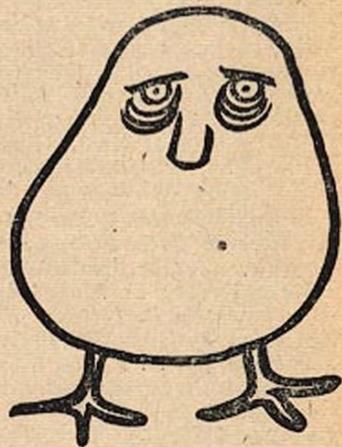


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



February, 1960

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No. 15

An Impolite Interview With Lenny Bruce

"They call Lenny Bruce a sick comic — and sick he is. Sick of the pretentious phoniness of a generation that makes his vicious humor meaningful. He is a rebel, but not without a cause, for there are shirts that need unstuffing, egos that need deflating, and precious few people to do the sticky job with talent and style.

"Sometimes you feel a twinge of guilt for laughing at one of Lenny's mordant jabs — but that disappears a second later when your inner voice tells you, with pleased surprise, 'But that's true.' The kind of truth that might not have dawned on you if there weren't a few Lenny Bruces around to hammer it home."

—Herb Caen
The San Francisco Chronicle

Q. What's your reaction to the TV quiz scandal?

A. I got a rash . . . No, I'd like to know who sanctioned the investigation and how much it's costing the public. I've spoken to hundreds of Americans in my night club appearances, and the vast majority were not hurt as the press claims. I think I'd be safe in saying that no more than 25% of the population gives a damn one way or the other. Now, Mack Parker and Poplarville, that deserves an investigation, Ike.

Q. What do you think of the mass-circulation periodicals: *Time* magazine? *Playboy*? *McCall's*? *Others*?

A. *Others* is a reactionary publication.

Q. Last December, Herb Caen had said some nice things about you in his column. But when May rolled around, *Time* magazine said that he had called you "a bore." How come Caen wasn't able to love you in May as he did in December?

A. Concerning Herb—and I wish you would print this—*Time* magazine is a liar! That's pretty strong, isn't it, calling someone a liar? You know what we

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Laugh It Down—a Political Proposal



SIR REALIST:

Name Dropper

You might be interested to learn that I handed copies of your issue which contains the impolite interview with Alan Watts to Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood respectively.

James J. Geller
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Last month, Alan Watts had said, in reference to Jack Kerouac: "He's a very warm, feeling, sensitive personality, but because he has no bones he doesn't sustain it. I mean, of course, Zen bones. Jack has Zen flesh, but no Zen bones yet. . . ." The following is Mr. Kerouac's warm, feeling, sensitive response.

And Zen I Wrote

Alan Watts, you can think as long as you want about my not having any Zen bones but nothing will stop it; you can think as far as you want but it won't fill anything.

Jack Kerouac
Northport, N. Y.

Don't Count Your Hatches

Thank you for mentioning "the Psycho—oops, *Psychic—Observer*" in your *Reel-list*. . . .

Papers like the *Realist* are musts in this great nation of ours. We must have brave and good hearts . . . to open up some of the nailed down hatches that need the pure good air of challenge. If my paper represents to you, a nailed down hatch, just get out your stoutest crowbar and start prying. I'm all for it.

I recognize the truths as presented in your paper because I, or for that matter, all of us, live in the everyday atmosphere of the suppression you are fighting. By the same token, if you wish to be fair in recognizing the same rights for others, I live in another atmosphere too, and that is, recognizing that man is far greater with his mind, than the ones you are fighting, want him to think he is. . . .

In closing, if you are staunch enough to take a little advice from this end of consciousness, bear in mind always, that name calling never wins a battle.

Tom O'Neil, Editor
The *Psychic Observer*
Southern Pines, N.C.

After Many A Swallow

In your editorial in the December-January issue, you use the expression "Bon Ami (cleanser) people." Please don't swallow so readily an obvious corporate-image gimmick. The public relations boys would have us think of

these huge, impersonal corporations as "the folks next door."

Allen Strasburger
Red Bank, N. J.

Back in issue #5, John Putnam added a new chapter to naval history with his satire on the war against nuclear protest boats. The following reveals a little of the spirit behind the man who actually sailed *The Golden Rule*.

Now Hear This

John Francis Putnam's "Modest Proposal" was excellent. I catch the spirit of Mark Twain and also Bernard Shaw, who said something about presenting matters of extreme gravity with the greatest possible amount of levity.

The high point in that issue is the crash [of the entire Pacific Fleet] and the marvelously logical idiocy of your war canoe at the end. Just great. It is only laziness that prevents me from writing to you in the manner of an official Navy communication: "This command notes, etc."

I like the rest of the *Realist* too. It has joy and life — which is not to be confused with the contrived, approved "joy" of *Life*.

Albert Bigelow
Cos Cob, Conn.

No Sponge—Lettuce

I have been greatly inspired by your masthead. Obviously "the egg-shaped *Realist*" would really prefer to be back in a womb. Many of my adult friends have similar yearnings. I think for some \$495 one could supply the framework, the padding and all the rest for a do-it-yourself womb in which to retreat. Much more practical than Senator Humphrey's or Governor Rockefeller's idea of everyone having his own bomb shelter. . . .

I have just awakened to your little squib, "Situation Wanted," on page 4 of the November, 1959 issue. You can't do it. The *Realist* is too good a publication for you to be dropping in the sponge. I am assuming that you are essential to its continuation. You must carry it along.

The few people whom I know that have seen copies of the magazine are, on the whole, quite delighted with it. I really want to see it kept alive. . . .

Lloyd L. Morain
San Francisco, Calif.

To Mr. Morain and others who inferred that we were planning to give up the *Realist* — it ain't so — but thanks for asking. It might surprise those who accuse this publication of being a harbinger of hatred to learn that it is but a labor of love.

Displaced Person

I was very impressed by the article titled "The Women Are On the Job"

by Clement Droz in issue #10. It must be because I have been out of work for two years and my wife has been working for two years.

Louis Herbert
Montreal, Canada

That's Life

I was just about ready to tell you not to renew my subscription to the *Realist*. You want to know why? Because of your incessant vagueness as respects the significance and interrelationships existing between your endless collection of odds-and-ends of news — so distressing and irritating to iconoclasts.

Yes, we've got to become aware of the monstrous nonsense that masquerades as virtue and decency and religion and all that — but a little orderly analysis and terse, pert comment to point up our collective idiocy, and tell us a little something of what is happening (if anything) to stem the onrush of chaos we've created mostly by ourselves. Wouldn't that make the outlook a trifle less unbearable?

Roy W. Smith
Roanoke, Va.

Non-Convertible Stock

O.K., you've convinced me. The *Realist* is a publication I can "go for." Can your financial wherewithal stand scrutiny of a reputable accountant? Probably not.

Nevertheless, I am enclosing a check for \$20 which, added to the five I sent you two weeks ago, will buy me a lifetime subscription. But, please—don't pull a George Jean Nathan three score and ten years hence. . . .

Herman Stern,
New York, N. Y.

For Better Or For Worse

Your December-January issue tops anything you've ever done! I would like five copies to place in a corner-stone to be set late in '60. The mutated creature who discovers them a thousand or so years hence should have a better opinion of us after he completes his translation.

John Wesley Tucker
Houston, Texas

As an offshoot of Mr. Tucker's notion to bury the magazine (which, in his context, is certainly a more gracious act than that of the mother of a college student in California — she has been burning her son's copies), we've decided to initiate a "Realist Time Capsule" to consist of things which readers feel are truly indicative of contemporary civilization.

We'll start it off with a recording of "canned laughter" — because N.B.C. justifies its use as "an artifice of showmanship which . . . may contribute to the enjoyment of the viewer or listener." Any questions?

LENNY BRUCE

(Continued from cover)

think of liars in this country. All those quiz scandal people were liars, and you know what we thought of them. So if *Time* magazine is a liar, they're no better than those other liars—are they, boys and girls?

And if the magazine is a liar, doesn't that mean that the people who own the magazine are liars? That's what *Time* said about those people who owned those quiz shows—they are bad. Why, who knows—if *Time*, owned by Luce, lied about this—who knows what else they've lied about? And gosh, if a feller will lie, there's no tellin' what he'll do. Gee wilikers, this whole thing is scary.

Oh, I almost forgot—the lie. Herb Caen never said that. The San Francisco *Chronicle* has back issues available, if you want to check.

Q. *Would you have done what the other quiz-show contestants did if you had been in their place?*

A. We're all as honest as we can afford to be, with the exception of a few. Those brave few who never sell out have my admiration and respect. Unfortunately, I'm not with them.

Q. *Could you be bribed to do only "safe" material from now on?*

A. What's the bribe? Eternal life? A cure for cancer? \$45,000,000? What's the difference what I take—I'd still be selling out.

Q. *Joey Bishop—one of the "healthy" comedians—has said that "those guys [such as Mort Sahl, Jonathan Winters, Shelley Berman, Tom Lehrer and you] tried their hardest to make it our way; when they couldn't, they switched." Since this is actually true in your case, what's your reaction?*

A. One of hostility towards the chap who wrote the question. Obviously, you haven't followed my career. Actually, I continually switch. Sometimes I become very philosophical. Other times I'm zany. But certainly I've never followed "their way." I have always sought to be different.

If you will look in *Variety*, you'll find that the first review I ever got—in 1949—was for a bit I did about Hitler being an M.C. Certainly you wouldn't call this trite or unimaginative, as opposed to Mr. Bishop, who has been doing the same thirty minutes of cafe comedy for the last ten years. I've done thirty minutes on The Steve Allen Show that I'll never do again.

I hope I am better than I was, let's say, five years ago—but that's growing. I hope ten years from now someone makes that same accusation about me again—"switching," changing, growing. For, as Confucius say: "Anyone who is still doing Confucius jokes, or ever did, will make a good Lodge Commander in the American Legion."

Q. *Do you have a favorite joke?*

A. No.

Q. *George Meredith, in his classic "Essay on Comedy," said that "One excellent test of the civilization of a country . . . I take to be the flourishing of the comic idea and comedy; and the test of true comedy is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter." How would you apply that to the United States today?*

A. I have been all over the world, and this is the best country for a comedian. The most freedom. Do jokes knocking Khrushchev in Russia—are you out of your nut?

Q. *Do people misunderstand you and your targets?*
A. Continuously!!! Every once in a while, there is a fair appraisal.

Q. *As a screenplay-writer in Hollywood, what films did you work on?*

A. I've got one single credit—additional dialogue for *The Rocket Man*, starring Anne Francis, Charles Coburn and Spring Byington. A truly marvelous film achievement, don't you think?

Q. *Has anything been happening with you and television?*

A. I've turned down one series and just about every show where they wanted me to do a guest spot. TV is a huge kettle boiling on the back of the stove. If you fall in, you're the main course. Boiled out and done—Sid Caesar, George Gobel, Red Buttons, Jackie Gleason, Wally Cox. Who's next to be boiled?

Q. *What reactions do you have to the following TV programs: Jack Paar?*

A. He seems to have a Corpus Christi image of himself.

Q. *The Westerns?*

A. You musn't generalize—what Westerns? You must criticize each one individually. For if you damn them all and one was brilliant, you have done a cursed thing.

Q. *The teen-age dance parties?*

A. Ditto.

Q. *Ed Sullivan?*

A. I wonder if Julia Meade is really his cousin.

Q. *Others?*

A. Now, those sons-of-bitches should be thrown off the air!

Q. *Do you hate anybody?*

A. No.

Q. *Ralph J. Gleason, who is a perceptive social critic as well as a brilliant jazz critic, is an ardent admirer of your "colossal irreverence." He has compared your work to that of novelist Nelson Algren, among others. But Algren himself says that people today are bored with ordinary comedy and want to be hurt. Do you think there's any sadism in your comedy?*

A. What a horrible thought. If there is any sadism in my work, I hope I—well, if there is, I wish someone would whip me with a large belt that has a big brass buckle.

Q. *What would you say is the role of a comedian?*

A. A comedian is one who performs words or actions of his own original creation, usually before a group of people in a place of assembly, and these words or actions should cause the people assembled to laugh at a minimum of, on the average, one laugh every 15 seconds—or let's be liberal to escape the hue and cry of the injured and say one laugh every 25 seconds—he should get a laugh every 25 seconds for a period of not less than 45 minutes, and accomplish this feat with consistency 18 out of 20 shows.

Also, he must be able, with little preparation, to do this at least for all people that it is possible to reach. Naturally, this excludes handicapped people such as those who are deaf, blind, illiterate, mentally deficient, etc.

Now understand, I'm discussing comedy here as a craft—not as an aesthetic, altruistic art form. The comedian I'm discussing now is not Christ's jester, Timothy; this comedian gets paid, so his first loyalty

is to the club-owner, and he must make money for the owner.

If he can upgrade the moral standards of his community and still get laughs, he is a *fine* craftsman. If he's a chap who needs writers, he is not a comedian, he's an actor—whom I respect also as a craftsman.

A classic example of this is Red Skelton's "Guzzler's Gin" (I'm not sure it is his, but for our purpose let us give him credit). We take this bit, make it into script form, take two directors—Alfred Hitchcock and Anthony Mann—two actors—Cary Grant and Charlton Heston—and in two months they're ready. They go out and do the bit, and they get yocks. Does that make them comedians?

Naturally, I'm assuming that the two stars I named are not handicapped by their typecasting. I chose them for their acting ability plus their incongruity. After all, Moses working Vegas?

Q. *What's your capsule opinion of the following persons: Pope John?*

A. It's a great title for a Studs Lonigan character.

Q. *Billy Graham?*

A. It's a great title for a Western TV series.

Q. *Bishop Sheen?*

A. He bears a great resemblance to the late, great Bela Lugosi. Look closely the next time.

Q. *Oral Roberts?*

A. Sounds rather lewd.

Q. *Brigitte Bardot?*

A. It's a great title for a religious TV series.

Q. *President Eisenhower?*

A. I wonder what he would look like with a toupé?

Q. *Nikita Khrushchev?*

A. I bet faggots have a ball carrying on with his name.

I just thought of something. I'm sure when the guy wrote these questions he was serious, but at this sitting at the typewriter now I felt just plain silly—and this is a classic example that fuels my argument: you can't classify me, I am somebody different each time out. I'm not bragging about this, but I—well, it *exists*, that's all I'm telling you.

Q. *Were you serious when you said that you want to be a social worker?*

A. Probably at the time I said it I was, but unfortunately I am at times irrational and over-emotional, which breeds insincerity.

Q. *Gilbert Millstein quoted you in the N. Y. Sunday Times Magazine as saying: "The kind of comedy I do isn't like going to change the world, but certain areas of society make me unhappy, and satirizing them—aside from being lucrative—provides a release for me." Do you think that this makes you any sort of leech on other people's misfortunes?*

A. A good point! Actually, I really am changing a lot of views—but you can't just go around saying that.

Q. *By whom have you been influenced in your work?*

A. Isn't that an absurd question—I have been influenced by my father telling me that my back would become crooked because of my maniacal desire to masturbate; by reading "Gloryosky, Zero" in *Annie Rooney*; by listening to Uncle Don and Clifford Brown; by smelling the burnt shell powder at Anzio and Salerno; torching for my ex-wife; giving money to Moondog as he played the upturned pails around the corner from Hanson's at 51st and Broadway; getting hot looking

EDITOREALISMS

Diagnosis: A Non-Malignant Humor

The first time I saw Lenny Bruce in action was at a rehearsal of The Steve Allen Show. I remember that there was a particular punchline which was to be preceded by a drum-roll crescendo ending with a cymbal. The timing was important. They had a run-through. "That's good," said Bruce—referring to the drummer—"he feels it."

In much the same way, I think, you will not merely have read his answers in these pages. You will have *felt* them.

