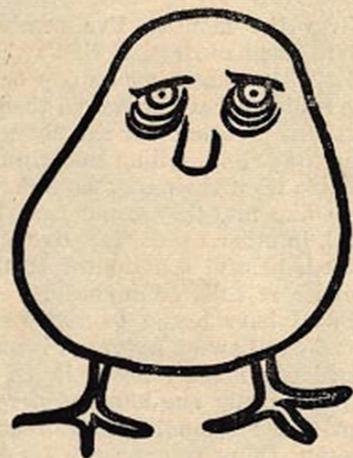


*freethought criticism and satire*

# The Realist



April 1964

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The Magazine of  
Angry Pen Pals

## Letters to the Editor

"You have a terrible responsibility in the *Realist*, because *your* readers have low emotions too. Just because nobody could find the sort of stuff that's printed in the *Realist* except in the *Realist*, there is a danger that the people who read the sheet are going to begin to think there's something superior about them, just from the sheer fact they're reading the *Realist*."

—Norman Mailer  
*Realist* #40

### On Norman Mailer

Issue #40 was a let-down from your usually high level, mainly because of that fat-head dogmatist Norman Mailer (and he usually writes so well, too).

You were pretty crappy, too, letting yourself get browbeaten by his mystical mish-mosh (I can imagine you sitting there in awe of the "great" man). Your questions, your credulousness, your arguments, your lack of argument, your willingness to drop matters.

Marty Israel  
New York, N. Y.

Just finished the Mailer interview and I'd say you won 12 of the 15 rounds. Didn't know you had that good a left jab. Knew about your right, but ooohh that left. . . .

Barbara Siegel  
Chicago, Ill.

Listening to you and Mailer was much like listening to two first-grade students discussing algebra. Wise up!

John Large  
Phila., Pa.

I think Mailer's FBI bit was too way out. Who in the hell takes the FBI seriously? He said a lot of people need the FBI for their sanity. What crap! Unless the FBI for some reason pegs you, then maybe you can get introspective about the whole thing, but otherwise they're just like the Better Business Bureau. Who, I ask, ever gives the Better Business Bureau much thought?

Peter Curtiss  
San Francisco, Calif.

Mailer says at one point: "Who's going to hurt you (peace demonstrators)? Is the FBI going to stick you in jail?" Well, he must know that peaceniks of

all hues have got themselves stuck in jail for their demonstrations against Establishment practices of politics by bomb, war threats, overkill, subversion (the Bay of Pigs thing, for one).

Who or what is this "manly" he's constantly talking about? Is it manly to carry on so? Or maybe, Manny, he's trying to put us on?

Sidney Bernard  
New York, N. Y.

Would you please send 10 copies of the Norman Mailer issue to me. I thought it was great and would like to present it to several members of our Humanist Society here at Michigan State University.

Peter Werbe  
Lansing, Mich.

### For Norman Mailer:

Baby, you  
were a good  
bottle  
of beer,  
but  
I think  
it's  
time  
to belch.

Rollin Stearns  
New York, N.Y.

(Continued on Page 15)

## On Being Human

by Laurence M. Janifer

Over the months, I've received a fair number of letters from readers, if that's the word, of this erratic bedsheet, commenting on one or another of my essays into sanity. I have answered them with an almost lavish abandon, pointing out exactly where they were wrong and I was right, telling them in the most kindly fashion possible what their troubles were and how, by becoming more like me, they could cure themselves. I have reacted, in other words, just like any other warm-hearted, modest, helpful contributor to this tiny pus-bag. Just like Albert Ellis or anybody.

But I have begun to notice something, and my old friend the Law of Averages is standing up and screaming bloody murder about it. Of the letters I have received, exactly one hundred per cent are angry at me. Some are less angry than others, but that's the most pleasant thing you can say for them. (I do except one letter from an old friend, who had lost my address and reached me through the editorial offices, but he wasn't writing about my articles, and, anyhow, friends, as so many of us have been discovering lately, don't really count.) Frankly, in spite of all this evidence, I don't quite believe that my few articles have been hated by every reader. Somebody, somewhere, must agree with me. I do, for one. Am I all that unusual?

Now, this is not a plea for sympathy. When I make a plea for sympathy there is not going to be any doubt about it. It is going to bring tears to the eyes of the stone lions in front of the Library, believe you me. And it isn't even a plea for a more kindly and understanding turn to the fan mail, though God he knows I could use that during my more depressed phases (like the moon and everybody else, I go through phases, sometimes Full and sometimes New). Instead, it's the starting-point for a short inquiry into why people who hate are more likely to write letters than people who don't—why the average fan-mail count for an opinion whatever runs from five to ten times more antis than it does pros.

The analysts would tell us (and we might as well believe them) that the reaction of most people to the world is a disguised version of their reactions toward themselves. If they hate themselves, then, they tend to go all out hating other things, too—parents, wives or husbands, teachers, bosses, employees, and even some things that aren't people at all, like seven-numeral phone numbers or electric typewriters. People who love themselves, on the other hand, don't have to transfer this love quite so heavily, because it is easier to accept the fact that you love yourself than it is to accept the fact that you hate yourself. The man who loves himself doesn't have to substitute other things to love. He can be perfectly satisfied all wrapped up in himself, and generally is. I don't seem to meet many of these people, but then why should I? They're all at home wrapping themselves up.

So, people who hate themselves would rather hate something else, and they write letters about this transferred hatred of a lot of things which are simply not important enough to waste time on. (Would any one

of the people who have written to me have spent one dollar for the privilege? Don't be silly: it wouldn't be worth it. But in most cases it costs more than a buck in paper, stamps and actual scribing time, not to mention looking up words in the dictionary, and reading the article in order to quote inaccurately from it.) I get a lot of these letters, and I suppose everybody else in public prints does, too.

But people who love themselves, being all wrapped up, generally don't write letters at all, or in fact do much of anything about the outside world. Why should they? They're happy—and, as Oscar Levant said about one of their number, "He hasn't got a rival in the world."

(In passing: I am now going to get five letters telling me it wasn't Oscar Levant. My God, is it worth the time and effort and 5-cent stamp to tell me that? It isn't even worth my time to look it up and find out whether it was Levant or not. It might have been Charlotte Bronte.)

It looks perilously as if there is no escape. Hating yourself leads to acts of hatred toward the world (which is not good). Loving yourself leads to passivity (which is worse). What's left?

Relax. Uncle Laurence has a solution stuffed away in his old-fashioned reticule, along with the horehound drops and the copy of *Lady Chatterley* stamped Not For Export.

What's all this "self"?

Nobody of sane and normal mind (and that limits me, right there) feels any real love for his left eyebrow, or his nose, or even his navel, overpublicized as the navel has been by Oriental religions all these years. But the self is different. That, he loves—or, of course, hates. The only trouble is, he doesn't know what the hell it is.

Let's see if we can find out. It clearly isn't the body, or any part of it—a man is as much himself, to himself, with that left eyebrow gone, with that nose gone, with that navel plugged up (a condition which, due to the increase in bellybutton lint resulting from nuclear testing, has become more widespread over the years). It's not the emotional structure either, since a man recognizes himself under tranquilizers or under severe strain. And it can't be the mind, either, since a man knows himself even when, due to disease or surgery, he knows little else.

It certainly can't be the soul, since readers of this miniature Ausgabe have no souls, for the most part, being Humanists or other odd beings.

We are left with those parts visible only to analysts—the id, the super-ego, and the ego. And since the id is something which we are supposed to repress (in the interests of a better self) and the super-ego is some-

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## How to Eliminate the Nation's Most Popular Suicide Weapon

by Richard Condon

Within moments after the issuance of the Surgeon-General's report—one of many various, authoritative studies done here and abroad to establish the cigarette as a suicide weapon—piteous statistics were published which explained to us how much cellophane the cigarette industry bought; about the three billion dollars in federal and state taxes which the tobacco industry paid; of the 400,000 farmers, 1,500,000 cigarette pushers in grocery, drug, and other retail stores, and of the 96,000 people directly employed by the tobacco industry who, it was to be presumed, would be cast into total unemployment if Americans stopped smoking.

One friendly feature story went so far as to state that Americans had to "make a choice" between continuing smoking or causing serious unemployment. This aberration presupposed that we had all forgotten that the same appeals had been made when Prohibition went into effect some 45 years ago, that gross national income was more important than human health/life, that tobacco industry workers were unemployable elsewhere, and that all Americans were capable of stopping smoking instantly.

Of the four points above, it is impossible to judge which is the most ludicrous, but one thing remains certain: if cigarettes are the suicide weapons which every responsible, authoritative study has proven them to be, then the tobacco industry is engaged in crime and Americans must be protected from it and from themselves, and their children must be protected from both of these.

How can we legislate against cigarettes without recreating, on a more deadly and satirical scale, the side effects of corruption and hypocrisy which accompanied



the Prohibition law enforcement? How can we make it illegal to buy cigarettes under a code which will not cause the generation of thousands of "smoke-easys," paralleling the "speakeasys" of the 1920s?

Have you saved your child from a lung removal operation today?

Have you prevented a coronary in a loved one?

Do you have death on the end of a rope made up by a 20-year chain of smoked cigarettes and are you pulling it toward you hand-over-hand, dragging it into you puff-after-puff?

The fact is that such sound queries have no meaning to brainwashed America, the coughing, camp-following servants of an \$8-billion-a-year industry and of that illusory army of employment statistics from tobacco farmer to cooker to cigarette pusher who prosper by selling a poison and who, almost all of them, poison

thing which guides the self, we are left with the ego.

Okay, then. What man loves or hates about himself is the ego. It is the ego which (according to those analysts again, who seem to be underfoot this month) makes me Me, makes me the center of my own universe. It is the ego which makes claims.

And one of those claims is to get loved (or hated).

Now, after all this lengthy build-up, we are ready for the main question. Why should we obey these claims?

There is another way out. Since obeying the claims of the ego leads to bad results (acts of hatred or no acts at all), what's wrong with making the ego itself irrelevant? Not loving or hating it, but simply treating it the way one treats a stranger in the subway, with no emotions at all.

Doing so instantly makes you feel like a Buddhist, but it doesn't have to. There is something deeper than the ego—there is a basic identity, for which no emotional terms are adequate: there is the true self. And this self remains, when the ego dissolves.

Did you ever notice that a small child, talking of himself, does so in the third person? What's happening

here is that the child is recognizing a split between the ego and the true self, the self which requires no emotional food.

Why can't we do the same?

Oh—it hurts. The ego puts up claims, and goes on putting them up. But it can be licked. And, in the interests of something like a better life, it ought to be. Years ago a man named Hoffenstein wrote, among a lot of poems equally sad, the following:

Grant me, Oh Lord, no neater rhyme,  
Nor use nor usufruct of pelf,  
But just a thought, from time to time,  
Of something other than myself!  
. . . Oh, let me think of Lipton's tea;  
Of Prester John and Pilsen beer,  
Of any bloomin' thing but me,  
And that eternal, "*Weh is mir!*"

We've all felt like that—tired of the damned claims the cheerful ego makes. And there is a way out, as I've noted. It works, and it's worth trying.

Of course, it'll mean a decrease in my anti-fan-mail, if anybody out there does decide to try it. But, somehow, you know, I don't mind at all.

themselves in the tragic process.

This country is so brainwashed that 14.9 billion more cigarettes were sold in 1963 than in 1962—and tobacco is the fifth largest of our cash crops, ranking third in our agricultural exports. But are we going to endanger statistics like those just because we all happen to have kids who have started smoking?

Literally: you bet your life we won't.

Since appeals to reason, family love, premature death, and enormous physical pain have no meaning when administered by individuals, it becomes clearer that all of us will need to act collectively through the protective device called The Law, for this is a democracy, we keep telling ourselves, where the majority rules for the common good of all.

A model law which would seek to protect us and our children from the tobacco industry should contain these teeth, as well as others:

1: It should outlaw cigarette advertising of any kind in all media of public information; then, through a further provision of the same law, provide a positive replacement for this economic subtraction.

This advertising ban should include the use and display of cigarettes in performances on television, in movies, on the stage, and by newscasters. Examples-in-action of successful, attractive glamorous people smoking cigarettes must be abolished throughout mass media. It is enough that the parents of doomed children set the examples toward the modern take-your-time fashion in suicide.

2: It should provide that cigarettes would be sold only in state-operated stores which would sell no other products but which would display posters and photographs and printed messages, demonstrating terminal results of rib sections, lung cancers, coronaries, and circulatory ailments.

Packages of cigarettes sold in these stores should carry warnings as to the poisons which they contain and the probable effects therefrom to appear on the front and back areas of each cigarette package. Such cigarette stores would remove a moral burden from the cigarette pushers in those statistically wistful 1,500,000 stores and give a fair chance to the retailer who has wished to stop selling cigarettes but feared that he would lose grocery, drug, or newspaper business to his competitors when cigarette addicts went shopping.

The state-operated cigarette outlets would limit the sale of these suicide weapons to not more than twenty cigarettes a day, except on Fridays when two packages could be purchased because stores would be closed on Saturdays and Sundays. Cigarettes would be available in packages of five, ten, and twenty to accommodate the occasional, or party, smoker. Package sales would be controlled by punching dated smoking licenses printed to resemble certain school bus passes of smokers who had been students such a short time before but who are now troubled by nagging emphysema.

3: The price of twenty cigarettes should be increased to 75c a package. In Great Britain, the average cost for twenty cigarettes is the equivalent of 64c. Added to the 75c cost should be a State tax of 10c to be paid by cigarette manufacturers for the maintenance of these retail outlets.

From the 75c retail cost cigarette manufacturers should be allowed a fair 15% profit on the 7c cost to them for each package and the remainder, or differ-

ence, should be paid into the educational fund which will be suggested later in this article. It could be that the unit cost of manufacture will be less than 7c because the amount of \$250-million which the cigarette industry spends each year will have been eliminated, plus the cost of lunches and dinners paid for by advertising agencies when cigarette executives come to town.

Whatever the cost per package to each cigarette manufacturer, he is an American businessman, and is entitled to his fair 15% profit as opposed to the somewhat larger profit he had been enjoying.

Older smokers will grouse about the 10c knowing that when they had been 12 and 14 years old they were able to buy a "schoolboy pack" for 10c, one half the size of the package proposed at 85c. And they would be right. The cigarette industry has been developing direct and subtle methods of hooking children on their product for over fifty years.

It has sold half-packs for 10c and has bought athletes and movie stars to help addict children through cynical endorsement.

It has hustled the campuses of high schools and colleges, and has sponsored comic strip advertising and any sort of television "entertainment" thought to be most attractive to the young and younger still.

It has urged the use of its product as a "poise prop" for adolescents at times when these young people did not know what to do with their hands.

It redoubled all efforts against American children when the first of the conclusive medical reports appeared some eight years ago, and capitalized on the need of all children to find a passive way to defy adult authority by showing children that smoking was a weapon most calculated to upset parents (in at least one home out of a thousand).

In passing, it does not strike this writer at all odd that in some thirty years of adult gregariousness he has met only one man who admitted to being employed directly by the cigarette industry; for only advertising agency men glory in this condition and today—in social circles at least—it is possible that absolutely no one is employed by it.

4: Each smoker should be licensed under the law in the general manner that drug addicts are licensed for narcotics use in Great Britain.

For a license charge of \$15 per year, only 30.4¢ a week or less than half the price of the cost of a single pack of new cigarettes, each smoker would be given a physical examination to investigate whether he showed symptoms of cancer, heart disease, circulatory malfunction or any of the other ailments traced to cigarettes by the Surgeon-General of the United States in a most horrified manner which we have so good-naturedly ignored.

Because a percentage of physicians, during the years of Prohibition, were willing to write prescriptions which made liquor available for medical purposes and sometimes abused this privilege, and because it would be the duty of the government to observe the intent of the law at its foundations, the state-controlled stores should sell only specially treated, less harmful cigarettes having, if possible, a noxious flavor.

The physical examinations could be organized by the life insurance companies of each state on a cost-plus basis.

If the applicant for license showed any symptom of

the illnesses attributable as a result of cigarette smoking, no smoking license would be issued. If the applicant showed none of these symptoms and had paid his \$15, he would be licensed at once.

The license would be issued in twelve perforated parts, each part dated for punching by the state-operated store at the time of purchase. If a day were missed the purchase could not be made retroactive. Each license would be exclusive for cigarette purchases in the state in which it would be issued. A visitor to New Jersey from New York would need to apply for a New Jersey license. Licenses would not be issued at state-operated stores but from state or municipal buildings in the downtown areas of the principal cities.

No person under 21 years of age would be issued a smoking license unless the issuance was urged by the child's surviving parents in an appearance before a state board, with the understanding that each parental request that the suicide weapons be made available to their child would be announced, by law, in the public press. A woman should be able to win the distinction of Black Star Mother by making three or more such appearances before a state board on behalf of, or with hatred for, her children.

Under no circumstances would a smoking license be issued before the age of 18 years. Parents of children under 18 who were found smoking would be fined \$25 for the first offense and \$50 for each succeeding offense because it would need to be presumed that the child had obtained the cigarette by reason of the parents' smoking licenses.

Parents with more than one child under 18 years of age would pay double fees for their smoking licenses.

Anyone smoking in public would do so with the understanding that it would be the duty of local, city police (not special enforcement officers in the manner of Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith of the speakeasy era) to challenge any smoker to produce his current smoker's license or pay a fine of \$25, one-half of which would become a bounty payment for the challenging police officer to make the course more hazardous and to ease the cost and problems of enforcement.

Business firms, theatres, and restaurants which permit or encourage smoking on their premises would pay a \$5 head tax per employee (\$2.50 per lung in many instances) or per patron per month. This would tend to bring about the first cover charges ever known in lunch-wagons.

It is essential that the law be designed to make smoking too inconvenient, uncomfortable, expensive, embarrassing and impossible to be abided, and toward this end the head of the firm could not send the office boy downtown to secure his smoking license after a physical examination by his own doctor in his office, but must appear in person.

There are approximately 70 million smokers in the United States, a figure well-clawed downward because it is always issued with the qualification that these are adult smokers. The fee of \$15 for a smoker's license in one state, plus the head taxes, plus the funds from the store maintenance tax would therefore yield well upwards of one billion dollars.

Since store maintenance would be paid for by the cigarette manufacturers and law enforcement costs paid by non-licensed smokers, a part of this one billion dollars annually would be used to sponsor advertising

against smoking in all of the outlets of public information which had been used to generate addiction. Since the cigarette industry claims to have spent *directly* (which means as opposed to indirectly) the sum of \$250 million in 1963, let us give them the benefit of the doubt and only double this amount for the first year of this educational advertising program.

We would need to start this advertising at the instant the new laws went into effect and would be unable to wait for the \$15 each from the 70,000,000 smokers seeking licenses. Therefore, the cigarette industry should be permitted to pay half of this amount, or their usual \$250 million, and be allowed to add this to their unit cost, and the other half, the second \$250 million, should be paid on a pro rata basis by the life insurance companies of the country because it is these institutions who will earn the greatest financial gain when cigarette smoking becomes archaic.

This advertising program should be created and placed by the National Advertising Council and be fully commissionable to them so that these profits could be used to defray the many worthwhile public education campaigns which this trade association does each year.

Perhaps some athletes, movie stars, and glamorous TV and radio announcers of cigarette commercials would volunteer their services without charge for printed and spoken condemnations of smoking and in personal appearances before high school and college gatherings. Those who felt ethically bound to charge for their services should be paid at existing rates, of course.

Of the one billion dollars, approximately \$500-million would remain each year from the licensing system although this amount would hopefully diminish as each year concluded itself and the heavy-selling advertising campaign had had a chance to take effect. This \$500-million should be used, by law, for psychiatric research among controlled groups of humans to study why and how they could voluntarily submit to the self-administration of slow poisons and to the poisoning of their children at an annual cost of five or six hundred dollars per year per family.

Such information on human attrition against self and other humans which they had bred and were, therefore, responsible for, could be valuable in the improvement of the death rates from traffic accidents, the annual consumption of alcohol, the dedication to all forms of violence, and the slow loss of their grasp of reality which is being suffered by the American people.

It is even possible that a whole new crop of future parents could be educated under such a program which would prevent them from maiming their own children through the examples now being set by murderous parents who teach their children to smoke by vicious demonstration today.

It is entirely possible, although not to be looked for in the certain future, that before and during the educational advertising campaign against cigarettes, executives, cooks, farmers, cigarette pushers, and distributors in the tobacco industry might desert it for other fields, thus reducing the output of cigarettes if automation has not been installed throughout the industry by that time.

#### *Automation?*

But that would throw farmers, retailers, salesmen, and distributors out of work!

But must we always come back to where we had started?

## Out of Order

by Marshall E. Deutsch

Smoking is probably the most common way in which readers of the *Realist* share in popular irrationality. But let's not be confused by all this talk about lung cancer. The consequences of cigarette smoking include some which are a lot worse than lung cancer.

