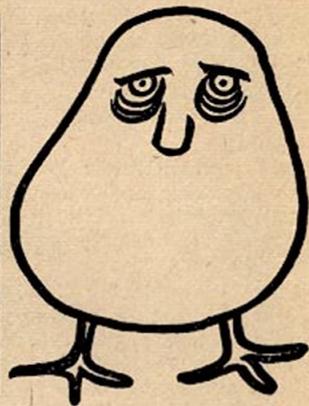


## *freethought criticism and satire*

# The Realist



June 1960

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No. 18

### Case History Of a TV Hoax

Well, boys and girls, as you remember, in our last episode, the Realist was about to crash Masquerade Party with letters from our readers complaining about something "offensive" on their show.

John G. Fuller wrote about the hoax in his column in the *Saturday Review*:

"Alarmed at the hypersensitivity of most TV sponsors to often unwarranted public criticism... [the *Realist*] urged . . . readers to pick out an innocuous and frequently inane network show on a certain date, and to write the sponsors about some vague and indescribable thing that happened on the show. The letters were to be indignant, but elusive; critical, but undefined."

He reported that more than a hundred *Realist* readers wrote in to the show, the sponsors, the ad agencies, etc.

Let us now review four case histories.

**Case #1:** Bob Calese. He wrote in to co-sponsor Hazel Bishop: "In view of what happened on Masquerade Party Friday night, I can assure you that no woman in my family will ever use any of your products again as long as I live. You know what I mean!"

The next day his wife, Phyllis, got a call from the producer of the show. She said that her husband wrote the letter and that she had no idea what it was that upset him so.

The producer said he'd call back. Bob knew he couldn't possibly carry off the situation with-

(Continued on Page 3)

### Richard Kern: 'Pacifist' - 'Anarchist' - 'Communist' ...

**Q.** You describe yourself as a pacifist-anarchist-communist, and you request that all of those terms be in quotes. We'll take them one at a time. How are you a pacifist?

**A.** Well, first of all, how am I *not* a pacifist? I am not a pacifist as far as the general public thinks of pacifism. They think of it as lying down and doing nothing, or at most as passive resistance. They think of it as old ladies holding anti-war meetings between wars. I'm also not a pacifist the way the present-day pacifist organizations are pacifist: namely, in a most conservative fashion. So that's why "pacifist" has to be in quotes.

And "anarchist" has to be in quotes for various reasons. I really don't believe in throwing bombs. "Communist" has to be in quotes because I don't believe in overthrowing the government by force and violence. Actually, I believe in the overthrow of this and every government by means of truth-force and non-violence.

**Q.** You once wrote in a letter to someone: "When cops, politicians, and money and barter are all gone, the changes would be all for the better." Let's go over these specifically, point by point. Why would it be better when cops are eliminated?

**A.** Because then, people would have to behave themselves without being forced to.

**Q.** Would they, though?

Well, if they didn't and everybody started shooting everybody else—well, if that's what they want, all right; but they have to choose.

(Continued on Page 8)

## EDITOREALISMS

### There Are No Atheists in Dramaholes

We've never thought it necessary to say that the opinions expressed in the *Realist* are not necessarily those of the editor. The truth of the matter is, we don't even agree with some of the facts.

In issue #16, Bob Wilson lauded the "very non-Christian vision of God" in Tennessee Williams' *Suddenly, Last Summer*. Only Williams never got his own message.

Last month, Walter Dakin Williams—the playwright's brother and a convert to Catholicism—discussed Tennessee's spiritual outlook in an article in *Information*, a monthly magazine published by the Paulist Fathers.

He said that, during World War II, Tennessee confided in him that he believed in God, and that, more recently, "Again, at the party following the opening of *Sweet Bird of Youth*, he confided that he had not only prayed for the play's success, but had remembered to offer thanks to God immediately upon receiving the good news from the critics."

Wilson also praised "the theological writings of Kierkegaard and Tillich," adding: "I respect these two men more than I respect the banal flow of bilge that issues forth from the 'philosophers' of the American Humanist Association."

Personally, we think some of the theological writings of Paul Tillich are a "banal flow of bilge." By calling a man's "ultimate concern" with life, "God," he does a disservice to his profession, and Wilson as a semanticist should be the first to recognize this.

Moreover, we have more respect for Humanism (which is, essentially, synonymous with freethought) than for any other philosophy with a name to it.

However, we have more admiration for the Quakers—for their many specific, positive, humane action projects—than for any other group. It's a telling paradox that the supernaturally-oriented Quakers put into practice what the rationally-oriented Humanists and organized freethinkers only theorize about.

### Your Freudian Slip Is Showing

Several years ago, the Long Island *Star-Journal* fired typesetter Allan Ross, an admitted Communist, because he had altered copy to reflect the party line.

He had changed the phrase "American system of freedom and security" to "American system of fascism and security" in an article by then-Secretary of the Navy Dan Kimball, praising the Marine Corps (B.I.S.R.—Before Inter-Service Rivalry).

Ross' discharge was protested by Local 6 of the International Typographical Union, which contended that the change in copy represented a "normal error" made in the course of setting the article.

But an attorney, who was appointed as arbitrator, disagreed, and ruled that the paper was "entitled to protect itself" by firing Ross.

"A substantial difference in the spelling of the word 'freedom' and the word 'fascism' precludes the possibility of its being a typographical error," the arbitrator said. "The use of the word 'fascism' in the phrase in

which it appears is too pat to suggest error; on the contrary, its very aptness suggests willful substitution.

"The type, as set, represents a disloyal distortion of text in defiance of the spirit and sense of the article in question and whether it was deliberately done by Ross or was the inadvertent or subconscious response or reaction of his Communist distaste of the subject matter of said article, it demonstrated his unsuitability for his continued employment."

The union argued that the *Star-Journal* should have employed more proofreaders to catch such changes in copy.

Responded the arbitrator: "... I do not believe the paper should be under a duty to employ men just to catch the deliberate or mischievous mistakes of one of its other employees."

Testimony in the hearings indicated that the article had been read by a union proofreader, but so close to

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the deadline that a correction couldn't be made before the first edition had started to roll from the presses. In three subsequent editions, the correction was made.

Ross, who had worked in the *Star-Journal's* composing room for 13 years, objected to the introduction of evidence concerning his Communist affiliations on the grounds that his political beliefs and connections had nothing to do with his job.

The reason we recall the above incident now is that something of a similar vein occurred with the *Realist* in issue #15. One of our typesetters admitted that he disagreed with Robert Anton Wilson's point of view in his "Negative Thinking" column, in regard to his analysis of Bernard Wolfe's book, *The Great Prince Died*.

Wilson had written that Trotsky's career "was such a maze of paradoxes, contradictions and enigmas that it will remain forever one of the great dramas of history." It came out: "one of the great dreams of history."

Actually, our printers are quite conscientious about their work, and if there has been any improvement in the appearance of the *Realist*, the credit goes to Bembo Typographers—and we wouldn't dream of accusing them of sabotage.

### Goodbye, Freebies

Most publications are pleased to have what is known in the trade as "secondary circulation"—readership of an individual copy by persons other than the actual purchaser—because the periodicals can then boast of this to advertisers.

The *Realist* has no advertisers to impress, though, so if you are reading a friend's copy now—and if you plan to do so again—we'll appreciate it if you become a subscriber instead. Otherwise, as Dr. Ellis would say, you are only unscrewing us.

## TV HOAX

(Continued from Cover)

out breaking up, so they decided that Phyllis would take the call and say that he was furious, wouldn't even discuss it with her, didn't want to be bothered by them ever again, and that she'd seen him in these blind rages before and nothing could be done.

Actually, on the night of the show, the Caleses were attending a forum on the subject, "The First Amendment and the U.S. Supreme Court." And even if they had been home, they wouldn't have watched the show. They don't have a TV set.

*Case #2:* Paul I. Lewis. He was able to carry off the situation without breaking up. Following is the telephone conversation which ensued between a Masquerade Party staffer and him.

*She:* You sent us a letter stating that something on our show offended you. Your letter was vague and we have no idea what it was that you found so offensive; could you please be more specific?

*He:* What do you want me to say?

*She:* Well, Mr. Lewis, you wrote the letter so you must know what it was that bothered you.

*He:* Did you watch the show?

*She:* Mr. Lewis, I happen to work on the show. I know everything that goes on and I don't know of anything that could have been wrong or offensive on Friday's program.

*He:* Oh. Well, then if you work on the show, I guess you would know everything that went on. You mean you didn't catch it?

*She:* Catch what, Mr. Lewis? Will you kindly be more specific. You wrote us the letter and it was very vague. I'm calling you to ask you questions and instead you are asking me questions. Now will you tell me what you found that was salacious on our show. We feel that we put on good clean and wholesome entertainment with Masquerade Party and when we get a letter such as yours we want to discover what was considered offensive.

*He:* I feel that it was fairly obvious. You must have received many letters commenting on it. Perhaps they have been more specific.

*She:* No, Mr. Lewis. In fact, yours was the only (sic!) letter we received of this kind.

*He:* Well, if mine was the only letter, I guess it would appear to be a crackpot complaint. If only one viewer saw fit to write to the show I guess this would make him either wrong or just a nut.

*She:* Our show is viewed by millions of people, Mr. Lewis, and no one has ever called our show salacious or blue as you did in your letter.

*He:* Then I guess we can conclude that it was a crackpot letter. Why are you people so concerned with just one

letter when you have millions who do not complain about what material is used on the show?

*She:* Mr. Lewis, please stop asking me questions. I have called to find just what it was that moved you to write this slanderous letter. We are concerned with each of our viewers and we feel that your letter made a strong accusation. We feel that you have a responsibility to your letter.

*He:* What responsibility is that?

*She:* The responsibility for standing behind what you wrote.

*He:* Oh, I'll stand by everything I write. What was it you considered slanderous?

*She:* You said our show was salacious, used blue material that was unfit to be brought into the homes of the viewers. You called our show lewd and dirty.

