pots of money, and it takes more than loot to buy fun for *this* Republic.
5. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, JR., because, try as he may, Junior will never succeed in being the Evil Old Bastard his daddy was.
6. OTTO PREMINGER, because the films of this artistic and imaginative motion picture artist, touted by his flacks as superior even to the New Wave, somehow always backwash is as an Ebb Tide.
7. FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN, because this eminent churchman, Prince of Good Fellows, has such a piety-in-the-sky attitude on Faith, Dogma and Movies.
8. DAVID SUSSKIND, because this Producer, Moderator and Daring Showman has been handed success on a silver platitude.
9. ROBERT WELCH, because this Patriot, Orator and Ex-Candy Butcher is no more of a present danger to the nation than a fart in a windstorm.
10. ——?——, because any such list calls for participation, and so the *Realist* welcomes suggestions and additions. We assume there will be no deletions offered, since inclusion on this list is only for the deserving.

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The American Underground

by John Wilcock

A few weeks ago, in the course of a cross-country writing trip, I found myself in the small Pacific Coast town of La Jolla, Calif., home—according to local legend—of 76 retired millionaires and as unlikely a place to find anything much happening as finding Liberal Party headquarters in Montgomery, Alabama.

I was in the company of a friend from Los Angeles and we had no intention of stopping in La Jolla, but what prompted me to do so was the sight, while driving by, of a garish-looking coffee house called The Pour House which advertised jazz, folk-singing, beer and espresso coffee in that order, and which I knew from experience could probably produce (1) pretty girls and (2) informants who would know what was going on around town.

As it happened, the place was empty (it was mid-afternoon) apart from the owner, but he was more than happy to help. After I had produced my *Village Voice* calling card he got right on the phone to a friend. "Mike," he said, "there's a couple of well-dressed beatniks from back East in here. They want to know where to make the scene. Can I send them over for a chat?"

Mike Dormer's home was about two miles up the road, a pleasantly unpretentious place surrounded by elaborately lawnscaped houses that apparently belonged to some of the Wealthy 76. The door bore a chalked inscription: "Mike Dormer's Pad: admission 50c. Please remove shoes before entering." We took off our shoes.

Inside, all was informality. Mike, an amiable beardnik with long blond hair, tight levis and a sweatshirt, greeted us with a gallon jar of Gallo red; his wife, a pretty girl in her mid-twenties from Pennsylvania, was kept busy with a pot-boiling stove and a hot, bawling baby whose shrieks harmonized with and occasionally dominated the jazz pouring from the FM radio. Unfinished canvases sprawled around the room and in a matter of moments we were reclining on the floor in equally picturesque attitudes.

At intervals other lively characters dropped in and joined in the free-flowing conversation, as though we'd all been friends for years, and the conversation spread into a madly casual spaghetti dinner, moved over to a nearby party at which the East Coast (us) and the West Coast swapped respective Eichmann jokes, and ended up with a 2 A.M. visit to the Pour House to be present at the jazz group's final set. The jazz quartet then having ended their engagement, we were able to take their place in the apartment of one of our new-found friends for the night and continue our journey back into Los Angeles in comfort the following morning, after staying up most of the night continuing our conversation.

What did we talk about? Well, that's the interesting part. What we talked about most was precisely the sort of thing that we'd have been talking about with our friends in New York, in Los Angeles, in San Francisco, in Mexico City, London or Paris. The scene. What's happening to America. What's happened to Adlai Stevenson. Cuba. Harry Anslinger [head of the Narcotics Bureau]. J. Edgar Hoover. Norman Mailer. The 10th Street art crowd. Orgone boxes. Folk singing in Washington Square. Coffee houses. Miles Davis. Etc., etc.

All of them had heard of the *Village Voice*, of course; I've hardly met a young writer or artist in America who hasn't. Many of them had heard of or read the *Realist*, too; it's made a much greater dent in contemporary society than even Paul Krassner (who doesn't travel as much as I do) has realized. And it—like Lenny Bruce and SANE and folk singing—reflects much of the growing dissension that so many of us feel today.