If you're a smoker, your chances of dying from any cause whatever this year are 50% greater than those of a non-smoker of the same age, sex and situation in life. Of the excess fatalities among smokers, however, only about 13% are due to lung cancer. *Sixty per cent* are due to heart disease, but this attracts less attention than the deaths from lung cancer because in the absence of smoking, lung cancer is a rare disease, while heart disease remains a common affliction. The remaining deaths from smoking are due to a variety of causes such as cancer of the lips, tongue, cheeks, stomach, bladder and rectum.

Even if you're a non-smoker, smoking can kill you. Of all fires (other than forest fires) whose causes are known, 50% are caused by smoking or lighting cigarettes. The percentage is much higher for forest fires. Many automobile accidents are caused by drivers taking their eyes off the road to light cigarettes or by drivers having faulty vision (tobacco amblyopia) due to smoking. Naturally, non-smokers as well as smokers are injured and killed in these fires and accidents. Other non-smokers who may suffer or die from smoking include unborn babies whose mothers are smokers.

When a non-smoker is exposed to tobacco fumes he very often finds them extremely unpleasant and they thus interfere with his ability to concentrate on his activity of the moment, especially if the activity, like speaking or playing a wind instrument, involves breathing. However, even if you are a non-smoker who is fortunate enough never to be exposed to tobacco smoke (a most unlikely circumstance), smoking costs you a great deal of money.

Since actuaries must take into account excess illness and death caused by smoking, life insurance and health insurance rates are elevated by smoking. Both the purchaser of life insurance and the beneficiary are deprived of money because of smoking. Fire insurance rates are higher than they would be if no one smoked and both the insured and the rent-payer pay for this. Since fire protection costs more because of smoking (or is less adequate than it would be if there were no fires from smoking), municipal taxpayers (or rent-payers) all contribute to the cost of smoking or are denied fire protection because firemen and their equipment are occupied putting out fires caused by smoking.

Users of all public facilities also contribute to the cost of smoking; for instance, the cost of a hotel room includes allowances made for burns on furniture and rugs, and for providing and cleaning ash-trays. To be exhaustive would be exhausting, but one more cost of smoking is worth pointing out: the filters in air conditioners would require cleaning far less frequently if smoking were not practiced. Clogged air-conditioner filters can, in some locations (e.g. in aircraft), lead to a hazard to life.

Readers who smoke will be unimpressed by what I've just written. They will see all kinds of "rational" loopholes in my arguments and some of them will object vigorously to my undemocratic attempt to place a legal curb on smoking, although, in fact, I have suggested no such curb. These predictions are based on my experiences in presenting this evidence orally to smokers. Readers who do not smoke, however, may be moved to ask what they can do. I have a few suggestions.

Firstly, you can work on discouraging smoking and the advertising of smoking. (I am talking about the smoking of tobacco. As far as I can tell, none of these objections apply to the smoking of marijuana, which, furthermore and unlike the smoking of tobacco, is not habit-forming).



Secondly, you can attempt to have rates for life, health and fire insurance lowered for non-smokers.

Thirdly, to pay for the cost of increased fire protection, increased medical costs for public charges and fire damage to public lands and property, you can ask your legislative representatives to assess additional special taxes on smokers. Now that electronic data processing is being used on income-tax forms, smokers can readily be identified as those who deduct or have deducted excise taxes on tobacco.

There is even some good you can accomplish right away. Surely it is not in order for some of our fellow citizens to subject us to noxious fumes, unnecessary expenses and increased hazards to health and life. Smoking is out of order and we should be allowed to express our feeling that this is so. Some techniques for doing so would subject us to additional unnecessary hazards and would have little direct effect in discouraging smoking. Such techniques include writing "Out of Order" in mercurochrome on the foreheads of sleeping smokers and affixing "Out of Order" signs to their packages of cigarettes.

However, useful results should be achievable by applying "Out of Order" signs to machines which vend cigarettes. These signs are bound to draw attention and serve a useful purpose if applied over the coin slots.

The Realist

<http://www.ep.tc/realist>  
THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

## Diabolic Dialogues

by Joe E. Brown, Jr.

The Singing Nuns from Belgium will have their American counterpart. The Sisters of St. Joseph start a tour of West Virginia cities and towns April 5th singing everything from Bach to Broadway, according to Sister Mary Immaculate, head of the NCTC.

—Backstage, Feb. 28th

Q. Now, Mr. Cumberland, I understand you wish to undergo training for the cloth.

A. That's correct, Father. I want to cast my lot with God.

Q. Yes, yes. Well, recommendations, education, health, just *right* mentally . . . tell me, what do you do?

A. Do? I, uh, don't do *anything*, Father. Oh, I *think* a lot, uh, meditate . . . yes, I *think* about a great many things. But I don't *do* anything.

Q. Nothing? Don't sing? Dance? Can you play the piano? Guitar? How about stand-up comedy?

A. Oh, I get it. You're *testing* me. So you'll know if I've wasted away my meditation hours with *frills*.

Q. No, no. Things have a way of changing, son, even frills. We learn that there are many ways to serve God.

A. I don't understand . . . I *did* used to sing a lot. In the shower, to cover up, uh, so the folks would figure I was actually, uh, . . . I *sung* a lot. In the shower.

Q. I'm referring to skills of a more professional nature. Don't you have any talents that might lend themselves to professional entertainment? You've *heard* of the Singing Nun?

A. Wait, Father, wait a minute. You mean the Singing Nun was *real*? You mean she was really a Catholic Nun? They really *do* that?

Q. Oh, yes, she's real. Making a great deal of money.

A. I figured that was a publicity gimmick—kept wondering why the church didn't object.

Q. Times slowly change, my boy, and the Church is forced to change with them. We've got a young priest here you might like to talk with—he's doing a bit at Second City this weekend. Couple of Nuns working in the chorus line at the Latin Quarter.

A. You mean you *sanction* this? You want me to *appear*, uh, as an *entertainer*?

Q. Now listen. . . .

A. I mean I didn't know the church *did* things like that.

Q. *Why shouldn't it?*

A. I don't mean to criticize, Father. I *knew* that around Christmas, various things like that went on, singing Masses, The Messiah, carols, benefits for orphans, but I figured that the *cause* was more important, the *principle*; figured the talent was mostly catch-as-catch-can.

Q. Well, it *was*. But, as we learn more . . . look, I'm not saying you *have* to have talent to be a priest—*musical* talent—I don't *think* we're going to kick anyone out of the order who doesn't have talent, though we *may* start a training program. But you're *new*. And it *would* help if you could *do something*.

A. But what about *love*, Father? *Of God*? And *humility*? *Discipline*? The gifts of mercy and understanding? Our fellow man . . . ?

Q. A man of the cloth will always require those qualities, Mr. Cumberland. However, we expect our young priests to be spending a lot of time on the road these days. Other qualities will play an important role—you're not allergic to "pep" pills, are you?

A. Not one-night *stands*, Father.

Q. Show business, Mr. Cumberland, is a demanding profession.

A. I'm *shattered*, Father. The principles of the church. . . .

Q. There are times, Mr. Cumberland, when principles must be altered to insure our keeping in step with progress.

A. You don't mean money?

Q. If you wish to phrase it that way; we prefer to think of it as revenue.

A. *Father*—what happened to the tomato gardens? The flowers? The broccoli? I used to see movies—the happy priests out working in the gardens, selling the produce to the local markets. . . .

Q. That was another age. Mass production destroyed our simple means of income. The wholesalers and the large farms took over.

A. Tilling the humble soil—I used to *dream* about it. A man working with his humble hands. . . .

Q. You'll quickly find that mastering a musical instrument also requires the use of your hands, Mr. Cumber-



land. I'm afraid I have an appointment now; a dancer from New Orleans. We *do* have your number, don't we? Good day, Mr. Cumberland, we shall be in touch.

A. Hold *on*, Father. You mean I can't study for the priesthood unless I have some sort of professional talent? Purity of heart stands for *nothing*? Love of cross? Whatever happened to *Him*?

Q. Mr. Cumberland, this is *most* trying. I don't want you to leave with that impression—however, the answer is *Yes*, you cannot become a priest under our present standards. Mr. Cumberland, we're full up with priests who can't *do anything*.

A. Well, God knows I didn't spend half my life ignoring women to be turned away at the gate. You win, Father.

Q. *Anything* you can do. We're *hurting* for talent. Dozens of bookings every week and no one to send.

A. Well, I *am* fairly adept on a trap set; used to pretend I was *whomping* the devil.

Q. Well, that's better. I always hate to refuse a man who wishes to serve our Holy Father.

A. Yeah, *yeah*. I *wouldn't* mind having a little pocket

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money to ease me through the meditation periods. It's not like I'm a heavy drinker, I was even going to give it up. However, as long as I've got some bread. . .

Q. Oh, I'm afraid you've missed the point again.

A. Oh no! I get it. We'll form a combo, book it into Birdland, contract with Blue Note Records—I can get some threads. . .

Q. I'm sorry, Mr. Cumberland. You'll get nothing; all proceeds will go into the Church Fund.

A. None? You mean I don't get any royalties?

Q. I'm afraid not.

A. What about rehearsals? Union wages for rehearsals? Record dates?

Q. No, nothing. You'll be entertaining as an ambassador of God. For the fun of it, so to speak.

A. For the fun of it? Since when are priests supposed to have fun?

Q. Now, now. . .

A. Modern jazz is a lotta goddam work, your holiness; I daresay more work than hoeing a lousy row of tomatoes.

Q. Yes, I see. If you'll just step this way, Mr. Cumberland. I'm sure we'll give you a ring soon—it's been very enjoyable, don't call us.

A. I'll go to the American Federation of Musicians and yell my head off. We'll picket, Dad, just you wait and see. I'll go to a synagogue! (EXIT)

Q. Miss McCarthy—would you please send in Miss Kandy Barr?

A. Good evening, your worshipfulness.

Q. Ah, Miss Barr. Well, well. I understand you're a professional dancer. Well, well, are we all ready to begin a career of serving God, heh heh?

A. Serving who?

For the past several weeks, New York City papers have been loaded with reports of violence in the city's public schools: the beating of teachers, the stoning of teachers, students leaping from buildings, and a few other sundry items which seem to indicate that discipline in NYC public schools has left town for a joke.

My schooldays, for better or worse, were spent in South Texas and we seldom ever had this problem. If any student was stupid enough to beat the hell out of a teacher, why, one of the football coaches (they usually taught History or Civics until time for football practice) would gleefully whale the hell out of such a dumb student.

If you didn't like a teacher, you joined the National Guard or you quietly put gum in their chair, but you didn't touch them. Not so in New York. Violence seems to have become a fad. Fads are never started by publicity, are they? Never. These students haven't been getting any publicity, have they? Of course not.

(Two young high-school students are talking outside the school in the morning before classes.)

Ralph: Hey Herb, you get any of your homework?

Herb: Naw. I went down to the candy store for a soda and you know how one of those things leads to another and "Bang-Bang" Suzy was twistin' on top of a table and before I knew it, it was 11:30, so I went home and the old lady knocked me around awhile and then I went to bed.

Ralph: I didn't get any either. The folks had the TV turned up so goddam loud watchin' "Beverly Hillbillies"

and "Sammy Kaye" that I couldn't concentrate.

Herb: That's tough. What're we gonna do now?

Ralph: I don't know. You got any rocks?

Herb: Naw. Not today. Hey, what kinda notices did you get in today's papers?

Ralph: Not as good as I figured. Nice spread in the News, couple of paragraphs in the Journal, one lousy sentence in the Trib. The Times ignored me.

Herb: That's a goddam shame. I never seen such a fine kick inna crotch. Bet ol' man Carter thinks you're worth a whole goddam feature story.

Ralph: Yeh. I'm beginnin' to lose faith inna critics. Goddam school didn't even bother to suspend me.

Herb: You know what I think the trouble is? We been gettin' over-confident, sittin' on our butt flingin' rocks and restin' on our laurels. We're not keepin' in step.

Ralph: Whaddaya mean?

Herb: Like we're not thinkin' enough. You take that Brooklyn girl—she had some imagination. Jumpin' off a buildin', hangin' all those cops up—why didn't we think of that?

Ralph: Aw, I dunno. I'm gettin' kinda tired of beatin' up teachers and coverin' 'em with rocks. I'm bored. I sort of feel like readin' some Geography for a change.

Herb: Huh? What're you? Crazy? We got an image to uphold—the papers expect it—fads are good p.r. Can't let all them hotel-smashin' college bastards get ahead of us. I know it's a drag, but we gotta sacrifice.

Ralph: I don't care what the papers expect, I'm gettin' bored. Same ol' thing—day in, day out.

Herb: C'mon, don't feel that way. You just need to find a new gimmick. I got a great idea from an old movie the other night. It's too much. I'll make the Times for sure. Look here.

Ralph: Why, that's a rhubarb cream pie. What the hell you gonna do with that?

Herb: I'm gonna sling it, that's what. Wait'll ol' Mrs. Wooster catches this inna kisser. We'll be back on top in all the papers.



"Softball, hell—we're gonna go beat up Mr. Burnhill!"

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## Sex and the Single Baboon

by John Bleibtreu

This whole business of collective guilt is getting to be a drag, but Arthur Miller's sententious piece in the N.Y. *Herald Tribune* a few Sundays ago, where he told of the German people's feeling of non-guilt — they forgave themselves as they forgave those men sitting in the prisoner's dock accused of war crimes against humanity—was too much. Now, after *After the Fall*, we know the extent of Mr. Miller's understanding of guilt and innocence, of crime and punishment, but that's beside the point.

If we're going to involve ourselves, as Miller does, with collective rather than personal guilt, then instead of belaboring the Germans, whose guilt is obvious and therefore reflexive, why not make that corny but nevertheless pertinent jump from theirs to ours?

Why have we not brought Edward Teller to trial for plotting crimes against humanity? Or if we're banning books, why not ban Herman Kahn's *On Thermonuclear War* as being evil and socially destructive rather than poor *Fanny Hill*?

None of this is new. We are all appalled, and we are all helpless. But Mr. Miller from his remove of moral superiority within that courtroom, a remove so vast that he can afford the luxury of contempt, looks down upon these monsters in the dock as being less than human. He cannot understand their motivation. It is, he seems to say, not a human motivation.

One can understand and even perhaps sympathize with crimes of passion—the jealous husband with ice-pick in hand. We can pity him now as he stands in the dock accused of a single crime against humanity. For when he struck, he was overcome with so primordial a sense of violation, that he "lost his reason." His metaphysical future, the fruit of his loins, his personal participation in the ongoing history of living things, has been contaminated by another's seed.

It is not for nothing that the horned cuckoo, a nest parasite, has become the symbol of the cuckold, the betrayed husband. This kind of motivation makes good sense to us. Judges and juries are forgiving.

There is no doubt that this is a right and proper attitude for baboons to take. Though a female baboon may on occasion present to a male sexually for special favors, like to get in under a tree out of the rain, or to climb up onto that nice, broad comfortable branch in the sleeping tree, no one takes it

very seriously. But when she actively solicits intercourse, when she is in estrus or heat, she is at that point in her cycle when any act of intercourse has an excellent chance of resulting in offspring.

This is the time when the males exert their dominance and compete to impregnate her (mark you, I did not say *possess* her, for that fashion of behavior is unknown to baboons). Darwin explained this process: he called it Sexual Selection. Not only baboons, but bull elk and walrus—even little robin redbreast — all compete, male against male, for the opportunity of sowing their superior seed.

We all—even Arthur Miller—can understand the jealous husband. When he strikes with that ice-pick (it doesn't really matter who—either the wife or the lover) he cleans the reproductive slate. Baboons do the same thing. More females die in sexual quarrels than do males, at least according to Sir Solly Zuckerman who inventoried baboon fatalities due to sexual quarrels in the London Zoo back in 1933.

Sometimes the females are literally caught in the middle, and end at the bottom of the pile-up. Sometimes they are the victims of what ethologists call displacement activity. If the males are equally matched, the one who considers himself the weaker attacks the female and displaces his rage. Simple.

Can the human institution of war be a similar act of genetically derived behavior? Certainly not! We prepare for war, and we are *reasonable men*. We're not deranged, bereft of our senses like that poor husband with the ice-pick. We are good husbands, fathers, tax-paying citizens. We read a good grey sensible paper like the N.Y. *Times*, carefully considering the sensible judgments of reasonable men like Hanson Baldwin exercising his good grey reportorial talents analyzing the problem of overkill.

We sit in our subways modestly, asserted by a simple pin, the CORE equality sign perhaps, feeling ourselves a far, far way from guilt. We're as far from those screaming multitudes caught in Teller's holocaust as that German *hausfrau* sitting now unrepentantly in Miller's Frankfurt courtroom was from Belsen and Buchenwald.

The insanity of our self-defense justification bit needs no elaboration from me. Robert Oppenheimer caught it at least 10 years ago with his wonderful metaphor of the two scorpions in the same bottle. Lately *Dr. Strangelove* has done it even better.

But still the Rand Corporation works away at its logic.

The Germans had their logic too, but it cut closer to the bone of truth. Their logic called out to the unconscious Beast that lives in all of us—that same rough Beast that Yeats told us was slouching toward Bethlehem. Perhaps, after judging the objective history of the Christian West these past 2,000 years, we should at last slay that Beast and all His progeny.

How are we to do it? And with what? With the weapons of the enlightenment? With Marx or Hegel—or even Whitehead or Wittgenstein? It seems most unlikely. Almost a hundred years ago, Darwin cracked open the door to an understanding of all this in *The Expression of Emotions in Man and Animals*. But the early Freud with his work on dreams and hysteria kicked it closed again. Later on in his life Freud returned to Darwin, positing the existence of a Darwinian Id, drawing a pictogram of the human mind looking like an iceberg with the Id, the larger portion, all below the waterline of accessibility.

If the Germans behaved like animals at Buchenwald, and we behaved like animals at Hiroshima, then would it not seem sensible to discover exactly how animals do in fact behave, and why we behave like them?

Apparently not. It is somehow not in accord with the democratic ethos to consider behavior as having genetic roots. We all know that behavior, as it is expressed in character and action, is a product of (a) culture, and (b) early family life (for even in a good culture, one can have a bad family and turn out bad). "No," says our modest man with the assertive pin, "open that Pandora's Box, believe for one minute that substantial elements of behavior may have genetic roots, and you are back to the monster-thought that formed the Third Reich."

Not quite—genes are variable within a population, and no one believes in the original Mendelian doctrine that one gene = one visible character, no more, no less. No one can pretend to tell anything about behavior from skin color, nose shape, or the curl of hair. We can safely open Pandora's Box—even in a democracy.

We shall have to open it soon, if we are to survive as a species. We would do very well to divert a portion of our unneeded defense budget away from the plight of the poverty-stricken, and even away from the problems of urban renewal, and into the study of Ethology. The remedies for the former shall come from the findings of the latter.

For, at this moment, Ethology would seem the only way of making the Id accessible. As a discipline—that

is, having a name and a jargon—it is only about 10 years old in this country. Like all revolutionary concepts, it is essentially simple; it consists of the naturalistic study of animal behavior.

The comparative psychologist, busy in his laboratory putting his rats and mice through mazes and multiple choice reward tests, is not interested in such problems as why did British titmice suddenly develop the habit of opening milk bottles? Was this a culturally "learned" tradition passed on from generation to generation by mimesis? Or did this behavior have genetic roots, and did it spread by the classically Darwinian means of natural selection?

Two British ethologists, Fisher and Hinde, decided this titmouse thing was ethological, or genetically controlled behavior; that some British titmice had always possessed a gene which tempted them perhaps to peck at white things, that suddenly when white milk bottles with white cardboard tops were to be found even in the dead of winter on exposed porches, this hitherto meaningless genetic trait suddenly acquired a tremendous selective advantage. Titmice possessing this gene began to flourish. The habit is now widespread.

Well, what has that to do with urban renewal?

Back in 1960 an American ethologist, John B. Calhoun, published a paper entitled *A Behavioral Sink*. For those scholars among *Realist* readers, you may find it republished in *Roots of Behavior: Genetics, Instinct and Socialization in Animal Behavior*, edited by Eugene Bliss, and published in 1962 by Harper and Bros. In that paper, which I shall deal with briefly since any purists among you can dig it out for yourselves, Calhoun tells how he artificially and accidentally created slum conditions in a population of domesticated Norway rats. He did not do it by overcrowding, or by creating competitive food shortages. It just happened—by "instinct."

Calhoun was interested in discovering some of the fine points of rat sociology in connection with rat control as a public health menace. He works out of the National Institute of Health in Bethesda, Maryland.

Slums have plagued mankind ever since men began to live in cities. Not all slums are formed in the way Calhoun formed his, but quite possibly many of them, the so-called "inner-city" slums, are. What happened roughly was this:

Calhoun built a series of four nesting burrows. He imitated in all significant detail, the nesting burrows that rats inhabit in the wild. They're analogous to human apartment houses, in that many rat families may nest in separate nest boxes in one burrow.

This kind of community life under

one "roof" is not unusual among social animals. Prairie dogs, closely related to the rat, live the same way, and they didn't learn about it from their human hosts. Neither did the African weaver birds who also inhabit separate apartments within a common structure. Most humans have probably lived similarly from Pleistocene times on, in multiple family dwellings, in caves, lodges, tents, igloos, with or without separations between apartments.