*He:* I did not use that last phrase in my letter.

*She:* You said salacious, Mr. Lewis, and that is what it means. You should look the meaning of the word up before you sit down to write a letter of this kind. Do you often sit down and write letters of this kind?

*He:* I do know the meaning of the word—and, no, I do not write letters of this kind.

*She:* Then why did you write one this time?

*He:* I explained that in my letter.

*She:* Mr. Lewis, you are still being vague. Just what was it that bothered you?

*He:* The incident on the show.

*She:* What incident?

*He:* Perhaps you missed it.

*She:* I missed nothing. I know everything and every word that was used on the show. I explained to you that I work on the show and I watch the show and I know everything about the show. Now will you please just tell me what it was that prompted you to say we used blue material on our show?

*He:* Since I'm the only one who wrote a letter, maybe I misinterpreted what I saw. A few friends of mine commented on the incident and I decided to write my opinion on the matter.

*She:* Did your friends find the same fault with the show?

*He:* Yes.

*She:* I found nothing wrong on the show, Mr. Lewis, yet you and your friends did. Would you please tell me exactly what it was that bothered them and you.

*He:* You want me to say it over the phone?

*She:* Why not? It was on the show. Millions of people saw it and no one seemed offended. . . . There was certainly nothing said that could be considered salacious or blue or immoral.

*He:* That would be a matter of opinion. It would depend on the view-

er's moral values as to how he would interpret what he saw and heard.

*She:* I understand that, Mr. Lewis. But I would like to know how you interpreted what you saw and heard.

*He:* My letter covered that.

*She:* Mr. Lewis, are you going to tell me the exact words that you found offensive?

*He:* I think it would be wise not to.

*She:* All right, Mr. Lewis. We do not consider our Masquerade Party a salacious or immoral show. The next time you decide to write us a letter of this kind, please be more specific or do not bother to write at all. (Click!)

*He:* Bye.

Mr. Lewis (who, incidentally, once won a free trip to Cuba and turned it down because he disapproved of the Batista regime) received a call the next week from an Allstate Insurance agent. Having read in an article by Al Morgan in *Playboy* that Allstate wouldn't allow a suicide to take place on *Playhouse 90*, he told the agent that he wouldn't even consider buying insurance from Allstate until there was a suicide on a *Playhouse 90* production sponsored by them. The agent said he would take it up with his superiors.

*Case #3:* Steve Farr. He wrote to co-sponsor Block Drug Company, promising to stop using Poli-Grip. Actually, he has his own teeth. But he doesn't have a telephone, and so instead of a call, he received this letter from the manager of NBC's Department of Information:

"Dear Mr. Farr:

"This is to acknowledge your critical appraisal of a recent Masquerade Party program.

"It is a matter of genuine concern to us that you found this program objectionable.

"We will most certainly note your sensitive expression of criticism and relay it to the Manager of our Continuity Acceptance Department.

"Thank you for the interest which prompted you to write."

A month later, Mr. Farr was standing in City Hall Park, protesting a hoax by the government on him—the Civil Defense drill.

*Case #4:* A young subscriber from Merion, Pa.—identity withheld on request. He wrote a letter to "The Green Mint, Nytol People" with a ball-point pen. Note that right smack in the middle, there is a sentence fragment—a complete non sequitur—just for the hell of it.

"Dear Gentlemen:

"I am a teenager and my parents have tried to raise me as a decent, god-fearing person and have tried to keep me and my mind pure. We often used to watch Maskkeraid Party and we thought it was a dandy show. But once in a while those people got on their big-city high horse and said some pretty bad things. Of course my

parents were upset and turned the sound off so I wouldn't be perverted. I blushed too. But we still thought the show was tops and right good.

"Gramps and Nana used to like the show alright too. And they were much riled when they heard those things too but jiminy crickets they still liked to watch it until last night. Well, last night you went a might too far. My parents just told me to go straight upstairs and they were just going to switch off the show completely. They did this mainly because I asked them too because they're pretty broad-minded on such matters. I was never so embarrassed in my life. I have heard some pretty filthy low-down tacky things but nothing like last night.

"I always used to wash by mouth out with Green Mint because I think Dick Clark is a pretty swell fellow and a really cool guy and he said he liked Green Mint and wanted me to use it too. I did. It can therefore be seen that whenever a country adopted repressive measures. I aint no egghead-intellectual but once in a while I stay up real late studying for a subject in a test in school and I couldn't go to sleep so I used Nytol because everybody said I should because it was good for me. But never again. Do you hear, NEVER AGAIN. I'm not going to help support the corrupting of minds that might be corrupted and don't know what's going on like me. I had it last night. Maskkeraid Party shouldn't be allowed on the air.

"Sincerely yours . . .

"P.S. I just poured all the Green Mint in the toilet and flushed it away. NEVER AGAIN!!! I am going to tell everyone I know never to use your products again. Just who do you think you are?"

*The producer called up, long distance!*

"I was out," the young subscriber wrote to us, "but my mother seemed to suffice. . . . Although I made it clear in the very first line of the letter that I was not an adult, the sponsors had failed to make this clear when they communicated their distress to the producer (on the first call, unlike the second, he did not have a copy of the letter in front of him). Therefore, the first few minutes of the conversation were taken up in establishing that I was not my mother's husband but only a teenager.

"The producer then went on to say that the sponsors didn't understand my letter—what was I so upset about?—and that I was the only person who complained. Mother replied that I rarely watched television at all and that she didn't know anything about it. She further told him that I didn't use Green Mint or Nytol; and she told me that on hearing that piece of information, the producer seemed to lose a great deal of interest.

"He called up again the next morning and asked my mother what my reaction was to the news of the first phone call. She told him that I had laughed. He made sure again that I was just a teenager and did not buy either of the products. He then read her the letter. She was embarrassed. 'No, no, no, my son doesn't speak that way at home. Why, he's a National Merit Finalist. . . .'"

It was precisely because Masquerade Party is the epitome of inoffensiveness that we chose it for our hoax.

Take, for instance, the show's emcee, Bert Parks. We'd be willing to bet 20 to 1 that he smiles even while defecating. Apparently, though, this is exactly what the mass audience wants. As a matter of fact, Henry Morgan mentions in next month's "Impolite Interview" that *I've Got a Secret* gets letters asking them to fire him because he doesn't smile enough.

Understand, then, that the name Bert Park is used here as a generic term for an occupational disease. You can easily substitute Ralph Edwards, Kathryn Murray, Jack Bailey, Arlene Francis, Bud Collyer, Loretta Young, Ed Sullivan—yes, that's right, Ed Sullivan: on his St. Patrick's Day show, he bowed to Catholic pressure and deleted a Sean O'Casey segment.

The point being that there is more than one way of smiling into a TV camera.

Playwright O'Casey, you see, is a living symbol of irreverence. In an essay on "The Power of Laughter," he once wrote:

"Laughter tends to mock the pompous and the pretentious; all man's boastful gadding about, all his pretty pomps, his hoary customs, his wornout creeds, changing the glitter of them into the dullest hue of lead. The bigger the subject, the sharper the laugh.

"No one can escape it: not the grave judge in his robe and threatening wig; the parson and his saw; the general full of his sword and his medals; the palled prelate, tripping about, a blessing in one hand, a curse in the other; the politician carrying his magic wand of Wendy windy words; they all fear laughter, for the quiet laugh or the loud one upends them, strips them of pretense, and leaves them naked to enemy and friend.

"Laughter is allowed when it laughs at the foibles of ordinary men, but frowned on and thought unseemly when it makes fun of superstitions, creeds, customs, and the blown-up importance of brief authority. . . ."

And so, televised 'humor' is for the most part limited to situation comedies—which are in reality nothing but castrated sermons with a laugh track—and the panel shows.

Betsy Palmer, who has risen in the

panel show hierarchy from *Masquerade Party* to *I've Got a Secret*, crystallizes the philosophy of that institution thusly:

"The thing on a panel show is, you have to seem as if you're having fun. That's what it's all about, you know. The guessing bit doesn't matter at all."

The prevailing theory in the television industry is that every letter received represents 50,000 that *weren't* sent—and commercial backers of a medium certainly don't want to alienate their market. The *Realist's* hoax in effect satirized the frightened state of mind that propagates this theory.

Accordingly, we'd like to suggest now a few constructive 'hoaxes' in which *Realist* readers may want to participate.

1. *CBS Views the Press* was a courageous radio program which was pressured off the air. Jack Paar has eulogized it. Paar, however, criticizes the press only when *he* is involved, directly or indirectly. Let's call his bluff and request that a qualified journalist appear once a week on his show with a special "Tonight Views the Press" feature.

2. If you have seen Joyce Brothers' show, you have probably been aware that it is devoted to the dissemination of pseudo-liberal advice in a most unspontaneous format. Dr. Albert Ellis is a willing would-be antidote to her conventionality. Channel 13 (NTA) is the most likely late-night spot for him. If you have felt rapport with Dr. Ellis' rationality (issues #16 and #17)—and if NTA is seen in your area—write.

3. There are those afternoon children's programs which exploit family relationships in their commercials ("And be sure to ask your Mommy *nicely*"). Letters with *specific* grievances about this might have more effect than you think.

We discussed this with syndicated political cartoonist John Fischetti. He has two sons, age 8 and 10. A few years ago, they pestered their mother for Pie-O-My pudding cake, and she finally gave in and bought it—and it was absolutely awful; no one in the Fischetti household could eat it. On another occasion, there was a very dramatic and misleading film of an animated space station. The kids thought they were going to get something like it; instead, it turned out to be a piddling plastic toy.

Twice sold—twice burned.

The kids are now quite disillusioned with advertising, and when an announcer makes his claims, they'll say, "That's a lot of baloney." To what extent this alienation of the *future* market is typical, is purely speculative.

But the implications are indescribably delicious.