The credit goes to Ed Sherman, who—besides being Lenny's "official Boswell"—is the television director of a New York ad agency, writer of the B. Mitchell Reed show on radio station KFWB in Hollywood and, under the pen name of George Crater, columnist ("Out Of My Head") for *Down Beat* magazine.

The interview was conducted in a most unorthodox manner. I submitted some thirty questions—intended only as a loose framework for tangents, digressions and transgressions—to Sherman, who in turn submitted them to Bruce, who in turn answered them between stints in New York, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and Miami Beach, returning the answers to Sherman, who in turn translated them.

By "translated" I mean—well, see for yourself. Take the first question, "What's your reaction to the TV quiz scandal?" Lenny first scribbled in pen—I *got* a *rash*. Superimposed on this, via typewriter, in all capital letters, was the following:

I WANT TO KNOW WHO SANCTIONED THE INVESTIGATION AND HOW MUCH IT COST. I HAVE SPOKEN TO 575 (APPROX FIGURES) AMERICANS THAT WEREN'T HURT AS THE PAPERS SAID. I THINK I WOULD BE SAFE IN SAYING NO ONE CARED. WHEN I SAY NO ONE I MEAN ONLY 25% TOPS.

MACK PARKER POPLARVILLE THAT DESERVES AN INVESTIGATION IKE.

THEY TOOK HIS POOR BLACK BODY AND DRAGGED FROM THE CELL. HIS LONELY SHOES UNDER THE COT IN THE CELL, TELL THE STORY OF HASTE.

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Last month, in reference to the interview with Zen exponent Alan Watts, we wrote: "This is the first in a series of 'Impolite Interviews' with controversial personalities of—and perhaps ahead—of our time. Others in the series will include so-called 'sick' comic Lenny

at *Popeye* and *Toots and Caspar* and *Chris Crustie* years ago; hearing stories about a pill they can put in the gas tank with water but the "big" companies won't let it out—the same big companies that have the tire that lasts forever; and the Viper's favorite fantasy: "Marijuana could be legal, but the big liquor companies won't let it happen"; Harry James has cancer on his lip; Dinah Shore has a colored baby; Irving Berlin didn't write all those songs, he's got a guy locked in the closet; colored people have a special odor. I am influenced by every second of my waking hour.

Q. *Could you sum up, in a single sentence, your philosophy of life?*

A. I like Procter & Gamble products because.

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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Bruce and rational psychotherapist Dr. Albert Ellis."

With his answers, Bruce enclosed a special message for us in the form of a spontaneous little outpouring:

If you want to label me, to put me in a category — which to me is typical of all "trend" writers — i.e., beatniks, a blessing for the hack TV writer. Suddenly every mugger, B-girl, 2nd story man, became a "beatnik." If you remember, he used to be the Psycho. "The strange workings of a twisted mind." For a while most of the action on TV took place on various windows ledges, with Doctors that had all sorts of philosophies, and irate girl friends who waited alongside sarcastic reporters: "What the hell makes a guy want to help a screwball like that for?"

Now it's sick comic. How sad that a newspaper such as the *Realist* — and believe me when I tell you I love you — I'm a terrible typist and for me to break my ass doing all this typing for free — well, that proves it. I think you have a healthy, extremely funny point of view — except when you fall into the self-recognition trap ("We said it years ago but when we said it, blah blah etc.") but you're not guilty of that often — and sometimes you get a little bitter, which is chaotic, but that too you do very seldom.

I reiterate, I believe it is the best or one of the best newspapers in the world — but back to sticking and twisting the hot poker in your dumb ass. There are no sickniks. . . .

And, of course, Lenny Bruce is right. There are no sickniks, Virginia.

Society is sick.

They are sick, they who deride those comedians who—rather than reciting jokes about mothers-in-law and traffic problems—are able to satirize the things that *really* matter.

And yet, Lenny Bruce would be the first to object to this division of society into the *we* and the *they*.

I recall that, on The Steve Allen Show that night, the network had an appeal-for-funds scheduled. I forget what the particular disease was—Intestinal Fortitude or something, it doesn't make any difference—but a little girl afflicted with it was supposed to walk to her mother, who would be waiting with open arms, stage center.

The little girl wasn't at the rehearsal. But there were still certain production problems. The proper camera angle, for example. A program staff man hunched very low and walked toward the mother.

The girl who was with me started to cry. *She's* sick.

I started to laugh. *I'm* sick.

And, between the tears and the laughter—is where Lenny Bruce comes in. Between the tragedy of a Mack Parker and the comedy of a TV quiz scandal—is where his jazz-uproarious perspective is needed.

If it is sick to picture Lenny Bruce, on the cover of one of his record albums, picnicking in a cemetery—is it not far, far sicker to have segregation, on the basis of race or religion, as to who may be buried there?

The Fine Art of Healing, Faithwise

Now picture this scene.

It is the office of an ad agency—Geyer, Morey, Madden & Ballard. The top executives are meeting with a new client, the Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association, referred to on Madison Avenue as "the celestial Procter & Gamble." Roberts himself has come to New York from his \$3,500,000 Tulsa, Okla. headquarters. At his request, the session opens with everyone joining hands around the conference table for a silent prayer to favor the new relationship.

But the family that prays together doesn't necessarily stay together. This month, the Roberts account was lavishing in the lap of a *new* agency, Swan & Mason.

(Swan had directed the 30-man crew that shot 100,000 feet of film at Roberts' Los Angeles crusade, which is edited into the half-hour TV circuses that reap millions in viewer contributions; he has worked with Ed Murrow on *Person to Person* and Adlai Stevenson on the Democratic Party account, and says that Roberts far surpasses both of them as a spellbinding speaker. Mason, the other partner, had spent almost five years as Roberts' broadcast and ad manager.)

Roberts is their first and, so far, only account—but having a \$2,000,000-a-year client is not exactly what you would call starting on a shoestring.

Roberts is now on 114 TV and 223 U.S. radio stations; eight TV and 63 radio outlets abroad. Currently, his agency is trying to line up the entire Japanese television network, among other foreign markets. The show has already been dubbed into Spanish, with profitable results.

The rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York City, Rev. John Ellis Large, is also a faith healer, but he calls it by another name—spiritual therapy.

The reason for this differentiation, he explains thusly: On the one hand you can have a real saintly person who doesn't get healed; on the other hand you can have a Bowery bum—allegedly with no faith—who does get healed. "I want to use a term other than faith," says Rev. Large, "because healing does not automatically result from faith."

He claims that the power to heal is "a peculiar gift of God" dependent upon the spiritual condition of the healer. A hypersensitive film, he asserts, has shown little darts of light present during the laying on of hands, whereas if the healer happens to be worldly—"he's bothered by a bad liver, or he's had a fight with his wife"—then the film shows nothing.

As for the possibility that, in cases of non-medical cures, the affliction may have been hysterical in origin, rather than physically caused, Rev. Large says: "So what? . . . If God has given ministers power to cure afflictions which are hysterical in origin, *praise* Him."

If there is any significant difference between Rev. Large and Oral Roberts, it is in their methodology—individual counseling vs. mass hypnosis—so that while Rev. Large considers the physical healing which accompanies emotional healing as "only a by-product which an M.D. or a psychiatrist might better achieve in the first place," Oral Roberts' shock techniques bring about a "cure" that is at best only temporary; moreover, the psychological problems which brought

about the hysterically-induced afflictions in the first place, still remain.

Recently, there was an abortive attempt in Nassau County, N. Y. to get the district attorney to subpoena Oral Roberts for practicing medicine without a license—abortive, because Roberts doesn't actually charge any fee; the donations are all voluntary. His private 'patients'—the ones who give testimonials—are carefully screened, and may well all be shills.

Roberts once wrote to Rev. Large, asking him to send the records of three medically-attested cures. Rev. Large asked for the same from Roberts. And, at that point, the correspondence ended.

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Dr. Harold G. Wolff, Professor of Neurology and Psychiatry at Cornell University Medical College, this month told of some remarkable experimentation being conducted in the field of 'faith' healing.

The purpose: to determine how the highest levels of the nervous system are related to either enhancing or suppressing disease manifestations.

Each member of a group of volunteers had one arm burned with minimal but obvious damage. They were aware of the discomfort, but were interested, alert, relaxed. Bodily changes were measured and their rates of healing were recorded.

Then, after a period of time, this same group had both arms burned. But one arm was burned under circumstances whereby the subject was told that the arm was dead, numb, cold, that it had no sensation, and couldn't hurt. The other arm was burned with the subject being told that this arm had been injured, would hurt, and was damaged.

Actually, both burns were of precisely the same degree.

Results: the arm believed to be numb showed relatively little effects—"under-reaction"—but the other arm was enormously influenced—"over-reaction"—it took a longer time to heal, and a larger scar was left. In the latter arm, the amount of blood increased more, the skin temperature rose higher, and the inflammatory fluid response was greater.

Conclusion: the nervous system has a great deal to do with the organization of tissues under circumstances of feeling secure and protected, or threatened and frightened.

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There once was a healer — you've missed 'im?
To all he was Oral — and kissed 'em;
A woman got cured,
And thought she'd found Gawd:
'Twas only her own nervous system.

The Age of Form Letters

As pleased as Richard Nixon was when Nelson Rockefeller withdrew from the race for space—news-paper space, that is, devoted to coverage of the presidential campaigns—so were the publishers of three different books about Rockefeller disappointed. One quickly rushed out new jackets, which ask the hopeful question: "But will he be drafted?"

Not that this pipsqueak politician with a penchant for compulsory fallout shelters plans to hang up his crow's feet, turn in his Bennett Cerf-voice and retire from the election scene.

Certainly, the governor's expediency gland was flowing freely when he issued a memo to all N. Y. State

civil service departments requiring political clearance before any employee can be hired, transferred or promoted. Now, this has nothing to do with security clearance. Political clearance under the Rockefeller administration means that if there is a choice between a Democrat and a Republican for a civil service position, the latter gets the job.

Even temporary civil service positions require, via another Rockefeller memo, the signature of a local party committeeman before an application will be accepted.

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Last month, the *Realist* quoted J. D. Salinger's letter, which referred to the plight of those sentenced to life terms in New York State (and other) prisons—where there is no provision that they may ever go before a Parole Board—and which concluded:

This is all a matter for action. . . . Can it be brought to the attention of the Governor? Can he be approached? Can he be located? Surely it must concern him that the New York State lifer is one of the most crossed-off, man-forsaken men on earth.

Well, we sent a marked copy of the issue with a covering letter to good old Rocky (after all, *Cosmopolitan* calls him "The Prince With a Common Touch") and received the following reply on Executive Chamber stationery.

Dear Mr. Krassner:

Governor Rockefeller has asked me to acknowledge receipt of your letter of January eighth, with the enclosed copy of the *Realist*.

Thank you for bringing your views to the attention of the Governor.

Sincerely,

/s/ William J. Ronan

Secretary to the Governor

It occurs to us that a certain literary form has gone out of style. Publishers of the future will not be able to present to the public a beautiful two-volume edition of the letters of a public figure—simply because (a) he didn't write them himself, and (b) they'd all say virtually the same thing, anyway.

For the present, though, it's just too bad that life termers can't vote. Otherwise, they might get some consideration, too—along with Republican civil service employees.

Dark Horse



Mad, a magazine of pictorial satire, has as its mascot-symbol, one Alfred E. Neuman (*née* Melvin Coznowski) who bears an embarrassing resemblance to England's Bonnie Prince Charles, and whose likeness has been reproduced as a gag in publications ranging from college magazines to prison newspapers.

In Lakeland, Fla., a group of practical-joking youngsters matched the Neuman name up with an alleged local girl, and the story landed smack on the Society Page. And on TV, Fred Astaire wore a rubber Alfred E. Neuman mask while dancing with Barrie Chase to the tune of *Sophisticated Lady*.

Alfred has been kicking around for a long time in one form or another. During the depression, he was the most popular of the "Gloom Chaser" motto-card series. Even before, his face had appeared on highway billboards advertising a patent medicine called "Papaya"—with this caption: "Have the appetite of a Country Boy." The kid was also used in ads for Thom McAn safety shoes a couple of decades ago. And his picture is supposed to have appeared in psychology textbooks as an idiot, and in biology textbooks as one who lacked enough iodine in his diet.

This month, *Mad* was preparing to throw Alfred E. Neuman's cap into the U.S. Presidential ring. And taking their cue from the professional politicians, they have hired a press agent to add fertilizer to the campus grass roots movement to nominate Neuman.

His campaign slogan, incidentally, is: "What—me worry?"

Swastika-Painting Can Be Fun

Somebody asked me what the *Realist* was going to say about the swastikas-on-synagogues bit.

"I've been giving it a lot of thought," I answered—"and we're against it."

I had said that to get a laugh, which it did, and the reason it was funny was that if you take away the rhetorical verbiage from the countless public statements which have been made this month, they all boil down to "We're against it"—and the *Realist* tries to avoid the obvious.

The whole thing is not too much of a surprise to us. In issue #11, we published "Hitler's Disciples: a Survey of Neo-Nazism." And back in issue #4, we were criticized for running an article by a teen-aged Nazi. ("We said it years ago but when we said it blah blah etc.")

There is an almost surrealistic humor inherent in the world-wide reaction to the situation—epitomized perhaps by Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who on the inhale tells the world to maintain its perspective, and on the exhale tells Germans to give a "good thrashing" on the spot to rowdies. Sure, *that'll* make 'em love the Jews.

It seems symbolic somehow that a TV program about the anti-Semitic outbursts should have superceded a documentary about "Preventive Medicine." Likewise, a repeat showing of "The Twisted Cross"—the rise and fall of Adolph Hitler—caused the postponement of "The Secret of Freedom," an Archibald MacLeish drama dealing with public lethargy toward support for schools (a program which, incidentally, has yet to find a sponsor).

Because religion is involved, objectivity goes out the window. But that anti-Semitism is not always the basic motivation is probably best indicated by the fact that at least two of the paintbrush-wielders caught here are Jewish. If the cops had not come along, who knows—we might have been treated to the first swastikas of the season marked kosher.

The mirror image of the swastika was an old Indian symbol signifying "A good tomorrow." And, rather than "treason," it is just possible that there might be an unconscious element of good-tomorrowism underlying at least *some* of the current outbreaks. As John Sack wrote this month in an article on graffiti (wall-scribblings):

"... the walls that are scribbled on most often are

generally the most pretentious, or the most forbidding. To me, the sorriest artifacts that are made by man are those things that only diminish him as a man, only tie him in fetters of his own forging: artifacts that start in the golden calf and end, at last report, in subliminal advertising, and also include en route all other advertising, girdles, hand grenades, bayonets, pride, astrology, slums, laws, triskaidekaphobia, high-heeled shoes, nations, hate, the Marine Corps, monasteries, guillotines, alcohol, table manners, tennis rules, marriage, and notices to keep off grass.

"All of these things that are built by man and be-little man, a wall is the epitome of, and I'd like to think there is something (something that doesn't love a wall) in each of us that makes us want to beat our hands, or heads, against the damn things, to scratch our names in them, to make them understand that human beings, after all, are what the world's for."

And Speaking of Graffiti

The posters advertising the movie *Solomon and Sheba*—which depict Yul Brynner and Gina Lollobrigida simply reeking with lust for themselves and each other—have attracted more scribbles (without causing a wave of hysteria) than any other subway poster we've ever seen. One of the most interesting: "I thought *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was supposed to be obscene."

Producer King Vidor is following—if not overtaking—the footsteps of Cecil B. DeMille, whose approach to films was revealed in a recent biography. Discussing plans for *Samson and Delilah*, he said, "We'll sell this as a story of faith, a story of the power of prayer. That is for the censors and the women's organizations. For the public, it's the hottest love story of all times."

We've often wondered what useful function is served by those subway posters which feature a different quote from the Bible each month. Now a little graffiti has inadvertently suggested a pleasant game that can be played while waiting for the train. We call it "Irreverence."