At any rate, Calhoun put each of his four burrows within its own enclosure. Rats could only travel from one to the other by means of pathways. Calhoun lined up the enclosures like a railroad flat, so that to get from enclosure 1 to 4, a rat would have to pass through enclosures 2 and 3. Being convivial creatures, and liking to make a social scene, especially at mealtimes, enclosures 2 and 3 gradually became the center of social activities.

The experiment took two years and three generations of rats to work itself out. Gradually these inner meeting and eating areas became nesting areas as well, and became horribly overcrowded, while the end enclosures 1 and 4 were, by the end of the experiment, almost deserted.

Calhoun controlled the population explosion so that it never exceeded the capacity of the four burrows taken as a unit. And he supplied sufficient food, water, and nest-building materials (strips of paper) so there was never any shortage even in the overcrowded enclosures.

Soon, with the overcrowding of the center, a situation developed which Calhoun calls "a behavioral sink." Females began to be mounted when they weren't receptive, then males began mounting males, and Calhoun notes that 3rd generation males seemed to prefer male-male mountings. Sex and even ordinary social behavior became tainted with violence. Calhoun says: "At times it was impossible to enter a room without observing fresh blood splattered about. . . ."

Among females, who usually make for themselves comfortable and cozy nests at litter time, nest-building became more and more careless till at the end they were dropping their litters on the bare floor and Calhoun had to put down sawdust to keep the infants off the cold.

Normal rat mothers care for their young sedulously, transporting them hither and yon, etc. As the behavioral sink developed, infants were lost from litters, litters became mixed, and at the end, infants were completely deserted by their mothers and left to die and be eaten by other rats.

Various physiological pathologies developed, particularly with female reproduction. There were stillbirths, runt

litters, miscarriages and—most amazing of all—a sudden proliferation of tumors among females, many of which proved to be cancerous.

Calhoun is very cautious about drawing any conclusions between behavior and cancer. He used dyes to mark his rats and, upon being tested, they proved to contain cancer-producing substances. However, other rats living more normally and similarly marked, did not develop cancer. He also checked out the vitamin A content of the rat food, and discovered it to be high. But again, other normal rats had been eating the same food.

The development of this behavioral sink had taken Calhoun by surprise. He had not segregated a control population; he had not designed his burrows with a suitable means of observing within them (he could only watch what went on outside the burrows) and this original study is now being followed up by him and others in greater detail.

The tentative hypothesis he put forward in his first paper centers around his belief that eating is a socially contagious activity for rats. The sight of a couple of rats gnawing away at the food hopper brings more rats which bring still more. Other activities, sex and/or dominance struggles, all begin to take place around the eating area.

Whatever Calhoun and his associates finally discover about this odd and irrational occurrence (for the normally intelligent rat such behavior is irrational) may be useful to us in breaking the vicious cycle of city-slum-disease. Why should such dreadful Malthusian side-effects result from overcrowding when there is ample opportunity for the population to disperse? That such opportunity was immediately at hand for Calhoun's rats cannot be disputed. They were barred from such dispersion only by ethological factors.

Among fellow ethologists and other behavioral scientists, Calhoun's study has caused considerable ruckus. When I first heard of it, and spoke to my psychiatrically oriented friends who in their quest for meaningful personal identity keep pretty well on top of new developments in psychological thought, I discovered that not only Calhoun, but ethology itself was new to them. Though this was puzzling, I was not really surprised. As a free-lance writer, I had been trying to peddle stories about this new behavioral system to the slicks without success for some 7 months.

As I mentioned earlier in this piece, I think the reason is that any discussion of genetically controlled behavior strikes discordantly on liberal ears. Again, as a discipline — that is with courses named for it in college curricula—ethology, as I said, is only about 10 years



old in this country. But odd-ball mavericks had been working with naturalistic behavior in this country and in Europe ever since the turn of the Century.

They were out of the mainstream of psychological thought which was concerned pretty much exclusively with the learning process. The knowledge gained from Behaviorism (and I use the term loosely to include other schools besides Watson's) has filtered down mostly via John Dewey into pop culture so that just yesterday a cabbie boasted to me about his conditioned reflexes.

Behaviorism has had a tremendous effect on modern sociology and pedagogy. It is going stronger than ever now that Programmed Learning is with us—hopefully not for good. What the analogous dispersion effects of ethology will be, it's too early to tell.

In the area of sexual behavior one can make some interesting projections, and this brings me to how I personally got interested in ethology.

I came upon it quite by accident some 18 months ago while doing research on orgies. This particular scene, the key parties, the Tatami parties and so on were new to me—and, I thought, new to the Protestant West. Traditionally, there had been some fine bawdy bashes thrown during Fasching and Mardi-Gras, but that took place within a Catholic culture among people not

easily given over to *angst*, and it was seasonal.

Not so with the New American Sex Scene. Most everybody involved was a reader of Kafka and Kierkegaard, and it knew no season. It flourished in the winter when the nights are long and parties would naturally gravitate indoors, but it also thrived in the summer despite the bucolic hazards of poison ivy and mosquitos.

Eventually I caught up with the original behaviorist orgy study, C. R. Carpenter's classic of sex among the howler monkeys. In case any of you dear readers think I'm putting you on, hie yourselves down to the nearest library and look it up in Volume 10, Number 2 of the *Comparative Psychological Monographs*.

Just as Fisher and Hinde became interested in how titmice first got the idea of opening milk bottles, ethologists and anthropologists have become interested in just when mankind picked up on the idea of romantic love. *Playboy's* version of a carnal utopia is pretty much what goes on among most of the members of the primate order with the exception of our good selves.

Testimony that rapes and other casual sexual encounters are as reproductively effective as the stable family, exists right here among us in that racial phenomenon known to anthropologists as North American Colored.

Among most monkeys and apes, sex

is a casual and permissive business with polygamous relationships predominating. Dominant males get more sex than do males ranking low in the dominance hierarchy. As Carleton Coon puts it: Among primates, "it is easier to be a female than obtain one."

Some of the low ranking nebbishes don't ever get to make it at all—they live as bachelors in "unisexual" groups where they mount one another and horse around in games that have erotic overtones. But so far as we know now, this unisexual mounting never involves either penetration or ejaculation. It seems to be more of a social gesture like the Latin *embrasso* which also has erotic overtones.

Among the harems of the dominant males, there's a good deal of rotation in the personnel, just as there was in the late Serge Rubinstein's entourage of chorus girls. The two principle exceptions to this general rule exist among the great apes: the gibbon is almost monogamous; and the gorilla lives in a small troop consisting of the family group of a dominant male, his harem and their attached retinue of juveniles of various ages.

There seems to be a certain amount of inbreeding among gorillas. Usually one of the older sons eventually displaces his father and makes it with his mother and sisters and aunts and cousins. Sometimes, though, a dissatisfied young buck will leave the troop to wander abroad, eventually to join another troop, so there is some genetic flow in the population as a whole.

Gibbon troops are very loose, socially and spatially. They don't seem to be able to stand one another's company in close proximity, and this "hostility spacing" is considered the prime reason for their monogamous way of life.

Though we are morphologically more closely related to the Great Apes than to the baboon, current anthropological speculation credits our early social relations as being based more on the baboon than on the apish model, though the Oedipal family situation would seem to have its ethological roots in the gorilla model.

The baboon lives on the ground, not in the trees, he subsists as a gatherer of roots and tubers, supplemented by an occasional succulent scorpion. When the troop happens to stumble over meat, such as a newborn rabbit, or antelope, the males eat it with evident satisfaction. An odd eating ceremonial takes place: the males line up (just like at a state dinner) in order of status rank, and eat in their turn.

Among the baboons, and also among the closely related rhesus, the act of sitting is also a determinant of status. The subdominant stands in the presence of the dominant. This behavior, ethologists pretty well know, originat-

ed as an elaboration of territorial behavior.

With birds (where this behavior is most frequently displayed with violence, and where it was first noticed) the acquisition of a territory is the first step into adulthood for any male. He must have a territory before he can get a mate, build a nest, obtain food for his family. But bird territoriality is somewhat special. Bird territories are almost always vigorously defended whereas many mammalian territories are not.

But "personal space" among the baboons is defended, just as with birds. The more personal space surrounding an animal, the more dominant he is. A baboon troop on the march looks like Custer's Last Stand. It's doughnut shaped. The lumpen fill up the outer ring along with females and their infant offspring. In the center, proudly separated from the horde (which can number up to 200 individuals) and from one another, stalk the members of the "dominance hierarchy"—some three to ten males.

When they sit, the troop sits; when they move the troop moves. This dominance hierarchy is not an autocracy, it is more like a junta. There is always one supremely dominant male, but he cannot dominate alone—he dominates through manipulating the allegiances of his fellow members of the junta.

Irven DeVore, a social anthropologist currently working at Harvard, and the prime American baboon watcher, has determined that at least among the first three or four ranking members of the dominance hierarchy, there is pretty much a linear chain of command, one, two, three, just like the army. But this is a highly unstable arrangement, and when alpha male loses control, he's had it.

Social rank is easiest to see in terms of personal space during siesta time at midday or in the evening before sleep. The dominant males separate out and sit at the periphery of the troop which is now gathered into the center. Subdominant males will cringe and grimace if forced by some natural impediment like a boulder or a tree trunk to pass close to a seated dominant.

Among modern humans, the relationship between sitting and status is obvious. In English the connection between sitting and territoriality can be seen in such words as county seat, building site, squatter's rights; in German the word *besitzen* literally means real-estate property.

I spent this last summer as a camp-follower on an expedition of anthropologists which voyaged its way through the East African game parks. The stunning shock that comes when you see your first baboon troop in the wild, comes from the weird Swifian

parallel. It is an absolutely unnerving experience.

The next thing you notice when you finally accommodate to them on *their* terms, is that something is missing—not speech, for they get along with their grunts and barks and squeals well enough—it is the absence of a stable father. Every male is father to every infant; but the unmistakable center around which all life revolves for the young primate, is its mother. This continues till they are almost the size of full adults, and play a social role equivalent to that of human teenagers.

Baboons prefer to make the sex scene in the morning. They wake up slowly with much dissatisfied smacking of the lips, bleary blinking of the eyes, yawnings, scratchings, stretchings—the whole unpleasant gamut. They're also late risers, climbing stiffly one by one down from the sleeping trees about 9 or 9:30 in the morning. This is tardy by African standards.

The sun is well up, the morning dampness has burned off, the horizon shimmers with heat. Most of the plains game has browsed in the open while the dew was on the grass, and has now retreated into the shade to chew the cud. The Hemingway-type hunter is just about done for the morning. He's ready for a long cool drink back at the Land Rover. He won't go out again until four in the afternoon.

But the baboon is just waking up. After the initial yawning, stretching, and scratching, the big males move out of the shade into the sun-warmed grass, scratch their heads once more, finger their erections, and look over the descending females. In the wild, this genital fingering goes on all the time, but unlike among captive monkeys, it is not true masturbation, it doesn't end in an ejaculation.

Now the big males finally bestir themselves. It's leapfrog time. They romp around heavy-bellied after the females who run away, they catch them, mount them, the females squirm out from under and run away again, and so it goes for about an hour. Most primate sex consists of a series of mountings with penetrations and pumpings, but ejaculation comes only after several mountings have taken place. This is true of almost all primates except for Man. The female who receives the ejaculation is not always the one whom the male first mounted.

After they get this out of their system, the big males stand around panting and looking fierce and the troop raggedly assembles itself and moves off for breakfast—which lasts until the midday siesta. Baboons are almost as omnivorous as man. In differing parts of their habitat, they enjoy different diets.

None of the anthropological baboon-

watchers have seen this yet themselves first-hand, but Alan Root, a freelance wildlife photographer working out of Serengeti, who is a very knowledgeable and reliable observer, reports that he has seen baboon troops systematically follow foaling antelope herds, snatch the bloody newborn calves as they drop, and devour them.

In South Africa, baboons wander down to the beach to eat what shellfish, crabs, etc., they can find there. But by far the majority of baboons eat the same seeds, roots, tubers, etc., that Man first ate, and still does.

Around noontime, the troop retires into the shade (where available) and rests. This is the grooming social time. Trained baboon-watchers who know a troop well enough to identify individuals, have pointed out to me the stable couples grooming one another, picking one another's fur. For the one who is picked (usually the male) this is an unmistakably voluptuous experience. He stretches and sighs, half closing his eyes (with their ominously pale eyelids) and rolling slowly, contorts himself—presenting his female that spot he wants attention paid to.

He is highly tolerant of her infant or infants, who crawl around all over him, playing, bouncing on his belly, sitting on his head. Many of these grooming couples who appear to seek one another out at grooming time to enjoy each other's company, involve low-ranking males who have little or no opportunity for sexual intercourse with that particular female, or any other. They may spend their siestas with one another, they may sleep in the same tree, but this relationship is not based upon a sexual bond.

When they're in estrus, or heat, and are eager for intercourse, these females parade themselves in the vicinity of one of the dominant males in the morning. Estrus may last a week or more, and during this time they may attempt to attach themselves to one of the dominant males in a social as well as a sexual way. They groom the dominant, and try to hang around nearby him, but their success at this depends on their status rank within the female order of dominance. If a higher ranking female should happen to want the same male at the same time for the same purpose, a female squabble ensues till it irritates the big male who then grunts and rises and glares at the combatants until the lower ranking female vacates the field.

When and how did it happen that the human female lost her well-defined estrus period? How and when did the human male-female relationship become based primarily upon a sexual bond, and how did we get involved in that whole complex and troublesome system of relationships loosely known as "love"?

Sherwood L. Washburn, a physical anthropologist, and Chairman of the Department at the University of California in Berkeley, offers a hypothesis. The Washburn theory of love goes thusly:

Somewhere along the line, the apish precursors of modern Man descended from the trees and began living more like the baboons, and less like the gorillas. Baboon fossils of great antiquity have been unearthed which are similar in all important respects to modern baboons. It's obvious from the structure of their shoulder blades (they cannot hang from their arms like us; their shoulders are built like those of a dog) that if they ever were at all arboreal, they came down from the trees possibly as early as the Eocene epoch.

When our ancestors came down from the trees to assume a terrestrial life, they probably acted very much as do baboons today. Except for one thing—they developed a digging stick instead of using their fingernails to root up roots. This digging stick was probably also used by the males as an enforcer during status quarrels, and it doesn't take much to convert a digging stick into a spear and use it to kill game. This was the big break in behavior—when our ancestors became carnivorous to the extent that they supplemented their vegetarian diets by *systematic* hunting.

From the looks of the australopithecine pelvises, these proto-men were not truly upright. They probably squatted most of the time, ran in short bursts tilted forward, and squatted when they stopped. Perhaps once they got going, they could run as well as the modern Bushman, for an hour without let-up, covering 10 or 12 miles.

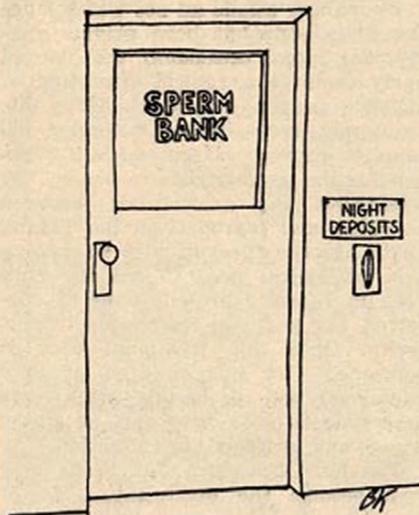
Judging from the habits of modern hunter-gatherer peoples, which do not differ drastically (in the gross ecological sense) from baboon habits, hunting was very likely always more of a status occupation than a means of providing a sufficient year-round food supply. Primitive peoples perish when both game and crops give out together. If game alone becomes scarce, as when a disease scourges the ungulate population, they can still survive very well.

Since systematic hunting was such an all important step, everyone is anxious to confirm Root's observation of systematic baboon carnivorousness. But strangely enough, the few ethologists capable of making such a study are teaching classes in Berkeley and Boston while the antelope are foaling in Serengeti. As soon as the males of the australopithecine troop began to hunt, the troop had to break up, with the females and infants in one location, and the men out after game. This has to be and is the case with such carnivores as wolves and foxes. Rest-

less noisy cubs will disturb a hunt.

Nothing ever retreats in evolution; the primitive ethological social structure of wolves and foxes would not suffice for the complex societies that baboons had already established. Something new had to be added in order that group coherence could be maintained. The baboon troop, not being separate from one another, communicates visually, by facial expression and meaningful looks.

The comparatively few vocal noises a baboon makes, serve to express basic emotions like satisfaction, or anger, or alarm, and to attract the attention of



the others to the noise-maker so he can then communicate the rest of this thought by the Lee Strasberg method of intense glowering.

What the new, separated australopithecine society had to have at this point was, according to Washburn, the time-binding tool of language.

With the development of language, brain size increased drastically and suddenly. It is known from studies of domestic animals which revert to the feral state and invariably increase their brain size within a very few generations (to a degree up to 30%) that brains and skulls can grow larger much more rapidly than other parts of the bone structure can change. But in the case of Early Man, upright posture had fixed the dimensions of the pelvis—the birth canal was narrowed.

Therefore, since no alteration of the pelvis was possible at the same pace that brains grew larger, in order that these big brained primates could be born, they had to be expelled from the birth canal at an earlier stage of fetal development. They were much more helpless than other primate infants, and mothers in caring for them were effectively immobilized.

During this stage of human development, the selection pressures on females must have been unimaginable.

The mortality rate of mothers and infants must have been terribly high. Of those mothers who survived the trauma of birth, only those who had been able to effect a close social relationship with a protective male would survive the immobilization period when she was dependent on her consort for food.

Since sexual presentation is the customary means by which primate females manipulate the larger and more ferociously armed males, it is quite likely, Washburn believes, that Early Woman accustomed herself to be sexually available to her consort at other times than just during the estrus period. Gradually the well-defined estrus period disappeared in the human female.

There were also powerful genetic urges on the human female to orient herself to that male which had impregnated her, by strong social bonds. The evolutionary pressures on the female psyche worked to effect an association between the sex act and social dependence on the male partner.

No such pressures operated on the male. The human male was—and is—primarily interested, as is the baboon male, in competing as fiercely as possible to be able to sow his seed as widely as possible.

However, with the introduction of contraception, a whole new era has opened in the biological relations between men and women. A revolution has occurred of comparable importance to the species to that moment when they first began to trot for a few steps on their hind legs.

For the past twenty years geneticists have been shouting in their learned journals and in popular books about the twin threats to human survival—the population explosion, and the negative selective effects of modern medicine. The sole barrier to a rational solution to either or both problems is ethological. It is the ethological revulsion of the male Id against any idea of sperm banks or artificial insemination, and it is the ethological revulsion of the female Id against the sexual sharing of her particular male that has kept this problem—not only its solution, but even simple public discussion of this dangerous situation so central to our survival as a species—under wraps of silence.

At long last we are beginning to hear bits and scraps of concern about the population explosion. But what about the other horn of this eugenic dilemma?

It is here, in this area, that we may perhaps discern some benign effects of the New American Sex Scene. It is here, at the Tatami party, that contraception has come of age at last. Eroticism is here publicly, happily, and freely pursued as an end in itself, utterly unconnected with any reproduc-

tive ramifications. Here, in this situation, the contraceptive device operates not only on the physiology, but in the mind! To say the least, at a Tatami party, there is some considerable loosening of ethological sexual possessiveness.

[Editor's note: Whereas at a key party, the male goes home with the female whose key he happened to pick from the pile, a Tatami party allows for both selectivity and variety—all the activity must take place within the confines of the Tatami room, around which the host and/or hostess has spread Japanese mattresses for wall-to-wall copulating.]

As of this moment, the New American Sex Scene is too covert and subversive a movement to be susceptible to statistical analysis. No one has any idea what the long range (or even the short range) effects of this new behavior will be on family stability, child security, the divorce rate, etc.

As a movement—and that it is such can no longer be denied—the New American Sex Scene is unique in American history. It has proliferated like the titmouse/milk-bottle bit without any of the intellectual or theological buttressing of such former movements as the Oneida Colony, or the transcontinental march of the Mormons. It is also an underground movement which is not Messianic—a rarity itself these days, when even junkies are coming on as Saviours.

There is no particular reason why the marriage institution or children

should necessarily suffer from this behavior. A more sedate (and far less radical) form of the same behavior has persisted in other cultures even before contraception was widely practiced. So far as children go, they probably suffer more from the current institution of serial marriage, wherein parental allegiances are torn to pieces daily.

If baboons have been able to maintain male-female relationships based on social compatibility without any feelings of sexual ownership ever since the Eocene epoch, why should not we humans be capable of maintaining equally enlightened relations with one another?