Reginald Dunsany:

## The Tolerant Pagan...

### A Senator, a Pope and a Rapist

John F. Kennedy won a sweeping primary victory in predominantly Protestant West Virginia last month. Thereby, he greatly enhanced his prospects of being the next Democratic Presidential nominee. He also seems to have overcome the setback that he received in Wisconsin where, in spite of tremendous Catholic support, he won by only a narrow margin.

It almost seemed that the voters of West Virginia were leaning over backwards to prove that they are not as bigoted as some writers, such as Joseph Alsop, said they were. Kennedy's majority in three per cent Catholic West Virginia was much larger than his majority over the same opponent in Wisconsin where Catholics constitute at least half of the Democratic Party.

This may well have disposed of the so-called "religious issue" as an important factor in the Presidential campaign.

In the wee hours of the morning after his defeat, Hubert Humphrey was at Kennedy's headquarters congratulating him on his victory. Mary McGrory, political writer for the *Washington Star*—she also writes for *America*, the Jesuit weekly—reported that during the conversation, someone mentioned the religious issue. "If it had been an issue," said Humphrey, "I wouldn't be here."

From this it may be inferred that in Humphrey's view, the religious issue, if effectively raised, would have led to his own victory, and would have put him, after the election, at his own headquarters receiving, rather than giving, the congratulations.

One or two groups had circulated form letters and literature to their West Virginia mailing lists. But the number reached by them was very small. And these were mostly people who would have voted against Kennedy in any event.

There was a great deal of newspaper talk about those few hecklers who raised the question of religion at Kennedy meetings. But they did it in a lame way and the eloquent young senator promptly squelched them. But no single man of public standing, no organization, tried systematically to provide the voters with reasons—sound or unsound—why they should oppose the election of a Catholic president.

Practically all the professional political prophets had predicted Kennedy's defeat. This probably lulled into a false sense of security those who might otherwise have put on a campaign of voter education based on the candidate's religious views.

And these expert predictions were

not without a sound basis: the unreasoning attitude of Wisconsin Catholics in the primaries—they had voted 80% in favor of Kennedy. This was obviously a manifestation of pro-Catholic prejudice—pure, simple, and blind. The opposition seems to have assumed that Protestant bigotry is the equal of Catholic bigotry. The West Virginia primary demonstrated that it is not.

Of course, Humphrey himself was largely responsible for the failure of the religious issue to be developed. He was very vehement about it. He said that "I would not want to receive the vote of any American because my opponent worships in a particular church, whatever that church may be." This somewhat unsound generality was repeated all over the state. He seemed to be asking West Virginians to vote against him.

After thus abandoning his religious differences with Kennedy, he seemed unable to find any other basis on which he could set himself apart from his opponent. This was made especially obvious in a television debate between the two candidates. The debate was described by the *Washington Star* as a "Brother Act." The *Charleston Daily Mail* headlined its story: "Humphredum and Kennedee talk it over for an Hour without Striking a Spark."

Thus the campaign was transformed into a contest of personalities. Kennedy's personality seems to have been better than Humphrey's. And Kennedy had another important celebrity on his side. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. campaigned assiduously for him throughout the state and was well received. The miners think of F.D.R. Senior as a sort of saint.

One advantage that Humphrey hoped to have was the endorsement of organized labor. His voting record on this subject is much better than Kennedy's. But, as in Wisconsin, Roman Catholic President George Meany of the AFL-CIO restrained local groups from endorsing anyone.

Another factor that worked in Kennedy's favor was the old Root-of-All-Evil. A day or two before the voting, Humphrey complained that Kennedy had spent about a quarter of a million dollars. Nobody knows how much was

spent later in the actual buying of votes. In Milwaukee, Negro voters had gone 4-1 for Humphrey. But in poverty-stricken wards of Charleston, they voted 8-1 for Kennedy.

Samuel Lubell hinted that this might be the result of vote buying; Ed Koterba of the *Scripps-Howard* papers later said that "practically every reporter who had covered the recent elections in West Virginia came back with reports of fantastic money-changing down there."

Koterba later went back to the state and talked with election officials and local editors. They explained the technique of buying a vote and of making sure that it was delivered. The bribed voter had to ask for help from a designated corrupt election official. Official and voter then went into the booth together, marked the ballot, and the voter was given a "token."

Typical of such tokens was a matchbook with a certain match inside of it broken in half. The token was then exchanged for cash at a nearby place of payoff. The editors told Koterba that this was a common custom in the state, that the price of such votes was usually three dollars. But they said that in the Kennedy-Humphrey contest, the going rate went to ten dollars. Said one: "I've never seen it so bad."

Koterba did not say who was behind this vote-buying. It might have been friends of Humphrey, the druggist from Huron. But more probably it was done for Kennedy, the son of a whiskey millionaire and stock market plunger. Humphrey apologetically explained that "I don't have an open-end checkbook and I don't have a daddy who can pay the bills."

If this overwhelming financial advantage was a decisive factor for Kennedy in West Virginia, it will not necessarily serve as such in November. While Nixon is not rich, his friends and supporters are. In this sort of contest, there would probably be a stand-off.

Protestants have a deep sentimental attachment to their previous position of privilege in American culture. To them, the election of a Catholic president would be a symbol. It would signal the end of the Protestant era. Conversely, to many Catholics, it would signify the dawn of a Catholic era.

The Tolerant Pagan, of course, would like to see the dawn of a secular era in politics. All other things being equal, I would prefer to see a secularist elected to the Presidency. And if any kind of theist is elected, I would prefer one whose tendencies are toward secularism.

If a theist must be elected, and if his tendencies are sufficiently secular, it matters little to me whether he is a Catholic, Protestant, or Jew. Certainly Roosevelt and Eisenhower have

given a great deal more aid to the churches—especially to Roman Catholicism—than the first Roman Catholic president could.

Comparing the probable nominees, Nixon and Kennedy, it is just possible that Nixon is more theistic than Kennedy. Witness his statement last month that no one should be elected President who does not believe in God! This is intense Protestant bigotry. Kennedy has never displayed anything like it.

(These kind words for Kennedy are not to be construed as an endorsement, incidentally. The Tolerant Pagan has followed a consistent policy of withholding his endorsement until after the election.)

Furthermore, I am intrigued by one of the statements that Kennedy made in his speech to the newspaper editors at the National Press Club in Washington. He said, "I am not 'trying to be the first Catholic president' as some have written. I happen to believe that I can serve my nation as president, and I happen to have been born a Catholic."

Note his use of the words "born a Catholic." He treats his Catholicism as a sort of accident, like being born cross-eyed. This is a much less religious approach than Nixon's insistence that any president must believe in God.

Throughout the campaign Kennedy repeated over and over his famous "credo" or "declaration of independence." At the National Press Club, he said, "There is only one legitimate question underlying all the rest: Would you as President of the United States be responsive in any way to ecclesiastical pressure or obligations of any kind that might in any fashion influence or interfere with your conduct of that office in the national interest? I have answered that question many times. My answer was—and is—'No.'"

It might be a good question to be addressed also to Nixon. Will he apply a religious test in appointing, for instance, diplomatic officials? Will he arrange to give Georgetown University a quota of such appointments? If so, are we not in for more Robert Murphys who may lead us into an atomic war against the Russian or Chinese anti-Christ?

If these statements of Kennedy are to be accepted—and how can we say that Kennedy is any more of a liar than Nixon?—the Massachusetts Senator is quite possibly a freethinker in sheep's clothing—that is, in the clothing of a member of the Pope's "flock."

This was also suggested very strongly a few days after the election by an official Papal announcement. The Lutherans and others had often asked for a statement either asserting or renouncing the papal claim of allegiance by American officeholders. A similar request was made in Al Smith's day,

but the answer was carefully withheld until after he had lost the election.

This answer was much more timely. It was received in ample time for full consideration before the November elections. The statement was addressed, not to Americans, but to the Christian Democrats in Italy, especially Amintore Fanfani, whom the clerical politicians charge with softness to Communism. But Vatican sources made clear that the same principles apply equally to the American scene.

The article in *Osservatore Romano* was published in a special makeup which usually distinguishes papal statements from those of the newspaper itself. It asserted that the hierarchy has the "duty and right to guide, direct, and correct the faithful in the political field just as it has in other aspects of life." It added that "it is absurd to split the conscience in one part, which is that of the believer, and one which is that of the citizen, as if the Catholic religion were just one part of the life of the spirit and not the central idea which orients a man's whole existence."

This brands as heretical Kennedy's whole concept of religion as a "man's private affair." For, from the Pope's point of view, a vote for Kennedy should be deemed a vote for his bishop, Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston.

#### The Real Insult

There have been other recent occurrences which may throw the entire religious issue again into the background. One of them is the almost incredible stupidity with which the administration handled the Summit Conference. Its lies, evasions and *gaucheries* have laid our nation open to the lowest and most contemptuous of insults.

This does not refer to Khrushchev's offensive personal remarks about Eisenhower. Those are between him and the President personally. Nor do I refer to the Russian dictator's demand that the spy flights into Russia be called off. They should be. I believe they were unjustified acts of war. (Imagine our reaction to a Russian plane over Kansas City.) Nor was Khrushchev's demand for an apology an insult. It can be given without loss of dignity.

No, the *real* insult was Khrushchev's demand that the promoters of the spy flights be punished by our own government. He has a perfect right to punish Francis Powers, the captured pilot, who is now under his jurisdiction. But for him to demand that Powers' associates and superiors in this country be punished is a trespass on the most important aspect of our sovereignty—our control over our own processes of justice.

Aside from the fact that to comply would probably require the jailing of

Eisenhower himself, this kind of ultimatum is the sort that can properly be addressed only by a victorious nation to one that has been vanquished.

It is sensitivity to this principle of the independence of our judicial sovereignty that made your Tolerant Pagan shudder when the Pope took it upon himself to interfere in the Caryl Chessman case. Being tolerant as well as pagan, I have great doubts about the desirability of capital punishment. But the Pope is less tolerant. In general, he has no objection to capital punishment as such—which was the real issue in which Chessman was merely a pawn.