For that is what these people were (and are): dissenters. There is much to be discontented about today, and many of us would rather be voices crying in the wilderness than passive accepters of (if I may borrow a descriptive phrase from a previous issue of this magazine) some of the crap that's been going on lately.

At any rate, it wasn't until after I left La Jolla that some long-dormant ideas began to crystallize in my mind. Where (I asked myself) would I have gone to as a stranger in La Jolla if I hadn't found The Pour House? Where had I gone to in other places in search of the dissenters—or what I prefer to call the American Underground? Could I find them in bars? In bookstores? On college campuses? Well, the answer is sometimes yes. But which bars and bookstores? And how do you separate the ordinary customers from the ones who are your type—i.e., the American Underground? And how do you get them into conversation?

And the more I thought about it, the more I realized that I had conducted this quest all over the world (I have been in 19 countries so far) and had never come up with a satisfactory answer until the espresso coffee house appeared on the scene.

As one of the founders of the *Village Voice*, six years ago, and a regular columnist for that paper still, I have long ago become aware of the magnitude of the American Underground. Hipsters they might be; beatniks they might be; intellectuals some would call themselves; dissenters they probably are; and thinkers for

"I see where the nation is facing the greatest challenge of its history."

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Silence May Be Golden . . .
But Harry's Off the Standard

Harry Golden committed a couple of boo-boos in his syndicated column recently.

On June 27th he wrote: "The beats are to be congratulated. The coffee and cake saloon is a wonderful thing to revive. It is a most civilized institution. But it is not their invention by any means. Indeed not. It is the invention of immigrant Jews on the Lower East Side of New York City."

Actually, coffee houses were flourishing in the early 1700s in the cultural centers of London, patronized by Addison and Steele of The Spectator and others of their intellectual ilk.

The previous week, Golden had written: "When Hamlet tells Ophelia 'Get thee to a nunnery,' Shakespeare is betraying a modern man's love for a woman and the ever-recurring indication that he wants no other man to share her."

For your information, Harry old boy, a nunnery in those days referred to a whorehouse.

certain—but all have in common a certain kind of awareness that can't be defined to anybody who doesn't have it himself. (The fact that you're reading the *Realist* at all means that you qualify.)

Over the years I have found myself in touch with many of these people. They write letters and poems and books; they start magazines and tell me about their friends' newsletters; they experiment with new art techniques and ask questions about that interesting new New York City development, The Happenings, which could be defined as an exploding surrealism.

They are curious about electronic music and mescalin derivatives. They are not *necessarily* creative people or leftwing Democrats or anarchists or agnostics but it is probable that they do *not* drive Edsels or support Richard Nixon, belong to the local Chamber of Commerce or subscribe to the *Reader's Digest*. They are, in fact, The American Underground — aware, alert and angry, but otherwise indefinable.

It follows, of course, that by being thinkers they are not necessarily doers—and this is often their greatest weakness.

I have by now (I hope) made my point. The *Village Voice* and the *Realist* and SANE and some of the political committees (Fair Play for Cuba, Congress of Racial Equality, etc.) have provided a certain number of clearing houses for dissenters (us) but it is the espresso places that, for the first time in history, have produced not only periscopes out of, but manholes *into*, the American Underground.

And it is in this, I suspect, that there lies the key to the opposition they have aroused in their respective communities.

"Oh, we had one of those here but they soon left town," said a lady in the Laguna Beach (Calif.) Chamber of Commerce office in answer to my question about whether there were any coffee houses locally. From her tone it was clear that the proprietors of said establishment got out of town only a short jump ahead of the tar and feather brigade. And the attitude is a familiar one.

In New York, where it all began, the Village espresso houses have always been the target for the book-burning mentality. It would be funny, if it weren't tragic, that in an area where all kinds of nefarious bars shelter stripper, pushers, Bowery winos and just plain obnoxious drunks, it should be the coffee shops—those havens of demented chess players and sinister cappuchino quaffers—that should come in for all the attention from the fuzz. Not to mention the civic authorities who whisper to each other heaven knows what strange stories about the ominous goings-on.