By making public an act which since the Pleistocene has been private (except for ritual occasions) the Tatami party requires a radical alteration of attitude in the individual. How this absolutely revolutionary behavior became so rapidly widespread is a problem for the psychiatrists to ponder. By weakening the associations between eroticism and reproduction the Tatami party has the effect of also weakening this ethological need to see our children as literal representations of ourselves, our personal testaments to posterity. Once this irrational need is weakened (for our children are not ourselves) we will become much more accessible to such proposals as sperm banks and artificial insemination.

The New American Sex Scene may well become the precipitating factor for a new evolutionary leap for the human species as a whole.

goes on and on, under enlightened supervision, until it turns into a *Time* cover story. We've had our cake and eaten it so often that some have lost their sweet tooth altogether.

Now, certainly, it is not *Time's* fault that this has happened. By the time an attitude filters into such a publication, a great deal of higher echelon work has already been done. On one level there are the Sex Educators—frightening to think by what authority of experience they speak—who have earnestly produced, besides a great deal of didactic literature, the modern conveniences of sex.

Equipment makes the difference.

Ladies may still be seduced, but abandonment will be tempered by either a premeditated diaphragm or one hastily inserted while the male keeps passion alive on the dim side of the bed with cigarettes and a great deal of will power. Then, vaginal jelly, a greasy, tasteless substance, rushed in quickly by some satyr from the corner drugstore; oral contraceptives that raise hell with the old-fashioned thirty-day menstrual cycle; and, for the super-cautious, tiny tubes for douching that squirt and fizzle in the darkness while one dreams happily about the days when bastards were sanctioned by church and aristocratic tradition and a man could look forward to seeing the fruits of a high lay with a full-bottomed lady.

All the paraphernalia that can go with a couple into bed make a safari seem an example of travelling light. But America's horror of unsanctified pregnancy is eased, and if the furibundity of a good fuck is gone—well, the healthy love relationship is not meant to be too feverish today anyway.

Along with professionals, some amateurs have also made their contributions. Crying against censorship, the well-intentioned unloosed a spate of solemn, third-rate novels that, at their best, try to swell sex into a metaphysical problem, and, at their worst, turn it into something as erotic as a stiff galosh.

The Victorian asterisks that allowed one to take off into secret imaginings have been replaced by explicit, stubby sentences or Swinburnian rhapsodies that convey nothing to the reader about sex except perhaps a sense of post-coital depression. Even our better writers are not blameless. How grim the expressions must be on the faces of a couple who, having really taken Norman Mailer to heart, set off in search of an existential orgasm.

And, finally, when we are treated to a Louis Untermeyer anthology of erotic poetry, we know that those champions of getting sex out into the open have won the day.

And now that it is there, like a public monument designed by an honest

## Sex and the Single Hermaphrodite

by Jack Richardson

When *Time* magazine gave national prominence to sex a few months ago, I thought that the time had come for total abstinence from the whole process.

This was not because I felt categorically obligated to oppose any policy which that magazine vaguely favors: but, rather, it seemed to me that something that once carried a very personal sense of achievement with it, something that should be kept from spoiling by being sealed hermetically in rooms banked by mirrors reflecting secrets peculiar to the occupants, something attended by private demons, something that could give the average mortal a whiff of *Walpurgisnacht*, was being turned into a Civil Service picnic.

Freedom is fine, but the clean-thinking pragmatism that went with it depressed me. Statistics on petting, premarital affairs and general promiscuity, along with guarded approbation from the semi-scientific sexologist, have been placed before an entire genera-

tion along with the imperative "Enjoy!"

And lest they be uncertain just what is meant by this command, there are hundreds of manuals that will instruct them, by the numbers, on the punctilio of the "good" orgasm, erectile tissues, sodomy, fellatio, and all the other pleasurable habits that human beings used to spend interesting lifetimes acquiring.

For those with visual minds, there are hygiene textbooks stuffed with formidable cross-section diagrams that prepare one as well for a study of internal anatomy as, presumably, for a good lay. Arrows point to erogenous zones, footnotes instruct one on how to keep them clean and odorless.

Caught in this wonderland of Frank Avowal and Open Discussion, we saunter in and out of each other's bedrooms, freed from the burden of being lascivious or the demand to believe ourselves in any way terrifyingly original. It is all one happy Recess Period, but it

**LETTERS**

(Continued from Cover)

I find that the Catholic Party Line is a little funny (peculiar) regardless of the source, but it is just about hilarious when St. Norman of Mailer puts it out. It's also interesting to note that he's putting out the CPL of several centuries ago, when masturbation was indeed the worst of sins.

Unplanned parenthood has all the thoughtfulness and sentience of cacti erratically reproducing itself to the death—and that is exactly what they do. They reproduce until the heavy heavy top parts kill off the bottom part (the parent part), which is trying to give sustenance to the outer parts (the children parts)—then the whole thing dies. Incidentally, some human beings make lamps out of the dead cacti.

Masturbation should never be thought of as a substitute for sexual intercourse. Each is delightful in its own way, and it's sort of like comparing strawberry shortcake and southern fried chicken. Neither makes a suitable substitute for the other although either one is delightful when one wants it.

I've found that people who consider masturbation so very bad are those who cannot stand themselves, cannot stand the touch of their own bodies. People who can't be successful in sexual relations with others (same or opposite sex), can't stand to be touched by other persons, or to touch them.

**Rey Anthony  
Tucson, Ariz.**

town council; now that it's been divested of the raiment of the houri and done up in clinical white and judicial gowns; now that it has become a means for social adjustment, what will come next?

Well, perhaps another Luce publication will take up the challenge. "Life Goes To An Orgy." We will all be there, proud of our natural bodies, unashamed, uninterested, and over-instructed. Well-analyzed, untheatrical Caligulas, we shall be photographed and interviewed while copulating in chic positions, secure in the notion that not one person in the crowd is the victim of an inflamed genital tract or an anomalous desire. It will have all the mystery and panache of a supervised camp hour falling between Archery and lessons in Basic Woodcraft.

And which of us will even remember a time when societies kept sex in the shadows, not out of prudery, but because there is adventure in the dark that allows appendix scars, moles and banal tattoos to become uncharted, exotic landscapes best explored without the aid of a government map or an Official Tourist Guide.

It sure would be a gas to know if Norman Mailer has ever been a member of any masturbating sect, group, or movement.

**Thomas Akers  
Santa Barbara, Calif.**

Pre-taped  
television  
is  
bad  
said

Norman Mailer  
as  
he edited  
his  
interview.

**John Imperiale  
Brooklyn, N. Y.**

... There's an underlying brilliance in Mailer. He sure would have made a more interesting mayor than Wagner.

**Henry De Pena  
New York, N.Y.**

The importance that Mailer attaches to the orgasm got me thinking and gave me an idea for a perfect way to solve the nation's tax problems: Tax the human orgasm! . . . Our scientists already have developed devices sensitive enough to detect movements of the Earth of very small measure, pinpoint their exact location and tell you whether it is an atomic explosion or Earthquake. It is only one more step to the day when they will be able to electronically detect the human orgasm. Computerized detection centers could be set up in all the major population centers. Here the orgasms could be detected, located and classified into several groups, i.e., heterosexual, homosexual, masturbation, nocturnal emissions, etc.

Based on the above classifications, a taxation system much fairer than our present income tax could be worked out. For example: No taxes until a person is old enough to come. Later a low assessment for each masturbation orgasm. Then a higher assessment on orgasms involving two or more participants. It seems that this would be fairer than the present income tax since the orgasm tax would be based on the physioelectronically computed pleasure factor of the orgasm. The more fun you have the more taxes you pay. It follows that anyone incapable of orgasm wouldn't have to pay taxes because, according to the theory and assuming that the orgasm is the most important pleasure factor in our society, that person wouldn't be getting his money's worth out of life.

Whatever you think, you'll have to admit it's fairer than the present income tax.

**William H. Stroup  
Tujunga, Calif.**

I guess the impolite interview is a bad idea for anyone to agree to do. Here, all along, I had thought that Mailer had some good original theories which were rather gloriously warped because he was ever so slightly the other side of sane. Now it seems that Norman is quite sane, rather middle class square, and apparently the problem is only that he's half educated and full of diffused Reichian-Jungian-Marxist concepts which form the basis of his muddled thinking. Really a mess!

Best thing in that issue is the suggestion made by Saul Heller that we use hoods for the preservation of civil rights and liberties. New slogan could be: "Push 'em Around for Peace."

**Margot Hentoff  
New York, N. Y.**

**On the Other Hand**

Saul Heller's article is very good; however, when one tough is hired to intimidate another, it generally results in a merger of the two—and the victim maintains both.

**Henry Schnautz  
New York, N. Y.**

Using a curious papal-royal-or-editorial "we," Saul Heller gratuitously insults John Kennedy's memory; confuses civil liberties with civil rights and "marvels" at the "spectacle of the mighty U.S. government . . . suffering a strange paralysis when its colored citizens are injured or killed by fellow white citizens."

Can you imagine the ADL or AJC asking the federal government to step in every time a Jewish shopkeeper or cabdriver or rabbi or housewife in New York City is injured or killed by a colored "fellow citizen" for being Jewish or for being white? When was the last time a white person was feloniously murdered by a colored person in New York City? Pick up yesterday's newspaper, or that of the day before, and read about it. When was the last time a colored person was feloniously murdered by a white person in New York City? I don't remember; do you?

Since the six colored children were murdered in Birmingham, perhaps a dozen white persons have been murdered by colored persons in New York City. If the federal government intervenes in Birmingham, it should certainly intervene in this city. The point being that it should not.

**Bob Cahn  
N.Y., N.Y.**

**Answered Prayer**

Each night I thank God for the *Realist's* existence. He understands.

**Ken Cauce  
Ontario, Canada**

## Race Relations

I was at the Community Church this evening but did not get to hear you speak. I can't for the life of me imagine what a white, intelligent, sexy humorous fellow like you would be doing among that bunch of Communists who want to make over America into a Negro satellite under the USSR and the Chinese Menace. Why don't you get wised up?

Dorothy Diamond  
New York, N.Y.

Anyone who writes an article or draws a cartoon expressing dissatisfaction with the integration movement and critical of those who are moving too slowly, should be forced to show proof of where he or she lives. The simple philosophy behind such legislation would be the sorely neglected recognition that any protest which does not carry with it a show of personal engagement is offensive, and therefore punishable. (Incidentally, in what neighborhood do you live, Mr. Krassner?)

David Goldman  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I thought you might like to hear the best comment to date on Howard Johnson's racial policies. It was from a Negro picketeer standing near me, and it was a mutter: "Thirty-seven flavors, and they're all vanilla."

Ellen Mizzell  
New York, N.Y.

The burning of Summerlane, like the recent burning of some of the buildings at Highlander, is indeed tragic. I have received appeals for funds for the rebuilding of both places. But the sponsors of neither camp show any intent to defend what they will build. I'll send money for guns, but not for another heap of ashes.

John Boardman  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

## Unsolicited

Three bits of advice:

(1) Stop being so obvious in your constructiveness. If you're interested in People (and even people), fine. I'm not. The *Realist* made its mark as a destructively humorous magazine which was only *secondarily* constructive in that its *primary* purpose was to destroy phoniness.

(2) Forget Cuba as a *serious* subject. William Worthy is just as boring and silly as Keating. Let him mouth off in *The Independent*. (I subscribe to *The Independent*, a friend to the *Realist*. We trade.)

(3) For the *Realist's* sake, don't print any more of those "Sin-Partner Wanted" ads (#40). Myself and my friends thought that only brilliant, hip,

sophisticated, clearly superior Americans like us read the *Realist*. When we found out by reading those Personals that other *Realist* readers were actually phony, sick, pathetic, stupid individuals, our own self-esteem went down, you fink!

Neil Leonard  
Staten Island, N. Y.

## On William Worthy

Your criticism and satire have been a source of continual amusement and information. I've read with particular interest the articles by William Worthy.

I heard Mr. Worthy give a brilliant documented speech at Carlton College. He clearly showed essentially conservative students how an irresponsible press lies, distorts and deliberately mishandles information on Castro's Cuba.

Marvin Davidov  
Minneapolis, Minn.

In the *Realist* #39, William Worthy proposes a purge of "opportunists, frauds, operators, adventurers and cowards" in the peace movements, and apparently he volunteers to act as a sort of one-man FBI to whom we may all gratefully "funnel factual information on same."

Leaving aside the question of what *factual* information there could possibly be about such nebulous types, I'd like to suggest that Worthy's posturing here sounds as silly, smug and self-righteous as a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and for exactly the same reasons. His purpose, Worthy states, is "to dump overboard these persons who sooner or later are going to betray us all in the midst of some nuclear crisis." That's also been the stated purpose of McCarthy, the HUAC, the FBI, the John Birch Society and other fervent reformers.

Panting happily, Worthy goes on: "For such a project the possibilities are endless. The scope to extend to elements inside the church, student organizations, CORE, the NAACP, Southern Christian Leadership Conference and other groups. . ."

If I were active in the peace movement, I'd want Worthy purged. He sounds like some kind of adventurer to me.

Robert Campbell  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

## The Labelers

I took some copies of the *Realist* into work to show my boss and foreman. They're both Catholics. They didn't like the *Realist*. The foreman said that you were probably a rich guy with nothing better to do. The boss said you were a Communist.

Anthony Sobieski  
E. Rutherford, N.J.

## Anonymous Letter

Why has J. Edgar Hoover never married?

Los Angeles, Calif.

## The People Project

I want to be a volunteer worker for *People*. This project is beautiful—who ever thought something could be accomplished simply by doing it? — I mean without first organizing a protest group to agitate for government supervision of such a program.

I have been active in political groups in the past. I believed that we could really work to bring about a valuable stirring-up of public consciousness. It was a little sad to discover the ineffective actuality of this dream-purpose. The ideology was exciting—in time it ballooned in importance. At last, we were sharp, all-knowing 'orators,' able to meet any question however loaded it might be—and to what purpose all these precise theories? We seemed to be unable to plant the first seed. We were too far from the possible-now and lost instead in the higher-flying possible-future.

I want to do something now. Please let me know how I can begin working on one of your projects.

Millicent Schoenbaum  
Bronx, N. Y.

You might sting me into action—but I doubt it, since I'm psychologically, economically, and socially tied to middle class values.

James Hammill  
San Jose, Calif.

## Has the Answer

I think your favorable approach to 'patch-work sociology' in the guise of articles about skid-row, hippy social workers is a display of flagrant cowardice on your part. I think you've entirely missed the point about the modern predicament of social work. I think, instead of your pacifist pretensions, you are unwittingly ready to rear and arm an entire army of psychiatrists and social workers. Legions of Cure! Brigades of Casework! Foxholes of Consultation! Battlegrounds of Trauma! But where, sir, is the ounce of prevention that would eliminate this pound of human warfare you are advocating? (We know the answer, don't we? Shhhh, don't mention it, but it has to do with political realities, huh? Vested economic interests, wha? About gangsters, and who gets the money.) In short, I think the effect of the magazine is sometimes other than you intend. I feel very often that you dispel, in mock issues, the realities you intend to illuminate.

Hank Malone  
Detroit, Mich.

The Realist

### The Contraceptive Bit

The fear that the birth control pill would prolong the period of fertility has been answered by a number of authorities. To quote from *Sexology*:

"As for the speculation that women taking the pills might menstruate into their seventies, we do not think this is a possibility. The fact is that when women have had a number of pregnancies in the past, ovulation was suppressed for them over a major part of their reproductive life yet they stopped menstruating at the usual time. Physiologically, the suppression of ovulation by pregnancy and by the pill is similar. Therefore, we need not worry about this eventuality."

Leonard H. Gross  
Associate Editor, *Sexology*

Concerning Mrs. Hirsch's letter to her gynecologist (issue #43), the pharmacy at which I work charges \$2.90 for a month's supply of Enovid, which comes to \$8.70 for 3 months. How does she get \$25? She is getting rooked.

Leo Sirota  
Baltimore, Md.

The point has been made that rich Catholics use birth control but deny it to poor people in countries like South America. If you get a copy of the January 1963 *Esquire* magazine, turn to page 45. There is a satirical drawing of a coat of arms for Jacqueline Kennedy—showing a diaphragm. I guess *Esquire* makes the same point.

John McConnell  
Newark, N. J.

I thoroughly enjoyed your latest issue (#48); I have shown it to several of my friends, including an Episcopal minister. I have a vague suspicion that there may be a jar of peanut butter available at the next Communion service. He enjoyed the magazine and tried to talk me out of my copy of the Mother Poster.

I most enjoyed your article on the use of Saran Wrap for condoms. However, one thing puzzles me. Do they ever use a rubberband to keep it from slipping off, or do they just rely on Saran Wrap's noted ability to stick to itself to keep it on properly? Also, a further question: What about those new plastic sandwich bags? After all, as the commercial so well puts it, "Don't wrap it—Bag it."

Thomas W. Johnson  
Stanford, Calif.

I'm very gratified to see that American teen-agers have finally discovered Saran Wrap. It's *much* better than Aluminum Foil. Incidentally, one learns from the package that "Nothing Saves Like Saran Wrap!"

J.G.  
Ithaca, N.Y.

### Semantic Confusion

What I can't understand is why anyone would bother to use oral contraceptives. I mean, did you ever know a girl who got pregnant from a blow job? Really, the first time I heard the term I pictured some sort of gadget that would keep you from swallowing the semen—a kind of Filter for Finicky Eaters.

Sylvia Anderson  
New York, N. Y.

P.S. Your Department of Personal Propaganda was misnamed. Should have been Department of Unintentional Satire. . . .

I will gladly photograph, free and in my own inimitable way, the first wedding to come about from the Department of Personal Propaganda. . . .

Irwin Gooen  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hope your personal propaganda ad bit is not a re-run of the hoax pulled off by J. Landesman in *Neurotica*. He ran a ploy called "The Degenerates' Corner" which purported to be actual ads (many staff-written). In a later issue (Autumn, '49) he published the *real* replies. This served an excellent purpose for the mag (and its readers) but did little, I suspect, for the hopeful respondents.

Scott Arden  
Chicago, Ill.

### Organized Suicide

Miriam Allen deFord's article (#41) demonstrates the vacuity of the politically-oriented mind. . . . A friend of mine, still among the living, slashed his wrists, then jumped from the bedroom window. When was the decision made? When did the impulse become overpowering? At what point should he have rushed to the Bureau of Suicide to wait in line for an application? How naive!

Besides, how would you like to be turned down by the secular gods—a judge, an internist, a psychiatrist, a lay psychologist and professors of philosophy, sociology and economics? You would receive a rejection notice saying "Your problem is too petty to be rewarded by State-supervised suicide. We suggest cold showers and finger-painting."

Patrick Forrestal  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss deFord offers a nice, tidy solution to the problem of suicide in our society. . . . But I can't help wondering how many of those suicides were committed in the kind of despair that is possible only in the depths of loneliness, when someone is unable to reach out and touch another human being. If Miss deFord has a fondness for government bureaus, how about one to find

the people who need someone—anyone—so desperately, and give them a hand to touch.

Of course, it's terribly messy and unhip to become involved in other people's lives, to let them pour out the sludge of a lifetime. It's much cleaner to ignore them until they have reached the point where suicide is inevitable. I wonder how accurate Miss deFord's description is of the treatment during the final period by friends and relatives—because this assumes that the would-be suicide has friends, the kind who are friends in the real meaning of the word—those with whom you can communicate, who will accept you as you are, without false faces or pretense.

Binnie Simon  
Evanston, Ill.

### One Cartoon, Under Fire

I think the most noteworthy creation in the entire issue (#48) was the *One nation under God* cartoon. That was a real "stroke" of genius.

Tony Licata  
Chicago, Ill.

. . . I hope someone puts it on cards, and covers the country with it.

Evelyn —  
Atlanta, Ga.

I'm a Catholic—maybe not a very good one, but still a Catholic. You really haven't been bitter towards any religion, and I regard any satire that you've placed on the Church as constructive rather than destructive. But, since I am a Catholic—and a follower of the *Realist*, and a God-believer, and a puzzled college student—I'd like to ask: What the hell is Cieciorka's cartoon supposed to mean? . . . I mean, it really disgusted the hell out of me—not as a Catholic, not as a Christian, but as a human being who usually seeks an intelligent motive in the actions of others.

Ed J. Bafka, Jr.  
Baltimore, Mr.

*Editor's note: Since humor exists—always and only—in the mind of the beholder, all I can do is describe the nuances that cartoon holds for me. It's a visual treatment of the anthropomorphic concept of supernaturalism and the megalomaniacal concept of supernaturalism extended to their ultimate position in the universe; it's a comment on the bellowing emptiness of pious slogans in general; and it's a critique of a specific area of authoritarianism which ranges in our culture from the required parroting by children of form-without-content, to an actual provision in the Civil Right Bill allowing an employer to refuse to hire an atheist. That, to me, is far more disgusting than the mere symbolic sodomy between God and Uncle Sam.*

### On Terry Southern

Your article on the Dumping Shop and their Cathy Curse doll (issue #47) really shook me up. Frankly, the whole thing so offends me that I find it difficult to believe and a small part of me wonders if you aren't "tongue in cheeking" it. Yet, most of me knows you're not. Surprisingly enough, one of the things that annoys me most is the damage that can be wrought by implying that menstruation is a "curse." Although I am aware that much of our female population calls it just that, I never did for the simple reason that I have a wise and lovely Mother who explained it to me in such a manner that when I started to menstruate I was absolutely thrilled and proud because this meant I was a "Woman" at last!