Yet the Pope demanded the lifting of the death penalty imposed on Chessman. Certainly, he had no personal sympathy for Chessman as a convicted rapist. Yet he tried to substitute for the processes of our courts his own concept of justice and charity. Note that the Pope was the *only* foreign monarch or sovereign who intervened officially in the matter.

After his statement, the protests against the execution increased tremendously in volume. Two million Brazilians, for instance, signed petitions against it. These individual protests could not be deemed an international insult. But, the Pope being a sovereign, his demands were.

When the State Department received and transmitted to the Governor of California information about smoldering resentment in Uruguay, George Sokolsky called it a "total negation of the sanction of law in our civilization" and said that it "dictated judicial procedure." How much more applicable were these epithets to the action of a foreign prince, the Pope?

What California's Governor Brown should have done, what our State Department should have done, was publicly to condemn the Pope's interference in our local and national judicial affairs. Only thus could the dignity of our democratic judicial process be maintained. If that had been done, the whole world would have learned how precious our sovereignty is to us.

There was an interesting sidelight cast on the whole affair after the Chessman execution. A priest had been with him almost constantly but Chessman died still affirming his agnosticism. His ashes were to be sent to Forest Lawn Cemetery, the final resting place of so many other celebrities. But the management refused to accept them, on religious grounds.

The Pope then had a wonderful opportunity to display the quality of his Christian compassion. He controls thousands of Roman Catholic cemeteries throughout the world. He could have offered the refugee remains a sanctuary in any one of them. He didn't.

## I Was a Spy in the Cigarette Revolution

by Marvin Kitman

... many cigarette companies already are testing cinnamon and coconut flavors, as well as one that has the aroma of new-mown hay.

—United Press International

Recently, the U.S. cigarette industry agreed to drop from advertisements all references to the effectiveness of filters in removing tars and nicotine. The "Tar Derby" was fast becoming a crashing bore to industry and consumer anyway, except—according to figures compiled by An Independent Research Laboratory—for the one man in nine who thought he was getting a solid background in science by reading the fine print in the ads.

Still, the decision was widely cheered as a significant advance in Western Civilization. The New York *Times* even called it "a revolution." And if the *Times*—with its gimlet-eyed sense of perspective and hundreds of journalists highly experienced in spotting insurrections—calls what is replacing the "Tar Derby" a revolution, it must be one.

For, before the last white coat and mock microscope had been stacked away for the duration, the new leit-motif of the industry's \$190,000,000 advertising budget was already discernible. FLAVOR was to be the new pitch.

The curve ball thrown by Kent, a product of P. Lorillard Company, is typical of what thinking men will now be reading in ads. Before changing slogans in midstream, it used to be "Kent filters best." But now: "For good smoking taste, it makes good sense to smoke Kent."

But, while others merely shuddered, waiting for the wave of counter-claims in the Flavor Revolution, I decided to visit the research laboratory of Brand X and get the inside story.

A fast-talking public relations man—F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky—was assigned to guide my tour. He was fairly new at this plant himself, he said—displaying a tattoo on his left hand, which read: *Lucky Strike Green Has Gone to War*.

But now he was smoking Brand X, his eyes filling with tears as he lit one. (He had applied the match to the wrong end of his filter-tip cigarette.)

After a while the filter burned through, and Mr. Boone relaxed. "I like a filter that doesn't get between you and the flavor," he said.

We entered a huge, barn-like laboratory, where he pointed out titrimeters, thermocouples, distillation apparatus, gas chromatographs, reflux flasks, torsion balances, and electric furnaces—all of which I recognized as standard tobacco research lab equipment from television commercials.

We halted in front of several lab assistants wearing storm coats and gloves. "This is our menthol section," Mr. Boone said. "We have a new menthol cigarette in the works that is coolest by far."

He called over a lab assistant with



blue lips and asked him to explain what he was doing. "Everybody is talking about menthol today," said the lab assistant. "But how much menthol is enough? We hope to find out."

We came to a series of green window boxes with white shoots pushing through the soil. A lab assistant was watering them. "This is the horticulture section," Mr. Boone said. "Filter flower is tested here."

Further on, he pointed out "our staff locksmith," a man in a white coat working on a key-making machine. "He's trying to find the secret that unlocks the flavor, unlocks the flavor, in a filter cigarette."

In rapid order, we passed teams of lab assistants trying to read the *Wall Street Journal* through high-porosity paper; spinning filters on ancient looms to see if they could cool smoke to less than body temperature; and taking the "blindfold test." (The latter group might actually have been awaiting execution for some security reason, though; the cigarette industry is, after all, bitterly competitive.)

During a brief recess for lunch in the company cafeteria—where we enjoyed a taste, not a treatment, featuring flapjacks and apple honey—Mr. Boone told me that he had received a subpoena from the House Un-American Activities Committee. They wanted him to tell them all he knew about Lucky Strike Green's war record.

Later, he proceeded to discuss Brand X's future plans.

"Do you remember how good ciga-

rettes used to taste?" he asked. "Well, scientific tests show that a lot of youngsters today don't remember. As a result, we've been pointing our research in two directions."

He took me back into the lab near an imposing machine that looked like a drop forge. He held up a milky-white cigarette marked only "P-40"—possibly a code number for the secret project.

"This is our first new direction," he said. "Yes, sir—the first real change in cigarettes in 38 years. The first all-filter-tip cigarette! It's the last word in the continuing battle against lung cancer. A full 72 millimetres of smoking goodness—the best cellulose acetate by Tennessee Eastman Company that money can buy. Not a trace of tobacco in a carload."

Unprofessionally, I gasped.

"You get a lot to like in our all-filter-tip cigarette," he continued. "A three-stage filter that kicks the flavor through like an Atlas. The cigarette itself is crushproof, thus eliminating costly packaging." (He patted the drop forge, apparently used in testing this new development.) "And you get the full honest flavor of a real cigarette."

"But where does the flavor come from?" I asked.

"It's our new filter blend," Mr. Boone replied. "We take the finest, longer-stemmed, rich, golden-brown

### Editor's Note

When Henry Morgan sent us his impolite answers to our impolite questions, he also enclosed a note, which read in part: "I think the fellow who shaved the sandpaper [Issue #16] should set himself up as a regular contributor on the grounds that he runs an independent testing laboratory. Could call himself doc, wear a white jumper, get a reflector, etc."

Well, we thought so too, and—starting with this issue—Marv Kitman will be playfully probing into the unctuous unrealities molding away in the advertising culture.

Mr. Kitman is a well-known outdoors writer. (He writes under a parasol in a field near his garden apartment in New Jersey.) He has contributed to a variety of publications, including the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*, *Echo*, *Nugget*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Escapade*, and *Harper's*.

He has long been a student of advertising. He is the only man ever to ask the Schaefer people for a definition of "real beer"; the Piel Brothers are forever grateful to him for telling them why their beer was so sour (less N.F.S.—non-fermented sugar); and he once won the Math medal for computing how many ounces were in the Jumbo-sized quart.

He regretfully refuses, however, to try the Mennen Sof'Stroke Underwater Shave Test.



tions that Communists have infiltrated churches?

A. Sure. The churches, in attempting to bring into line their various preachings with each other, have been led to certain statements of an anti-militarist nature. Well, what else is the military going to do except try to nip this in the bud by calling the churches Communist?

I can enlarge on that only by saying that in many ways, Jesus was a Communist. Not like the Communists in Russia today—I call them anti-Communists—but Jesus said, "Love one another." And if you love one another, you share what you have, and no one tries to luxuriate in \$10,000 homes and \$2,000 cars while others have to worry about where their next meal is coming from.

Q. Pacifists and anarchists often seem to have a strong religious orientation; do you?

A. No, which is one of my important differences with the pacifist movement. As far as anarchism is concerned, on the contrary. I would say that many anarchists have an anti-religious orientation far more than I do, and I actually found myself—I, who think of myself, if not as an atheist, then at least as a humanist—being told by anarchists to go back to church because I tried to sell them on pacifist anarchism.

Q. Why, as a pacifist, did you once throw someone out of your house, bodily?

A. He was making such a nuisance of himself and behaving so objectionably that people were leaving the party and/or complaining about him. I was able to drive him forth without difficulty because he knew everybody wanted him to leave.

Q. You once said: "What can be defended only by brute force is not worth defending." Now the standard question here would be: If you saw your mother being raped, would you defend her by force?

A. I would certainly use what force were necessary to prevent an even greater harm from being done. On the other hand, the people who have no qualms about the use of force have no compunctions about shooting a fleeing purse-snatcher or ash-can-knocker-over, simply to prevent him from escaping. This very sharply shows up the difference in philosophy between violence and non-violence.

I should think that I would be able to prevent a rape with little or no violence, and actually, anybody could. It's the classic example. I mean, I could ask you some questions, too. For example, what would you do if you were required to rape your mother in order to save the country?

Q. I'd incest upon it.

You seem to be dissatisfied with the pacifist organizations. Let's take them one by one. How about the War Resisters League?

A. My main criticism of all the pacifist organizations applies to the W.R.L. as well. They depend upon contributions, and most contributions come from monied people, and so they have to be as conservative as necessary in order to keep these contributions coming in. That's criticism number one—

Q. How do you differentiate between radical and conservative pacifism?

A. That's a tough one. Radical pacifism is my brand; conservative pacifism is just about everyone else's.

Q. Would you say that conservative pacifism is believing in the principle, but not doing anything about it?

A. I would definitely consider that conservative.

Q. And yet isn't the War Resisters League trying to do something, action-wise?

A. What is action? I'm sorry, but I have to ask you a question in turn. During the last few years, throughout the pacifist movement, the meaning of the word action has changed appallingly. Nowadays, it's called action if you merely say what you believe, because it's getting harder to do so without unfortunate consequences. They have revised their definition of action far downwards, in other words.