The reason is plain—so plain I'm astonished that I never thought of it before. It is not the beards they fear nor the free chamber music (which New York police tried so hard to classify as "cabaret") nor even the occasional Chaplin movies that poison innocent minds. No. What worries The Establishment is that for the first time in America, the American Underground has a *meeting place*, or rather a series of meeting places.

These aren't just drinkers, man, who'll take on their alcoholic load and stagger harmlessly home to beat their wives. No, man, these are *thinkers*, who might even have their wives with them, but in any case who will spend their time talking and *maybe even getting ideas*. Ideas are dangerous, man; they lead to organization and sometimes even to action—and then what's going to happen to our butt-warming, graft-taking status quo?

The Establishment, needless to say, has begun to fight back: if you're familiar with any place that calls itself an "artists and writers colony," you'll be well aware of the pattern.

First, a few good artists find a good place to settle—a few old barns or lofts maybe, where the rents are low and the living is easy. Then the others begin to follow, pursued closely by the real estate boys who know a good thing when they see it. This is just about the time when the chosen spot first begins to be described as "a colony" (it's also the time when the original talents begin to move out).

Next, the old ladies with their bright blouses and Polaroid cameras turn up, fresh from a summer course at the San Miguel art school; they are followed closely by the Madison Avenue fags with their pink shirts, tight pants, Olivetti typewriters and burning ambitions to write a great novel—some day. And soon, very soon, the artists and writers colony is so famous and so goddamned expensive that only Norman Rockwell and Grace Metalious can afford to live there. The real artists and writers have moved out of town leaving no forwarding address.

To some extent that is what has happened to the coffee houses: the creeps, squares and even the fuzz have moved in. Some of them are looking for *life*, dad; some of them want to hear about where the good parties are; and, in the case of the fuzz, there's a naive belief that somehow the trail will lead from coffee to tea.

So don't get this story confused. I'm not trying to say that all you have to do is to head for the nearest espresso joint, in the town through which you're passing, to find all the young, swinging artists and writers sitting around having a ball. It's quite possible—and getting increasingly probable—that none of the people you want to meet ever go in there any more. And maybe they never did. But from my experience around the country I've found that the coffee houses really are, again, manholes *into* the American Underground.

The people in there might not be the *real* Underground, but, for the first time, there's a place where you can find people who'll tell you where the real Underground *is;* how you acquire this information and what you do with it depends on your own initiative.

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THE SAVAGE SOUND

(Continued from Page 16)

because in Soviet society he felt compelled to develop a new genre, "the genre of silence." Where and when he died, I have never learned to my satisfaction. In exile somewhere, Siberia maybe, maybe by his own hand or otherwise. I think he saw close up as a youth and young man more violence than his nature could absorb and fell into despair eventually, when his will and his psychic strength weakened. Well, there's a resemblance between him and Hemingway—and their fates as men and writers in the two tremendous social concentrations of the modern era. But it seems to me too bad that Hemingway didn't live in health to see the Cuban Revolution, to enjoy it and tell about it. If he had. . . . What's the use, though, of that kind of thinking? Where does it lead? Hemingway, like Babel, is in the grave.

I started out to write, not about Hemingway at all, or even Cuba, but about the savage sound that I hear around me these days. I ask myself: Is it blood they want? The answer seems to be: Yes. I would say the white collar class is the worst, the ones who have got just enough stake in the status quo—and just enough conventional wisdom, as the saying goes—to feel they are really living in the best of all possible worlds and that the least hint of an alternative, the slightest suggested modification in the way things run, is just this side of treason.

And yet, underneath, they have an intuition, I bet, that everything is all wrong, that it is terrible to lead thoughtless, ugly, dishonest lives. But since there seems to be no other realizable choice, nothing that makes sense, the very fact that their best nature is thereby denied drives them coldly mad. They get savage, especially the journalists. Words are weapons, we have been told, and the journalists are out to make a killing with every edition.

I sometimes entertain myself with the vision of a United States liberated, let us say for only a few months, from the bloodthirsty editors, columnists and headline writers. And of course from the radio and television guys, who are the peers of the journalists in lying, stupidity and sounding the call to arms. How calm and peaceful it would be for a while, eh? Maybe, just maybe, we might get a little creeping humanism, a few straight looks, a relaxed social tempo along the lines of a stroll.