If youngsters are getting bored with just plain dolls—even though the variety today makes me wonder *who* really "plays" with these bosomy rubber and plastic creations—why then, why not manufacture a "Peggy Peggyp" complete with built-in tummy zipper (wherein lies the fetus) plus attached tube to expand the belly for 9 months until it (the tummy) pops open, complete line of maternity clothing and a lifelike facsimile of Ben Casey standing by. . . .

Marge Gillaspay  
Miami, Florida

Terry Southern's doll story was the funniest thing I ever read. However, I'm not buying any of those dolls for my two little daughters until they manufacture "Little Connie Lingus."

Lex Person  
New York, N.Y.

Is Terry Southern's tape recorded interview (with a faggot male nurse—issue #43) a tape recorded interview? I hate to be uncool, but while I love Terry Southern wildly, passionately, madly, I don't trust him. And he's a good writer, so common sense is no help. I can easily believe it either way. So, is it true? That still makes a difference, doesn't it?

Martha McCarthy  
Palo Alto, Calif.

After reading Terry Southern's interview with a faggot male nurse, I can hardly wait to read the forthcoming interview with "an ex-nun nymphomaniac." If Terry Southern wanted to let people "know" how faggy nurses think, why the hell didn't he find one who was capable of relating intelligently his "hang-up" and his vocation. Perhaps it was satire that was attempted here, but fell flat.

Steve Hamilton  
San Francisco, Calif.

Hilarious Southern interview with the

nurse—thanks.

Alan Walker  
Toronto, Canada

### On Jean Shepherd

Thank you for Jean Shepherd's words. The night before I received the *Realist* I went to an auction—first and last—sat dying from boredom until after 11 o'clock, when my girl friends got all hilarious because I bid and got a coal hod. I couldn't explain it to myself or them until I read Jean's article. It was the first useful object put up for bid in four hours.

Evelyn Bessette  
Springfield, Mass.

Jean Shepherd's article on the New American Religion in the March issue of the *Realist* is the most incisive bit of responsible journalism since Jonathan Swift's *A Visit to the Houyhnhnms*.

Milos Dobroslovic  
Wantagh, N.Y.

Somehow, I never thought I'd write and ask you to can a writer. However, Jean Shepherd is wasting space. No truths, no laughs. Those strange stereotypes he creates—the Liberal and the Gods & Goddesses—are too broad or too narrow to make sense.

Bob Moore  
Chicago, Ill.

### Father of the Year

Speaking of satirical prophecies, I've been trying to whip up interest in a Joseph Goebbels Society dedicated to "Better Dead than Red." If you remember, Joseph G., in a gesture of unparalleled heroism, shot his wife and his five small children, when the Red Barbarians stood at the gates of Western Civilization. Now, you print the fact that Pat Boone would prefer to have his four daughters killed before his eyes rather than see them living under Communism. However, until Pat declares himself ready to do the shooting himself, rather than just *watch* passively, he's not a true Joseph Goebbels.

Anonymous  
Berkeley, Calif.

### Peace and Conscience

Peace—which you say you're tired of walks for. And wonder what now. There are some 30 proclaimed "peace candidates" across the country running in (last) November's election. How can we determine if the peace marches and other such manifestations of the "peace movement" have contributed to the acceptability of "peace" in election campaigns, minute as the acceptance may be. And if picketing, marching, vigils and "going limp" have contributed, how much? . . .

I agree with you, the peace move-

ment is a bore, and that's why I'm sticking with it, the more boring the better. The object of this game is to influence the noodniks. The noodniks want to abolish us. So we've got to convince them that abolishing us means abolishing them, too. The more you get convinced, the more boring it becomes. I belong to the most boring group of all — Women's Strike for Peace. . . . But the intellectuals had better stay with this thing until Barry Goldwater is convinced that it's his ass the bomb is out to get because if the noodniks get control of the peace movement and water it down without the intellectuals keeping the lead and encouraging the noodniks to *follow*, we'll have "Peace Is War" here and now. The important thing is to do yourself what you think has to be done and to do it as consistently as possible and smile over your nausea when JFK finally finds out it's the thing to do.

Leah Fritz  
New York, N.Y.

Political activity may be as useless as peace marches. Maybe *everything* is useless and anything we do is simply to relieve personal tension. There's a tendency to push aside the whole miserable war vs. peace mess and work in areas where one has some "control." Saving a juvenile delinquent from going religious in an anti-life philosophy; sitting in; teaching a migrant worker to read; knitting sox for prisoners of the county jail. Perhaps all this is supposed to bend the culture away from war mania. But perhaps in the long run it's just something to satisfy ourselves that before the bomb dropped we had bettered the life of one human being in some small way or added in some small way to the civilizing of human beings, and it's too bad they destroyed themselves before they got civilized, but that's the way the bomb drops.

Pat Miller  
Aptos, Calif.

### Drafteesville

Apropos of pacifist girls dating soldiers (issue #48), I wonder if the person who started this inquiry realizes that some soldiers *are* pacifists. I can't speak for the other services but in the Army about 75% are serving, like me, against their will. . . .

Pvt. Herbert E. Childs, Jr.  
Fort Hood, Texas

P.S. I saw the panel discussion at Berkeley, with Burdick and Schorer and the rest, and there's one question I wanted to ask [about what you said]: Are there at this time any publications which, in your opinion, do present a clear and present danger and should be prohibited?

Editor's note: Yes. The *Congressional Record*.

### Clarification

Should you ever receive any inquiries concerning the statement of Belgian military service which appeared in the *Realist* #35:

According to the Royal decree of April 30, 1962, Article 16: Conscripts to military service may substitute technical aid to under-developed countries only under certain conditions: that they have committed themselves to work in the under-developed countries within six months of the date of the above decree; that they work for a minimum period of three years of the first four years that they have spent in the under-developed country. . . .

Belgian Govt. Info. Center

### New Insight

"What are your chances of surviving a nuclear war?" More important, "What are my chances?" Some say 80%; some say 15%; others simply moan a little bit. Obviously there's little agreement to the answer even among such experts as Kahn, Teller and David Susskind. But they all agree that a certain percentage of the people—be it a scant 12% or a jolly 97%—will survive. On that, at least, they agree. It was, in fact, their solidity on that single point which first aroused my suspicion. Why such unanimity of opinion unless. . . . Unless, indeed! The truth of the matter is that the numbers tossed about so carelessly do not refer to the percentage of people that will survive a nuclear war, but the percentage of each person (here a leg, there a nose) that will survive.

Trusting I have cleared up this matter once and for all, I remain

Burt Prelutsky  
Los Angeles

### The Trading-Stamp Habit

The nuns of St. Mary Magdalene Parish of Springfield Gardens, Long Island, are planning to raffle off an automobile which they will obtain through use of trading stamps. What makes this interesting is the nuns' method of collecting the stamps. The sisters are "asking" the children in their classes to donate the stamps. "Forcing" would be a better word. The amount of homework for the weekend is determined by the number of stamps collected during the week. If the stamp quota isn't met, the kids get extra homework as punishment. More stamps result in less homework. This is a hell of a way to operate a school.

R. Wolff  
Laurelton, N.Y.

### Interpretation

I was delighted and intrigued to read the *Realist*, the first liberal hate publication that has come my way. . . .

Matthew Grass  
Baltimore, Md.

### On Mort Sahl

I was rather disappointed in the interview with Mort Sahl (#43). He appears to be concerned that the Negroes may break the law, but doesn't seem to be worried about the rotten, slob cops in the South breaking the Negroes! . . . The illegality of the acts of the officials did not appear to concern Sahl.

George Gati  
La Crescenta, Calif.

A couple of Mort Sahl's pointed remarks skewered me right where I live, especially his bits on wishy-washy liberals and modern marriage and divorce.

James R. Cypher  
Lost Gatos, Calif.

I think Mort Sahl's disdain for hypocritical liberals is sharp, but reference to Senator Ellender has having *any*



understanding of Africa at all—really now. I think Mort occasionally gets sucked in by the propaganda and machinations of those Western Interests (Belgian, U.S., British) who did everything they could to keep the Congolese people from running their own affairs.

Perhaps Mort is too taken up with his own ego. I don't think he is or can be such a goddam influence in this country. The seriousness (or lack of) with which he approaches SNCC is really an example of this egoism. He doesn't get to the *essentials* of the issue, namely, *what is SNCC*, what are they doing, how does it square with his professed values. . . . Instead he gets into a tizzy about how a couple of white liberal Jewish "friends of the Negro" came on to him.

Daniel Freeman  
Seattle, Wash.

Interview with Mort Sahl is great as he is great, and I'd been listening to the phonies who'd accused him of signing up with the establishment. . . . You are a bright boy and I hope you'll one day join the lonely ranks of manhood with your entertaining attitudes. Manhood to me is what the *good guys* represent to Sahl. Mort Sahl should be President.

Mark Nichols  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

### On Albert Ellis

In view of Dr. Ellis' statement (in your *Impolite Interview*) that he has hardly *ever* felt unhappy in the last 25 years, one could suspect that he lacks a certain sensitivity and depth of feeling needed to appreciate relationships with fellow creatures.

Harvard University  
K. Proutkoff

[To which Dr. Ellis replies: "No doubt. And if I did say that I frequently felt unhappy, I would doubtless be accused of being *over* sensitive. You can't win.]

"Rape, or any other form of coercive sex relations, is obviously bad sex. . . ." Obvious to whom, Dr. Ellis? That rape is bad sex is certainly not a point he has made, and as an emancipated thinker he is in no position to dismiss it in such an offhand manner. Or is it simply that rape is bad sex because the manual on it isn't available as yet? Maybe with the publication early next year of *If Rape You Must* by Albert Ellis, Ph.D., rape will suddenly become good sex.

David Call  
San Francisco, Calif.

I found the exchange between Diane David and Dr. Ellis in *Realist* #42 to be quite interesting. It is evident to me that Diane David has a firmer grip on the present world than Dr. Ellis, who speaks of a "could-be" world oriented to a different set of values whereas Diane David is speaking of the present world trying on Dr. Ellis's system without any basic alterations. The resulting exchange became a real semantic deadlock.

Roy Trumbull  
San Francisco, Calif.

### The Split in Generations

Have you done an article yet on "How to Convince Middle-Class Conservative Parents That You're Really Not a 'Tramp' for Living With a Fellow (Unmarried)?" I know approximately ten young couples who are currently having this problem.

Name withheld  
San Francisco, Calif.

### Upset

Reading "Semantics of the Soul" (issue #20) I found a paragraph which said that people who purported to be "liberals and freethinkers" had asked that you force Robert Anton Wilson to moderate his writings on sex because these upset them. As a stunted, prejudiced fool I would like to say that this upsets me.

Alan Walman  
Bronx, N.Y.

### On Lenny Bruce

It really is too bad what they're doing to Lenny Bruce. Do responsible people realize how bad this makes America look?

Terence Wheeler  
London, England

I certainly think Lenny Bruce is a genius.

However, there's a peculiar suggestion in one of your recent issues about Thomas Lee Gore. He may very well have done the horrible things noted, and I was ready to believe it. But in the courses of looking up something else I noticed a big blue book called *Biographical Directory of the American Psychiatric Association—1958*. And there, on page 145, is the biography of Gore, Thomas Lee.

When I got home, I checked the letter of inquiry and trial testimony in the *Realist* (#48). I noticed that the testimony refers to something called—in brackets—the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology. Is it possible that the record of testimony was wrong; that he was asked if he was a member of the American Psychiatric Association? The APA does indeed have Fellows.

The clear intent of the material you printed was to discredit Dr. Gore, and beast though he may be, you owe him an apology. It just makes me wonder about the rest of Lenny's plaintive case. Or would we rather all go on believing in the horrible fuzzi?

Tad Golas  
New York, N. Y.

I enjoyed issue #41 very much, although I must say that the editor's admiration for Lenny Bruce must proceed from a similarity of opinions, and not from Bruce's presentation of his material, which left me yawning after the second paragraph.

Randolph Mark  
Oshawa, Canada

Your article on Lenny Bruce in issue #41 was extremely funny. I read it aloud to a friend and we grovelled on the floor in spasms of laughter.

John H. George  
Eunice, New Mexico

The name of the little magazine is *Region*. The money from the sales of the "Hands Off Lenny Bruce" buttons (at 10¢, if anything) went to pay for the cost of production of the buttons, mimeographing 1-page flyers about Bruce, and the mailing involved. There was no profit. The buttons were put out in defense of Bruce. What we want to know is whether the \$1 you charge for your poster goes to support fucking, or Communism? Exploitingly yours,

David Morton  
St. Paul, Minn.

### New Job Category

In one issue you mentioned a possible candidate for *What's My Line* who was a fender-slapper in a drive-in theater. We can top that. We know a man who is a fuck-converter.

In Seattle, Washington there is a large, expensive and very-very apartment building. The residents ride up to their Danish modern suites in self-service elevators. Only trouble is that somebody keeps writing FUCK on the enamelled walls of same. Detectives were actually hired, but how do you catch the passenger with the pointed instrument?

Naturally, there were a lot of complaints. On fences and alley walls yes, but not here. This is the highest priced place in town. Like Holden's complaint about flatulence in chapel, it seems against natural law or something.

So he management hired a fuck-converter. He rides up and down in the elevators and converts FUCK to PUCK (this is a quicky, of course) to BOOK if he has more time, even to FLOOR if the scratcher has left a little space between F and U.

Now, I ask you, is this a field? Could it be that there is a national need? (Men! Learn Fuck-Converting at Home!" In Your Spare Time! D.H. of Austin, Tex. converted 132 fucks first month. Worried about automation? No machine will ever replace the Master Fuck-Converter!)

What will it be? PUCK or BOOK? Time is short! Could I FLOOR it before that old gal gets on at 17?

Come on you Lit majors with the steady hand and the common nail!

Phil Thornburg  
Nanaimo, Canada

### Re: "Wonderings"

We give gifts to mailmen and not to the Sanitation Department men because the mailman giveth, while the garbage man taketh away. It's a simple case of reciprocity.

P. F. Ronnhelm  
Southington, Conn.

You wonder how the Catholic Church rationalizes the inconsistency of sex for fun or sex for service. Well, they don't. No, sir, it is sinful unless it is done to nourish and exercise the unborn little angel. I intend to start a movement with the church to allow every husband whose wife has reached the menopause to take a girl who has reached the childbearing age as a substitute for his old infertile wife so that his passionate outle will have meaning and purpose to it.

Horace Abbey  
Jackson, Mich.

### Anonymous Telegram

IF YOU KNOW RIGHT FROM WRONG STOP THE STOCK MARKET. YOU ARE A SAVIOR OF GOD.

### On Madalyn Murray

Madalyn Murray's account of her experience is a terribly damning indictment of the influence of religion in our society. . . .

Paul Easton  
Bronx, N. Y.

I have been amazed and appalled by the chronicle of "Mad Madalyn" and her trials. . . .

George Woodward  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

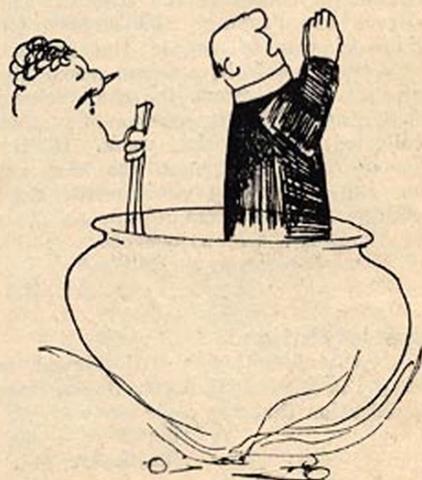
We were so struck with Madalyn Murray that we can't quite get her off our minds. As so often happens, a situation that we bend towards in sympathy and admiration also provokes odd instances of humor. For instance, this Rumor of the Month: Bill Murray has entered the priesthood.

Michael Blackburn  
Oak Park, Ill.

I am getting very tired of self-proclaimed martyrs like Madalyn Murray, who charge head-on into some very stubborn people and scream murder when those people fight back. What the hell kind of treatment did she expect? Of course her persecutors are bastards who won't stop at tormenting children, but that does not excuse the mother who got her children into this mess.

If she does want to get morally involved she should try integration. Anti-religion is dead as an important moral position. I cannot believe that the Lord's Prayer is hurting anyone, but Mrs. Murray's position certainly is. Let her be an atheist if she wants to be one, but I don't want her crying on my shoulder. Her anti-Catholic remarks show her to be as much of a stupid dogmatist as the Archbishop is (although, since I have never read anything of the Archbishops, the possibility remains that he is an intelligent dogmatist).

Herbert S. Levine  
Flushing, N. Y.



The Realist

<http://www.ep.tc/realist>  
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Madalyn Murray spoke at the University of Maryland. About 300 persons came, which was surprising since the event had been poorly advertised and because of a terrific rainstorm. Anyway, as things turned out, most of the crowd was there to defend Christianity from her attacks—or more accurately, defend their own ideas of Christianity, because some of the questions she received were pretty emotional. . . .

It was disconcerting for several "Christians" that the "Baltimore atheist" knew the Bible better than they did, not to mention an extensive legal knowledge of the religious cases before the courts and in the books.

Not all unthinking, 'thank God,' for there were several people there, even Christians, who were ready to defend Mrs. Murray's position.

Richard Banning  
College Park, Md.

### Equal Time

Your current Virgin (?) Mary gag (#47) is pretty funny, and I'm showing it to all the Catholic friends that I'm tired of. And I loved the one about "My son, the Savior." By contrast, the J. C. effort is pretty dull. Fair's fair, and if you're going to outrage one religious group, you should outrage them all. You can always protest: "But some of my best friends believe in God!" Here, for free, are ideas for a couple of cartoons that should offend pious Jews:

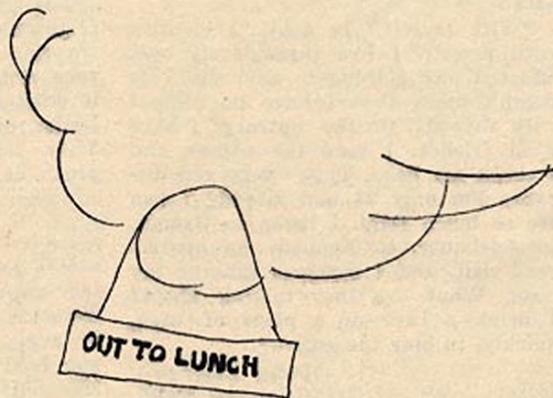
High priest standing at the entrance to the holy of holies. Around the Ark of the Covenant, visible behind him, there is a coruscation of electric sparks. He calls:

"Hey—the Shekinah's shorting!"

\* \* \*

Moses, just descended from Sinai, stands holding one of the tablets of the law, while two Israelites examine the other. One of the two says:

"He may be God, but he can't spell."



Conditional on your publishing one of the above, or something else scoffing at Judaism (though maybe you have in the past—I'm a new reader), I offer the following anti-Christian ideas:

**Easter:** Woman, holding a wreath, speaks to angel who is seated in front of opened tomb:

"Risen? But I just bought this wreath!"

**Ascension:** Christ, standing on mountaintop, is looking upward and has his hands raised toward the sky. Ten apostles are clustered a little way below him; one, standing nearer than the others, is counting down:

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six . . ."

If you have any significant Islamic readership, let me know and I'll see what I can do for them.

Norman Houghton  
Toronto, Canada

### Were There Any Witnesses?

About six months ago I received some visits from some Jehovah's Witnesses. Naturally I greeted them with enthusiasm as there are very few people in this small town who have the "missionary spirit," and are willing to argue about religion.

They were in turn enthusiastic, thumbing through their Bibles, refuting my refutations.

Anyway, they offered me a subscription to their magazine, and I countered with the proposal that I would subscribe to their magazine if they would subscribe to the *Realist*. I gave them all my back issues to look through and return.

I never saw them or my magazines again.

W. Ronald Ziniel  
Newcastle, Wyo.

### New Reader

As the average teenage nonconformist ("nonjoiner" as *Esquire* put it) I am interested in being In. And, such that I am, I find that the best way to do this is to be acceptably Out, obviously. This is one reason for this letter. The other being that when in the East this last summer, staying in New York with my brother (a staff reporter on the *Wall Street Journal*), I noticed in the *Realist* someone with whom I could associate. Items like proper birth control and legal induced abortion (for which I fought desperately to get a resolution passed through a state-wide non-partisan political organization of high school students called Junior Statesmen of America, unsuccessfully) and the right of the individual to know what's going on and to say what's on his mind have plagued me for some time.