Q. You had some further criticism of the War Resisters League?

A. Another criticism of the W.R.L., which applies to the other pacifist organizations as well, is that it squelches discussion of the "going limp" technique. And you would think that a pacifist organization, above all others, would be democratic enough to allow discussion of relevant issues; but the W.R.L. does not.

Q. Would you explain what "going limp" means?

A. Yes. What am I to do when faced with arrest? I feel I ought to protest my arrest as best I can, because I have no right to hope that anyone else will protest the arrest of a pacifist if he himself does not protest it. But, of course, since I do not believe in the use of violence, even where the general public does, I don't use it when faced with arrest.

Therefore, my method of "resisting arrest" is simply to refrain from helping the policeman arrest me, and to actually relax every muscle in my body to the extent that I am accosted by the policemen, so that they are required to carry me every place they want me.

This is what I did in September, 1952, when I was arrested for distributing anti-war leaflets during a civil defense drill, and it made the policemen look, to the crowd that was watching, like the strong-arm guys they actually were, which probably caused them to be embarrassed to the point of beating me up.

Q. What was the outcome of the trial?

A. Whose trial? You see, the policemen who beat me up accused me of having beaten them up, and I was tried on those charges; and they lied on the witness stand, and I was officially declared guilty. And I stand guilty today in the eyes of the law of having beaten up two policemen who were armed with guns and clubs at the time, and each 25 pounds heavier than me.

I actually did prove my innocence and their guilt in court, and I think anybody who reads the transcript will see that this is true, but the judges simply arbitrarily declared me guilty anyway. There were three judges because I wasn't charged with a felony. That's why there was no jury.

Q. Did they beat you up in view of the public?

A. After the first blow, one of them stopped the other until we had gotten around the corner.

Q. Did you have any witnesses from the crowd?

A. One witness, who was with me before. No names had been taken from the crowd, either by the police, although they admitted their rules require them to do so in situations of this sort, or by me, since I couldn't, due to being under arrest. But this one girl did testify in court.

Q. Let's get back to the pacifist organizations. How about the Fellowship of Reconciliation?

A. Well—and this applies to the W.R.L., too, as well as the other organizations—the F.O.R. has, I think, a proportion of approximately one full-time staff member to 500 members. I feel it should be more like one to five than one to 500. After all, if I imply that a politician is not sincere because he is not satisfied with an ordinary salary or subsistence salary, but insists upon a stupendous salary, then I logically have to say that a person who has an idealism ought to promote it almost at any cost; certainly, regardless of salary.

My own plan is to finance and operate an organization for the promotion of my beliefs, on my own labor and with the contributions of maybe half a dozen people. I feel I could do it on that.

Also, there's the matter of taxes. The W.R.L. and the F.O.R. withhold taxes from the salaries of their staff people and send those withholdings to the government, knowing the infinitely violent purposes to which the government puts that money.

Q. Do you pay income taxes yourself?

A. No, I don't. I have paid a few dollars in the course of my life; maybe ten or twenty. I don't pay Federal Income Taxes because, according to the government's own figures, 90% of it

is used for war—past, present, and future—and I certainly don't feel that I want my money to buy weapons that may kill, as I once heard it put, a perfect stranger.

**Q. What kind of reaction have you had from the Bureau of Internal Revenue?**

A. The reaction that is to be expected. They keep trying to collect, but I don't have any house, car, stocks, bonds, insurance or expensive furniture, so they can't collect from me that way. I sink all my spare cash into my radical activities, which I think is the proper place for it. I change jobs very often in order to earn money outside the withholding system, but this also serves to keep the Internal Revenue Bureau from being able to seize my pay.

**Q. Can't your body be seized, though? I mean, haven't people gone to jail for non-payment of taxes?**

A. Not to my knowledge. They have gone to jail for refusing to file income tax returns; gangsters have gone to jail for filing false income tax returns; pacifists have gone to jail for failure to appear and produce records. But I appear, I produce records, I file income tax returns. But I don't include a remittance. Instead, I include a letter telling the tax people to quit their jobs and become men.

**Q. Do you ever get any reaction?**

A. No, these letters are studiously ignored.

**Q. Isn't your cooperation—merely by filing records and sending in forms—contrary to your philosophy of going limp?**

A. I go limp when faced with arrest, by way of protesting that arrest, and requiring the arrester to take full responsibility, rather than taking some of it myself and blithely walking into a jail cell or a paddy wagon. I do refrain from telling the Internal Revenue people where I'm working at the moment, but after I leave a particular job, then I tell them where I worked. Of course, I declare all the money that I earned.

**Q. Do you think the recent Staten Island taxpayers' revolt is an indication that people are becoming more ready for your ideas?**

A. No, for three reasons. First, it is a revolt against local taxes, most of which are used for good purposes, in contrast to federal taxes, most of which are used for deliberately destructive purposes. Second, the sole reason for the revolt is money, not principle. Finally, it was squelched when someone came out of City Hall and told them that he would bring their grievance to the attention of the mayor.

**Q. Getting back to the pacifist organizations—did you have any further criticism of the Fellowship of Reconciliation?**

A. Yes. They take great pains to, what I call, "centralize." They go out of their way to be like everybody else in everything except pacifism, in hopes that everybody else will then say to themselves that pacifism isn't very different and maybe I'll be a pacifist, too. They are going to fail, but even if they were going to succeed, everything about their philosophy and activities is just too namby-pamby for my tastes.

**Q. How about the Catholic Worker movement?**

A. That is radical, and I applaud it. The Catholic Worker newspaper is marvelous, and I recommend it to everyone, Catholic or not; I'm a subscriber myself. The only thing I have against it is that it stays a strictly Catholic organization, and although they would deny that non-Catholics are kept out deliberately, obviously non-Catholics would not feel comfortable allying themselves with Catholicism.

**Q. Isn't there a certain inconsistency when they call themselves anarchists, and yet the publisher has said that if the Catholic hierarchy told her to stop publishing, she would?**

A. Anarchism applies to politics, as far as I am concerned, and I am not worried about religion. This statement of Dorothy Day's has never stopped disturbing me. I do not say that it's inconsistent with anarchism. It certainly is inconsistent with an anarchist attitude. But this certainly shows how small the potential of the Catholic Worker is as a catalyst for social betterment.

**Q. How about the Jewish Peace Fellowship?**

A. My own background is Jewish, and maybe that's why I have less to say against that than the others. It's small; its activities are strictly educational; there is nothing wrong with them as far as they go, but personally I hope to go much further.

And then, too, the same criticism applies to them as the Catholic Worker. They do not try, really, to appeal to non-Jews. It's for Jews who are pacifists. For purposes of actually changing society, no pacifist organization is going to be successful. Let me explain this: Society is not changed by a small band of radicals, especially if they call themselves by some name that ends in "ism."

**Q. Or that starts with a sectarian denomination?**

A. Exactly. The general public does not feel free to associate itself with such labels. Let's take the socialists, for example. Most of the things that they advocated around 1900 have come to pass, but not as socialism. They have come to pass as common sense or progress, and this is the way it must be with any kind of social improvement. In other words, the pacifist movement will begin to succeed when it drops the label "pacifist."

**Q. What do you plan to call your organization?**

A. I will have a separate organization for each particular activity. One organization will be called the "Little Man Publishing Company." Another will be (inhale) "Mass Non-violent Civil Disobedience against Compulsory Participation in Civil Defense Drills" (exhale). Another will be a club called "Labor Gift Plan."

So you see, there is nothing in these things that a person would hesitate to join because of religion, whereas the pacifist movement is divided according to religion. The W.R.L. is for non-religious pacifists, the F.O.R. is mostly for Protestants — that's the largest, too — and of course you have the Catholic Worker and the Jewish Peace Fellowship.

**Q. You once said that it's necessary to give up trying to convince anybody with words, whether radio, television, magazines, newspapers, leaflets, posters, speeches, rallies, picket signs, or any other scheme, no matter how imaginative, which boils down in the end to the use of words. And yet, now you plan to go into publishing yourself. What made you change your mind?**

A. I didn't change my mind. The publishing is going to be the easiest activity to get into and achieve some kind of success in, and it will serve to acquaint the public with my existence.

[Editor's note: *Alternative Rides Again* — a collection of articles from *Alternative*, a pacifist publication which was banned, and burned, by postal authorities after World War II for interfering with the enlistment and recruiting service of the U.S., and for impairing morale in the armed forces — is available for \$1 from Richard Kern, 79 Douglass St., Brooklyn 31, N. Y.]

**Q. Aren't you in the peculiar position of trying to raise money in order to eventually eliminate it?**

A. Not for the purpose of eliminating it, no. On the contrary, my plan involves the gradual reduction of the amount of money in use, to continue indefinitely until there are large numbers of people working and enjoying a normal standard of living but not using either money or any barter; just gifts.

**Q. Is this your "Labor Gift Plan?"**

A. Yes. The Labor Gift Plan is a club that people may join who want to work for their fellow club members in their spare time, free. The club members will benefit by getting free what they would otherwise have to pay for. They would also benefit by enjoying this free labor more than the labor they give their boss during the day.

As it grows, some of the members will be able to quit their regular jobs and go to work full-time for the Labor Gift Plan members in the same capacity that their regular jobs had been. They would get most of what they

need from the other members and the other members would give cash to supply the rest of what the full-time members need.

As the membership grows, more and more things — goods and services — will be available within the plan, so that less and less need be bought with cash. This insures the members against depression, makes their working conditions much happier, increases feelings of fellowship, solidarity, and trust — and it's nothing that anybody is going to be kept out of for reasons of politics or religion.

Also, when there is no money, no taxes are expected to be paid, which means that the government loses this tax revenue, which hurts the government in general and its war preparations in particular.

On the one hand, masses of people would be quitting their jobs. But after a while, businessmen would find it difficult not only to find workers, but also customers, because the Labor Gift Plan involves establishing an independent economy, gradually. As our numbers make it possible, this independent economy would buy from and sell to the present-day economy only to the extent made necessary by lack of numbers.