Think how it is when you go away on vacation for a week or so and don't read a newspaper, don't listen to a radio, don't watch television. Wonderful, isn't it? Of course, at the same time, we all know it's escapism or something more sinful if you do it by yourself. Which is part of the reason why I, a member of the "working press"—what a fascinating story must be involved in the invention of that phrase—indulge myself in the fantasy that the whole mass media shuts up at once, at which point everyone can feel joyful and guilty together. Peace at last, lovely peace, so to speak. Peace for everybody. Or, to put it another way, what America needs mostly, I think, is freedom from the press.

WHAT'S THE CATCH

(Continued from page 5)

1. Let us ignore hexagonal columnar snowflakes, all of which *are* alike in pattern. They are fairly common, but you may not be familiar with them. Let us consider only the flat six-sided snowflakes which are what most people seem to think of when the term "snowflakes" is used. If we consider only these, then the answer is that no one could possibly know that no two have the same pattern. If I had ten children and you could see only nine of them, you would hesitate to affirm that no two were twins. Many people, however, on the basis of observations and comparisons of no more than a few thousand snowflakes, assert that no two of the billions of billions of billions of snowflakes have the same pattern!

2. According to a report in the American Medical Association Daily Bulletin published November 29, 1960 in Washington, D. C., the doctors also found that injections of inert material caused a similar effect.

3. The catch is that the number "two" is ambiguous. It can refer to discrete units, in which case two plus two always *will* equal four; i.e., two non-pregnant cows plus two non-pregnant cows always equals four non-pregnant cows. However, sometimes the number "two" doesn't refer to discrete units but refers instead to the nearest point on a scale, as when we speak of "two inches," "two minutes," or "two pounds." In such a case, by "two" we frequently mean not necessarily exactly two, but simply closer to two than to one or three, i.e., we mean somewhere between 1.50 and 2.4999 . . . In such a case, two plus two can equal three, four, or five, i.e., anything between 3.00 and 4.9999 . . . Haven't you ever noticed that a two-ounce enclosure inserted in a two-ounce letter can give you a three- or five-ounce letter or that two two-minute operations performed in immediate sequence can take from three to five minutes to perform?

SOCIETY PAGE

(Continued from page 21)

hospital gown that Marilyn Monroe wore when she had the problem with her g--- b------. This garment will be open down the back and will expose areas that the less than fastidious woman may have neglected in her beauty care. Rumor has it that, to help make up for lost time, the PRETTYFEET people have put a marvelous new product on the market called PRETTYASS.

* * *

Now that auto air conditioners are all the go, you can win quite a lot of status at no expense at all by leaving the windows of your car tightly closed as you whiz down the boulevard on the hottest day of the year. One word of caution: it's best to leave the people you want to impress outside the car unless you actually have air conditioning.

Editorial Postscript

Two-and-a-half months have passed since Bill Worthy (currently in Cuba) sent copies of his article on the Molina case to Judge Schweitzer and prosecutor Herman. There has been no response. Meanwhile, Francisco Molina is serving a sentence of 20 years to life imprisonment at Attica, N. Y., where they have taken away his prosthetic arm. The decision will be appealed. Readers wishing to help, financially or otherwise, may contact the Committee to Defend Francisco Molina, 154 Nassau St., N. Y. 38, N. Y.

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the realist's society page

by Eileen Brand

Ever since Philip Wylie discovered momism, it seems that our menfolk have been going from bad to worse.

Why on earth they let themselves be bullied by every upstart haberdasher that comes along, I'll never know. The "little boy look" was bad enough—crewcuts, narrow trousers, narrow lapels, narrow ties (if you set store by Freudian symbolism, this can be pretty depressing)—now the word for next fall is that the "Huck Finn" look is in. Blue jeans chopped off at midshank are already featured at Crooks Cousins. Enterprising tailors are appealing to the thrifty with an offer to amputate unfashionable full-length trousers, cut the edges to the correct jagged contour, and finish off with a decorative fringe . . . at fifty dollars the pair.