J. William Lewis  
Napa, Calif.

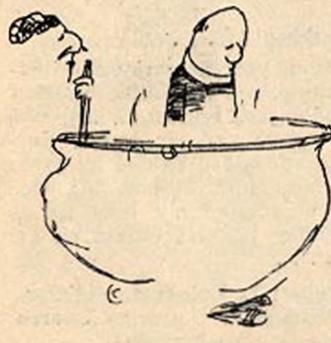
### High School Stay-Ins

High school students in Croton-on-Hudson, New York, began to wear peace buttons to school. Other students immediately started to rip the buttons off their clothing. Those who had buttons removed protested these molestations to the school officials.

A few days later, all students were called to a special assembly. Here, the principle criticized as "un-American" the tearing off of the peace buttons. He then punished "both sides" by banning the wearing of buttons!?!

The majority of the students in the school condemned the violent removal of the peace buttons, of course. In fact, so strongly did they register this condemnation that they elected one of those who had been the most active in tearing off the buttons Vice President of the Student Council! (He would possibly have been elected president but he was not yet eligible to run for this office.)

Names Withheld



## Neil Postman's Report

Again I read some of the *Realist* over KRAB, the one with the thing (#42) on the Quatrocentennial of the Auchswitz Celebration, or whatever. I got more response to this than I have to anything else out of the *Realist* or any other magazine, including the *National Review* thing favoring gas and bacteriological warfare against the Commie Scum. So, all in all, the Auchswitz thing was a gas in itself. Few people knew it was a hoax, and the calls were in the nature of: "Those goddam Krauts are getting too Americanized."

The most interesting call was from a gentleman from Latvia, graduate of the dormitory system of housing instituted by Hedrich and other belongs to the Totenskopf SS. The thing he was pissed about, besides the fact that I was not letting "sleeping dogs lie," was the fact that the geography was fucked up. Really, Krassner, you should have the writers of your hoaxes (I wouldn't be surprised if this article was true—it is true to life, you know) get the geography right.

Stephen H. Overstreet  
Anacortes, Wash.

P.S. According to a friend of mine in the civil rights movement, this telephone conversation took place recently in Seattle:

"Hello, Police Department?"

"This is the Police Operator."

"I have a complaint to make. There is a coon in my back yard."

"A coon? Do you mean a nigger?"

"No, I'm a nigger, but there is a coon in my back yard going through my garbage can. Should I call you or the Humane Society?"

## Kosher to Hate Germans?

Bob Abel's kosher-to-hate-or-not-to-hate-Germans piece (#42) is one that, while very well done, is also one that I personally couldn't disagree with more. What he's doing in that piece—the soul-searching, the depth-diving for little sponges of conscience—is exactly what 80 million Germans should be doing. The game, in other words, is being played in the wrong ball park.

Sidney Bernard  
New York, N.Y.

A point that is never made—Bob Abel (issue #42) didn't make it either—at what age does guilt start? Say you had to be 20 in 1939 to be guilty, fair enough? All right, that means all the 19-year-olds and below don't qualify. Do you realize what that means? That means that every man of 42 and younger in Germany today is absolutely without guilt. That's half the population, baby.

Recently, on a street in Berlin, I

asked a young man, have you ever been told what Hitler did in school?

"What did Hitler do in school?" he asked.

No, I said, I mean did anyone in school ever tell you what Hitler did?

"No," he said, "but I found out anyway. I looked around. And I read. I've read practically everything there is to read about the war and the '30's."

I asked: and aren't you ashamed?

"No," he replied, "I'm not. I'm not, because I had nothing to do with it. I don't identify with those who crucified Jesus. I don't identify with those who persecuted Christians. I don't identify with those who burnt witches. I don't identify with those who killed Boers. I don't identify with those who gassed Jews. I don't identify with those who atomized Japanese. And I don't identify with those who now batter Negroes."

But with whom do you identify? I asked.

"With myself," he said. "I identify with myself. I live through my own effort. I owe nothing to anybody. This doesn't mean that I have no contact with anybody. On the contrary: I have good friends. I read the papers and I shake my head. That's very sad, because I'm only 21 and already I can see so much folly. I listen to Brandt, to Adenauer, to Kennedy on his recent visit, and I continue shaking my head. What are they talking about! I drink a beer or a glass of wine, quickly, to blur the edges."

Peter Edler  
Sausalito, Calif.

## Challenge to Consistency

George Lincoln Rockwell is stretching matters a good bit (issue #39) when he asks the same protection from the government as James Meredith. There is a major difference. Meredith is not planning or advocating any pogroms. Important difference.

John S. Carroll  
Miami Beach, Fla.

You hedged on the Rockwell piece (he didn't write that himself, did he?) by printing the two pro-Semitic bits.

Jerry Weinberg  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I would like to nominate as political commentator of the month George Todt of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. He observes that "most knowledgeable observers" agree that the American Nazi Party is really an organization which the Communists set up to slur all those legitimate patriotic groups like the Birch Society.

John Heeren  
San Bernardino, Calif.

George Lincoln Rockwell is really Patrick Henry in Nazi drag.

Sidney Bernard  
New York, N. Y.

I went to [local drugstore] just to see the *Realist* on sale. It wasn't there. I asked the clerk. She whipped out a copy (issue #39) from under the counter. "We don't keep it on the rack," quoth she. "Because of the dirty cartoon on the cover?" quoth I. Nay, forsooth, said she, "Because of the article by George Lincoln Rockwell. We have had requests not to carry it." Nothing like liberals to deny you freedom of speech.

Susan Rosenberg  
Chicago, Ill.

Some of my best friends are lampshades.

Gary Rudduck  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The interview with Rockwell was frightening. I've discussed some of his theories with some of my "good ole race riot friends." They were all for it until I mentioned that he was the leader of the American Nazi Party. They shit. Accused me of being a pinko. It was quite a scene.

Howard Shoemaker  
Omaha, Nebraska

P.S. Local art directors club is having an auction to raise money; all members were to enter a painting to be auctioned. Not being a painter, I got hold of some finger paint, and smeared purple on my ass and dark blue on the wife's. A couple of well placed impressions and we had our entry. So far it has had the highest bid.

I thought maybe at the auction I'd drop my pants and offer the original.

Re George Lincoln Rockwell: I see the steamroller of "fair play" has got to him, i.e., in his article for you he might as well be a Unitarian minister. Are even the fanatics in America to be paled into the murk of New Republic-ism?

T. D. C. Kuch  
San Francisco

## And Speaking of . . .

I have found your magazine fascinating, intriguing, and refreshing reading. . . . I find myself absorbed, angered, irritated, entertained, informed, puzzled, disturbed, and delighted by turns with each issue, and, without fail, each issue has stimulated my thinking as well as having positive effects on my preaching. . . .

Robert L. Fulghum, minister  
Bellingham Unitarian Church  
Seattle, Washington

The Realist

<http://www.ep.tc/realist>  
THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

### Putnam's Modest Proposals

In issue #35 I especially enjoyed the *Realist Coloring Books*. May I suggest the following additions: "The Six-Year-Old Negro School-Children Being Spat Upon by the Flower of White Womanhood Coloring Book" and "Newburgh, N.Y. Welfare Recipients Being Sterilized By City Ordinance Coloring Book."

Rima Kittner  
Brandeis University

Your issue with *The U.S. Sailors Rendered Impotent By a 6 Months Cruise on a Nuclear Sub Coloring Book* on the cover was a sensation at this station. . . .

A. Martin  
APO 30, N. Y.

Although, like most other American citizens, I am deeply concerned about the sexual capabilities of our armed forces, I feel there must be other topics more worthy of your freethought, criticism, etc., than the dubious impotency of the Nautilus sailors. At present you are wasting your readers' (i.e., my) time. Therefore, please stop my subscription.

Jim Ralston  
Harvard College

A modest suggestion for your Dept. of Innocent Merriment: The insertion in the Personals Columns of large newspapers—notice worded somewhat as follows: "Will former Armed Forces Nuclear Units members now suffering loss of powers communicate Medical Research Unit, care of this paper."

William A. Laux  
El Portal, Calif.

For additional Modest Proposals (discarded slogans, issue #47), how about: *The Fagasaki Japanese-American Club*: "On your way home from work, stop at our bar and have a little nip."

*The NAACP*: "Simply because one of our Mississippi organizers has been lynched is no reason to assume that the jig is up in the civil rights struggle."

*The American Medical Association*: "Following the business meeting, you are invited to socialize during the coffee hour."

*The United Arab Republic*: "In order to insure that this year's citrus crop is consumed, it is the duty of every Arab to cultivate a liking for juice."

*Catholic University*: "The next big social event on campus will be a real swinging performance by Peter, Paul and Mary."

Anonymous

Tell John Francis Putnam for me that he can surely find less trite subjects for his wit than Russian propaganda jokes like Eisenstein's version of *Oliver Twist* (issue #40). Hell, man, you can read satire like that in *Mad*.

James H. Shawan  
Ithaca, N. Y.

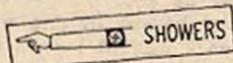
I was interested in your description of *Oliver Twist*. My mother remembers seeing the Eisenstein version sometime during the first World War or after and she thought it was a very good movie.

Jane L. Field  
New York, N. Y.

### Another Cause

Now that the University of Mississippi has been so successfully and happily opened to Negro students through the fearless and unselfish action of the Kennedy Kids Klan, I think the time is ripe for liberals to take a new tack, and I have a suggestion for something completely new which I think will interest you, as an old left-handed shortstop.

As no American news medium ever seems to have noticed, there has never been a player of Oriental ancestry in major league baseball; indeed, this must be nearly the case in the whole history of professional baseball in



America. Offhand, I seem to recall that Herman Wiedemeyer, the All-American halfback from St. Mary's, pitched for Wenatchee in the Willy League back around 1947, but he was more German and Hawaiian than Chinese, Japanese, and Filipino descent, and on a statistical basis there should be several dozen Orientals in the major leagues right now, since about one American male in five thousand has a mathematical chance to play major league baseball; nevertheless, I repeat, there are none. Anyone who has had much contact with Orientals knows that, as a group, they are not deficient in athletic ability or interest; this is not the reason. The reason is simply that they are effectively discouraged from participating in "American" professional baseball, as in the past they have been discouraged from entering other professions.

I believe the time has come to break this barrier, and the action which I suggest to you, sir, is this: Since the expansion of both the American and National Leagues to ten teams has lowered the level of play to the point where there are only about three real major league teams among the twenty, let *The Realist* and its readers strive to arouse the public to insist that the club owners hire the best baseball

players available in Japan and bring them to the United States as the first Oriental major leaguers, thus reviving the standards of American baseball and paving the way for the entry of American Orientals into the major leagues. It seems to me that the importation of Made in Japan baseball players is a wise first move in eradicating this injustice, since foreigners of other races are often accepted in situations where American citizens of such races are not; tact and patience are the watchwords of my organization.

It is my hope that the *Realist* will add to its honors by enlisting in this cause which comes from a situation ignored, hushed up, and shoved under the rug by every other news medium in the country.

Thomas Hawkins  
President, NAAJ-CP

You might like to know about the organization I head. It's the Committee for Violent Action (CVA) and exists for the sole purpose of extracting protection money from fraternities and sending it to SNCC. Unfortunately all three members are non-violent or chicken, so nothing has, as yet, been done.

David J. Donaldson  
Stanford, Calif.

I advocate the founding of an organization, We Rightists Only Need Goldwater—to be known as WRONG.

Robert J. Burns  
Chicago, Ill.

### Down Under

In issue #34, you state that the *Australian Journal of Biological Sciences* "told of the heavy radioactive contamination of sheep and cattle in that area." People in this country, including the CND, are under the impression that it is one of the few places in the world that is relatively free of radioactive contamination.

Terry Keenan  
Auckland, New Zealand

### Object Lesson

Enclosed herewith is a Xerox print of what I consider a most illuminating piece of contemporary Americana. I hope that you, by publishing it, will confer upon it whatever degree inclusion in the pages of the *Realist* may entail.

Said document is not, unfortunately, reproduced in its actual colors. The postage meter imprint (FEEL FREE) is in red in the original, and the post-office cancellation (ALIENS MUST REPORT THEIR ADDRESSES DURING JANUARY) is in black.

If you run this item, I must ask that my name not be used.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Disagreement

One of John Wilcock's recent "Names To Drop" was that of Roland Kirk. Fortunately for Kirk, the jazz experts have already started talking about him, and won't have to wait for Wilcock. But that's beside the point. Wilcock said that Kirk was "almost inarticulate." A few months ago, I had an assignment to interview him, and while he is not by any means as epigrammatic as Dizzy Gillespie, he was friendly, helpful, and so informative and astute about his own work that he made my job very easy. Since jazz musicians tend to be stereotyped as inarticulate, the *Realist* is the last place I would have looked for the remark. But maybe Kirk and Wilcock didn't understand one another.

Joe Goldberg  
New York, N.Y.

## Max Got His Gun

My wife and I want to thank you for introducing us to *Johnny Got His Gun*, truly one of the most moving books we have read. "Introduction" is not the right word; I sort of knew about the book, but somehow never got around to reading it. I never realized how great it was.

Funny thing happened to my wife. Not funny, really. She stopped in a place on Madison Ave., upper 70's and attempted to pay her check with a fifty-cent piece. The cashier wouldn't accept it, saying it was mutilated. At first, she thought he meant it was counterfeit, but then discovered that his refusal to accept it was because "the people around here wouldn't like to receive money in that shape."

I once started to make a collection of all the shitty things around us, like that gold-plated coffee pot that sold for something like a thousand dollars, but then gave it up, it was so depressing. Like the label on Carnation liquid malt which advises proprietors of luncheonettes, etc., to keep the milk at near freezing temp. This makes the milk thicker and 60% less milk can be used.

Max Prola  
Jackson Hgts., N. Y.

## The Mother Country

The satirical scene is pathetically weak. One issue of the *Realist* is worth all the English efforts put together. Of course the police-censors here might be upset by some of your contents...

Richard Gilbert  
London, England

Yours is the only magazine I've ever read that makes me proud to be an American.

Lee Thorn  
Boulder, Colo.

## Letter to Patrick Kennedy

There was nothing in your Letter (issue #43) that is exceptional, to include the taste, and it was nice to see that you recognized both the freedom individuals have (to do horrible things like brazenly photograph a bereaved man [the late President Kennedy] or crowd about outside his church—although one wonders why you didn't connect such taste with your own as exhibited in the publication of your letter) and the sinfulness of such.

It is unfortunate you are not theologically able to connect these—freedom and sin—to the God you don't believe in, since if you had you would realize that the rather trite phrase "God is the author of freedom" is, however trite, true: for if there is no Creator-created separation then there is no choice possible; there is total cause and effect. Determinism, in short.

The thing that interested me was the similarity of your reasons for your unbelief to the reasons I had. I gave up Santa Claus at age 4 since I figured he couldn't get around to that many houses in one night, and then when I was 13 I gave up God for the same reason.

James H. Bowden  
Dept. of English  
Montana State Univ.

In writing your letter to Patrick Kennedy, you, too, are exploiting this same baby's death.

Rona Kicklighter  
Kerhonkson, N.Y.

## Bad Taste Dept.

Yes, Virginia, there is bad taste, even in great big metropolitan dailies like the headline in the *Toronto Daily Star*.

Murray Reiss  
Ontario, Canada

## HE TWISTED OUT OF THIS WORLD

Madrid (UPI)—Doctors said today housepainter Jose Luis Praga Alonso, 22, died of excessive exertion while dancing the twist.

It's heartening to find out that the U.S. press is not quite extinct. I wish you would do away with the crudeness, though. Articles like Terry Southern's interview with a faggot male nurse and similar interviews coming up—God 'elp us!—give far more fodder to the conservatives than any attack on liberalism. By publishing such pointless and tasteless articles you are practically encouraging people to associate free-thought with dirty minds. Damn it, man! Whether you like it or not, you've got a mission. Don't betray it.

Nell Salm  
San Diego, Calif.

## Assassination Aftermath

I must take this opportunity to tell you that it is obvious that neither you, nor your writers, dig Texas. Few people outside of the state understand the great chance Jack Ruby took when he shot Lee Oswald. The first thought we residents had, when we saw the killing on television, was: "My God! He's liable to lose his beer license."

Bing Soph  
Houston, Texas

The *Realist* was delivered by a garrulous, puritanical, disapproving mailman who managed to get two kidney punches in as a subtle protest when he handed it to me. . . .

Tell Paul Krassner to stay out of drafts, walk close to buildings and guard his person—maybe he can utilize the overflow of guards that The Comboy (LBJ . . . his wife looks like Harpo Marx with black hair, has a crooked smile and has been flaunting her affair with Harry Truman in his face for years) flares his nostrils so disdainfully at — "Confessions of a Guilty Bystander" is brilliant. . . .

But Lee Harvey Oswald is definitely not in Argentina. He's been cringing down our basement for over a month. I don't want to rat on him but then, on the other hand, he's a drag at parties, and what a temper when he's ignored.

Liz Wall  
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Everyone I know, hip and non-hip, goodguy, badguy, feeguy, fayguy, got really shook up [by the assassination of President Kennedy]. A good atheist friend went to St. Patrick's on Saturday. A couple of the most cynical and nicest people I know started to write a song called "Keep Your Bubbletop Up, Up, Keep Your Bubbletop Up," and couldn't finish it. That week was probably the greatest national exercise in spiritual masturbation. . . .

Herbert B. Turkington  
New York, N.Y.

In addition to Oswald's widow, and that of the mysteriously slain policeman, how about a collection for that other victim of the assassination, Vaughn Meader.

Norman Septimus  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Booked and scheduled for two TV shows—*Hootenanny* and the daytime *To Tell the Truth*—Vaughn Meader was cancelled out of both in the week following the assassination, even though he planned other material for *Hootenanny* and would appear only as Vaughn Meader on *To Tell the Truth*.

Name Withheld

The Realist

I think I understand you better now, Paul. I now know what you mean when you talk about the ones whose politics may be all right but whose guts are all wrong. Since the President died:

A Socialist social worker has offered to analyze my grief objectively; a progressive union man has told me that the only thing he objects to is that the wrong man did it; a Communist Party intellectual has gone through a list of associates, asking "What's wrong? has something happened to disturb you?" Two Harlem civil rights fighters, in a room where the President's name was mentioned in speeches by several other civil rights fighters, looked mock-serious each time and moaned, "Mmmm, fuck you, Johnny."; a hospital psychology chief who, during the time between the shooting and the pronouncement of death, shut the door to a staff conference room so that the discussion of variables wouldn't be interrupted by the sound of the radio.

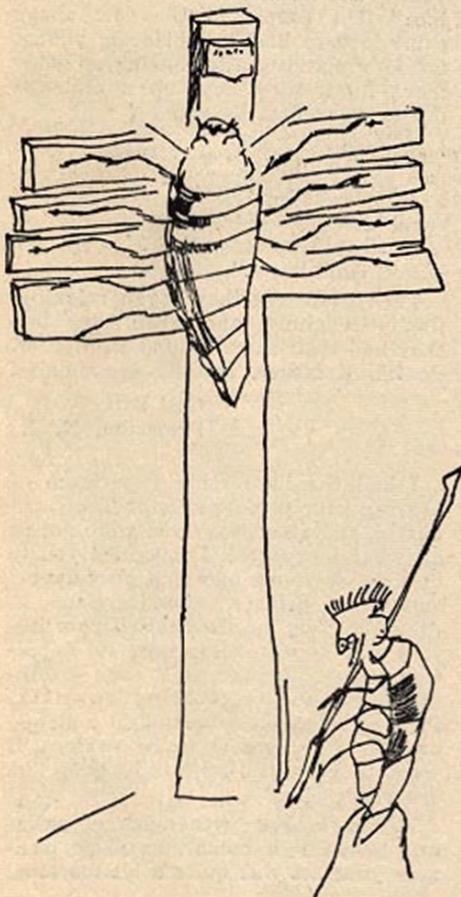
Good folk, all. . . .

Jules Older  
New York, N.Y.

### Nothing Left

Things are so tough for me, I have lost faith in lost faith. . . .

Jerry Fisher  
Los Angeles



### Report From Cape Kennedy

I read with great interest Neil Postman's article about The Conference on Democratic Missile Nomenclature in issue #48 of the *Realist*. The suggestions of the Catholic army officers were particularly intriguing for me, since I was aware of this problem (non-Christian names of our rockets) almost a year ago.

In a letter to the editor of the *Des Moines Register*, I called attention to this glaring inconsistency. I pointed out that it was a national disgrace that we of a Christian nation name the rockets (our salvation) after heathen non-Christian gods who were probably pro-communist, and suggested that we give them names as "The Sweet Infant Jesus," "The Virgin," "The Kingdom Kum," "The Holy Ghost," and perhaps for the ultimate weapon, "God II."

When I wrote this, I fully expected at least a few people to take it seriously, and waited eagerly for replies from Birchers, religious nuts, etc., complimenting me for my keen analytic thinking. Alas, everyone who responded took it as mere satire. I am certainly happy to see that this topic is now receiving serious consideration. We've come a long way in only a year.

Jay North  
San Francisco, Calif.