So that it would certainly hurt big business interests. However, it would not hurt any individual, because everyone is free to join the Labor Gift Plan. Upon doing so, everything he wants is free for the rest of his life, regardless of whether he becomes sick or injured or old or even lazy.

**Q. Isn't it possible that people might join the Labor Gift Plan simply in order to take advantage of it?**

A. It doesn't work that way. People shy away from such idealism who are not up to it. They realize that when there are no cops, locks, guns, receipts, bookkeeping systems, there is only one thing left to stop them from taking advantage, and that is their conscience.

## Hearst Hack Gives God a Gold Medal

We reprint without comment—no comment *being* our comment—the following editorial, which appeared under the title of "More Than Oxygen" recently in the N. Y. Daily *Mirror*:

A great highlight of the Winter Olympics was the triumph of the U. S. hockey team—the so-called "cinderella" team. It nudged out Russia and then clobbered Czechoslovakia for the gold-medal championship, coming from behind (4-3) at the end of the second period to a smashing 9-4 win.

Vast press credit was given to the sportsmanship of the Soviet team captain for tipping our boys off between periods that whiffs of oxygen would give them a lift.

Maybe so. It was a nice gesture, though perhaps tinged with Russian

And that is one thing they can't defy, like they can defy cops and locks and guns and receipts and bookkeeping systems.

**Q. Somehow, that reminds me of this incident that happened with Jerry Lester once. He was in an office building, and he wanted to go to the lavatory, but nobody knew who had a key to the john, and there was this big fuss about getting a key. And Jerry said: "What, are they afraid somebody's gonna steal the shit?"**

**Back to the pacifist organizations. How about The Peacemakers?**

A. They were a fine organization up until a few years ago. However, the last few years have brought such deep changes in the world situation — and the pacifist organizations, including The Peacemakers, haven't changed. They are still taking part in the same type of project they were taking part in a few years ago.

Another criticism I have of The Peacemakers is that it's a very poorly run organization, administratively. This is due to a lack of funds with which to support capable people.

**Q. How about the Committee for Non-Violent Action?**

A. I have met Brad Lytle, and I am very much impressed with him. Although he works 80 hours for \$40, and is worth two or three hundred in my opinion, his position is that of Secretary of the organization and he takes orders from the Executive Committee, which of course is responsive to the cash sources.

They are interested in projects like breaking laws which are merely symbolic of what we are against, and I feel that they are not going to attract the general public that way. They will attract a large number of liberal people to break these laws; but they are putting in tremendous amounts of energy and effort and money to organize these protests — for instance, against the law forbidding trespassing on

weapons-manufacturing plants.

And I don't think that it's the best possible use of their money and their energy. Their purpose in attempting to enter guided missile sites and nerve gas factories is to propagandize the workers. Unrealistic.

Even if the guards had allowed them to enter the guided missile site at Omaha and plead with the workers to quit their jobs, the workers themselves would have thrown them out, because they are all security-screened to the point where they are afraid to think for fear it will lead them to a conclusion the government does not like.

Besides, you can't just ask a man to quit his job without offering him another, with equivalent pay. The Labor Gift Plan would make it economically possible for them to quit, but nothing in the pacifist movement does.

The most appropriate anti-war activity today is establishing little utopian societies, attracting people by the very fact that the society you have created, even if only in sub-miniature, is utopian. I mean in cities, not on farms. The utopian societies of the 1800's consisted of city folk who didn't realize, till they tried it, how hard farming is.

**Q. And yet, didn't you try to start just such a utopian colony in your five-room Brooklyn apartment — without success?**

A. Right. I asked too much. I asked people to change their entire way of life all at once. No one agreed to try; the thing never got off the ground. That's when I devised the Labor Gift Plan. People join this much more easily. I get a member an hour by going door to door.

**Q. How realistic do you think you're being, in terms of what you have accomplished in the past?**

A. My accomplishments are strictly in line with my abilities. My abilities have been growing. I was a radical ever since the age of 18 when the only job I could get was messenger or shipping clerk. Now I am an office manager. I expect to put these skills to work for radicalism.

**Q. How old are you now?**

A. I'm thirty.

**Q. When I saw you in night court in 1956, you were wearing sandals and, to say the least, you were casually dressed. Now you have on a suit, white shirt, tie. What happened?**

A. I gave up rebelling against small things in order to be able to concentrate more effectively on rebelling against greater evils. The purpose of wearing a business suit is to be able to work in offices and earn more per hour and therefore to have more money to finance my radical activities. People ought to dress for comfort, but I don't make a big stink about that because there are more important things to make a big stink about.

**Q. There's a theory that the rebel**

such as you, is rebelling not against society so much as against his parents. What kind of relationship did you have with your parents? Were they with you or against you?

A. At first they were against me, like anybody would be against pacifism in times of McCarthy, but through lengthy conversations, I gradually began, very slowly, to win them over slightly. My father is in business and can't afford to become active, but he did give a very favorable interview to the local upstate newspaper shortly after one of my arrests; and he did, unbeknownst to me, order 20 copies, directly from the publishers, of a piece of pacifist literature I had sent him.

Q. How has the general public reacted to you—for instance, the time you distributed leaflets in a C.D. drill?

A. That was during the very first compulsory-participation civil defense drill. They blew the sirens, and I simply distributed leaflets pointing out that there was no civil defense, that in case of war all those people in shelters and not in shelters would be killed.

These leaflets were subsequently vindicated by a conservative source as the *Daily News*, which for several years would publish on the day following the drill, the statement that if it had been a real raid, everybody between Columbus Circle and the Battery would be dead, sheltered or not.

What I did was simply to stride boldly into the lobby of the Veterans Administration building where the workers were lining the walls and standing quietly, in obedience to the drill, and hand out leaflets to them with the look on my face as though I were a civil defense official. And I had given leaflets to quite a crowd — a hundred, maybe — three quarters of the people that were in the lobby, before it was realized by some supervisors that I was not an official.

Q. Would you describe what happened on some other civil-defense-drill occasions?

A. The first time that I didn't participate with the pacifists in their annual anti-civil-defense-drill demonstrations, I went instead to the basement of the New York Life Insurance Company building, where there is a cavernous employees' cafeteria, accommodating one or two thousand people.

When the sirens sounded and the cafeteria filled up with people sitting at tables, again silently worshipping the drill, I simply took the center of the floor in my red, white and blue shirt — which has a nautical design if you look closely — and hollered in a loud voice: "Attention, please! Attention, please!"

And I launched into an eight-minute prepared speech on the demerits of civil defense drills; and it was fully

five minutes before it was realized that I was not a civil defense official, because I spoke factually about civil defense, so that the super-patriots would nod their heads approvingly, whereas the thinking people would say, "My God, this is terrible!"

During these five minutes I was listened to very courteously, but after the first five minutes I faltered; I didn't have the last three minutes prepared as well as the first five. It was then that a building guard placed his hand on my arm.

I had conditioned myself that I would not be arrested that year, so I stopped speaking. That was a mistake. What would he have done if I had continued to speak—clamp his hand over my mouth? Or maybe throw me out of the shelter, compulsory presence in which I was protesting!

In 1958 and 1959 all I did was help picket the prison in which the female pacifists were imprisoned. In 1959 I decided to bring my own sign, because the other signs were signs advertising organizations, for the most part. And I wanted a sign pointing up the injustice of imprisoning sincere and dedicated people who were not doing any harm except to disobey the sinisterly-motivated orders to seek shelter.

The other picketers ordered me away, saying: "We don't like your sign, it's too radical, we don't want to picket with you, go away." This, to me, was further proof that I was right in being disillusioned with the pacifist movement.

Q. What was the wording on your sign?

A. "Ten days for not seeking shelter — from the cops!"

Q. Why have you discontinued protesting the Civil Defense air raid drills?

A. To gather my forces for a really big assault on the law making participation in these drills compulsory. With the aid of a few volunteers and a few hundred dollars I could gather a thousand people together to break this law so that it would stay broken. After that, playing this maginot-line-mentality war-game once a year would be strictly voluntary, as it should be.

Q. Do the organized pacifist groups generally resent your working as an individual?

A. Certainly, because I am going to be soliciting funds from the same sources they are, and because they feel that by my "way-out" stands — like non-cooperation with arrest, and tax refusal, and my statements that the percentage of people calling themselves pacifists will never grow except during wars as a result of sociological polarization — they feel I'm doing vast harm to their movement.

But their movement is for the sole purpose of getting people to label themselves in certain ways. What a

man calls himself, I don't care. What counts is what he does — and what he does not do when the chips are down.

I am interested in enabling people to change their way of life to what they have almost forgotten they really want it to be. Specifically, a way of life in which arbitration, not violence, is the last resort. The way we live now, the police department is important, the armed forces are important, jails are important, guns are important.

If people quit buying and selling, and take up giving instead, these other evils would fade away. For years I struggled against a sense of futility as I worked with the pacifist organizations, taking part in their demonstrations and attending their meetings. It wasn't until I realized that the use of money or barter is at the root of our difficulties that I lost the feeling that my work was futile.

Q. To what extent is ego-involvement a part of your activities?

A. You mean for reasons of personal vanity, for a desire to get publicity for myself personally?

Q. Yes, so that you'll be looked up to by people whom you would like to be looked up to by?

A. I don't get much looking up to in jail.

Q. But your friends who know you're in jail?

A. Most of them urge me to work within the major pacifist organizations, and say that I'm doing the wrong thing. If by you I've got an ego complex, by them I've got a martyr complex. I get much more ego satisfaction working in an ordinary business office where I have skills that are in great demand.

I'm interested in accomplishing these projects that I have mentioned, and if I can do it as a sort of "anonymous mastermind," I will be every bit as happy.

Q. Do you think your utopia will ever be accomplished?

A. I don't know. It depends — you mean world-wide? It will not be accomplished in my lifetime. As for future centuries, I certainly do not know. But I think I can hope that in my lifetime I will see the beginning of it.