The poster this month quoted from Ecclesiastes:
 REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS
 OF THY YOUTH WHILE THE EVIL DAYS COME
 NOT

Underneath which someone had signed—*Vladimir Nabokov*.

Open Letter to 'Best Articles & Stories'

As a charter subscriber, I am somewhat depressed by the hypocrisy of your editorial in the September issue of *Best Articles & Stories* magazine.

On the one hand, you speak of the "large and literate public . . . for a magazine that respects the full range of its intelligence," but on the other hand, you say, in a letter to me in my capacity as editor of the *Realist*, that "the difference between the *Realist's* aggressive atheism and our Christian mysticism presents a problem for reprinting in BA&S. . . ."

This was in response to my nomination of:

1. A scholarly article by the editor of the Institute of General Semantics *Newsletter*, Robert Anton Wilson, entitled "The Semantics of 'God'" — which presented a proposal by which "the traditional ideas of theism, agnosticism and atheism would *all* have to be changed" (italics added);

2. An account of the police- and journalistic-handling of a stag party raid, coupled with an account of

the non-arrest of a Civil Defense drill protester;

3. "Is There a TV Repairman in the House?" — a satirical takeoff on the American Medical Association.

Now if that be "aggressive atheism," then by all means, put it on your altar and sacrifice it. The conflict, however, looms much larger than the mere frustration of this lone editor.

For you boast of "declining to tamper with authors' text as [a matter] of principle," but in truth, your very selection of articles is the most fundamental form of tampering — a necessary one, of course — yet your personal prejudices would seem to have placed your editorial integrity on a par with that of the *Reader's Digest*.

In other words, I am letting you — and your readers — know, to quote your editorial, that you "have violated a principle of importance to a free and outspoken press." Nevertheless, I shall be glad to exercise my privilege, to quote your letter, and "go on nominating." This, in the hope that, although the *Realist* may have an ax to grind, BA&S will come to the realization that it shouldn't.

Dead Men Tell Tales

There were a couple of ironic deaths this month. One was Nevil Shute, author of the novel, *On the Beach*—the movie bastardization of which he refused to attend. Nevertheless, the film does attempt to show, in the words of critic Bosley Crowther, "that life is too precious to be gambled on a titanic toss of nuclear bombs."

Nevil Shute's death is a sardonic reminder that, nuclear bombs or not, we all have our own *personal* on-the-beach coming; "life is too precious"—period.

No one knew this better than Albert Camus. It is

You wake up in the morning, and lo! your purse is magically filled with twenty-four hours of the unmanufactured tissue of the universe of your life! It is yours. It is the most precious of possessions. A highly singular commodity, showered upon you in a manner as singular as the commodity itself!

For remark! No one can take it from you. It is unstealable. And no one receives either more or less than you receive.

Talk about an ideal democracy! In the realm of time there is no aristocracy of wealth, and no aristocracy of intellect. Genius is never rewarded by even an extra hour a day. And there is no punishment. Waste your infinitely precious commodity as much as you will, and the supply will never be withheld from you.

No mysterious power will say: "This man is a fool, if not a knave. He does not deserve time; he shall be cut off at the meter." It is more certain than consols, and payment of income is not affected by Sundays.

Moreover, you cannot draw on the future. Impossible to get into debt! You can only waste the passing moment. You cannot waste tomorrow; it is kept for you. You cannot waste the next hour; it is kept for you. —Arnold Bennett, 1910

not really a paradox that those who recognize the essential absurdity of existence often get the most joy out of life—and often fight the hardest to obtain justice for others. Camus was such a man. During World War II he was active in the French Resistance and edited an important underground paper, *Combat*. Aside from his Nobel prize-winning philosophy and fiction—*The Rebel*, *The Stranger*, *The Fall*—he was a dedicated propagandist, writing, for example, a most logical—and humane—essay opposing capital punishment.

It would have been poetic injustice if he had been falsely accused of a murder, say, and had been found guilty and executed. That he was instead goosed by the fickle finger of fate—he died in an automobile accident—is something Albert Camus would have appreciated even more.

The Two Faces of Jack Paar (Cont.)

The time had come for Jack Paar to speak—his emotion choking with voice—of the Cuban situation. And it was only natural that a couple of Hearst columnists should chastize him for doing so.

Dorothy Kilgallen managed to relate his defense of Castro to Paar's previous televised tongue-lashing of those who had criticized the Khrushchev visit. In particular, he had pointed the finger at Miss Kilgallen for discussing Mrs. Khrushchev's thick ankles. Paar now decried this "peril of yellow journalism." And he fought it by indulging in *yellow* journalism. He said that Miss Kilgallen has no chin.

George E. Sokolsky also got into the act, on the editorial page of the *N. Y. Journal-American*. He suggested that Paar invite him on the show to speak his views on Cuba—but that he didn't want to be interrupted by all those commercials or by Paar's pianoplayer. Sokolsky was merely referring to the periodic theme-music interruptions of José Melis, but Jack Paaranoïd completely missed the point and called Sokolsky "un-American."

Paar then proceeded to play with his non sequitur by boasting that Billy Graham is his friend. It is only because the revelation would ruin Graham's business that Paar has changed his mind about titling his autobiography *The Second Coming*.

The Cyclops in Your Living Room

Writer Rod Serling had a line removed from a TV script this month. It was: "I'm an American." Try and guess why. We'll tell you later.

First, you might like to eavesdrop on some "Presentation Highlights" of the Television Bureau of Advertising, Inc. "To reach the majority of people who are still non-customers for even the most popular products," they advise, "we must go beyond attracting and intriguing and we must *intrude* . . ."

That TV paves the way well for commercial intrusion, is indicated by the following statistics:

- 70% of all men view daily
- 78% of all women view daily
- 89% of all teenagers view daily
- 99% of all children over 3 view daily
- 128,000,000 people view daily.

Meanwhile, a Gallup poll showed that fewer than half the people in this country *ever read a book* (not counting compulsory school texts), and that only 17% were currently reading a book. Compare this with:

- England, 55% — Australia, 33%
- Germany, 45% — Canada, 31%

"And television," continues the Bureau of Advertising's presentation, "because it can intrude nicely, reaches the largest potential market of all: *non-customers* who, up to now, we have failed to cover or reach or attract or intrigue or convince."

Apparently, though, it doesn't take very much to attract or intrigue or convince all us clods. The reason that line was removed from the Serling script? The sponsor was a cigarette company, one of whose competitors is the American Tobacco Company.

Steve Allen Discusses The Smear Against SANE

Much of the ad lib humor of Steve Allen is based on the psychological process of free association. He is, however, also concerned with free association on another, serious level.

This month, Allen wrote to Jim Greene, columnist ("Spotlight On The Dials") for *The Tablet*, official Catholic paper of the Brooklyn, N. Y. archdiocese. The letter—which was neither published nor answered—speaks for itself.

Dear Mr. Greene:

Something happened to me recently that I felt you would want to know about. A few people accused me of being a Communist. I am sure you know that in our society this is a very grave matter indeed as our courts have indicated by designating such accusations, when unfounded, as libelous.

Since the individuals involved harmed themselves by breaking the Commandment: *Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness Against Thy Neighbor* and may also have harmed me in ways that are difficult to measure, I feel certain you will disapprove of their conduct.

Indirect Method

But you may wonder why I am bringing this matter to your personal attention. Well, it develops that the source of the information which led to the charge was your column of December 12th, 1959. At this point you will, one presumes, be horrified. "But," you will protest, and quite rightly, "I never said Steve Allen was a Communist."

It is conceivable that you may think that this statement completely absolves you of any blame in this matter. And — who knows? — you may be right. You may understand, however, that this view is one that I do not share. I think you are most pointedly to blame, and in an entirely cordial and straightforward way I would like to tell you why.

Setting The Stage

Your opening paragraphs, which get right to the question of "Congressional committees . . . looking for un-Americans," set the stage for an interpretation of your following remarks that in the minds of all but the most politically sophisticated will be inevitable.

Then, to make your point even more crystal-clear, you use phrases such as "left-wingers" and "front-joiners," phrases which are so familiar a part of the anti-Communist lexicon that readers do not simply interpret the words involved in the sense intended by the dictionary—rather they have an automatic emotional reaction which is so well-established that no writer employing such phraseology could deny

his intentions and still retain his reputation for integrity.

Ignorant of Aims

You now come specifically to the organization of which I have the extreme honor to be a member: *The National Committee For a Sane Nuclear Policy*. And, in explaining this organization to your readers, the majority of whom I think we may safely assume are in ignorance as to its aims, you link it with the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship by saying that the two groups are working for the "same end."

Let us consider first the intellectual unfairness of such "reasoning." To begin with it is nowhere established that the fact that any two individuals or organizations working for a specific end may logically be considered as demonstrating that they are working in co-operation. Secondly, even if they were, it must be shown that the end desired is evil before the finger of criticism may be legitimately pointed.

Evil End?

Fortunately for the sake of justice you at least identify this end, which is that the American government should reach an agreement with the Soviet Union on atomic bomb experiments. Now, out with it, sir, and do not evade the issue. Is this an evil end? If your answer is *yes* then there is no point in your reading further; we have but to retire from the debate, leaving each other to heaven.

But the end, one feels certain you will admit, is a desirable one. I most urgently feel that simple honesty requires that you bring to the attention of your many readers that this end is *not* in any way subversive but on the contrary is precisely that which has been time and time again publicly endorsed by President Eisenhower, Vice-President Nixon, Senator John Kennedy, and, indeed, the overwhelming majority of the world's peoples of all religions and races.

Open Meetings

You report a recent meeting in Hollywood of "150 movie stars, directors, and producers joined to urge the ending of nuclear-bomb testing," as if this were a revelation of suspicious significance. Indeed such a meeting

has been held and not only in Robert Ryan's home but in my own and in the homes of several other loyal American citizens who live in Hollywood.

The source of your news-story, "Counterattack," is not, it should be made clear, making any now-it-can-be-told announcements. These parties have been widely publicized in newspapers from coast-to-coast and no one else saw in them anything but a healthy sign of a community bestirring itself into active participation in the debate on what is clearly the most vital issue of our time.

Jayne Who?

Socially-conscious actors such as Lee Marvin, Hugh O'Brian, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Dennis Weaver, Don Murray, Jack Lemmon, Carole Baker, Shirley MacLaine, Jayne Meadows, Keenan Wynn, and many others are doing what little they can to awaken a generally uninterested public to the grave dangers we face. You may disagree with our point of view but you are most certainly *not* at liberty to impute base motives to us.

Now you may think that by showing that among the thousands of names of those connected with the National Committee For a Sane Nuclear Policy there are a few people whom you identify as "Pinks," (whatever that may mean specifically—some of your readers obviously think it means "Communist") that this is proof that the Committee is therefore dangerously close to (if not actually) subversive. You have, of course, demonstrated nothing, except an extremely dangerous method of reasoning.

Implied Subversion

And when, by mentioning organizations such as the United World Federalists and the United Nations in such a way as to give your politically uninformed readers the impression that there is something somehow not quite proper about these organizations — you perpetrate, sir, a very clear-cut evil. Are you aware that such distinguished members of the Catholic clergy as Rev. Edward A. Conway, S.J., Rev. Phillip S. Moore, C.S.C., and The Most Rev. Bernard J. Sheil are members of the National Advisory Board of the United World Federalists (along with such other eminent and respected Americans as Gov. Mennen Williams, William G. Saltonstall, and Dr. Harrison Brown)?

Could it conceivably be your opinion that the aim of this group: to strengthen world law by strengthening the United Nations, is in any way reprehensible? If such is your opinion may I recommend to you the writings on peace of Pope Pius XII.

Eyeless Vision

And besides the general misrepresentation, there is one specific falsehood in your article. It is the state-

Question of the Month

Will Gamble Benedict regain her chauffeur's license?

ment that "the Committee fails to mention the policing problem the United States and the rest of the Western Powers have with Russia's proposals." The Committee, on the contrary, has mentioned this time and again; and how, without being intimately familiar with our literature, you could presume to know what we have not said, I fail to understand.

I derive small comfort from your somewhat grudging inclusion of the "Counterattack" admission that "it is not alleged that the National Committee is a Communist front at this time." Does someone want to make an appointment to meet me somewhere at some future time to make such an allegation? And the comfort I derive is, as I say, small since the admission was evidently not enough to prevent some of your readers from making the accusation that I was a Communist.

The Melody Lingers On

But these details can, if men debate the issues with anything remotely resembling honesty and good will, be cleared up. What I feel is a more important danger, and a more unhealthy situation is that we are still evidently in the middle of the guilt-by-association era.

Questionable associations may legitimately give rise to suspicion and nothing more and these suspicions may not be allowed to hang in the air but ought, in justice, to be cleared up at once. Nor are the public press or the radio airwaves the best arena in which to thrash out the charges, for audiences change from day to day and not every man who reads a charge or an aspersion is on hand to notice that some time later the accusation is withdrawn.

The Brothers

Guilt-by-association or blood-relationship can be considered as strongly evidential only by men who have renounced their claim to rational thought. To illustrate: one of the most notorious of New York's waterfront gangsters had a brother who was a Catholic priest. Anyone who assumes that because of this relationship it is proved or even suggested that gangsters are religious, that priests are associated with the Mafia, or any foolishness of the sort would, if he broadcast his assumptions, probably be locked up. And yet something very like this sort of reasoning occurs every day in the field of politics and some men profess to be blind to the evil of it.

Comrade Christ?

And one last thought. More and more in recent years I have been struck, indeed appalled, by the fact

that opponents of all good, constructive steps toward social justice and that brotherhood of man which Christ came to preach, steps such as better wages and working conditions for the laboring-man, collective bargaining, old age pensions, Social Security, a more democratic share in America for the Negro, better medical care for the poor, better Mental Health facilities for our entire society, and so forth — the opponents of all of these necessary steps along the path of progress have characterized them as the work of Communists.

If ever there was a more tragic folly I cannot think of it.

False Credit

The march of progress is never delayed; man does progress socially. The die-hards die hard but they do die. And what is the result of it all? The Communists get a share of the credit, a share to which they are not entitled! And of course they well know how to parlay this foolishness on our part into a tremendous advantage around the world. "See," they say, "even in America our enemies admit that we are behind the labor movement, that we are the motivating force behind the liberation of the Negro, behind the peace movement, behind this, that and a hundred other worthwhile activities."

To personalize the matter I do not approve at all of the Communists getting credit for the very hard work I and thousands of other Americans are doing for the National Committee For a Sane Nuclear Policy. You may have noticed that the other day the nations of the world voted 60 to 1 against France, which hopes to explode a nuclear-bomb in our atmosphere next year. That vote indicates the trend.

The Misguided Sin

The peoples of the world do not want their air and water and milk and vegetables poisoned by radioactive fallout. Unless there is a war they will have their way. And you and people like you will commit the terrible sin of crediting the Communists for it all.

I am not personally angry with you for having made the mistake you did; certain publications (one hopes with good intentions but one wonders) poison the minds of a great many people in our day. You are perhaps not to blame for what certain misguided individuals have suggested to you. But this business of crediting Communists for everything good in the world I cannot easily forgive. It is this fact that has driven me to spend these valuable minutes of my working-time here at the typewriter setting down these ideas.

It is, however, in complete good-will and cordiality that I send you this letter. If it in any way modifies your opinions the effort will not have been wasted. If it does not may you at least continue to search your conscience as well as the works of responsible authorities for the light you seek.

Sincerely yours,
/s/Steve Allen
Hollywood, Calif.

P.S. For your further enlightenment I am enclosing:

(A) an editorial titled "A Catholic Columnist's Lot" from "The Commonwealth" and

(B) an editorial titled "Catholic Action We Can Well Dispense With," from "America."

Are your readers ever exposed to the sort of arguments set forth by these distinguished Catholic publications?