### Permission Granted

The Yale Charities Drive is responsible for the collection of about \$30,000 each year, to be divided among various charitable organizations. Each year their appeal is based on pictures of starving orphans and grotesque diseases, an appeal which strongly reminds me of your cartoon in June's issue, "Do you thank God you can see?"

This year they want me to handle their publicity. I'd like to reprint that cartoon with the caption: "Well, it's one way" and use it instead of the usual predictable crap. . . .

Anders R. Sterner  
New Haven, Conn.

I am currently waging a campaign against compulsory ROTC here at the University of Oklahoma. As part of my efforts I would like to mimeograph several hundred copies of the cartoon which appeared on page 11 of the May 1962 *Realist*, and distribute them to the ROTC cadets after drill.

Brenn Stille  
Norman, Okla.

May I please have permission to reprint from the *Realist* August 1963 Peter Edler's "Foreign Exchange Students as a Cause of War."

J. I. V. Sanders  
Auckland, New Zealand

### Guindon's Cartoon

The cartoon on the front of the *Realist* (#39) seems to me to be the greatest political cartoon of the year if not the last ten years. Hundreds of thousands of words will be written about the situation, and have been, but it all boils down to that superb cartoon, a little oversimplified perhaps, but right to the point.

Andre Bernard  
New York, N. Y.

. . . a stroke of genius.

Herman Stern  
New York, N. Y.

Guindon's cover cartoon is far above the quality of the average Pulitzer Prize-winning editorial cartoon.

Leslie Stark  
New York, N. Y.

I object violently to the distortion of truth and the execrable taste of the cartoons on the front cover and elsewhere in your #39 issue. Cancel the subscription and remove the name Richard Lempert (a minor supported by the undersigned parent) from your mailing list at once.

P. L. Lempert  
N. Arlington, N. J.

### And Other Parents

Stop the subscription of your magazine to my son Chip Scammon immediately. I do not want this filth in my home.

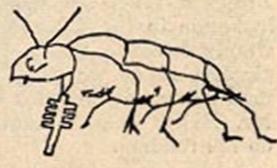
Charles F. Scammon  
Auburndale, Mass.

Please cancel the subscription for the *Realist* made by my son, Jeff Kaliss.

. . . I do not consider this magazine to be proper reading for him. He is 17 years old, and is a high school student.  
Mrs. Rebecca B. Kaliss  
Bar Harbor, Maine

My son Roger, age 15, subscribed to the *Realist*. This is not the type of magazine I want in my home for him and his sub-teenage brother and sister. I destroyed the copies that were found in the home. Please cancel this subscription.

Chester J. Misiewicz  
Worcester, Mass.



## And Then Again

Your publication is one of the sanest I have found in this feeble-minded world, and I would be proud to have it in my home.

Claire Peterson  
Seattle, Wash.

I'm willing to bet I'm the first guy ever to borrow the money for a subscription to the *Realist* from his mother.

John Morgan  
Cincinnati, Ohio

## Corrective Items

*Item:* The Dick Guindon cartoon (issue #40) was good, but the song was written by Daniel Emmett, not Stephen Foster. Probably few would have gotten the joke that way, though.

*Item:* Joseph Heller made a poor choice when he made his preacher for sake of innocuousness an anabaptist: they were quite noisy in their way, insisting as they did on the non-efficacy of infant baptism (their present-day equivalents are, roughly, the Baptists); their insistence angered the more orthodox among Protestants and Catholics alike since it seemed (1) man was "limiting" the power of God and (2) that man could save himself—that the gift was given whenever but only when asked for. It will warm you to know that when Zwingli captured a large group of them he put them to death by drowning.

James Bowden  
Dept. of English  
Montana State Univ.

## On Joseph Heller

Why not have your readers send in items for a *Catch-22* column? Example: On the instructions for making out the income tax return it definitely states that "bribes or illegal payments" are not deductible.

Robert Kemler  
Newton, Mass.

Your interview with the author of *Catch-22* pinpointed, for me, the basic flaw in what might have been a first-rate novel: Joseph Heller is a moral midget. It is no surprise to hear that he is not "particularly disturbed" about the GI's who receive the garbled letters that Yossarian uses to prove his wit. The trouble is, he isn't really disturbed by the men who die so grimly in the airplanes, or by the girl who is thrown out of the window.

As a result, *Catch-22* is a Marx Brothers movie in which Harpo gets leukemia in the 4th reel. Do we laugh simply because it's a Marx Brothers picture, or do we weep because a human being will die of a dread disease? Mr. Heller doesn't know—and neither do his readers.

The ultimate irony of *Catch-22* is that the author is himself as callous about his people as the Establishment he is trying to satirize.

Robert Lasson  
Philadelphia, Pa.

*Editor's note:* Through my personal knowledge of Joseph Heller's unpublicized activities, I must insist that reader Lasson is mistaken.

In re: your interview with Joseph Heller (#39) and the point about abortion, I am enclosing this item from today's *Sun-Times*, which is *Catch-22* if I ever saw one.

Herbert C. Kalk  
Chicago, Ill.

A West Suburban practical nurse was arrested on a charge of attempted abortion Tuesday by a county policewoman who posed as a prospective customer. Policewoman Camille Wilson took Mrs. Catherine Kozik, 63, into custody at pistol point in Mrs. Kozik's home . . . at River Forest. . . .

An elaborate trap was laid for Mrs. Kozik after an informant gave Policewoman Wilson Mrs. Kozik's name and the password for an appointment: "Charlotte's friend recommended me."

The policewoman phoned Monday. After using the password, she added: "I'm in trouble. I have to see you as soon as possible."

She said Mrs. Kozik replied: "Call me back around noon Tuesday. If the coast is clear, I'll tell you to come in."

When she returned the call, Policewoman Wilson said, Mrs. Kozik told her to go to the River Forest home with at least \$400.

The policewoman hid a portable transmitting radio in her purse, obtained \$600 in marked money and went to River Forest accompanied by Lt. James Donnelly and four other policemen.

Policewoman Wilson took \$200 to Mrs. Kozik's home. Lt. Donnelly kept \$400 and waited in a nearby restaurant with the other policemen. . . . Mrs. Kozik agreed to perform an illegal operation for the \$200, and led her to a second floor room equipped with surgical instruments and medical supplies. Policewoman Wilson said she took off her clothes and got on an operating table, but the policemen failed to arrive.

Then he policewoman realized that the radio in her purse was not transmitting her conversation. She grabbed her purse, produced a revolver and marched Mrs. Kozik downstairs to a telephone.

She phoned Lt. Donnelly at the restaurant. He and his companions went to Mrs. Kozik's house and seized her for questioning.

## Temporary Need?

Congratulations for your balls in publishing the interview with the abortionist in issue #35 of the *Realist*. Although I tend to think that the need for the existence of abortionists would disappear with an enlightened view of sex, in this age of non- and mis-information about the process of birth and conception there remains at least the temporary need for the practitioner in abortion. . . .

Peter Viitanen  
Forest Hills, N. Y.

The *Realist* is our sign of sanity in the sterile and hygienic atmosphere here at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. As a psychiatrist I will continue to favor any trend toward a healthier attitude towards therapeutic abortions.

Lt. Arnaldo Solis, MD  
USNR, FPO, N.Y., NY

## On A Self-Styled Phony

A note of great appreciation for your Evening With a Self-Styled Phony at Town Hall. It was like being with family. Did you notice the way everyone in the audience was looking at everyone else—it was evident that everyone had the same mental question—what do OTHER *Realist* readers look like?

People seemed to come for various reasons. The man in the row behind wanted to "see what these atheists look like." The couple in the row ahead came in very hostile. Obviously young, not long married, after having an enormous fight, they kept up a dialogue during your first hour:

"Should we go?"

"I don't know."

"He's getting nasty."

"I told you it's obscene."

"Should we leave now?"

"I don't know."

Then gradually they began relaxing, finally laughing, and when they left they had their arms around each other. So it's Krassner, Instant Aphrodisiac.

Gail Hitt  
Princeton, N. J.

I had the interesting experience of hearing your performance at The Committee, and I must say you were not at all what I expected. I imagined you to be a not-so-young man in a gray flannel suit whose private animadversions, as exemplified by the *Realist* and your lecture (?) appearances, were an expiation of a sublimated guilt complex. Instead, I found the sublimation in the form of a beardless beatnik in a sloppy sweater who seemed to be saying, "I want to be a non-conformist just like everybody else."

Although there was much of satire and belly-laugh humor, as show business your act was quite a bit too long.

The Realist

<http://www.ep.tc/realist>  
THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

Several who were there remarked that your material needed much tightening. And though you may have intended the whole thing as a private chat with *Realist* readers (of which I am glad to be one), let's face it—when you mount that or any other stage, you're in show business, son!

Philip J. Bernheim  
San Francisco, Calif.

I enjoyed the evening thoroughly—not only the humor, which was on the whole pretty damn funny, but also the feel of the audience and its essential cohesion as a group of nice people, people you like to be with. Just two criticisms:

If you could slow down your delivery a little bit, and get over your careless (slovenly wouldn't be too strong a word) enunciation, it would bring your humor over crystal clear, instead of surrounded by something of a haze. The slovenliness is partly from the hurry, but not entirely by any means. The hurry itself, I imagine, is largely psychological in origin.

The other lies in your using jokes about homosexuals. Not on a basis of taste, you understand; that's not what I mean. It's simply that making jokes about a neurosis is both unkind and useless. I sensed that you're getting somewhat less insensitive than you used to be about people's feelings, but not enough yet to make you avoid the homosexual jokes. And it's not only useless, but actually antiuseful—for this reason: a homosexual, like anyone else, is practically sure to close in on himself if he's poked about. Thus you discourage any homosexuals who may be getting up the courage to try to get themselves cured through psychiatry; you make them pull back and be very defensive about homosexuality. It is a neurosis, and as such *does* do harm, even when not to people outside of it; there's no more reason to encourage its increase than to attack homosexuals.

Put it another way: would you make jokes about someone's intense fear of fire? About someone's intense need to whip himself? It's true, lots of the things one makes jokes about—lots of the social nonsenses—are essentially neuroses. But you have to use discrimination. I think the fact that you ran the radio discussion on homosexuality in the magazine shows you intend to be fair to the victims of this neurosis; but then you reverse yourself with the jokes.

Lawrence Barth  
New York, N. Y.

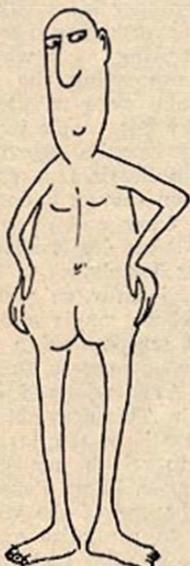
Norman Mailer is off, as homosexuals don't care about procreation when they reach 40, they are concerned about being alone. Bye bye.

"Tom"  
San Francisco, Calif.

You have hit on it. The test the State Dept. has been looking for all these years to eliminate homosexuals in government. That bit (in "The Realist Philosophy") about the auto salesman who wouldn't shake hands because of "a reaction formation to his conscious awareness of latent homosexuality."

This procedure will rank alongside loyalty oaths as the twin citadels which keep our country pure. Before a government employee gets the stamp of approval he signs the loyalty oaths and then lines up for the handshake test. If he shakes with the male examiner (latents get busted here) and the female examiner (screening of actuals) he's in . . .

Cal Sutliff  
Bronx, N.Y.



I'm not in the least stirred by the plight, or whatever it is, of the homosexuals (as printed in your issues 36-38). Was it all broadcast in the hope they would gain a seat in Congress, or a territory of their very own, or a show of greater respect from the rest of humankind? Who cares? Jack O'Brian does, yes, but who besides him could possibly? Surely your Volwops aren't rushing around to give them help—finding an abandoned store, say, or passing out leaflets.

"Camille"

I understand how it's intended, but the "Smoking Causes Homosexuality Now!" editorial is in just as poor taste as the *Harper's Bazaar* midget bit in the opposite column.

Gregory Battcock  
N.Y., N.Y.

P.S. The article by Robert Scheer ("Academic Sin," #48) is a gem.

### Editorial Giggy

I wish to say a word about "The Realist Philosophy" (issue #43). As far as I gathered, you were telling of past, present, and future experiences. *Experiences*, mind you, not philosophy. Thank you very much for your kind attention. I felt that somebody needed to wake you up.

Daumants Grants  
New York, N.Y.

### Exploding a Myth

In the current *Realist*, #41, James Council refers to the book *Burning Conscience*, and he says that Claude Eatherley "acknowledges his guilt for leading the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki." Actually, Eatherley did not lead the bombing of Hiroshima—he flew a weather-spotting plane in advance of the one carrying the bomb—and he wasn't involved at all in Nagasaki. I'm enclosing an article from *Parade* magazine (my employer) that clears up these points. . . . This was extremely well researched. . . . Many statements Eatherley made to us turned out to be dubious of false, as for instance about his pre-Hiroshima war record.

Bob Campbell  
New York, N.Y.

P.S. When are you going to credit me for the Divine Providence Temporary Shelter photo?

### Realmate of the Month

Referring to issue #35, page 8, a close-up of "Miss August"—has she tried a "very-gentle Toni"?

Judith A. Cerny  
Cleveland, Ohio

### Snobby College Kid

The *Realist* is not great literature and will not stand the test of time. It is truly reflective of the type of mind that has to sit back and watch the 90% of the population wade around in their own shit. This I don't mind for these people don't deserve to get anything else. But the thing that pisses me off is that this 90% has to pull the rest of us in with them. . . . The mass media I have studied have shown me that the world is unfit to live in. People are really stupid and you can't kid me and tell me that I'm just a snobby college kid. The point is that publications like yours are the only real reflection of American life and therefore the only thing I'll ever be satisfied reading. . . . In all the goddam sincerity I can achieve, Krassner, you're OK in my book; don't let people like myself corrupt you.

Paul Heinrich  
Ithaca, N.Y.

## The Trial of Eros

Ralph Ginzburg's trial is the funniest (read saddest) thing yet.

Stan Wallner  
Rochester, N.Y.

## The Mass Murderer

I thought your issue #47 especially outstanding. My deepest congratulations for your article on Artukovic.

Louis Gallo  
N. Arlington, N.J.

Your Artukovic article stank of the *National Enquirer*. Assuming your readers (and staff) aren't hung up on the hideous, isn't there some other way you could have gotten your point across? But then, if reality is hideous, why fool with delicacy in describing it. Am not sure whether I agree it's justified or not now that I consider it.

Ruth Levin  
Chicago, Ill.

How about a future pictorial and article on atrocities in Korean War by American GI's? Clean cut American citizens fighting for peace. Patriotic. Some true-to-life photos of castrated Chinese men with their penises sewed in their mouths, soldiers spreading lime on the enemy still alive but disabled, and not least a pregnant Korean woman holding her infant above the ground after giving birth prematurely via grenade. Need these photos? You don't even have to go to the Anti-Defamation League to get them. They probably have not been before any judge for his comment.

But this wouldn't be a story about the mass of civilian population being murdered by a foreigner. A WW II Nazi. That will bring the veins to the neck. "Beast!" That's public interest. We won.

The *Realist* wants Artukovic dead!

Victory does not justify war crimes by the victor.

But people like to read about gory details and look at gory photos, especially in the image of the enemy. It's another look at another Eichmann. Good for circulation. "Transcend the bounds!" "Get to that audience!" Every righteous American's principal motive is profit and anybody else is a "stupid-son-of-a-bitch."

Bill Batts  
San Francisco, Calif.

I have no words—and since exams are approaching, no time to look for any—to express my shock and fury when confronted with the story of Artukovic and his Ustashi. That such a savage scum should be protected in this country fills me with deep shame and horror; from your description he could not even make Eichmann's plea that he was a mere bureaucrat, for he

seems to have been deeply implicated on an operational level.

But when I read that this base villain was also implicated in the infamous assassination of King Alexander I in 1934 my indignation ceased to be a purely personal matter. I have been authorized by the Williams League of Young Monarchists to convey to you our deep disgust at the presence of this monster in this country—or any country—and to express our vigorous condemnation of any conspiracy (the tenor of your article implied that powerful interests, presumably right-wing, are guarding this Fascist dog because he is anti-Communist) to protect Artukovic by any group whatsoever.

The League feels obliged to express itself on this matter because the crimes of this revolting knave include regicide (striking at the physical and spiritual head of a nation and also the basic principle of proper hierarchy and civilized order everywhere) as well as genocide (striking at a whole nation and hence supporting the pernicious and absurd doctrines of racism). We are concerned lest people today forget that Fascism is quite as evil and despicable a totalitarianism as Communism and, even though it does not present such a clear and present danger as the Reds now do, it should be resisted just as fiercely.

Therefore, insofar as your account was accurate, we, singly and severally, will support any campaign or protest you organize or suggest, to secure the eviction of Artukovic and his return to Yugoslavia. This does not, of course, imply that we have any love for Marshal Tito, to whom our government basely betrayed King Peter and his friends at the end of the war, but we are willing to recognize even such a rogue as he as the instrument of a Justice he, too, will one day face.

Bailey K. Young  
Williamstown, Mass.

After being moved by the preceding story (on Artukovic, issue #47), I find the presence of this "cartoon" [by Sam Gross] on page 9 an atrocity to anyone's sensibilities. I will try not to let this turn me off the positive values of your work.

David Aurelius  
New York, N. Y.

I'm sending copies [of the Artukovic issue] to the Jewish War Veterans, American Jewish Congress, Jimmy Wechsler, etc., with covering letters. Let's see what we can bring to the surface this way, as a start.

Mike Pessah  
New York, N. Y.

Dug your atrocity photos in #47—is it true you're going to do a birth defect spread in full color?

David Glover  
Minneapolis, Minn.

The *Realist* really gives a serious earnest striving for solutions cast to the paper so that even the most fantastic frauds are reasonable. The "Artukovic, Mass Murderer" is one of the greatest satires I've read; it really looks straight, with references and documentary photos (that caption, ". . . kept photographic records of castrations and other mutilations" in order to determine who received promotion and decoration, is too much) and the science fiction dream of real international plot of demonic sadists symbolizing the true state of being. The most frightening reproduction was of the dead people printed sideways like they are floating in eternal contemplation of rest in sky earth and the caption, "I ordered no arrests or executions."

Artukovic, though, does ring somewhat the like of Alfred E. Newman and Ptzrebie in *Mad*, and I can imagine the reaction you may be getting when people see that they have been tricked again. They will say that you are irresponsible. You should have given a name to the man who approached CBS, ABC and NBC, but "Croat-born Catholic" is great. What a vision.

Bruce Conner  
Brookline, Mass.

## The Price of Loyalty

Thanks for mentioning the Arizona "loyalty oath" case. I was one of the teachers in Tucson who taught without pay—for a year—before I came here.

Clyde R. Appleton  
Raleigh, N. C.

## Jewish Atrocity

The satire of the *Realist* is occasionally so sharp that it is difficult to know, at first glance, what is fact and what is buffoonery. Take that Farnsworth story in issue #43. I, for instance—and I'm not unusually gullible—started looking for Farnsworth on my gas-company map of New Jersey and it wasn't till I read that piece about Hadassah that I realized it was a spoof.

For those readers who don't see the point of a joke straight away, I think you should point out the joke in your editorial giggles of issue #47. They mightn't realize that you were trying to prove how dangerous smear by innuendo can be, or that the lie-by-quoting-hostile-authority is only practiced by Fascist and Birchite hate-mongers.

They might think that "A Soviet born Jew who recently returned, etc." might have returned, say, to the U.S. with his story. They'd probably believe that his story is true and perhaps even that Hadassah also agrees with it or that at least you do. (And they know how you always lean all the way back till your head touches your heels, to ensure trustworthiness in your reports.) They really might believe that Jews from Africa and Asia are considered black, inferior, unmarriageable, etc.,

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and that Hadassah by some means encourages this. They might believe that you have checked that bit about the prayers on the radio.

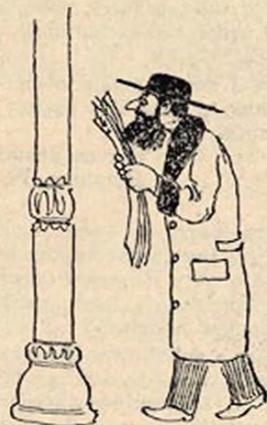
Your readers without a sense of humor might not know that quoting Toynbee on Zionism is akin to quoting Ben Gurion on Nasser's legitimacy.

You were very clever in showing how gullible people, by being shown one piece of incontrovertible evidence (a Hadassah matchbook that makes a fatuous P.R.-inspired statement) may assume the truth of the rest of the paragraph. (Rather like "Oswald was in Russia, therefore a Commie, therefore he shot JFK.") You drove home the danger of that by following up your (correctly quoted but not necessarily factually correct) statement from Toynbee by listing wildly imaginative details of a tragic massacre, and by adding "—and there have been others—" (by whom? against whom? when? where?) and making all this part of the Truth.