Q. To what extent?

A. I ought to be able to establish the Labor Gift Plan, at least, and have that functioning on a large scale throughout New York City. I think that this much I can expect of myself in my lifetime. What will happen beyond that, I don't know. My goal in all of these projects is to set them up, get them running, find competent people to take them over, and then start other projects.

All I demand of myself is the best I can do. After that, my obligation is at an end.

**NEGATIVE THINKING**

by Robert Anton Wilson

## The Semantics of the "Soul"

### Part One: Operational Analysis and Mature Sexuality

Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity defined "time" operationally. Synchronize two clocks, he says, and compare the readings on them at various intervals. You will find that, if the two clocks are in the same system (if one isn't accelerating with respect to the other), their readings will remain the same, barring gross mechanical defects.

But if one clock is in a system moving at an acceleration of 185,000 miles a second, say, and the other is in a system "at rest" relative to the first, then the readings will rapidly become different. Thus it develops that there is no absolute time throughout the universe, and that each system has its own time.

It was another physicist, Harvard's Percy W. Bridgman, who first realized that Einstein had made a great advance not only in physics but in epistemology. By defining time in terms of operations with clocks, Einstein had broken with the entire aristotelian tradition of verbal definition.

Aristotle, and his followers, the medieval theologians, had taught us that it makes sense, and is even in some way profound, to define words in terms of other words. Thus, "time is duration," or "time is sequence"—the mere substituting of one word for another—are thought to convey information.

But Einstein's definition, telling you to go experiment with a clock, is not merely verbal but operational. It has by now become almost universally accepted that all scientific terms must be operationally defined; and if a word cannot be operationally defined, scientists drop it and create a new word.

#### Mind Over Matter

I remember a rather comical illustration of the layman's inability to understand the operational attitude toward words. A psychologist lecturing at the Community Church in New York was denouncing the Freudian metaphysics and heaping ridicule upon "ego," "id," "super-ego," and the other psycho-analytic constructs.

In answer to a question he said that he also rejected "mind" as an entity. A woman arose and said, "But, doctor, how can you deny that people have minds? How could you speak so well if you didn't have a mind?"

What the lecturer had meant, of course, was that the concept "mind," with its connotation of a block-like but gaseous entity, could not be operationally defined and hence was scientifically invalid. The young lady, not understanding operational logic, thought he was saying that the act of thinking doesn't happen in people, or that we are all idiots.

Of course, the act of thinking doesn't imply a "thought-making Thing" any more than the act of raining implies a "rain-making Thing." Raining is a

synergetic ("all together at once") function of a total earth-atmosphere situation; thinking is a function of a total organism-environment transaction.

Just as the grammar of English (and all Aryan languages) forces us to say, "It is raining," thus imply-

#### Theme From a Summit Place Spy now—pray later.

ing a "rain-making Thing," the same grammar forces us to say "The mind" (or something, i.e., some thing) "is thinking."

It is interesting to note that the first psychologists to suspect the metaphysics of "The mind is thinking" substituted "The body is thinking." They just had to have a noun, a static "thing," to be the subject of the verbal "is thinking."

Even people who understand the transactional, synergetic view often say, "The body is thinking," as if they despair of communicating what they really mean and are willing to compromise on an approximation.

"Body," while not as overweighed with theological implications as "mind," does carry unfortunately static connotations. It is too "thingified," and it also suggests an artificial isolationism. Modern biology prefers to make its unitary term, "the organism-in-environment"; and the avant-garde goes even further, to "organism-environment transactions," or even to "homeostatic processes."

#### Not Merely Ideas

The reader must understand that ideas are not merely ideas. They become internalized as semantic reflexes, habits of perception and feeling. Modern science is hard to understand only because most of us have an internalized feeling for Euclidean-Newtonian-Aristotelian structures.

Children, without this conditioning, can grasp non-Euclidean, non-Newtonian and non-Aristotelian systems easily.

One way to get a feeling for modern science is to study the differential calculus, a "language" in which process and function are paramount and all entities are variables. Another way is to study colloidal chemistry historically, noting how "the colloid," a thing, was replaced by "the colloidal state," an event, and how this in turn was replaced by "colloidal behavior," a function.

Children seem to be naturally oriented toward operations. The book, *A Hole is to Dig*, gives children's definitions of common words: everyone who wants to understand semantics should read it.

#### Dig We Must

Bridgman's criteria for an operational definition is that it should tell us what to do to observe the phenomenon denoted by the word. "A hole is to dig" is this type of definition: it tells us, "Go dig in the ground and you'll see what I mean by a hole." Other children's definitions — "Arms are to hug with," "Dark is to put the light out" — have the same operational orientation.

Count Korzybski called his big primer of General Semantics *Science and Sanity* because examples like these had convinced him that this modern scientific methodology was the natural, healthy way for the human nervous system to function, and that when people do not function this way it is because they have been mis-educated.

According to nearly all Occidental theologians, man is a hybrid. One half is a dead thing called the "body"; the other half is an invisible thing called the "soul." The "soul" is better than the "body" and achieves its happiness by systematically crushing the wishes of the "body." Several times in the *Realist* I have denounced this way of thinking as the Schizogenic Fallacy.

If 40% of the women in America are frigid, and a great many of the other 60% are so sexually incompetent that they think Clitoris was a Latin poet, it is because of the Schizogenic Fallacy.

If constipation, ulcers and headache are the nation's most prevalent illnesses, it is because of the chronic tension created by the Schizogenic Fallacy.

If a great many so-called "liberals" and "freethinkers" are actually as horrified by sex as a backwoods Baptist spinster, it is because they have never thought deeply enough about the Schizogenic Fallacy.

A Hindu classic said to be 4000 years old, the *Sochanda Tantra* gives 112 ways to open the doors of consciousness to the meditative experience—i.e., to reach the non-verbal biological level on which you can experience your "self" as the process it truly is. This is the direct, subjective way to learn what Einstein deduced by rigorous logic, that there are no "things," only

processes or, to put it another way, that a "thing" is only the instantaneous cross-section of a process. Method 44 of the *Tantra* is: "When in sexual embrace your senses are shaken as leaves, enter this shaking."

Later generations of Tantric Hindus, Tantric Buddhists and Taoists devised a complex sexual yoga in which the man sits in the lotus posture, the woman sits on his lap facing him and the organs are allowed to "grow into each other" without conscious direction.

(More precise instructions can be found in Joseph Needham's *Science and Civilizations in China*, Volume II, and in Alan Watts' *Nature, Man and Woman*.)

I commend this practice to those who were dismayed when I suggested the study of differential calculus and colloidal chemistry. There are many ways to become aware of the process-level of reality, but perhaps sexual yoga is one way that some readers of the *Realist* might find congenial.

#### Body "and" Soul

We are arguing that the theological notion of "soul" is fallacious, not because only "body" exists, but because only *process* exists. This obviously implies that one's concept of one's "self" is conventional rather than existential, and that one's "being" is *what one does*. The dancer is the dance, to paraphrase Yeats. Sexual yoga allows one to understand this in the most immediate way.

Progressive Education à la John Dewey has spawned an awful lot of nonsense, but their basic principle of *learning by doing* underlies all sanity. Man is not a quarter-inch of cortex but a whole system-function of glands and synapses and guts and bags of colloids, etc., and he knows something only when his *whole* organism knows it.

You can study a driving manual for the next ten years, but you will only learn how to drive a car when you get behind the wheel of one.

I have several times used the words "synergy" or "synergetic" in this column. These expressions derive from a particularly batty branch of theology, but they have been used by doctors of medicine for several centuries. A case of synergy, in the medical sense: when two muscles together perform more than can be expected from the numerical sum of their individual performances.

R. Buckminster Fuller has popularized a more general meaning of the term: in his sense, synergy denotes "behavior of a whole system unpredicted by the behavior of its components, or any sub-assembly of its components" ("Experimental Probing of Architectural Initiative," by R. Buckminster Fuller, *Journal of the Royal*

*Institute of British Architects*, October 1958).

As *Fortune* magazine once pointed out, Fuller's use of "synergy" is very similar to Kohler's use of "gestalt" and Korzybski's use of "non-elementalism." I prefer the Fuller term because the others have (wrongly) restricted connotations of *merely* psychological or *merely* semantic significance, whereas Fuller's term has been general from the outset. He has applied it to cosmology, nucleonics, geometry, the history of industry and, of course, to comprehensive building design.

Far Eastern philosophy has always been synergetic in bearing. Fuller's most important cosmological theorem ("There are no absolutely isolated systems") appears almost word for word in the Zen Buddhist formula, *shih shih wu ai*. Perhaps this will help convince some readers that my "Notes of a Skeptical Mystic" [issue #13] was not a contradiction of the position of my other writings. (If this is too skimpy a statement to be followed, see my essay, "Joyce and Taoism" in last year's *James Joyce Review*.)

Wilhelm Reich's theory of cosmic superimposition is a synergetic theory—which is one of the reasons why I remain interested in Reich in spite of his being condemned by many people who know a lot more about biophysics than I do.

(Another reason is the disgraceful and shabby way Reich was treated by the U.S. Government, and the stupidity of the ban on his books.)

But many scientific theories less controversial than Reich's are also synergetic. One thinks at once of the "transactional" psychology that has emerged from Dewey, Ames and the Princeton perception experiments; the "mathematical biology" of Rashevski and Rapoport (as far as I can follow it with my limping knowledge of calculus); the Hoyle "steady state" cosmology; the unspoken implications of cybernetics; etc.

#### Mature Sexuality

What has all this to do with mature sexuality? Well, I have given a clue a while back when I mentioned sexual yoga. Let me state my case in terms of an analogy. Ever since the collapse of the Pythagorean synthesis (Pythagoras's concept of *harmonia* was synergetic), and the rise of Platonic-Aristotelian "rationalism," there have been periodic outbreaks of anti-rationalism.

In so far as these anti-rationalists were groping toward a synergetic philosophy (and a few of them were), I consider them healthy and progressive. But in so far as they carried over the Platonic-Aristotelian dualism and merely wanted to replace "reason" by "emotion" (or "blood-thinking" or "intuition" or "instinct"), they were

merely turning a fallacy on its head and creating an upside-down fallacy.