Department of Unintentional Satire

The *Psychic Observer* was sponsoring a rather specialized beauty contest this month to determine "Miss Spirit World" for 1960. Readers themselves will be the judges; all photos will appear in the paper and they will be asked to send in their votes for the "Loveliest Entry."

The thought behind the competition is "considerable and serious." The main reason is to help dispel the fear that is still too often carried by people that life after death is a frightful thing. To the contrary, those prepared for the future find it an incomparably beautiful experience and their spirit forms, when photographed, clearly depict this.

"Then, too, we hope the content will encourage more to try their hand at Spirit photography. There are all too few Spirit photographers (who are known of) in the country at this time. And finally, what better proof of survival—than *seeing proof!*"

Readers were invited to submit photos "together with negative, if possible, name and address of the photographer, a brief sketch of the Spirit loved one and if you have it, a photograph of the entry taken while she was still on earth. Send this together with a notarized statement to the effect that this is a legitimate spirit photograph owned by you."

Reginald Dunsany:

The Tolerant Pagan . . .

The "hate-painting" with swastikas and abusive inscriptions on synagogues and other structures began in Germany on Christmas Eve and has spread to hundreds of places throughout the world. But the anti-Semitic outbreak did not mean much in and of itself.

As Sidney Gruson wrote in the *New York Times*: "The overt manifestations of anti-Semitism here over any lengthy period of time are no greater than elsewhere." Certainly, the events did not compare in frightfulness with the rash of synagogue bombings that the U.S. suffered a year earlier.

Various commentators have traced the origin of the demonstrations to a wide variety of sources. Namely: Mass Psychosis, Nazism, Adenauerism, Communism, Militarism, Democratic Capitalism, Judaism, Islam, Christianity.

To some extent all of them are correct. But in the view of the Tolerant Pagan, the factors most to blame are the first and last. I will explain why I blame Christianity most after outlining the other alternatives.

Mass Psychosis

Crosby S. Noyes, European correspondent of the *Washington Star*, points out that none of those arrested for swastika-daubing was older than 26. He says that "the current nastiness is really not so much a symptom of a deep underlying hatred as the discovery of moronic youngsters of a sure-fire way to plague their elders, disturb the peace, and draw attention to themselves."

He observes that "there is something grotesque in a situation where any harebrained youngster with a perverted Halloween courage and a can of paint can attract the anguished attention of the world and cause governments to tremble."

Noyes' view was supported by a group of New York psychologists interviewed by the *New York Times*. They compared the swift spread of anti-Semitic incidents in many parts of the world to crazes and fads of a less destructive nature. Several mentioned rock 'n' roll and hula hoops. One recalled "Kilroy was here," the inscription that appeared on so many walls during World War II.

They agreed that all such manifestations had gained momentum and impact as global communications improved. Examples set in Cologne, Germany on one night might be followed in Argentina or Australia on the next night. Most of them doubted that the outbreaks had a truly political base.

The same view was taken by many religious and political leaders.

Several rabbis expressed it in sermons just after the occurrences. Henry Edward Schultz, chairman of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith said

of bigotry take place, and are widely reported, the lunatic fringe is inspired to imitate."

The Protestant Council of New York said that it believed "the incidents may be the work of crackpots rather than any organized expression of anti-Jewish sentiment."

Albert Vorspan, Executive Director of the Social Action Committee of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, attributed the desecrations in the Western Hemisphere "to cranks, vandals, or delinquents," although he considered the situation in Germany in a slightly different light.

But Otto Krash of Yeshiva University said: "Smearing swastikas and hula hoops indeed! Even experts should be able to distinguish bigotry from fad!"

Nazism

Many others found the psychological explanation inadequate. Said Irving Miller, Chairman of the American Zionist Council: "The incidents are too reminiscent of the early outrages of Hitler's Nazis and we know too well to what tragic ends they led."

Other groups talked darkly of a world-wide "Nazi International" which had called the signals from Cologne to Darwin, Australia, in an open show of defiance and bid for support. Alexander Easterman, political director of the World Jewish Congress, said that "the events bear all the earmarks of Nazi German Organization."

At first the officials of the West German government took a similar line. Typical was the statement of Professor Franz Boehm, a leading member of Chancellor Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union: "I think this is a synchronized operation, a sort of rallying signal to Nazi and Fascist elements all over Europe."

Dr. Nahum Goldman, President of the World Jewish Congress, said that large sums of money which had been transferred from Germany before the Nazis' fall in 1945 had not been traced and might have been used by such groups. This explanation was also endorsed by a group of Protestant clergymen in this country, including Billy Graham; Eugene Carson Blake, former head of the National Council of

Churches; and Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill of the Episcopal Church, co-President of the World Council of Churches.

They signed a statement saying that the vandalism indicated "a central organizing force of the same vicious type that existed in Nazi Germany."

But a factor not mentioned by any of these leaders, and one that militated against the validity of their conclusion, was that the disorders did not occur simultaneously. One of them happened on Christmas Eve, one on Christmas Day, and then they gradually increased. The fever reached its height more than a week later. This looks more like imitation than co-ordination.

But Rabbi William F. Rosenbloom of Temple Israel in New York insisted that the events must be recognized as a resurgence "of an obstinate and innate anti-Jewishness which seems to plague the German character like an ethnic cancer."

Adenauerism

Just as Adenauer's friends blamed the Nazis, so did the neo-Nazis in Germany blame him and his associates. The vestiges of Nazism in Germany seem to be incorporated in the German Reich Party. The culprits involved in the Cologne hate-painting were members. They were promptly dismissed from membership and the Cologne branch was closed down for anti-Semitic tendencies.

The national leaders suggested that it was all a conspiracy of "officials of the Fascist Oberlaender State." This was a jibe at Adenauer's government, and particularly at his refugee minister, Theodor Oberlaender, who had been an active Nazi. But any number of other Christian Democratic (Catholic Party) officeholders could have been mentioned. Most of the top men in the government are ex-Nazis or people who did very well in some private capacity under Hitler.

Socialist Mayor Willy Brandt of Berlin did not charge a conspiracy but he said that there are many former followers of Hitler "in the high levels of the Administration, Justice, Education, and among the so-called voices of public opinion."

It was charged that a thousand judges in Germany are ex-Nazis, that 60% of the teachers worked under Hitler, and that few of them do anything to teach the evils of the Nazi regime. The Socialists called meetings, which were well-attended, to protest the Christmas holiday episodes and the prevalence of Nazi influence in the present German government.

The anti-Semitic incidents also led to a surge of anti-Germanism in various countries. A number of German embassies were besieged by protest marches. Foreign Minister Heinrich

Izvestia blamed the outbreaks not only on the fact that Adenauer "did not lift a finger to call the organizers of the provocation to account" but in

view this matter of Germany, anti-Semitism and resurgent nationalism." Corroboration of the military tie-up came from a different source: through

has been given a big boost. If this story is correct, the different approach to the guilt of the is right, the plotters stupid. But this either.

The REALIST Issue Number 15 - Febr, 1960 - Centerspread
scans of this entire issue found at: <http://www.ep.tc/realist/15>

I FORGIVE
YOU UP
THERE.



YOU MEAN
WELL. IT'S
NOT YOUR
FAULT YOU'RE
UNEQUIPPED
FOR THE
JOB.



INDUSTRIALIZATION
ISN'T YOUR
FAULT. MODERN
SCIENCE ISN'T
YOUR
FAULT.
OVER POPULATION
ISN'T YOUR
FAULT.



HISTORICALLY,
YOU'RE
BASICALLY
RURAL.
THE WORLD
HAS GONE
PAST YOU.
I UNDERSTAND.



SO NATURALLY,
YOU'VE TURNED
UNCERTAIN.
YOU'RE TRYING
TO REASSERT
YOURSELF. NO
ONE LIKES TO
ADMIT HE'S LOST
HIS TOUCH.



LISTEN UP
THERE-IF
YOU EVER
START A
WAR-I'LL
UNDERSTAND.



IT'S AN
ATTENTION
GETTING
DEVICE.



IT'S NOT
YOUR
FAULT
YOU'RE
EMOTIONALLY
IMMATURE.



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FETTER

von Brentano warned a meeting of Christian Democratic legislators that West Germany's position was endangered by a rising distrust of her among her allies.

The aged Chancellor chose this inopportune moment for a speech announcing that proposals for an interim agreement on the status of West Berlin which had been put forward by the U.S., Britain and France at the Foreign Ministers' Conference last year, and to which Adenauer objected, were now "null and void."

The British promptly said that if Chancellor Adenauer did not like their Berlin policy, "he could lump it."

The use of that highly undiplomatic phrase by the punctilious British reflected their irritation with him and with Germany in general. A boycott of German goods was started, many orders were cancelled, and German employees of British firms started losing their jobs.

The German press protested that the British had unfairly revived the principle of collective guilt in judging the entire nation for the actions of a few extremists and hooligans.

Ian Mikardo, a Jewish member of Parliament, who was himself being pestered by "British Nazis," said that the "resurgence of Nazism" in West Germany was "a real menace because the neo-Nazis have the support and protection of powerful people in high places.

"I am not at all impressed by Dr. Adenauer's crocodile expressions of indignation at swastika-daubing hooliganism because it is he who has appointed large numbers of criminal and unrepentant Nazis to prominent posts in his government, in the civil service, in the judiciary, and in the army."

Communism

While for a long time the Adenauer administration blamed the Nazis, they were constantly hinting that there were "wire-pullers" behind the scenes, and that these were sent from Communist East Germany. Adenauer promised that he would uncover and expose the true culprits. This was done after most of the outrages had been committed.

Then DPA, the West German news agency, announced that "West German intelligence" had information about organized bands of East German Communists scattered throughout West Germany, instructed to organize "action commandos" and systematically to desecrate Jewish monuments and discredit West Germany before the world.

The police said that one of the Co-

logne hate-painters had taken part in the 1951 East Berlin Communist World Youth Festival. (At that time, the young man must have been 16.) No other evidence was adduced to support the German charge of Communist responsibility.

The best evidence against the Communists was of a kind that no court would accept. No one would question the moral capacity of the Communists to perform such a stunt. And the effect of the episode—disruption of relations between Germany and its allies—is certainly such a *desideratum* of Communist policy that it provided an adequate motive. But the "corpus delicti" was obviously missing.

Militarism

Speaking from Moscow, the Communists compared the charges against them to Hitler's allegation that Communists had been responsible for the burning of the Reichstag in 1933. It is believed to have been burned by the Nazis themselves to justify the tightening of their dictatorship.

Izvestia blamed the outbreaks not only on the fact that Adenauer "did not lift a finger to call the organizers of the provocation to account" but in

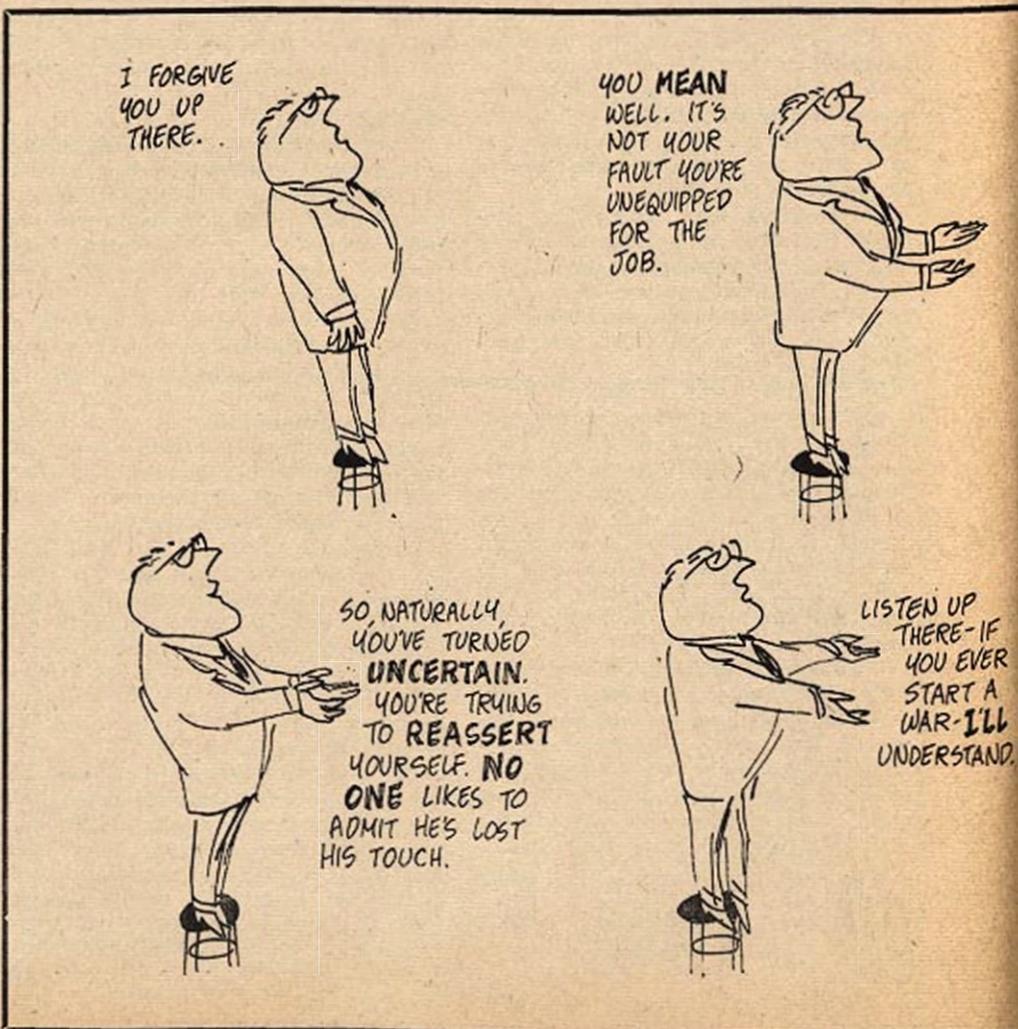
more general terms upon the resurgence of militarism in the Reich.

The newspaper said that "today, the S.S. (Elite Guard) thugs and their sympathizers in other Western countries are painting swastikas on the wall. Tomorrow, provided with rockets with nuclear warheads, they will try to subjugate Europe to the swastika. It will be pointless to seek consolation in the idea that the Nazis can march only in one direction: to the East."

Britain's Communist party announced a series of meetings to oppose nuclear weapons for West Germany and to win assurance that "never again will German Fascism threaten the peace of the world." They found considerable sympathy among other British citizens.

And Congressman Harris B. McDowell, Jr. of Delaware rose in the American Congress to say that "Now U.S. military leaders and the President are planning to provide Germany with nuclear weapons. It is high time that the President and Congress review this matter of Germany, anti-Semitism and resurgent nationalism."

Corroboration of the military tie-up came from a different source: through



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a correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* in Berne, Switzerland. He said that he had documents proving that the wave of anti-Semitism was a "concerted action initiated by a group of former S.S. officers, German and non-Sweden."

German, with headquarters in Malmo. He asserted that "the aim of the concerted action now ordered by the Malmo head office is to prevent, if possible, and sabotage any durable co-existence between East and West. According to these extreme rightist groups, this coexistence was fostered by some Jewish politicians and business men in the Free World. These Jews are said to have hoped their people would be beneficiaries of the economic prosperity and political stability brought about by an understanding with the Communist nations."

In other words, this was the exact reverse of the Communist-guilt theory.

But the actual result is the direct opposite of what these plotters are supposed to have hoped for. Coexistence has been given a big boost. If this story is right, the plotters must be extremely stupid. But this is not impossible either.

Capitalist Democracy

Drew Pearson was the principal exponent of the theory that primary responsibility lay not with Nazis, Christian Democrats, nor the Communists, but with our own capitalist democracies. He said that "shortly after the War, some of the highest officials in the United States Government began encouraging the reinstatement of Nazis in positions of German power and influence."