I'm afraid that some stupid reader (I hear readers of the *National Enquirer* are buying this issue for the Ustashi pix and you can't, however hard you try, avoid having some stupid readers) might think that in some way Hadassah was connected with this massacre or at least the Jews or the Israelis or all Yiddish-speaking people (aren't they all the same thing?) were responsible for Dir Yassin. Now you know and I know that we are all responsible for each other's misdeeds (we're the Rim, as Jean Shepherd says) and the Germans were responsible for Eichmann and therefore all the Jews (or all the Israelis or all of Hadassah or something like that) are responsible for what was done on their behalf. Of course it does make a difference (but we can ignore that) that Dir Yassin was the act of dissident members of the Irgun Zvai Leumi, that it was condemned as an outrage by something like 95% of all Israelis and probably a higher percentage of Jews in the world.

You're right though, Hadassah does have some connection with Dir Yassin. A couple of days earlier an unarmed group of buses and ambulances, traveling under Red Cross and Flag of Truce and under British protection made its way to the Hadassah Hospital from Jerusalem and 69 doctors, patients and nurses in it were slaughtered by the Arabs. (Is that what you meant: "and there have been others"?) The Dir Yassin business was a retaliatory act by a group of, let's face it, chiefly backward, brutalized people—Jews, indeed—who still tend to live by the brutal customs of their former homes in the Middle East. The 5% of Israelis who did not at the time condemn the act and dissociate themselves from it probably justified the means by the ends—there were no more massacres of Jews by Arabs after Dir Yassin. . . .

Hadassah doesn't guard democracy in America. It does precisely three things. It gives a lot of little old ladies something to do. It provides medical services for quite a few Jews and Arabs in Israel (and also in the Congo and Tanganyika and a few other places, indirectly, but don't tell that lady in the Bronx. She's scared enough about all the *schwartzes* who're moving into her block). And it provides funds for Youth Aliyah which takes children from certain unmentionable bastions of



democracy in North Africa and Latin America and Eastern Europe and teaches them a trade in Israel. (How's that for being nice to people who were "second rate, inferior, citizens" in their old countries?)

I've got a terrific idea for a new satirical piece. We'll string together that Anne Frank ad from George Lincoln Rockwell and his letter of praise to you ("—You're one of those Jews who's going to make it hard to shoot all the rest—") and your line about the Koshier Nasher together with your P.O. address and make people think that you are selling Anne Frank soap. How's that for a clever joke? That will really teach them how gullible people can be taken in by non-sequiturs, won't it?

Michael Bernet  
New York, N. Y.

At the risk of spoiling a good story, may I suggest that it would have been appropriate to do at least a minimum of further checking into the item contributed by "a Soviet-born Jew" to your "Giggies" column. (Surely a misprint for "Giggles"?)

Some of the points in your story which strike me as deserving of your best efforts at accuracy are:

a) The Deir Yassin massacre was perpetrated by the I.Z.L., a small terrorist group which at that time was acting entirely on its own, in complete defiance of the discipline and policies of the Israel Army or the general Jewish community.

b) A large percentage of the members of this group at that time were recent refugees from the Arab countries, conceivably included a good proportion of unstable and/or criminal types and I think it would take an extraordinary degree of ignorance or malice to identify them with "the Zionist Jews."

c) As far as the Jewish community in Israel was concerned, the Deir Yassin massacre was utterly inexcusable, and I don't know of any civilized country in which public revulsion against this crime was greater than in Israel itself.

d) If "there have been others," which is news to me, perhaps you ought to have made some effort to document a serious charge like that, though I realize you may have needed the space to detail some of the ripping and stripping at Deir Yassin, which I suspect owes more to your informant's imagination than to the facts.

e) Professor Toynbee subsequently made a public retraction of his statement, which you should not find beyond your resources to confirm. (On the other hand, perhaps your "Yiddish underground" twisted his arm.) (Yes, I know, you were just kidding about that.)

f) It is quite true that the concept of "chosenness" is present in Jewish prayer. I'm sure this is the first time the good ladies of Hadassah have been beaten with that stick. As for gentiles being "cursed in the morning prayer broadcast" (an interesting attempt at creative programming, if true), I wonder whether your wide-eyed correspondent isn't referring to the morning prayer in which the Jew gives thanks "that Thou hast not made me a heathen," a somewhat illiberal sentiment, I admit, but then that's the peoples' opium for you.

h) While social discrimination certainly exists in Israel between the older immigrants from Europe and the newcomers from the Arab countries, it is by no means as widespread as your informant suggests, nor are intermarriages (terrible word) at all that rare. And every social and legal agency in

Israel, and in particular the Army, is committed to whatever it will take to abolish any impediments to complete social equality.

It is refreshing to come across a magazine which is not committed to treating Jews or Negroes as sacred cows. But, while the State of Israel does not need me to stick up for its achievements, I think the *Realist* is far too interesting and valuable a magazine to undermine its own effectiveness by publishing such an off-hand indictment of an entire nation on the say-so of one ex-member, without doing at least as much research as might be expected of an averagely-lazy high school student. Almost makes a body wonder whether you aren't also being unduly beastly to poor, gentle old Mr. Artukovic.

Shimon Wincelberg  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

I must add my voice to other protests you have undoubtedly received about your misleading editorial, which tied Hadassah to prejudice against black Jews and to atrocities in the Israel-Arab war. So far as I am aware, Hadassah has never advocated or been connected with any such actions. Your insinuation that they have follows the most sinister propaganda techniques of the worst bigots in the world—those who really contribute to the formation of atrocities. Hadassah, on the contrary, has concentrated upon constructive activities such as educational work and the building of hospitals and schools. Your edition of February, 1964 has left a dirty taste in the mouth of our entire family, and we are decontaminating our house immediately by throwing it in the garbage.

Joseph Richman, Ph.D.  
Bronx, N. Y.

Perhaps I'm a grouchy *Realist* reader, but I'm sure you could find better sources of Jewish criticism than Arnold Toynbee in his anti-Semitic period and a Russian returning to the USSR. I'm in no position to deny the Dir Yassin massacre, but comparing it to Adolph and his boys is drawing your analogies a bit thin.

Sheldon Wallman  
Bronx, N. Y.

### The Jewish Building

Recently on the air, Mr. Krassner was interviewed, and in the course of this interview mentioned a poem about Tishman Buildings. Enclosed is 25¢ for a copy of the issue (#43) in which this poem was printed.

Kenneth D. Laub, Asst. Dir.  
of Commercial Leasing  
Tishman Realty & Construction

### Hindsight and Foreskin

While I congratulate the von Hilsheimers on the birth of their son, as reported in issue #40, I cannot necessarily respect their decision not to allow the deliberate mutilation of their son's penis by circumcision. I cannot respect their decision because it seems to have been made strictly as an attempt not to conform to a given standard. Whether circumcision is desirable or not should be decided after a consideration of all the facts, not just in an attitude which can be summed up as "Fock Spock."

Of course I must hasten to add that I don't intend to take this matter into my own hands.

Steven Schochet  
Horsham, Pa.

Could you possibly, even remotely, be suggesting that to avoid the horrid label of conformity it is now necessary to *not* circumcize (at least until this fad is no longer popular)?

May I offer a substitute: If every boy in the neighborhood is undergoing the removal of a foreskin (whether for hygienic or social purposes), why not help our sons along the noble road of unquestioned individuality by effecting an early removal of (a) testicle, (b) ear lobe, (c) finger (this has symbolic value), or (d) upper lip—depending upon the extent to which (we will have to assume) he will wish to display his uniqueness. I believe in giving our children every possible opportunity to mature in this world without the terrors of *sameness*.

Alan Cohen, Psychiatric Clinic  
Highland Hospital, Oakland, Cal.

### Egghead Racists

I thought you might be interested in a small piece of news on political intrigues here. An organization which calls itself (or rather called itself) the Undergraduate Committee for Racial Reconciliation formed here about a month ago, dedicated to promoting the viewpoint that "informed people can favor continued racial segregation." The group began with a few students who had debated the affirmative in a Princeton Senate resolution "that there is an inherent difference in mental capacity between the races." (Defeated 27 to 12 with 8 abstentions and many absences.) With fifteen members, it applied for a University charter and planned an organizational meeting, under de facto President Marshall I. Smith '66.

Three days later, Smith resigned, citing "personal reasons." Marvin L. Gray Jr. '66 assumed the presidency, and began sale of Carleton Putnam's book *Race and Reason*. As things developed, it turned out that Smith's resignation had been "suggested" by

Col. Thomas J. Ahern, Smith's commanding officer in Princeton Navy ROTC, who felt the ideals of the committee to be contrary to those of the U.S. Armed Forces. Putnam, upset by all this, notified Senator Richard Russell (D-Ga.), chairman of the Armed Services Committee, who decided to investigate the situation. He was dissuaded from the investigation by Smith, who refused to cooperate and stated that no pressure had been put upon him. The University administration had nothing to say throughout the situation, but voted to deny the committee a charter until it manufactured more members and less news.

A meeting of the committee was scheduled for April 9 with that in mind. Approximately 100 pro-integration students turned up, along with about 20 pro-segregation and fifty-or-so uncommitted. Taking advantage of the ambiguous nature of the organization (title admits of interpretation; officers had been informally elected by a small number of students), the pro-integrationists managed to elect a Negro student, Robert F. Eng '65, Vice-president of the Committee. Gray barely succeeded in keeping himself from parliamentary impeachment, and managed to adjourn the meeting. The entire putsch played like a comic opera, but with possibly serious overtones in the frustrated hatred engendered.

In any case, the coup generated varied comment. Robert F. Goheen, President of the University, criticized the move for "undermining the organization's right to freedom of speech." He claimed that the integrationists "violated their obligation to respect the opinions of others."

Student reaction varied from shock to amusement to approval, in about equal proportions.

Gray announced his plans to resign from the organization on the 15th of April. He never officially did resign, however. Nor did he renew his request for a University charter. Nor has he (or anyone else) called another meeting. By common consent, it seems, the Undergraduate Committee for Racial Reconciliation is dead.

Peter Sandman  
Princeton University

Mailer is right, although he doesn't fully spell out the reasons for the fact that the Negro is the "sex" race. I feel that it is not only a racial difference, but that there is a class reason. The lower classes have nothing with which to occupy themselves with except sex and work; the upper classes occupy themselves only with sex.

The difference lies in the fact that the proletariat has a much more tena-

scious hold on life than do his "peers." The proletariat's vitality is greater—he doesn't have a soft hard-on because of the stronger life force. That's why throughout much of the literature of the world you will read stories of the upper class women panting after their lower class brethren.

As for the Negro in the U.S., I feel that it is the fact of being on the lowest rung of the social stepladder that has made him a great big stud. However, you may all say, "There are white men at the bottom, too." Exactly—and they are just as good screwers as the Negroes. The rest of the white humanity has it soft—with their unions that permit them to goof off on the job, coffee breaks that increase their intake of sugar, and all sorts of distractions that make him a poor humper. . . .

Arthur Rosenblatt  
New York, N. Y.

Recently I was interviewed for a job by the director of a multi-million dollar social agency in New York City. I have several hours beyond my Master's degree (sociology) and about two years of social work experience; my qualifications were not inadequate. Yet, as I sat before the director, something seemed to be troubling him. Finally, and quite calmly, he informed me that if I were hired I would be the first Negro to occupy a semi-administrative position in his agency; I would be, as he put it, the "Jackie Robinson" of his institution. He wondered if I could command the respect of those who would be under my supervision; he especially emphasized the fact that I would have to represent his agency to other institutions and business firms. He was a nice man. I sat there quietly, smiling at him as I had seen Sidney Poitier do in a movie.

I did not get the position. Someone "better qualified" got it; he happened to be white. The purpose of the agency, incidentally, is to rehabilitate Negro and Puerto Rican families in terms of five broad categories—housing, health, education, youth, and community arts. The youth division is most elaborate and intensive, including such things as prevention of juvenile delinquency, working with gangs, employment training and securing of jobs, providing recreational facilities, and the general building of democratic character. It is particularly interesting that, while all of this "rehabilitation" is undertaken by an agency in an area predominantly populated by Negroes and Puerto Ricans, not only are Negroes and Puerto Ricans not in administrative positions in that agency, but the entire board of directors and trustees is white.

Calvin C. Hernton  
New York, N. Y.

### The Frightened Ones

Received your renewal notice today, and want to take this opportunity to tell you that you are doing a wonderful job. My husband does not want me to renew because of his job, and because of the surveillance that is kept on our mail. . . .

Name Withheld  
McLean, Va.

Do not, repeat do not send issues to the above address. I'm on a pretty shaky appointment as it is (acting assistant professor—they don't come any lower), and a copy of the *Realist* on my desk would guarantee my dismissal in June.

Name Withheld  
Davis, Calif.

Better send it to my office as my wife is a surrealist.

Name Withheld  
Klamath Falls, Ore.

I am one of your hated FBI agents, so must of necessity remain anonymous. I knocked off this piece of a poem the other day and thought you might be interested. If you feel like publishing, feel free.

Anonymous

*Editor's note: Enclosed was a poem describing the act of fellatio in detail.*

### Crank Mail

I quite accidentally came across your magazine and I became nauseated at your "so called" satire. In the past, it was difficult for me to believe that this Country was infiltrated with people like you, your co-workers and your subscribers, but since the assassination of "my" Nation's President, the awakening is painful. Your conscience "should" haunt you constantly, for it is literature such as yours that poison the youth of "my" Country. The trigger was not only pulled by Lee Harvey Oswald. But of course, I don't imagine this sort of thing would bother you. You couldn't possibly have the vital organs that compose an American and you undoubtedly would have no idea of what they are.

It's a shame that your "small mind" cannot comprehend the beauty of this life on earth and in Eternity. It must be a very unhappy existence for you. You certainly are a loss cause here on earth and are destined to be in Eternity also.

You can be sure something will be done about your obscene publication, since I am in the position to do so. I fear to place my identity in the destructive hands of a distorted mind.

A Full Blooded American Catholic  
Age 24  
Cleveland, Ohio

P.S. If I had the power, you and your staff would be deported.  
May God bless your mother.

### Space Theology

I like your magazine, generally, but what's this little nonsense on page 4 of your October issue? "The Vatican newspaper, *Osservatore Romano*, has declared that people living on other planets—if such there be—are without question excluded from any prospect of salvation."

This is much more misleading than most of the stuff in *Time* and elsewhere you're always putting down, and you're using the same technique *Time* has used so often: so-and-so said this, and isn't it absurd? The reader is supposed to be naive enough to stop at what has been given without asking "What has been withheld for effect?" and laugh his balls off.

In actuality this bit from O. R. illustrates a rather admirable consistency in Catholic thinking: how could the concept "salvation" have any meaning in a situation where the parent concept "original sin" had never been formulated?—which latter is understood to be wholly terrestrial. The drift of Catholic thought would seem to be toward humankind's unique condition of *having fallen*, and thus requiring a salvation. This would scarcely indicate a belief in any inherent superiority of human beings in the cosmos, as your reference implies, nor is it particularly amusing, as would be its alternative: Christ came to Earth to save Mars.

Ken Miner  
New York, N. Y.

### More Rumors

"Cowboys and Indians" has been replaced in certain parts of the South by "Guardsmen and Racists."

Rosary beads are now being made of quick-dissolving Enovid pills to be used by nuns in case of emergencies in which it looks like they're going to be raped.

Robert Wolf  
New York, N. Y.

Real Estate and land development executives have looked with jaundiced eye at the vast stretches of cemetery near Long Island City. Problems of evicting the dead seemed insurmountable; difficulties arose not from the dead but from their living relatives et al. At a recent symposium the executives found the solution: put the cemeteries on microfilm.

Gary Klein  
New York, N. Y.

A recent State Dept. Bulletin from Dean Rusk and Robert Kennedy warns: "Travel to Cuba may result in a loss of your freedom as a U.S. citizen. If you should travel to Cuba and they fail to imprison you we will correct this oversight on your return."

Gerald Knight  
Roger Muldavin  
Berkeley, Calif.

### Another Clarification

You wrote that you went to a prostitute in Cuba, and that you asked her so many questions that in the middle of fellatio she asked you if you were a Communist. Why the hell didn't you just shut up and enjoy it? Weren't you paying any attention to what she was doing? You were the last person in the world I had pegged for sexual indifference?

Eliabeth White  
Long Island City, NY

*Editor's note: I really went there only to interview her about the revolution. All the questioning was done*



before there was anything physical. During our conversation she said, "Hey, you're not a Communist, are you?" Then later, in the middle of fellatio, she stopped and looked up and said, "You're sure you're not a Communist?" It was funny, with very significant overtones (as Norman Mailer pointed out in the interview). I replied to her: "Even if I were a Communist, I wouldn't tell you now—you'd bite it off."

### Nothing in Common

I was given a subscription to the *Realist*. Having carefully read several issues I find I have nothing in common with your rather immature muckraking, satire, pornography and scatology and see no reason to have it continue to be included among the other magazines in my home. For this reason will you please discontinue sending me the *Realist*.

Carroll Carroll  
New York, N. Y.

### Schizoid Reactions

Great stuff in the *Realist*; you've made the magazine the most interesting publication in America. I introduced it to staff members of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, where it quickly made the rounds. . . . You seem to be the only completely sane editor in the country.

Patrick M. Hunter  
Seattle 5, Wash.

This fellow Krassner is a bit of an ass. And maybe a crook too. . . . I wouldn't trust this guy with money for a ham sandwich. The fact that you publish in the same issue (#41) in which you largely defend Hugh Hefner and his garbage, a quite sharp attack on him, does not prove to anyone what you obviously hope it will prove in regard to the vast liberality of your viewpoint. Walking both sides of the street is not, believe me, sound philosophical method. It's merely an approach which whores and certain kinds of journalists share in common. Rather, this particular little stunt would seem to pose a serious problem between you and your psychiatrist.

Irving Freilich  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

### And Finally . . .

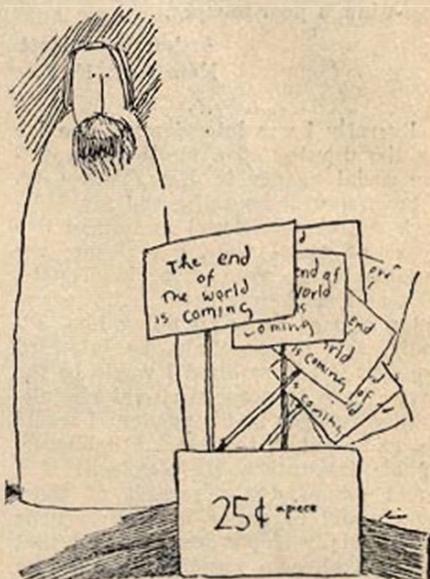
About six months ago I heard you voice certain doubts you had regarding the efficacy of the peace movement (at a meeting sponsored by the Libertarian League). During the question period, a woman in the audience said that you were unfair in your criticism, the reason being that her daughter had walked all the way to Moscow in the name of peace, and there had been utterly disillusioned by the lack of response to her noble act. "You shouldn't say those things," the proud mother declared, tears collecting in her eyes, "when these young people are trying so hard to bring a little peace into the world."

Your outward reaction to this completely nonsensical retort was, after some delay, a mumbled apology. I thought: Paul Krassner pities defenseless animals, knowing that they are defenseless. And I went home to read how Gulliver pisses on the castle to put out the fire. With your "get well card" to the Pope (#42), however, this conversation returned to my conscious mind, and I at once saw a variety of possible weaknesses in your character.

The inconsistency between these two actions is manifest: and my first conclusion was that you found yourself cringing with doubt and vague feelings of guilt before the woman's ludicrous emotionalism, that you could say what you wanted to say about insanity only when you weren't in the presence of the insane. However, there are other possibilities. Perhaps there are honest, consistent, esoteric criteria by which

you can call the Pope a Bad Guy—that is, an object for satire and general cutting and tearing for the humor that's in it—and call the maudlin mother a Good Guy. Or perhaps you felt that the Pope would not even receive the letter, either through interception, or because you never sent the letter, but simply put it in your magazine for a bit of innocuous fun. Oh, well. There is this vast word "compassion," often capitalized, always ready when one wants to say "You'd better leave now," but can't say it at the crucial moment.

Your paper is excellent (no qualifications). Seriously, I have no doubt, in fact, that in 10 or 20 years you will be among the most respected men in the U.S. The *Realist* will become as



popular as *Esquire*, or even *Playboy*, taking its place on modern coffee tables and folded securely in the attache cases of the fast-moving freethinkers. Yes, the *Realist* is probably the fastest rising status symbol in the country. I must admit you have guts to keep going with compromising, hypocritical, unrealistic mediocrity raising its spongy head to devour everything you have to say. You remind me of the card player who knows he has a losing hand, yet plays it faultlessly and with incredible imagination.

O the absurdity of it all! As your paper becomes more popular, the gap between the level of its contents and the intelligence of its readers will increase. The gap exists now, of course (e.g., your abortive Dept. of Personal Propaganda). In a few years you will be satirizing the countless believers in the magic power of Saint Realist, who will proudly display the sign of their unquestionable, safe intelligence—a worn copy of the *Realist*—and practice scornful abuse for all Unbelievers. O absurdity of absurdities!

Benjamin Kanoho  
New York, N. Y.

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