Just as no cosmic geometrician ever drew a virgule down the middle of the universe dividing it into "matter" and "spirit," no demon ever built an iron curtain in the nervous system dividing it into "reasoning organs" and "feeling organs." It is really a kind of phrenology or demonology to accept such a dichotomy.

As Dr. Albert Ellis keeps reminding us, even the more sophisticated form of this dualism—the idea that the cortical and thalamic parts of the brain never communicate with each other, like hostile neighbors—has been broken down by modern electroencephalographic investigations.

What happens in organism-environment transactions is that the organism *evaluates* the impingements of the environment. This evaluation is done synergetically by the organism-as-a-whole. Only conventionally do we divide this into separate functions of "thought" and "feeling."

There is absolutely no evidence that separate neurons carry "emotions" and "thoughts," or that separate parts of the brain do, or that the words "thought" and "emotion" have any *operational* meaning at all. They were borrowed by early psychologists from the theologians—and the theologians, as Charles Fort once remarked, were in no position to loan anything.

When you hear that a man cannot "reason" accurately about some issue because he is "emotionally" involved in some way, what is meant is that he cannot *evaluate* because he has an *inhibition*. The crude joke that he has "constipation of the brain" is much more accurate than all this talk about "emotion" and "reason."

This is why the dualistic anti-rationalist is wrong. He is perpetuating dualism rather than taking the decisive epistemological step that will carry him into a synergetic philosophy. The practical, human, neurological result is that, instead of transcending the inhibitions created by Platonic-Aristotelian "rationalism," he is creating new, second-order inhibitions of a doubly-pernicious kind.

The attempt of a dualist to become less rational leads into the familiar double-bind paradox which both cybernetics and Zen Buddhism have clearly exposed as fallacious. *You have to "think" to discover if you are "thinking."* In short, you become like an eye trying to see itself, or a tongue trying to taste itself (to borrow two metaphors from Alan Watts).

Thus we find a Carlyle writing forty books in praise of speechlessness; a Wordsworth constructing intricate poems in praise of simple-mindedness. The end result of this type of thing is schizophrenia, or fascism, or both. All the natural evaluative functions of

## Diabolic Dialogues

by Martin Berman

SCENE: An airport somewhere in Turkey. It is a misty morning about ten minutes past sunrise. The airport is deserted except for three men and an airplane. One of the men, far left, is a pilot dressed in his flight suit. In conversation with the pilot is a man in a gray flannel suit carrying an attaché case. He is the Colonel. On the left sleeve of his jacket is an insignia bearing the legend: "Weather Bureau, Intelligence."

Far right is an opened black silk man's umbrella. Hiding behind the umbrella is the third man. He never takes his eyes off the Colonel and must squat to avoid detection. On the left sleeve of his brown tweed jacket is an insignia bearing the legend: "Weather Bureau, Counter-Intelligence."

On the runway, center, poised for departure is a sleek jet plane. The fuselage, rudder, and underside of the wings all bear the inscription: "Weather Bureau." On top of the wings is stenciled: "Top Secret."

Colonel: (Consults his watch.) It's time for the final rundown. Are you ready?

Pilot: Yes, sir.

Colonel: (He reaches into his attaché case for the articles and hands them singly to the pilot who puts them into pre-assigned pockets of his flight suit.) Dagger, one.

Pilot: One dagger.

Colonel: Rubles, Liras, and West German Marks, one packet.

Pilot: One packet Rubles, Liras and West German Marks.

Colonel: Wrist watches, two.

Pilot: Two wrist watches.

Colonel: Gold rings, one packet.

Pilot: One packet gold rings.

Colonel: Pistol with silencer, one.

Pilot: One pistol with silencer.

Colonel: Suicide needle, one.

Pilot: (Hesitates.) One suicide needle.

Colonel: (Stands erect, shakes hands firmly with pilot.) Good luck!

Pilot: Thank you, sir.

Colonel: (As pilot starts for plane.) Remember, son, this is an historic occasion. (Pauses.) Up to now everyone has talked about the weather but no one has done anything about it.

the organism, blocked at some midpoint where the would-be mystic imagines they are becoming too "rational," get dammed-up and turn to perverted directions.

The step from Pascal's "Do not try to understand God with your reason" to Rudolph Hess' "Do not try to understand Hitler with your reason" is as quick psychologically as it is linguistically. It only involves changing one symbol.

The same thing happens with those whose delusion is "spirit" versus "sex" instead of "emotion" versus "reason." Every dualism leads to its own paralytic or oscillatory hysteria, because every dualism sets up an infinite series of inhibitions of inhibitions of inhibitions.

(Cyberneticists call this the state of

too much feedback, checking upon checking upon checking.)

You can never drive "sex" out of your organism, any more than you can drive "reason" out of your organism, because these are not things but functions of a whole system. A function cannot be destroyed or crippled without destroying or crippling the elements which make the function. To remove sight, or walking, or touch, you have to remove eyes or legs or fingers.

### The Present Tension

What you can do, of course, is to inhibit to the limits of your capacity. This means that you gradually desensitize your organism and drift toward a state of psychosis or death.

I agree with Reich that this desensitization takes the form of specific "muscular armors" that can be seen

and touched by the doctor, but even if you do not accept this, you must grant the familiar psycho-somatic cliché that strongly inhibited people do have typical body-postures of defensiveness, rigidity and tension.

That is what I mean when I call these dualisms Schizogenic. Look at the world around you, brother. It not only has Reich's muscular armors, but it's armed to the teeth in other ways, too.

Because almost everybody believes that some of his organism's functions are "good" and some are "bad," almost everybody is repressed, inhibited, full of feedbacks of excessively high order, and boiling with repressed rage. Allen Ginsberg summed it up very well when he said that we're all living in an armed madhouse.

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**CORE AND SURFACE:** by Lawrence Barth

**Sadism for a Dime**

In greeting-card shops today the uncomplimentary greetings are matter-of-factly labeled "hate cards." Two of them I examined in a New York shop read: "Heard you were healthy—get sick quick!" The second, featuring a savage-looking cop, says, "One of these days—*pow*—right in the kisser!"

Such cards are one example out of scores that exemplify what we might call "the new callousness." The question arises whether these frank bits of sadism—no longer trying very hard to pretend that it's all in fun—are healthy outlets for cruelty that might otherwise reach physical expression. They could perhaps be called conditionally healthy—temporarily wholesome within a given sick situation in a sick society. They do at least express hostility that might otherwise be hypocritically smothered.

But that's as far as we can go with it; basically they're a diseased expression, for they solve nothing. A natural hostile attitude toward a person arises from receiving a real injury at his hands, and the rational response is not to fall to the same level by verbally smashing back, but to try to make the situation better in some way.

In short, a constructive action is called for; petty sadistic sniping with a hate card shows the sender to be as neurotic as the injurer. The least that can be done is to tell the injurer, in person or by letter, *specifically* how he is being anti-life and irrational in the situation; in this, one says in effect: "I don't hate *you*, actually, but the sickness *in* you that makes you vicious toward people. This is why the thing you've done is sick . . ."—and analysis of it follows.

Even someone with no knowledge of or feeling for psychology can sometimes be brought up short by being told in plain words that his indecent action is part of a disease, for somewhere deep beneath the armor and rationalizations of such a person is the longing, "I'd like to be different if I could."

**A Wart and I**

As far back as I can remember, I've had a high-standing wart on my left thumb. So natural, in a sense, has it always seemed to me that when I was a small child I assumed that everyone had a wart on his left thumb.

Recently I had it removed. The doctor applied a chemical which killed the wart tissue, turning it black within a week. He then tried to remove the growth, but wasn't successful. It was still attached physically somewhat, so there was pain for me in his attempts.

But I realized that there was a second reason why

I jerked my hand away each time. It seemed that I was shocked at the thought of its being parted from the rest of me. All my life I'd had an unconscious formula that said, in effect: "Lawrence Barth means wart on left thumb; wart on left thumb means Lawrence Barth." On a small scale, the doctor seemed to be trying to break up my personality.

Surely this reaction is tied up with my lifelong interest in the question of how medical students manage to adapt themselves, during dissection of cadavers, to the psychological shock inherent in cutting a body (and especially the face) down to muscles, organs and bones; how they can stand the gap between personality, as still suggested by the unified face, and reducing it to its mechanical components.

The unity and coherence of the human body is surely a very basic feeling in us—a reflection, probably, of the unities in all nature, from the atom through the galaxies.

**The Wonder of Complexity**

There is one attitude of mine which seems not to occur in other people, to my knowledge. This attitude repeats itself again and again. It's the wonder and amazement that while I'm in my home or neighborhood going about some small personal task, every other human being is existing in his own home or neighborhood everywhere, going about his own work.

The places vary amazingly—even wildly—in physical characteristics and mood; the people vary enormously; the tasks or actions differ; the motives and psychology alter from example to example: an old woman looking like a mummy buys a lemon in a dirty Mexican marketplace; a jet pilot bails out of a burning plane; a diver walks with doughy motion in the strangely flowered world beneath the sea; an Eskimo woman gives birth; an ancient *grande dame* fiddles with Dresden clocks in her hushed Fifth Avenue mansion; a miner in Italy dies in a cave-in; a Peruvian woman grinds corn; a Tibetan lama prays on a mountain top; a man deep in the heat of Africa tattoos his flesh, ignorant of Broadway and Los Angeles.

And it's all *real*, flesh-factual—not stories. This somehow amazes and almost frightens me—this complex reality going on at all times, in all places; this incredible variety of human living; and the sheer number of human beings.

I tried to express some of this in *Universe Inside Me*. I think about these things almost every day. I mention them to my wife. She smiles and says, "Here we go again with the complexity business! So what of it?"

Is my attitude in this neurotic? It's so hard in a world like this to disentangle the neurotic from the perceptive. I don't know which it is.

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