Much of the blame for this he placed upon representatives of business interests who accompanied the army into Germany—sometimes in U.S. military uniform. At a time when "de-Nazification" was the order of the day, former Nazis were supposed to be used only as laborers. Many an ex-Nazi was listed as such but actually had full charge of an industrial plant or some other important private or public enterprise.

A former editorial writer on a Hungarian newspaper, Robert Major, now a refugee in New York, had a different approach to the guilt of the Free World. Major said that while these governments "do not hesitate to fight so-called smut and pornography"

when they are "faced with instigations to race hatred and mass murders, these countries observe the rule of absolute freedom of thought."

He pointed to the many ex-Nazis who escaped justice in the former German-controlled countries by going to democratic lands. He said that "hundreds of emigré Nazi journals are mushrooming in most of the democratic countries. Their book publishing is flourishing."

As a Hungarian, of course, Major lacks some of our tradition of free expression.

Malcolm Muggeridge, one-time editor of *Punch*, completed the turning of the tables upon the Americans. He said that the United States "is in practice the most anti-Semitic country in the world. If you join certain American clubs, you have to provide the names of your parents and of your grandparents in order to insure that they are non-Jewish."

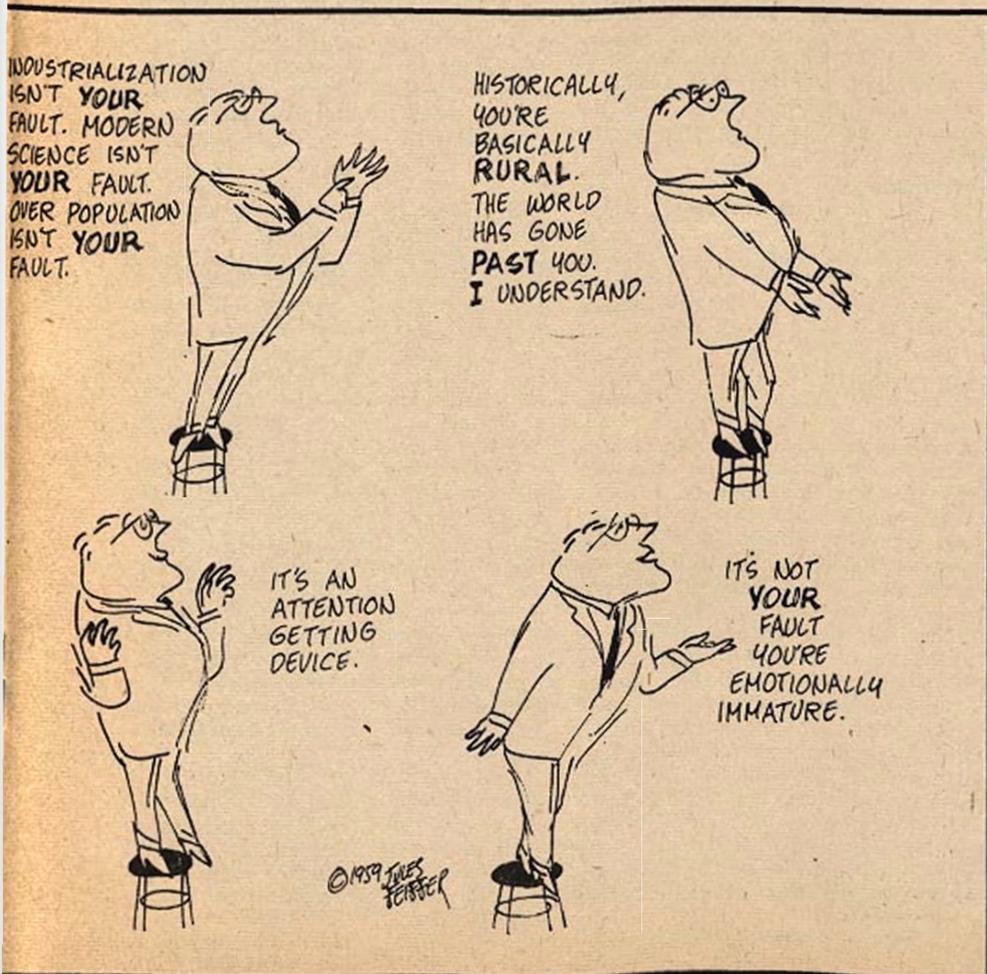
"Again, there are certain areas—for instance on Long Island—where people of Jewish descent are not permitted to buy real estate. Though American Jewry is powerful financially—and, notably in New York State, politically—it is inconceivable that a Jew should become President of the United States. Jews can, in certain circumstances, wield influence, but no Jew may aspire to the White House. An American Disraeli is out of the question."

Judaism

Most bullies seek a rationalization for their misdeeds. It was part of the anti-Semitism of the hate-painters that, like the alleged Malmo plotters, they should blame the whole thing on the Jews. One of them said that he had planned the paint-job to draw public attention to a supposed "Jewish menace" because Jews were getting into "high places."

The official Vatican Radio provided some support for this concept of an international Jewish ring exerting economic power. While the actual daubing was condemned, the broadcast pointed out that the "Jewish issue" is still alive today, especially among Christians, as seen from the fact that a conference was held in Germany last July to discuss "the problem of relations between Christians and Jews."

That conference concluded that anti-Semitism is based mainly on social, national, and cultural, not religious grounds. The Vatican spokesman said that "the cultural isolation of the Jews was accentuated in eastern and central Europe by their different attire, language and customs, and created an



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atmosphere which favored anti-Semitism.

"While the Jews in Western countries are careful to avoid emphasizing their differences, nevertheless, with the increasing number of Jews in the West, the economic, social and cultural basis from which the whole Jewish problem stems will be stressed more and more."

The Pope's broadcasting station obviously considered Jewry, if not as an international menace, at least as an organized international force. In fact, it complained that the State of Israel is now "unable to control world Jewry, or influence it, owing to its limited means."

But it added that "in time, Israel will become the religious, political and social center of all the Jews in the world." It sounded as if the Vatican would consider this a good thing.

Most Jews, like most Gentiles, sympathize with Israel as a haven of refuge for the oppressed. But few Jews would admit that Israel, controlled by Ben Gurion and his reactionary Orthodox religio-political allies, might become the "religious, political and social center of all the Jews in the world."

The Mayor of Cologne, Max Adenauer, a son of the Chancellor, expressed "close solidarity with the Jews and with the State of Israel in the hour of this mean attack."

Evangelical Bishop Otto Dibelius of Berlin sent a personal cable to Ben Gurion expressing the "concern and disgust of German Protestants."

And Ben Gurion added to the illusion of himself as a sort of Jewish pope by sending formal diplomatic representations to all of the countries where any of the anti-Semitic manifestations occurred.

There were also some original approaches to the question of Jewish responsibility for anti-Semitism. One was the painting of the "Star of David" on two Christian churches in New York City. The design was accompanied by the phrase, "An eye for an eye." This is the Old Testament phrase that is often misinterpreted as the equivalent of the Roman "*lex talionis*," the law of retaliation or revenge.

No one seemed to believe seriously that Jews had done the hate-painting. But Isaac Toubin, Executive Director of the American Jewish Congress, found it appropriate to deny it. He insisted that "no sober Jewish citizen would perpetrate—and no responsible Jewish organization will condone—the defacement of Christian Churches that took place in New York today."

(Catholic and Protestant churches were also defaced in Germany and some other places.)

The Arabs had another "wrinkle." In Cairo the government-controlled newspapers claimed that Jews them-

selves organized all the incidents "to arouse sympathy."

Islam

The well-known columnist, David Lawrence, on the other hand, tagged the Moslems with their own share of the blame. He quoted the chairman of an anti-Nazi organization as saying that "there is an underground anti-Semitic movement and that its two centers in Sweden and Vienna are in contact with former Nazi leaders who have fled to Egypt."

"Recent reports indicate that some of the anti-Semitic demonstrations in the southern part of the United States might have had their origin in certain Arab countries." In other words, he feels that back of the anti-Semitic demonstrations are the fine Semite hands of the Arabs.

To this contention, Jamal A. Sa'd of the Arab Information Center replied that "Without assuming a 'holier than thou' attitude to this problem of anti-Semitism, history has shown it to be a movement which developed in the West, specifically the European continent, and a problem for Western society to resolve."

"We have never discriminated against the Jews as Jews, and to this day they live and worship as Arabs of the Jewish faith with their homes and houses of worship unmolested. It is worthy of mention that incidents such as are appearing elsewhere in the world are nowhere to be seen in the Arab world today."

Christianity

The United Jewish Appeal, which raises funds for refugees from Arab countries to Israel, might have some qualifications to Sa'd's statement, but the Arab defense has large elements of truth in it. And it is even truer of non-Semitic infidel lands. Which brings the discussion down to the plane where the Tolerant Pagan thinks it really belongs.

As above noted, the Vatican opinion is that the "Jewish problem" exists mainly in Christian countries, and this is quite correct. Whether or not our press wants to admit it, the main source of hatred of the Jews is the Christian concept of them, or their ancestors, as "Christ-killers."

Bishop Dibelius said sanctimoniously that "I have not heard that any of the young people doing these things have been connected with church life." But he didn't hear the contrary either; and it is reasonably certain that they had absorbed not only Nazi but also Christian prejudices in their childhood.

The Bishop admitted that "We can only tell our people to be especially vigilant . . . in teaching their children another spirit than that of race hatred."

The same prejudice is developed by non-Nazi Christian parents and teach-

ers in this country.

Dr. Forrest L. Knapp, General Secretary of the Massachusetts Council of Churches, said that "we may very well acknowledge that we and our ancestors have sometimes been guilty of sinning against our Jewish neighbors nearby and of careless indifference to those far away."

And Dr. John C. Bennett, Dean of the Faculty at Union Theological Seminary in New York, put the blame directly where in my opinion it belongs. He said that in "some" Protestant Sunday School lesson material there are "images and suggestions" which stimulate anti-Jewish prejudice.

He said that even where there is little explicit anti-Judaism among Christians, there is a "religious conditioning" which prepares them for a "negative attitude toward Jews." He mentioned the "misuse of the crucifixion story."

In the handling of that lurid tale, of course, the Catholics far outdo the Protestants. It can't help but awaken in the minds of children hatred of the "Christ-Killers" who demanded the death of their Saviour.

Dr. Bennett's comments were based on a study, made at Yale Divinity School, of Protestant religious texts.

And if Christian anti-Semitism is so important in this country, how much more important it must be in Bavaria, where every courtroom contains a crucifix!



Reactions to the incidents were varied and largely stupid.

A New York magistrate, confronted with three boys, aged 16 to 21—who had organized themselves into a neo-Nazi cell that had no other members, and who had been charged by the police with disorderly conduct—changed the charge and held them for trial on a charge of treason, for which the penalty is death!

In Germany, Chancellor Adenauer advocated, in effect, lynch law. Meetings in that country were suppressed, students were expelled from colleges, and demands were made for tighter and tighter laws against "hate-mongering."

The Tolerant Pagan feels that suppression is the wrong approach. Hitler was suppressed but rose again. What is needed is sweet persuasion addressed to the potential followers of such demagogues.

And the first ones on whom such sweet persuasion should be exerted are the Christians. If only we could induce them to stop retelling that story about the passion and death of Jesus, the problem of anti-Semitism would probably be solved.

Along with a number of other problems.

three
poems
by
carolyn
perone

I know a guy who
sits on his fanny
all day
and tells shaggy dog
stories
with crazy punch lines
to all the tourists—
and they
pay him.
He eats good
runs a respectable
shaggydogstorytelling
organization
licenced, incorporated
and do you know
this guy is miserable
because
he doesn't write
his own material.
It's syndicated.
There are
shaggydogstorytellers
all over the world
but
he's contributing to
society
he's
working
for a living.
Too bad he's
unhappy but
that's show biz.

Philosophy
fantastic fiasco of
words
logic
semantics
aesthetics
Books
a tiny room
rempri de livres
Tell me
am I suffering from
an acute case of
gastric onomatopoeia?
do I dig
menckenmenandwomen?
The window's open wide
freshsmelling freeflowing
summer wind
I lay aside my philosophers
and glance at
Casanova's memoirs
second hand sex
tepid
pornography
Interruptions
my teenage sister
home from
bathing suit shopping
rock and roll records
fabulous fabian
turn him loose.
But what is a great man?

I'd type it for you Allen
real cheap—five pages for fifty
cents. That's not too dear
It wouldn't be too much
trouble—the typing I mean
But do I have to
read it?

What Makes Wyatt Urp? — Part III

The gimmickry of faith-healer Thomas Wyatt (see issues #1 & #9) is exceeded only by his sales pitch. This month he was boasting of a Round-the-World Communion Service which had "required the adjustment of a number of network policies" before the special radio program could be released.

"In conjunction with this communion service," he continued, in a letter to his listeners, "a special 24 hour prayer period was set apart in which to make intercession for all who were looking for divine intervention as they partook of the Lord's Supper.

"As prayer requests poured in by the thousands it was necessary to add extra typists to handle them. Every request was typed on prayer sheets together with the name of the individual. During the 24 hours of continuous prayer 'The 70' and I spoke every name before the throne of mercy and made intercession for each and every request.

"During this special time of consecration and prayer, we were directed by the Lord to concentrate every effort throughout the next thirty days toward the liberation of those who are in bondage to sickness, disease and op-

pression. The great cry for help that came to us during this special communion service has laid such a crushing burden on our hearts that we must devote ourselves exclusively to this ministry during the next month, and we are praying God will make it possible for us to do this entirely free from any distraction.

"You can help immeasurably during this month of liberation: *First*, by using your spiritual power in prayer to bind the forces of Satan so that he cannot distract us as we minister to the needy. *Second*, by sending your offerings so the financial burden will not hinder our full devotion to this ministry. . . .

"I know your offerings are given out of the goodness of your heart, and God will reward you for your sacrifices, yet I have always wanted, to express my own personal appreciation with a special gift to you. I did not want it to be

a meaningless trinket, but a gift that would have lasting significance—such gifts, however, are difficult to find.

"A few days ago, it gave me great joy to be informed by our representative in the Holy Land that he had located a most unusual article. The moment I saw it I knew this was the gift I had always wanted for you. It is a small handmade urn of ancient design, created from the very soil of the most sacred land on earth. It is delicately molded in the form of a pitcher, and is of a fitting size for a fireplace mantle, or dressing table.

"This urn contains a lotion that is scented with the fragrance of orange blossoms from the Holy Land. The basic ingredient of this lotion is water taken from the Jordan River—from the same waters in which Naaman the leper was miraculously healed, from the same waters that were parted when Israel went in to possess the Promised Land, from the same waters in which Jesus was baptized and the Holy Spirit descended upon Him in the form of a dove. The waters of Jordan have been used perhaps more than any other waters in the world to produce wonders and miracles.

"We will bless the contents of this urn before sending it to you, and I feel strongly impressed that this lotion from the Holy Land will be used by many as a medium to release faith for healing when they anoint themselves or others for deliverance. Use this lotion sparingly, but when your supply is exhausted we can order more for you if you desire—this would take time, however, and would be expensive.

"Now I wish we could send everyone this gift from the Holy Land, but frankly it is too expensive, so much so that we can send it only to those who will cooperate with us by sending a substantial offering to help carry us through this period when all our efforts are being directed toward helping those who are sick and afflicted.

"To everyone who sends an offering of \$10.00 or more, I will send this Holy Land urn filled with blessed lotion. If perchance you are unable to send \$10.00 at this time, and you do want this most unusual gift, then I suggest you send an offering of \$5.00 with a promise to send \$1.00 each month for the next five months.