* * *

Since I read how the late great Sigmund Freud (in his pre-Freudian days to be sure) got some of his patients hooked on cocaine, I've been leery of new medical discoveries. The way the cocaine thing came about, as I recollect, the healers of the time discovered that cocaine was awfully good for something or other (and Freud went along with current medical theory, naturally)—then a while later it turned out that it had some regrettable side effects. Considering the fads of recent decades for the tonsillectomy, the appendectomy, and the hysterectomy, the exuberant touting of each new miracle drug and the sober summing-up a few years later—there's a strong incentive for staying healthy.

With Salk plunking for dead polio virus and Sabin preferring it live, I began to wonder if we might not get a plague from both their vaccines—but my fears have been put to rest by reports of some scientists that indicate it probably won't come to that—mainly because our thrusts into outer space may bring back some other-world diseases for which Earthpeople have no natural immunity—and knock us off our orb for all eternity.

* * *

Musing to myself on a midsummer eve's subway ride, I reflected that the deodorant people probably ought to get the Nobel Peace Prize. And a grant from the Ford Foundation to spread their message onward and inward.

Then it came to me that, if the truth were known, the deodorant barons were riding on the coat tails of the bathtub manufacturers and the perfume chemists. (Not to overlook the decline of the abattoir.)

How, I reflected, would the lot of them have met the problem of personal daintiness that plagued me in my girlhood?

There was this thing with the cows. . . .

Probably not everyone realizes how important it is to keep your head braced against the side of a cow. While milking her, that is. It's really the only way you can spot a plot to kick you off your milkstool. Her muscles bunch against your forehead; you reach out and grasp her shinbone in midair. Just in time to divert the blow to your left femur. Or worse.

The penalty of this homely virtuosity is that the milkmaid's hair smells embarrassingly cowlike. Actually, there's nothing *wrong* with smelling like a cow. If you're a cow. Indeed there's no denying that at times it's terribly attractive to a bull. But if you're a human female and have an important date at El Morocco or some other chic bistro and your hair has this cowreek . . . well, it just shatters your poise, that's all.

I think my whole life might have been transformed if there had only been a miracle product called "NO-COW—ends embarrassing barnyard odor forever."

* * *

Today's values are so debased that it's a rare and wondrous thing to find a community giving unabashed acclaim to a hometown citizen who has contributed significantly to mankind's basic needs. Take Bunker Hill, West Virginia, for instance. There's a spanking new sign eight feet tall on the lawn of the local high school. The sign's legend pretty well wraps up the whole ball of wax:

Musselman High School
Home of Sherry Shirley
National Winner
Cherry Pie Baking Contest
1961

I myself once won a blue ribbon at the County Fair for the best entry in the Fruit Cake Division. I have never considered that it detracted one whit from my triumph that there were no other entries.

* * *

A recent issue of the N. Y. *Times* reports: "Yuri Gagarin, the Russian astronaut who visited London last week, inspired a 'spaceman' cossack-style hat in black beaver that covered the ears completely."

This item comes as no surprise to fashion observers, who long have noted that fashions reflect the news of the day to a surprising extent.

Even the investment firm, Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, et al, had a wonderfully scholarly display in their Chicago windows a few years back. This exhibit demonstrated how infallibly hemlines reflect economic conditions. In time of depression, skirts are long; in time of prosperity, skirts are short. Before World War I, presumably, the world was just one great big depressed area.

In addition to the Gagarin spacehat, the *Realist* is happy to announce two great new fashion scoops for fall.

Smart women will be wearing an exciting new fur coverall modelled after the brush of the fox that got away from Jacqueline Kennedy the last time she rode to the hounds in Virginia. Since this garment looks like an enormous foxtail and envelops milady from head to toe, there was a technical problem of providing vision for the wearer. This has been neatly solved in typical contemporary fashion by the use of a tiny periscope. Paris and Seventh Avenue alike are enthusiastic about this clever innovation and foresee a glowing future for it, particularly in millinery; for the first time it will be possible to design broad-brimmed hats extending to mid-calf.

Another fashion trend that will be enthusiastically adopted by the more daring is an adaptation of the

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