"Frankly, we can hardly afford to make this alternate arrangement because of the extra cost of the hand labor in making these urns and the expense of shipping them all the way from the Holy Land, but I do want all of our friends to receive one of these valuable gifts. Of course you realize we have only a limited supply, but I will personally reserve one for you until your return letter has time to reach me. Let me hear from you soon.

"May the good Lord bless you and make you a blessing is my prayer."

The Buddhists:

Reverend Frank Newton, vice-president of The Buddhist Society of India, told in issue #11 of the bombing of his mission in Clarksville, Arkansas. Paul B. Meinhardt of Flushing, N. Y. responded as follows:

Your issue #11 is traumatic—nothing less. It is just what the analyst ordered to awaken certain individuals from their dogmatic slumber. America certainly needs a cathartic after being spoon fed and pressured by various theistic minorities.

Could Zen be the answer? Zen shouts to the individual, whereas institutionalized theism (Judaic-Moslem-Christian — have I missed any?) attempts to condition man into a faceless mass. Zen gives man an awareness of actually existing as part of a real world, accompanied by a sense of free-

Is They Is —

dom and self respect and the joys of intellect and piety with no strings attached (i.e., ritual and dogma).

The Judaic-Christian tradition offers man sin-fantasies, savage fetishes and biblical double-talk. . . .

But Rev. Newton stated that Buddhism "holds the enviable record of never having been the cause of the shedding of a drop of blood . . . in its over 2500 years of existence." To which Robert P. Walker of San Francisco took exception:

Frank Newton's remark that Buddhism has never been the cause of shedding one drop of blood is a remarkable piece of dexterity. The Pope can say the same thing about Catholicism, and I am reasonably certain the Anglican "Pope" as well as the leaders of all religious groups can also say the same, for all religions preach "love."

Yet I have seen Buddhists in India murder Moslems, and as a civilian prisoner-of-war of the Japanese I also observed religious Japanese Buddhists torture Christians to death. I know these soldiers were ardent Buddhists because they celebrated Buddhism and its "wisdom" right before my eyes.

One Japanese who claimed he was a Zen Buddhist killed over 40 people with his sword. He carried a Zen Buddhist tag which read that life is nothing, death a heavenly experience.

Of course all the leaders of the various religious cults will protest that none of these murderers were really practicing their religion. Well, I spent over 22 years throughout Asia and I have yet to see religion produce "love," "wisdom," "goodness." I have seen religion help produce starvation, overpopulation, misery, torture, rape, murder, and every filthy crime the human animal is capable of imagining.

When I was a young man I almost believed in Christianity; since then I have seen Catholics murder Protestants (in South America), watched one sect of Jews encourage the murder of another Jewish sect (in Burma), plus more religious crimes than I can relate in one letter.

American Christianity, a strange blend of corrupt Capitalism and corrupt Anglo-Catholicism, will, no doubt, continue to poison the living atmosphere with radiation. The Eur-Asian Russians will do the same. The Pope will pray for peace.

This is all a tremendous joke. No one really wants peace, except perhaps a few "misguided" individualists. When the chips are down, every majority or minority group is ready to destroy the opposition.

In issue #12, the *Tolerant Pagan* reported that Ceylon's Prime Minister

Bandaranaike "was assassinated by a monk of the Buddhist faith." He also referred to an article in the N. Y. Times Magazine which pointed out, among other things, that "Burma, which claims to be the country where the purest form of Buddhism is practiced, has the highest murder rate in the world." Arthur J. Wadsworth of Tujunga, Calif. protested:

I do not know your source of information but, obviously, it isn't first-hand. Compare your positive statement, ". . . assassinated by a monk of the Buddhist faith" with *The Listener's* ". . . by a man wearing the robes of a Buddhist monk." What proof do you have that the killer was a real Buddhist monk?

Further on in the article you quote Frank Newton's idea concerning Buddhist blood-shedding. I do not know

Or Is They Ain't —

Mr. Newton but I know something of him which appears to place him in the role of a loud-mouth missionary, self-appointed and evidently an incitement to resentment among the natives where he lives. Ask him about his "debate" with a Christian clergyman.

I also do not know his source for the statement concerning bloodshed by Buddhists. I have heard a similar notion myself but it was to the effect that Buddhists had never indulged in a religious war to further their religion, and I believe this is true. Buddhists usually have no missionary zeal, and this is also contrary to Christian practice.

As for your report of the *New York Times* article, you've found a straw man and have knocked him down. The basic premise of the *Times* and your article is so obviously absurd that I

wonder about your intelligence and the *Times*-man's too.

I see no reason for the speculation in the next-to-last paragraph in your article. Why print unfounded trash like that?

Concerning the last paragraph, try Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* for Christianity's early record of persecution. It goes back to Constantine.

There are several good paperbacks about Buddhism, if you're interested in learning something about it instead of bitching about it like an ignorant young jerk.

See Penguin #A228, *Buddhism* by Christmas Humphreys; Mentor #Md 273, *The Way of Zen* by Alan Watts; Mentor #Md131, *Teachings of the Compassionate Buddha* by E. A. Burtt. Also, anything by Conze is very good. Get source books immediately after these; there's no sense in taking other people's word about Buddhism after an introduction to it by them.

The "speculation" to which Mr. Wadsworth refers is the comment by the *Tolerant Pagan* that "no doubt there was many a drop of blood drawn from the backs of the serfs who served the monks in Tibet. . . ."

As for the murderer of Bandaranaike, the N. Y. Times of September 26, 1959 states that "The assassin [was] a monk. . . ." Time magazine of October 5, 1959 described him as "a 43-year-old monk. . . ." Many monks have since been arrested to be tried for conspiracy.

A committee appointed by the Governor General of Ceylon went so far this month as to recommend a total ban on participation by Buddhist monks in party politics, in business, or even in the administration of temple lands. The committee also recommended that no such monk be paid any

state salary, that teachers' training schools be taken over by the government and that the public schools be secularized.

So much for that. Here, finally, is Rev. Newton's rebuttal:

In the October issue of the *Realist* — under the caption of "The Bloodless Buddhists?" — appear several discrepancies. It is hoped, that by now, there have been several scholars checking up on the allegations that Genghis Khan was a Buddhist, etc.

Historical records indicate that it was Genghis Khan who invaded India and destroyed Buddhist Universities and Temples, and murdered every Buddhist monk he could find. But that this Khan was a Buddhist, is very doubtful.

(Continued on Page 19)

Bloodless?

The Realist

Confessions of a Reformed Anti-Gun Crank

by John Wilcock

There's so much confessing choking the air these days that some people can scarcely make themselves heard. You must admit that there's something pretty inequitable about a system which allows some people to confess coast to coast and confines others to unburdening their guilt in the pages of, say, Field & Stream.

In my own humble way, I am doing my best to correct such injustices. Whenever I see a worthwhile confession, no matter where it appears, I plan to do all that I can to bring it to a wider audience. As a matter of fact, there's just such a case in the January issue of, er, Field and Stream.

Let us consider a manifesto by State Senator (N.J.) Robert C. Crane entitled "Can We Stop the Anti-Gun Cranks?" A sentence or two will give you the trend of his argument:

"Have you gotten good and mad at a legislator lately? Have you written or telegraphed him a hot protest over some legislation he has sponsored or failed to sponsor? Specifically, have you bawled him out for trying to infringe upon your constitutional right to bear arms? . . . I am an outdoorsman, just as you are, and determined that no one is going to destroy my rights on field, stream or blue water. . . ."

Now then, let us see if we can guess from the meagre clues available what the senator's secret could be. Could it be that he secretly hates fish? That he's scared sick by the sound of firearms? That he's really an undercover agent for the A.S.P.C.A. who for years has been leading a double life?

Allow him to reveal it himself, in his own inimitably long-winded way:

"As publisher of the Elizabeth (N.J.) *Daily Journal* I made many friends among outdoorsmen, for I was one myself. I fished for marlin or tuna whenever I got the chance, and pegged away at high-flying black ducks with my trusty old Sauer. The uplands knew me well. I belonged to the clubs toward which fly casters or gun buffs gravitate. My paper became a sponsor of the official state fishing contest, as well as of a pistol shoot that drew contestants from all over the East. In fact, I was even elected an honorary member of the Metropolitan Rod and Gun Editors Association.

"And then I sponsored anti-gun legislation!"

Of course, being a politician, the senator didn't take this action entirely on his own initiative. The legislation in question, Senate Bill No. 177, had come to him from the Chiefs of Police Association.

"The Chiefs chose me, I guess," says Senator Crane modestly. "because I have a much cherished life membership in their association, and because they knew that I was against sin and crime."

Whatever consolation the Chiefs of Police might have taken from finding a stalwart with such daring views, however, must have been quickly dissipated. The letters began to pour in. "Sportsmen," the senator writes, "made their position clear."

Within a few weeks Bill No. 177 ("which among other gruesome details required the fingerprinting of anyone who applied for a permit to purchase a pistol or a revolver") was withdrawn.

"Strangely enough," the senator recalls, "I was proud of the bill at the time, for I rationalized that it would deter the criminal element from acquiring firearms. That's how naive I was."

God bless you, Senator Crane, for discovering your error and coming here today to tell us about it. And what happened shortly thereafter?

"Shortly thereafter, I came into contact with John R. 'Jack' Powers, assistant to the president of the Crosman Arms Company, and Russell M. Daane, comptroller of the Daisy Manufacturing Co. These two gentlemen became my constant companions and advisers as I began the tortuous process of devising and refining a bill to meet the specifications of the National Rifle Association."

And who, after all, Senator, knows more about what's good for the public than the people who make its guns? Absolutely. And what was the superb program your patient friends kept up last year?

"Last year my patient friends from Crosman and Daisy kept up a superb program of public relations on behalf of favorable legislation."

And to cut a long story short, the legislation was beaten, wasn't it, Senator? Because—ridiculous as it might seem—there are people who are convinced that



Senator Crane and friend.

anti-gun legislation can greatly reduce crime. This year, however, should see some progress and you're ready to carry on, right?

"This is a battle, make no mistake about it. There are proponents of anti-gun legislation lurking in the wings at every legislative session. . . . They are people who are convinced that anti-gun legislation can reduce crime. . . . This year, however, should see some progress. I'm ready to carry on."

I think that we should all reserve some admiration for Senator Crane for unburdening himself of this confession, a little specialized though it may seem. And Field & Stream, too, might well be commended for making room for the Senator's piece, despite having to fit into its January issue the many ads for guns ("fits easily into pocket or purse"), knives ("Goddess of Love adorns the all-metal handle") and leather bull whips ("Yank people off their feet").

As a matter of fact, the whole business has made me feel so guilty that I'm almost ready to confess the details of my own little scheme—a secret crash program to teach all America's deer to shoot before the opening of the next hunting season. I'm still undecided about whether to retain that gruesome detail requiring them all to be foot-printed before they're issued a rifle.

Will Success Spoil Rock's Hunters?

by Marvin Kitman

"One man said five deer joined him as he was walking through [Rockefeller's] woods. He shot one, he said, and the others just hung around. 'I could have gotten them all,' he said."

—N. Y. World-Telegram & Sun, Jan. 13, 1960

The estate of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. — a 2,600-acre patch of woody land called Pocantico Hills, containing the cottages of most Rockefellers, including Nelson W., Governor of New York — was the scene of an extraordinary ten day deer season in mid-January. By authorization of the New York State Legislature, hand-picked hunters (limited to 75 opening day) were invited by the estate managers to help thin the Rockefeller herd of some 600 deer. It was the first deer season in Westchester County's history. Thirty-six deer fell opening day.

But the black day did not escape the attention of the Benevolent Protective Order of Deer (B.P.O.D.). It called a press conference in New York City the very next day to give the deer point of view.

"The Rockefellers are dead politically," predicted a B.P.O.D. public relations man to a gathering of newspapermen, TV cameramen, and conservationists at the Farm Foods, a vegetarian restaurant (coincidentally, members of the Deer Park Literary Society were in session at the same time, but they are unaffiliated with B.P.O.D.). "I wouldn't give a dime for the Rockefellers' chances of winning the deer vote again," he explained. "The Old Bull Moose days are over."

This public relations man, an affable, red-cheeked gentleman named Bernard (Buck) Cervidae, said he had just returned from sampling grass roots opinion in several upstate county B.P.O.D. lodges, including Westchester. Virulent anti-Republicanism was bound to hurt Governor Rockefeller more than others in the family, Mr. Cervidae said. "He has political aspirations."

The B.P.O.D. PR man continued: "It smells like a Mess in Albany to most

deer." They feel that the Rockefellers pulled strings to get the season passed in the first place. A conflict of interests investigation is called for."

The situation in the hard-hit Pocantico Hills lodge is particularly ominous for the GOP, he said. Some surviving B.P.O.D. members—particularly those who have lived on the Rockefeller grounds since the administration of Thomas E. Dewey—were too stunned to comment in time for the press conference. But those who did, seemed to think it was Pearl Harbor all over again.

"Rockefeller deer, we have to understand, were always better off than other deer," Mr. Cervidae admitted. "They always knew they could expect a handout from the Rockefellers no matter how lean a winter. And with their immunity from hunters, they were able to stop worrying about saving their own skins and concentrate on the finer points in life. Then —pow!"

"Did the Rockefellers warn their deer immunity was withdrawn? Thinking the herd is one thing, Rockefeller deer feel, but deerocide is another."

Over a press luncheon of vegetarian cutlet (a Farm Foods specialty), the B.P.O.D. spokesman continued a list of grievances against the Rockefeller family.

"What really bothers deer is the way the cards were stacked against them at the estate. Minors, known game law violators, the color blind and the other potentially dangerous—to other hunters—were barred from the grounds by the estate managers. Each hunter had to dress in bright red clothes and each was assigned to a specified area."

The only thing that keeps deer going, he said, is the hope that some day hunters will inflict enough casualties within their own ranks so that that state will outlaw deer hunting.

(One of the functions of the B.P.O.D. public relations department, Mr. Cervidae explained earlier, was feeding deer the latest hunting stories. "They loved the one about the hunter

who saw what he thought was the back of a deer above the laurel, fired both barrels of his shot gun and tore the tan top off his own convertible, which was parked on a logging road.")

"But our deer on the Rockefeller estate didn't have a chance," he complained. "It was target practice, Finland vs. Russia in 1940 all over again."

What was the B.P.O.D. planning to do about the Mess in Albany?

"Naturally, we are trying to get our story before the people," Mr. Cervidae said. "At one time we believed in fighting hunters at their own game. Putting those STAMP OUT DEER HUNTERS signs all over the woods, for example. But we're shifting to more direct political action."

The public relations man stopped talking and opened a manila envelope. He withdrew a piece of parchment.

"Gentlemen, this is off the record, not for publication. Here is one of the planks in our legislative program." He handed it over.

When it finally reached us, we read, and—having no journalistic integrity—quickly copied:

"Deer Want a New Deal."

"The so-called 'deer season' is too long. A one day season is sufficient. To satisfy the psychological needs of hunters, state game laws should be amended to include a 14-day open season on hunters. During this period those hunters so desiring should be allowed to hunt each other. Survivors will then be eligible to hunt during the so-called 'deer season.' We believe in the Capitalist Ethic. Survival of the fittest should be a double-edged sword."

Others planks were still being worked on, back in the woods, the B.P.O.D. man said.

He rolled up the parchment. And the press conference was adjourned.

(Postscript: Contributions to the Benevolent Protective Order of Deer are tax-deductible. The organization is not affiliated with the Elks.)

CRACKER BARREL

Continued from Page 23)

truth. They admitted having read the same, of not giving it proper thought.

Two professors came from the University to interview the Preceptor and to copy that tape. One said they would edge it on to the local radio. Later news is that they are playing it to classes in Sociology, explaining that it is done to acquaint the students with a different viewpoint.

A group in Ft. Smith phoned that they were coming to make copies of the Wortman tapes so long as they would be permitted. Individuals in other areas are asking for tapes.

It will be interesting to observe reaction, if any. At least this straw indicates a time has come. The public is becoming tired of sanctimonious surfeit.

Fill in the Blanks

During the Jack Paar show this month, on the night of the death of John Barrymore's actress-authoress (*Too Much, Too Soon*) daughter, the sound of the living tape was cut off when guest Roger Price—poking fun at egghead TV discussion programs—said that they sit around and drink coffee and talk about things like, "Is Lillian [*I'll Cry Tomorrow*] Roth a better writer than—?"

A lip-reader who viewed the show has put two and two together and come to the conclusion that what Eva Marie Saint must have said after Jack Benny's flowery introduction of her at the Screen Producers Guild dinner—since none of the papers reporting the incident would print it—was, simply: "Aw, Diana!"

Cuba, Castro and Catholicism

by William D. Yeager

Jaime Fonseca, editor of the Spanish-Portuguese Edition of the (United States) National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service, has just written a sensational article condemning Fidel Castro, Prime Minister of Cuba, as a "totalitarian dictator." The article came out at about the same time that the State Department issued strong protests over the expropriation of American sugar and public utility properties.

Fonseca obviously speaks for the hierarchy that operates the News Service. But this is not the hierarchy of Cuba. In spite of Castro's refusal to keep his alleged promise to install Catholic religious education in Cuban public schools, the Cuban hierarchy has not turned against him publicly. Of course, their position may be dictated mainly by strategy, because of Castro's wide popular support. But their refusal to join American bishops in oppressing him is a matter of fact.

Previously, there had been several different kinds of reaction to the rally in Havana in honor of "Our Lady of Charity," the Roman Catholic "patroness" of Cuba.

The meeting was addressed over the radio by the Pope. He made no direct statement which could be construed as opposition to the regime. But a number of newspapers with axes to grind tried to create the impression that the religious ceremony was a blow to Fidel Castro.

For instance, the *Tablet*, a conservative Catholic paper, headlined a statement that Castro was not in attendance. If this was true, then the secular newspapers lied when they reported his presence, along with his mother and sisters.

The speeches and sermons voiced a great deal of opposition to totalitarianism, but so does Castro.

Before the meeting commenced, he made a speech to University students in which he said that the "privileged class" whose landholdings are being swallowed up in the agrarian reform, were trying to turn the Catholic Congress into a rally against his revolutionary regime.

"It is lamentable," said Castro, "that we have to combat the maneuvers of land-owners and other unscrupulous elements who cannot comprehend the teachings of Christ. Our faithful will go to the Catholic rally to pray for Cuba and the revolutionary laws."

It cannot really be said that the Catholic Church in Cuba is conducting an active opposition at this time to the Castro regime. The best that can be said is that some Catholics are for him and some are against him.

The same may be said of the bishops, both in Cuba and in the United States.

The Cuban situation cannot be understood without also knowing that the Church there is split between the so-called "Spanish faction" headed by

Archbishop Perez Serantes of Santiago, and the so-called "Cuban" faction headed by Cardinal Arteaga of Havana.

The area surrounding Santiago is the "most Catholic" part of Cuba and at the same time it is the area that gave most support to Castro's guerrillas. Havana, the capital, is the center of the "Cuban faction" of the Church.

There is not much basis of choice between the two factions. The Spanish faction is partial to Franco. The Cuban faction, on the other hand, took favors from Batista.

It so happens that the Spanish faction favored Castro, at least by implication. This would not have been to his credit, but after the revolution, it appeared that he had made no commitments to them. Demands that he permit religious education in the public schools were rejected.

To put the religious issue in Cuba in its proper perspective, it is also essential to point out that in spite of the alleged Roman Catholic tradition, practicing Catholics are a tiny minority. The Catholic churches are, of course, national monuments. But the actual number of churches—including small ones—that are operated by Protestants is actually larger than the number run by the Catholics.

It is estimated, furthermore, that six per cent of Cubans are Protestants, while the practicing Catholics are admitted to be only eight per cent.

A pre-revolutionary survey made by Catholics included a question to farmers as to where they hoped to obtain aid in their desperate plight. Most, of course, hoped for aid from the government. But the number that expected aid from the Catholic Church was smaller than the number that hoped for assistance from the Masonic lodges!

And in Cuba, Masonic lodges are not Rotary-type service clubs, as in the

BUDDHISTS

(Continued from Page 16)

ful. The facts rather indicate that he was a Moslem with many Shamanistic accretions.

Buddhism did not enter any part of Mongolia, until after Genghis Khan had breached the great wall of China in 1209. This wall had been erected to keep out the Mongolians. After the Khan entered China proper, then Buddhism moved into Mongolia where it met strong opposition from Moham-madism.

There are historical indications that Kublai Khan, the son of Genghis Khan, did in his later years adopt Buddhism. The travels of Marco Polo seem to place this Khan in the loftiest tier of gentle rulers.

It is admitted that it was a man in the robes of a monk that shot the Prime Minister of Ceylon. It should be stated, though, to keep the record straight, that this monk had been read out of the Brotherhood of monks before he shot the Government official.

Yes, there are warrior monks in Japan. This form of Buddhism has many of the customs of Shintoism grafted thereon. Remember the samurai code, like the bushido code of the soldier, does not come from Buddhism, but from other sources. Is it fair to blame Buddha's teaching because men did not follow him?

Regardless of the adverse commentaries of the well meaning but misinformed writers, there is not one single place, in all the Buddha's teaching, that allows the shedding of blood. It is, and always has been, a way of peace, even though many of his professed followers did not live up to the empyrean heights of the Master's example.

Neither this writer, nor any other informed person, ever did claim that all Buddhists are perfect, or that none of them committed grave crimes. Nevertheless, the great faith of the Buddha still stands, pure and untainted of any bloodletting.

U.S. All of them are violently anti-clerical.

It is probably safe to say that the animist religious practices carried into Cuba from Africa are a more widespread manifestation of religion than any other.

Only a few of the Cubans who attended the recent Marian rally were interested in its political phase, or in the substance of the Pope's address. What attracted them was a wooden image of "Our Lady of Charity" which was brought by plane from a shrine in Oriente province. Thirty thousand marchers escorted the statue to the Plaza Civica in a torchlight procession.

But apart from the prejudices of American newspapers, the demonstration had little political significance.

Religious Socio-Politics Around the World

GAMBLE BENEDICTION. The police chief of Philadelphia has announced that he will "put a stop to" the operation of illegal bingo games in Catholic churches. The Bishop's office recognizes that the games violate the law; he says that they were "not approved" but does not deny prior knowledge of them. Nor has the chief of police announced that the priests will be prosecuted for their violations of the criminal law.

Reports are that the income from the gambling operations are essential to the financial stability of the parishes involved. The chief's action was taken on complaint of five Protestant clergymen who had attended such games personally.

THOU SHALT NOT . . . Last month the financial consultant of the Austrian Roman Catholic hierarchy was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment at hard labor for embezzling a half million dollars in church funds, some of it solicited from members and some contributed by the state under a Nazi-sponsored law which imposes a tax for the Church's benefit.

The Church did not cooperate in prosecuting its agent, but merely deprived him of his employment. Now that he has been convicted, it has announced a reorganization of its fiscal structure. The stated purpose is to discourage the campaign of anti-clericals to impose controls or to repeal the church tax.

In the U.S., a priest was arrested in Michigan as he fled with \$12,000 of parish funds; Bishop "Daddy" Grace died with a fortune said to reach the millions, collected from his colored followers; and a Presbyterian minister was removed from his post after admitting peculations of church funds.

BIRTH CONTROL. Last month, the following developments ensued:

- In a suburb of Washington, POAU sued to prevent public aid to a sisters' hospital, claiming that its anti-birth control policy is a discrimination against Protestants.
- In Albany, N.Y., a Catholic hospital fired one of its doctors — an orthopedist whose duties had no connection with obstetrics — because his wife is connected with the Planned Parenthood Federation.
- In Connecticut, the Supreme Court decided against nullification of the law which forbids contraception or the dissemination of information about it.

SOARING SIXTIES. A front-page feature article with banner headline in the January 10 issue of the national Catholic *Register* says that during

the 1960-70 decade the Catholic segment of the population is expected to increase to a point where it will be "closer to one half than to one fourth of the total."

'ILLEGAL' BABIES. The National Assn. of Social Workers, meeting in Washington last month, considered the problem of the increasing number of illegitimate babies. The director of a home for children in that city said that the public "now rests comfortably isolated from responsibility" by making the unwed mother "a faceless stereotype upon whom we can heap our anger."

A representative of the Bureau of Public Assistance of the Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare opposed current proposals to deny public funds for the support of such children. He said that "denial of assistance to children is punishment after an offense in which they had no part."

ADOPTION. The Council of Churches (Protestant and Orthodox) of New York State has adopted a resolution objecting to the legal provisions with

Rumor of the Month

The audience response during President Eisenhower's State of the Union message was mechanically simulated.

respect to the adoption of children (see issue #13), under which they may be adopted only by persons of the same religion, real or imaginary, as the child's ancestors.

The Council states that it is "vitaly concerned with the religious upbringing of every child" but that it is "fundamentally wrong" for the state "to deny the child the love and shelter of a family and a home because of religion alone, or an assumed sectarian commitment by those who have already relinquished the child."

The main effect of the present rule is to enforce the Roman Catholic Canon Law which forbids adoption of 'Catholic children' by non-Catholics.

DE GAULLE'S GALL. Charles de Gaulle has forced through the French parliament a bill providing assistance to parochial schools. But the N. Y. *Times* said that the lopsided vote "was in no sense a gauge of French sentiments on the issue. Voting in the National Assembly in the Fifth Republic is often, practically speaking, rigged. The conflict remains and is certain to be heard from again." (At present, Parliament has a large Catholic majority because of the success of the de Gaulle party last election.)

EDUCATION. Following defeat of the amendment providing new funds for public schools, because of opposition which arose from both Catholic and "taxpayer" interests, New York City's schools are in serious financial straits. Meanwhile, parochial schools there expect to enroll about four times as many pupils next fall as the public schools. In Brooklyn, Bishop Bryan J. McEntegart revealed plans for the construction of new Roman Catholic high schools to educate 10,000 additional students, at a cost of \$25,500,000.

UNEQUAL TIME. Last month, Barry Gray moderated a radio debate between Catholic Professor James Flynn of St. Francis College and Fordham University, and Glenn Archer of POAU (Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State).

Wrote Jim Greene in the (Catholic) *Tablet*: "Of course, the debate should never have taken place." Although he felt that "Dr. Flynn outpointed Archer in almost every round," he said that Archer proved "it is possible to spew forth more untruths and distortions in five minutes than even a man of Dr. Flynn's qualifications can answer in an hour."

Concluded Greene: "If Barry Gray is really interested in getting to the truth in the many anti-Catholic attacks he permitted on his program, then he should devote another session to the same subject — without POAU being represented."

BIG SWITCH. It looks as if the two great "infallible" powers of the day are finally going to get together, in the form of a personal meeting between Dictator Nikita Khrushchev and Pope John XXIII. Vatican sources said that "a new attitude of the Soviet government toward Roman Catholicism" may pave the way for such a visit.

GOOD OLD AL. The President of Religious Heritage of America was scheduled to visit Dr. Albert Schweitzer at his mission in Africa on his 85th birthday January 14, bringing greetings from various prominent admirers. Schweitzer was also to receive a flood of cards from members of 300 Baptist churches in Massachusetts.

This was quite a tribute to a man whom at least one Christian leader has called the "foremost anti-Christian figure in the world today." In his student days, Schweitzer wrote a thesis setting forth that Jesus Christ must be explained as an epileptic.

Robert Anton Wilson's

Negative Thinking

Readers who were confused by the column that appeared under my name last month have my sympathy. I was confused by it myself. Actually, it was not written by me but by somebody in the printer's office. (Probably, it was the same frustrated literatus who added that magnificent stream-of-consciousness bit onto the end of Paul Krassner's editorial in the same issue.)

I did write a column with the same title and some similar lines in it, but its whereabouts: a mystery. I will say, however, that the column which did appear in print was interesting, in an experimental sort of way, although too heavily influenced, I think, by the Dada poetry of the '20s.

That same issue contains a letter expressing pleasure that the *Realist* is printed at a union shop. I am reminded of H. L. Mencken's remark about cigars. "Every time I get a bad one," he said, "I turn it over and read the label. It always says, 'Made by union labor.'"

* * *

This column has lashed out at so many bromides of both Left and Right that my seventeen faithful readers might be starting to wonder just what I "am," politically. The answer is that I "am" nothing, politically. I regard politics as a sport strictly on all fours with table-tapping, palmistry or attending folk-song concerts, and I would sooner get hit on the head with a rhinoceros hoof than get mixed up in it in any way.

In all my life I have only heard two political theories with which I agree. The first was enunciated by Rimbaud: "Don't be a victim." The second was paraphrased from Lao-Tse by Jack Kerouac: "Avoid the authorities."

Several months ago, after I had made some saturnine remarks about the Nuremberg Trials in this column, I received a very intelligent letter taking the opposite view, from a Mr. David Loeb of Woodmere, New York. I intended to answer it here, but other things kept capturing my attention, and I never got around to it.

Last Christmas Eve, however, a good answer came along; and it has been repeated almost daily, all over the world, ever since. I refer to the swastikas that the psychopaths of the world have taken to inscribing upon synagogues.

If this "connection" seems a bit obscure, let me be more explicit. It is commonplace to remark that Hitler never would have gotten beyond the level of a neighborhood trouble-maker if Germany hadn't had good and ample reason to be disgruntled with the Versailles Treaty. There are always people like Adolph around; every community has a few of them. But they do not rise beyond bear-hall hooliganism unless the community as a whole is seething with discontent and looking for desperate solutions to its problems.

America was seething with such discontent and desperation in the early '30s; and the Adolphs (who are always around) came to the fore. Several of them got big, noisy followings. (One was doing so well that only a bullet kept him out of the White House.) Fortunately for us, a bounder of a vastly more civilized

type was at the helm in those days, and his radio crooning was able to soothe the hungry mob until the situation was alleviated by a war-time economy.

But the Adolphs are still around. When the Supreme Court's desegregation decision of 1954 raised blood pressures below the Mason-Dixon line, they came to the fore again. One of them migrated southwards all the way from Greenwich Village, acquiring a drawl and a big hat on the way.

* This is a perennial problem, and punishment does not solve it. Indeed, it actively and positively makes it worse. Caryl Chessman, who is proud to call himself a criminal psychopath, says of his arrival in the Death Cell at San Quentin:

"I had 'proved' everything I had felt the need to prove: that I couldn't be scared or broken or driven to my knees, that I didn't give a damn. But here is where the tragedy lies: this felt need is compulsive and negative only. It is a need to prove that one can do without — without love, without faith, without belief, without warmth, without friends, without freedom. . . . If not checked, the ultimate (conscious or unconscious) need is to prove that one can do without life itself."

To "punish" people of this sort is only to provide fuel for the inner fires of other psychopaths. The judges who passed sentence at Nuremberg didn't just set in motion the legal machinery that brought Jules Streicher to the gallows, where he died shouting "Heil Hitler!"; they also set in motion the psychological machinery that moved the hands that scribbled swastikas on the synagogues of New York fifteen years later.

"It is an old rule," said Gautama Sakyamuni. "Hatred is not cured by hatred. Hatred is cured by love." It is, indeed, an old rule, 2500 years older now than when he quoted it; but still only a small minority has understood it. It is not sentimental; it is not idealistic; it is not utopian. It is a plain fact which you can test in your daily life.

Politics is the art and science of ignoring this rule and convincing yourself that you can make the world better through force.

When the fascist planes bombed the civilians of Guernica, Spain, in 1937, the whole world shuddered. That such things could be done to civilians — including innocent children — seemed an abomination so terrible as to be beyond understanding.

Within five years, all the nations involved in the Second World War were doing the same thing. The Allies, in the total course of the war, actually did more saturation bombing of civilians than the Axis. And they concluded the war by dropping two atomic bombs on two different cities. All of this was done, we were told, to preserve freedom and civilization. The war was thereupon concluded by turning half of East Europe into slavery at the hands of Stalin.

I am far from being an intellectual giant myself, but I admit to utter astonishment at the stupidity of people who can still believe anything that comes out of the mouth of a politician.

* * *

The new Miss Rheingold, Emily Banks, is one of the most charming girls I have seen in a turtle's age, but I wonder why she is content to enter only the second largest election in the country. She could obviously win in the bigger election as easily as she did in the smaller one. And as President she would un-

doubtedly be an embarrassment to Comrade Khrushchev — how could even *he* be publicly disagreeable to such a nice, old-fashioned girl? Besides, she looks much too refined to be advertising beer, which is after all a *man's* drink.

Why not just have her switch jobs with the present incumbent, or non-incumbent, of the White House? After all, he's an outdoorsy, huntin' and golfin' sort of chap, rugged-looking and fatherly, and he *looks* like a beer drinker. Using him as a symbol, Rheingold might double their sales.

Let's have the right person in the right job, I say.

* * *

The best book of 1959, in my opinion, was Bernard Wolfe's *The Great Prince Died*. Besides being a rip-snortingly lively thriller of the Graham Greene school, it is the first book since Trotsky's death to attempt a judicious and balanced portrait of that astounding career.

Trotsky was, after all, the only person of genius-level intelligence to get mixed up in politics in our time, and his career was such a maze of paradoxes, contradictions and enigmas that it will remain forever one of the great dreams of history.

Why did Trotsky, who had warned against totalitarianism as early as 1904, become the most bloody of all the Bolsheviks, after 1917? Why did he allow Stalin to push him aside so easily, almost seeming to cooperate with his own banishment? Why did he continue to defend the Bolshevik ethic after his own son had fallen victim to it? And why was he such a sitting duck for the GPU at the end, making only token gestures to defend his household when he knew GPU killers were in Mexico?

Bernard Wolfe, a novelist of more than common talent, has answered all these questions in *The Great Prince Died*. In every case, the answer is Kronstadt. Wolfe's analysis is that Trotsky was basically the romantic, idealistic fellow that he seemed to those who knew him in youth. Under the pressure of the Revolution, he accepted all those "dry, deadly" aspects of Marxism which he had earlier somewhat doubted.

To prove to the other Bolsheviks — and to himself — that he was truly an iron-willed Marxist, and not the dreamy idealist he had been accused of being, he outdid everybody else in ferocity. He even pushed this "false self" so far that he was able to become a military genius of the highest order.

The inevitable rebellion of the inner self came with Kronstadt. Wolfe points out, incisively, that Trotsky himself once referred to the Kronstadt sailors as "mistaken comrades" rather than as the White-infiltrated "reactionaries" the Party Line claimed them to be. These sailors had idealized Trotsky more than any other Bolshevik.

Nevertheless, their mutiny was viciously crushed, with Trotsky's approval. Wolfe insists that from that point onward Trotsky was a divided man, incapable of facing his guilt, incapable also of escaping it. He *had* to defend the Bolshevik ethic to the end: to deny it was to admit to himself that he was no better than any other murdering thug, *no better than Stalin*.

But the voice of humanity in him could not be stilled. His heart was not in Bolshevism any more. He allowed himself to be pushed into minor administrative posts. Then, with all the evidence in his hand (including Lenin's will warning against Stalin) he

allowed himself to be pushed aside entirely. From exile, he kept up a paper warfare, a verbal warfare, against Stalin.

It never succeeded because it was not really meant to succeed. Trotsky had tasted the bitter fruits of power and knew their poison, and didn't really want them back again.

Wolfe doesn't quote from *Their Morals and Ours*, but it proves everything he says about this part of the Old Man's career. No more confusing and contradictory, no more pathetically sophomoric treatise has ever come from the pen of a man of undoubtable genius. The argument really comes down to: it's good for me to kill the Czar's innocent children for a theoretical system, but it is wrong for Stalin to kill my innocent son for a theoretical system.

The wrongness of killing *anybody* for *any* theoretical system he couldn't admit, for then he would have to answer for Kronstadt.

When the GPU thugs gathered about his home in Coycoatan, he made only mechanical gestures of defense. He was a man at war with himself. The more he wrote to prove a difference between the Trotsky-Lenin ethic and the Stalin ethic, the more obvious it became that there was no such difference. When Jackson's cowardly blow finally came, it must have been a merciful release to the tormented Old Man.

Such, at least, is Wolfe's theory. As I have indicated, it makes sense to me. More than that, it takes Trotsky out of the role of innocent victim in a melodrama as well as out of the villainous and equally melodramatic role to which he was once relegated by Stalinist propaganda and liberal stupidity. It makes him an authentic tragic hero in the Greek and Shakespearean sense — and that, really, is the best the Old Man could expect for the verdict of posterity.

I don't think Reginald Dunsany was very fair when he called me an "intolerant boor" in his "Tolerant Pagan" column two months ago.* The expression is harsh, and seems slightly unjust in my estimation. "Cantankerous bumpkin" or "irascible curmudgeon" would be more accurate, I think. I take pride in getting just the proper tone of scrupulous nastiness into these columns, and I hate to be misunderstood or undervalued. Perhaps "recalcitrant maverick" is what Mr. Dunsany was really trying to say.

There are times when I attempt to reform and mend my wicked, wicked ways — I have even subscribed to *The Humanist* just to learn the proper technique of arguing against a lunacy without once revealing that you consider it a lunacy. I have thrown away all my books by Mencken, Bierce, Brann, Fort, Voltaire, Darrow, Paine and other such irreverent scoundrels; and I have read nothing but polite academic journals for a whole month. It doesn't seem to help. I remain the same recalcitrant, irascible, cantankerous and intolerant bastard I always have been.

The fellow who first threw a dead cat into the sacristy was certainly a rude, intolerant and vulgar chap — but he did something for mankind that all the polite, safe liberals and humanists have never done. He demonstrated that the terrible, all-powerful, omnibodaceous God on the altar, and His terrible, all-powerful, omnivociferous priesthood, were between them not

*There is a much better, more amusing attack on me by Jack Jones in the December issue of *The Independent*.

The Sage of the Cracker Barrel

by F. P. Wortman

He was a wise man who said once that nothing equals an idea whose time has come. Prophets have not been able to set the time. It breaks out unexpected. A few years back a popular author turned his pen to exposure of sloven uncleanness in a great packing plant. He went into detail on the careless unconcern of admixture of dirt and foreign matter, and of observance of sanitary precaution. The story was made long enough to attract attention. The usually sleepy public woke, and John Q. raised a howl heard across the map. The packer hurriedly proclaimed and practiced reform.

The writer later commented that he meant to hit John Q. on the head and instead hit him in the stomach. John was concerned only with the filth he suspected he was swallowing. He did not protest the violation of business ethics. Providence had simply decided the time had come. Reform was accomplished in a spirit unforeseen, but it was accomplished.

Given 25 years of real peace, orthodoxy encounters hurdles in its narrow way to the strictured gate. The thinkers of the race are always in a decided minority, yet with freedom of speech they are a power. One in a thousand can weaken the domination of the clergy, which never observes the rule of reason, but resorts to name-calling, sneers, and threats of vengeance on the part of its monopolized god.

Mankind in general sees through the pretense, and regards subscription to piety as useful in politics, or business, or social climbing — but to womankind it is serious. Mothers read: "Except ye become as little children, ye shall NOWISE enter." Nowise is a strong exclusive word.

Maternal and conjugal instincts are subject to theological terror. Mothers may feel that they are in the slender path, but they see loved ones going their wayward way in contempt of "spiritual law." They see the thinkers tripping the spiritual monitors, and regard freedom of speech as a menace.

Comes war and the situation is reversed instantly. Flares high the slogan, "If you criticize your officials, you criticize your government. If you criticize your government, you criticize God." That brands the critic a traitor and a heretic. He is just "a damned Red." He is silenced. The great unthinking mass conforms. The individual realizes his helplessness. With his little broom he can not sweep back the Atlantic.

Worry and fear take over, later reinforced by grief. The dead do not

pugnacious enough not to stifle one man's honest expression of what he thought of them.

He made it known to all men that it is possible to rear up on your hind legs and tell the most entrenched authoritarians to go to hell. And, most important of all,

Editor's Note

In his book on American religious sociology, *Protestant-Catholic-Jew*, Will Herberg states that "The old-time 'village atheist' is a thing of the past, a curiosity like the town crier; Clarence Darrow, the last of the 'village atheists' on a national scale, has left no successors.

"The present generation can hardly understand the vast excitement stirred up in their day by the 'atheists' and 'iconoclasts' who vied for public attention less than half a century ago, or imagine the brash militancy of the 'rationalist' movements and publications now almost extinct."

Almost, but not quite.

The *Realist*, of course, differs from freethought publications of the past in that because it tries not to take itself as seriously as some of its contents — and for practical editorial reasons as well as a *laissez-faire* philosophical outlook — we do not actively seek to "convert" anybody to anything. Rather, we take for granted a certain fundamental heresy on the part of our subscribers.

However, we heard that our favorite village atheist, F. P. Wortman, was causing something of a stir down in the Bible Belt, and we've asked him to report on his gaddy activities. Any reader who wishes to receive some of Mr. Wortman's mimeographed blasphemies may send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to him at 526 2nd Ave., Albany, Georgia.

remonstrate, but the crippled on crutches and in wheel chairs are dumbly eloquent. In that atmosphere of fear and grief the salesmen of celestial real estate garner a harvest. The frightened and the stricken seek for something to lean upon — magic, medals, mumbo-jumbo, salvation and its ghosts. Philosophy and realism dare not oppose. Thinkers go to prison, not accused of misdeeds, but of having sub-

versive thoughts.

Over the hill of history comes a timely figure with its shadow in front of it. With only 15 years of peace plagued with a cold war, once more a few defiant voices speak. Here and there an editor, a columnist, an author points his pen at the cruelty and absurdity of orthodoxy. Many of the inexpressive multitude look at the hypocrisy and commercial crookedness smugly ensconced in the 'amen corner,' and gag in privacy.

If war can be thwarted, more and more will be seen the bristling, sharp-pointed pens. More and more the public will comprehend.

In a way undreamed this fact has been driven home to your scribbler. He has a tape recorder, and as the spirit movies, makes small after-dinner tapes and sends them to secular societies, and other friends unsaved, to play as they would a Charlie Chaplin record.

A day was spent in making a three-inch tape about WOMAN, in collecting the texts in the Judaeo-Christian bible, which in true Asia Minor attitude reduce woman to the level of chattel property, to the status of an obedient dog. The New Testament bristles with these, making woman the glory of man. This tape along with others was sent to a converted man, a convert to Buddhism, Preceptor Frank Newton, graduate of several universities, American and foreign.

He has established a Buddhist Mission at Clarksville, Arkansas. The period of establishment was rough. Fond and faithful Christians tossed dynamite at the Mission. But he has arrived. Congregations, delegations, groups, and Christian Sunday school classes come to listen. He fails not to play some of the tapes, his favorite being WOMAN. It has started small fires in the prairie of four midwestern states. Copies are called for.

One prominent man came from the state capital to interview Preceptor Newton, and after listening to the little tape reported that he had heard it twice before in widely separated homes, that down there copies are being made and distributed to open-minded families, who have adopted the program of inviting parties of 25 or more to their homes to hear it.

This man's wife was a devout Lutheran, herding their nine children to Sunday school. At some home she heard that tape, and went back to church no more. Other intelligent women spoke up and said that I was telling the

(Continued on Page 18)

he showed that we need not always be shy, and tentative, and awkward, when we dissent from a popular delusion. He showed that the forces of unreason can be treated precisely and exactly as they deserve — with an unfrightened, undisguised and unmitigated contempt.

John Francis Putnam's

Modest Proposals

LAUGH IT DOWN

To Republicans, politics is no joking matter. Wit and humor do not belong in the forum of serious issues that are to be debated before the nation in the forthcoming presidential campaign. It was only to be expected that a frivolous "wit" and jokester like Adlai Stevenson should have gotten his come-uppance — twice — at the hands of a pair of essentially serious men.

Not that Ike and Dick are *somber* men. Good Republicans are quick to differentiate between geniality (which is never suspect) and humor (which is often downright subversive). In fact, *concentrated* geniality in the person of lovable Ike carried them into eight years of power — and if Nixon shaves twice a day and thaws out around the jowls, *applied* geniality may well keep the G.O.P. in power for at least another four years.

The suggestion made this month that the public image of Richard Milhous Nixon be made over so as to emerge with a sense of humor probably shook Republican Neanderthals to the depths, causing vast subterranean rumblings at the ward level all over America — for nothing has been heard since of the proposed "top professional gag writer" for Our Boy Dick, and his public utterances have continued to be as guarded as those of a bookie talking over a tapped wire.

Actually, with the dead-pan tradition of Coolidge and Tom Dewey to inspire them (Hoover's witty asides are, of course, attributed to his increasing senility), thoughtful Republicans are aware that a sense of humor can be a liability, especially when its infusion into the campaign would be a most unseemly reflection upon the sober and dedicated personality of the inevitable double-standard bearer, Dick Nixon.

If you *must* serve 'em cold, wet fish, don't try to garnish it with spice!

The coming campaign must be insured against unforeseen snickers in smoke-filled rooms, convention jocularities and other lapses in tone: a poker face, Jack, is the order of the day. This should be easy to enforce among the Republican elders, but what about the Young Republicans? (There are *young* people who *are* Republicans, Virginia!)

Young Americans are traditionally fun-loving, they like gags and pranks and fooling around. They are going to pose a problem. How can the elder statesmen

keep them in line? How can they be made worthy of that shy man from (you'll excuse the expression) Whittier, California, whose purposes are as high as six-week-old Liederkrantz?

We propose that the younger Republicans, members of Nixon-for-President clubs, set up weekly meetings, perhaps on the model of those offered by Alcoholics Anonymous, since it is definitely sobriety that is aimed at. The wonderful results obtained by A.A. methods in working out the problems of drinking and resisting the urge to do so would find similar results in a program of Young Republican political sobriety.

The discussion period at such meetings could be enlivened by questions such as: "What made *you* laugh this week?"; "How can I resist the temptation to tell an off-color Eleanor Roosevelt joke?"; "Is it possible for me to avoid making puns in street-corner harangues?"; "Are animated cartoons in political TV commercials a danger to the Party?"

Of course fervent addresses by reformed jokers could be at the top of the H.A. (Humor Anonymous) schedule. Like: "I Gave John W. Bricker a Hotfoot and Lived to Regret It."

The more ardent clubs could enliven the proceedings by burning Herblock in effigy. (And those Young Republicans working with press releases would soon learn to eliminate the words comic, humor, funny, hilarious, etc.)

The TV comedian brain-fagged enough to come out for Nixon would find himself labeled an *entertainer*. The Committee on Show Biz Participation would limit his personal appearances on behalf of the candidate to an indulgence of every comic's traditional (and secret) ambition: he could read parts from *Hamlet* until blue in the face.

Alert *aides-de-camp* in attendance upon the great elusive himself would see to it that he not under any circumstances be photographed reading the Sunday funnies to his daughters. Consistency exists only at the *Life-Time* level of image projection.

We look forward to a quiet convention, the kind that will import motherly whores in keeping with the formality of the occasion. The demonstrations will be orderly, the young bloods kept in line by free tranquilizers supplied by the A.M.A.

From there on it will be simply a matter of saturation. In November, Pavlov's dog will go to the polls.

Oh, one thing more. See that the set of Mark Twain first editions in the White House library gets sent over to the Library of Congress for safe-keeping during the next four years.

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